

## **Legends 581**

### Chapter 581: 3rd National Appearance I

The training session was soon underway, and it followed a basic preset.

The manager split the players into two teams of eleven players each, which totaled 22 players, and told them that they would do a training match against each other.

Since there were only 22 players called up, there wasn't anyone left out.

The manager then told the two groups that only one of the two groups of the players would be the team that would be in the starting line-up.

There was a catch though.

If a player in the same position on the other team performed better, then the manager would swap the better performing player into the winning team.

Thus, the training session would consist of repeated matches against each other while the manager constantly swapped out the players till he picked out the players who performed best and worked best with each other.

The manager's thoughts behind this training method were clear.

The fact that the players were here meant that they were already quality enough, but since they were all from different clubs, they needed to get used to playing with themselves first and foremost.

Doing that while picking out the best performers at the moment was hitting two birds with one stone.

That day and the day after was mostly spent at the training ground with the players battling it out for a space in the starting eleven.

On the evening of the 26th, the players were on the plane to Benin Republic where the first of the two AFCON qualifier matches for this break would be played.

**\*\*27th March 2021\*\***

**\*4:37 pm\***

At the Nigerian team locker room in the Felix Stadium in Benin, the Nigerian players were gearing up for the match after a warm-up.

The manager was not staying silent and was using the few minutes left before the players headed out to once again go through the game plan with the players.

“Like we already know, we will be playing in the 4-2-3-1 formation,” he began, pointing to the arranged formation on the board.

“Maduka is the goalkeeper,”

“Aina and Zaidu are wingbacks while Leon and Williams will be the center backs,”

“I expect you guys to work in tandem with each other when on the defensive. You four at the back should focus on your man and leave the marking to Ndidi and whichever one of you is free and near enough the ball,”

“Ndidi is going to be the anchor man and will operate here,” Rohr used his hand to circle the zone just outside the penalty box.

“When we are with the ball, he will move up and can help with keeping possession in the center,” he continued, using his hands to describe the game plan to the players who were listening attentively while kitting up.

“In the center, Jason will be in the center attacking midfield position while Etebo and Ndidi will aim to help him in the midfield,”

“Our plan of attack is through balls down either of the flanks, who would then aim to get the ball into the penalty box as soon as possible,”

“Iwobi and Musa, I expect you guys to always be on the shoulder of the last defender whenever we are on the attack and ready to make runs in behind,”

“Musa, I want you to make cutting in runs if possible, and Iwobi, you should make runs out wide,”

“When Musa makes cutting in runs, Aina, I want you to make overlapping runs on the outside so that you can support the attack if needed,”

“If we lose the ball, return to your post immediately,”

“Since Iwobi would be staying wide, Jason, I’m expecting you to drop into the space between him and Osimen that would be created, right here!” Rohr said to Jason while pointing out a spot on the board between the right back and the right center back.

“If you can receive the ball here, all that would be in your way will be this guy so it is up to you whether to dribble past him and go for goal, or to look for Osimen, or anyone else who can take a shot instead,”

“Osimen, your job would be to look alive. Make sure you’re always in a position to receive the ball whenever we’re on the attack. You’re the final man, make sure you’re able to make that final touch,”

“When we are not with the ball, your job will be to go on the press. Chase after the ball, don’t give them any breathing room and try to force the ball off them,”

“That should be done all over the pitch,”

“I want high pressure from each and everyone of you,”

“If you all do your jobs, then we should be able to end this match comfortably with a win,”

“Did you all get that?” Rohr asked the players.

“Yes coach,” all the players in the room said in unison.

“Ok, good luck out there then,” Rohr said and walked out of the room, leaving the players to finish getting ready.

The players were soon done and walked into the tunnel to begin the pre-match formalities.

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At 5:00pm, the referee’s whistle went off and the AFCON qualifier match between Benin and Nigeria kicked off immediately.

Citizens of the two countries were at the stadium to support their national team, but without surprise, the Benin fans were more in attendance than the Nigerian fans.

