

Legends 571

Chapter 571 Vs Benevento I

Despite his annoyance with his team not having scored a goal yet, Pirlo calmly took the players through the game plan again.

This time, he pointed out the weak points in the opposition defense that he had noticed and told the players how they should take advantage of these weaknesses.

After the break was over, the players headed back out to the field with neither team having made any changes to their lineup.

Clearly, both managers didn't think that there were any changes that needed to be made to the lineups at this point in the game.

Without much delay, the game resumed and the two teams resumed trying to one up each other, but it seemed that the Uventus team had finally decided to take the reigns of the game and they began to push the Benevento team back, sending pass after pass forward as they tried to open up the scoring of the game.

#69th minute...

The Uventus team was on the attack, hunting like a well-coordinated pack and exchanging the ball smoothly and swiftly among themselves as they looked for space to break into and send a shot forward.

Unfortunately, not all the Uventus players were able to stay patient and Kulusevski tried to force a chance to open up.

As he received the ball from Arthur, he moved forward down the flank ignoring his teammates who were open to receive the ball back.

A Benevento defender immediately responded to the threat and rushed at him, but Kulusevski cleverly moved the ball to the defender's weak side, made it past him, and then tried to send a pass through

pass behind the defense line, but he had been too hasty and the ball a Benevento defender jumped into his path and got his leg to the ball.

Dybala who had been making a run for the ball couldn't catch up to the ball after it was deflected and the ball rolled slowly towards the Benevento goalkeeper who rushed out.

Instead of picking up the ball, or passing it around to relieve the pressure like everyone was expecting, the Benevento goalkeeper hit the ball powerfully over all the players instead.

The ball flew high and over the players and they followed its flight with their eyes, but when they realized that a Benevento player was running at where the ball would land and that he was onside with almost no Ugentus players in his way, the Ugentus players snapped to attention and also gave chase.

On the sidelines, Pirlo was already fidgeting as he saw the ball coming down into the path of the Benevento player, but when he saw one of his players almost catching up, he breathed a sigh of relief.

The ball bounced on the ground and the Benevento player stretched his leg and caught it before it bounced high, getting it under control as he slowed down when he noticed Demiral running at him.

Demiral came rushing in, intent on clearing the ball even the risk of getting a red card, but his aggressiveness was used against him as the Benevento player coolly tapped the ball inbetween his legs as he came flying in, dodging the tackle as well before taking off with the ball, only having to face off against Sczesny.

'Next transfer season, he's gone!' Pirlo cursed internally, his fists balled as he anxiously watched the Benevento player closing in on Sczesny while hoping the goalkeeper could pull off a very important save.

Wishes don't always come true and Pirlo was reminded of that as the ball was curled around Sczesny who couldn't do much to stop the devastating counterattack.

{It's in!}

{Late in the game and we've witnessed a shocker!}

{No one expected much of them, but they've gone and outdone themselves!}

{Relgation struggling Benevento take the lead against the league leaders Uventus!}

{The cries of agony and annoyance from the Uventus fans are loud and clear, but these Benevento players are reveling in their opponent's misery!} The commentator's voice was so excited one would think he had bet his life savings on the Benevento team and no one knew if he actually did.

Jason was also at the stadium and was watching the match from one of the boxes, but he hadn't been paying attention at the time and was on his phone, however, the noise from the Benevento fans and the commentator's shouts brought him back to reality.

As he watched the replay, he couldn't even be angry that his team had conceded that goal as the player who scored the goal deserved that much for his efforts.

He had stayed sharp while everyone else was dawdling and he had kept his composure right from when he started chasing the ball to when he sent the ball flying around Szczesny.

While he was watching the replay intensely to try and learn from the guy's movements, Pirlo on the sidelines was barking out orders to three players he was subbing on the field.

What he feared had ended up happening, but luckily, it wasn't too late to change things.

While Pirlo was talking to the players, the Benevento manager was also making changes on his side as he knew that poking a bear didn't come without consequences, and if his team was going to end this game with the win, they would have to be able to cope with the consequences coming their way.

Before the game kicked off again, Ronaldo, Morata, and Bernadeschi were subbed on for Dybala, Chiesa, and Kulusevski.

On the Benevento side, two defenders were subbed on for two midfielders and it was clear to everyone that they intended to park the bus.

The game resumed shortly after and the Uventus team moved the ball around the field, fiercely, desperately seeking an equalizer.

The newly subbed-on players not only brought energy to the attack but also a confidence in the attack that seemed to be missing earlier on, however, the Benevento players knew to kill off any momentum.

Starting with using the two newly subbed-on defenders to mark Ronaldo, the Benevento players all stayed behind the ball and descended like wrathful locusts on any Uventus player trying to create a chance.

Chapter 572 Vs Benevento II

With two high-energy and aggressive defenders doing their all to make sure that the ball hardly ever reached Ronaldo, Uventus had no other choice but to look for other options that would help them get an equalizer quickly.

The Benevento team that was only about ten minutes to ending this game with a lead over the Uventus team somehow summoned enough energy to keep getting into the Uventus team's cross hairs.

Any balls that came flying in were hastily cleared away.

If a Uventus player tried dribbling with the ball past them, they would aggressively push him off the ball or take him down as carefully as possible, making sure to avoid giving away too many fouls.

Whenever a Uventus player got close enough to take a shot, they would give up on taking him down and focus on jumping into the way of the shot, making sure no Uventus player had a clear shot.

Such annoying tactics only served to infuriate the Uventus crowd who wanted nothing more than to see their team get at least an equalizer.

#87th minute...

{Three minutes, that's all that's left before injury time!}

{Uventus does not have much time left if they hope to take something from this game!}

{We are just a few minutes away from what will be a shocker defeat, but it's clear that the Uventus team hasn't given up yet}

{It's Ronaldo on the ball. He's come to the center of the field to receive the ball as he's not gotten any space anywhere near the penalty box}

{He's clearly tired of his inactivity and he's more than upset that his teammates haven't been able to find him despite him managing to shake off his markers a few times}

{Starting an attack by himself seems the only choice and he's moving forward with the ball}

{Ingenious pass to the right to find Bernadeschi who in turn sent the ball to Cuadrado while making a run forward}

{Cuadrado back to Bernadeschi!} the commentator shouted in expectation as the ball reached Bernadeschi who in turn sent the ball forward into a tiny space between the Benevento defenders.

