

LEGENDS 431

Chapter 431: Forza Uve

Back at the gym, Jason was finishing up the last of the medicals and from the looks he was getting from Dr. Zargoza he felt confident in his performance up to this point.

Soon he was done with the fitness test and was taken somewhere to go clean up as next would be signing of the final documents and a minor photo shoot to commemorate Jason joining the club.

"Quite the specimen you've got on your hands, that one," Dr. Zargoza said to Pirlo as he watched Jason walk away to clean up.

"He checks all the bills. He is completely fit and very healthy," Zargoza continued, his eyes glancing at Adele who stood a bit of a distance away.

"So there's no problem with him joining the team right away? Even making an appearance in the next match?" Pirlo asked the doctor, not bothering to speak in hushed tones as he knew that Adele did not understand Italian and thus could not understand what they were saying.

"There's no problem with him getting on the field right now from a medical point of view, however from a tactical point of view, I would avoid rushing things, otherwise I might be getting more visits from him in due time," Zargoza replied.

"The Serie A is a lot more physical than the Liga NOS where he's coming from and you have to make sure he understands that otherwise, his journey here might end before it starts. This is not the time to rush things," Zargoza added seriously.

"I know, I know, I was just thinking of giving him a few minutes so he can get a feel of the playing style and all, after all, we can't bring him over and then not use him,"

"Sheltered birds won't grow much," Pirlo replied.

They continued their talk until Jason came back and the group soon moved again.

From there, they moved to a conference room where Jason signed the last piece of paper to finalize the deal after which they began taking pictures.

The jersey that Jason would be using was already prepared and Jason first took pictures holding the jersey before he was taken to a media room that had a prepared background for a photo shoot.

Donning the jersey, he was told to take on various poses while the camera men took pictures from various angles.

At the end of everything, the picture that was settled on was one that Jason was doing for fun.

As a black kid who lived in the U S of A, there was no way he didn't have any experience with basketball, so while he was boredly waiting for some adjustments to be made to the lighting during the photoshoot, he had started spinning the ball on a finger in front of his face.

What he did not know was that someone had taken the opportunity to take a picture of him in that position.

Due to the concentration he needed to keep the ball under control, his face was the picture of concentration, yet he still maintained an air of suave ease.

Of course, Jason wouldn't find out about the picture until after the photoshoot.

The media team moved fast and soon the pictures were ready and less than ten minutes after Jason was done in the studio, pictures of Jason in a Uventus jersey appeared on all of Uventus' social media accounts.

While Jason started heading to the training grounds with the head manager after getting everything related to the transfer out of the way, reactions to his pictures in the Uventus jersey on the Uventus social media accounts started building up.

The mid-season transfer usually did not receive a lot of attention because most of the high-profile transfers were usually done at the beginning of the season and the transfers done in the middle of the season usually just comprised of bigger clubs offloading surplus players after getting into a stride, or making adjustments to their line-ups.

High-profile players were also not usually very interested in changing clubs mid-season as it usually meant giving up their stats especially if they would be going to a different country's league, hence Jason's transfer was like a breath of fresh air to the fans who had only been hearing about boring transfers or none at all.

Even though it was just a loan deal and there were no talks about a permanent transfer, the news set off a wave of interest in the football world.

The more devout fans had already known to expect this as the god-like reporter Romano Fabricio had already confirmed the transfer a day earlier, but to most, the news was a surprise and a confirmation of a very interesting transfer.

{Let's go!!! Finally someone to bench that Chiesa guy, he's an absolute disaster on the ball} a user named LeoTee commented under the Instagram post.

{This guy is just a hater, Chiesa has been fantastic this season and if he wants to hold on to his spot on the team, then he'll have to perform even better} SuperNight_Paul replied to LeoTee's comment.

{Finally! A good winger. Hope he's here to stay longer than half a season} Plutomanian commented under the original post.

{I've watched this Jason guy at Oporto and if he can bring that to the Uventus team, maybe we'll have more passes being floated upfront for agent 007 to rack up his tally} Sphire commented under the original post as well.

{I don't know about you guys, but I smell something off with this transfer. Why would a player like Jason want to leave his club mid-season on a loan deal no less} a user named Nimimad commented and his comment immediately snapped something in the other user's head.

{Now that you mention it, it is kind of odd} Origin_Teo replied to Nimimad's comment.

{Are you guys just realizing that? Something has smelt off before any news of the transfer even came out. There was something about a fight with another player in the playground and though the manager later said in a press conference that the issue was settled, I'm guessing it wasn't by how Jason ended up submitting a loan request a few days later} Slothfulmonk explained and from what he said, it was clear that he had been keeping a watch over the situation right from before any talks of a transfer began.

{But what kind of fight would it be that would cause Jason to want to leave immediately?} JasonFan2349 asked Slothfulmonk, obviously intrigued by this news he was hearing.

{No one really knows much about it as it was an incident in training and some inside info claims that they came to blows during an indoor scrimmage, but I don't really know what to believe at this point. However, what is clear is that after that story, it was like only Jason was the only one who was punished for a fight that was supposed to involve him and one other person}

{The other person that was said to be involved in that fight featured in the team's next match and the one after that, yet Jason was nowhere to be seen because of the so called disciplinary actions} Slothfulmonk sent an extra long comment to explain what he knew.

{It seems like the club was being partial or something, otherwise why would two people fight and one person get punished? I call bullsh*t!} A user named Salman jumped in on the thread.

{Right!!! Otherwise, it makes no sense!} Origin_Teo added with exuberance.

{I smell skeletons in the cupboard! Oporto's management needs to come out and explain themselves!} VoodVibes commented as well, jumping in on the train as well.

{I don't even care about all that. What I want to know is the reason for the fight at the training ground in the first place. I refuse to believe that Jason got into a fight with someone because of something like a rough tackle or some sh*t like that, that guy is way too nice and cool-headed for that} Moudassir_Ali asked a question that opened a whole new branch of questions and thoughts.

{I know right, I've watched Jason play and he's been tackled more times than I can count and though he almost always manages to evade his marker, he's been brought down more than a few times with very rough tackles, yet he's never really fought with anyone as far as I know} Canelol replied to Moudassir_Ali.

{I might have an answer for that} Sphire commented with a gif of a 90s-looking investigator smoking from a pipe.

{Let him cook!} a user named Qweku commented, adding a gif of a chef holding a blazing pan and spinning it with ease.

{Jason is said to have fought with this guy Mylo at the training ground, but none of us believe that it was a fight that happened in the spur of the moment and I didn't believe either so I went searching and after my investigation, I can safely conclude that it all started because of a girl} Sphire commented with an added gif of a smirking doll that stood with his hands spread out, fire blazing in the background.

Chapter 432: A Bet

At the Continassa, the training leading up to the match in the coming days was supposed to be ongoing, but currently no balls were being kicked around and no one was running through any cones, rather all the players were currently gathered at one corner of the field.

