

LEGENDS 491

Chapter 491: Him or The Team II

The Uventus players headed out to the fields wearing bibs over their jerseys as they would be warming up for a few minutes before the game's pre-match formalities began.

As Jason and the rest of the Uventus players headed out of the tunnel and onto the pitch, they could see the Oporto players already on one side of the pitch, doing warm-up routines.

Everything looked normal except for the table that looked like it belonged in some news studio that was placed on the field in front of the tunnel.

Standing behind the table that had the Champions League Logo and the CBS logo on it were four people that Jason instantly recognized, after all, he had been interviewed by three of them previously and the fourth person was a person that any footballer would recognize.

"Aren't those guys the ones from that Champions League today show, or whatever it was called," Mckennie whispered to Jason from behind him as they walked forward.

"Yeah, that's them alright, I think it was Kate Abdo, Micah Richards, and... one other guy... ah, Jamie Carragher," Cuadrado replied before Jason could respond.

"You forgot Titi," Jason muttered, his eyes on the legendary player who didn't look like he had aged a day out of his prime.

"Yeah, that line-up for a show is just crazy and they usually have people laughing to bits, but I didn't know Titi joined the show," Cuadrado replied, his eyes also falling on King Henry.

"Probably just joined," Jason replied when he suddenly heard some fans shouting his name, prompting him to turn in the direction and give a smile and a wave.

"I'm curious about why they brought the show to the stadium and why Titi joined the show, but we've gotta go warm up, the match starts in fifteen," Mckennie mused and sped up.

As the Uventus players walked by the group of show hosts, some of them who knew some of them went up to exchange greetings with them.

Since he had only spoken to them through a screen before, Jason didn't consider himself close enough to do that and he continued walking, one of his hands trying to gather his hair together so he could tie it firmly, but suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Surely you're not just going to walk past without saying hi, I thought we were closer than that?"

Jason turned to look at Micah Richards who had a hand on his shoulder with a big smile on his face.

Before he could say anything, he caught a glimpse of one of the cameras being used to stream the show live being pointed in his direction.

'Sh*t, I was caught,' he mumbled inwardly.

"Sorry, I didn't want to disturb you professionals at work, plus I'm kinda focused more on the game y'know," Jason said to Micah.

"Oh you're not disturbing anything, in fact, you're just the man we want to interview right now," Micah said with a grin, not letting go of Jason's shoulder almost as if Jason would run away if he let go.

"Oh, really," Jason's eyebrow rose and he glanced around a little.

"Sure as long as it doesn't take too long," he finally acquiesced and walked back to the table with Micah.

"Hello everyone, uh, Jamie, you look more gray,"

"King Henry... er, respect,"

“And, Kate... you look more stunning off camera.”

Jason let his sweet tongue take over as soon as he reached the table with those guys.

“Hey, don’t I get a compliment?” Micah burst out before anyone could respond to Jason.

“I don’t think everyone got a compliment,” Kate chuckled.

“What does he mean I look more gray?” Jamie asked in a surprised tone with his trademark UK accent.

“Might be time to lose the beard,” Titi interjected.

“Exactly, you see how my man Titi wears that thing, absolutely glorious, on you it just looks meh,” Jason added, not holding back his tongue.

“Can we just start the interview,” Jamie spoke hastily, remembering what had happened the last time they let Jason on the show.

He wasn’t about to allow someone to get him on national television... live.

“Sure, do I stand here?” Jason asked and moved behind the table without waiting for a response.

“Right here is fine,” Kate said and pulled him in between herself and Thierry.

“Whatever you say boss-lady,” Jason muttered, flashing her a grin.

“Hey, Titi,” Micah nudged Henry and glanced at Jason and Kate who was blushing slightly as if to say, ‘Are you just going to let him rizz her up like that?’

Henry looked at him meaningfully and shrugged as if to respond, ‘What do you want me to do?’

Understanding flashed in Micah and Jamie's eyes as they glanced at Jason and nodded to themselves as if admitting,

'Titi may have more trophies, but he doesn't have enough hair to compete with that kid for a girl,'

This whole silent conversation had been broadcasted live and everyone watching could follow the whole conversation despite no words being exchanged, leaving only Jason and Kate out of the loop.

This event would later become a much bigger event later, but that was a story for another day.

"We have here with us the Champions League current assist leader, having amassed six assists and also has a tally of two goals in the Champions League so far, Jason Bolu," Kate began speaking, effectively starting the interview.

"Oh, I'm the assist leader? Jason asked in surprise as this was the first he was hearing of it.

"You didn't know?" Micah asked and everyone looked at him in surprise, even the people holding the camera.

"I never actually checked, I leave the statistic counting to the people giving out awards... usually, though I guess someone probably told me but I wasn't paying attention," Jason laughed, scratching his head, not wanting to seem like an air head.

"The nonchalance," Micah laughed.

"He has more Champions League assists than you do and he doesn't even care," Jamie could not resist poking at Micah.

"Hey! You don't have that many either," Micah yelled back at Jamie, effectively shutting him up.

Kate quickly took the chance to continue talking.

“So, Jason, here you are, back at the Estadio do Dragao just a month after leaving to Uventus on loan for a match against your former... well, home team,”

“Let’s not also forget that this is your first season participating in the Champions League and you were previously playing for Oporto, and now you have to play against your home team for a chance to go even further in the Champions league,”

“Now you stand in between your home team and their progression in the Champions League, something they so dearly want,”

“It’s effectively your progression against your home team’s progression,”

“How does it feel to be thrust into the middle?”

Chapter 492: Him or The Team III

“Ah, this...” Jason paused for a second to construct an answer in his head as the question pit him in a complicated position.

“Oporto might be my home team, but currently I’m in the Uventus colors and I’ll do my best to help my team on the pitch,” he finally said, his tone ambiguous and not allowing people to have a clear meaning of his words.

“Oh wow, I guess we can expect an interesting game then,” Jamie nodded in a convinced manner.

“I guess so, it’s a Champions League game after all,” Jason replied.

“Right you are. Moving on then, would you say playing against your former teammates will be harder than usual, or will it be easier?” Kate moved on to the next question.

“Well, I can not deny that I’m more familiar with them, which is the same for them as they are also familiar with how I play and some of my habits, but I think, that should counter-affect each other so I’m expecting it to be like any other game,”

“Maybe a bit more difficult because I’ll have to watch them a bit more,” Jason answered with a thoughtful expression.

“Knowing your teammates is a good thing and I guess that will help,” Henry also nodded in response to Jason’s words.