08:48

The ball rolled into the penalty box from the right and Ronaldo pushed past everyone to get to it first, his eyes scanning the area.

It was a tight angle for a shot, so he did his signature back chop to escape the defender who had followed closely after him.

Ronaldo's leg caught against the Benevento defender's outstretched leg and he stumbled, but quickly caught himself and regained his balance before the ball rolled out his his range.

A Benevento player had jumped forward to clear the ball in that moment, but Ronaldo who had recovered his balance in time, put his leg on the ball and pulled it back quickly, leaving the defender to kick air and fall in front of Ronaldo.

Because of the fallen player, Ronaldo could not attempt shooting from the already tight angle and he opted to send the ball to Morata who was nearby.

{Ronaldo finds Morata!} the commentator shouted as Ronaldo chipped the ball to Morata who was in front of the goal.

The penalty box was crowded, so Morata couldn't just swing at the ball and tried to trap the ball first to bring it under control before taking the shot, but the Benevento goalkeeper wasn't going to give him the time he needed, so after barely trapping the ball, Morata swept his leg forward and hit the ball with the front of his boot.

{He shoots!}

The Benevento goalkeeper spread himself wide and got a hand to the ball, deflecting it slightly off target, and then,

Clang!

The bar shook as the ball bounced out of play.

{What a save!}

{Benevento have one man to thank as they hold on to their lead!}

{How that did not go in is what everyone wants to know right now. Spectacular save it was to push that off target!}

While the commentator was doing his job to keep the fans informed and entertained, Ronaldo's disgust at Morata missing the goal-scoring chance was clear to see on his face and in his gestures.

Morata himself could not believe that he had not scored either, but no one was in the mood to console him at the moment.

They were all annoyed and were more focused on trying to create another goal-scoring chance in the time that was left.

The corner kick was quickly taken by the Uventus team, but the Benevento players quickly cleared the ball and resumed their defensive tactics, more alert than ever before after the scare they just had.

The Uventus fans did not quiet down despite their team losing and kept cheering, doing their best to support the team from the stands while on the field, the Uventus players did all they could, but time continued to run down with them not being able to send the ball past their opponent's goalkeeper.

Fweeee Fweee Fweeeeeeeeeeee

{There's the final whistle!}

{It's all over!}

{A shocker defeat for Uventus. The equalizer just wouldn't come!}

{The Benevento team can begin their celebrations on their well-deserved win!}

{Whether it be by luck, effort, or skill, it does not change the fact that they have won and now they have the duty to see if they can continue on winning ways after this}

{Uventus drop from the top of the table once again and are overtaken by Inter Milan who won 4 nil against Crotone}

The Uventus players looked defeated as they rued their defeat while the Benevento players and fans did not care that they were in the Uventus home stadium.

They celebrated joyously, much to the annoyance of the Uventus fans who were now discussing among themselves about the causes for their defeat.

"I knew something bad was going to happen as soon as I saw that lineup man. Like come on, Rugani and Demiral at the same time?"

"If disaster didn't strike, a catastrophe would have," one fan sighed heavily as he sat down tiredly.

"As if Jason being injured wasn't enough, the manager decided to take off almost all the game changers we had and played just about anyone," another fan said in annoyance.

"Chiesa, Dybala, and Kulusevski are usually good, but today, they were just running around like headless chickens bro," yet another fan shook his head depressingly .

"Nah, but for real, Morata might need to start answering some questions about why he would miss clear chances to help the team like that bro,"

"Hoe does he miss that kind of chance man?"

"Let's just sell Mr. Spaghetti Legs," the first fan scoffed.

Chapter 573 Thicker Pastures

24th March 2021

2:26 pm

At the Murtala Muhammed airport in Lagos, Nigeria, a plane that had landed a few minutes prior had it's passengers begin deboarding and among the passengers getting off were five men who came out of the first class section of the plane, holding small bags.

Despite all five of them being of different statures and being dressed in different clothes, all five of them had one thing in common.

All of them were covering their faces.

The person with the least cover had only a nose mask on while the others had items ranging from dark shades, hats, and hoodies covering their faces.

This was of course, very attention grabbing, especially since they seemed to be moving together, but compared to the attention the group would receive if their disguises came off, the attention they were currently receiving wasn't much.

After all, the five of them were Nigerian players who had received international call ups to the coming AFCON qualifier matches.

"They always say from frying pan to fire, but we left the refrigerator to jump into a frying pan," One of the five guys said.

"Normally, naija sun no be smalls," another one of the guys said. He had hair only on the top of his head and part of it was dyed blonde.

"Naija sun may be hot, but I'm hotter, and my girlfriend is even hotter," Another one of the guys said cheekily, as they stepped out of the plane and under the hot sun.

"Nah man... In this world, there might be many hot girls, but under the heavens, my babe is the hottest one," a figure with blue eyes flashing mischievously behind a huge pair of dark sunglasses said smugly with all the conviction in the world.

"Tah! Come off it," the last guy laughed as they made their way into the airport's luggage area to take the rest of their luggage.

"How far, you no go like introduce me to her sister... older is better," the guy with half his hair dyed blonde snickered while rubbing his hands mischievously

"Victor, you don't even know her," the last guy laughed when he heard Osimen's words.

"It's sha a new one. Not that hoe that was playing with his teammate. Right Jay?" Osimen asked Jason as they walked forward.

"Nahhh, I've moved on to thiccer pastures, much thiccer pastures," Jason snickered.

"I've said it before and I'll keep saying it till I die. Thiccer is always better," one of the others chimed in.

"Big yansh is always the best. At least, even if things don't work out, you know you were eating good when she was there," Ola said with a huge smile, licking his lips lasciviously as he made big semi circle shapes vertically with his two hands.