The whole senior squad of the team barring the few who were injured and indisposed were currently standing around in front of the manager who was currently introducing the latest addition to the squad to the squad members.

"I'm sure you all follow the news and you know about this latest addition of our team... for the next six months at least,"

"I don't have to say his name I'm sure and I'm also sure that he'll show why he would be a valuable addition to the team in then coming days," Pirlo said and the crowd of players took the initiative to applaud Jason.

"Welcome to Uventus," he said, turning to Jason and saying with a smile.

“Okay, that’s it for now. Off with all of you, we have an important match coming up, one that we have to win, so train like you plan to win,” Pirlo turned back to the crowd of players and began shoos them off.

“Ah, right, Cristiano, come over here for a bit,” Pirlo called out to the star man of the Juventus squad just as the crowd began dispersing and this little action immediately set off a wave of excited jeers among the crowd.

Some of the players even began looking at Jason with a little pity.

“See, I told you that kid might try something crazy,” McKennie whispered to Cuadrado, glancing back at Jason as they walked away.

“I’ll pray for the exhausted soul of that brother,” Cuadrado snickered in a saintly voice.

“I’ll join the prayer, that kid will need it,” Dybala’s voice came from the side and they all burst out laughing as they walked away.

At Pirlo’s side, Cristiano walked over to the manager, glancing at Jason who nodded at him in greeting.

Flashing an eased smile at Jason, he spoke to Pirlo,

“What do you need me for coach?” he asked Pirlo and Jason could literally hear the confidence oozing from his voice despite his tone seemingly respectful to the ears.

“Well, er, this kid chose you to be his training partner, so according to the rules, you’ll have to take him in and show him the ropes, he’ll also be joining you in all your training sessions from now on,” Pirlo told Cristiano about the arrangement.

“I hope to learn a lot from you,” Jason added in Portuguese, speaking directly to Ronaldo who nodded in acknowledgement.

“Oh, ok, sure,” Christiano didn’t seem to be put off by the arrangement though he had never had to do it before.

“You’re a winger, yes?” Ronaldo asked Jason suddenly, turning to him.

“Uh, yeah,” Jason asked, a bit stunned at being questioned directly by his football idol. Everything seemed to be happening too fast.

“So how do you play?” Ronaldo asked another question that did more than stun Jason as it meant that Ronaldo had not watched Jason enough to take a note of how he played.

“I-... uh, I play as the situation demands it,” Jason answered, smiling wryly as the realization set in that until this point, he had been nothing more than a name on a paper to Ronaldo who couldn’t care less to analyze him, especially considering the fact that they would have ended up facing off against each other in the Champions League Round of 16 if Jason had remained at Oporto.

“Coach, can we do a quick scrimmage so that we can see how the kid plays. That way I know where to guide him,” Ronaldo said to Pirlo who didn’t hesitate to nod his head.

He also wanted to see more of Jason from up close as all he had gotten to see of Jason until now were highlight reels and a few more clips sent over by the scouts.

“You wouldn’t mind that right?” Pirlo asked Jason, and Jason gave an affirmative answer as he liked that he had quickly been given a chance to show off his skills.

Hopefully, he could do enough to impress his teammates which would allow him to settle into the team much faster than he expected.

“Alright then, let’s get to it,” Pirlo nodded, rubbing his hands in a bit of anticipation before he went ahead to pull out a whistle and blew loudly, signaling for the players to gather round once again.

The players had no choice but to come back and they were quickly informed of the next training session’s plans and preparations soon began to be made.

While the training staff began to take all the training equipment off the field in preparation for the scrimmage, Pirlo busied himself with setting the team line-up for the scrimmage and before long, he came up with a tactical set-up for the two teams that would be taking the field.

The first team would comprise of Szescny as their goal keeper, Chiellini and Bonucci as center backs, and Alex Sandro and Danilo in the left back and right back positions respectively.

On the right side of midfield was Kulusevski and on the left was McKennie while Arthur and Rabiot guarded the center of the park as the two center midfielders.

Morata and Chiesa would be the forwards for the first team in the training match.

For the second team, Buffon would be standing between the sticks while they would have De Ligt, Demiral, Rugani, and Cuadrado holding the backline.

In the center of the park was Bentancur and Ramsey while Bernadeschi was on the wide right with Jason taking the wide left.

Up front would be Ronaldo and Correia.

Uventus was very similar to Oporto in that they used the same 4-4-2 holding formation most of the time which meant that Jason wouldn't have to spend too much time to adjusting to the formation.

All he'd have to get used to was the different pace and different movements and capabilities of his new teammates.

Pirlo made sure that Jason understood that it was a mere training exercise and that Jason could display his skills without any pressure, but Jason could not take the manager's words to heart.

With the field already prepared for the match, the players soon took to the field and Jason was standing nearby Ronaldo as they waited for kick-off.

Considering that Ronaldo would be the danger man that he would be trying to get the ball to, Jason felt like he had to at least explain his style of play a bit to the danger man of the team.

“Since I’m playing from the left, it’ll be easier for me to cut in since my right is my stronger foot, so...” Jason began explaining, but,

“Oh don’t worry, I’ve seen you play so I know all that,” Ronaldo cut in, his words surprising Jason as he could have sworn that was not what Ronaldo said earlier.

“But earlier?” Jason started.

“I was just joking and wanted to play with you on the same team first, regular training was getting a bit boring today. Also, I have something I want to try in a match,” Ronaldo laughed cheekily, leaving Jason open-mouthed at the situation.

Chapter 433: A Bet II

‘Who knew this guy liked playing around?’ Jason’s eyebrow shot up in amazement.

“Hey, how about a bet?” Jason called out to Ronaldo, suddenly having an interesting idea.

“Hmm? A bet? What kind of bet?” Ronaldo looked over at Jason, his eyes twinkling in amusement.

“When we win, I bet that I have more goal contributions than you,” Jason stated.

“Oh...? Interesting,” Ronaldo’s eyes lit up in competitiveness, his inner flame fully stoked by Jason’s offer.

“If I win, I’ll live in your house for the next six month... one of them, you’ve got a pretty big place, right?” Jason stated the prize he hoped to win.

He didn't know why he had suddenly gotten the idea to have Ronaldo settle his accommodation problems, but the more he thought about it, the better it sounded.

He'd get to live in a mansion that cost quite a few million dollars, not to mention that it was the house of his football idol as well as the biggest celebrity in the whole world.

If he ended up moving into Ronaldo's house, then he could fully be present for every aspect of Ronaldo's training and would be able to subject himself to the same level and amount of training that Ronaldo did for the next six months at least.

That was without a doubt going to be very helpful for him, not to mention that he would probably be able to learn a thing or two from Ronaldo during his stay there.

