

LEGENDS 511

Chapter 511: Cliche I

The Black Ferrari came to a stop in a parking lot by the side of the street, and the engine's rumble came to a stop, indicating that the engine had been turned off.

"Disguising yourself as a normal person, but driving a car like this is kind of counter-effective, isn't it?" Adele said to Jason as he pushed open his door to get down.

"Not really. All that will happen is people looking at the car. It could even help me divert people's attention a bit,"

"Nobody would want to spend time looking at me when there's you and this car beside me," Jason laughed as they got out of the car.

"Or they could be more interested in who owns this kind of car and can pull off a girl like me," Adele said, turning her nose up.

"Obnoxious much?" Jason wanted to laugh at the woman's antics.

"Hey, I've checked myself in a mirror a few times, and this..." Adele began, pointing to herself,

"Is in the top 1 percent," she said proudly and used her eyes to signal to him.

There were people already looking their way after seeing the Ferrari, whose presence alone commanded attention.

"I don't know what's more beautiful, your face or your confidence, but you're lucky to be standing next to this Greek God of absolute perfection," Jason matched her shamelessness aura for aura.

"Since people are already looking, why don't we give them a show?" Jason began, his hand snaking around her waist.

“They’ll have to pay for that kind of service,” Adele replied, putting a finger on Jason’s lips before it came any closer, but she didn’t remove his hand from around her waist.

The two of them walked away from the car and began their walk along the river bank, enjoying each other’s company and talking about whatever came up.

For once, Jason, who wasn’t one for talking too much, didn’t run out of things to say when talking to her.

Of course, part of that was because whenever he seemed to be running out of words to say, he’d just look at Adele and would instantly come up with another way to compliment her features, both physical and non-physical.

This way, they never ran out of anything to talk about, but after about an hour, Adele had gotten hungrier so they headed to a nearby cafe to get some food, but before they reached the cafe, Adele found a bench and could not resist sitting down.

“Too hungry to take another step. I’d die without food right now,” she exaggerated as she lay sprawled out on the bench.

“There’s a cafe in front though,” Jason tried to motivate her to stand up.

“That one?” Adele asked, looking at the shop in front, which looked like it was a hundred kilometers away in her eyes.

“I can’t do it. You go buy the food, I’ll wait here,” she said, not wanting to take another step forward after getting comfortable on the bench.

“Or I could carry you there?” Jason suggested, not minding the chance to hold her closer, even if it was only on his back.

“Save that until when we’re going back. I’m not walking all the way back,” Adele intoned, doing all she could to get him to go.

“Shoo shoo, go get the food. I’ll only get hungrier, the longer you stand around,” Adele pushed him off while still sitting down.

“Okay, okay, I’m going,” Jason said, giving in and heading to the cafe alone.

While Jason went to get food, Adele sat up on the bench and took out her phone as she waited.

While she was scrolling about on her phone to entertain herself while she waited, she didn’t notice that some eyes were settling on her.

A group of guys were walking by, talking and laughing as they moved, when suddenly, one of them caught sight of Adele sitting on the bench.

He quickly called the attention of the other four guys, and they all looked over.

“Look at that piece of art, man,” one said as he looked intently at Adele.

While the others had only looked at her to admire from far off, he wasn’t interested in only admiring from afar.

He had just got a big break in the forex market and had made over 3 million Euros in his last trade, hence he had called out his guys to celebrate.

Now that a girl who fitted his aesthetic requirements had appeared, what else did he need to complete the night but her?

“She is fine, and she is alone, bro... move,” one of the guys who had noticed his intent pushed him.

“Come on, guys, she probably has a boyfriend. A girl can’t be that fine and not have a man in her life,”

“Also, she’s probably not from around here,” the newly made millionaire but on the back burners with whatever excuses he could think up so he could change his own mind.

“How would she have a boyfriend and be on the riverbank alone and on her phone, bro?” One of his friends retorted immediately, trying to motivate him.

“Even if she has a boyfriend, so what? The best man gets to keep the girl bro. We got your back if her boyfriend ever wants to throw hands,” another one of his friends motivated him, and the rest pushed him forward.

With his friends pushing him forward, the guy had no choice but to make his move.

He walked up to where Adele was sitting, his mind working at the pace of a matching gun firing consecutively as he tried to think of what to say.

“What’s a beautiful girl like you doing here alone at this time of day?” The words came out before he was even sure of himself as he reached Adele.

Hearing someone talking to her, Adele looked up, but she didn’t recognize the face in front of her neither could he understand his words as she didn’t know that much Italian.

“Sorry, I don’t speak Italian,” Adele replied in English, doing her best to sound polite despite her suspicions about what was going on.

Chapter 512: Cliche II

‘I knew it,’ the guy sweatdropped as the difficulty of this conquest increased.

Luckily, he could speak English and didn’t plan on giving up easily.

Switching his language package, he opened his mouth again,

“You look like you’re waiting for someone,”

“Well, I’m here now, and I don’t plan on leaving until I get your number,” he said confidently, following the guidelines for taking to girls he had always seen in pick-up videos online.

Unfortunately, real life wasn’t YouTube, and his words didn’t have the desired effects on Adele.

“Okay, wow,” Adele almost burst out laughing, giving the guy the illusion that she was “feeling him.”

“What makes you think it’s you I was waiting for... You?” She asked him, covering her mouth to stop her laughter from bursting out.

“Who else but me can catch your eye?” The guy continued, deciding to continue with the brazen confidence play as it seemed to be working, not knowing that his delusion was not allowing him to hear the wrong tone in her voice.

“I’m not going to waste time with small talk. I want to take you out, get to know you, and see where this goes,”

“Tonight,” he continued in brazen confidence, not even allowing her to get a word in.

It always worked in the YouTube videos, but to Adele, it was causing her patience towards his stupidity to decrease at an alarming rate. Before she could respond, her eyes caught sight of something, and she killed off the rude comeback that was about to fly out of her mouth.

“I’m sorry. I have a boyfriend, so you’ll be going out alone,” Adele laughed, no longer able to hold in her laughter.

