

LEGENDS 461

Chapter 461: Talent?

The days after winning the trophy was filled with high morale for the Uventus players. They came to training everyday with their confidence boosted by the newest addition to their trophy cabinet and trained like men on missions because in reality, they were.

The previous season, the only thing the Uventus team had won was the league title and they had been runner-ups in the two domestic competitions so now that they had finally gotten their hands on one of the domestic trophies this season, they also began gunning for the rest.

It wasn't just Jason who had greedy thoughts.

It was the whole team.

They had even started talking about how this was their year to win everything within their grasp and this mood resonated with everyone.

The Uventus team was a team that had Champions. Both as players, managers, and as club staff so everyone was feeling bolstered and this frenzied wave of enthusiasm was exciting everyone especially Jason.

There was also one other person who was especially excited by the mood at the training ground.

It was Ronaldo.

If one had a had to describe the man with a few words, it would be goal hungry, champion, egoist, conqueror... and a lot of others.

He had joined Uventus with a mind to dominate, to win, and to become Champion, however, despite being in such a good team, they had only won the League title which was almost a given because the stronger teams were a bit weaker the previous season.

He wanted more and he had gotten his first taste of that two days ago and his appetite had been aroused.

Just as he had began putting in work to get more, he was more than pleasantly surprised to find out that not only did everyone think the same as he did, this time, they were actually showing their desire in their efforts and were training harder than ever.

This was the kind of goal getting team he wanted... Not that they were not already that, but he had felt that things were a bit more lax compared to Madrid where he had spent many years.

'This is good,' he often thought many times as during training with the team.

On Jason's side, he had been fully intent on squeezing every last bit of usefulness out of his body to learn from the well of experience that was his teammates at Uventus.

He already knew that there wasn't any well of supernatural talent laying somewhere deep inside him.

He had two lifetimes to find out and he hadn't found it, so it was safe to say that it didn't exist, hence, he could only learn from external sources and then hammer it into his body until it became muscle memory.

However because of his experience, it made understanding easier, and learning quicker, which made people think that he was talented and at one point, Jason himself had to accept it.

It wasn't a talent... but at the same time, it could not be explained that it wasn't a talent.

It was almost like a below average student who had gone through the motions of schooling up till the first degree level having to re-do everything.

His mind was already conditioned to mental stress and he could remain focused for longer.

He also did not have any qualms with extended learning periods.

Armed with all that, he was to go through everything again, but this time, he was supposed to become better than average.

Of course, it would be easy as even though he hadn't done it well previously, he had already done it a bit and was thus familiar with it.

He was literally only learning things again, but this time, he was learning it deeper.

Of course it'd be easier.

His previous knowledge of what was supposed to be beyond where he was, was an added bonus that made everyone think that he was ahead of his mates, but only he knew that it wasn't by that far.

He was just able to make more use of what he had because he had acquired it through hard work and did not have it in-built.

Things were really not that deep, but he couldn't exactly explain so he just let it go.

He was already accustomed to people calling him talented and he had already chosen to accept things as they were.

What did it matter anyway? He had once questioned himself once but had never found the answer back then.

That question arose again when Mylo had done that stand off thing just before he left Porto and it brought back all the annoyance he felt when people thought he was proud of his talent and genius mind just because he didn't talk a lot and stayed away from most people his age.

It had been a problem back in his school years in this life because as a grown man mentally, being around children was annoying.

That he was also in a child's body didn't matter.

It was a mindset thing.

He was an intelligent being with experiences beyond what he looked like thrust into an odd situation, but he had simply kept his head down and did his own thing.

He worked hard because he knew he did not have many natural talents and he stayed away from people because that was how he normally was.

Becoming a child didn't help matters, however, to some people it had come off as snobbish.

Back then, Jason could easily ignore things, but when Mylo said it, it had taken his all not to hit him in the face right there because Jason knew that Mylo had way more natural talent than he did.

One only had to look at the numbers that season just to see that.

Jason had a whole lifetime of experience and still couldn't sweep trophies like he was playing life on easy mode.

If someone like Ronaldo, Messi, or Neymar were as lucky as he was, by this time, they'd probably have already won the world cup twice, yet here he was at nearly twenty years of age and the only league title he had was the Portuguese League title that the club would have won even in his absence.

Other trophies were won together with the help of a strong team that did well to cover his weaknesses.

He wasn't the talented guy that the media painted him to be or what everyone thought him to be, he was just a guy trying his best to succeed because he wouldn't be able to live with himself if he failed a second time.

Hell, even Mylo would have achieved more by this time if he was as lucky as Jason was, but that idiot was wasting away his talent on chasing skirts and was getting jealous of someone who didn't have more than him in anything but looks and luck.

Sigh

'It is what it is,' Jason thought as he woke up from his thoughts as the squad list for the upcoming match was posted on the board.

Chapter 462: Starting Line-up Debut I

24th January 2021

The Uventus arrives at their home stadium, the Allianz Arena, for the next step in their season campaign which was against Bologna.

Having shortened the points difference between themselves and Inter Milan at the top of the table, they arrived with the determination to build off of that and take all the three points from this match as well.

With strong minds, they walked into the stadium, some of them waving at the cameras as they walked by.

After a quick warm up on the pitch, the players went back to the locker room for a finalization of the line-up.

The manager had already informed the players of the line up, but these things could change at any time.

This time though, there weren't any changes to be made and the bench players left first while the players in the starting lineup headed to the tunnel to await their cue.

A few minutes later, the match kicked off and the fans cheered in excitement.

Jason watched the match from the bench, his face impassive.

He had not been selected in the starting lineup and could only accept that the manager did not yet feel that he was ready for that responsibility yet.

Unfortunately he couldn't do much to change that other than to keep doing what he was already doing while waiting patiently.

As long as he kept doing well, then it would inevitably happen, the only thing to wonder was when it would happen.

On the field, the match continued excitedly, exciting the fans and keeping their moods up.

The Uventus fans did not have to wait long for their team to give them something to shout about as in the 15th minute, Arthur connected with a pass from Kulusevski and sent a low drive at the the goal from the edge of the box.

The Bologna goalkeeper immediately burst into action, but he couldn't reach the ball and it rolled into the bottom corner, giving Uventus the lead.

The crowd immediately burst out shouting while the the commentator did his best to be heard while commenting on the goal.

The Uventus players soaked it all in as they celebrated their goal with almost reckless abandon, but the celebrations didn't take too long and the match soon continued.