Even before the match began, the fans were already cheering loudly, chanting, and singing songs to keep themselves entertained, but as soon as the match finally kicked off, they didn’t need to entertain themselves anymore as the match immediately got off to an entertaining start.

It was the Benin team that kicked off first and they began exchanging the ball among themselves, doing their best to avoid losing the ball immediately.

The Nigerian players on the other hand surged forward into the the Benin’s team half, fully intent on pressing hard and stealing the ball from their opponents.

The Benin team were alarmed at the Nigerian players fierce pressing and they tried to escape by pushing the ball further back, but the Nigerian players didn’t shy off and pushed forward.

The Benin team's right back who received the ball suddenly noticed that the almost everyone except for the back four was pressing, and even Aina, the Nigerian right back was moving forward to join the press.

Seeing the space behind, he immediately thought of unleashing his teammates on the counter with a pass over the Nigerian players.

Chapter 582: 3rd National Appearance II

The Benin right back chipped the ball forward, aiming a pass towards his team's left winger, who was making a run forward.

{Interesting pass over the top}

The Benin left winger ran for the ball while his teammates also began running forward, hoping to support him as soon as he could bring the ball under control.

Troost-Ekong was already moving to cut off the pass as Aina was out of position, but it was clear that Troost-Ekong would not reach the ball in time as the Benin left winger was much closer to the ball's landing spot.

However, Troost-Ekong had already scanned across the field and saw that his teammates were on their way to support him, so all he had to do was stall for time.

It might have been a difficult task if he was all alone at the back, but there were still two other defenders covering the center for him, so he could focus on slowing down his opponent.

The ball soon came to the ground near the Benin left winger and he skilfully caught it on his leg and brought it down before facing off against Troost-Ekong.

The Nigerian center back squared off against his opponent, positioning himself in a way that wouldn't allow the man to be able to cut in.

{What will he do here? He's up against a tough opponent. Will he try to break through, or does the counterattack end here?}

The Benin left winger was still high off the excitement and did not want to let go of this chance. Forgoing the smarter decision to send a pass back to the center of the pitch where his teammates were arriving, he chose to go down the open path down the flank.

Bursting forward with the ball, he tried to beat Troost-Ekong for pace, but the Nigerian defender stayed on him, doing his best to not allow him to burst past him, but the Benin winger was ultimately faster and after a while managed to finally beat him with pace, but Troost-Ekong had forced him to far down the left flank and the line was only a few meters away leaving him only able to either cross the ball or turn back.

Not wanting to face off against Troost-Ekong again, he decided to send a cross into the center where his teammates were arriving, but the two other Nigerian defenders were prepared.

Zaidu rushed forward to obstruct the Benin players rushing in while Leon went for the ball and managed to reach it first, catching it off his head and clearing it out of the penalty box.

The ball flew over the Benin players who were just arriving and landed in front of Ndidi who immediately took control of the ball and turned back.

After rushing back, he was a bit out of breath, neither did he trust his agility to start a counter attack and thus planned to send the ball forward instead of taking it forward by himself.

Jason had moved wide, freeing himself to receive a pass, and Ndidi didn't hesitate to send the ball his way as he was the freest and nearest teammate.

Before the ball even reached Jason, his marker was already behind him, bumping into him to throw him off balance, but Jason held strong until he received the ball.

On receiving the ball, he immediately made as if to turn towards the left with the ball while shielding the ball, and his marker followed his actions, wanting to block him off, but to his surprise, Jason hadn't moved the ball and instead switched directions midway and turned back towards the right.

Jason's marker tried to follow Jason's movements and switch directions as well, but that ended with him falling on his behind due to losing his footing while Jason who had turned, swiftly pulled away, not even giving him a glance.

The crowd shouted wildly as they watched Jason send one defender off his feet just minutes after the game kicked off.

The fact that this also started a counter also caused the Nigerian fans to shout louder while Jason, who had moved the ball forward a few yards, picked out Iwobi who was making a run down the left flank, and immediately sent a through pass forward.

