

LEGENDS 471

Chapter 471: Studio Sesh IV

“What kind of cars will be at the show?” Jason asked, his mind already moving past the original argument point and focusing on the keywords he had just heard.

Jason was someone who held a special love for cars so hearing a car show was enough to cause all his annoyance to blow away.

He had even just complained about not having a car, and now he was hearing about a car show.

How could all his annoyance not get thrown out the window?

“Uh, it’s a Ferrari car show. You may have heard about it, it’s called Ferrari Racing Days,” Fedez replied, slight confused in the direction that the conversation was going.

“Sounds like a Ferrari exclusive event... Well, Ferrari’s not bad, just expensive,” Jason muttered in a tone so low that only he could hear.

“I have to be there as I have an endorsement deal with Ferrari and all,” Fedez continued speaking, seeing Jason’s lack of response.

Apart from having to be there to fulfill his promotional duties, being at the show meant he would meet people who could own Ferraris.

Any one of those people was a connection worth having and Fedez would never say no to having too many connections, hence his hurry.

Unfortunately, he couldn’t put aside the project with the other guys as they were also big guys in the industry as well.

“We are almost done and will soon be out of your hair in thirty minutes tops,” Fedez quickly added, not wanting to offend Jason as Jason also fell into the category of rich and famous.

Literally everyone in the studio apart from the bodyguards fell in that category so Fedez wanted to resolve the situation in a peaceful way.

“Thirty minutes not too much, right, Shaq,” Jason passed the info in English to Big Shaq who was just beside him.

The man had been listening in confusion to Jason and Fedez speak all this while and he was happy to know that the situation seemed to have been resolved.

Waiting for thirty more minutes wasn’t too bad, he thought.

“Tell you what, get me into the car show and we’ll be even,” Jason added seemingly as an afterthought, but inwardly he knew that was just an act.

“Oh, uh, sure,” Fedez agreed without much thought as it wouldn’t be difficult to bring someone along with him to the car show.

Jason tagging along would probably be welcomed as he was a potential customer for the brand so he was already fulfilling his duties as an endorsement if Jason went along with him.

“I guess, we’re cool then?” Fedez asked just for confirmation and Jason nodded affirmatively.

“Uh, let me introduce you,” Fedez continued, taking the chance to introduce Jason to his companions.

“That there is a Mahmood, he’s a singer who won the X factor like last year,” Fedez began, pointing at the only other guy apart from him in the group of five.

The guy was dressed trendily and had a few piercings and tattoos on his arms, which Jason noticed as he dapped him up.

“What’s up,” Jason nodded to him.

“Those three are Elodie, Anna, and Annalisa,” Fedez continued, pointing at the women one after the other.

“So what college do you ladies go to?” Jason turned to them and asked, his smooth lines already causing them to smile at him, completely forgetting how he had sounded earlier... Something Jason termed as “fine boy privilege”.

“Don’t let their looks fool you man, they’re all award-winning actresses and singers,” Fedez laughed as he commented.

“Man, Billie Eilish won a Grammy just last year. Surely you’re not saying these beautiful ladies are not as talented?” Jason commented, skillfully using his wordplay to escape any uncomfortable situations.

Fedez could deal with that himself.

The ladies turned to Fedez, enjoying how Jason was complimenting them and irked that Fedez was seemingly against them.

After a little defusion, some more direct introductions were made, but too much time wasn’t wasted as they were still recording.

A few minutes later, Jason was seated on one side of the studio with Shaq and Medikal who had just returned from wherever he was a few minutes prior.

With the situation sorted out, Jason and the others only had to wait for a bit while they reviewed the song.

In the end things ended up working out better than expected because they were now using the time they were delayed to go through the lyrics of the song.

Soon enough, the invaders were done and it was time for Jason, Shaq, and Medikal to do their own recording.

Jason went into the studio first as he had to leave with Fedez to the car show and thanks to them properly segmenting the lyrics earlier, there wasn't any time wasted as he already knew what parts he had to do.

Quickly recording his part and even doing a few more takes didn't take more than twenty minutes and after that he was done.

Saying his goodbyes to Shaq and Medikal, he left with Fedez to the Turin airport.

On the way to the airport, Fedez told him about the Ferrari Racing Day show and Jason listened intently, especially when Fedez began talking about the cars as the guy had a knack for talking more about the people and the money put into the show than about the cars.

It was clear that though the guy had a Ferrari himself, he wasn't a car enthusiast which was completely normal to Jason.

Even he wasn't that much of an enthusiast, he just loved fast cars and needed... Nah scratch that, he wanted one.

While they were discussing, the SUV they were in drove into the airport surrounded by a few other cars and they drove up to the Fedez's private plane.

Coming out of the car, Jason's eyes fell on the plane.

It was a small one but still looked sleek and luxurious on the outside and on getting inside, he realized that it was even more luxurious looking on the inside despite its smaller size.

"I guess since we aren't crossing any borders or stuff, I don't need to have my passport or anything with me," Jason said, not wanting to sound like a bumpkin though this was the first private plane apart from Oporto's and Uventus' planes that he had gotten on.

"Yeah, everything else will be taken care off," Fedez replied and sat in one of the chairs.

Chapter 472: New Whip

Fweeeoooo

Jason whistled as his eyes fell on the red Ferrari that they would be taking to the show.

"That's a Daytona SP3, right?" Jason asked Fedez who was walking up to the car without hesitation.

"Yeah, apparently-..." Fedez replied and wanted to continue speaking, but Jason interrupted him.

"That thing has not even been released yet... Officially," Jason said in shock, his eyes following the gleaming curves of the beautiful car.

"I need to get me a Ferrari endorsement deal," he almost salivated just looking at the car.

"... I was about to mention that, just got it too, and I didn't pay a single dime," Fedez said smugly.

"For real?" Jason asked, even more shocked than before.

"It's just my endorsement fee for five years," Fedez replied and pulled open the door to the car.

"I've been with them for four years already, get in," Fedez added as he entered the car.

"... Huh?" Jason muttered in confusion but didn't hesitate to open the door and get in.

“... So, what you’re saying is that you have a five-year endorsement deal with Ferrari and you haven’t gotten paid for 4 years, just so you can get this car?” Jason asked Fedez as soon as he got in.

“Yeah, that’s exactly what I said,” Fedez replied as he sent down his window and did a hand signal to his security team that had gotten into the cars behind him.

Fedez originally lived at Milan so he had his security team had bring his car to the airport to meet them for convenience as they would still be going to Monza where the car show was going to be held.