“That sucks for sure, but I already said I wasn’t leaving unless I got your number,” the guy said confidently, thinking to himself that Adele was playing hard to get.

“Oh, you’ll be leaving for sure,” a voice came from behind him, and he turned around in surprise at how close to him it sounded.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, are you a ninja or something?” the man cursed as he stepped away and turned back, only to see a man in a baggy gray hoodie and matching gray joggers.

“Close enough... I’m the boyfriend she was talking about,” Jason said, glancing at Adele before his eyes returned to the idiot who couldn’t keep his hands to himself.

“Oh, you’re her boyfriend?” The forex idiot raised an eyebrow, and his eyes wavered. He scanned Jason from head to toe, but apart from the guy being tall, he couldn’t see much.

The clothes Jason was wearing covered his figure well enough, and his disguise, coupled with the fact that the sun was no longer in the sky, made it difficult for anyone to recognize him. Other than the guy feeling a slight sense of familiarity with him, he couldn’t recognize any distinct features.

‘Is this my competition?’ the man thought as he scanned Jason, his eyes turning to Adele.

Suddenly feeling like he should make a big move, he thought of something quickly and pulled out a tiny notepad and a pen from his pocket.

“The adult human body has 206 bones,” he did his best to sound like an intellectual as he scribbled his phone number onto paper.

“If you want to make that 207 with me,” he said, ripping the paper out of the note once he was done.

“Call me,” he said, holding the paper to Adele.

“And if you want to experience what it feels like to have all two hundred and six of those bones broken, keep pushing the line,” Jason countered immediately the guy stopped talking.

Up until this point, Jason had been merely amused by this guy’s antics. He had arrived nearby when the guy first reached Adele and had watched and heard everything happen as he quietly walked closer.

It wasn't like he was testing her, but he had been curious to see what would happen with such a situation in play.

When Adele said she had a boyfriend, happiness washed through him, and he slipped up. Adele noticed his arrival, but she hadn't reacted, allowing him to arrive behind the annoying fly.

Usually, if a fly were buzzing around, a human wouldn't be bothered, but once that fly started being annoying by buzzing too near one's ears or food, then it was time for that fly to go.

This guy had become an annoying fly, and Jason was done being amused.

This fly, however, didn't think of itself as a fly.

With a few arriving comrades, he didn't lose his composure and maintained his momentum. He stared directly at Jason, not backing down.

The guy's friends seemed to have noticed what was happening earlier and had arrived beside their friend, helping him hold his ground against Jason.

"Yo chill man, he's just talking to her," one of them said, causing Jason's eyes to turn to him.

"You're not one of those guys who wouldn't allow their girlfriends even to have friends, are you?" another guy said, trying to attack from a moral standpoint.

"Is this for me?" Adele broke the standoff between the two sides as she moved close to Jason and collected one of the paper bags in his hand, her back to the other group.

"Calm down, don't get into a fight," she whispered to him, causing Jason to look at her. His annoyance began to dissipate as he stared into her eyes, which were pleading with him to calm down.

"They have more people, and you'll be injured," she whispered again, trying to dissuade him further.

This situation had arisen because of her, and she didn't want things to turn to violence as she was scared for Jason.

She believed he should be able to hold his own in a fight, given his fitness levels, but he was currently up against five able-bodied men.

She didn't know that Jason could make short work of the five guys even if they came together and it wouldn't cost him much more than a few hits at most... no one, but Jason knew that.

"Think of your career, it will be a scandal if you're caught fighting," she continued, not seeing Jason's face waver in the slightest as it remained as impassive as ever.

"... Then, I'll just not be caught," Jason whispered with a grin and his free hand snaked around her waist.

While he did that, he stared directly at the annoying fly and his crew, watching as their face hardened and enjoying every second of it.

Chapter 513: A Sleepyhead I

"Let's go man, this one's a bust," one of the forex idiot's friends said to him, trying to end the standoff, as there was no point in getting into a fight over a girl.

Worse still when they were the aggressors who were disturbing a girl who already had a man in her life, but the forex idiot, with his confidence boosted by his success and his delusion that Adele was impressed by him earlier, didn't want to let go so easily.

"Come on man, let's go," another member of the group with a perfectly functioning brain tried to cajole their friend into leaving with them.

"You should listen to your friends. They're smart people, and sadly, I can't say the same for you," Jason taunted, pulling Adele closer.

His every action annoyed his competitor, but after balling his fists tightly for a few more seconds, he decided to give up and move on.

He and his friends were out to celebrate his success at becoming a millionaire before he turned 20. If he couldn't get one girl now, there would be plenty of girls where they were going.

"Let's go," the guy sighed and turned away, having calmed down enough for his brain to take the reins once again.

"How anti-climatic... no one has any balls these days," Jason muttered as he watched them walk away.

He didn't know when it started but he had been hoping for a fight, it felt like there was some tension and feelings that needed to be released through his fists, but for tonight, that plan was a bust.

"Were you actually going to fight them?" Adele asked him in confusion, the unwavering look in his eyes alarming her.

"There are only two ways to have a conversation, and words weren't working, so you tell me," Jason replied, still not letting go of Adele, who had been pressed against him earlier, and she seemed not to have noticed.

"No, no, no, you can't do that. What will happen to you if you get injured?" Adele sounded worried.

"Other girls want their man to get into fights, but you want me to stay out of them?" Jason had an eyebrow up, amused.

"I'm not a stupid teenager who doesn't think about repercussions,"

"Also, you're my client. If something happened to you, then it might as well have happened to me." Adele finally noticed how close she was to Jason and pushed his hand away so she could step back.

"A fight is never a good idea," she said as she stepped back.

“Well, sometimes, it’s the only idea,” Jason muttered. He took out a pannini from his paper bag and bit into it.

“Fighting is never the only ide-... oh, what is this, it’s good,” Adele’s philosophical talk was interrupted when the burst of flavors from her pannini reached her mouth.

“A pannini, which is just a sandwich with different flavors from what you’re used to,” Jason replied and continued eating his pannini, no longer thinking about the group of buzzers that had been annoying earlier.