"Who are these dirty-minded children?" Jason laughed at them.

"Dirty minded or not, Brother, I am right. You have moved on to a girl with bigger yansh than that former one,"

"Do you regret your decision?" Ola asked Jason matter of factly.

"... Now that you mention it, I absolutely do not," Jason responded after a little pause to think.

"But then, anything is better than a lying, cheating ho*," he shrugged.

"True that," Tyronne, a Nigerian right back that played for Venezia in Italy chimed in.

"See all that one does not concern me. My own is that you should sha introduce me to your new girl's older sister," Victor made his own demands known.

"Hate to break it to you, but my girl is an only child with a happy home, so nothing for you," Jason laughed at Victor.

"Fu*k sh*t," Victor cursed out loud.

"Who is the girl sef? Is she famous or something?" Michael, a Nigerian midfielder who played for Bologna asked Jason.

"That's level 7 information sir," Jason snickered.

While they continued their banter, they finished their checking in process and headed out with their luggage where they were met with people who were waiting for them.

Under the surprised eyes of the onlookers, the players split up and got into two black SUVs among a convoy of cars and were driven away, leaving the onlookers wondering curiously at who the five of them could be.

Most of the onlookers soon lost their curiosity and went on about their business as efficiently as before, after all, Nigerians were not the kind of people who dwelt too much on things like celebrities, especially during the working hours of the day.

For the Nigerian players who had been driven off, they soon arrived at the hotel where they would be staying during the international break.

Today was the arrival day, so apart from Jason and the rest of the players arriving from Italy, all the other players began arriving at the hotel as well.

The players were given the rest of the day to rest after their arrival and they would be reporting at the training ground the following day to begin their preparation for the coming matches.

Jason headed to his room after getting off at the hotel and lay in his bed, looking at the ceiling.

Luckily, he had been cleared of his injury status before the time he had to report to the national team, otherwise, he would inevitably be replaced and would not take any part in the coming national games.

Glancing at his phone, he felt like calling Adele, but then remembered that she was still at work and though that shouldn't mean anything considering that she was his agent, he still chose not to call her immediately.

Since the Nigerian time was only one hour ahead of the time in Porto, Portugal, he could pretty much call her anytime later as long as it was still time for him to be awake.

For now though, he wanted to rest, and that was what he did, not realizing when he drifted off to sleep and only woke up a little over an hour later when his phone began ringing.

"Ughhh," he moaned, displeased at having his sleep disturbed.

Chapter 574 Fashion Show I

Shaq

'Why is he calling though?' Jason wondered, his mind still half asleep as he swiped the green call button and put his phone to his ear.

"What's up ni**a," Jason said groggily into the phone.

"Wagwan geng. What you doing? You're a'sleep?" Shaq asked, hearing Jason's groggy voice.

"What'd you think?" Jason replied, yawning.

"Can't have that though. You're in Lagos after how many months and you're sleeping. Nah man, get up,"

"I was going to tell you earlier, but I got some invites to a fashion show here in Lagos and I was going to take you along," Shaq said, not even asking for Jason's opinion.

"A fashion show?" Jason repeated, rubbing his eyes, still yawning.

"That sounds a bit interesting. What time does it start?" he asked, sitting up, a tad bit interested in going to a fashion show since it didn't sound like a bad way to spend his evening.

"Uh, well, it says that uhm, it starts by..." Shaq said and Jason could hear some noises in the background as Shaq looked for something.

"... 4, yeah 4 pm," Shaq said after a little while.

"4 pm? Ni**a, it's almost 5!" Jason cursed as he checked time on the digital clock beside his bed.

"Well, the main character always arrives late, innit?" Shaq laughed shamelessly.

"Nah man that's Hollywood stupidity. Arriving before the appointed time is always best," Jason rolled his eyes in annoyance.

In movies or stories, the main characters always arrived late so that they could look good, and the focus would be on them, but the only reason why there wasn't repercussions for such stupidity was because of the writer.

In reality, would a doctor who arrived late be able to save a patient, or would the police who arrived late be able to save a hostage?

The answer to that was pretty clear, but then, the point of movies and stories was to entertain people, so such behavior was acceptable.

Jason however was someone who set aside movie logic from reality despite him being a living example of the fact that what was termed as reality had slightly shaky borders.

Anyway, he wasn't even the main character of the fashion show... whatever it was they were doing there.

He wasn't that conceited.

"Anyway, you still wanna come? At most we'd be there by six and that's only two hours since the start of the show,"

"The show will probably go on till like 9 or 10, and there'll be an after party as well sooooo..." Shaq drawled, trying to persuade Jason to go with him.

"... Sh*t, alright then. I'll get ready," Jason sighed, giving in.

"Nice! I'll be at your hotel in like thirty minutes. Its Transylvania right?" Shaq asked.

"Yeah, that's the one. See you in thirty," Jason replied and hung up.

After letting out a yawn and a sigh, he slowly got off his bed and entered the bathroom to clean up a bit.

He ended up taking a quick cold shower before getting out and pulling open his suitcase and taking out a bunch of clothes.

Settling for a short sleeve, black, two-piece shirt and trouser, he wore it quickly and topped it off with plain white air force 1s.

It made for a nice contrast, but Jason didn't really care either way and put on the rest of his outfit... namely his jewelry.

His chain, watch, wrist chain, and earrings... as well as a pair of glasses that he just hung on his shirt with no intention of wearing.

A couple of perfume sprays later and he was done.

He was going for a simple look as he wasn't the model doing the fashion show, he was going there to watch the actual models.

'Between me and them though... I probably look more like a model,' he snickered as he looked at his fully dressed self in the mirror.

"Ah, right, my hair," he muttered and quickly grabbed a band to tie up a bit of the top of it together, but he mostly left it free and flowing.

It wasn't something he was allowed to do while playing football as it could obstruct his opponents and it was too long, so it'd disturb him as well, but now that he was free, he just went for a free and unfettered look.