“Well, I guess that’s correct,” Jamie replied as well.

“I’m sure those guys will be especially wary of you as they wouldn’t want to end up on youtube like some of their opponents in the past,” Micah laughed and everyone joined him, understanding what he meant.

“Surely, even Jason wouldn’t be that cruel,” Kate spoke, still covering her mouth with mirth.

“Hey, I never actually meant to turn people to YouTube reel material, I just do my thing and sometimes people fall. Mistakes happen in football all the time y’know,” Jason scratched his hand, at a loss on how to prove his innocence.

“Yeah, right,” Micah said and burst out in louder laughter.

“No for real,” Jason tried to convince them.

“Let’s just ignore that for a little, but I do want to know whether you will have an easy time getting past your former teammates?” Kate threw another question into the mix.

“It depends I guess, it could be easy, or it might not be as easy as I expect,”

“It depends on the situation, and whoever it is I’m facing,” Jason replied.

“How do you mean?” Thierry asked Jason, curious about what Jason meant.

“Alright, hear me out for a second,” Jason said, causing them to pause and look at him.

“You do know that physically speaking, there is not that much of a variation in footballers’ physiques, most of the time in football, it’s not the strongest or the fastest that becomes the best, I mean look at Messi, Neymar, Lewandowski, Kevin De Bruyne, Salah, Ronaldo, and others that are at the peak right now,”

“While I can’t say they don’t excel physically, I also can’t say that they’re the best physically, Messi is not the fastest or the strongest, neither is Salah, Neymar, Ronaldo, or Lewandowski,”

“Yet, they can get past their markers and get into optimal position whenever needed, irrespective of who they’re facing against,”

“What makes them stand out is technique and knowledge about themselves, they know their strong points and how to get the best of themselves, I’m still learning that and hopefully I can reach their heights someday,”

“So really, it’s just about who I’m up against and the situation we’re in, the situation could present opportunities that would normally be closed, hence my reply,” Jason explained.

“Hmmm, I get what you mean,” Henry replied nodding to himself.

“Let’s leave all the big words and ask the most important question at hand,” Micah burst into the conversation.

“On paper, I wouldn’t go as far as saying that both sides are equal, but the difference in quality is not much,”

“And since you’ve played for both sides, who do you think is more likely to end up on top?” he asked and everyone’s attention immediately fell on Jason who stayed silent.

“Where’s the camera that’s live right now?” Jason turned to Kate and asked.

“Uh, that one,” she turned to look for a second and pointed at a camera with a red light on.

“Do you guys want to know what I think?” Jason asked the viewers, staring straight at the camera.

“Well, I’m not telling,” he said and in one swift motion, dropped the mic and bolted to the field to join his teammates to warm-up, leaving everyone stunned and looking at his slowly shrinking back.

“I guess, we’ll find out whichever team is superior after ninety minutes,” Kate said with a smile, taking the reins of the show once again and continuing the live show, with the other hosts also joining in.

On the field, Jason went directly to join the Uventus players and he quickly joined them in their warm-up exercises, but less than ten minutes later, they were heading back to the tunnel as the match would soon begin.

After some last minute arrangements, the players went to the waiting area in the tunnel to wait for their cue to step out to the field.

As he reached the tunnel, Jason saw some of his former teammates already standing there and waiting.

“What’s up man,” Jason greeted Fabio Viera as he took a spot beside him.

Greetings were quickly exchanged between the two of them and Jason also exchanged greetings with other members of the Oporto team.

However his friendliness with his home-team disappeared as soon as he noticed Mylo walking up to the line as well.

It was clear that the guy would be in the starting line-up for the match.

‘That’s good. I’ll start crushing him from today,’

Jason couldn’t wipe the smirk that appeared on his face as this thought popped up in his head.

Cameras were constantly transmitting the players every movement in the tunnel to the people watching the game on a screen, but the players soon began heading out to the stadium where they could be seen by everyone watching the game live.

Chapter 493: A Player With A Grudge!

Fweeeeeeeeeee

With a loud blast of the whistle, the first leg of the round of 16 match-up between Uventus and Oporto began.

It was the Oporto team that kicked off the game and they immediately started passing the ball smoothly and swiftly among themselves, making it clear that they were playing the long game.

A possession game style to soak up pressure and a quick counter to burst forward whenever space opened up was Oporto’s normal style of football and Jason knew that so he positioned himself appropriately and so did a few of the Uventus players.

Jason hadn’t directly spread information about the Oporto playing style, but he had given a few pointers on who to mark tighter and people who would pull the strings.

That much couldn’t be called divulging team secrets, and even if it was called that, Jason wouldn’t care as if the information he divulged could make a big difference on the pitch after one month of leaving the team, then Oporto deserved whatever was coming to it.

It would be their fault for not changing their playing style when they knew they had someone on the opposition team who knew their strengths, weaknesses, and playing style.

Oporto had chosen to play a possession game, but the Uventus players were obviously not going to let them keep the ball for that long and lunged forward to pressure them while also leaving enough players at the back so that they could deal with any unexpected situations.

For a while, the Porto side was forced to play from behind, but many times, the Uventus team would steal possession and launch attacks, almost converting a few times.

#9th minute...

The Uventus team had managed to steal possession when Mckennie intercepted a pass from Luis Diaz.

On receiving the ball, he looked for an open teammate and as luck would have it, Jason was making a run forward.

Mckennie immediately sent the ball his way, curling the ball into his path.

Jason burst forward, reaching the ball about a meter away from Wilson Manafa. With a flick on the ball, Jason kicked the ball past the Oporto right back and tried to run past him.

Manafa reacted immediately and tried to hold Jason off, hoping to slow him down enough for an Oporto player to reach the ball first, but Jason squirmed as hard as he could and shook off Manafa's challenge, managing to get past him and chase after the ball.

{He's gotten past his marker!}

Just as Jason was about to reach the ball, he sensed a tackle coming from his right and with a smooth motion, kicked the ball forward a bit more before jumping over the tackle.

Less than a second later, Oliveira came sliding in, but there was nothing in his path, and Jason landed in front, continuing his chase after the ball managing to reach it just before it rolled out of play.

{Clever evasion of the tackle there! He's still going!}

With no one beside him, he chose to run into the penalty box, looking for space to either shoot or pass to a teammate, but the remaining Oporto players had chosen to block out all other Uventus players, giving Jason no choice but to go for goal.

However, Manafa and Oliveira weren't going to make it easy for him to get into a good shooting position, so Jason moved as further away from the line before taking a shot.