‘Maybe I need to start fighting again,’ he wondered internally, sitting on the bench.

He had been feeling an itch in his fists for a while and wondered if he should take up martial arts again. Otherwise, one day, he would want to fight and be beaten black and blue because he hadn’t practiced in a while.

“Move over,” Adele said, pushing him to another side of the bench.

She had already warmed the seat earlier and Jason was trying to enjoy the warmth for free while she sat at a cold part of the bench and had to rewarm it?

No way!

Jason also didn’t want to sit on a cold part of the bench after enjoying some warmth earlier and wanted to push her away, but a second later, another idea popped up in his head.

Why go for a pre-warmed seat when you can have the heater?

“Why are you so warm, though?” he had to ask, as he was the one wearing warm clothes, yet his body temperature was lower than hers, who was just wearing a blouse and a blazer.

“Cause I’m hot?” Adele replied matter of factly with so much confidence Jason had to pause and look at her in shock.

“And now, you’re my body warmer,” he finally reiterated and tried to use her shoulder as a pillow.

Adele didn’t bother complaining about Jason’s head on her shoulder as she knew he would not listen to her, but soon, her shoulder started hurting, so she pulled his head down to her thighs.

‘Even better!’ Jason was dancing inside his head, but outwardly, he maintained his cool and continued eating in silence as Adele was too preoccupied with wolfing down her food.

Knowing better than to disturb a hungry woman, Jason focused on his own food. Though it was a bit uncomfortable to eat in a lying position, he wasn’t going to get up even if someone begged him at this point.

‘I wonder what made that guy so confident that he kept pushing like that though,’ Jason wondered internally, his mind once again returning to the situation he came back to meet.

‘Did someone not tell him that most of those youtube videos are staged?’ Jason continued wondering about a lot of things and before he knew it, he was done eating.

“Ready to head back?” Jason asked, ready to leave, but he heard no response.

“Adele?” he called out again, unable to see her face from his position, but there was still no response.

“There’s no way right?” a sudden thought suddenly popped up in his head and he stood up slowly only to discover that he was right.

This girl was already sleeping!

Jason already knew that she had been busy for a while and that with the added stress of seatmates in the plane, she must be extremely tired and that was why he was already planning to end the outing for

the night here despite still having a few plans in mind, but who knew that Adele was already a few steps ahead of him.

“What do I do with this?” he muttered, at a loss of what to do.

Chapter 514: A Sleepyhead II

He could simply wake her up, and then they could head back to where the car was parked, but he didn’t want to do that because she was sleeping so peacefully.

He also couldn’t leave her here so he could bring his car closer. First, that wasn’t possible since there were no roads for a car this close to the riverbank, and second, even if he could bring his car over, he couldn’t leave her here, asleep and completely unguarded.

It wasn’t likely that anything would happen, but Jason didn’t want to take that risk.

“She didn’t even tell me what hotel she had booked a room for the night,” he muttered to himself.

“Ugh,” Jason groaned and tried to shake her awake, but after trying unsuccessfully for more than ten seconds, he suddenly remembered a particular event from the past.

It was the first day the two of them had kissed, and it was a mistake, but that wasn’t what Jason was remembering.

It was that Adele was a particularly heavy sleeper who almost couldn’t be woken up unless she wanted to be woken up or he did something extreme.

He hadn’t been able to wake her up that day, and he doubted he would be able to wake her up easily today.

‘... Guess I’ll have to carry her back to the car,’ he finally decided, but first, he stepped back and took a couple of pictures that he would use to pester her in the future.

His labor couldn't be in vain after all.

Once he was done taking about a hundred pictures from all sorts of angles, he finally put his phone into his pocket and began to lift Adele, somehow managing to get her on his back, yet even as he did all this, she kept sleeping like she was drugged.

When her head was on his shoulder, and he finally stood up straight after getting her in a comfortable position, he started walking.

'See this woman, imagine if I was a kidnapper,' he laughed to himself and thanked God internally that it was nighttime.

As a black man, Jason couldn't help wondering when the police were going to walk up to him and ask why he was carrying an unconscious white woman, but luckily, this was a romantic spot, so carrying a woman on one's back wasn't all that uncommon.

That and the amiable smile Jason forced on his face all throughout the journey to his car helped in making sure he got to his car without any trouble.

On getting to his car, though, he found that his car was not alone and that some girls were taking pictures with his car.

Jason just shook his head and kept walking, not caring that he was interrupting the girls' mini photo shoot.

Before the girls could begin complaining and shouting at him to get out of the camera's view, Jason put his hand on the door and pulled it open.

The girls who had already opened their mouth to shout at the rude interrupter closed their mouths without uttering a word and stepped back when they saw that he was the owner of the car, however Jason wasn't paying attention to them and was more focused on getting Adele into her seat, wondering how she could sleep through all that just happened.

“She sleeps like a damn Koala and hugs like one, too,” Jason muttered in a low tone as he had a more challenging time prying her off his body compared to when he was trying to carry her.

When he was finally done, he closed the door and headed around the car to the driver’s side, but one of the girls who was taking pictures with his car had come back.

“Hey, I’m Jenna,” she introduced herself, trying to start a conversation as he pulled open the door of the car.

“I have no need for that information,” Jason muttered without a glance and got into the driver’s seat, shutting the door behind him and leaving a completely stunned woman behind.

Starting up the engine, he immediately drove away, not even curious to know what the girl wanted to talk to him about.

It wouldn’t matter anyway.

Since he didn’t know the hotel Adele had booked, there was no other option than to go to his house instead because even if he managed to somehow get the location, she couldn’t check in with she was sleeping.

“Why does she sleep like she’s completely wasted, though?” he rolled his eyes and continued driving to his place.

Less than an hour later, he was in his garage, the door of the garage closing behind him.

Up till this point, Adele had still not woken up despite Jason’s less than savory driving that he had done purposely to try and see if she would wake up, yet, she somehow slept through all of that.

At this point, Jason was worried whether she was actually sleeping or in a self-induced coma, but who was he to say that she did not put herself into a self-induced coma to sleep?

Whatever it was left Jason baffled to no end, but it didn't change what he had to do as he came out of the car and once again carried Adele out.