"Living in my house? Okay," Ronaldo thought about it for a second and shrugged. It wouldn't be a bother for him as like Jason had said, there was more than one house inside his compound so there was definitely space for one extra person.

"Don't worry, I'll still pass to you so you can score," Jason couldn't resist adding a taunt, but deep within, he knew that he was just doing it to hide his nervousness at what he had just done.

Here he was, not even having spent an hour with his new teammates and he was already challenging the no.1 footballer who everyone knew should never be challenged.

The guy literally had gotten to where he was by rising above his challengers and stepping on them again and again, yet Jason had just challenged said person.

It seemed like little more than a playful challenge, but even that was more than nerve-wracking to Jason.

Ronaldo did not respond to Jason's taunt other than grinning at him, but even that was scary to Jason as it felt like a grin an adult would give to a child that did not know how big the world was.

“Shit,” Jason sweatdropped, but he didn’t have time to ponder any more on what he had done as the training match had kicked off with the other team kicking off first.

As soon as the training match kicked off, Jason rushed over into the other side of the field, joining the press.

Normally back at Oporto, he would not do much pressing as his role on the team did not encompass much defending, but on joining a new team, Jason didn’t hesitate to join on the press.

The manager hadn’t yet given him a specific role or a specific playing style he would like him to adhere to so he could only do whatever was currently required and for the current period of time, that was pressing.

Luckily, Jason’s experience with martial arts made him an excellent reader of body movements and while it wasn’t easy to catch up to the ball which would always be faster than the human body, Jason was able to do enough defensively by blocking most of the path.

However, Jason soon realized that doing just that wasn’t enough as the Uventus players wouldn’t just pass the ball back because he was in the way.

The Uventus players had more than enough confidence in their abilities to run directly at him, trying to dribble past him and if they found that impossible, they didn’t mind bulldozing through him.

It didn’t take Jason long to realize that the Serie A was a lot more physical than what he was used to.

He had experienced a bit of that the last time when he had played against Inter Milan in the Europa League and had gotten injured, but now Kulusevski did well to remind him of that fact by bulldozing through him when running past him.

Jason hadn’t been expecting it and had soon ended up tumbling all over, eating grass while Kulusevski left him behind.

As someone who was quick on the uptake, that was all the wake up call Jason needed and he quickly became more physical on his tackles and marking as well.

After being pressed by the opposition team for a while, Jason's team finally got the ball and trying to break past the other team in turn.

Soon the ball found Jason on the left flank and he quickly took off down the flanks, trying to get the ball forward before he was boxed in by the players on the flanks.

Jason's pace allowed him to quickly move the ball and he was soon in the final third but Danilo quickly came rushing at him.

Not wanting to take any chances with the more physical Serie A defenders, Jason suddenly made to move to the right, making it seem like he was cutting in and Danilo quickly moved to follow, but that was what Jason wanted.

By moving to follow, the space between Danilo's legs widened and in a split second, Jason used his heel to tap the ball in-between Danilo's legs, before racing past Danilo to chase after the ball.

Danilo hadn't been expecting himself to fall for such a trick and was stunned giving Jason just enough time to make it past him and when Danilo came to and tried to grab Jason before he made it past him, it was already too late and he was only able to grab the fringes of Jason's shirt and Jason quickly smacked his hand off, running off with the ball.

With Danilo behind him, Jason cut into the penalty box, not even bothering to look for a teammate who was free.

Coming up against the well known defensive duo of Chiellini and Bonucci, Jason didn't have the slightest hesitation as he drew closer to Chiellini who was nearer.

He waited until he was close enough before suddenly flicking the ball sharply towards the left and following after it, reaching it first as Bonucci came after it, just barely managing to get a leg to it and flick it back to the right, just slightly escaping Bonucci's leg sweep and just barely avoiding collision with those two tankers in human form.

On getting through those two guys, he was through on goal and didn't hesitate to hit the ball at the goal, Sczesny already rushing out to confront him.

Chapter 434: A Bet III

The ball flew at Sczesny who spread himself wide as he lunged at the ball, but despite being able to get a touch to the ball, he wasn't able to get enough hand on the ball to deflect it from its intended path and the ball bounced off the underside of his arm before rolling into the back of the net.

"Whoooo!" Jason shouted as he jumped up and punched up the air in a little celebration after scoring.

He was happy that his skills were enough for him to perform well even on a stage with players of the Uventus team's caliber, but at the same time, he also knew that beginner's luck was also part of it.

For starters, the Uventus players probably had their guards lowered when he had begun moving at them so he was easily able to punish them for that. That it was a training match also helped as it meant that the players couldn't be too physical in their tackling so as to prevent injuries, otherwise, he would have been swept off the floor before he could take the shot earlier.

However, despite all that, the fact still remained that he had been able to dribble past the Uventus defenders and score and that was a good enough start for Jason.

He wore his happiness on his face as he began jogging back to his teammates.

While Jason wasn't very vocal about his excitement, the Uventus players didn't care to mimick that and were openly expressing their excitement and feelings about Jason's impressive run and goal.

As Jason headed back, Ronaldo flashed a smile his way and gave him a thumbs-up, his behavior making Jason think that he had forgotten about their earlier bet.

On the sidelines, Pirlo nodded to himself, happy at what he was seeing from Jason and already thinking of how Jason would fit into his plans for the rest of the season.

While the manager, the training exercise continued and Jason soon found out how much harder it was to get past the Uventus defenders when they were switched on to his danger and willing to do whatever they could to stop him from getting past.

If he tried to run past, they grabbed him by the shirt and held him back.

If he tried to brush them off the ball, they inserted themselves between him and the ball and held him away until the ball rolled out of range.

If he tried to do tricks, they stayed unmoving till he moved and in the off chance that he managed to confuse them enough to get past, they didn't mind kicking his legs till they swept him off his feet.

If Jason could classify it according to game difficulty level, then the defenders in the Primera Liga were "Professional" difficulty level while the Uventus defenders were "World-Class" or "Legendary" depending on the defender he was facing off against.

He was slowly getting used to playing in these conditions, but he was a ways from being able to errantly run across the field, dribbling everyone he came across and wistfully creating a chance whenever he wished.

He could only afford to be patient and only move when required, otherwise he would end up on his back.

Jason was quickly learning to rein himself in, otherwise he would be railed out of the way by the tank-like defenders.

The good news was that the defenders were his teammates, however considering that there were defenders of this level almost all over the Serie A, that didn't count for much, however, at least he was learning to handle those kind of defenders from training.

Another piece of good news was that it wasn't that he wasn't able to match up at all, all that he needed was a change in tempo and he would be able to display enough of his capabilities.

This showed during the training session as he was still able to perform enough to send a cross Ronaldo's way which ended up as an assist for him as Ronaldo didn't disappoint and sent the ball past Szczesny after taking to the air domineeringly and meeting it with his head.