{He's sent the ball down the left and into Iwobi's path}

{What's it going to be? A cross or an attempt to cut in with the ball?} the commentator asked no one in particular as Iwobi caught up to the ball and raced forward with it, his marker trailing behind him.

On reaching the left side of the Benin 18-yard box, Iwobi spotted Osimen in the center and sent a high cross at the striker.

{Osimen in the center!? Header!} The commentator shouted as Osimen beat his marker to the air and got his head to the ball first sending it at the goal.

\*CLANG!\*

{Oh! The bar is reverberating, but the ball has bounced back into play!} the commentator shouted as the ball bounced off the bar and back into play, but before any Nigerian player could get to it, a Benin defender tried to clear it back into play, not wanting to concede a corner, but he miskicked slightly and the ball didn't fly very far and instead fell to Jason who was just outside the penalty box.

Trapping the ball first, Jason then pushed the ball forward to kicking length as if he aimed to shoot.

A Benin defender immediately jumped into his path when he saw Jason swinging at the ball, but Jason faked a shot instead and sent a pass to the right, where Iwobi had come charging in.

Not taking a touch on the ball, Iwobi immediately hit the ball and sent it curling beautifully at the top right corner of the Benin goal, but the ball curved a little too much and allowed the Benin goalkeeper to get a hand to it and punch it over the post.

{What a save! What a save! He was flying just to reach that attempt!}

{Somehow Benin are not behind yet after two beautiful attempts from the Supa Eagles!}

{If they can keep up this kind of sharpness in attack, the Benin team might find it hard to keep this game level for much longer!}

Chapter 583: 3rd National Appearance III

The game resumed with the Supa Eagles taking the corner, but the Benin players were alert to the ball coming in and quickly cleared it away.

The ball was cleared properly this time, leaving no scraps for any Nigerian player to pick up. The game resumed in the middle of the pitch, with the Benin team trying to get the ball past the Nigerian players while the Nigerian players were trying to steal the ball from them.

With such an exciting start, what followed didn't disappoint the fans of either country and they were almost at the edge of their seats as the match raged on.

Normally international matches were not especially tactical and it was just a bunch of players doing their own thing most of the time and matches between African teams usually took that to another level with all sorts of comedic moments usually happening all over the pitch whenever anyone tried to be a show off.

Since this was an AFCON qualifier match though, the players were a bit more serious and didn't act individually, but there were still individual bursts of individual brilliance all over the pitch every now and then.

Thirty minutes into the match, the defenses and the goalkeepers of both teams had been tested quite a few times, but neither of the two teams had managed to score yet.

The Benin team had just had one of their attack attempts end with the ball flying wide and the players had moved back into the middle of the pitch, expecting the Nigerian goalkeeper to send the ball into the middle of the field with a high punt.

However, the goalkeeper was thinking differently when he noticed that the players were more congested on the right side of the field at that moment.

Stealthily calling his left back, Zaidu, he made a short pass to him and shouted at him to push forward.

Zaidu immediately heeded the goalkeeper's words took the ball down left, aiming to burst into the opponent's half of the field before the opponent's adjusted their position on the field, but before he moved far, he realized that the goalkeeper wasn't the only one who had noticed the space.

Jason was already making a run into the available space while calling for a pass.

Zaidu did not hesitate to send the ball forward, but the Benin Republic players were responding and trying to fill out the space.

A Benin player tried running into Jason's path just as he was about to receive the ball, but Jason stepped over the ball without touching it to allow it to move out in front of him before doing a La Croqueta to shift the ball to his left foot and push it past the defender before bursting past him and running into the Benin penalty box.

Osimen appeared on his right, and Jason poked the ball with the tip of his foot, sending it his way.

Due to the high pace counter attack, Osimen didn't bother trying to bring the ball under control before hitting it at goal, but since he hit it with his weak foot, the Benin goalkeeper could get a hand to it and punched it towards the right.