“Back to what I was saying, the total package of the deal was 3 million Euros, but I got them to add the clause that I could use that money to get any car under the brand as long as I found one that I wanted,”

“The only catch was that if I didn’t find something I wanted, then I would have to wait till the end of the contract to get paid,”

“But then I saw this car and told them I wanted it,” Fedez explained to Jason as he drove the car through the streets of Milan and headed towards Monza, keeping the car at an acceptable speed so he didn’t leave his security team eating his dust.

“That’s a pretty interesting contract, I’m surprised anyone but a car geek would sign that though,” Jason worded in a thoughtful manner.

“Are you saying I’m not a car geek?” Fedez asked, sounding a bit hurt that Jason would think that of him.

“With that speed?” Jason’s right eyebrow rose as he glanced at the “”.

“Definitely not,” he said with a mocking smirk.

“This is just so that I don’t break the speed laws,” Fedez quickly hurried to defend his honor.

“Brother... if you can afford a Ferrari, you can afford the fines that come with it,” Jason said and shook his head.

"I'm a law-abiding citizen," Fedez did not give up.

"Yeah... sure," Jason replied half-heartedly, but what he really meant was 'pu**y', and that meaning reached Fedez.

"A law-abiding citizen that would floor you if we got on a race track," he added in aggravated confidence.

"... !" Jason turned to Fedez and gave him a once over, not knowing what to think of his claim.

Jason wasn't one to judge from appearance, but he didn't need more than one glance to tell that Fedez was the cool-looking tattooed guy and not the dangerous tattooed guy.

'But just to be sure,'

"How much horsepower are we riding on?" Jason asked.

"Chaveux-vapeur actually, or cv, and we're riding on 840cv which is just about the same thing in horsepower," Fedez replied, sounding smug.

"That's how much power the V12 engine this thing is loaded with can chug out," he continued his nose rising in pride with every word that came out of his mouth.

"... I guess you're not completely clueless," Jason replied and turned away, thinking to himself that he was right to have asked.

Maybe his way of thinking was a bit flawed, after all expecting someone who had a car like this to know absolutely nothing about it was just a rude thing to think... probably.

"I would take you up on your offer, but as you can see... I don't exactly have a car," Jason replied.

"There will be cars at the show, you can borrow one... or buy one, and the show is being held at a race track so..." Fedez pressed on, now wanting to prove a point.

"It's good that I can buy a car as I do need one, but about us racing... surely you're not being serious about that, are you?" Jason glanced at Fedez with an unsure look, his eyes literally saying,

'Surely you don't want all this smoke?'

"Dead serious," Fedez didn't back down and remained headstrong about challenging Jason to a race.

Jason stared at Fedez for a few seconds before finally looking away and answering,

"... Alright then, we'll see after I find a car I want."

Jason's words sounded ambiguous to Fedez who was now wondering what exactly he was thinking trying to prove his skills to someone who was more than ten years his junior, though it didn't feel like it.

"You're a musician, yeah?" Jason suddenly remembered.

"The best," Fedez replied, his smug attitude resurfacing.

"I'll be the judge of that, play a song," Jason rolled his eyes at this guy who was sounding more smug by the minute.

Jason spent the rest of the drive judgementally listening to Fedez's songs, but apart from some of the songs not being to his taste, Jason didn't have much to be judgemental about.

"We're here," Fedez said as soon as they arrived, not wanting to hear Jason destroy his confidence for another second because despite Jason not having a problem with the guy's songs, his tongue didn't relieve him of some much-needed lashing(in Jason's opinion).

“Oh,” Jason muttered and looked up as they drove into a wide space where quite a few cars were parked and people were moving around, all of them looking like people of high society.

Despite the high number of cars that graced the space, the number of people present was a lot higher, letting Jason know that not everyone among the people around owned a Ferrari.

‘Should have just come by myself,’ Jason thought inwardly, but he soon waved off the thought as he didn’t even know that there was a car show holding here at this time.

Even if he did, he didn’t have an invite and he wasn’t about to believe that just anybody could come to a car show hosted by Ferrari.

The best ticket to the show would be a Ferrari, but Jason didn’t have one so he probably wouldn’t have made it in unless he leveraged his status as a sports celebrity and that was not something he did often or felt inclined to do.

Their arrival turned quite a few heads as the car Fedez was driving was the only one of its kind at the place.

There were a few other cars like that there and each one of those cars had turned just as much heads as Fedez’s Daytona did.

Cameras were pointed their way which let Jason know that the whole thing was probably being filmed, or maybe it was even being shown live.

Unsurprisingly, the only thing that the car turned was heads and nobody moved closer to the car yet as they didn’t know who was in the car thanks to the tinted glasses of the car.

Even if they did know who was in the car, they were either too high class to rush towards the car or were faking that much and did not take a step out of the ordinary.

Once the person or people in the car came out, there would be nothing holding them back from going over though as everyone knew that a show like this where the rich could flaunt their money was just another business gathering where gaining contacts depended on one's skill.

"Now to help you find a car," Fedez suddenly said as they finally came to a stop.

"Thanks," Jason nodded thankfully.

"Don't thank me yet, wait till after the race," Fedez added.

"You're still on that?" Jason responded with mirth in his voice.

"Definitely," Fedez smirked.

In his head, he wasn't planning to let Jason escape the race, little did he know that Jason was thinking the exact opposite of that.

Jason wasn't being proud, but he probably had more experience with cars than Fedez had with music and that said a lot about their chances if they were to race, but Fedez didn't know that.

"Find me a good car then," Jason said offhandedly with a sigh, giving up on convincing this guy.

"Don't worry, I know a guy that'll know a guy," Fedez spoke confidently, not noticing Jason give him a weird glance after hearing his words.

'Bro, your contact has to contact someone?' Jason almost facepalmed

Chapter 473: New Whip II

"Let's go," Fedez said as he pushed open the door of the car, the door opening upward like a butterfly spreading its wings.

Jason's eyes instinctively flew toward his pocket to pull out his glasses, but then he remembered that the Ferrari Racing Day was a high-class gathering, which meant even if he got recognized, he wouldn't be hassled too much because of the security team deployed to keep people away from the venue.

'Somehow, that feels insulting to the fans for some reason,' he thought as his hand left the glasses in his pocket and he pushed open the door of the car as well.

As Jason and Fedez stepped out of the car, the cameras that were focused on them increased as recognition of the people in the car set in.

The cameramen were especially shocked... not because of Fedez who was expected, though they didn't expect the car he was driving as it was supposed to still be in the works.

The cause of their surprise was the person who came out of the passenger seat, Jason.

Jason's appearance at the event was unexpected and was already quite the scoop, but what was even more surprising was that he came with Fedez who no one knew him to be associated with.

Unfortunately, their jobs as cameramen and videographers were to take pictures and record videos.