Taking her to a guestroom inside the guest house, he placed her down on the bed and took off her shoes before going to bring her bag from inside the car and placing it in her room.

After making sure everything in the room was set up well so she wouldn't suffocate or freeze to death overnight, he covered her with a blanket after taking off her watch to ensure she didn't injure herself while sleeping, as well as removing her blazer, he left the room, wondering how a date had turned into this.

Not that he was expecting anything to happen, but falling asleep on a date was anti-climatic and annoyingly comical.

He couldn't even fault it and just laughed to himself as he thought about it.

At least in the future he could say that he had her sleepover at his place on their first date.

Chapter 515: Scouting Duties I

****25th February 2021****

7:12 a.m.

Jason stepped back into the house after his usual early morning training sessions with Ronaldo. With one part of his daily routine done, he returned to the house to quickly freshen up before heading to the Uventus training ground for the team's training.

Remembering that Adele had stayed overnight, he changed directions and went to the room he had put her in the night before.

Once at the door, he knocked, trying to find out if she was awake, but there was no response.

Seeing no response, he turned away and headed towards his own room as he couldn't barge into a room with a woman inside.

What if she was changing clothes or had woken up at midnight and taken off her clothes because she liked sleeping naked?

Jason didn't know anything about this habit, but he wasn't going to take chances.

For one, this wasn't 'his' house; he was merely borrowing it, so there was no 'my house, my rules' in this situation.

Plus he thought he had heard the sound of running water, so as long as he wasn't hearing things, then she might be in the bathroom.

Unfortunately, their relationship hadn't reached one where he could jump into the bathroom with her yet, so he regained his focus and stopped imagining 'wet' things.

He quickly headed to his own room and jumped into the bath, as he didn't have time to hang around.

Team training began in about an hour and a half, and he was still at home.

He hadn't had his bath, cooked, or done anything else.

Naturally, he didn't have to cook anything as he could get food at the club, but he couldn't leave his Koala of an agent-turned-girlfriend at home without food, or who knows what would happen.

He hurriedly took his bath, dressed up, grabbed his already packed sports bag, and headed to the kitchen.

While he was fumbling around with kitchen utensils and ingredients, trying to quickly whip something up before he ran out of time, he heard footsteps.

Before long, Adele appeared, looking unsure of where she was going until she saw him.

She wore completely different clothes, cementing Jason's guess that she had been bathing earlier.

"Good morning," she said, the unsure look on her face disappearing like smoke and being replaced by a smile.

"She's not dead? Glory!" Jason exclaimed in mock enthusiasm.

"I was tired!" Adele replied, immediately understanding what he meant by such ambiguous words.

"Is that your excuse for that self-induced coma you call sleep?" Jason shot back, rolling his eyes, but his hands didn't stop moving as he continued doing what he was doing before her arrival.

"Self-induced coma?"

"That's a new one. My mum always says I sleep like a phone on airplane mode," Adele laughed, seemingly unbothered by her sleeping habits. It was clear she had come to terms with it a long time ago.

"Clearly, your mum has a good sense of humor,"

"Did she also tell you that you tend to hang onto people like a Koala when you sleep?"

Jason picked up his phone and quickly looked for a few pictures of her sleeping that he had taken the previous night and sent them to her.

Jason thought she wouldn't see it now since she wasn't with her phone, but he suddenly heard a vibration, and Adele pulled out her phone from her back pocket.

'That lucky mofo,' Jason thought as he looked at the skin-tight jean trousers she was wearing.

'Am I getting jealous of a phone now,' he realized and laughed to himself.

"... If these pictures ever see the light of day, you would stop seeing it," Adele said, turning to him with a smile that wasn't a smile.

"You were so much cuter when you were asleep," Jason shook his head tearfully.

"Did you carry me? Like all the way to the car? And then inside this place?" Adele asked, looking around at her surroundings.

"Can you fly while you sleep?" Jason asked.

"... Even birds can't do that," Adele replied, walking towards him.

"I guess that answers your question," Jason muttered, slicing thin strips of meat, not paying attention to Adele, who had stopped beside him and seemed to be looking at what he was doing.

There was a short silence after that, but before he could ask what caused the sudden silence, he suddenly felt something on his cheek, and it did not take him a second to recognize it.

"Thank you," Adele said after pulling away from him before what had just happened to him fully registered in his head.

"I- Uh... Oh... Uhm..."

"Uh, you're welcome," Jason said, feeling like his brain was short-circuiting.

His head went blank for no reason, but he managed to draw his mind back from the edge of whatever abyss it was about to fall into.

Adele chuckled as she saw the existential crisis Jason had for a few seconds after her peck.

“So, uh... Ahem,”

“So when will you be going back to Porto?” Jason asked, trying to get his brain cells moving again.

“Maybe by the weekend. Since I’m here on ‘official duties’, I technically only have to leave when I’m done with my business,” Adele calmly said, swiping a slice of meat from the and throwing it into her mouth.

“Official business?”

“What official business?” this was the first Jason had ever heard of this.

“Scouting,” Adele said nonchalantly, trying to grab another slice of meat, but Jason grabbed her hand and prevented her from swiping anything else.

“If you keep eating everything, there will be nothing left,” Jason grumbled and tried to push her out of the kitchen.

“Isn’t that kind of the whole point of cooking? Why put together the ingredients when I can eat them all by themselves?” Adele retorted, but it was clear that it was her stomach that was speaking.

“For taste... tasteee!”

“Would you eat an onion alone if I gave you one?” Jason scoffed, rolling his eyes to the heavens at this woman’s antics.

Chapter 516: Scouting Duties II

“So, scouting... you’re looking for new players to get under your wing, or it’s for the company?” Jason asked after they had moved past Adele’s food stealing.

“Actually, it depends. The player could choose to sign with me as an agent, or they could choose an agency-type contract,”

“For example, you are directly signed with me, but Darwin has more trust in the agency than he does me, so he is primarily contracted to the agency.”