It felt a bit careless, but that in itself seemed to give him a different type of charm from his usually serious look on the pitch.

He still looked impassive, but now he looked like one of those domineering, cold CEOs in the novels.

Ring *Ring*

His phone began ringing and glancing at the caller id to see Shaq's name, he figured the guy had probably arrived, so he grabbed his wallet and ear pods and headed out, answering the call as he locked his room's door.

"I'm here. Where you at?" Shaq's voice rang into Jason's ear as he put the phone to his ear.

"On my way, you'll see me in a minute. Where exactly are you?" Jason replied, walking briskly through the hallways of the hotel.

The hallway of the floor he was on was mostly deserted as it had been reserved for the Nigerian national team players.

It was not a new thing to Jason, and it was usually done by most football clubs whenever they travelled.

It was a security thing done to keep fans or other characters from disturbing or harming the players or their interests, otherwise, some of the players could begin having all sorts of people knocking on their doors.

Thanks to that Jason was able to get into the elevator without any contact with anyone else. Not even the other people on the floor.

It seemed most of the other players were either enjoying some time off to rest, or they had already taken off to engage themselves in some recreational activities

As he reached the ground floor and got out of the elevator, he effortlessly turned heads as he walked out of the building at an easy pace.

Chapter 575 Fashion Show II

As Jason walked out of the doors of the hotel, nodding to the security guards, he saw a black G-Wagon ambling just down the stairs in front of the hotel's entrance.

Guessing that it was Shaq's car, he started walking down the stairs, and just as he neared the car, the window of the car, the window of the passenger seat slid down.

"Come on man, get in," Shaq called to Jason as he neared the car.

"Calm down n**ga, we're way past the rushing period," Jason shook his head as he pulled open the door of the car.

"At most, we'd be a few minutes less late," he snickered.

"What's up man," he said as he dapped Shaq as he got in the car.

"I'm cool man, what's up with you," Shaq nodded to Jason and began driving soon as Jason shut the door.

"What's with the hurry man? For someone who didn't even know the time of the event, you're in way too much of a rush right now," Jason laughed at Shaq who was already testing the power of the car's V8 engine.

"Can't let all the beautiful models have partners to the after party before I get there bro," Shaq's response had Jason's mouth drop open.

"You're hopeless man," he laughed.

"No, I'm picky," Shaq replied matter-of-factly.

"Bruh, there's going to be a lot of girls there anyway. Not to mention other celebrities. There's no way you wouldn't get someone to kick it with at the after-party," Jason replied, internally questioning himself as to why he was even consoling this guy.

"The early bird gets the worm, or in this case, the early guy get's the finest girls with the biggest gyatt," Shaq replied and stepped harder on the accelerator, the engine going into a higher gear and pulling the car further along the street.

"I've never seen the word 'gyat' in the dictionary, but somehow I think I know what that means," Jason chuckled at yet another creative way for men to state the obvious.

"No one needs a dictionary for these things," Shaq replied, most of his focus on the road.

"SUreee... Anyway, what's up with the music video?" Jason chose to direct the conversation to something productive as he didn't have all the time in the world to talk about mostly irrelevant things.

Shaq was the one doing most of the work and Jason's only responsibility was to show up and look pretty for the camera while the shooting was going on, but Shaq had decided to ask for his opinion on the setting for the music video.

They exchanged a few cool ideas for what would be interesting to put in the music video and by the time they reached the Federal Palace Hotel, Shaq and Jason had already concluded on a general setting for the music video.

All that remained was ironing out the details but Shaq and the video director would do that.

As far as Jason was concerned, he was done.

Since they were late to the show, there wasn't much fan fare at the entrance of the hotel and they quickly got in to park their car and began walking the red carpet in the direction of the tents set up for the show.

Seeing the new arrivals, some of the reporters who were still nearby did not hesitate to take some pictures, but neither Jason nor Shaq stopped for pictures.

As they got into the tents, it was clear that the fashion show was already underway.

Seeing the new arrivals, an usher quickly moved to direct them to some free seats.

While the usher was directing them, Shaq stepped aside to greet some people, while Jason just followed the usher, not bothering to stop and look around.

He might know some of the celebrities at the event, but it was only from seeing them on a screen and he didn't know them personally, so there was no need for him to go out of his way to appear welcoming.

He wasn't some upcoming artist that needed to build connections either way, he was in a completely different industry and factually speaking, he might be even bigger than most of the celebrities at the place, after all, he was something of an international star himself.

He might not be very famous, but as compared to his international status, most of the celebrities that would be at the show would be local stars at most, and even if they were international, he probably had more people who recognized him as compared to them.

All that didn't matter too much anyway.

All that mattered was that he had finally found a seat and he didn't plan to go around doing any 'extracurricular relating' with other people.

The seat the usher had directed him towards was at the forefront of the room, and also at a corner so he would only be seated beside one person as opposed to sitting between two people.

Walking with an easy pace as if he was strolling in his backyard, he walked to the seat, sat comfortably, crossed his leg, and rested a side of his face on his left fist, not paying any attention to the person he was seated beside.

With his physical features working overtime in tandem with him, he looked majestic yet so impassive that one would think he was bored, but in reality, he was already judging some of the outfits being displayed by the models on the runway.

While Jason did not pay any attention to his neighbor, the same thing could not be said about said neighbor.

There was no way someone would sit down beside a person and one wouldn't at least glance over at the person... unless one was completely engrossed in something else.

Jason's neighbor wasn't completely engrossed and as soon as Jason sat beside her, her attention immediately fell on him and considering how much of an eye candy he was and the gender of the neighbor, her attention wasn't waning anytime soon.

Chapter 576 Fashion Show III

Black, long, beautiful, curly, hair with an unruly vibe was the first thing Temz noticed about the guy who just sat beside her.

With hair like that, her first thought was that Jason was not a 'guy', but on seeing his face, it became clear that despite his beauty, he was clearly of the male gender... At least, it looked like it.

'Where have I seen his face before?' she wondered to herself as she tried to place Jason's face to a name that she might know.