The reporters who were around were even more aggrieved as they were not allowed to get too close and had been assigned times when they could do interviews so they couldn't just walk up to Jason and Fedez to interview them otherwise they would be thrown out and then would most probably end up fired by their bosses.

Seeing that no one came up to them for the time being, Jason heaved a silent sigh of relief, though he could still see that a lot of eyes were on them, however, he ignored that and turned to Fedez,

"What now?" he asked the Italian singer.

"We walk, smile, greet people, and stealthily ask if any of these fine gentlemen... or ladies, has a Ferrari they want to sell," Fedez said to Jason and adjusted his collar a bit.

"Huh?" Jason sputtered out as that was completely different from what this guy was saying earlier.

"Until my contact arrives," Fedez added after seeing Jason eyeing him like he could pump him full of lead in that moment.

"Oh," Jason replied, still confused.

He hadn't been at a car show before and only knew that one could get a car here, but he didn't know how these rich people did their things.

"Though this show is hosted by Ferrari, the car's sold by Ferrari at this show aren't that many,"

"This car show is more of a social gathering of Ferrari owners,"

"They come around, meet up, race, trade some of their cars to one another, hence most of the cars that end up being sold here once belonged to someone else,"

"For supercars like these, that only increases their value," Fedez explained as they began walking.

"I guess we didn't need those economics classes after all," Jason said wittily, rolling his eyes at the thought.

"Haha, I guess you're right, the rich make education compulsory, but then turn over and fu*k all the educated ones," Fedez laughed.

"You don't get to talk, you're one of the rich guys," Jason said, giving him the side eye.

"And you aren't?" Fedez replied, giving him the side eye as well.

"... Good point, but I'm first-generation money and my generational wealth accumulation has barely even started," Jason huffed because now that he thought about it, he was kind of rich.

“Also, I never forced anyone into formal education,” he added, making sure to validate himself.

“I haven’t done that either,” Fedez said as well, taking the opportunity to validate himself of the self-imposed charges.

Before they could continue talking, Fedez heard his name being called from behind and he quickly took the opportunity to begin socializing, making sure to drag Jason into it without his consent.

Being thrust into such a situation, Jason didn’t have any options but to relate well with the people who were acquaintances of Fedez, he didn’t want to mess up his chances of getting one of the cars that could make it to a show like this.

Mid socializing, Jason was able to feast his eyes on Ferraris of all kinds and he soon started understanding why most Ferraris came in the red color.

The red color fitted the boldness of the Ferrari as a vehicle no matter how aesthetically strange it appeared. Any other color would make the car look horrible and Jason could already see quite a few cars that he would willingly set on fire if not because they cost a few million.

The most difficult part of socializing was praising such cars and praising the choice of the owners of those cars when in reality, Jason wanted to whack them across the head for their choice of color and body modifications.

‘Rich people just do whatever they want,’ He scoffed inwardly.

‘I’m surprised one of them hasn’t just taken a piss and called it a masterpiece(masterpiss),’ he thought and then smiled at his own joke.

On the outside though, that smile sent the heart of someone’s wife fluttering and when no one was paying attention, she pressed a piece of paper with her number into his hand, surprising him.

Jason had enough tact to not react at that moment, but as they walked away from the place, Jason looked at the piece of paper and seeing its content, he could not hold back a smile.

“Be careful with that thing, stay unseen, don’t get attached, or you could be in a lot of trouble,” Fedez said, glancing over at the piece of paper.

He had seen when the woman pressed it into Jason’s hand earlier but had also not said anything.

Without a word, Jason turned to Fedez and smoothly slipped the paper into the breast pocket of his shirt,

“You seem to need this more than I do, seeing as you have experience and all,” Jason commented, patting the breast pocket after slipping the paper in.

“Ah, I forgot you’re still a kid,” Fedez replied smugly, laughing at Jason victoriously, but Jason just internally shook his head.

He had probably slept with more women than he cared to count... in his previous life, of course... and whether Fedez had done worse didn’t matter to him as he didn’t see such a thing as an achievement.

It was fun at first, but despite the pleasure it brought, it slowly got boring.

It was almost like a drug.

The more one did it, the less satisfying the feeling of satisfaction there was and it would make one want to chase a new high, which was why the so-called players became kinkier and kinkier until they developed certain fetishes if they weren’t careful enough at reigning in themselves.

They would never openly admit to this though.

“Where is your contact?” Jason suddenly asked Fedez as he wasn’t interested in reminiscing that part of his previous life.

"I see him already, that's where we're going," Fedez replied as they walked towards a vintage Ferrari that Jason didn't recognize.

"Mr Patino, how are you doing?" Fedez greeted a man who looked to be in his early sixties with a head full of thinning gray hair that was carefully styled as he stepped out of the car.

"Ah? Fedez my boy, how is business," the man turned around and hugged Fedez, an amicable smile on his face.

"And who's this new face?" Mr Patino asked Fedez as his eyes fell on Jason who was quietly standing behind Fedez.

"Ah, wait, I've seen you before," Mr. Patino suddenly had a flash of recognition in his eyes for a second, but a second later, it was gone and the man still looked confused.

"This is a friend I met today, he's a new member of the Uventus team back at Turin," Fedez quickly took the chance to introduce Jason, seeing as the old man didn't recognize him.

"Yes, now I remember, you were-..." Mr Patino began speaking to Jason but was interrupted by a voice coming from the other side of the car.

"Papino, I want to go look for Esmeranza," a young girl who looked to be about sixteen said to Mr. Patino as she got out of the car.

"Come over and say hello first my dear," Mr Patino said to the girl with a loving tone.

Jason looked over at the girl who had called this man 'Papino' which was an endearment term for 'father' in Italian and if that wasn't enough to determine their relationship, the clear similarities in their looks were the icing on the cake.

The girl did not seem to be paying much attention to them as her eyes were constantly scanning around the area instead, probably looking for 'Esmeranza,' Jason supposed, but when she had walked around the car, she finally turned towards them.

"Hello, Mr. Fedez, and wh..." The girl started speaking, but when she finally got a good look at Jason who she hadn't noticed earlier, her words stopped in her throat and she fell in love at first sight, teenage girl style.

Jason who didn't know this attributed her silence to a lack of knowledge about him and he held out his hand,

"I'm Jason beautiful lady, what is your name?" he spoke coolly and at ease, completely unaware of how his little actions had further thrown the young woman further down the pit of no return.

Chapter 474: New Whip III

"H-huh!?" the girl stammered as she looked at Jason's hand, confusing him a bit.

Just as he was about to take away his hand thinking that she didn't want to shake hands with him, her hand lunged out and grabbed his hand.