“I’m just the point of contact and, technically, his agent. However, if one day I decide to leave the agency, I would stop being his agent,” Adele explained, her eyes staying on the pan where Jason was stirring together all sorts of animal and plant ingredients, causing a delicious aroma to spread around the kitchen.

“Oh...” Jason muttered. He already knew that but didn’t interrupt her.

“Yeah, so, currently, I’m on scouting duty for the agency here in Italy and would be looking for young talents that the agency wouldn’t mind getting on their books,”

“As for whether those talents wish to be contracted directly to me, who only has you, or an agency with superagents like my boss, who is Ronaldo’s agent, as well as other top stars... is their decision,” Adele sighed.

“Hey, I’m a lot. Put some respect on my name. What the fu*k you talking about only having me?” Jason cut off whatever depression streak that seemed to want to break out.

“Yes, yes, you’re a lot, Mr. Champions League assist leader.” Adele laughed at Jason’s support, but it did make her feel better.

“Yeah, yeah, say some more,” Jason nodded to himself, enjoying the praise.

“That’s all I got. You have to achieve some more notable achievements first,” Adele laughed.

“Not that you don’t already have a lot of achievements when considering your age,” she hurriedly added.

“You’re already an outlier in the football world as your performances so far have been a sight to see, and a lot of people are already calling you the next big thing,”

“You’re already coming up in discussions with names like Mbappe, Haaland, Felix, and a lot of other young talents who took the football world by storm,”

“Hmmm... I’m flattered, I guess,” Jason said with an embarrassed smile, as Adele’s words reminded him of how far he had come.

So far, he had just been doing his best on the field and on the training time and hadn’t taken the time to reflect on the heights he had already achieved.

Adele’s words were letting him know that his efforts weren’t in vain and maybe, one day, he’d also be able to reach the heights he hoped to achieve.

“Anyway... if you know all that was being said about your client...”

“The oh so great Me... I might add,”

“Then why would you doubt your abilities as an agent?”

“Not to mention, you managed to get me a deal to a team like Uventus after just a year of me playing football,”

“That’s an achievement no matter how I look at it,” Jason recounted, trying to motivate her.

“Yeah, well, Darwin didn’t seem to think that,” Adele sighed, remembering her last failed attempt at getting another player directly signed to her instead of the agency.

Originally, she had thought things were going well, but while Darwin had plans to sign papers with her involved, it was just so he could be signed to the agency behind her.

He wasn't actually willing to put his career into the hands of a young and inexperienced agent like her, no matter what her credentials seemed to say.

He wasn't the only one, too.

Many people seemed to think that either she was lucky or that maybe Jason wasn't thinking straight because of his youth and had signed with her instead of the agency in the spur of the moment... probably because of her appearance.

She knew that it wasn't true. While she couldn't deny that she and Jason had a relationship closer than business relationship now, none of that was there when they first met.

However, other people didn't know that and weren't interested in finding out.

This was one reason she kept disagreeing with Jason's opinion that she should start her own agency.

She didn't have that pull as an agent yet.

What she needed now was more time.

As long as Jason kept performing well and she could show off her skills as an agent by his side, she would one day be able to start her own agency.

"Well, Darwizzy is a fool, and you're stupid for letting what he did get to you,"

Jason's words broke through Adele's somber mood like a sudden thunder.

"How will you let someone who doesn't even have ten goals after half a season disturb you, especially when he is the so-called biggest transfer of the Primera Liga?" Jason continued, his words quite rude and unfeeling, but he couldn't stand seeing Adele look depressed and unhappy like that when all she was doing was chasing her dreams like he was doing.

“... Actually, that’s because he’s currently injured,” Adele unintentionally tried to correct Jason’s thinking.

“Fu*k that!”

“He played nine games before he got injured and only scored once. Biggest transfer, my a**,” Jason lashed back, fuming.

“He also has five assists, though,” Adele tried to speak up for one of her clients.

“Well, maybe he should become a winger or a midfielder then. Cuz all he’s hitting up front is the bar!”

“Don’t badmouth him. He’s trying his best,” Adele gasped, finding the situation funny for some reason.

“Why the hell do you have more crossbars than goals in a season as a striker?”

“If you can explain that to me, maybe I just might stop bad-mouthing him and also stop thinking of you as dumb for letting his actions affect you,” Jason scoffed.

“You think I’m dumb for letting his actions affect me?” Adele asked stupendously with her hand on her chest.

“What are you if not dumb?”

“You’re the one always giving me advice about not letting what others say affect me, yet here you are doing the exact thing you advised me against,”

“Dumba**,” he calmly said like his words were not harsh at all.

Chapter 517: Scouting Duties III

“Okay, Okay, I get it,”

“I won’t let it get to me, and I’ll keep doing what I’ve always been doing,” Adele sighed, admitting her fault.

“And that is?” Jason asked, turning off the heat of the cooker.

“Working hard to achieve my dreams. What other people think doesn’t matter,”

“... I’ll just keep going,” she muttered.

“Now, you’re talking,” Jason laughed, fully agreeing with Adele’s words.

“I don’t need the person who’s supposed to be watching my back thinking that she isn’t up to the task,”

“That can lead to mistakes that will affect both of us... and like you said, babe, we’re on the same boat,” Jason laughed.

“Alright, this is for you,” he continued, gesturing at the food.

“I need to be going. Team training begins soon,” he said, taking off the oven mitts he had on and going to wash his hands.

“Can I follow you out? I also need to be on the move. Scouting doesn’t happen by staying in one place,” Adele countered.

“If you could call me a cab or something, that’d be great,” she said as she grabbed a plate.

“Does what you’re doing need you to travel around all of Italy?” Jason laughed.

"Of course not. The agency doesn't have that kind of money to waste on looking for non-guaranteed sources of income,"

"It's mostly looking for information through stats, phone calls, videos, and then physical meetings with scouts who know the kind of people I'm looking for,"

"Only when there is a confirmed target do I have to travel anywhere," Adele explained, already eating.

"So you're not leaving Turin then?" Jason asked, enjoying watching her eat for some reason.

"For now, not yet," Adele replied, feeling a bit self-conscious because of how Jason watched her eat, but she didn't let it affect her at all and she continued eating.