{The keeper's got a hand to it, but the attack is not over yet!}

{Ahmed Musa gets behind the ball and hits it again!}

{It goes in this time! Goal to the Supa Eagles!}

{The captain is putting on a performance that displays what it means to lead from the front!}

{Half an hour into the game and the Supa Eagles lead by one!} The commentator went wild the same as the Nigerian fans, while Ahmad Musa ran towards the sidelines with his hands spread out wide.

The other Nigerian players went to join the team captain in celebrating the goal, and the Nigerian fans on the sidelines were not left out of the celebrations either.

Their loud cheers and chants served as a loud accompaniment to the celebrating Nigerian players while back in the Nigerian country, the Nigerians watching the match from a screen also joined in the loud celebrations and sent their support to the players in Benin by wireless connection.

After a few more seconds of celebration, the players began heading back to their half of the field so that the game could continue.

The match soon resumed and the Benin players could be easily seen to be trying to quickly trying to equalize the game before the Nigerian team settled into their lead or tried to build off their momentum, but the Nigerian players didn't press as hard as they were pressing before and instead chose to sit behind the ball.

They had chosen to wait out the Benin team's attempts to break past them and use their own momentum against them, and that ended up putting the game into a deadlock.

With the manager shouting out orders from the sidelines, it was clear that the Nigerian team would willingly do nothing but defend this lead till the half time whistle was blown.

Of course, that didn't mean all the Nigerian players wanted to play defensively, but that was what the manager wanted them to do, and they had no choice but to follow orders.

The Benin team soon got impatient while waiting for space to open up, and they tried to create the space themselves, but they only ended up losing the ball, and the Nigerian team took control of possession again and began passing the ball around comfortably among themselves.

The Nigerian players continued passing the ball around swiftly, with their main intent being to keep the ball away from their opponent, and they didn't mind passing the ball all the way back to their goalkeeper only for him to clear the ball into the middle of the field.

If the ball ended up with a Benin player, the Nigerian players would once again re-group behind the ball and focus on keeping the opponents away.

If the ball instead ended up with a Nigerian player in the middle of the field, he would try to find a pass forward to an open teammate, but if no one was open, they would begin passing around all the way back to the goalkeeper and then rinse and repeat.

Chapter 584: 3rd National Appearance IV

It was a solid tactic that would help the Nigerian team keep their lead, but the tactic annoyed Jason to no end.

He had long noticed that the manager was a bit too defensive-minded and he usually only allowed the players to take liberties on the attack only at the beginning of the match before they had scored.

Once they took the lead, he always wanted them behind the ball, defending the lead.

He had overemphasized it in training, and Jason remembered it happening in the last international matches that he had been at.

It was normal for a coach to be scared of conceding, but Rohr took his fear of conceding to a whole new level.

This tactic might work well now, but it could potentially come to hurt them when they move on to a bigger stage where just staying behind a ball wasn't going to be enough to stop some teams.

This tactic might work against most other African teams because the Nigerian team was currently the one with the highest number of high quality players, but in an international match against countries like France, Portugal, Germany, Spain, Argentina, or even slightly weaker teams, this tactic would make them little more than sitting ducks.

Those countries had enough high-quality players that eleven players staying behind the ball would not be enough to stop them from putting two or three past them.

Two or three free kicks would be enough for someone like Messi to send them packing, even if the other Argentine players didn't do anything if they were ever up against Argentina.

Unfortunately, there was nothing Jason could do about the manager's tactical decisions except maybe talk to the team captain, but he didn't want to do that as that could lead to complications building up between the captain and the manager if the captain decided to act on his complaint.

That was a media explosion waiting to happen, and he could already see the headlines talking about him as the cause of the fiasco if such a thing ever happened.

He could only rebel in his own way on the pitch by not always listening to the manager's instructions.

#42nd minute...

The match had been stuck in a deadlock ever since the Nigerian team had scored first, with attacking attempts being too few and far between.

It was clear that the Nigerian manager's tactics were working, but Jason was tired of the defensive game, so the next time the ball reached him, he began to move the ball forward instead of passing the ball back.

The Benin players, like starved wolves, immediately began charging at him, but his teammates had also immediately moved upfield to support him.