With that, Jason had two goal contributions while Ronaldo only had one.

Jason was enjoying his victory as he watched the time of the training scrimmage slowly run out when Ronaldo who had just received the ball almost ten yards outside the box from Bentacur did the most 'Ronaldo-like' thing he could do.

Without a hint of hesitation in his movements, he put his head down and just hit the ball with all the power he could muster, sending a rocket of a shot at the goal.

Needless to say, Szczesny wasn't able to keep the ball out and the ball smashed into the back of the net, sending the net flying as it struggled to keep the ball within its grasp.

"What the fuck!?" Jason's mouth dropped open as his hands flew to the top of his head in absolute disbelief.

In that single moment, Jason understood what it felt like to be the normal person on the team.

Everyone was playing a normal training match, passing the ball around like normal people and trying to score like normal people and out of nowhere, Ronaldo just goes ahead and does something completely unbelievable like scoring a goal from 32 yards out.

"Come on mannn, how?"

"Just how?" Jason couldn't stay silent after witnessing Ronaldo score a Puskas-level goal in training for absolutely no reason.

"How?" he asked with his hands out as Ronaldo came running back in celebration with all over his face.

“That’s two-two now,” Ronaldo laughed at the flabbergasted-looking Jason.

He was enjoying this more than the normal training session as it had been quite a while since anyone had challenged him directly like Jason had.

The training session soon continued and Jason threw away his reservations, no longer bothering to stay patient while waiting for a chance to get past his man.

Once he had the ball, he ran at the other team’s defense as now that he and Ronaldo were on a similar scoreline, his confidence was nowhere to be found.

He couldn’t trust that Ronaldo wouldn’t suddenly score an unimaginable goal out of nowhere so the only way to regain his confidence was by taking the lead in their bet again.

Ronaldo was also doing the same.

They were both on the same team, but they were competing against one another and this was slowly becoming a hell for the opposing team who were being made to run round in circles because of Jason and Ronaldo.

Chapter 435: A Bet IV

Fweeeeeeeee!

Pirlo blew his whistle loudly, bringing an end to the training session before things became more heated and the players exhausted themselves thoroughly.

The whistle got the attention of everyone on the pitch and the training session halted with more than half of the players sitting down on the ground immediately, exhausted.

Jason lay on the ground immediately, feeling more tired and battered than he had ever been in his life.

Heaving, he tried to catch his breath as he stared at the sky above, his steamy breath billowing like small white clouds from his mouth.

Despite the weather, he did not feel cold.

No one on the field did, and he most especially didn't feel the slightest amount of cold after pushing himself the hardest he could to keep up with these monster-like players.

"Fu*k," he cursed in a low tone as he stared at the clouds tiredly.

Despite his efforts at trying to get another goal contribution, he had come away empty-handed as the defenders he was facing off against weren't people he could just decide to get past.

When they really put their foot down, it was very difficult to get past them and when they had the help of one another, it was nigh impossible and it did not take him long to find out.

At a point, he had to switch back to his patient play-style and pass the ball more instead of running at the defence by himself, but even then, it had been difficult to get away and they weren't able to score another goal.

Jason's team did hit the bar two times after that though so that was some good news at least, but the opposition team had managed to score twice against them bringing the scores of the game to 3 : 2.

'I guess I'll have to settle for whatever Adele finds,' he thought back to the stakes of the bet and rose up into a sitting position.

"So, when are you moving in?"

Jason heard Ronaldo's voice and turned over in the direction of his voice.

"... I didn't win though," he replied in confusion, wondering if Ronaldo had forgotten the scores of their bet.

"I didn't win either, so I'll allow you to move in... but only if you pay rent," Ronaldo said with a grin, his words surprising Jason whose face lit up.

"Do you accept rent in the form of assists?" Jason asked with a cheeky smile.

"I take penalties too, I'm not picky," Ronaldo laughed as he sat beside him.

"Ah... and if you move in, you'll be joining me in training whenever I'm training," Ronaldo added.

"Then you wouldn't mind if I move in today," Jason immediately replied as that was the biggest reason he wanted to move into Ronaldo's house.

"I'll have one of the annexes prepared," Ronaldo responded with a distant look before turning and adding in a strict tone that was reminiscent of a landlord.

"Come early, I'm not a fan of late nights."

"Yes sir," Jason replied immediately with a mock salute. He wasn't a fan of late nights either.

"I'll call this piece, master and student cloud gazing," Jason and Ronaldo heard a voice from behind and looked behind to see Cuadrado kneeling and putting his hands out like he was trying to take a picture.

"Should I call you sensei now?" Jason asked Ronaldo, his lips curled upward in amusement.

"Don't worry, Juan's just a clown," Ronaldo laughed a little.

Mckennie who was beside Cuadrado laughed at Ronaldo's words before walking up to Jason and offering a hand to Jason.

“Man, you were crazy out there,” Mckennie said with a grin as he dapped Jason.

“It’s been a while since I saw anyone give those two oldies a run for their money like that,” he continued, pointing with his thumb at Bonucci and Chiellini.

“Who are you calling old?” Chiellini who had been near enough to hear Mckennie, yelled at him, but his voice made it clear that it was nothing more than a playful yell.

“Who else but you two were defending Camelot with King Arthur back before Jesus even walked the earth?” Mckennie yelled back causing everyone to burst out laughing.

“Rumors say that the presence of two round heads made the penetration of the invaders impossible,” Cuadrado added cheekily.

“Now that you mention round heads, it does look pretty round,” Mckennie’s voice sounded like he had just discovered a great secret.

“You do know the Italians have world-recognized mafia, right?” Jason asked with a smile.

“True, but these guys are too nice to even be a bodyguard in a mafia family despite looking all tough like that,” Mckennie replied Jason.

“They’re no match for hood ni**as like us,” he added before doing a hand sign that Jason immediately recognized as a gang sign.

There was no way Jason wouldn’t recognize the hand sign, after all, he had seen many such gang signs while growing up.

As a struggling student going through accounting school, there was no way Daphne could afford to live outside the hood before she started making money at her accounting job so Jason had lived in the hood with her for a while so there was no way he didn’t know about gang signs.

He even knew how to do those hand signs as he had once realized that acting like a gang member would help him to avoid troublesome kids his age who had tried bullying him.

With the opportunity to show off, Jason didn't hesitate and responded to Mckennie with a string of hand signs of his own causing Mckennie to jump back in surprise.

"Now hol up, hol the hell up, I ain't with that sh*t. I ain't never popped a ni**a before," words flurried out of Mckennie's mouth as he was surprised to have met Jason who thought was a real gang member.

"Don't try this sh*t back at the wrong hood cuh, you finna get popped quick," Jason laughed while warning Mckennie.