"Do you have an international driver's license?" Jason asked another question.

"Yeah... You really should have just gone and become a chef, ugh... this tastes so good," Adele moaned as she chewed.

"Babe, it's just meat and vegetables mixed together and fried together with eggs. It doesn't even have a name," Jason rolled his eyes, feeling that this glazing was a bit too much for him.

"So you created a whole new recipe just because you wanted to cook something for me?"

"Yup, you definitely can't let this talent go to waste. Also, I'm so touched,"

"I'm also so honored to be the first person to partake of this epitome of deliciousness," she spoke, complementing her words with theatrical actions that fit her words perfectly.

"Whatever drama queen, hurry up, you can use my car to go wherever you want to go while I'm at training," Jason rolled his eyes and got up, grabbing his bag.

“*Cough*”

“Your car? The Ferrari?” Adele asked like she couldn’t believe her ears.

“Do I have any other car in Turin?” Jason replied sarcastically.

“Hurry up, let’s gooo!” he tried to hurry her.

“Who just lends someone a Ferrari without much thought?” Adele asked him, stunned.

“Me. And I’m lending you, so if you crash it, you will be working for me forever... for free,” Jason smiled wildly.

“... Something tells me that you wouldn’t mind if that happened,” Adele glared at him suspiciously.

“A chance to get you to be mine forever? Why wouldn’t I be interested,”

“Just hurry up and meet me in the car,”

“Wheels up in ten,” Jason said and walked out of the room.

“Wheels up in ten?” Adele repeated incredulously.

“Do you think this is a movie or that your Ferrari is a plane?” Adele shouted after him.

“Between how much it costs and how fast it moves, there isn’t that much of a difference!” Jason shouted back

“So hurry up!” he added.

“...”

‘He’s not wrong though,’ Adele suddenly thought but didn’t spend much time diving into her thoughts.

She quickly finished her meal and then looked for something to pack the rest of the food still in the pot.

She wasn’t going to leave anything behind for sure... not when it tasted good.

Once she was done, she quickly headed to her room and grabbed her office bag then she started running back to the kitchen only to realize that she didn’t know the way out of the house... or to the garage.

Remembering the direction Jason had left in, she tried to follow his steps and soon enough she found her way out as the kitchen wasn’t far from the house’s entrance and the way to the garage was near the entrance.

“I was beginning to think you weren’t coming,” Jason said. Jason met her at the garage entrance, and it seemed like he had been coming back to find her.

“Well, you didn’t tell me what was the way to the garage,” Adele said and stepped past him.

“Yeah, I just remembered. That’s why I was coming back,” Jason replied sheepishly, scratching his hair.

“Let’s just go. Aren’t you already running late,”

“Nah, I’m not really late; I just like arriving early,” Jason smiled and opened the car door for her to get in.

“So you wake up early to train, go to training earlier than others to train even more, train along with everyone else, and then still stay back after training to train some more?” Adele put together the situation in her head.

She had always known Jason was a hard worker, but this was the first time she realized it was to this extent. He was even more hardworking now than when they first met.

“That’s kinda how Champions are made... and if I don’t become Champion with this, then the fault doesn’t lie with me,” Jason laughed at himself and the fickleness of fate because he knew that just like how hard work could take one to the top.

One could also work hard all the days of their life and have nothing to show for it other than their own development as an individual.

This wasn’t the time to think about that.

He could do that after retirement... and retirement was far into the future for him.

Chapter 518: Mark of A Predator’s Territory

After starting the engine a second time to turn on the gas engine, Jason slowly drove the Ferrari out of the garage.

Once out of the garage, the garage door slowly shut behind him needing no actions from him as it functioned on sensors and would automatically close after the sensors detected a car leave or enter.

The sensors didn’t open automatically for someone coming in from the outside, though.

Jason slowly drove down the pathway to the gate. Before long, they came to the front of the main house, and surprisingly, it wasn’t devoid of people.

A white Bentley was waiting there, and Georgina and her children were about to get into it. Ronaldo was also there to see them off, and he was carrying his youngest daughter.

"There's my landlord," Jason said and wound down the window so he could wave at the children who he had a good relationship with.

Especially Junior, who was usually with them during training.

The children waved back, but Jason bringing down the tinted window allowed everyone to see Adele in the car.

"You're leaving already?" Ronaldo asked him, not too surprised as a lot of times, Jason left for the training ground earlier than him whenever he was on father duty like he was now... which was a lot of times.

"Yeah, I would say race you, but we both know you can only eat my dust," Jason taunted with a smile.

"On the field or on the streets?" Ronaldo asked, not bothered by the taunt as he knew it was a joke.

"Both... the only things you're faster than me at doing is scoring goals and having kids," Jason replied.

"Ouch!" Ronaldo's mouth dropped open, and it wasn't the only mouth that dropped open.

Georgina and Adele's mouths dropped open as well.

"It was a compliment," Jason laughed.

"Who wouldn't want to have these little guys around?"

"High five Alana," he said and held out a hand to Alana who Ronaldo was carrying and the little girl gave him a high five and smiled.

"You guys, too," Jason smiled at the others, and they also shared a high five."

"Uncle Jay, is this your girlfriend?" Ronaldo Junior suddenly asked, staring at Adele, who was staring at them.

"Ah, well..." Jason paused, wondering how he should answer.

"Don't even try to lie, kid; the lipstick mark on your face isn't even dry yet," Ronaldo interjected before he could make up his mind.

"What? Lipstick? Where?" In shock, Jason immediately looked at himself in the side mirror, and he quickly found it while everyone laughed at him.

Right on his cheek where Adele had kissed him earlier was a red lipstick mark that was glaringly visible, yet somehow he had managed to miss it.

"You could see this thing was there. Why didn't you tell me so I could clean it off?" Jason asked Adele, looking at her red lips in betrayal.

"Which predator erases their mark of territory?" Adele asked him calmly as if she found nothing wrong with the situation.

"I... Ah-... What..." Jason couldn't even find the right words to respond to, as what she said made sense.

Who was the prey in this situation if she was the predator?