"I- I'm- I'm D-Donna," she stammered out as she took his hand, her brain beginning to unfreeze.

"... A beautiful name for a beautiful lady," Jason said after a pause, beginning to understand what had happened, but there was nothing he could do about it other than to continue being polite and acting like he didn't notice.

"S-so, are you like an actor, or a model, or..." Donna began to ask questions the more of her composure she regained, but Jason quickly interrupted before she listed out all the jobs in the entertainment business.

"Actually, Jason here is a footballer, quite the talented one too," Mr. Patino interrupted before he began to feel more like a third wheel and his eyes that were fixed on Jason now had mixed feelings.

"I suppose the young lady doesn't have much interest in sports," Jason nodded in understanding, looking at her face that showed her cluelessness.

"No she doesn't and I gave up on trying," Mr. Patino sighed exasperatedly like a man who had truly given up.

"I can learn!" Donna suddenly cried out, surprising her father and his lips twitched as he instantly understood what was happening.

He, her father hadn't been able to make her gain an interest in the world of football for the seventeen years she had been on this earth, but a guy she had just met today already had her interested?

'Pah!' Mr. Patino scoffed internally and he suddenly had an urge to send Jason flying, but he reined his feelings of jealousy in.

"Don't let us take too much of miss Donna's time, she still has to find her friend," Fedez finally interjected because as much as he was enjoying the show, he could not allow Mr. Patino to have bad feelings towards Jason because some of those feelings would end up in his direction.

Fedez already knew not to underestimate the over-protectiveness of Italian father and his body shuddered as he remembered an incident with Mr. Patino that caused him to shiver, but that was a story for another day.

"Of course, of course, Donna, you run along and let Papa talk with this gentlemen about some business," Mr. Patino immediately took the chance to send his daughter away from the walking chick magnet that was Jason.

"But Papinoooo," she drawled and turned on her pitiful eyes that immediately made the old daughter-con change his decision.

"Alright, alright, I'll take you to find Esmeranza later," Mr. Patino gave up the moment he saw his daughter's teary eyes.

“So what was it you needed, Fedez?” Mr. Patino turned back to Fedez after he saw Donna calm down and lean against the car.

“It’s a favor for my friend here, he’s looking to buy a car... a Ferrari. And I told him you’d know a few people that would want to pass on their cars for a good price,” Fedez quickly spoke up as he knew not to waste any time in situations like this as the old man was someone who preferred to go straight to the point.

“Oh, that’s quite the coincidence since I’m looking to sell one, it’s completely new too,” Mr. Patino’s eyes lit up as he heard Fedez’s request.

“Oh, what type of Ferrari?” Jason butted in, his interest already roused.

“It’s one of the new ones, the SF90 Stradale,”

“Came out just over a year ago and I had made an order and also got them to make a few modifications to the body and its performance,”

“It was supposed to be a gift for my little girl on her 17th birthday, but when it finally got sent over, she just wouldn’t drive it, she wouldn’t even get inside it,” The old daughter-con sounded heartbroken as he recollected the events that had led him up to choosing to sell the car but unknowingly he had gotten Jason worried as Jason was now wondering why the girl wouldn’t even want to step inside a Ferrari.

‘This guy couldn’t have done some embarrassing things to the body kit all in the name of modifications, did he?’ Jason wondered internally, but he kept his words to himself and didn’t let it slip out but the old man’s next words almost had him turning away.

“She said it was too ugly and that she wanted a Mercedes instead,”

“Broke this poor old man’s heart,” the man continued, sounding emotional and sneaking glances at his daughter in hopes to see her rushing over to comfort him, but the girl just acted like she couldn’t hear anything he was saying and looked away, the clouds seemingly more interesting than the conversation going on in front of her.

Seeing that his daughter wasn't biting the bait, the old Patino continued his story,

"I ended up buying a Mercedes for her instead, but the Ferrari had already been paid for and it has been sitting in the garage for a few months now,"

"I couldn't bear to leave such a beast of a car just gathering dust in my garage so I decided to bring it over for the racing show in hopes of finding a buyer,"

"It's quite lucky for this young friend to also want a car, I'm sure he'd like it," Patino said, patting Jason on the shoulder, but Jason was already about to run off and try his luck somewhere else.

"If I may,"

"What kind of modifications did you have them make to the car?" Jason asked in a very serious tone as he wasn't going to buy a car that had been weirdly tuned and terribly modified.

He could correct any issues with the car given enough time, but time was something he didn't have much of at this moment.

Jason knew about the Stradale and had seen pictures of it online and just the thought of a horrific body modification being made to the car already made him want to give up on the purchase.

"See for yourself, that's it being brought over now," Mr. Patino gestured behind Jason, causing the young footballer to immediately turn around and as his eyes fell on the car, his mouth dropped open.

Chapter 475: New Whip IV

"You called that ugly?" Jason asked as he turned to Donna in absolute disbelief, disappointment and disgust flashing in his eyes at her for a split second, but it quickly disappeared as he turned back to look at the beauty that had arrived in front of him.

Unlike the red color of a Ferrari that he had been half expecting, his eyes met with the gleaming black beauty of a car with red highlights that were part of the car's modified body kit.

Mr. Patino wasn't joking when he said that he made some modifications to the body of the car as Jason could see that the modified differed quite a bit from the original Stradale.

This one had a spoiler that was black and red and it had added air vents and other modifications to help aid the car's aerodynamics, unlike the original design.

Overall, it still looked quite similar to the original, but Jason could tell that the additional modifications to the body weren't just for aesthetics.

The modified Stradale was definitely going to be better than the original, performance-wise, as long as the other modifications weren't messed up.

The gleaming red-colored no.17 on the car's doors was another enjoyable sight that had Jason almost gawking.

"After the modification, what are the specs?"

"Somebody did a test drive, right?" Jason asked almost hurriedly as he watched the car amble down towards where they stood.

"Not really, I didn't want anyone to touch my baby girl's car, but a simulated test showed it to have almost a five percent increase in its performance," Mr. Patino said as he also watched the car slowly drive over.

Whoever was driving the car probably had his heart in his throat as he drove the car.

"Speed-wise and maneuverability as well," Mr. Patino added, not knowing the concerns of the driver.

"Isn't she a beauty?" he asked Jason and Fedez.

“...” Jason stared at the car for a few more seconds as it drove towards them and finally parked beside Mr. Patino’s car.

If the car had a ten percent increase in performance, then that was more than enough reason for him to purchase the car.

It had to be said that five percent wasn’t as unimpressive as it sounded.

Most supercars had a top speed of a particular number because they were electronically limited by their own components, not that they couldn’t hit higher speeds.