They didn't know what prompted him to move, but after repeatedly training together, they already had ways they responded to each other's movements, and they immediately launched forward.

After running in between two Benin players in the middle of the field, Jason picked out Musa running down the right flank and he sent the ball flying over into his path.

The Supa Eagles captain made full use of his athleticism to catch up to the ball ahead of his marker, and he quickly brought the ball under control as he charged forward down the right.

On the sidelines, Rohr was almost losing his mind at how his players were choosing to take such a risk to attack this close to half-time.

With them moving forward to attack, they were now very susceptible to a counter-attack if they lost the ball by mistake.

The players on the pitch didn't know what the manager was thinking about and continued forward.

Then Musa crossed the ball into the penalty box after he got to the side of the penalty box.

Osimen jumped to try and reach the ball, but an opposing defender got to the ball first, getting in the way of the ball and heading it upward over Osimen, but not changing its general direction.

Thus, the ball began flying towards the left side of the penalty box and Rohr's heart had already flown into his throat since his team was no longer with the ball.

However, before he could even begin barking out orders for his players to fall back and re-group at the back, he saw Iwobi near the ball's landing spot.

Getting to the ball's landing spot just a second earlier than an opposing player, Iwobi headed the ball infield at Jason, who was about two meters away from the edge of the box.

Jason caught the ball in the air before it touched the ground, flicking it upwards because he had noticed a Benin Republic defender rushing at him from inside the penalty box who would immediately clear the ball if Jason brought it down.

{Jason!?!}

Making use of the player's momentum as he rushed towards him, Jason shifted slightly to dodge him and then flicked the ball upward again, just enough so that it would fly over the defender that came rushing in.

As he expected, the defender was moving too fast to stop and completely missed the ball, but Jason was no longer paying him any attention as he had already spun on the spot while keeping his eyes on the ball.

{Great skill!!}

By the time Jason finished turning, he was already facing the goal while swinging his leg at the ball that was coming down to meet his foot perfectly.

\*Bam!\*

Jason's feet whacking the ball could be heard clearly, and the ball flew powerfully at the bottom left corner, completely unobstructed and smashed into the back of the net despite the goalkeeper's attempts to reach it.

{Oh, what a goal!!}

{This young man is an absolute sensation!!}

{The skill level of that is absolutely remarkable!}

{Perfect touch, perfect turn, perfect volley! Indeed, perfection exists, and we've just witnessed it!} the commentator screamed into the mic while Jason ran down the sidelines with his hands outstretched and jumped into a knee slide.

{it's just his third appearance for his national team and he's already pulling off goals like this!}

{Absolutely crazy! The goalkeeper had no way to stop him!}

Chapter 585: 3rd National Appearance V

"Abdullahi will be coming on for Jason in the second half and the formation will be shifting to 4-5-1 with the wide midfielders falling back to assist with keeping possession in the center," Rohr began the halftime tactical meeting while the players rested their bodies.

Jason's eyes widened and he almost spat out the water he was drinking, but the bottle in his mouth prevented any sudden movements.

'What the hell was this guy thinking?' Jason wondered.

He knew that he had gone against the manager's orders to defend, but that was only because he saw a clear chance for a counter attack and couldn't bear to let it slide.

Sure, he disobeyed the manager's orders, but he didn't think it deserved him being taken off at halftime.

However, since he knew that he was also in the wrong by going against the manager's tactics, he decided to stay silent, after all, no manager liked it when their players went against the team's tactics.

They might not say too much when things were going well, but the moment things went bad, it would only end badly for the player.

Seeing that Jason didn't say a word, Rohr opened his mouth to continue speaking.

He has half expected Jason to complain, but it was better now that he stayed silent.

“I want a solid shape in the center,”

“Stick to your positions and keep the ball moving, I want a structured flow as we keep the ball and move forward,”

“You are all responsible for various places on the pitch so stay in your positions and do your duties,” Rohr continued explaining to the players what he wanted from them in the second half, but at this point, Jason had droned off and was no longer listening.