After already getting one goal, the Uventus players were intent on getting another, almost desperate, and they sent waves of attack at their opponents, but the Bologna players desperately resisted their opponents whilst also doing their bit to try and get an equalizer.

However, despite the efforts of the two teams, the match scores remained at 1:0 when the referee blew his whistle for half-time.

The players trotted off the field with heavy breaths, but active minds and went to get their rest, already thinking about how they would play to achieve their goals in the second half.

Fifteen minutes quickly flew by and the players were back on the field for the second half.

The referee's whistle went off and the match resumed.

Once again, the Uventus team commenced trying to further their lead while the Bologna team had the arduous task of stopping them from doing that all while trying to get an equalizer for themselves.

In the end, the Bologna team couldn't keep up with such a tough duty and during a Uventus corner in the 77th minute, they slipped up and gave the Uventus team a chance to rebound a corner kick.

After the ball had initially been sent flying in, Chjellini had gotten his head to it and sent it at goal, but the Bologna goal keeper had been at alert and had punched the ball back from whence it came.

But before the Bologna defenders could reach the ball and clear it away from the danger zone, Mckennie got to it first and after quickly controlling it in frenzy, he hit it back at the goal.

This time, the ball found the back of the net and the Uventus crowd went wild again as their players celebrated the second goal.

Jason and the other bench buddies also did their own celebrations on the bench as well.

Considering that it was already the 77th minute and the manager hadn't even told him to warm up, Jason figured that he probably wouldn't be featuring in the match at all.

It dampened his mood a bit, but then, these things happened in football and he wasn't going to act like a spoilt child over not getting to play every time.

Even players like Messi and Ronaldo were on the bench from time to time, so someone like him didn't even have the right to complain.

He was just a loan player in the team for now and it wasn't like the team was lacking for players in that position so it would be weirder if he became a first choice right from the start.

Having come to terms with what was happening, Jason supportively watched his teammates play and hoped for them to score even more.

Fortunately for the Bologna team, they managed to hold out for the rest of the match, keeping the scores at just 2:0.

When the final whistle was blown, the Uventus fans erupted in cheers as they had won the match and we're taking all three points, bringing them to the same number of points with Inter Milan in the no. 1 spot on the table.

Of course, the Inter Milan team hadn't played their match yet and as long as they won their own game, they would once again take an advantage of three points.

Even now, they had an advantage in the goal difference ranking as well, giving them a strong hold on the no. 1 spot, however, the Uventus fans didn't care that for the moment and were just happy that their team had won.

The manager took to the field to congratulate the players and also to celebrate with the fans and the stadium was quickly filled with even more cheering for a while.

Not playing in the match hadn't gotten to him and Jason also congratulated and commended the guys that played before they all went to the locker room.

27th January 2021

The days had flown by after that day and the Uventus players who had been bolstered by their win had their morales flying to the sky at the moment.

The mood at the training ground was good and was usually full of laughs despite everyone training hard and determinedly.

The solemnity of their goals didn't affect them and the players weren't showing any signs of bucking under the pressure that was the expectations they and the fans had for the season.

Today was another matchday for the Uventus team and they had a Coppa Italia match against SPAL at the Allianz Arena and they were ready to give their opponents hell.

The match was still a ways away and the players were still at the Continassa for the tactical meeting for the match.

All the players who would be involved in the squad had already been informed by the list on the notice board the day before and they were now all seated in the meeting room, waiting for the manager to arrive.

They didn't have to wait long as Pirlo walked in with his team a few minutes later and the slightly rowdy room became a lot less louder immediately.

"Good morning, it's still morning is it?" Pirlo greeted as he walked, unsure and quickly holding up his watch to check.

"It's 12:15," a voice came from among the players and the manager confirmed with his watch.

"Then afternoon, I guess,"

"I see you're all looking springly," Pirlo remarked, putting his things down on a seat in front and grabbing a marker.

"Good to see you looking ready to give our opponents hell, I'm thinking the same thing, so without further ado, let's get right into the game plan," Pirlo said and unplugged the marker in his hands, ready to scribble on the board.

“Our team is obviously a weaker side and shouldn’t present too much of a challenge, but I expect you to play against them like you are playing against Manchester City,”

“We move fast, we hit them hard, we kill them quickly and we do not!... Give them any chances of coming back,” Pirlo said dramatically, emphasizing the last part of the sentence.

“Is that clear?” Pirlo asked the players and they responded affirmatively, some of them wondering which movies their manager had been watching in his free time.

“Let’s get right into our formation,”

“Due to certain circumstances, I have selected the use of a 4-3-3 attacking formation in this match,” Pirlo paused a bit to let that sink in before continuing.

“This will feature the usual back four, two central midfielders at both sides and an attacking midfielder who has both attacking and midfield duties, and then we will have three players upfront as compared to the usual two,”

“The players in the starting lineup are Gigi Buffon as goalkeeper, Demiral and Dragusin as the two center backs and Di Pardo along with Frambotta in the right and left back positions respectively,” Pirlo stated, most of the players he called were youth players who he would be giving a chance in the match due to the circumstances.

Chapter 463: Starting Line-up Debut II

“In the center midfield, Bentacur will be the left center midfielder while Nicolo Fagiolie will be the right center midfielder,”

“Ramsey will stand in front of them, taking the Center attacking midfielder position,” Pirlo continued listing the players in the starting lineup, this time using more experienced hands than youth players.

There had to be a careful balance otherwise he’d be risking the game’s results a little more than necessary.

“Upfront, Morata will be the sole striker,” Pirlo gestured toward Morata, and then continued,

“Dybala will be taking point on the right wing, and Jason will be playing on the left,” Pirlo nodded towards Jason and Dybala.

The players around the two of them quickly gave a few low toned congratulations to the two players as they were special cases.

Dybala was returning from a long-term injury and was finally getting some time on the pitch after a long time, while Jason was receiving his first start from the manager here at Uventus.

Pirlo did not pay any attention to the silent conversations going on and went straight into the game plan.

First drawing eleven circles representing his players on the board, then he turned back to the players,

“Our tactic for this match is the same as always, quick counter, but due to our shape for this match, some adjustments have been made,”

“We will be aiming to control the possession in the game, keeping the ball moving,”

“If they come at you, you move the ball to another person or you dribble past your opponent, the choice is yours but just make sure you don’t lose the ball in any dangerous areas,”

“If you’re not confident in escaping your opponent’s tackle by yourself, release the ball, there is nothing to be ashamed of and there is nothing you have to prove to me other than that you can be a team player and follow orders,”

“If you play shit, then you’re coming off,” Pirlo intoned boldly, everyone clear that he was talking to the youth players who had managed to find themselves in the starting lineup.