Going at higher speeds wasn’t recommended because at those speeds, the safety of the driver couldn’t be guaranteed... which was quite ironic as going at less than the top speed was enough to kill anyone, but that wasn’t the matter up for discussion.

A five percent increase in its capabilities meant the car was now capable of going five percent above its original limit without ‘endangering the driver’.

“How much?” Jason asked, his mind already made up.

“Well, I bought it for about 850 and an additional 200 went into modifications, so I’ll let it go for 1.2 million,” Mr. Patino went full business mode, not willing to take a loss even though he was the one who wanted to get rid of the car.

“1 million,” Jason countered immediately.

Despite his fondness for the car he wasn’t going to allow himself to be finessed even though he could easily pay for it.

He was already dipping into his emergency funds so he didn’t want to overstretch as Oporto and Uventus weren’t paying him enough to buy such a car.

"1.1 million," Mr. Papino shot back, reducing his asking price a fair bit as he didn't want to spend all day arguing about the price.

Fedez just watched the whole thing play out as the matter was beyond him at this point.

"Done, give me your account details and I'll get the money sent over within the next hour," Jason replied, taking the deal as it was already good enough at this point.

"... That was easy, I guess they're paying even the young players a lot these days," Mr. Patino said, a hint of surprise in his tone at Jason's swiftness at closing the deal.

"Hey, that's true, how much are they paying you, young footballers, these days that you can already afford a million-dollar Ferrari just a year into your career?" Fedez interjected, his tone laced with curiosity, but he didn't directly ask the source of Jason's which was a rude thing to do.

"My contract with Oporto has me take home a wage of 10k weekly, but it got increased to about fourteen at the beginning of this season,"

"You do the math," Jason said as he pulled out his phone and started tapping in numbers on his phone.

On hearing Jason's words, Fedez, Patino, and Donna all began doing mental calculations while Jason maneuvered around his phone's contacts.

"There are 52 weeks in a year and you've only been playing for a year, so how?"

"The math isn't mathing bro," Fedez said, suspiciously looking at Jason.

"You don't happen to be doing some shady dealings on the side, do you?" he asked Jason in a low tone.

"No, I'm actually a business genius who made a few million in investment while you were sitting on your ass and enjoying the COVID lockdown period, now I own a company and am a secret boss," Jason said

half jokingly, but somehow, everyone listening to him wanted to believe him but before Fedez could make a witty comment, Jason spoke into his phone that he was holding to his ear.

“Hey Maya, I need you to do something for me,” Jason said on his phone after Maya Singh picked up the call.

“What do you need?” Maya asked immediately, her voice low.

She was probably busy, but she couldn’t exactly ignore the owner of the company, could she?

“I need you to make a purchase from the company account,”

“File it under the company expenses,”

“I’ll get it back to you with another investment,” Jason spoke directly.

Maya immediately understood his intention in contacting her instead of Daphne who was his accountant.

What other reason could it be other than to evade Uncle Tom’s taxes?

“How much?” Maya asked, no change in her tone.

“1.1 million, I’ll send the account details in a few minutes,” Jason said and hung up the call before Maya could scream into his ear.

“So, where were we?” Jason asked as he put his phone back into his pocket, but Fedez, Patino, and Donna just stared at him in shock as the phone call he had just made proved part of his sentence earlier, if not all of it.

Despite their initial shock, the three of them quickly got over their shock as they had experienced many of such shocking situations in their lives before.

Mr. Patino gave Jason his account details and Jason sent them to Maya along with a few extra instructions.

As Jason stared at the car that was about to become his, he suddenly remembered something.

“Fedez... about that race, you’re not backing down now, are you?” he asked the Italian singer with a wicked grin spreading on his face.

Chapter 476: Race I

“Backing down? You wish,” Fedez scoffed at Jason’s words.

“My Daytona would smoke this thing any day,” he said confidently, holding up his nose up to the high heavens, but all that did was let Jason know that this guy wouldn’t be any competition.

While they were coming over to the car show, Jason’s curiosity about the car he was riding in had prompted him to check the Daytona’s proposed specifications even though the car wasn’t officially released yet and while he was at it, he had checked the specifications a few other Ferrari vehicles with the Stradale being among them.

It was because he knew the car’s specifications that Jason had been especially sold on buying the car because despite the Stradale being less than half of the proposed price for the Daytona, the car was better in literally every important aspect apart from helping one to flex his wealth.

The Daytona had a 6.5L naturally-aspirated V12 engine that could generate 840 cv which was almost the same number in horsepower.

It also had a 7-speed dual-clutch gearbox for transmission.

The Stradale on the other hand was a hybrid powertrain that had a 4.0L twin-turbo V8 engine as well as 3 electric motors.

Despite the confusing numbers and what most people would think, the Stradale could generate 1000 cv which was equivalent to over about 985 horsepower.

Of course, both cars were electronically limited to 340km/h as the maximum speed, but the Stradale had better acceleration than the Daytona which was twice its price.

Now with the modifications on the Stradale as well as a driver like Jason going up against Fedez, there was only one reasonable outcome.

Unless Fedez could somehow drive like Lewis Hamilton, all he would get from the race was Jason's dust, but he didn't know that and had the thought of 'Expensive is better' just like a lot of other fake car enthusiasts.

Ding

A sudden notification brought Jason out of his reverie and he awakened to see Mr. Patino picking up his phone to check the message that just came in.

"Your people work fast," he said to Jason, glancing up from his phone, where he was checking the notification of a credit alert from his bank.

"In business, one can't keep a partner waiting," Jason nodded confidently, trying to play the part of a confident business when internally, he was feeling the heart wrench of more than a million dollars leaving his account.

No matter how he felt that the purchase was worth it, he still felt the stabbing feeling of losing money and wanted nothing more than to grab the car keys from the old man's hands to give his heart some peace and security, however, he could only be patient.

He didn't need to be patient for long as the old Patino threw the key of the car to him the next moment and Jason caught it deftly, his heart almost flying out of his mouth despite the cool look on his face.

“You can take the car along with you, I’ll have the transfer documents ready within the hour,” he said with a smile to Jason, happy to have concluded a business deal just as much as Jason was internally unsettled.

“Yo Fedez, ready to lose your car?” Jason turned to Fedez with an evil smile.

“Woah woah woah, lose my car? How? Why?” Fedez hurtled out in confusion.

“What? Did you think I’d race you for free?” Jason scoffed with an evil smirk.

“Hand over the pink slip,” he continued, his tone sounding serious even though he wasn’t actually serious about taking Fedez’s car.

“Pink slip?” Fedez repeated in confusion.

“What are you? A street racer?” he asked with a strange look at Jason.