All this no longer concerned him anymore since he would be on the bench.

He put his focus on regulating his breathing and took off his jersey and put on a training vest instead.

When the halftime period finally ran out, the players began heading out and Jason was one of the earliest to leave.

While the players began heading out, Musa, the team captain, slowed down his pace and sidled up to the manager.

“Was subbing Jason off really necessary, coach?” He asked the manager.

“Are you questioning my decision?” Rohr asked, triggered by the team captain’s question.

“What!? No!” Musa replied alarmedly confused as to why the manager’s reaction was so vicious.

“I just think you could have handled the situation a little differently,” Musa continued.

" Oh? So how do you think I should have handled it?" The manager asked the team captain.

"I understand that he went against the tactics, but I don't think he deserves to be taken off for that," Musa reiterated.

"And who says that I took him off because he went against the tactics?" Rohr asked a question that sent the captain into confusion.

'So then, why?' Musa wondered internally.

"Sure, he went against the tactics, but because of it, we're two goals up. I'm not petty enough to target a good player because he doesn't follow the textbook,"

"Most good footballers don't follow the textbook, otherwise they'd be average and Jason is obviously such a player which is good for the team,"

"My actual reasons for substituting him was to give the other guys minutes on the pitch, after all, one doesn't get selected by their country every time,"

"Since we're already two goals up, I think it's safe enough to do this and originally I planned to do it in the second half after we either scored another goal , or when I think it was a safe period," Rohr explained to Musa.

"So then why did you make it seem like you were targeting him. Couldn't you have just cleared this up with us during the break?" Musa asked.

"No, I had my own reasons for doing that. Not following tactics to the letter is a good trait for players whose talent are enough to overcome that,"

"But if a player starts to feel that he is bigger than the manager's tactics or the team, then they wouldn't be at the top of their game for very long,"

“Making him know that there can be a consequence for not following the tactics would only help his development,” Rohr told Musa.

“Oh, I understand it now,” Musa muttered, deep in thought.

“Good, so don’t say a word about it to him for now. Now get out there, the game is not over,” Rohr said, patting him on the back and pushing him forward.

“I don’t get paid enough for this sh\*t,” Rohr muttered as he slowly walked out of the tunnel as well.

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\*Fweeeeeeeeeee\*

{The first half has been put behind and the second half has kicked off}

{The Supa Eagles begin the second half with a two goal lead over their opponents and they will be hoping to continue their good performance from where they stopped}

{They will also be hoping to keep their opponents away from their goal}

{There have definitely been some changes after the half, both visible and invisible, but the most obvious change is that Jason is no longer on the pitch}

{The manager seems to think that he will no longer be needed on the pitch for the rest of the game}

{Taking him off after that banger he scored in the first half is something the fans might have a problem with, but he’s the manager. He calls the shots, let’s see where this match goes on from here}

The commentator did his job as the game resumed and the players of the two team resumed their battle for the three points that was up for grabs should they win the game.

A few minutes into the game, it was clear that the Nigerian team was still playing defensively, but it was less than before.

The focus seemed to have changed from keeping the opponents away from their goal to keeping the ball among themselves.

It was a sort of defensive possession game, but every so often, they went on the attack, trying to get another goal past their opponents.

In doing this, they kept their opponents on their feet and did not allow them to settle properly on the ball.

Slowly, the clock ran down and the managers began to make more and more substitutions, but despite all this, neither of the two teams managed to send the crowd into frenzied excitement.

#82nd minute...

{Eight minutes is all that is left of the ninety, yet the scores remain two nil in favor of the Supa Eagles}

{The opposing fans are gradually going quiet, no longer able to find the energy to cheer for their players}

{The Benin players have not been up to par today, they have been second best at everything and is probably why they are two behind}

{However, they've not given up}

{It's part of the game, but they still believe that they can get something from this game}

{They're sending players forward however they can}

{Will they get a reward for their actions or will the Supa Eagles take this chance to punish them even further} the commentator spoke clearly into the microphone as he watched the Benin players sending more and more players forward.