Irresponsibly throwing around gang signs in a black neighbourhood in America was one of the quickest way to get yourself killed and Mckennie who thought gang signs was bad news to himself.

"Always knew you were a fake," Cuadrado burst out laughing as he watched Mckennie's stunned reaction to Jason performing actual gang signs.

Chapter 436: New Home I

"That's the last of it," Jason said to a big burly man who was more abundant than he was in size, both vertically and horizontally.

They had just finished packing the last of his stuff from the hotel into a black Mercedes SUV that would be taking both him and his luggage to Ronaldo's house.

Before they finished training for the day, Ronaldo had called some of the people from his security team to come over with an extra car that would help Jason move so immediately after training for the day was over, Jason headed to his hotel in the company of the people the abundantly sized guy.

His name was Gustavo, Jason had found out after a bit of conversation with the guy while they drove to the hotel.

While Gustavo headed back to the car to wait, Jason headed over to Adele's room to talk to her for a bit.

There he told her everything that happened and that he would no longer need a house for a while so she no longer have to stay around in Italy.

After quickly discussing a few other matters and then saying their goodbyes, Jason quickly rushed back to the car to meet Gustavo.

“Are we headed home now?” Gustavo asked Jason as he climbed into the passenger’s seat.

“... Uh, yeah,” Jason muttered, feeling a bit hungry.

He didn’t know how the food situation was at his new home for the next six months, but he had enough snacks in his bag to last him for at least a day and that would be enough time for him to sort himself out.

On receiving the order from Jason, Gustavo had already begun driving, cruising the streets with nothing but memory and heading towards the more affluent part of Turin.

After almost a full hour of navigating traffic-laden streets, the car finally pulled up in front of a huge compound that screamed modern luxury, as did the remaining compounds all around it.

The gate slid open and the Mercedes SUV drove into the compound, allowing Jason to feast his eyes more on the beauty of the whole compound.

‘That’s a big a** house,’ Jason thought in awe but kept his awe out of his face as he stared at the big and beautiful looking house and the other annexes that looked like mini versions of the house scattered around the compound as far as the eye could see.

The car soon came to a stop, allowing Jason to get down.

Before his foot even reached the ground, Jason could hear the trunk of the car being pulled open and stuff being pulled out.

Before he could go over to help out, someone stood in his way.

It was a woman who looked to be in her fifties and had an air of authority around her.

“This way sir,” she said, but her words left Jason in no doubt that he was the one she was talking to and he acquiesced, letting her lead the way.

Glancing behind him to watch his bag being carried in a different direction left him confused, but he didn’t say anything and just followed behind the boss-like lady.

Jason was led into the main house and before long, he found himself in a room with a medium sized dining table, which was beginning to become a common thing.

Since entering the house, Jason had realized that the only thing big about this house was its size, everything else inside was a normal size, however, there was a lot of everything and Jason had already seen two dining tables before reaching this one and he had no doubts that there were probably a few others lying around somewhere.

However, there was one difference between the current dining table and the others that Jason had seen, and that was that someone was using this dining table.

“Nice place you’ve got here,” Jason said to Ronaldo who was seated at the table eating.

“I guess they were right, big dreams guarantee big returns,” he added as he sidled up to the table, no longer following the woman who Jason considered to be something like a butler or caretaker.

“... Only if you work hard to fulfill them,” Ronaldo said after swallowing what was in his mouth.

“Sit,” he gestured to one of the chairs and Jason immediately dragged out a chair, needing no other incentive to rest his tired legs.

As he sat, Ronaldo glanced at the caretaker woman who immediately nodded and walked away, knowing what to do next without her boss having to say anything.

“One of the annexes has been prepared for you. Your bags have been taken there,”

“You’re the only one using the place so you’ll figure your way around it, I hope,” Ronaldo started, but before he could say more, the caretaker woman was back, pushing a tray of food that she skillfully set before Jason with nary a word.

“Enjoy,” she said in English that was heavily accented by an Italian tone.

“Thank you,” Jason responded with a smile before picking up his cutlery and diving into the Pesto-Infused Chicken with Whole Wheat Penne and Steamed Broccoli.

“Your caretaker has quite a lot of nutritional knowledge, this meal is good for recovery-boosting after hard training,” Jason commented

“It’s delicious too,” he complimented after chewing a delicious mouthful.

“Actually... I’m the one that tell them what I want to eat,” Ronaldo said with a laugh.

“You did? If you know that much, you don’t even need a nutritionist,” Jason said surprised.

“Oh I do... he does the cooking,” Ronaldo said, before getting back to his food and leaving Jason’s jaw dropped.

‘Who hires a nutritionist so that he can use them as just a chef?’ Jason couldn’t understand the thoughts of the rich anymore and just returned his focus to his meal.

They quickly finished their meal in silence, both of them swallowing away like disciplined eaters.

Both Jason and Ronaldo didn't know it, but they both agreed on the thought that there was no point in spending more than half an hour at most on eating.

Chapter 437: New Home II

"Let me show you around," Ronaldo said to Jason, getting up from the table after they were both done eating.

"Sure," Jason replied and got up as well, already done with his own food as well.

They soon began walking through the house and Ronaldo showed him a big pool in the back before they moved on to the training area in the compound.

The place had a gym fitted with top level equipment, a mini field, a bath house for ice baths, steam baths and hot water baths as well as a few other things.

"I know that normally it's cold in January here in Italy, but it's a lot colder than I was expecting," Jason muttered as they walked back towards the house, the sight of the swimming pool making him shiver.

"Yeah, I haven't been here for too long either, but it's colder than last year," Ronaldo replied, rubbing his hands together.

"Hey, wanna swim?" Ronaldo suddenly called out to Jason as an idea suddenly popped up in his head.

"Oh hell naw, not in this weather," was what Jason wanted to say, but the words refused to leave his mouth.

"That's an extreme cold bath in this weather... let's do it," he ended up saying, already feeling himself shivering from the cold water.

Ronaldo snickered when he saw Jason's eyes that betrayed his actual feelings about diving into cold water and he almost burst out in laughter, but he kept his laughter in check.

Ronaldo led Jason to a nearby bathhouse where there were extra swim trunks and they quickly washed up before going back to the pool.

Looking at the pool again, Jason was thinking to himself that this was probably the worst idea that anyone could come up with at the moment and he was about to chicken out when suddenly somebody shoved into him from behind.

“Fu*k!” he cursed as he fell into the water.

SPLASH!

Jason falling into the pool was a sight to see and Ronaldo was laughing at him from the edge of the pool after pushing him in.

Quickly struggling to get himself in control inside the pool, he called out in annoyance

“Hey! What was that for!”

“The water is fre-... zing?” he was about to continue shouting when he noticed something strange.

The water wasn’t cold, rather it was lukewarm and seemed to be getting even warmer still.

“Hahahahaha... You should have seen your face,” Ronaldo laughed at him from outside the pool.