“No comment,” Jason replied, not going to admit to a crime, but then he remembered that he was only a racer in his previous life and hadn’t engaged in it during this lifetime so technically he wasn’t ever going to be guilty.

“Stop acting all mysterious and let’s do this,” Fedez didn’t take the hint and maintained his confidence.

“I’m not putting my car up for anything though,” he remembered to add, not even wanting to think of his car being out of his hands for a second.

That was four years of hard work even for him.

“Pu**y,” Jason said with his disappointment at Fedez’s lack of balls apparent in his tone.

“Whatever you say, kid, I’m not putting up a car worth over 2 million up for contention,” Fedez wasn’t budging.

“What’s all this you’ve been talking about a race?” Mr. Patino whose interest had been aroused for a while finally couldn’t resist his curiosity and asked about the situation between Jason and Fedez.

Fedez quickly explained the matter, making sure to add a few extra touches to a story, earning him a few side eyes from Jason.

“Oh, this sounds interesting, let’s do it,” the old man was very open to the idea as he didn’t want to spend the next few hours just talking and walking around among other wealthy colleagues.

There had to be a little entertainment!

With Mr. Patino getting interested, he quickly started pulling strings for a race to be arranged.

Since that was in line with what usually happened at the car show, it didn’t take long for an arrangement to be made.

Apart from Jason and Fedez, there were quite a few other people who wanted to test their mettle on the race track as well and a race was quickly being organized that would have every one of them participate.

While Mr. Patino was away dealing with things regarding the race, Fedez had also left to go do some more socializing, leaving Jason with his new ‘baby’.

Donna who had seemingly left to go find her friend came back to where Jason was her friend in tow, but Jason was too engrossed in checking out the new car to care about the underage guys who were checking him out.

He first got into the car and started up the car’s electric mode before starting the actual engine, wanting to listen to the car’s actual engine.

Chapter 477: Race II

As he sat in the car, his eyes scanned the interior of the car and he began to recognize which controls were for what.

When he had recognized all that needed to be recognized, he put his leg on the throttle and pressed down a bit, revving the engine.

A loud roar immediately tore out from behind him, sounding a bit muffled and Jason could not help but wonder if there had been some modifications made to the exhaust sounds as well because it sounded less like a hybrid car and more like a V12 car.

‘Now that I think about it... isn’t this car probably the highest-performing Ferrari for civilian use?’ Jason thought to himself as he suddenly recalled that the La Ferrari which was touted to be the highest performing Ferrari was only a 950 horsepower car, yet this one had 985 horsepower.

“Nah, I need to check that,” Jason couldn’t hold in his giddiness and immediately shut the doors before putting the engine into sports mode as well as turning the ESC to track.

He had barely put his foot on the throttle when Fedez’s Daytona suddenly drove into his path and blocked the path, causing Jason to immediately slam on the brakes.

Suddenly it looked like a standoff of cars between the Daytona and the Stradale and cameras immediately turned in their direction to take pictures of this epic scene.

Donna and her friend who were on the side suddenly seemed to have an agreement with each other and they moved forward, splitting up and going towards the passenger doors of the two cars.

Donna ended up with Jason and pulled open his car door before jumping in, prompting Jason to look at her, wondering why she was there.

“You’ll need a navigator for the race,” Donna said in a matter-of-factly tone and it was only then that Jason remembered that he didn’t know much about the track so a navigator was imperative.

... Or a map, but Jason doubted if he could focus on a map at the speeds that he would be driving at in the coming minutes.

"I've never had a navigator before though," Jason muttered, glancing over the girl.

"Have you done this before?" he asked.

"A few times," Donna replied honestly.

"Ok cool, strap up," Jason said without hesitation, not doubting her.

In his Daytona, Fedez also finished talking with Esmeranza and flashed Jason a smug grin as he revved his engine loudly, filling the air with a loud noise.

Not willing to be outdone, Jason also revved his own engine loudly in response.

Their actions caused a lot more attention to be drawn towards them, but the people watching the situation had enough sense to not move any closer.

After revving his engine a few more times, Fedez turned the steering and started driving towards the race track's starting line.

"This guy," Jason muttered as Fedez drove off and he decided to do something wilful.

Stomping on the brakes and the accelerator at the same time, Jason's back tires started spinning while the front tires held the car in place.

With a sharp turn of the steering, he released the brakes and maneuvered the car into a drifting turn, successfully manipulating the car into a burnout.

Donna squealed in the passenger's seat at Jason's sudden move, but Jason didn't let the car spin more than once as he didn't want to damage the tires of the car, especially not with a race coming up.

However, what he had done was already enough to get more eyes on his car than ever before as despite most of the cars here being of high grades, even the ones with the best skills on the wheel were hardly able to pull off a drift... apart from the professional drivers at the place of course.

The professional drivers were probably even more impressed as they more than anyone else understood how difficult it was to manipulate a car that had as many electronic parts as the Ferrari Stradale.

Electronic cars had all sorts of electronic restrictions to ensure the safety of the driver and this usually ended up making the cars more difficult to maneuver and use for tricks like the one Jason just did, but Jason had gone and done it with ease so how could they not be impressed?

However, they didn't have any chance to say anything as Jason was already driving to the starting line just behind Fedez.

As the car ambled over to the starting line, Jason glanced over at Donna who was now grabbing tightly to her seat belt.

"If you're already this scared from just that, you might want to get down before the actual race starts," Jason said with a slightly mockful tone.

"W-Who would be your navigator then?" Jason's driving tricks had brought the stammer back into Donna's speech.

"I'll just find another navigator..."

'... One that probably wouldn't puke all over my seats,' Jason replied without much thought, but he left out the latter part of his sentence.

"I'll do it, I was just surprised earlier," Donna said, regaining her composure once again as she thought to herself that at most, Jason would just drive quite fast and that there would be nothing to worry about.

Little did she know that this race less of a race to Jason and more of a test drive for the car so he planned to push the car as far as the car itself and the track would allow.

He was actually being helpful when he had told her to get down as he didn't really care about winning the race so a few late turns wouldn't do much to him.

"Are you sure though? I'm serious when I say things may be a little rough," Jason turned to her again as he stopped at the starting line.

"I'll be fine," Donna reiterated.

"*Sigh* Before your old man begins to send some mafia after my a**" Jason muttered and leaned over to help her secure the seat belt as best as he could.

He could not stop himself from driving as he wanted, but at least he could do a little to make sure he didn't scramble her brains while he did it.

Donna on the other hand could only focus on how close Jason was to her as fastened her seat belt.

Chapter 478: Race III

Fwoooooo rtttrtrtrt

At the starting line, six Ferrari's, all of different makes revved loudly as they waited for the lights to turn green.