Their passes seemed to be getting faster and smoother too, probably an effect of desperation setting in.

The Nigerian players however followed the ball as much as they could, doing their best to keep following their opponents movements.

Suddenly, perhaps because of desperation, Aina put a foot wrong and allowed his marker to get in behind him.

The Benin player with the ball wasn't going to let that go and immediately sent the ball behind the Nigerian team's defense.

The Nigerian defenders immediately raised their hands for offside, but the flag stayed down and Benin left winger trapped the ball cleverly on the left flank with his first touch and almost immediately sent a cross in with his second touch.

The Benin striker immediately lunged at the ball in a flying tackle position and caught the ball on his leg, sending it flying at the Nigerian goal.

Maduka made a dive immediately, trying to reach for the ball, but the ball somehow managed to make it between his hands despite touching his gloved palms.

{Oh! What a goal!}

{They have one back!}

{Could this be a lifeline!} The commentator shouted loudly while Benin players quickly took the ball and began to head back to their half of the field.

{How unlucky for the Nigerian right back}

{He has been doing his best and had not put a foot wrong all game, but this seemed to have just happened!}

{The Nigerian players are still arguing for an offside call, but it seems the goal will stand}

{Let's take a look at the replay on that!} The commentator said and the replay immediately began to play on the screen.

The replay of the goal quickly began on the screen and when it reached the point of the pass coming in, the replay was paused.

Chapter 586: Why Are You Gae?

Since VAR hadn't been incorporated into International competitions in Africa yet, the referee's decision could only be made at his own discretion and with the aid of the replay.

Immediately the replay stopped, some Nigerian fans already calling for the goal to be offside because it looked a lot like offside to both the trained and untrained eye, but because of how close it was, one could not immediately determine whether it was offside or not.

The Nigerian fans however thought differently as they did not want to lose their clean sheet and they called for offside.

The Benin Republic fans, as the opposing team, also called for onside as their team had finally gotten a goal in the game and were on track to making a dreamy comeback.

The referee took a few more seconds to consider, but then it did not take too long for him to make his decision.

{The goal will stand!}

{The scores are now 2:1}

{Where do we go from here?} the commentator shouted as the referee decided to allow the goal to the Benin team.

The Nigerian fans immediately burst out in outrage but were shouted down by the Benin fans, who were in the majority in the stadium.

The Nigerian fans didn't back down though.

Nigerians were strong minded people who would never shy away from a fight, be it vocal, physical, or mental and they reciprocated aura for aura, their grievances to the Benin fans, surprising them even though they were in the majority.

While there was an outburst in the stands, the game continued, and the Benin Republic players, fueled by their goal, began to play harder and more ferociously than ever.

They seemed to believe that an equalizer for them wasn't too far away.

The Nigerian players were oppressed by their desperate opponents so much that they could hardly play their way out of their own half.

The Benin team had the momentum now, and they were not letting up for a single second, and it was getting harder and harder for the Supa Eagles of Nigeria to defend.

At this point, the fans of the two teams ignored each other and put their focus on the game as they watched the Nigerian team defending like their life depended on it.

They were clearly in dire straits, and it looked like the Benin team could score at any time.

Jason, who was watching from the bench, grimaced as this was the situation he had foreseen coming.

Since their team had chosen to not work too hard on the attack, they had given up momentum to their opponents for most of the second half and now that their opponents had finally gotten one back, the situation had changed.

With them only one goal away, they would feel that the equalizer was within reach and would pull out performances that were almost beyond them.

As for the Nigerian team who had given up their momentum, they wouldn't be able to take control of the game easily and would begin to crumble slowly against their opponents' attack.

It was a matter of confidence.

The only way out for the Supa Eagles now was if they could somehow hold out until the final whistle because Jason didn't think they could take control of this game in the time that remained.

It wasn't a matter of whether he trusted his teammates' abilities, it was a very clear point.

Even if it was prime Barcelona or Royal Madrid that was in their shoes, the situation would most likely remain the same as long as their opponents were hungry enough for a win.