{He shoots! Oh, what a save!}

Augustin Marchesin punched the ball away, giving Uventus a corner kick while Jason put his hands on his head in agony at missing the chance to score first.

{Exciting scenes here at the Estadio do Dragao! A single-handed effort that almost put Uventus forward}

{If more performances like this keep surfacing, then it wouldn't be long before the deadlock is broken!}

The commentator kept talking while the players arranged themselves in Oporto's penalty box for the corner kick.

Fweeeeeeeeeeeee

The ball was sent into the penalty box at the sound of the referee's whistle but the Oporto team defended well and sent the ball out of the box and the game continued.

15th minute...

Uventus was once again on the attack, having stolen the ball in the Oporto team's half and the ball had made it's way to the right side of Oporto's penalty box.

Kulusevski took the opportunity to send a cross into the penalty box. The ball came flying in and Ronaldo jumped up to meet it, but it was at a weird angle to head it at goal so he chose to head it towards the left where Jason could reach it.

Seeing Ronaldo's actions, he ran at the ball, but he wasn't the only one chasing after the ball. His former captain was also running at the ball, and prior knowledge about this man let Jason know that if he didn't get rid of the ball as quickly as possible, Pepe would get rid of him.

With that urgency, Jason met the ball with a swinging foot before it could reach the floor, unleashing the ball at the Oporto goal with as much power as he could muster.

{Volley!}

Pepe jumped and turned his body, aiming to block the ball, but the ball rocketed past his position before he could block it and curved unnaturally at the top right corner of the goal, however instead of smashing into the back of the net like the Uventus side hoped, the ball smashed against the top right corner of the crossbar and flew out of play.

{Oh my word! How!?!}

{How was that supposed to go in, and how did it not!?!}

{That's a question on everyone's mind for sure!}

{It was a well-worked attack, perfectly set up, but luck just didn't fall on their side}

{Uventus have been knocking and it's looking like it won't be long before they get their answer}

{Surely now, Oporto might already be regretting loaning out this young lad to their opponents}

{With how he's playing, one would think he has a grudge against his home team} the commentator said, not aware of how close he was to the truth.

The Oporto fans in the stands were inches close to pulling out their hair as they watched Jason come close to putting their team behind the second time in the game. Under their breaths, the fans were already cussing out their club's management as it was looking like the player they had loaned out had come back with a mission to single-handedly wreck their Champions League dreams.

Chapter 494: Maybe I Am The Villain I

#25th minute...

The match between Uventus and Oporto had been raging on for a while with both teams sending the ball at their opponent's goal whenever they had the chance, and from faraway, it looked like they were evenly matched so far.

However, one only needed to look at the shots statistics to know who was making more headway in this game.

Oporto had a little bit more possession than the Uventus team, but they didn't have half as many shots, only having managed to take three shots at goal with only one on target.

Uventus on the other hand already had seven shots at goal with three being on target, however they hadn't been able to get past Augustine Marchesin.

In the world of football however, these statistics didn't mean much as anything could happen at anytime.

At the moment, it looked like Uventus was the team that ran out of luck first as the ball ended up smacking against Danilo's hand when Mylo tried to take a shot at the goal.

Fweeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

The referee's loud whistle blew loudly and the referee ran over while pointing to the spot.

Some Uventus players immediately ran up to meet the referee to convince the man that it was a 'ball to hand' situation and not a deliberate handball, but with the VAR backing his decision, the referee dismissed the Uventus players' arguments.

The penalty would stand and the Oporto players began getting ready to take the penalty.

There seemed to be an argument between Mylo and Oliveira on who would take the penalty and Pepe had to intervene before the decision on who the penalty taker would be.

Mylo was of the opinion that since he was the one who got the penalty, he should take the penalty, but Oliveira was the one who usually took penalties for the team and he had simply stepped up to fulfill his role.

In the end, it was Oliveira the other players supported to take the penalty and he didn't disappoint.

Swiftly, he took the penalty and sent the ball past Buffon despite the experienced goalkeeper diving in the correct direction.

{Well taken penalty!}

{They take the lead first despite everyone expecting the first goal to have come from the other side}

{Could this be the start of an unexpected result!} the commentator shouted as the Oporto team celebrated their goal while the Uventus team began heading back to their half of the field, their confidence not shaken in the slightest.

The Uventus players knew how well they were playing and they didn't have any doubt about their chances in the game. At the moment, they felt that even if Oporto somehow managed to score even more goals, they would be able to outscore them.

Hence, their morale was still at an all-time high as the game resumed.

#38th minute...

Oporto had just gotten a corner after another one of their attempts to further their lead was shut down before they could even take a shot.

Fabio Viera was the one who stood over the ball by the corner flag and at the referee's whistle, the ball was sent flying into Uventus's penalty box.

The players of both teams jumped to the air to meet the ball, but Pepe was the one who managed to reach the ball first and he sent the ball at the Uventus goal with pin-point accuracy.

Buffon immediately reacted and jumped at the ball, slapping it back into play since he couldn't get enough of his hand on it to catch it.

The Uventus goalkeeper had been expecting his defenders to clear the ball immediately afterwards, but somehow, Mylo managed to slip by and appeared behind the ball, kicking it back towards the goal.

Without surprise, the ball ended up at the back of the net and Mylo ran towards the sidelines, glancing at Jason as he ran and mouthing, 'bit*h'.

{They have two!!!}

{Things have ended up in a completely unexpected direction!}

{We expected a much tougher game, but it's looking like Oporto will sweep their opponents away!}

{It's still early and they can't let down their guards yet, but they already have a huge huge advantage that they will not easily let go of!} the commentator shouted, his voice serving as little more than a backdrop to the excited Oporto fans cheers who were happy to see their team take a two-goal lead this early in a game they thought they would barely survive.

"Who knew your home team was so fierce," Mckennie said beside Jason as they headed back to their positions for kick-off.

"We still got this one in the bag," Jason said with an amused smirk on his face.

Mylo's attempt to taunt him had ignited him at first, but then, he wondered why that idiot was being so proud when all he had done was poke the ball into the back of the net when the goalkeeper was on the ground.

However, Jason wouldn't deny that he was incensed and Mylo's actions had spurned him even further. He was thoroughly incensed and planned to respond to Mylo's taunt, no matter what it took.

42nd minute...

Uventus was on the attack, pushing the ball forward with all they had as they knew they had to get at least one goal before half-time, otherwise, who knew what defensive tactics their opponents would engage in the second half.

Scoring at least one goal now would help with their plans to come back and they weren't going to allow the Oporto players to stop them from achieving them.