“When we’re not in possession, I want you guys to press hard and use zonal marking to push the opponents wide before going in for the tackle, we must do our best to keep them away from getting a clear shot on goal,” Pirlo instructed, drawing circles on the board in specific places.

“Once we have the ball back,” He continued and then drew a couple of arrows on the forwards.

“I want you guys moving the ball forward immediately and looking to unleash long balls forward. Jason, Morata, Dybala, and even Ramsey must look for chances to run in behind, but you guys must make sure to time your runs perfectly,”

“The same goes for whoever is looking to unlock the defense with the ball, keep your eyes open and ready to send the ball forward,”

“Dybala, you have an extra role as a dummy runner, your pace is not enough to outpace most defenders so, I want you making dummy runs towards the center, giving Morata a chance to run wide to receive a pass if needed,” Pirlo was focusing on doling out instructions corresponding to the tactics he hoped for his players to implement.

After a few more minutes, Pirlo was done explaining the formation to all the players, as even those not in the starting lineup needed to know it as some of them would be coming off from bench to play in the match and thus they needed to be as familiar with the game plan as possible.

Once the tactical meeting was over, the players were released and told to rest in preparation for the match coming up in the evening.

Luckily, the match would be taking place in their home stadium, so they wouldn’t be traveling anywhere and could thus focus on preparing their bodies and mind for the match.

Jason headed to the cafeteria along with Cuadrado, McKennie, Dybala, and Ronaldo and the players went to have lunch courtesy of Ronaldo who always took his nutritionist chef everywhere with him.

Jason was congratulated a few more times for making it into the starting lineup and the group went to eat while laughing.

****8:32 p.m****

Jason walked to the tunnel at the Allianz Arena along with the rest of the players in the starting lineup and they quickly lined up while waiting for their cue to head out to the pitch.

Soon a set of 11 young children wearing mini versions of the Uventus jersey came to stand beside the players and that really drove home the fact that Jason was in the starting lineup.

It felt surreal before and he was a bit nervous, but it was happening and he was excited, though his face didn't seem to share the same sentiment and it remained mostly impassive as he looked down at the child who would be walking out with him.

It was a young child that looked to be around eight years old at most.

"Hi," the little girl said to Jason and waves at him.

"Hi to you to kid," Jason said with a smile and raised a hand for a high five while he lowered himself to her level.

The girl high-fived Jason and Jason suddenly shook and said,

"Brrrrrr, that's a lot of luck you've got around you, mind sharing some with me?" He asked with a smile.

"If I give you some luck, will you score a goal?" The little girl didn't seem to find anything strange about Jason's words and she responded as if it was a normal conversation.

'I don't think that's how it works,' Jason thought, internally laughing, but on the outside, he said,

"Sure, I'll score a goal, anything for you, my lady," Jason replied and did a mock bow.

"And when you score, do the Fun dance!" The girl quickly added with enthusiasm.

“Fun dance? What’s that?” Jason asked flabbergasted at where this situation was going.

“It’s the dance SpongeBob did to teach Plankton about fun,” the girl replied excitedly, leaving Jason even more confused.

SpongeBob?

Plankton?

Who were those people?

But not wanting to sound like a boomer, he smoothly replied,

“Oh SpongeBob... I guess I haven’t watched that episode, why don’t you show me the dance,” he lied smoothly, taking a gamble on whether the show was a one off or a episode type of thing.

He vaguely remembered hearing about SpongeBob somewhere, but he couldn’t remember where, after all, he was a grown ass man who hardly had enough time to get on his phone and watch girls shaking their a** all over the place.

Where was he going to find time for cartoons that weren’t for the millennials like him?

Luckily it seemed his gamble played out well and the girl quickly showed him a weird dance that literally only consisted of waving one’s arm all over the place.

“I can do that,” Jason quickly said before the dance got any more ridiculous.

He could already almost witness the social suicide he was about to commit if he dared to score a goal in the game, but there was nothing he could do about it now.

Who told him to act all friendly with the little girl.

Even worse was that their conversation had attracted a camera that was probably recording everything he did and said so far.

‘Hopefully, it’s not a live camera,’ Jason hoped internally.

There would be a way around escaping that Fun dance thing as long as this video never surfaced online, Jason comforted himself and stood back up as it was finally time for them to head out of the tunnel.

Walking briskly out of the tunnel with the referees in the lead, the players were bathed with the excited shouts of the Uventus fans long before they appeared out of the tunnel, but the visual presentation to the cheers was new to Jason.

Despite being similar in modernity, the Allianz Arena boasted of much greater size than the Estadio do Dragao and definitely had a bigger visual effect on Jason.

However, it wasn’t anything too much for him to cope with and he kept his surprise and nervousness out of his face as he walked onto the pitch while holding the hand of the little girl.

The commentator was doing his job and talking giving an opening speech while Jason and the others arranged themselves on a single line facing the fans and began the pre-match formalities.

The anthems were quickly sang and the players moved to quickly shake one another before moving to one side, letting the captains go meet the referee for the coin toss.

Jason waved goodbye to the little girl as they headed back into the tunnel.

While waiting for the captains to be done, Jason rubbed his gloved hands and began doing a few warm up routines while waiting, both because of the cold and because he wanted to warm up a bit more.

He could not afford to mess up today.

At this point, Jason was finally in the frame of mind to listen to the referee who was at that moment, giving comments on the players formation for the game.

{On Uventus' left wing stands the new man. It's his first start for the club and many people are expectant of what he has in store}

{If he scores here today, we will get to see SpongeBob's fun dance! I'm sure a lot of us hope that he does} the commentator said harmlessly but inside Jason's head, he went,

'Sh*t,'

Chapter 464: Starting Line-up Debut III

Fweeeeeeeee

The referee's shrill whistle kicked off the game and the ball immediately began moving across the field.

Quickly putting aside the matter of social suicide that he faced and returning his focus back to the football game that had just kicked off, Jason was in time to receive the ball from Bentacur.

Before he could even move, a SPAL player came rushing at him, prompting his instincts to take over in that split second.

Moving as if he would try to carry the ball in field, Jason tricked the player into jumping into a tackle in that direction, but the moment the player took to the air, Jason was already flicking the ball to the left with his left leg and escaping the tackle.