"She got you there, haha. I like this woman," Ronaldo laughed loudly, enjoying Jason's speechless look.

Even the usually quiet Georgina was now laughing and waving at Adele, fully approving of her actions.

What she did next surprised everyone.

She moved closer to Ronaldo and gave him a long kiss on his cheeks as well. The children immediately covered their eyes in embarrassment, and the adults were shocked.

"I should also mark my territory," she laughed after pulling away.

"..." Ronaldo opened his mouth in shock and surprise at what happened.

"Also, that's a Giorgio Armani Lip Maestro Lipstick; don't rub at it," she laughed, her words causing a sense of alarm to sweep through Ronaldo's body.

"You use Giorgio Armani Lip Maestro too?" Adele exclaimed in surprise from the side, causing the sense of alarm that swept through Ronaldo to sweep through Jason as well.

"My senses as a black man are telling me something is very wrong here. I feel like we've been screwed over," Jason whispered to Ronaldo.

"I'm not black, but I feel it too. Something is very wrong here," Ronaldo whispered back, feeling like something was very wrong.

"Mommie, what is a Giordio Armano Lip Mostro?" Eva babbled, her voice still having a babyish lisp, asked her mother.

"It's my lipstick, my love,"

"It's known for a long-lasting formula and vibrant colors, like my red lips, see?" Georgina explained, pointing to her lips.

"Long-lasting?" Jason and Ronaldo repeated at the same time, their voices in sync and their sense of alarm increasing together.

“Yes, it can be very challenging to remove and wouldn’t wear off even after a day,” Adele continued the explanation.

“More than a day?” Ronaldo and Jason asked again, so perfectly in sync, one would think they had practiced before.

The two of them glanced at each other and, in an instant, communicated with their eyes.

‘Can it be covered?’

‘The positioning on yours isn’t too bad. How about mine?’

‘Not too bad. It can be covered with a nose mask,’

‘Do you have a few spares?’

‘Yeah, I always have a bit, but it’s stuck in the car with her. Don’t worry, I’ll find a way to get it,’

A whole conversation went on with their eyes in less than two seconds, and they both stayed quiet after coming to an agreement.

Saying what they had planned would likely not end well for them so they needed to find a way to distract the women.

“Can’t it be washed off with water? Or soap?” Jason asked, beginning the decoy plan.

“Nope,” Adele said, doing her best not to burst out in laughter.

“My reputation is ruined!” Jason cried out dramatically.

“Don’t worry about it, you’ll just look more like the playboy you’ve always looked like,” Adele tried to comfort him, still doing her best not to laugh.

“Isn’t that just counter effective. You’re just triggering a challenge for my head. And it’s not like there are any girls at the Continassa apart from the club staff,” Jason shook his head.

“Oh...” Adele hadn’t thought that far.

“Well, it doesn’t matter as long as you know you belong to me,” she said and kissed him again, this time on his neck.

‘Yesssss.., I mean No, Nooooooooooooo!’

Chapter 519: Slow Steps or Fast Steps

After leaving Ronaldo’s place, Jason drove to the Continassa but stopped outside with the excuse that Adele wouldn’t have to turn around and then come back out if he drove inside.

After grabbing his bag and sneakily grabbing a handful of facemasks, he jumped down before Adele suddenly thought it would be nice to kiss him again.

It was not that he didn’t want to be kissed, but what if she suddenly felt like kissing him on his forehead, where it would be especially difficult to hide a kiss mark without looking like an armed robber?

After waving her off and watching the car drive away, Jason pulled on a face mask and walked past the security guards, using his hand to cover his neck.

Once inside the Continassa, he quickly headed for the training ground and changed into a training outfit with a neck warmer.

After putting on the neck warmer, he realized that a nose mask was unnecessary, but he still wore one under the neck warmer as a two-factor security detail.

He wasn't going to be taking any risks.

After that, he headed out to the field to train, and less than thirty minutes later, Ronaldo arrived as well, also wearing a neck warmer.

It seemed he had also thought about it while on his way here.

Neither of them said anything about the matter and just continued their training and by the time the other teammates arrived, they met them there and no one even thought anything was out of place when they saw Jason and Ronaldo.

After all, the weather was cold, and it would be stupid to think that people wouldn't take measures to ensure they stayed warm.

Team training for the day went by without any incident and the players worked hard at training as usual, doing the usual drills, trying some new ones, having a scrimmage and some attribute training drills.

By the time the training session was ending, the players were tired out and began to slowly leave the training center.

Of course, some hard workers stayed behind and continued their training despite the official training being over, but they were less than a quarter of the whole squad.

Jason had also stayed back as well, but he had already called Adele to be ready to pick him up at 7p.m when he would be leaving the training ground as there was no way.

Adele kept to time, so by the time Jason was ready to leave, the Ferrari was outside to pick him up.

Jason didn't even make any effort to get into the driver's seat and just sat in the passenger seat for the first time since he bought the car. He wasn't going to waste the chance to have himself chauffeured to his house.

However, when he got home, he had to once again become the chef as for some reason, Adele had chosen not to buy any food or eaten anything else that day other than what he had cooked that morning and was now on his neck about food.

'If you wanted food, you should have just bought some or cooked it yourself,' Jason groaned internally but still got up and went into the kitchen because he was also hungry.

Additionally, he had realized that delicious food usually ended up with Adele somehow clinging to him, and he was not going to hesitate at any opportunity.

As he cooked, he listened to the results of her scouting.

She had found quite a few players who would be worth chasing after to get their signatures, among which were Kulusevski, who was Jason's teammate,

Sandro Tonali, and Jens Petter Hauge who played for AC Milan, Alessandro Bastoni in Inter Milan, Dusan Vlahovic from Fiorentina, Ricardo Calafiori from Roma, Giacomo Raspadori at Sassuolo, and Aaron Hickey at Scotland.

There were also quite a few other names, but these were the ones that were either already making a name for themselves, or ones who Adele felt they had a lot more to show.

Unfortunately, most of these players already had their own agencies and signing them would be considered poaching and Adele couldn't make such a decision without involving the higher ups at the agency.