Mckennie tried to run into the penalty box from the left edge, but his path was quickly blocked and he sent a pass infield to Ramsey.

Ramsey hit the ball as soon as it reached him, sending a lobbed pass back toward the left side of Oporto's penalty box and into Jason's path.

Jason ran toward the ball landing point, using his pace to reach there first, but Chancel Mbemba was running at him as well.

Suddenly swinging his leg as if to strike the ball on a volley as he had done earlier in the game, Mbemba jumped and turned his body to block the incoming shot, but Jason instead caught the ball and flicked it towards the left while Mbemba was still in the air.

While still on the left flank but inside the penalty box, Jason chased after the ball, having glanced at the center and seeing Ronaldo slowly stepping while waiting for an inside ball.

Not bothering to control the ball as he reached it, his right leg snaked behind his left and he hit it, sending a cross at Ronaldo with a Rabona pass.

{Ronaldoooooooooooo!!!}

Chapter 495: Maybe I Am The Villain II

{Ronaldoooooooooooo!!!} the commentator shouted as Ronaldo rose to the air and connected with the ball, sending it to the right corner of the goal.

Augustine Marchesin jumped at the ball, but he couldn't reach and the ball nestled in the back of the net.

{Goal! Uventus!!!}

Ronaldo's celebration wasn't extravagant as Uventus was still behind and the whole team just gathered while sharing high fives as they headed back to their half of the field.

{They have one back! They're making a statement with this one!}

{They just will not go down easily!}

{What a well-worked attack. It had everything and it was crowned by the perfect finish!} the commentator spoke while the Uventus fans who had made the journey cheered excitedly as their team finally had one back.

The Oporto fans were also no longer at ease and their hearts had begun to beat faster despite them still being in the lead.

Things were no longer as comfortable as before.

#45+1 minute...

After Uventus had scored their first goal, Oporto could feel a great sense of urgency to get back into a comfortable lead and they had put more effort into their attacks, but their efforts hadn't borne fruit so far and the first half was about to end.

Out of the two added minutes, one minute was already gone by and they only had a corner kick to show for their efforts.

Fweeeeeeeeeee

The referee's whistle blew loudly and the ball was sent flying into the penalty box and the players of the two teams jumped and pushed against each other to get to the ball first.

Chiellini reached the ball first, heading it backward and sending it back.

As the ball bounced out of the penalty box towards the left, Jason raced after it, recognizing the chance for a counter attack.

His teammates didn't need a placard to understand that either and they also started moving before Jason even reached the ball.

As Jason ran after the ball, he could hear footsteps behind him and he glanced behind only to be met with a sight of Mylo chasing after him with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

Not losing his composure for a second, Jason raced after the ball even faster and once he reached the ball, he flicked it upward before jumping back from the ball.

Just as he had expected, Mylo came flying in, but thanks to Jason's actions, the ball flew over him while Jason himself had taken a step back.

Once Mylo stepped past, Jason stepped forward again to meet the ball that was coming back to the ground.

Mylo who had barely turned behind him when Jason flicked the ball in between his legs and raced past him after the ball, leaving the confused Mylo falling over himself, completely unable to keep up with the sudden changes in direction.

{He's doing it again! Humiliating his opponents seems to be something he can't stop doing!} the commentator shouted in awe.

Jason immediately noticed that while he was still dribbling Mylo, his teammates had raced ahead of him as if they were completely sure that Mylo wouldn't be able to hold him back.

Not thinking too much of it, he hit the ball towards the right flank with as much power as he could muster using the outside of his foot to send the ball forward with a trivela pass.

The ball curved beautifully into Morata's path on the right flank and landed right in front of him, reducing the stress of getting the ball under control.

{The opportunity to counter is kept alive with that pass!}

Morata immediately kicked the ball forward and continued running down the flank while the other players raced alongside him.

Soon, Morata reached the right side of the and tried to cut in, but Zaidu who had finally caught up didn't want to leave any chance for him to send the ball.

Ronaldo who had been running towards the center to finish when the ball came in immediately changed the direction of his run moving towards the right to provide support.

With Ronaldo nearby, Morata chose to pass to Ronaldo instead and keep running.

Ronaldo didn't waste any time holding onto the ball and immediately sent the ball back to Morata as he ran behind Zaidu and into the penalty box.

Seeing an approaching figure wearing an orange Uventus jersey, Morata sent the ball into his path as he reached the front of the goal.

{It's Jason in the center!?!} The commentator's words were like a death knell to the Oporto fans.

{Puts his foot to it!}

{It goes right between the goalkeeper's legs and into the back of the net!!!}

{Equalizer for Uventus!} the commentator screamed as the ball rolled into the back of the net.

The Uventus players didn't even give Jason a chance to celebrate as they jumped on him in excitement and joy while the Uventus fans could not keep their joy to themselves and they screamed as loudly as they could.

{Right before half-time! They have put things back in order!}

{Four goals in the first half! Where do we go from here in this game!} the commentator couldn't keep his excitement out of his voice either.

The Oporto fans were beyond stunned because it hadn't even been ten minutes since they were celebrating their two-goal lead over their opponents, but now everything was gone and their opponents now had the advantage of away goals above them.

What had they just witnessed in the last few minutes.

"I fu*king knew we shouldn't have loaned out that guy!" somebody in the Oporto fan stand screamed in agony as he had his head in his hands.

Everyone who heard him couldn't help but agree and their eyes turned to the Oporto manager on the sidelines as well as the executive box that executive members of the club usually sat in to watch the occasional game.

Due to it being a Champions League game, the box was almost filled as this was an important match for the club so now the executive members had to bear the annoyed stares of the dissatisfied Oporto fans.

Chapter 496: Maybe I Am The Villain III

"Good work out there guys,"

"Things were looking a bit shaky for us for a little bit there, but I'm glad you guys were able to find your way back,"

"What we have to do in the second half is very clear now," Pirlo addressed the Uventus players who were seated around him, their breaths slowly evening out after the intensive first 45 minutes of the game they had just undergone.

The first half had ended shortly after the equalizer and the Uventus players were almost bursting to rush back out to the field and build off of their momentum, but unfortunately the referee's whistle said otherwise.

It was for sure that the moment they got back on the pitch, they would want to unleash hell on their opponents.

Contrary to the high flying mood in the Uventus locker room, the Oporto locker room was silent except for the manager who was expressing his displeasure at his players and correcting his players mistakes.

In the end, the game was only at half time, so Conceicao held back on his complaints and focused more on adjusting the gameplan and correcting his players mistakes so that they could end the first game on a good note.