The Uventus fans cheered in appreciation of such an exciting maneuver from Jason, but Jason paid them no attention as he was focused on the ball.

With one guy out of the way, Jason immediately made to burst forward, but he soon realized that he was hoping for too much.

The game had barely started and all the SPAL players except the one that had flown at him were still in their half, making it too difficult a mission to break past them.

However, Jason didn't want to give up too quickly and still moved forward, only turning at the last minute to send the ball infield to Morata who quickly sent the ball back to the midfielders.

The attack didn't blossom like Jason or the Uventus fans were expecting, but with such an exciting start to the game, they expected a lot from their players going forward.

#15th minute...

The match has settled into a comfortable one for the Uventus side and they had controlled the ball for the most part, leaving the SPAL players to do most of the chasing and the possession stats for the game so far was 72% for Uventus while SPAL were struggling with just 28%.

The few SPAL fans at the Allianz Arena were looking at their team with cautious faces as they knew that if the game continued like that for much longer then things would get bad soon for their side.

Already, Uventus was already making them run all over the pitch while smoothly evading their players tackles and were already taking shots at the SPAL goalkeeper, but perhaps because the SPAL player were still very energetic, they were doing enough to keep out the cautious Uventus team.

Jason had been especially having fun on the left flank with his marker

Already, he had four successful dribbles and this was with him not bursting forward on the attack because of how cautiously his teammates were playing, but he couldn't blame them.

The forwards comprised mostly of players who could hold their ground, but the back four were mostly youth players who didn't have much experience on the big stage and one mistake from them was all that was needed to put them on the back foot.

It wasn't like the forwards and the midfielders didn't trust their defenders either, but they were not too hasty to attack as they didn't want to risk any problems in the defense.

Jason understood that, but he had had enough of the cautious gameplay and the moment the ball reached him once again, he took the opportunity to burst forward.

First tipping the ball in-between the legs of his marker before running behind to get the ball, Jason soon found himself surrounded by the SPAL players since his teammates weren't drawing them away by making runs forward.

First moving the ball slightly to the left and then jumping over a player that came flying in, Jason continued his run towards the SPAL penalty box.

At this point, his teammates were already making runs forward to support him, but he was no longer able to stop his movements and raced towards the penalty box while holding off the third defender that came rushing at him.

While holding off the defender from the right, Jason finally made it to the penalty box, but with the guy he was holding off in the way, he couldn't get a clear chance at goal, so he tried faking a shot with his left leg before quickly pulling the ball back and trying to send it behind him and to the right, successfully cutting back, however the SPAL defender had different plans in mind.

Then Jason had faked the shot, he had jumped in the way, but when Jason pulled the ball behind him, he realized he had been tricked and his hand instinctively reached out but because he had miscalculated earlier was almost falling and grabbing Jason's hand, he pulled him down along with him, putting an end to Jason's attacking efforts.

Fweeeeeeeee

The referee quickly came running over while pointing towards the penalty spot.

{Penalty!} The commentator confirmed for the Uventus fans a word they wanted to hear very much.

{The SPAL defender managed to put an end to the Uventus man's splendid run, but it didn't come without cost}

Ramsey quickly came over to help Jason up and on rising to his feet, Jason quickly patted himself down but not before giving a stink eye to the defender who had ruined his efforts thus far.

He had ended up getting a penalty for the team, but Jason already knew that there was no way he was going to take it and that was annoying for him when he had done literally all the work.

Not that he hated helping out, but that was when his own interests were not at stake and this time they were because Jason had wanted to end that run with a goal, or at least an attempt on goal, not falling on his ass and giving the goal scoring chance to someone who was hauling ass behind but not hauling it fast enough to be of any help.

"Tch," Jason clicked his tongue as he started walking outside the box while Morata picked up the ball and placed it on the penalty spot according to the the pre-determined arrangements.

Chapter 465: Starting Line-up Debut IV

Fweeeeeeeee

At the referee's whistle, Morata ran at the ball and hit it hard towards the top left corner of the goal.

The SPAL goalkeeper followed the ball with his eyes but wasn't able to do the same with his body and the ball smashed into the back of the net.

{Goal!!!}

{Well taken penalty! He put it in the top corner and the keeper had no chance} the commentator shouted while Morata ran towards the sidelines and did his Spanish archer celebration.

The Uventus players went to join him in celebration, even Jason.

He was already over the fact that he missed his chance earlier, after all, it didn't matter anymore.

What ifs were nice to debate and all, but debating a what if for a hundred years wouldn't change anything and would even keep one static and unmoving.

Jason didn't need that.

He had missed one chance, all that was left was to try again.

The match had barely started anyway.

After less than a minute of celebration, the Uventus players quickly started heading back to their half of the field, with all to play for in the rest of the game.

The unfortunate SPAL players also headed to their positions, now faced with the daunting task of keeping the high-flying Uventus players from putting more goals past them while also striving to score an equalizer of their own and get the game back under control.

One thing was for sure though, there were exciting minutes ahead for the football fans at the Allianz Arena and for those watching the game from the comfort of their homes or bars.

#33rd minute...

{It's Uventus with the corner!}

{They've been doing all they can to further their lead since going forward, but SPAL have been resisting}

{How much longer can they resist!}

{How much longer can they keep Uventus out!?!} The commentator commented as Jason sent the ball flying in from the right side.

The Uventus players and the SPAL players leaped into the air, both with the aim of reaching the ball first, but it was a SPAL player that reached the ball first and he tried to clear the ball, but couldn't send the ball too far away and the ball just barely reached the edge of the penalty box when Ramsey reached it and headed it towards a teammate.

Dybala deftly controlled the ball after receiving it from Ramsey and quickly evaded a SPAL defender as he looked for a chance to shoot, but there were too many bodies in his way and he opted to pass the ball to another teammate instead.

Frambotta had been standing just outside the left side of the penalty box waiting around to see if his help was needed when the ball came rolling his way.

Not knowing what to do, the ball seemed to call to him to shoot and he ran at it nervously and just hit it at goal after managing to find a little space in-between the players crowding the penalty box.

{He has a go!} The commentator shouted expectantly, but he has barely finished speaking when the ball rocketed past everyone and somehow found the back of the net.

{Ohhhh! What a hit! What a hit!}

Frambotta was no longer listening to the referee as he was already running down the sidelines in youthful frenzy at scoring his first senior team goal.