While she was doing that, Jason kept watching the models that kept walking down the runway, while nodding his head to the beat that was playing as an accompaniment to the models march.

Since it was just a beat with a nice rhythm that didn't have any lyrics, Jason began to subconsciously match the rhythm in his head and began tapping on the edge of his seat.

After his tapping had matched the rhythm, he began to hum lightly, but that was not enough for Jason who was feeling the beat.

Deciding to try to create some lyrics, his brain cogs began turning.

Clearly, he wasn't a professional musician, neither would he say he had much musical talent despite his voice not being a bad one, hence he couldn't call what he was about to do a free style.

'Let's just think of something romantic,' he thought to himself before opening his mouth and singing in a low voice.

"If there are clouds are you my silver lining?"

"Cuz I'm a bad boy and you're the one who's good for me,"

"If I'm the waters, baby you're the ocean,"

"Oh baby you know, it means you complete me,"

Jason's brain was working overtime as he strove to keep the 'freestyle' going, but while he was doing that, he was further confusing Temz who was seated beside him.

'Is he a Nigerian artiste? I've never heard of him before,' She wondered to herself.

She was an upcoming Nigerian music artiste herself and she usually made sure to pay attention to information going around in the industry, yet she didn't know anything about Jason.

Or at least she couldn't remember anything, and she didn't think she would forget someone like Jason if she had seen him before.

While Temz was deep in thought, Jason was still somehow managing to keep the freestyle flowing.

"So don't be doubting all these things I feel for you,"

"I hope you see in me the way I see the gold in you,"

"So come home, lemme be the one,"

"To love you and give you little ones,"

"Oh come close, lemme be the one,"

"To love you and give you little ones,"

'And... I'm out,' Jason thought as his flowing lyrics ran dry and he stopped singing.

"What song is that?" a voice suddenly came from his right, reminding him that he was in a public area.

"..." Jason turned in the direction of the voice and the words that were about to come out of his mouth hung in his throat.

The woman who spoke looked to be in her mid-twenties, yet she was radiating a mature aura that every sane man who wasn't a predator would easily fall for and that was just the beginning of her beauty.

She was on the darker side of the chocolate spectrum and she was a living testimony of 'things come sexier in black'.

She was seated, but there was enough flesh on her body for Jason to know that she didn't lose out to Adele in thickness and most of all,

'How's a person gonna look like chocolate and perfectly fried chicken wings at the same time?'

Two things any black man liked.

'Amitabha, Namidabusu, Astafigrullah, Blood of Jesus, send away all temptations,'

'I cast and bind!'

Immediately Jason began a internal prayer meeting to send away any form of temptation from him, but it didn't seem like it was working, nevertheless, he opened his mouth to reply, not wanting to seem like a gaping idiot.

"That's hard to say... I actually just thought it up," Jason replied, not even realizing that his voice had automatically turned low by a few notches and was slightly raspy.

Immediately after speaking he recognized it and intensified his internal 'demon suppression prayers' because he remembered that this was the seductive voice he used to talk to women in his previous reality when he was planning to give them a deep, inner thigh massage.

"Oh, that's crazyyy, it was really good too,"

"If I had known it was a freestyle, I would have joined you in singing it too," Temz replied, her sonorous voice making it seem like she was singing and the smile on face perfectly accentuating her beauty and making her look even more beautiful.

'Oh hell naw!'

'I cast and bind! Cast and bind! I cast and bind!'

'I am a chosen, I am a chosen, I am a chosen. This temptation, who are you!?'

'Power!!!'

The prayer meeting in Jason's head entered another gear of power.

"I think I know you from somewhere, but I don't remember where though," Temz who didn't know what she was making Jason go through continued speaking.

"That's a new one... I don't think I'm easily forgettable, but then I also feel like you are quite familiar, but I don't know from where though," despite the demon suppression ritual going on his head, Jason's mouth was still doing it's duties and with his voice not reverting to normal, it was dawning on Jason that he was fighting a losing battle with himself.

"I suppose introductions are in order then," he continued.

"If this beautiful lady would be so kind as to grace me with your name," Jason said, already beginning to flirt.

"Temidayo... I'm a musician, and my artist name is Temz," Temz replied, her cat-like eyes squinting a bit, causing them to twinkle.

"A beautiful name for a beautiful lady," the words flew out before Jason could stop himself.

'Fu*k,' he internally facepalmed.

Chapter 577: Clash of The Diehards I

"Ah, thank you," Temz chuckled, cutely covering her mouth as she blushed slightly.

"..." Seeing that his mouth would put him in trouble if he did more talking, Jason clamped it shut before he followed up with another flirty line, only opening it again after thinking things through.

"So... Temz... you're the one that sang... wait, what songs have you sang?" he asked wittily, trying to change the whole flirty atmosphere.

Gasp

"You're just rude," Temz laughed, clearly hearing the joking tone.

"We'll get to that later, but first, it's your turn for an introduction," she said.

"Jason, I play football," Jason replied with a smile.

"... Like professionally? Like an athlete... like with teams like Chelsea and Manchester United?" Tems asked curiously.

"Something like that," Jason smiled and shrugged.

"Something like that? This brother plays on the same team as Cristiano Ronaldo, stop trying to be humble around here bro," A voice that sounded like it was fed up came from behind, interrupting their conversation.

'Who is this ni**a?' Jason thought to himself as he turned back to look at who spoke.

'Oh wait, that's AG and Sims,' Jason instantly recognized the person behind him and the woman seated beside the person.

AG was a popular Nigerian musician, and Sims, who was also a popular Nigerian musician, was his wife.

"Wait, for real?" Temz was surprised and began to look at Jason in a new light.

"Oh, hi, AG. When did you come? I didn't see you." she suddenly remembered to greet AG.

"We've been here a while actually, you were just too focused on the show to check behind you," AG said and Sims laughed because she and her husband had even been making jokes about it earlier.

"Anyway, about this brother," AG turned back to Jason.