Soon enough, the players of the two teams were heading back out to the field.

It took them less than a minute to take their positions on the pitch and the match soon resumed.

As soon as the referee's whistle went off, Uventus kicked off the second half, and just like their opponents did in the first half, they opted to pass the ball around comfortably, not giving the Oporto team a chance to get on the ball, talk less of being able to create a goal-scoring chance, but the Oporto team wasn't so easily dissuaded.

They kept chasing after the ball tirelessly, continuously closing down the Uventus player who had the ball and making it hard for the Uventus team to create anything as well.

For a while, the match fell into a deadlock with the ball only moving around in the middle of the field, being exchanged between both teams.

#57th minute...

Despite the match staying in a deadlock for a while, neither team could keep up such a concentrated defensive effort for too long and the ball soon started making it past the defenders on both sides as shots were sent flying at the goal of both teams, however, so far, neither team had been able to make the ball fall into the back the opposition goal.

This time, it was Uventus on the attack and they had been passing the ball around for a few seconds already, keeping the ball out of reach of their opponents despite all the attempts being made at stealing possession away.

The ball kept moving around and the Oporto fans were beginning to get alarmed at how the ball seemed to be slowly but surely progressing towards their goal.

The ball moved towards Jason on the left flank and on taking control of the ball, Jason took on three defenders, snaking his way in-between them before sending the ball to Ronaldo in the center standing just outside the penalty box.

On receiving the ball, Ronaldo turned at the goal and immediately made to shoot, but he soon realized that there were too many Oporto players in his path.

Opting to fake a shot instead, he pushed the ball to his right with the tip of his foot to Mckennie who was arriving from behind.

As Mckenni moved toward the ball, he noticed that Jason had not stopped moving after sending the ball to Ronaldo and was now almost running past the last defender from the left flank.

After spotting Jason's run, his mind was instantly made up and he chipped the ball into the penalty box right before Jason skipped past the offside line with his marker hard on his trail.

Seeing the ball flying into his path, Jason's first thought was to fly at it and catch it off his head, but his brain quickly reminded him that even though he had started header classes with Ronaldo, he was still nothing more than a beginner at heading.

Augustine Marchesin did not choose to wait on the goalline when he saw the ball flying in behind the defenders and Jason running at the ball and he quickly came off his line to try and get to the ball first, or at least force Jason to shoot the ball wide.

What he didn't know was that this move had given Jason another option.

Jason immediately took to the air with his leg outstretched before him, catching the ball in the air like he was doing a slide tackle mid-air.

Flicking the ball upwards just enough so it would fly up and out of reach of Marchesin, Jason sent the ball flying at goal.

His calculations were correct and Augustine couldn't reach the ball. It flew over the Oporto goalkeeper and dropped past the goalline, slamming onto the inside right of the net.

{GOAL!!!}

{They've done it! He's done it!}

{Uventus take the lead!} the commentator shouted as the Uventus fans burst out in excited cheers at their team finally taking the lead.

Jason didn't get the chance to celebrate his goal as the Uventus players immediately jumped on him in celebration while some Oporto players went to go argue with the referee about Jason being offside.

Jason didn't even pay attention to those guys as he knew that there was no way he was offside. It might be close, but he was sure and they would soon find out.

Just as he had expected, the referee soon disregarded the Oporto players claims after consulting the VAR.

The suspected offside call had dissuaded Jason from celebrating his second goal which made this his first brace in the Champions League, and Jason had decided internally that if he could score one more goal, he would do an extravagant celebration, respect for his home team be damned.

#65th minute...

After Uventus's third goal, they had stepped up their goal-searching attempts even further, but so had Oporto who were now playing almost with desperation to find a goal that would bring them back on equal terms with their opponents.

Chapter 497: Maybe I Am The Villain IV

The ball was moving among the back four of the Uventus team as they kept possession of the ball, exchanging the ball among themselves as they tried to keep the ball away from their opponents.

Despite their desire to get another goal to further their lead, they didn't want to concede a goal and lose their advantage.

All of a sudden, Bonucci tried to send a pass to Alex Sandro, but the Uventus left back had moved forward a bit too much and before the ball reached him, it was intercepted by Otavio who burst forward down the right flank with the ball.

The Uventus players immediately gave chase, but the best they could do was keep Otavio from cutting into the penalty box, forcing him to opt to cross the ball into the penalty box instead.

Marega was just arriving in the penalty box when the ball came flying his way. Without hesitation, he jumped at the ball, but while fighting off Cheillini who was marking him tightly, he couldn't properly aim and the ball he sent at the Uventus goal ended up rifling off the crossbar and bouncing back into play.

As everyone's eyes followed the ball to see where it would land, they suddenly saw Mylo dashing at the ball and he was all alone.

{He's all alone!} the commentator shouted loudly as Mylo reached the ball, but unlike everyone was expecting, he didn't bring the ball under control and send it flying into the back of the net, instead, he didn't even let it bounce and instead flew at the ball that was still mid-air, hitting it spectacularly.

It was a sight to see as the ball flew spectacularly up and over the Uventus goal, missing its mark by a very wide range.

{Oh, he's missed it!}

{Surely that should have gone into the back of the net, he was all alone for that shot!?!}

{He might have been seeing the headlines when he attempted that shot, but now he will be seeing the headlines for a completely different reason if they don't win this game!} The commentator's words did not do justice to how aggravated the Oporto fans, players, and manager was feeling as they watched Mylo flunk a clear goal opportunity.

The disappointment in their eyes could not be hidden as they stared annoyedly at Mylo like they could tear him into a thousand pieces.

The Uventus fans on the other hand wished nothing more than to give him a bouquet of flowers and a speck for failing spectacularly to equalize against them, while Jason wanted nothing more than to burst into laughter, but he held it in and calmed his raging heart.

#70th minute...

After the scare earlier, Uventus had doubled their efforts andn that had brought them back to the edge of Oporto's penalty box, looking for a goal scoring chance.

After a few more clever passes, the ball reached the newly subbed on Chiesa who created space for a shot with his first touch on the ball and with his second touch sent a powerful low drive at the bottom left corner of the goal.

Augustine Marchesin jumped at the ball, but couldn't reach and the ball continued unimpeded to the back of the net.

{Another one from Uventus! They take their lead one step further!}

{Six goals in this game and they have the lion's share!}

{They started from two goals behind and are now two goals ahead!}

{What amazing powers of recovery!} the commentator screamed in excitement and awe while the Uventus crowd went wild as the Uventus players celebrated their goal excitedly.