Six cars with their engines rumbling made for quite the spectacle and the cameramen were frantically taking pictures of the array of Ferraris.

In the front row was Fedez's Daytona and a La Ferrari side by side while Jason's Stradale was at the back of the line, by his choice of course.

For Jason, there was no fun in a race if he started in the lead as he would probably lead the line all the way thus he had chosen to start from behind so he could at least enjoy the thrill of overtaking at high speed.

POooooooooonnnnn

The a loud sound blasted loudly as the lights turned green and every body behind the wheel slammed down hard on their accelerators, taking off from the starting line with great enthusiasm.

With the first stretch of road ahead of them, the cars acceleration were the ones making a statement and Jason's Stradale quickly pulled ahead of the car that had started the race beside him.

Jason wanted to use his car's initial acceleration to burst the third and fourth cars, but they were still abreast of each other and taking up most of the space on the road, leaving no space for Jason to get past so Jason settled for following behind them and solidifying his position in fifth place.

In the lead, the La Ferrari had taken the lead with Fedez's Daytona trailing just beside it, but as they came to the first turn, Fedez had no option but to give up the competition for 1st place at that moment and he settled behind the La Ferrari to welcome the turning.

On reaching the bend, all the cars followed after each other in a straight line and the car's soon made it past the turn, however they weren't done as there were still a few more curves in the track before the next stretching path on the track.

With Donna calling out the turns before he got to them, Jason could focus on just driving while paying attention to the way his new car handled itself.

Before long, Jason saw an opportunity to move up the ranks. The car in front of him of curved a little too much inward as he rounded a bend and this gave Jason enough space to slam down on the throttle, swiftly change gears and sped past the car on from the outside and placing himself into the fourth position.

On noticing Jason's actions, the now 5th place car tried to increase his speed as they came out of the turn and burst past Jason and take back his position, but the Stradale's 985 horsepower wasn't for show

as Jason also slammed down on his accelerator and burst forward, leaving the car behind him with no chance and before they reached the next turning, Jason smoothly intersected himself on the inside so as soon as they reached the turning, he increased his speed quickly once again and burst the guy in third place.

The guy in third place was just as surprised as the now 5th place, but he didn't dare to try and take back his place as he was scared for his life and did not want to cause an accident.

Jason who had been leveraging his actions on that assumption smoothly made it past the third place car and settled behind Fedez's Daytona.

Fedez already had a headache because of the guy in first place doing all he could to stop him, but when he glanced in the mirror and saw Jason's Stradale on his a**, his headache grew manifold.

One had to remember that Jason was on the last line and was potentially the last car in the park, yet in just over a minute, he was already behind Fedez in third place.

Donna who was in the car with Jason was equally as surprised as the other people watching the race, but since she had no duty to hang on for dear life inside the car, she couldn't focus her attention on Jason and thus she was more focused on ensuring she and Jason reached the end of the race track in one piece.

The guy in the La Ferrari hadn't realized what was going on behind him because he was more focused on maintaining his lead over the Daytona and finishing first, but as they rounded a corner and came to a smooth stretch of straight road, Jason took action once again.

This time, his goal was to get past both the Daytona and the La Ferrari, and he had been setting up himself for that moment.

Prior to the corner, he had turned on Launch control, switched to the most optimal gear for the speed he was going to be as he rounded the turn, and then finally, he took his foot off the accelerator, relying on only inertia to make it past the turn.

As he made the turn, he smoothly and stealthily moved towards the edge of the track a bit instead of moving closer to the edge to make the corner, allowing himself enough space to drive past and the moment they came out of the sharp turn, Jason kicked down.

The engine roared loudly in response and shot forward, swiftly moving past Fedez's Daytona before he could even begin accelerating and before long, he was right beside the La Ferrari which had noticed him at the last minute and had also burst out under encouragement from its driver.

The La Ferrari matched Jason's actions for a second, but its driver had not been as prepared as Jason and one gear switch from Jason later, it had begun to fall behind.

The La Ferrari driver had also quickly made a gear change, but his car's power and skills couldn't match up and Jason pulled further away until he finally took the lead, however, the La Ferrari's bad luck hadn't run out as Fedez had stealthily used the chance when it was competing with Jason for speed to get on the inside of the track.

With such a skillful insert, the La Ferrari had no choice but to settle behind the Daytona once they came to the next turning since he wanted to avoid a collision.

Chapter 479: Race IV

With such sudden changes in positioning, the race got a lot more interesting and the drones that were following the racers with their cameras were doing their best to capture everything going on.

Of course, people's response to Jason taking the first place was that of shock and surprise as he had handled his car like a pro even to layman eyes and it had almost seemed like downright bullying right from the starting line.

To all the spectators, it was clear that whoever was driving the Stradale had skills behind the wheel, and the people who didn't know about the person in the car, or that didn't know about Jason began thinking that he was probably a professional racer.

Donna heaved a sigh of relief as Jason firmly settled into first place, thinking to herself that now that they were in first place, Jason would settle into a rhythmic pace to stop his opponents from getting past him.

Oh how wrong she was.

With no other car in his path, Jason was now free to perform further tests on the car's performance.

He had already tested it's acceleration ability earlier when he took first place and the handling of the car hadn't been bad so far.

He still had some tests for the car on those two aspects, but first,

"Top speed test," Jason muttered and before his words could register in Donna's brain, she was slammed back into her chair as Jason took off again, intent on pushing this car to the limit on the straight stretch of road that he was on.

Before long, the Stradale was moving at frightening speeds while everything passed by in a blur, but Jason kept his focus on the road while glancing at the speedometer every other second.

Fedez tried to match up with Jason's pace, but after reaching 280 km/h he began to let go of the accelerator as he didn't want a speedy meeting with King Yama at this point of his life.

Jason however still dashed forward with Donna being pressed hard into her seat, but with a glance at the map, she suddenly noticed a turn at the end of the smooth stretch approaching them.

The turn was a particularly sharp turn as it was in a U shape and at the speed they were going to achieve by the time they reached the turning, she didn't have any doubts about their survivability if they took the turn at that speed.

It would be 0%.

"2! sharp turn!" she screamed to Jason, but Jason merely glanced at her with a nod and pressed down on the accelerator even more.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh!!! Are you crazy!?” she screamed, but Jason wasn’t about to get into an argument with a woman while he was driving at over 300 km/h.

He ignored her frantic screams and kept accelerating till he saw the turning ahead,

‘Now for the brakes,’ he thought inwardly and put his foot on the brake pedal, slowly reducing his speed till it was enough for him to control and with a sharp twist of the steering wheel, he maneuvered the car into a drift at an almost impossible angle, the front of the car facing the inside edge of the track all through the turning.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!” Donna screamed all through the turn, unable to keep her composure no matter how hard she tried to.