"I'm Jason, huge fan of your music," Jason nodded to AG, unable to hold out his hand for a handshake due to the awkward space and their sitting position.

"And you too, sister Sims," Jason smiled at Sims too.

"Why thank you," Sims, who was already smiling, smiled even more.

"This brother, calm down with all this smiling at my wife that you're doing before she won't want me anymore," AG joked.

"Even if I don't smile, this face would still do all the work," Jason replied in a joking tone as well.

"Turn to the one beside you then, she's still single. Leave my own," AG replied and jokingly shielded his wife from Jason.

"Really, AG, you're just going to air out my relationship status like that?" Temz joined in, sounding offended, but the smile on her face made it clear that she was also having a laugh.

“You that should be happy that this fine boy is smiling at you,” Sims laughed at Temz.

“Sister Sims, don’t say it like that. She’s also very beautiful,” Jason replied to Sims.

“She’s also very beautiful?”

“Hmm mmmm,” Sims murmured mischievously and shrugged her eyes continuously with a meaningful look in her eyes.

“My wife, my wife, relationship agent 007,” AG hailed Sims and dusted the non-existent dust off her shoulders while Sims acted proudly.

“See these two seniors playing matchmaker,” another voice came from the side as another person joined the conversation.

It was a face Jason didn’t recognize, but he didn’t hesitate to reply,

“I can’t even take them on their offer. My girl would kill me,” Jason laughed, taking the chance to drop down the fact that he was spoken for.

“Ah, sorry o, my bad,” Simz quickly backed off, and everyone burst out laughing.

“Out of curiosity... who’s prettier, me or your girlfriend?” Temz suddenly asked, and it was like a bomb had dropped, and everyone went silent immediately.

Even Simz couldn’t say anything anymore as she immediately understood what was going on.

Even if Temz wasn’t romantically interested in Jason, no woman wanted to hear that a man would pick another girl over her, especially when the woman was as beautiful and endowed as Temz.

"I ain't even gonna lie, you're absolutely stunning. You got that flawless skin, beautiful eyes, and, well those perfect imperfections."

"... but Adele, sh***t,"

"She's unique, and she's beyond stunning. She's got that smile that just lights me up,"

"I mean... I don't even, I just... man, I don't even know," Jason was stumbling on his words as he tried to put into words, his feelings.

"Just stop right there... he's a goner," AG interrupted laughing.

"See, this is how you know a man is in love. He wouldn't even know why he's even feeling that way."

"The last time I felt that way, I put a ring on it," AG said, and held up Sims' hand to showcase her ring.

As the only other girl in the conversation, Temz went "Awwwnnnnn" while Jason just smiled.

"Alright, enough about that. So which team are you joining next season, or will you finalize a transfer to Uventus," the guy who had joined the conversation suddenly asked Jason.

As a single man himself, he didn't want to hear all the romantic bullsh*t that had already been going on for too long.

"I don't know man. It'll depend on the teams that make offers when that time comes," Jason responded, entering secret keeping mode.

Unless he wanted to reduce his options, there was no need for him to be talking about a team that he hoped to join, not to mention the fact that he didn't actually know what team he wanted to join.

His time at Oporto was fun and he was also enjoying the football at Uventus, but sometimes, he wished for more of a challenge from his opponents.

Playing for the best teams was good and all, but it did take the edge off and made it feel like he was stagnating because he mostly never had to overly challenge himself.

Even if he pulled off an absolute stinker in a match, there was still more than a fifty percent chance that his team would win... most times.

Sometimes, he hoped that things could be a little bit more challenging, but with how well he was playing, that option was disappearing really quickly, hence he wasn't really thinking of what team he would join next.

When the time came and his options appeared, then he would make the decision, but until, then, he remained indecisive.

Chapter 578: Clash of The Diehards II

"Come play for Arsenal then," the guy made his own opinion known in a bid to plant ideas in Jason who looked to be indecisive on his choice.

"Odunlade, better calm down o. Why will he play for Arsenal?" AG immediately cut in, not letting Odunlade say anything else.

"You guys are a**. It's in your name."

"He should come and play for Man U. At least there's hope for him to see something to collect." As a die-hard Man United fan, he did not let go of the chance to place his team above another big 6 team.

"These people have started again o. Now we will not hear word," Sims sighed.

"Popcorn?" she asked Jason and Temz as she pulled out a pack of Caramel popcorn from her bag and tore it open.

"I always have foodies in my bag in case anything like this happens, which is a lot," She said after seeing Jason and Temz's mouths drop open when they saw her response to the situation.

"And I'm not even complaining about it. The football arguments are usually fun, and the clapbacks and roasts are to die for. It's like watching a prime time TV show," Simz laughed as she picked out a popcorn and put it in her mouth.

"If he wins, he enters an unruinable good mood for at least twelve hours, and he acts like the sweetest guy, and if he loses, I'll comfort him, and we can work on making a baby while also calming him down at the same time."

"It's a win for me either way," Sims laughed while saying words that would have millions of men willing to steal her from her husband.

"..." Jason with his mouth opened just put his hand into the popcorn bag and took out a handful of popcorn he stuffed into his vacant mouth.

"I want to be like you when I grow up," Temz said in a small voice as she also picked out popcorn and Sims just laughed at the two of them and they all turned their attention to the two arguing men.

"First of all, Arsenal is spelt A-R-S-E-N-A-L, not A-S-S-E-N-A-L, so you're wrong for saying a** is in our name," Odunlade began a counter argument.

"Did you not go to school? Ever heard of Phoenixes? They sound the same," AG interrupted before he built any momentum.

"Coming from the guys who haven't won nada since Ferguson left, that's a lot of knowledge," Odulade scoffed.

"Wowwww? You're the one talking about trophies? You guys, really?" AG drawled and rolled up his sleeves as if he was preparing to get to work.

“For your information, we won the Europa League in 2017, but you guys were instead being piped by Bayern Munich 10 – 2 within just two matches,” he stated

“Even Man City didn’t do that against Watford,” he added mockingly.