The Oporto players could not help but look aggravated and annoyed at going two goals behind after being two goals ahead and some of them could not help staring annoyedly at Mylo.

While he wasn't completely at fault for their current predicament, if he had scored the clear goal-scoring chance he had earlier, they might not be in this treacherous situation.

On the sidelines, Conceicao had his hand rubbing his chin deep in thought as to what his next move would be.

With his team losing 4-2 in their home stadium, they were already in a precarious situation, as Uventus now had four away goals while they were also winning the game.

The problem was how his team should respond to this.

If they chose to go on the attack hoping to get at least one goal back, they might be able to succeed, but this would leave them vulnerable to attacks from the Uventus team and he was sure the Uventus team would not let go of a chance to further their lead.

On the other hand, if Oporto decided to stay defensive, they would probably be able to keep the scores as they were while hoping to somehow perform well enough in the second leg to win the game which literally meant they would have to win the second leg by at least three goals.

"What should I do?" he muttered to himself thoughtfully.

In the end, he didn't think for too long and chose to go for broke on the attack irrespective of the risks.

#85th minute...

With Oporto going for broke, trying to get at least one goal back, the pressure on the Uventus backline increased greatly, but the pressure on the frontline reduced just as much, allowing them to hit Oporto with the sudden quick counter whenever they stole possession.

This was one of such occasions as the Oporto players had lost the ball in midfield and the ball had ended up with Jason on the left flank.

Running down the left flank to the left side of the penalty box, Jason began cutting into the penalty box, moving the ball out of the way of every foreign element that appeared in his view.

As he got into shooting distance of the goal, the Oporto players started throwing themselves into his path whenever it looked like he wanted to shoot, but Jason kept pushing the ball until he was almost in the center of the penalty box before he finally hit the ball at the bottom right corner of the goal.

As was his duty, Marchesin dived for the ball, intending to punch it away, but he didn't have enough springiness in his legs to reach the ball and the ball smashed into the back of the net.

Chapter 498: Villain of Their Own Creation

As the ball went in, Jason took off to the sidelines in a jog, originally intending to jump into a knee slide in celebration, but he suddenly changed his mind and stopped just before the throwing line, put his two palms against each other in front of his chest and bowed like a martial artist after a battle.

{It's gone in!}

{A hat-trick for the young hero and it's against his former club!}

{He's chosen a modest celebration that almost feels like an apology to the home fans, but that's not going to change the fact that he isn't a hero to these fans today like he usually was}

{Tonight, he is the villain!}

{They say villains aren't born but created, and tonight, Oporto have been taken down by a villain of their own creation!}

The commentator's poetics amused Jason, but he didn't pay too much attention to it as he was too swept up in the joy of his own performance so far to care.

The Oporto fans on the other hand were silent as the commentator chose to continuously point out that everything happening to their club was a fault of the club.

Some of the fans wanted to climb into the commentator's box to give him a few punches, but a vast majority of them wanted to climb up to the executive's box and snap the bones of an executive or two.

On the field, Jason didn't know what the fans were thinking and he was already walking back to his half of the field when he realized that Mylo was in his path.

Just as he was walking behind him, he bowed his head and did the trinity sign and once his hand was over his mouth, he said in a low tone,

"Who's the bit*h now, bit*h?"

Mylo reacted immediately in anger snapping in Jason's direction and his hand flew at Jason's face, but Jason expecting Mylo to lash out easily dodged backward, just barely escaping Mylo's range while making sure to have a surprised look on his face.

The nearby players immediately moved to get between them despite neither of them making another move, but Mylo's actions had caused a breakout and the players were now rushing at each other.

{Oh tensions are rising!} The commentator who still had his eyes on Jason didn't miss what had just happened and he didn't hesitate to draw attention to the situation with his words.

He didn't have to though as the referee had also seen what happened and was already running over to defuse the situation before the players resorted to their fists to settle the matter.

It didn't take long to defuse the situation as the situation hadn't turned violent yet, and once the referee had stopped the clash, he pulled out a yellow card and showed it to Mylo.

Normally, a red card would be given if the punch had connected, but thanks to failing to hit Jason, the referee let him off with a serious warning and a yellow card.

This was not the outcome the Uventus fans expected to see and they immediately let out shouts of indignation at the referee for letting Mylo off lightly.

Jason however didn't mind as he wouldn't feel satisfied if Mylo wasn't on the field for him to torment for a longer period of time.

{This is a ugly sight to see}

{Despite a show of respect from Jason, it seems some of his former teammates don't feel the same way towards him} the commentator intoned as the referee pushed the players to kick off the game and not waste any more time.

Jason headed back to his position, making sure to keep a complicated look on his face. He was acting the best play of his life and felt like he deserved an Oscar for this performance in front of more thousands of people... scratch that, if he added the people that were watching the show from around the world, then it'd be millions and not thousands.

'Shoulda been an actor with this much skill,' Jason thought deviously to himself, enjoying the situation a lot more than he morally should.

Fweeeeeeeeeeeeeee

The referee blew his whistle to once again kick off the game and the game that was already in bag for the Uventus team continued.

With Uventus having taken a three-goal lead in the game and at the Estadio do Dragao, the Oporto team no longer had the option of defending to avoid the situation from worsening.

The situation was already bad enough and the only way back that Conceicao could see was if his players could somehow manage to reduce the goal deficit between them and the opposition.

He shouted loudly at the players, on the pitch, sending the forward and telling his players to send long balls into the opposition box so that they could try to squeeze the ball into the back of the Uventus net somehow.

However, he did not forget to tell them to keep the pressure high and avoid making any mistakes as Uventus scoring another goal off a counter at this point would be nothing short of disastrous and their situation was already bad enough as it was.

The Uventus players on the other hand did not need more than a glance at their opponents intentions for them to decide to settle back and defend their three-goal lead as if they could carry this lead into the next game, then their qualification for the next round of the Champions League was already more than halfway into their bag.

With the Oporto team playing in an all out attacking style and the Uventus team parking the bus, the match settled into the Uventus half of the field with the Uventus team staying tight at the back and sending the ball forward whenever they retrieved possession of the ball.

They hoped to start a counter attack if it was possible and to fling the ball the ball out of danger if they couldn't.

During this time, Jason noticed that for some reason, Mylo stayed nearby him and whenever the ball even neared Jason, Mylo would run over and try to tackle him.

It was clear that Mylo was targeting him and wanted to try and take out some of his annoyance on him, but all it did was help Jason to add to his tally of successful dribbles and reminded Jason of the event that caused their first fight at the Portugaia training ground.