He didn't get far before he was hugged by a teammate, but he let out his excitement by shouting instead.

His teammates soon joined him in celebrating and the joy was not lost on the fans either who joined in the celebration with their excited cheers.

There was a lot to cheer for after all, but the celebrations didn't go on for too long as the match was still ongoing and the Uventus players were soon back on their way to their half of the field.

#45+1...

After scoring their second, the Uventus team had been working even harder to increase their lead even more, but so far they hadn't succeeded and the first half was slowly coming to an end.

The assistant referee had held up the board earlier to signify that there would be two minutes of added time and one minute was already gone.

With the mind that the whistle to end the first half whistle was about to be blown, the SPAL team relaxed for a bit, but that was all Dybala needed to spot Jason making an incisive run behind the SPAL defense line.

Dybala did not hesitate to send a sweeping through pass over that made it behind the defenders and into Jason's path as he ran forward from the left.

Catching the ball on his right leg, he flicked it forward with his first touch and ran straight after it at the goalkeeper.

{He's in behind, one on one!} The commentator shouted as Jason faced off against the goal keeper as he ran in from the left front of the box.

The SPAL goalkeeper had rushed out at Jason and just as Jason was angling himself to take the shot, the goalkeeper had already flown into the way and spread himself wide, but the next moment he regretted his decision as Jason suddenly corrected his body and swept the ball forward past his left, leaving him sprawling on the ground like a fool, grasping at nothing but straws.

After sweeping the ball past the goalkeeper and facing an open goal, Jason did not hesitate to flick the ball with the front of his foot and begin running to the sidelines as the ball rolled into the back of the net.

As he ran, he added the SpongeBob dance to his running style and ran while flaying his arms all over the place before jumping into a knee slide at the end of it.

{Promised fulfilled and Uventus have three!} The commentator shouted as Jason's teammates arrived to join him in celebration.

It was only at this moment that Jason realized that he didn't feel embarrassed at all at fulfilling his promise and doing the so called fun dance.

Rather he was too happy to even care about how the world perceived him at that moment.

The assistant referee however put a dampener on Jason's mood and the fans excitement stalled when they saw the assistant referee holding up the offside flag.

Chapter 466: Starting Line-up Debut V

{What's this here, the assistant referee has his flag up for offside!} The commentator's words put a huge dampner on the celebrations taking place and the celebrations stalled immediately as everyone turned over to the referee.

Immediately, the referee put his hand to his ear to listen to the opinions of the VAR and everyone waited with bated breath as the referee listened.

Soon the referee started heading off the field, seemingly not satisfied by what he was hearing and wanted to personally check for himself.

The tension among the Uventus fans went up another notch as the referee ran off to the little screen on the sidelines, but their apprehension was all for naught as the referee was soon running back to the field while signaling for the goal to be allowed.

The crowd once again erupted in cheers after hearing that the goal would not be disallowed and they let their joy known in their cheers

The players on the field were also happy that the goal would stand as it meant their lead would be further extended which was another step in the right direction.

Jason was especially happy as he was the one who had scored the goal.

Imagine if after doing that weird fun dance, the goal was disallowed. How embarrassing that would be.

As Jason and his teammates took their positions again in their half of the field, the replay of the goal began to show on the screens.

The assistant referee had raised the flag because of how close Jason was to crossing the offside line when Dybala made the pass, but luckily, Jason was a few inches short of running past the line when the ball came flying in from Dybala's pass.

Hence the goal wasn't offside and wasn't close enough that it could be considered controversial. It was clearly an onside goal.

Back on the field, the players were already heading to the tunnel as the referee already blew for half-time.

"Maestro senpai," Jason hailed Dybala as they walked into the tunnel, dapping the guy as Dybala laughed in response.

It was his first game in a while and he had managed to get two assists already in the first half so he was quite happy at the moment.

It was already a good performance on his return to the team and now Jason had another person to compete with for a spot in the starting lineup, but Jason didn't mind this kind of healthy competition and even hoped for Dybala to play even better.

This way, it was better for the team and would motivate him to play even better.

Jason wasn't averse to competition.

As they reached the locker room, the Juventus players sat on the benches while the manager commended their efforts and began to run through the game plan again with the players, fine tuning the places he thought required some adjustments.

Fifteen minutes later, the players were heading back to the field, ready to continue from where they stopped and even go further.

#57th minute...

More than ten minutes after the whistle for the kickoff of the second half had blown and the SPAL players were already sweating bullets trying to keep the Uventus from adding more goals to the ones they already had.

The Uventus players were playing with their morale flying skyhigh and even the defense that people thought would be weaker than usual because of the presence of youth squad players were doing exceptionally well and keeping out the SPAL players from getting any clear shots on goal.

What the young players lacked in skill and experience, they made up for in energy and enthusiasm as they worked hard to shut down attacks from every angle as the SPAL players tried to kick off a comeback.

The Uventus forwards were not just sitting around either and they had also been doing well to keep the pressure high.

They were doing their own defending from the front, after all, attack is the best form of defense.

Soon, a chance opened up for the Uventus team on the right with Fagiolie finding Dybala on the right side of the penalty box with a defense-splitting through pass.

Dybala got on the end of the ball and tried to run into the penalty box, but his path was quickly blocked by his marker.

Thinking fast, Dybala tried to run a bit forward and then cut in, but the SPAL player saw right through him and kept up with the Uventus man, continually blocking all his efforts to get past.

He wasn't even letting Dybala send the ball past him instead and forced the Uventus player into turning back and sending a pass back to his teammates, seemingly ending the attack.

The SPAL players quickly rushed back out to try and steal the ball, happy that they had killed off yet another Uventus attack, but they weren't thinking that for long.

As soon as they rushed out to try and recover possession, the Uventus right back who had received the ball earlier sent a chip pass over the wave of players who surged forward.

Dybala didn't waste time and ran after the ball, managing to reach it with enough time to spare.

Before his marker could reach him, Dybala controlled the ball deftly and sent a high cross into the penalty box.

{Looking for Jason!>}

{He's all alone!} The commentator shouted as Jason ran into SPAL's penalty box, completely alone as he ran into the path of the ball.

Somehow Jason's marker was nowhere to be found and Jason arrived in the path of the ball before it reached him and when he was thinking of how to hit the ball, a daring idea appeared in his head and immediately took root.

Quickly glancing around to see that there was no one near enough to be affected by what he was about to do, Jason lunged into the air, already adding a spin into his motion before taking off.