“haha... the pool has a heater, we can regulate the temperature when needed,” Ronaldo explained, still laughing at Jason and making him feel like a country bumpkin.

That didn’t stop him from giving Ronaldo the stink eye before relaxing himself inside the water, which was getting warm enough that it was almost like he was receiving a hot stone massage.

“Hahaa haaa... Obviously, there’s no way I’d throw a teammate into a pool of cold water in this weather,” Ronaldo added before taking five steps back like he wanted to take a free kick.

“You know, swimming is also a good form of physical training,” Ronaldo called out to Jason.

“Whatever man, just get in the water,” Jason yelled back at Ronaldo, his reservations at being in a new environment slowly being washed away in the warm, relaxing water.

“Okay!” Ronaldo said and started running at the pool before jumping into the air while shouting,

“CANONBALL!!!”

SPLASH!!!

A louder splash than when Jason fell in rocked the water, displacing a large amount of water for a little while before they came crashing back into place.

“Hahahaha,” Jason could not help laughing at Ronaldo who was proving to be more of a clown and fun-loving person than the disciplined and strict person that everyone who hadn’t met him thought him to be.

“How come you’re the only one I’ve seen since earlier, where’s the boss lady and the little yours?” Jason asked, regarding to Ronaldo’s girl and children.

“Oh that, they should be back soon,”

“Junior has to go to football academy after school while Eva, Mateo, and Alana are all with Gio,”

“She should have picked up Junior and they should be on their way back,” Ronaldo murmured, swimming on his back.

“... Unless they stopped to get some ice cream,” he added thoughtfully after a while.

“In this weather?” Jason asked laughingly.

“Y’all are just weird in yo family, but hey, the lion’s spawn can’t be scared of cold,” he laughed and dived back into the water, his full untamed air swimming along behind him.

“I think you mean Zlatan, mine is a normal human family,” Ronaldo responded jeeringly also diving back into the water.

Outside the mansion, a convoy consisting of three cars drove into the mansion’s compounds and drove up to the main house’s entrance before stopping.

As the car came to a stop, the door was quickly pulled open and a leg came out first, its length and silky smooth skin betrayed by the slit in the black gown of the owner of the leg.

Georgina Gio stepped out of the car first holding her daughter, Alana followed by Ronaldo Junior stepping out with Mateo and Eva holding his two hands and dragging him along.

“Where’s daddy?” Alana asked her mother, her eyes darting around, looking for a familiar figure.

“He’s inside,” Georgina answered with a smile, wiping off a trace of ice cream from her daughter’s lips.

“Master is inside with a guest... though I guess ‘guest’ isn’t the right word,” the female caretaker that Jason had met when he came earlier informed Georgina as they walked into the house.

“Guest?” Georgina was surprised to hear this as she didn’t know Ronaldo was expecting anyone, but she refrained from asking the caretaker anymore questions about the ‘guest’.

“Where are they right now?” she asked instead.

“They’re in the pool,” the caretaker replied succinctly

“Okay, thank you,” she said in response.

She started walking into the house, heading in the direction of the pool with the children in tow.

It might not be a good idea for the children to meet the guest as they were, but normally they liked to go meet their father first after getting back home and she couldn’t stop them neither did she want to.

As she reached the back of the house, the first thing she saw was Ronaldo in the pool and that was relatively normal so her eyes immediately moved to search for the guest.

The next thing that Georgina’s eyes met was the back view of long, luscious, beautiful and wet, curly black hair and at the thought that the guest could be a woman who was in the swimming pool with her husband, her heart sank into her stomach.

Chapter 438: New Home III

“Daddy!”

A word that would scare any unsuspecting man in the world was called loudly behind Jason.

Being the African-American that he was, the word had a double effect on Jason who did a double take and immediately turned behind him to see who had called but there didn’t seem to be a need for him to do so as the second person in the pool was already reacting.

“Alana,” Ronaldo called back to his daughter and began swimming towards the edge of the pool in the direction his family was coming from.

Seeing that reaction from Ronaldo, Jason's heart that had threatened to lurch out of his throat all of a sudden seemed to settle back in place and he ran his hand through his hair, brushing away the wet strands of hair in his face as he did.

He glanced at his host's family, and their faces didn't look too off from what he had already seen on social media a few times though for a weird reason, he felt like Georgina had a look of relief on her face as she stared right back at him.

'That's weird,' he thought to himself, seeing no reason why his presence would bring relief to someone he had never even met, but a second later he put aside his thoughts, thinking he must have been mistaken to believe that she was relieved.

What he didn't know was that on realizing that Jason was not some 'skank' trying to deceive her husband with pleasures of the flesh, Georgina was more than relieved.

It wasn't even that she doubted Ronaldo's loyalty, but rather more of her knowing that with the wealth and fame that he had, there were quite a lot of women who wouldn't mind to try and catch Ronaldo off guard.

Unfortunately, the man that she knew was too honest and open in matters of the heart and wouldn't even know he was being drawn into a wrong relationship until the last moment.

But now that she saw that her worries were unfounded, she was more than relieved and involuntarily had her attention now on Jason who she thought was a woman earlier.

He looked young and she could tell of his African origins by his skin color, but in contrast to that was long, untangled hair and blue eyes that she had never seen on people with a darker skin color than 'white as a mothefu*ker'.

With how well placed his facial and physical features were as well as his confident look that didn't seem unyielding in the slightest, her first thought was that he was a model, but at the same time, common sense let her know that Ronaldo was someone who didn't even have time to meet female models so why would he meet a male model and bring him to their house.

Quite a few thoughts went through her mind as she walked to the side of the pool with her children in tow, but they all remained unsaid until she was right by the pool where Ronaldo was climbing out.

“Daddy!” Alana wriggled out of her mother’s arms and dived into the waiting arms of her father, not caring if he was still wet from the pool.

Ronaldo did not hesitate to embrace her and he welcomed the rest of his family as well, asking how their day was and blatantly stuffing Jason with all sorts of ‘dog food’... as the Chinese would call it.

Not just the children were welcomed though.

Ronaldo didn’t hesitate to dive into the lips of the love of his life, leaving Jason feeling like he should dive into the bottom of the pool to sulk about his sad life and that was exactly what he did.

Diving back into the pool after Ronaldo had so blatantly reminded of the voids in his life, he wanted to just throw water on the lover birds and their family, but that would be considered rude so he contented himself with diving underwater for a few seconds to wash away the waves of annoyance and disgust that involuntarily swept through him.

When he came back to the surface of the water, he was surprised to find that everyone was staring at him, making him more self-conscious than ever before, causing his face to harden slightly.

“Please continue catching up with each other, don’t mind me, I’ll be floating around until my presence is needed,” he said in Portuguese, rolling his eyes at them with a small smile on his face.