Jason continuously switched up the skill move he used to get past Mylo whenever he came running by and turned the situation into a very embarrassing one for Mylo, but after dribbling him four times, Jason began opting to pass the ball before Mylo reached him.

He couldn't continue dribbling him forever and if Mylo lost his mind and attempted a very dangerous tackle, he would be the one that would end up injured while Mylo would at most be suspended in the Champions League which Oporto would soon be kicked out of, so he would be the only one losing.

Chapter 499: The Villain's Mood

Fweeeeeeeeeeeeeee

{It is over! Uventus have won, and they have done so spectacularly!}

{They chose to do it the hard way, coming back from two goals behind, but with the final scores of the game, one can't help but wonder if they were just taking it easy all along!}

{Amidst the erratic form of their hosts, they coasted to an easy victory, amassing five goals away from home and a three-goal lead that they will be carrying over to the second leg of this round}

{With this type of performance, one can't help but wonder if they already have the ticket to the next round, but football is an interesting game and greater upheavals have happened in football history}

{One thing is for sure, the second leg between these two teams would definitely be a sight to see} The commentator went into theatrics as soon as the whistle was blown, but even after all he had said, he wasn't done.

{There he is, the man of the hour, the man playing against his home team in their own yard, and the man who not only knocked the last nail into the coffin but personally crafted the coffin himself} The commentator began singing Jason's praises, though his choice of words was a bit dubious.

{He's put forth a performance that is worthy of the Man-of-the-Match award he's definitely going to receive, starting with the beautiful assist to Ronaldo that kick-started their comeback, followed by his first goal four minutes later on the counter to equalize with Oporto just before half-time}

{A beautiful mid-air flick was all it took to kick-start their utter dominance in the second half of the game and it was this man who was at the end of it, sending Uventus into the lead. A few minutes later, Chiesa found some space in the box, raising Uventus' tally to four before Jason gave the finishing blow with a beautiful strike that left Marchesin sprawling and lost for answers}

{It is safe to say that this man almost single-handedly orchestrated Oporto's downfall. It is quite ironic considering the circumstances}

At this point, Jason no longer bothered to listen to the commentator's words and just slowly walked off the field with a smile on his face as he dapped up and hugged his teammates, both former and present... except for Mylo of course.

The MOTM award was soon in his hand and he took a few pictures with it before beginning to head towards the tunnel to put down his award before the inevitable post-match interview, but just as he was nearing the tunnel, he saw a familiar face that caused his face to brighten up in surprise.

Changing his direction towards the stands where the Uventus fans were seated, he walked in the direction of the familiar face.

"You didn't tell me you'll be around," Jason said as he neared a smiling Adele in the stands, but before she could reply, the Uventus fans realized Jason's presence and started calling out to him and making all sorts of requests.

"Give me a minute," he said with a wink and turned to some of the fans, pulled off his gloves, and threw it into the crowd.

"Jason, your shirt, your shirt!" someone shouted and caused Jason to turn in his direction.

"You're that guy I met at the hotel in Turin, yeah?" Jason asked, recognizing another face in the crowd.

"You remember me? Oh, that's crazy, this is the best day of my life!" the guy sounded shocked that Jason could remember him as he hadn't expected it.

"Wait till we win the Champions League," Jason laughed as he took off his shirt and threw it at the guy.

Other fans tried to snatch up the jersey, but the guy caught it deftly and guarded it jealously.

"The publicity team is so going to be mad with me," Jason chuckled and turned back to Adele.

"I'm also mad at you, what are you going to give your number one fan if you've given everyone else everything," Adele asked, eyeing him mischievously.

"You already have me, what else do you want, greedy woman," Jason rolled his eyes at her.

"Oh shut up, you and your sweet tongue, I still want something," Adele pouted, doing her best not to blush.

"You can have this then, but first, come over," Jason said, motioning to his award.

"How will I do that?" she asked.

"... Hold this and don't scream," Jason handed over the award to her and she held it carefully with both hands.

"Why would I scre- ahh!" Adele was in the midst of speaking when Jason grabbed her waist and hauled her over the fence with ease before changing his hand placement while she was mid-air and changing her position to hold her in a princess carry.

"Put me down, put me down, people are watching!" Adele blushed and slammed her fists against his chest.

“So?” Jason asked cheekily.

“Put me down or I’ll never talk to you again,” Adele changed her strategy seeing that Jason really had no intention of putting her down. She knew how mischievous he could get, but she didn’t expect him to do this now.

How was she to know that Jason was enjoying holding her soft body in his arms a little too much.

“That’s a lie, the only way that’ll happen is if I ever fire you and that’s never going to happen,” Jason shot back, unaware of her thoughts and pulling her closer to his body.

At this point people were already looking at them and pulling out their phones, but Jason didn’t care.

Normally, he wouldn’t be this shameless, but after what he had done to Mylo in the match, he was feeling light like everything was alright with the world.

Why not go for the win tonight, he already had one and getting another wouldn’t be too bad, right?

“I don’t care, just put me down Jason,” she screamed in a hushed tone and hid her face against his chest, trying to avoid the cameras.

It didn’t occur to her that she could try to struggle out of his hold, though even if she had tried it, she would have failed.

“Promise you’ll go on a date with me, then I’ll think about it,” he smirked, aware of his brazenness at that moment, but hey, he was Jason fu*king Bolu, there wasn’t any girl his face couldn’t pull if he tried hard enough, or so he believed... until Sofia.

‘Fuck,’ he muttered inwardly, now feeling a bad taste in his mouth.

Chapter 500: Ladies And Gentlemen, The Ship Has Sailed

“Really, here?” Adele blushed.

“No time like the present, right?” Jason retorted, dismissing his errant thoughts.

“...” Adele looked up into his face like she wanted to tear him up.

“Fine, fine, just put me down, people are taking pictures now,” Adele quickly gave in as she saw the situation worsening.

“Let them take whatever pictures they want, what does it matter anyway?” Jason didn’t care and he had a big smile on his face as he had achieved his primary objective.

“It matters a lot. Can you put me down now?” Adele muttered in a rush.

“I’m thinking about it,”

“... I guess it’s too much to ask for a kiss,” he muttered, his face drawing closer to hers.

“You guessed correctly. Jason Temiloluwa Boluwatife, put me down!” Adele had had enough.

“Yes ma’am,” Jason snapped at alert on hearing his full government name and put her down immediately.

“As pleasant as it is to watch you two lovebirds, Jason, you have an interview with the Champions League today crew,” Mckennie’s voice came from behind, killing the mood before Jason could make another move.