It looked like he was going to meet the ball with his back, but suddenly his leg followed a movement and Jason met the ball mid-air with a roundhouse kick.

Chapter 467: Starting Lineup Debut VI

{Oh my God!}

{I've not seen that one before, but it's effective! The ball is in the back of the net!} The commentator was in shock at what he had just watched Jason do and so was the crowd.

In fact the crowd was even more flabbergasted but, Jason didn't care about their thoughts at that moment as he had just scored another goal and only wanted to celebrate in that moment.

Quickly running over to the sidelines, Jason did a little shadowboxing before falling on his back like he had been K.Oed.

{That ball should be filing charges of physical abuse against the young players. Just look at how he hit it!} The commentator shouted in excitement while the crowd was going wild at the goal.

{What a spectacle of a goal, and with it, he's sent the opponents even further behind!}

{Surely now, there's no way back!}

The SPAL players didn't need the commentator's words to know that the game was already over for them.

Despite having more than thirty minutes left in the game, there was almost no hope radiating from any of the SPAL players.

How could there be?

Scoring four against a team like Uventus could only happen on special days when they were in exceptionally terrible form, but it was clear that this Uventus was in anything but bad form and would likely even add to their tally instead of conceding as many as four goals.

However, that didn't mean they would give up on trying.

Doing that much was their job, whether they had hope or not.

They weren't being paid a salary for nothing after all.

#72nd minute...

Jason walked over to the sidelines, clapping his hands as he walked over.

Despite his performance in the game so far and the chance of him scoring a hat-trick, the manager had decided to take him off and Jason found his jersey number in red on the board.

Jason had his own opinions on being taken off and would have preferred to stay on to try and complete the hat-trick, but there was nothing he could say if the manager wanted him off.

It was already good enough that he had started the game and played well till now, but he was already quite tired, though he wouldn't admit it.

Dapping Chiesa and sharing a half-hug, Jason stepped off the field and waved at the fans before heading to his seat.

Pirlo patted him on the back and said,

"You did good, get some rest,"

Jason nodded affirmatively, happy at the managers words as they boded well for his future in the team's lineup.

Receiving a few commending comments from his teammates, Jason sat on the bench to watch the rest of the game.

#77th minute...

The Uventus team hadn't given up on adding to their tally and they were currently on a counter attack, racing towards the SPAL half of the field.

The SPAL defenders quickly raced to intercept them, blocking the middle of the field so the ball was soon thrown over to the right flank where Kulusevski was.

Catching the ball a few meters from the edge of the box, Kulusevski didn't need any extra stimulus to rush into the penalty box.

A SPAL defender gave chase and jumped into the Uventus man's path as he tried to shoot, but as the SPAL defender flew into a tackle, Kulusevski cut back, escaping the tackle and cutting further inside, evading yet another SPAL defender before firing home.

The ball flew powerfully at the top right corner and the goalkeeper couldn't match it in ferocity, only able to watch it fly past his outstretched hands.

{And they pile on the misery!!!}

{5 nil! This is an absolute trashing!}

The commentator's excited shouts reverberated in the Allianz Arena as the Uventus players and their fans celebrated another goal in the game.

At this point, the SPAL players didn't react much, they just wanted the match to be over already as no matter their efforts, they were thwarted and punished for even trying.

"Fuck!" One of the SPAL players cursed under his breath as he headed back to his position for the kickoff for the umpteenth time in the game.

He didn't like what was happening, but his efforts to change the status quo was like a fly trying to shake the wall of China.

Nothing was moving.

Unfortunately, he didn't have a choice but to keep wasting energy pushing until the final whistle, hoping for a consolation goal.

#90+3...

The match was already at its final moments as the four added minutes were about to run out, but at the moment, the match was still going on.

The referee had already put the whistle to his mouth, ready to blow once the Uventus attack came to an end, however, the Uventus team had different plans in mind.

They didn't want to end the match without hearing the loud outburst of the fans one more time and a cross soon flew into the penalty box, just awaiting the perfect touch.

Chiesa was the one who did exactly that, fighting off his marker and diving at the ball, head first, he caught it off his head and sent it past the goalkeeper for the last time in the game.

{Goal! Uventus!}

{We thought it was over! How many more do they want!?!}

{They have presented their opponents with one last gift but it's not the gift they wanted!} The commentator shouted as Chiesa ran down the sidelines celebrating while his teammates chased after him in excited frenzy.

The SPAL players couldn't even be bothered to hurry up the Uventus players celebration.

The match was already over anyway and the referee's whistle went off as soon as the ball was kicked off again.

{It is over!}

{Uventus advance to the semi-finals and they have done it spectacularly}

{6 unresponded goals!}

{They swept through their opponents and didn't even present them with a fighting chance!}

{It was glorious and the Uventus fans are pleased and will be even more pleased if their team can keep up this good form going forward}

Chapter 468: Studio Sesh I

With his training vest back on to stave off some of the cold, Jason walked towards a setup for the post-match interview.

It was finally his turn to be interviewed and after being called, he walked towards the reporters with his hands tucked into the coat he had put on over the training vest.

Surprisingly, his hands were empty despite his performance in the match because whoever was deciding to hand out MOTM awards had thought that Dybala's three assists were more worthy of the award than Jason's two goals.

Jason couldn't fault their logic, but it didn't feel too good to have been passed over even after his performance in the match.

The fleeting thought that if the manager had left him on the field, he might have completed a hat-trick and would have then been more than worthy of the MOTM award, had popped up in his head, but he shook it away.

The award could still have ended up going to Dybala even if he did score a hat-trick.

‘Well, it doesn’t matter anyway, I can always try again next match,’ Jason consoled himself internally as he finally reached the front of the huge placard that would serve as the background for the interview.

Less than a minute of adjustments later, Jason was standing with his back facing the placard with a mic in his face and a camera pointing his way.

“Wonderful match it was, how did you feel out there starting your first game for Ugentus,” the reporter holding the mic asked Jason.

“I’m err... I’m grateful for the chance to get out there and play. It’s nice to get the green light from the manager to get out there and err, you know... Perform,” Jason replied, choosing his words carefully.

“You performed spectacularly many would say, scoring two goals, further adding to your tally, and making this three goals in three games. How much more do you have in store for us?” The reporter quickly moved on to the next question.

“Uh, it’s always good to score goals and I’m happy I could get on the score sheet today as well. As for what’s coming next...”