“Just come over here,” Ronaldo called to him, laughing a bit and totally ignorant of what Jason was feeling.

“*Sigh*... Aye aye captain,” Jason muttered and dived below the water’s surface, swimming as close as he could before resurfacing above the water again, this time less than two meters away from the edge of the pool.

“Anyhow, you guys, this is Jason, the newest member of the team... at least for the next six months,”

“He’s going to be living with us for a while because I lost a bet to him and he needed a place to stay for a while since he just moved here,” Ronaldo introduced Jason to the family, though his elaborate introduction only had an effect on the more knowledgeable members of the family.

“You beat Dad in a competition? What kind of competition?”

It was Ronaldo Junior that spoke first and his voice was quite excited as he it was not everyday he heard that someone had beat his dad in a competition.

“First, no, I didn’t beat him, it was a draw, and second, it was a goal contribution contest at training,” Jason quickly explained before the burden of admiration in the boy’s eyes that was pressing on his neck became any heavier.

“Considering that you were playing as a midfielder against me who was a forward and it was your first time training with those guys, I think we can count that as my defeat,” Ronaldo interjected.

“Good point, but I’m a winger... that’s still a forward... technically,” Jason retorted.

“Ugh, just take the win kid,” Ronaldo facepalmed.

“Mrs. Georgina, the pictures I’ve seen haven’t done you enough justice,”

“You are stunning,” Jason ignored Ronaldo’s comment and turned to the lady of the house, causing her to smile at the praise.

“Of course, I have good taste,” Ronaldo interjected before Georgina could respond, nodding proudly.

“Ninja please,” Jason rolled his eye at this guy who was even taking the praise for his wife’s good looks.

‘You have good taste, she has a good face, so you decided to paste on her face?’ a sudden inspiration for a rap line appeared in Jason’s mind and he made sure that it stayed there, killing it in its infancy.

“Thank you for your praise,” Georgina finally replied to Jason while rolling her eyes at her husband, completely ignorant of what had transpired in Jason’s head.

“Praise? My words are nothing but the truth,” Jason continued, smiling cheerily.

“I’ve always admired your work in the fashion industry, you know, as a model and all. I’ve actually got a skincare company myself,” his smile stayed on his face as he slowly started diverting the conversation in the direction he wanted.

“Oh wow, what’s it called?” Georgina asked, her curiosity piqued.

“You have a company?” Ronaldo asked in surprise.

“It’s called Rosember and it’s an upstart... well, not really an upstart as it was previously already on the market under a different name, but there were a few problems that came up and well I was able to swoop in and buy most of the company’s shares,”

“We’ve done a lot of refurbishing and even have a few new products prepared and we’ve been working hard on our comeback,” Jason quickly explained his company’s situation to Georgina.

“I wish you luck then and hope for great success,” Georgina replied with a smile.

“Oh, we’ll need a bit more than luck for that much,” Jason laughed.

“Would you fancy adding another endorsement deal to the ones you already have though?” he asked with a smile.

“I definitely wouldn’t dislike it,” Georgina responded with a little laugh, her dainty hands covering her mouth a bit.

“Splendid, I’ll have someone contact you soon with an offer,” Jason laughed, happy that he had quickly concluded a negotiation that could help his company rake in funds in the coming months.

With that done, his attention turned to the children who were still looking at him for some reason.

“With the way you guys are looking at me, one might think I’m made of ice cream,” he laughed, spotting a trace of ice cream on Alana’s cheeks despite most of it having been wiped away by Georgina earlier.

“Your eyes are soo beauriful,” Alana finally gained the confidence to talk to Jason after he had spoken to her and her first sentence instantly won him over.

“You look beauriful too,” Jason responded, purposely making sure to say it like she said it.

“They’re soo bluee,” she added, coming closer to the edge of the pool and putting her two hands on the side of his face.

“I know, I know, I have gems for eyes, and you have dumplings for cheeks,” Jason laughed and put his hands on the side of her face as well.

Chapter 439: Why Do You Train?

16th January 2021

6:28 am

“*Heut*” Jason involuntarily let out a sound as he turned sharply towards the left after a sharp dash forward as he and Ronaldo trained on the field behind the mansion.

Following behind him was Ronaldo who turned sharply to the right.

On the left where Jason was, there was a ball and Jason kicked it to Ronaldo on the right before continuing his run forward.

His attention stayed on Ronaldo as he expected the ball back, and before long, the ball came back flying towards him, evading the training constructs that mimicked players.

The ball reached Jason in front of a goal that was almost half as small as a normal post, and as if that was not enough, there was a person in goal.

The person was one of Ronaldo's personal trainers and though he wasn't able to compare to a professional goalkeeper, he was still a presence in goal.

Jason's job was to get the ball past the trainer goalkeeper and into the back of the net before the time for the training session elapsed and that was less than three seconds away.

This was only one of the kind of training sessions that Jason had been subjected to since they began training at 4 am.

It was an attacking form of training that incorporated agility, passing, vision, spatial awareness, shooting, and finishing all in one and it was barely one of many.

That was the first thing Jason had realized from merely training for just over two hours with Ronaldo.

This guy didn't do the normal types of training that focused on one attribute most of the time and usually made his training more tailored towards putting himself in the toughest situations on the pitch.

That was probably why he was able to keep his composure in very crazy situations and was able to deliver most of the time even in the toughest of situations while keeping his composure and wits around him.

Another thing about this type of eccentric training method was that due to it incorporating a lot more than one aspect of training, it was faster, more effective, and more draining.

While other players were focusing on agility, Ronaldo's training methods would focus on agility and about three other aspects which always made it seem like Jason was doing 4x the training, but the truth remained that he was probably growing 4x faster because of it.

The downside was that it was very draining and currently Jason who was about to receive the ball in front of goal was feeling like there was no more air in his lungs despite the day just beginning, but he pushed himself and caught the ball on the volley and sent it at the goal with a powerful drive.

Maybe it was too powerful as the goalkeeper wasn't able to react, but Jason missed the target and the ball flew just wide of the goal.

"Ah, fu*k!" he muttered as he collapsed to the floor, tired out of his mind.

His whole body ached and this was merely from personal training.

He would still be going to Continassa for team training and he was sure to be exhausted even further if he was to be training with this monster, but he didn't exactly have much of a choice in this matter anymore.

After all, he had wanted this.

While Jason was laying on the ground internally monologuing, Ronaldo had collected two hand held massagers and walked over to him.

"Here," he said as he handed one of the massagers to Jason.

"Thanks," Jason muttered as he received the massager and turned it on, putting it on his thighs and running it slowly across the whole length.

The silence between the two of them as the massaged their legs was broken by Jason who had a question he had on his mind.

“You know, I’ve always wondered... just as we are training, some others are also training, granted they might not be training as hard as we are... maybe,”

“But in an actual match, there are many times when even being the best in the world does not stop you from losing a game,”

“How do you deal with that?” he asked.