‘Ah, fu*k, couldn’t it be another time?’ Jason cursed inwardly and wanted to put off the interview, but he also knew that he couldn’t afford to.

While it wasn't compulsory that he answered to the request for an interview, refusing had quite a bit of consequences and Jason didn't need that right now.

"Just go, I'll call you later, or text you," Adele said and began pushing Jason off as she more than anyone else wanted the best for Jason's football career.

If anything, she wanted it just as much as he did, or even more as their success in their respective field was greatly intertwined and if they connected on a much deeper and personal level as what looked to be happening, it would matter even more to her.

"Call me, I want to hear your voice, and don't forget the date," Jason did not stop talking as she pushed him away.

"I won't forget, just go. Don't forget your award," she put the award in his hand and pushed him back to the field.

"Don't forget!" he said one last time before he turned away.

"Oh God," Adele covered her face with both hands, hiding away the blush that was finally breaking out on her face.

'Oh my God, he finally asked me out!!!' she raged inside her head, but outwardly she was trying her best to regulate her breathing.

After a few seconds, she adjusted the baseball hat on her head and pulled out a huge pair of dark sunglasses that she wore over her face to cover her face as some people still had their cameras out and pointed at her after seeing her and Jason together.

'It seems it's time I get that thing done,' she thought to herself and turned away from Jason's back view as well.

It was going to be a busy couple of weeks for her if she wanted things to be ready for what she planned on doing.

She'd also have to avoid Jason finding out until she was done, but she could probably figure that part out easily, after all, they weren't even living in the same country anymore.

... At least for the time being.

"You know, before the game, when I asked you how you felt the game would end up and asked you how it felt to be thrust in the middle of your home team, and your current team, you said you'd do your best and you had no answer," Kate began.

"But then to go out there, and put out a performance like that, I mean wow," she continued, evidently wowed by Jason's performance.

"And against your home team, that's as devious as it is impressive," Henry added at the end of her statement.

"... Uh, thanks... I guess," Jason replied with a little laugh.

"The performance you just put out today, I don't think many people can pull that out even if they tried," Jamie spoke, commending Jason as well.

"Titi, do you think you could do something like this in your prime against, let's say Arsenal?" Micah, as the root of most of the exciting conversations, debates, and jokes, could not help himself from asking.

"Against Arsenal, ah well... Why not Mornaco, that's my first club?" Henry asked.

"Well, they don't present as much of a challenge as Oporto," Micah explained.

"I don't think so though, Mornaco is a very good team," Henry tried to defend his first professional team.

"Not as good as Oporto," Micah insisted.

"... Anyhow, if I was in good form, then it wouldn't be impossible to pull it off," Henry admitted, rubbing his nose with confidence.

"Against prime Arsenal under Arsene Wenger?" Micah asked like he was about to start the greatest debate of all time.

"If it was when I was playing with Barcelona, then yes, we could do it for sure," Henry countered.

"It would definitely be possible if it was that Bacerlona with Messi, Henry, Xavi, Iniesta, Busquets, and the others for sure," Jason added in Henry's support.

"With that Barcelona, it was definitely possible," everyone agreed instantly as their minds flashed back to the Barcelona of that time.

"That's definitely true, but what I want to know is how you feel after that performance. You know it's your home team that was at the wrong end of your good performance,"

"Did it feel weird, like did you have some conflicted feelings playing that well and being the driving force behind their defeat," Kate asked Jason, changing the topic.

"... To be honest, I don't know how to answer that question, all I did out there was my job."

"Oporto might be my home team and I'll return to them at the end of the season, but for now, I wear the Uventus shirt and they pay my wages, or at least part of it, so I'm obligated to do my best out there,"

"That's kind of the right thing to do, anything other than that is bad sportsmanship," Jason gave his opinion, answering the question as well.

“Wait, so Oporto is paying you to get beaten by you?” Micah asked before Kate could say anything.

“I don’t think that’s the point here,” Jason almost burst out laughing at this guy picking out the worst part of his statement.

“Absolutely not the point, that will just ruin the moods of the Oporto side even more, and speaking of ruined moods, it seems some of your former teammates don’t feel too willing to let your performance against them slide,” Kate quickly used her skills to change the topic once more to a less uncomfortable one.

“Oh? What do you mean?” Jason asked, slightly confused for a second, but then remembered the issue with Mylo a few minutes earlier.

“We’ve been hearing that your strained relationship with some of your teammates was one of the major factors contributing to your decision to leave Oporto on loan, but what happened on the field comes as a shock to a lot of people,”

“What was that about?” Kate asked.

“Yeah, I feel like there’s a lot of things we’re not seeing in this matter,” Micah added as well, especially curious about this matter.

“Strained relationship is a weird way to put it, but I guess because of the high emotions and rising tension with the time running out was part of what caused that earlier scuffle,” Jason lied through his teeth with a smile on his face.

‘There is absolutely no relationship between me and that snake after all,’

“Still, for that kid, er, Mylo to try and punch you like that is totally unacceptable behaviour,” Jamie interjected his sense of discipline and sportsmanship sparking to life.

“You wouldn’t have stolen his girlfriend or something like that, right?” Henry asked laughingly, making it clear that he was joking, but Jason was stunned by the irony he was hit with at being asked that question.

“I couldn’t even if I tried to, the guy switches between girls faster than I can manage. I’m not one for that kind of lifestyle,”

‘Anymore,’ he added internally.

“Oh whoo whoooo whooo, he may not be hitting all the targets on the field, but he’s definitely hitting the targets elsewhere,” Micah laughed loudly at his own joke.

“This guy,” Kate laughed, resisting the urge to face palm.

“So you’re a single relationship type of person?” Henry asked.

“With that face?” Jamie added.

“I was just about to say the same thing?” Micah said as well, laughing loudly.

Jason just laughed, stylishly evading the question as he didn’t want to get into an argument on how that was supposedly ‘wasting his talents’.

“Uh Jason, with this game in the bag and three goals advantage, not to mention the away goal advantage, do you think Uventus’ passage to the quarter finals is secured, or do you believe Oporto has it in them to cause an upset at the Allianz Arena?” Kate asked, returning everyone’s focus to the fact that this was a sports show.

“Uh, well, this is Champions League football, crazier things have happened and I wouldn’t put it past Oporto to perform a wondrous come-back, but we’ll be prepared and will do our best to hold on to our advantage and not disappoint the fans,”

"I have high hopes for Uventus this season," Jason answered boldly.