“Well, we’ll see when that time comes, but I’ll always be looking to do my best for the team,” Jason shrugged.

“Coming next for the team after this is a match against Sampdoria. What do you think of your chances against them?” The reporter moved on to the next question, a friendly smile on his face as he did his job.

“Against Sampdoria?” Jason asked in slight surprise.

“Of course, I fancy our chances. They’re not going to be an easy opponent, but I believe more in my teammates than I fear them... By a great margin, so I think we’re going to win,” Jason answered smoothly.

He wasn’t one to downgrade teams that were weaker than his own because he also used to be in their shoes... Being the weaker opponent, but things had changed and this was already giving them more than enough respect.

There was no dimension in which Sampdoria ever outpaced Uventus in any aspect... At least, he hadn’t seen any.

“Thank you, that will be all,” the reporter nodded in response to Jason’s answer and released him.

“Thank you for having me,” Jason replied and walked off heading to the locker room since the interview was over and there was nothing else keeping him on the field.

28th January 2021

The Uventus players were given a day off to rest and recuperate after their match and Jason was included on that list of players.

However, he wasn’t going to be spending his day off recuperating in bed or on a couch, but rather, he would be fulfilling a prior engagement that has been scheduled for today.

After agreeing to do a song with Big Shaq, he had told the man to schedule something and today was the only day he would be free enough for such an endeavor.

All his other days were packed full.

After telling Big Shaq, the man had quickly gotten to work apparently and seemed to have come to Italy, gotten a studio for the session, and done a few other things, only leaving Jason with the duty of showing up.

Since everything was already seemingly ready, Jason woke up that morning, did a few yoga routines to help with muscle exhaustion and then washed up in preparation to go out.

‘Thank the Lord for things like Uber,’ Jason thought to himself as the car he chartered to take him to the agreed location drove quickly through the streets.

It was getting a bit annoying for Jason who didn’t have a car to move around.

Luckily, he could leave to the training grounds with Ronaldo every morning, but should he have any other thing that required him going out, he would have to settle it himself and after being used to a car for so long, it was super annoying that that convenience was gone.

‘Maybe I should get a car?’ he wondered internally as he watched the cars that flew by him.

He didn’t want to have to borrow a car from his landlord as that was a line Jason wasn’t willing to cross.

It wasn’t even about pride. It just felt weird to him though he couldn’t explain why.

He still had a couple million dollars stashed in his account for emergencies.

He hadn’t invested all the money he made from his earlier investments into Rosember and had set a little aside for personal use and emergencies, so it wasn’t like he couldn’t buy a car if need be, and with how things were going, it seemed like that was what he would end up doing.

“What car should I buy though?” Jason muttered to himself in a low tone, but the driver in the front seat heard his words and glanced at him through the mirror, but didn’t look for long.

Jason was wearing a nose mask, dark glasses, and a hoodie so his face couldn’t be seen.

He had also made sure to walk a bit of a distance away from Ronaldo's house before joining up with the car, so at most, the driver would think he was a celebrity hiding his movements, but wouldn't be able to tell who he was.

Chapter 469: Studio Sesh II

"We're here," the driver told the weirdly dressed customer in the backseat as he stopped outside Head Studios.

In the parking space in front of the building we're a few conspicuous cars that attracted glances from the passerby's and that sight had the driver glance into the mirror back at Jason again.

With this, he was almost a hundred percent sure that Jason was a celebrity musician, but he couldn't remember seeing someone like Jason before despite being someone a bit knowledgeable about music himself.

'Could it be Travis Scott? Nahhh, he wouldn't be in a cab,'

'Or ASAP Rocky... Nah, he wouldn't go anywhere without Rihanna,' the driver sank into investigative thoughts, but Jason was completely unaware and simply pushed open the door, having already paid electronically.

"Thanks," Jason muttered and walked off in the direction of the building, not giving another glance at the driver as his mind was still on the kind of car that he should buy during his time here in Turin.

Seeing some of the beautiful cars in front of the studio had triggered his cravings for a beautiful car and now he was calculating how much he had to establish a budget for the car he was going to buy.

However, his mind wasn't fully taken over by that and he pulled out his phone to call Big Shaq.

From what he knew, this place was more of an exclusive studio and was frequented by quite a few celebrities, hence not just anyone would be allowed in.

Jason had done his research on receiving information about the location, and from the thick sized bodyguards standing at the entrance, Jason could tell that his thoughts were correct.

Not wanting to have to reveal his face just to get in, he decided to call the person who invited him as he walked over.

One ring later, Big Shaq was on the line and Jason told him he was outside.

"Hey guys," Jason greeted the guys at the door while he waited for the Shaq to arrive.

"Do you have an appointment?" One of the tough-looking guys asked Jason, completely ignoring his greeting.

"Actually... Yes, I do," Jason responded, not giving in to the temptation to say something sarcastic despite the rude way the guy had spoken.

Before the guys at the door could say anything else, the door opened from the inside and Jason saw the man who had invited him there.

"Sup," Jason muttered, doing a two-finger wave at Big Shaq.

"He's with me," Big Shaq said in broken Italian to the guards at the door, evidently struggling with the language.

"Thank you," Resisting the urge to act rudely to the guard who had spoken rudely to him earlier, Jason walked into the building.

His eyes were immediately greeted with the sight of well well-decorated and modern looking lobby.

"Nice setup," Jason whistled as he walked into the room, keeping his hands in the pockets of his oversized hoodie.

“Yeah, it’s an okay place. It’s got all the facilities and shi I guess,” Shaq replied and offered Jason his hand.

“I guess that’s what counts,” Jason muttered with a smirk and dapped Shaq, but his expression was hidden beneath the mask on his face.

“It is,”

“You’re doing well for yourself here man, you were fire yesterday,” Shaq suddenly changed the topic.

“You watched the match?” Jason asked in surprise.

“Of course, how could I be in Turin and not watch Uventus play, but enough about that,”

“Let’s talk about you roundhouse kicking that ball into the back of the net. That was absolutely crazy man,” Shaq spoke animatedly, showing his love for football.

“I guess it was,” Jason nodded smugly, enjoying his ego being stroked.

“We can discuss that later though, how about we get this show on the road,” Jason added before Shaq went on and distracted them from their goal.

“Ah yeah, right, about that, there are a two things I want to say,” on being reminded of their goal, Shaq took the lead and started walking towards the staircase.

“And they are?” Jason asked, suspicious of the way Shaq was talking.