“Damn... that’s a burn,” Jason muttered and grabbed another handful of popcorn while Temz and Sims were giggling silently, doing the best to cover their mouth and not burst out in laughter.

AG wasn’t done with the unfortunate Arsenal fan who had crossed him, and he opened his mouth again.

“Last season, we were only third in the Premier League, and this season, we’re behind Manchester City, who are first... unlike you guys, the eternal fourth position.”

“Season after season, you qualify for the Champions League only to go and be cannon fodder for teams like Standard Liege.”

“Community service FC, whose only duty is to make those smaller teams think they have a chance.”

“Invincibles for one season, very vincible since then. What have you guys even been doing since Henry and Wenger left? ”

“You want Jason to join you so you can ruin his career, abi?” AG scoffed at Odunlade.

“Unlike you guys who ruin talent after talent, we produce talent.”

Odunlade countered.

“Gibbs, Wilshere, Ramsey, Bellerin, Saka, Nelson... I can name more talents that came from our academy and became big. There are also young players that joined us who are playing well, but you guys...”

“Apart from Rashford and Greenwood, what other youthful talent do you guys even have?”

“Even that Rashford with his two left legs is as inconsistent and unresponsive as an eighty-year-old man’s pen*s. I can’t even call him a good player, the absolute scam that he is!” Odunlade said boisterously.

“You’re just angry that he plays like a superstar whenever he’s up against second rate like you guys. Even on his debut game as a player fresh from the academy, he scored a brace against you guys.”

“Y’all should be ashamed for even letting it happen if he was as bad as you said he is,” AG clapped back.

“What shame should we have? He played well against us and won, but so what? What else has he done since then?” Odunlade asked, taking a deep breath as he readied his own clap back.

“All you guys have been doing the last few years is killing talent, and everyone is running away from you guys.”

“Lingard used to be an absolute beast, but now, he has hardly played in the last two seasons. Same thing with Mata, he’s just wasting away on the bench.”

“Daniel James was said to have talent, but then he joined Man U, and all he does now is run around on the field like a headless chicken.”

“Maguire was part of a Leicester City team that won the Premier League against all odds, but now look at the man, he can’t defend to save his life.”

“Martial used to have promise, but now he can’t play a full game without getting injured.”

“Lukaku joined you guys and ran away immediately, same with Zlatan.”

“You bought Sanchez, pay him 500k every week and make him look pretty for the bench,”

“And then Pogba, the guy used to score bangers and control the game for Uventus before he joined you guysm but now, all the bangers he scores are new haircuts,”

“Imagine a player having more haircuts than the goals of any of your strikers,”

“All United is doing is living on past glory. Nothing more,” Odunlade breathed hard after making his statement.

Chapter 579: Winner of The Diehard Clash

“Sh*t, AG is shook,” Temz whispered to Sims, seeing AG silent after Odunlade’s latest statement.

“I don’t think so... he looks like he has something else to say,” Jason whispered back before stuffing more popcorn into his mouth, enjoying the show.

This was more fun than he cared to admit.

Sims looked at her husband’s face and smiled as well as he began to smile deviously.

“Odunlade... Have you heard the name Kane Tanaka before?” AG asked, a devious smile on his face.

“No, who is that?” Odunlade asked, not sure what AG was getting at by mentioning a name that had nothing to do with their argument as far as he was concerned.

“Okay, so Kane Tanaka is currently the oldest person in the world. She is currently 118 years old and was born on January 2, 1903,”

“In her long life, she witnessed the first world war, the russian revolution, the spanish flu pandemic, the great depression, the second world war, the formation of the united nations, the cold war, the first moon landing, the fall of the berlin wall, the rise of internet and social media,”

“As if that wasn’t enough, she also witnessed the 9/11 attacks on the twin towers and the the covid-19 pandemic in the last year, and now, without a doubt, she is living with one foot already in the grave,”

"... She has seen everything there is too see in this life and more. Nothing should be able to shock someone who has seen two world wars and two pandemics in her lifetime,"

"... But, seeing Arsenal lift the Champions League would definitely be a surprise to her because in all her 118 years of life, it has never happened,"

"Even Nottinham forest that doesn't even play in the premier league and Aston villa who are almost always struggling for relegation have done it, but y'all haven't even had a sniff,"

"You talk about us only having past glory to talk about, but you guys don't even have that,"

"Next season FC," AG scoffed and sat back smugly seeing that his opponent didn't have a comeback for that.

"That nigga's club is cooked. Ain't no way back from that," Jason muttered and stuffed himself with more popcorn.

"It's over already?" Temz asked gloomily. She was already beginning to enjoy the show.

"Not unless you have a medicine that can raise an argument from the dead," Sims turned to her and said cheekily.

"... I don't have something like that," Temz said after a little pause.

"I thought so," Sims laughed.

"I hope you're not expecting me to magically join United now that you won the argument," Jason suddenly asked.

"I mean why not?" AG laughed at Jason's words.

“It doesn’t work that way, but I’ll at least consider them if the offer comes,” Jason laughed as well, shrugging off AG’s words.

AG wasn’t going to give up so easily though, but he also knew when to stop and the conversation changed to something else... music more specifically.

Temz once again brought up the free style that Jason did earlier and asked him if he had any plans of turning it to an actual song and that if he did, they could do it together.

Since he had already been involved in a song previously, Jason wasn’t against it, but it all came down to his schedule.

Hearing what they were talking about, AG and Sims were also interested and it ended up with all of them making a date to see how this thing went.

Time passed quickly and after about two hours, the show seemed to be coming to an end which was Jason’s cue to leave.

Surprisingly Temz also wanted to leave early as well as for some reason, she didn’t want to go to the after party.

Jason could instantly think of a few reasons why she wouldn’t want to be at the after party, but he kept his mouth shut.

The after party was a place where one could build connections with other big names in the industry, but, the price for making those connections might not be something Temz was willing to pay.

Jason had wanted to call for a taxi when Temz had said she could drop him off at his hotel since it was along the way to her place.

Not seeing any issues with it, Jason took her up on her offer and followed her out of the tent.