“Like you know you train harder than your opponents ever could and sometimes, it feels like your hard work is invalidated by losing a game to luck, or sometimes a bad decision from the referee,” he was going to continue, but Ronaldo interjected.

“I don’t train to win,” he said calmly.

“Huh?” Jason asked in confusion, his head tilted.

“I don’t train to win,” Ronaldo repeated, slowly massaging his legs.

“You don’t train to win?” Jason asked and involuntarily looked around at the whole field full of training equipment.

‘All this training equipment, waking up at times when the whole world is still asleep and then working till you’re half dead, but you’re not training to win?’ Jason questioned internally.

“Then... why do you train?” he asked, feeling that he might be missing something.

“All over the world, there are players that train to win. As a matter of fact, almost all football players in the world train to win,” Ronaldo began, his voice calm and clear.

“If I do the same thing, then how would I stand out?” he asked, not looking up from the massager.

“... By training harder?” Jason answered, but his answer was more of a question to himself.

“That would simply make me a more frequent winner than most players. Training a bit harder would make you slightly better placed to use your talents, but if there is one thing I’ve learned over the years, it is that...”

“Talent is not enough,”

“No matter how much talent a person has, if he doesn’t work hard, one day he would fall to one who has no talent but works hard enough for it to not matter,”

“And that is why, I say, I don’t train to win... I train to dominate,”

“Talent, luck, form... I train to dominate all that,”

“I train hard enough that I can change luck with my efforts alone... sure I might still lose sometimes, but it’s a process,”

“There’s no such thing as perfection, but you don’t need perfection to become the best,”

“All you need to do is to keep stepping forward with a mindset to dominate,”

“If you didn’t dominate in a match, go back to the training ground, work yourself off and come back to dominate in the next match, that’s all there is to it,” Ronaldo said and finally looked up, but he was looking at the sky instead of at Jason.

“Get up, we have more training to do,” Ronaldo said and stood up.

Chapter 440: Style of Play I

1:42 p.m

Jason and Ronaldo were on the field receiving a thigh massage during their rest period during team training.

Since the team had an upcoming match the very next day, their training sessions had been reduced quite a bit to avoid exhausting the players, though the players were not forbidden from getting a little extra training if they wished, they weren't allowed to do anything too strenuous.

Of course, that instruction had flown into one ear of Ronaldo and out the other... well, not completely though.

He still went hard at training, but he didn't push himself too much as he also knew that muscle exhaustion before a match would not help anybody.

However, Jason wasn't as used to such crazy training as Ronaldo was.

He had thought he was since he trained almost round the clock even back at Porto, but Ronaldo's training methods had let him know that his former methods of training had hardly been demanding on his body at all and were but a mere routine.

Ronaldo's methods felt like he was personally breaking down his body and this let him know that there would definitely be improvements in his abilities in the coming days, weeks, months, and years.

For now though, he was worried about something else, something that threatened to rip apart his playing style.

Ever since facing up a more physical side to football here at training, he had noticed that his playing style of breaking through by using tricks to get past the defenders had lost almost all its effectiveness because of how physical these people were.

Funny enough, the problem wasn't that they were too good, but rather that he wasn't good enough to get past them without the threat of injury which was one thing Jason wanted to avoid if possible.

It wasn't like he had lost his dribbling skills overnight, but rather it was how the Serie A defenders marked him and responded to his attempts at dribbling past them with tricks.

Anywhere he was constantly being followed by his marker and there were always enough players in the surroundings to immediately surround him once he received the ball.

Hence it was almost always him against two to three defenders whenever he received the ball, and unlike back at Porto where the standard of defenders was lower, the defenders were less physical, or they mostly employed zonal marking...

Here, the defenders were a lot better than before, they were a lot more physical and would not hesitate to pull him down when they couldn't reach the ball, not to mention that they were very direct about their defending, none of that zonal marking thing where he would have time to settle on the ball and think of a way out before moving.

In this place, once he received the ball, he almost always usually had less than two seconds to escape from three very physical defenders who were almost always aiming to break his legs rather than to take the ball from him... only reason why they were holding back was that he was a member of the team and that this was a mere training session.

The way he had been managing to stay afloat was either by quickly laying off the ball or drawing back enough so that he wouldn't be surrounded immediately he received the ball and that was tremendously dulling his attack sharpness and he didn't like this so he had started thinking of a way to solve this problem, but it wasn't easy for him to come up with anything so far.

If he couldn't cause problems for the opposition defense, then there wouldn't be much he was needed for on the pitch.

Uventus wasn't a team that was short of players who could do regular things on the pitch so if he wanted to ensure that he had a place on the team, then he had to do the extraordinary, but that was slipping away from him.

In the end, he had asked Ronaldo for advice on how to go about dribbling in this league, but Ronaldo's words for him weren't an immediate solution to the problem.

What Ronaldo had said was that every player had their own signature playing style and the way to become the best version of oneself was to tap into that talent and develop it until it could safely take them to the top.

Every player's shooting style, finishing style, dribbling style, and even running style was different. There could be similarities, but they were all inherently different and linked to who the player was as a person.

For example, Ronaldo's style of dribbling used to be filled with tricks when he was much younger, but when he realized that he was better at scoring goals, he changed his dribbling to be the most effective way to get him into a shooting position turning him into someone who almost always let the ball fly whenever he dribbled past a player.

Messi was different in that aspect as he used the simplest of moves to get past his opponents and never resorted to flamboyant tricks because he never needed to do more than a simple feint.

Hazard was a feint-and-go type of dribbler, he would fake a move and confuse his opponents while he went the other way.

Neymar was someone who almost didn't care for scoring and just had fun with the ball, resorting to all sorts of trickery even if he was going to end up shooting the ball wide.

After looking at all those players, Jason looked at himself and began to count out his own talents.

He used both flashy moves and simple moves to get past his opponent depending on the situation.

He had learned to use both legs at virtually the same rate and no longer felt any form of alienation whichever foot he used.

He was quickest after he started moving... that was to say, his initial burst of acceleration was when he was at his fastest and he could maintain his high pace for a while... literally, he was fast and had a high acceleration.

He had passable passing skills and could shoot well from any angle thanks to being able to use both his legs.

Just like that, he kept checking himself for what he could do and not do and it was only during this did he realize how far he had gone.

In his previous life, he hardly had any of these attributes.

His attributes weren't talents, rather they were attributes he had drilled into himself year after year until he became who he currently was.

Improvement was impossible as he was already a fair distance away from his starting line. If he looked back, he could no longer see the shadow of who he was.

That was how far he had come.

The thought emboldened him and gave him confidence to take the next step forward which was creating a signature dribbling style.

Since he had internally noted all his attributes, he tried to summarize it and simplify everything and in the end two words stood out.