What she had decided to do was to continue her scouting duties and only meet with those players who didn't have agents at the moment, trying to take them under her wing.

If they chose to sign with the agency, then that was also okay and would be considered an achievement.

Jason listened to everything she was saying while he was cooking when he suddenly remembered something.

“Hold up though... didn’t you have a hotel booked for your stay here in Turin?” Jason suddenly remembered because with how things were going, she would be spending the night at his place again and she had shown no signs of moving out.

Not that he wanted her going anywhere though.

“I did... I canceled the booking,”

“What, you want to kick me out?” Adele asked, glaring at him as if daring him to say yes.

“Not really, I was just curious since you’ve all but moved in with me,” Jason said calmly, his hands not stopping their movement.

He was not against her staying at his place and he even welcomed, but the chances of their ‘puppy love’ relationship graduating was way too high for someone he just had a first date with.

Not that he didn’t want to do many things to this delicious looking woman inside his house. In fact, whenever he closed his eyes, he could already imagine doing things to her that would make Johnny Sins look like an amateur, but weirdly he wanted to hold off on that.

It was weird for him to think that and even he felt it was weird, but he wanted to experience more of the relationship without the sex before he got into the sex part.

He had never had something like this before, but he knew that things would change if they started sleeping with each other.

However, he didn’t know whether it would be good or bad in the long run if they started... fu*king like rabbits.

Perhaps, the appropriate way to say it was that he wanted to build a relationship that didn’t have sex as a foundation.

Sex was good, but it was never meant to be a foundation for a relationship... after all, one didn't sleep with everyone they met with just so they could become friends.

Adele seemed to realize what Jason was talking about and also what he was thinking and she turned red, finally realizing what was going on and what could happen.

Silence ensued in the room as both of their thoughts went wild.

Chapter 520: A Tough Game in Verona I

****27th February 2021****

The Uventus players had flown to Verona the previous evening in preparation for the next match of their league campaign against Hellas Verona away from home.

They were only three points behind the league leaders, and they hoped to continue narrowing that gap in this match.

They arrived at Hellas Verona's home stadium for the game and quickly underwent a tactical meeting, during which the manager finalized the starting line-up.

Unlike the previous match, Jason found himself not part of the starting line up and he would be on the bench when the kick-off whistle was blown.

With the referee's whistle blasting loudly, the game kicked off and the ball soon started moving rapidly across the pitch with both teams trying hard to send it into the back of their opponent's goal.

Just as Uventus was trying to get to the top of the table with the three points to be taken from this game, the Hellas Verona team was also doing their best to advance further up the table from a mid table position.

There was still enough time to settle into a top spot or even qualify for an Intercontinental championship, and the Hellas Verona team fancied their chances.

They were not going to be an easy nut to crack, that was for sure, and the Uventus team soon found that out as they were repelled time and time again despite their efforts.

The Hellas Verona not only stuck with defending and warding off the Uventus attacks but also sent the ball forward a lot, trying to score as well, thereby keeping the Uventus players on their toes.

As the match continued, shots were taken, and goal-scoring attempts were continuously made on both sides of the pitch.

Some of the attempts were shut down before things ever became dangerous and some were able to get past the defense line, but were not able to get into the back of the net.

By the time the referee was finally blowing his whistle to end the final half, the scoreboard remained unchanged from how it was when the game had just begun.

The players trudged off the field tiredly, breathing heavily as a result of their strenuous exercise in the first half, and they headed to their respective locker rooms, ready for a tactical meeting on how they would be cracking their opponents in the next half of the game.

In the Uventus locker room, Pirlo motivated his players with his words and using the magnetic board, he showed his players the flaws he noticed in the opposition defence that could be taken advantage of.

After showing the players what he expected of them, he was ready to send them back out for the second half.

In the second half of the game, something similar was happening.

The Hellas Verona manager didn't cower in the slightest at the Uventus team's reputation and impressive form prior to this game.

That his players had been able to hold them to a draw at the halfway point of the game had also emboldened him and now his ambitions were growing wilder.

However, he also knew that things could easily go wrong if they got a little too comfortable.

“What I want from you guys in the next half is more effort,” he began, nodding to them and turning to face the board.

“Right now, the main man on the opponents’ team is Ronaldo, which is lucky for us because now that he’s playing as a striker, he doesn’t have the freedom to cause havoc on the flanks, and if he does that, then the center will be weaker,”

“Morata will be easier to manage if that should happen, and he knows that, so he can only stay in the center and wait for help from his teammates... however, don’t think that anything cannot happen at any time,”

“You must keep a watch on him wherever he goes and you can be as rough as you want as long as you don’t bring him down inside or near the penalty box,” the manager instructed, gesturing to the board at times and using hand movements to explain what he wanted.

“Another lucky factor so far is that they’ve not brought that kid on... but I know that they will, and that will be very dangerous for us because by the time he will be coming on, he will be full of energy while you guys will already be tired and unable to chase him much,”

“But, this is what you will do when he comes on,” the manager said and arranged something on the board.

One white magnetic piece that signified was put on the left flank and then the manager put one black magnetic piece directly on his right as well as another one that was a bit further forward of the first black magnetic piece.

Then he pulled a third black piece nearer and put it behind the white piece, but he still kept his hand on the third black piece.

“Assuming he was on the left flank, he will want to cut into the penalty box either to take a shot or to find a teammate, and what I want you guys to do is to make cutting in absolutely impossible,”

“But a three-man marking for one kid, coach? Isn’t that going to weaken other areas of the team?” The Hellas Verona team captain asked in confusion as he saw no need in there being that many people just watching one player’s actions.

“It wouldn’t because this tactic will only come into play whenever he is on the ball. That means, you guys must always be able to ready to react appropriately when he gets the ball,”

“For example, once he gets the ball, the nearest two will first take this position to block him from cutting in or beating you guys with pace, employ zonal marking and don’t get too close,”

“Then the third person will get closer and hassle him, making sure to prevent him from being able to cut back,”

“That way, we keep any unknown variables from happening and changing the game around,”

“You guys must keep the game as stable as possible and kill any momentum from building up,”