Luckily for her, Jason was skilled enough behind the wheel to not pose any threat to her life, but she didn’t know that and screamed for her life, much to Jason’s amusement.

As they came out of the drift, Jason didn’t hesitate to launch another acceleration and top speed test, once again bursting forward.

He no longer cared about or remembered that he had opponents because they were no longer able to keep up with his reckless driving(in their view).

Of course, they internally admitted that Jason had real skills as reckless driving with a car like his would only lead to one outcome and so far Jason wasn’t dead yet, proving his skill at controlling his car.

The spectators were just as dazed, but Jason remained ignorant of all this as he continuously pushed the car to his limits as he wasn’t sure if he could handle the car’s limits.

He was a driver, not a pilot, so even for him, there were speeds he didn’t dare touch except for when he was on straight roads, and even on the straight roads, he had a limit.

However, his limits were a bit more than what anyone expected of him, so he was in the lead of the race, while continuously wowing the spectators with his skillful control of the car.

Added with the fact that he didn't want to damage the tires of his car too much, Jason didn't do too much(in his view), however, to Donna in the passenger seat, she had screamed till she almost passed out, but at some point, she had stopped screaming.

Jason couldn't tell whether it was because she had regained her composure or she now had confidence in his driving ability, but he didn't care too much and smoothly coasted to the finish line.

Soon he crossed the finish line and Fedez's Daytona only crossed the finish line more than twenty seconds later when the applause for first place was already over.

Jason was waiting for him at the finish line, leaning against the car while Donna regained her sanity inside the car and as soon as Fedez came out his car, he turned to Jason,

"You... you are crazy," he spat out in shock.

"Does the word, 'Joker' ring a bell," Jason said smugly, with a confident shrug.

Fedez just shook his head at him, unable to get angry with Jason and glad that he hadn't put his car up for contention.

While Jason and Fedez were talking, Esmeranza had gotten down from Fedez's car to go meet Donna whose heart had finally calmed down enough to talk.

She still could not get on her feet and had to talk to Esmeranza in hushed tones about something Jason didn't care to find out about.

The rest of the racers had also arrived and everyone engaged in conversation, with everyone speaking freely.

Chapter 480: Vs Sampdoria

A black Ferrari Stradale slowed down as it neared the gates of a big mansion compound, but just as it was about to turn and drive up to the gate, it suddenly came to a stop because a car was coming out of the gates at that moment.

Luckily they had seen each other early enough that they had stopped before any accidents could happen.

Due to the non-tinted nature of the Bentley in front of the Stradale, Jason could see his landlord and landlady in the front seat of their car while he couldn't be seen at all since his windows and windshield were tinted black like the color of his car.

Jason could see the confusion on Ronaldo's face as if he was asking himself whether he had bought a car like the Stradale and forgot it was going to be delivered or if someone was visiting.

Georgina looked just as surprised as her husband at the car in front of them, but Jason first put the car into reverse and backed out into the main street.

He was breaking a driving rule, but he didn't expect his landlord to allow him into the compound without knowing who was in the car.

Once he had backed out and turned till he was at a side of the road, his window slid down to reveal his smiling face and he gave a two finger salute to his patrons.

Recognition flashed on their faces followed by more confusion.

"That's a Stradale, isn't it?" Georgina asked her hubby.

"Stradale?" Ronaldo asked in confusion as all he had seen so far was the Ferrari logo which he recognised because he had been interested in a particular Ferrari that he had already placed an order for before it was even released.

As luck would have it, it was the Ferrari Daytona that Ronaldo had made a pre-order for, but that car didn't look like the one in front of him.

"It's one of the three Ferrari hybrid cars released so far and it's said to currently be like the fastest Ferrari right now, though it's quite cheap," Georgina explained as she had more experience in these kinds of things thanks to her job as a model.

"Cheap? How cheap?" Ronaldo asked Georgina immediately as he was quite taken by what he saw.

"Originally only supposed to be about 600k, but since it's rare, it's hardly ever sold for under 800k and could even reach a million,"

"That one looks to have been modified... a lot, so it could cost a lot more. You can ask him how he got one," Georgina explained, already understanding that Ronaldo wanted something like it.

"I'll ask... but wait, 1 million?" Ronaldo paused for a bit, wondering where Jason managed to get enough money to buy something that expensive.

"He owns a cosmetics company, remember?" Georgina reminded him.

'Oh,' Ronaldo thought and put the matter behind him.

Waving at Jason as he drove past, he and his family headed out while Jason drove into the compound after they had left.

Finally able to make use of the garage that came with the house he was living in, Jason parked the car and exhaustedly dragged his tired legs into the house and took off his clothes first, planning to sleep for the rest of the day.

The actions of the day had already exhausted him quite a bit and the driving he had done for the day could easily take the place of any training he had been planning to do today.

With that thought, he took a light shower and jumped into bed, ready to sleep the rest of his day away.

30th January 2021

Jason watched the match between his team and Sampdoria from the bench as despite his performance in the previous games, the manager still hadn't decided to make him a regular name in the starting line-up.

At least that was what he thought when he was being a bit biased towards himself, but rationally thinking, he could understand a little of why he wasn't yet a regular in the starting line-up yet.

Apart from the manager's game plan, most of it boiled down to squad rotation as well as managing his exhaustion levels.

Jason might have been a bit used to these kinds of schedules from Oporto, but the Serie A was a much tougher environment.

Jason himself knew that he was still adjusting to playing under such cold conditions with a lot less oxygen due to the higher altitude levels as compared as back in Porto.

He was also receiving a lot of tougher tackles these days and according to the medical specialists at the club, he was very close to getting a knock after the last game so the manager was paying attention to his physicality.

Luckily, thanks to the arduous training he had put himself through since his weird reincarnation, his body's physical condition couldn't be compared to his previous life, otherwise, he would probably have already been injured.

Injuries was something knew that he had to avoid at this young age as his experience told him that getting a major injury at a very young or much older age could have a very big effect on his career going forward.

Injuries when the body was still growing could potentially lead to one being injury prone which would further lead to recurring injuries that could hamper or even destroy a player's career.

As for getting a major injury at a much older age... well, one would be lucky that he would even be able to get back on the pitch.

While Jason was deep in his thoughts, the match was progressing and with the strength and high morale of the Uventus team, the Sampdoria players were suffering for it as the Uventus team was doing everything to get a goal and had already pushed them as far back as defending from inside their penalty area.

Bad enough for the Sampdoria team, only fifteen minutes had passed since the game began.