“Well, first, I have another guy also going to be on the song, a friend of mine. Ghanian guy, musician, rapper,”

"Name's Medikal, he's helped a lot with the song and we already have everything down, so you'll only have to do your part," Shaq said as they reached the steps.

"Oh, sure. It's your song, I don't have any issues with who you want on it," Jason answered half-heartedly but honestly.

He didn't really care who Shaq brought on the song and if the person was even someone who helped out, that was even less of a reason to be bothered.

It was already good that the person had helped with completing the lyrics of the song that was just a free style previously and had not been completed yet.

"What's the second thing?" Jason asked, moving on.

"Uh, well, there will be a delay in our schedule for today," Shaq said carefully, his tone worried.

"Why?" Jason already didn't like what he was hearing, but he still asked in a calm tone.

"Did you see those cars outside?" Shaq answered Jason with a question.

"How could I miss them?" Jason returned a question as well.

'I plan to get myself something like that,' he added internally.

"Well, only one of them is mine," Shaq replied to Jason.

"You don't say?" Jason replied sarcastically as in his mind, that much was obvious, after all, one couldn't exactly drive more than one car at a time.

"Yeah, the other owners are here as well, and they are also recording a song," Shaq replied, ignoring Jason's sarcasm.

“What? Why?”

“Didn’t you make an appointment with the studio?” Jason asked, his left eyebrow slowly rising and his annoyance rising along with it.

“I did, but... It’s hard to explain,” Shaq replied as they reached the top of the stairs and walked into the recording area.

Looking around, there were quite a few faces in the recording area all seated in the available seats while in the studio, someone was singing into the mic.

Chapter 470: Studio Sesh III

“Are they the ones?” Jason asked Shaq, his eyes falling on the three women and one man seated on the chairs, all focusing on a guy who was in the booth and rapping in Italian.

“Uh yeah, they also had an appointment with the studio which was scheduled for later, but there was some emergency with their schedule or something, so they’re recording earlier,” Shaq explained to Jason, his hands moving to the back of his head nervously.

“So they’re infringing on our schedule because of their own issues?” Jason asked in annoyance, but his voice was low enough that they couldn’t hear his words from where he stood.

He was also talking in English so there was an even lower risk of them hearing and understanding his words, but at this point, Jason didn’t care.

He also had a schedule to follow and would have spent most of his day training if not for this recording session.

“I don’t really know, I don’t speak Italian and all, but that’s what they told me,” Shaq replied hesitantly.

“And you just let it slide? Who told you that anyway?” Jason asked, his brow creasing in annoyance.

“One of those women,” Shaq gestured to the women sitting and Jason’s eyes turned back to them again.

“I get that it’s my fault and sh*t, but I don’t speak Italian and they can’t speak English too well, so there’s a communication problem, innit,”

“Also, it’s kinda like their country and we’re just stopping by for a bit. Plus it seems like they’re quite the big shots in the showbiz business over here,” Shaq explained to Jason, trying to make him understand why the situation ended like this.

“Ah fu*k,” Jason muttered and his right hand flew into his hair, unintentionally knocking away the hoodie as he ran his hands through his hair in aggravation.

“Did you at least ask how long it would take,” Jason asked, his annoyance draining away.

There was nothing he could do other than going over to go argue their rights, and he wasn’t feeling like getting into a vocal confrontation this morning, he was still drained from the previous match.

“... They said it shouldn’t take too long,” Shaq replied after a pause.

“And how long is that supposed to be? I need specifics man,” Jason intoned sternly, but looking at Shaq’s face, he figured the guy didn’t have the answers he wanted.

Rolling his eyes at Shaq, Jason stepped forward, walking towards the guests who were using his time.

He was going to get the answers himself and if the answers were beyond what he could accept, then he was done here.

Spending his day waiting around in a studio session while watching others work was not how he planned his day going.

Their being apparently famous in Italy didn’t matter to him.

He didn't know them anyway.

Pulling off his face mask before he spoke, Jason opened his mouth as he stopped in front of them.

"Gentleman," he began, talking to the man among them,

"... And ladies," he continued, taking off his glasses as he turned to the three women and his blue eyes bore down sharply on them, colder than usual because of his annoyance at having his schedule tampered with.

"I just arrived for a scheduled studio session, but I'm hearing that you need some of our time due to your emergencies,"

"Could you give me an estimate of how long I'd have to wait?" Jason went straight to the point, not interested in engaging in any wordplay with these guys who were rudely eating into his time.

"You're with him?" One of the women responded, her eyes turning to Shaq who was just behind Jason.

She spoke in Italian and sounded surprised that Jason could speak Italian.

"Technically, yes, we came here because we have some work to do together, but you're interrupting that," Jason replied, his tone cordial, but his words anything but.

"Aren't you that Jason Bolukale guy?" A voice came from the side and Jason turned to see the guy in the studio had stepped out and was walking towards him.

Everyone else in the studio now had their eyes on Jason, but he simply ignored it and stared back at the guy who had recognized him.

"I do go by that name, but I fail to see how that has anything to do with my question," Jason thought he was cool, but it seemed he was more annoyed than he thought and his words were getting sharper by the minute.

"I'm Federico, you can call me Fedez," the guy ignored Jason's tone and put out his hand for a handshake and Jason could see that they were covered in tattoos.

Glancing at the tattoos on his neck as well as what he could see through the open collar shirt he was wearing, Jason had no doubt that the guy was probably almost completely covered in tattoos underneath his clothing, but that was no concern of his.

"I'm Jason... you can call me Jason," Jason replied and grabbed the guy's hand.

"Haha, ok, Jason, I have to apologize, this one is on me," Fedez laughed a bit, but Jason was looking at him with the words, 'who's laughing with this guy,' in his eyes.

Jason's look quickly made Fedez get to the point and after coughing a bit, he began to explain the situation.

"So, I'm supposed to do a song with those guys, we actually already did one before for a movie, but while we were writing that one, we had some inspiration and wanted to do another song,"

"So well, we had an arrangement to do it together, but a lot of things have come up in our various schedules and we don't have much time left to match our schedules,"

"I for one have to be at a car show in a few hours, and they others also have schedules that make it harder for us to meet anytime soon,"

"I wanted use to quickly get this out of the way so that we can all focus on our own business, I apologize for inappropriately taking up your time," Fedez apologized.

"... You said you have to be at a car show in a few hours..."

” What kind of cars will be at the show?”