A few minutes later, they were on the road.

Once again, Jason was surprised as she was personally driving her own car, but there was nothing much to it as far as Jason was concerned.

They made small talk as Temz drove and at some point, the conversation was about the fashion show they had just left.

“Aren’t you going to ask about why I didn’t want to go to the after party?” Temz suddenly asked Jason.

“... Well, like they say, Diddy be wanting to party and you gotta tell him no,” Jason snickered as he said he something he remembered from a podcast video.

“What does that even mean?” Temz laughed, having never heard that statement before.

“It means what you think it means and it might not mean anything. Take it with a pinch of salt and do whatever you want to do,” Jason shrugged, not wanting to explain his view on the statement.

“Okay, whatever you say,” Temz laughed, just going with the flow.

It wasn’t something she liked talking about, but sometimes, she wanted to let out her frustrations by speaking and Jason happened to give off a calming feeling due to the calmness and confidence that he carried himself with.

He sounded so sure of himself and did things with so much confidence as if he didn’t believe that anyone could even hate him and somehow that just made him someone that no one minded or had any negative feelings towards... mostly.

It was that calming feeling that had made her tongue a little loose and she had wanted to talk about one of the things that frustrated, but Jason’s response had reminded her that this wasn’t some psychiatrist office where she could spill her guts and frustrations.

For some reason though, she felt like he understood her, and his response sounded like his own way of telling her to deal with her own problems the way she knew to deal with it.

Chapter 580 Reporters Will Be Reporters

Jason silently heaved a sigh of relief as Temz finally stopped talking.

Temz's earlier question was a bit too touchy for him and he could instantly feel that getting involved would either end with the two of them building a connection that was too deep a bit too early, especially considering that he didn't want to be too involved with her.

He didn't mind becoming friends, but it was better if it happened a lot slower.

Jason was clear on the fact that he wasn't above temptation and the way this woman looked was tugging on his desires a bit too much so for now, he needed to stay the fuck away from anything that could lead to them getting too into themselves.

Luckily for him, they were already at his hotel.

"Thanks, see you later," Jason said as he got out of the car.

"Yeah," Temz replied, and drove off as soon as he closed the door.

Giving one last glance at the car, Jason turned and went up the stairs to the hotel entrance and surprisingly enough, the human activity at the entrance of the hotel was higher than when he had left.

There were quite a few couples who were around which surprised him a bit, but then he realized what was most likely going on.

Smiling wryly, he headed to the front desk to pick up his key while calling Adele as he just remembered that he hadn't called her yet.

"I need my key, floor 7, room B96," Jason said to the hotel staff across the desk, interrupting her as she attended to a couple.

The couple who were being attended to didn't like the fact that they were interrupted and immediately turned in Jason's direction to complain, but lost their words when they saw Jason... both of them for different reasons.

The young guy instantly recognized Jason and was a bit star struck and lost for words, while his girl was handsome struck and could not bear to unleash a flurry of words on a man as fine as Jason.

Ordinarily, that would show the guy just how flimsy his relationship with the woman was, but for one, the guy didn't need enlightenment as he also knew what he wanted from the woman and it wasn't a long term relationship.

Secondly, he was too focused on Jason to even care about his girl at that moment.

"Sorry," Jason muttered and collected his key card from the staff.

At that moment, Adele answered the call and Jason turned away, more interested in what Adele had to say than the two people staring at him agape.

"You will not believe what just happened to me today..." Jason began as he walked away.

Engaging in conversation with Adele all the way to his room and even after getting into his room and changing his clothes.

They spoke for almost an hour before they finally hung up and Jason went to sleep instantly.

The rest he had gotten in the afternoon was definitely not enough for what he was about to go through in the coming days.

****25th March 2021****

9:47am

The bus carrying the Nigerian players arrived at the Johnson Mobolaji stadium in Lagos and the players quickly began debarking.

There were reporters with cameras around who took pictures as the players came down from the bus and headed into the stadium.

The players were soon changed into their training kits and took to the field.

The training session hadn't begun fully yet because the manager was doing a quick interview as well as a few other players who could be bothered to answer some of the reporters questions.

"Aren't you going to answer any of the reporters, they look like they really want to talk to you," Osimen said to Jason as he passed a ball to him.

"Not today, I have a feeling it wouldn't be only questions about football they'll throw at me," Jason replied with a shake of his head and began juggling the ball.

"Oh, you mean that thing about you and Temz? Well you should have expected that much after you took on a woman like that," Iwobi who was also with them asked.

"Bruh, I keep telling you nothing happened. All I got was a ride home from the woman," Jason groaned as he hit the ball at Iwobi in annoyance.

"Whoa!" Iwobi barely got his leg to the ball, hitting it upwards to reduce it's power before beginning to juggle it as well.

"Ain't no one gonna believe that man," Osimen laughed at Jason.

"Fu*kin reporters!" Jason cursed in a low voice.

The reason for his annoyance was a news article that his teammates had brought to his attention that morning while they were having breakfast before they began coming to the stadium.

The title of the article was *Football Prodigy Jason and Music Prodigy Temz leave the Fashion Week Show Early*

The article then went on to say that Jason and Temz had left before the end of the show and then further insinuated that they had taken the after party elsewhere.

The article also made sure to mention that Jason might be looking to rekindle his fire of love with Temz after his 'bad luck' elsewhere.

Seeing the report, Jason was beyond amused and was almost livid, especially since there was nothing he could do about the article.

It was more of a tabloid than an article and there were pictures of him and Temz, laughing together at the show, leaving together, and finally, getting into the same car.

After a bit more thought, he decided to just ignore it as there wasn't much he could do or wanted to do.

Sueing would be a waste of a time and money and he had neither to give away free of charge to a useless cause.

Leaving it to blow up rumors would be good for Temz anyway, plus it didn't matter whether Adele saw it or not since he had already told her about meeting Temz the night before, so everything was well.

But he was still not going to talk to a reporter as he was sure those guys wouldn't waste any time in bringing it up.

They were reporters after all.