Jason could not help but blame the manager's tactics in his head, but at the same time, he understood the manager's reasoning behind his tactics.

Any manager would want security in their games.

In fact, most managers would prefer to win 1:0, instead of 5:4.

Exchanging goals with the opponents was very stressful for any manager, and their ability to deal with it usually determined their strategy.

Unfortunately for Rohr, while Jason, his teammates, and other professionals could understand the reason behind his tactic despite it backfiring on him, the simple-minded fans could not.

All they cared about was how their players were playing badly and struggling to contain an opponent that should not be giving them such a hard time.

Even worse was that this was not the first time they were fed this kind of extremely defensive tactic that had backfired against them, and sometimes they had even lost a game that they should have won by all means had the players continued pressing forward and searching for goals.

The fans could only grumble annoyedly while watching the game, with their hearts leaping into their throats every now and then as the Benin team edged closer and closer to getting an equalizer and getting five crucial chances to change the game's outlook.

If not for the Nigerian players who were primed and alert and doing their best to keep the ball off target, the Benin team could have scored more than three goals within the time leading up to the ninety minutes.

Luckily for the Nigerian team, they managed to hold out even past the ninetieth minute and through the added time till the referee finally blew his whistle to call for the end of the game.

{It's over, the Supa Eagles have held on to their lead and they can take all the three points that are up for grabs in this game}

{With these three points, they cement their place at the top of their group for the AFCON qualifiers}

{There is still one more match to go in the group, but win or lose, they will remain on top, and Benin Republic, on the other hand, have to try again next match to ensure their chances in the coming tournament}

{They worked hard today, but they weren't able to stop the group leaders from taking the full three points}

{The Supa Eagles have their goalscorers to thank as well as their sublime defending to keep out their desperate opponents}

{Jason has once again put out a man-of-the-match worthy performance, and the highlight of the game is without a doubt his goal that put his team two up!}

The commentator did his job, giving closing remarks as the players slowly moved away from the field, shaking and greeting each other.

Jason had also stepped on the field to celebrate a little with the fans and with his teammates.

\*\*\*

After the game, the players rested for the rest of the day at their hotel and headed back to Nigeria the next day to resume training.

The next game would be a home match, so there was no need for them to be outside the country anymore.

The next training session was spiced up with the arrival of a social media influencer who had come to an agreement with the manager to produce content with some of the players.

The concerned players had also been informed ahead of time, so they knew that he was coming, and they had acquiesced to the arrangement.

The influencer was a guy named Tobi, and he arrived on time as he didn't have the whole day to shoot the content he wanted.

The players didn't have time to spend their whole day looking pretty for the cameras after all.

Jason, Osimen, and Iwobi were the players who were the main players to be involved as the three of them had the most fame amongst the current national squad.

They first shot a little bit of their training session, and Tobi involved himself in the training with the Nigerian players.

Passing drills, shooting drills, agility drills, and ball control drills were done with the players and Tobi they compared their results with each other to see who did better.

After the parts involving drills, they moved to the part that felt like an interview, and Tobi asked the three players many interesting questions about their personal life, their career,s and a few other topics.

Soon enough, it was time for Tobi to leave.

“Finally here’s my favorite part, brain teasers,” Tobi said to the three players who were in front of him.

Jason, who was seated on a ball, had an eyebrow rise as this sounded interesting.

“So what we usually do is, you guys will give me a brain teaser. Maybe a question, or a joke, something fun and mind twisting.”

“If it’s a question, I’ll try to answer it, and if it’s not, we can laugh and learn something from it,” Tobi explained to Jason, Osimen, and Iwobi.

“Oh,” Osimen uttered thoughtfully, rubbing his chin as he tried to think of something that he considered a brain teaser.

“Since we all understand, then, uhm, let Jason go first,” Tobi decided and turned to Jason.

“Me?” Jason asked, a surprised smile on his face.

“Hmmm, okay. My brain teaser is not a question, but you might want to answer it,” Jason murmured as he remembered something he had thought about before.

"Fire away," Tobi replied, sounding confident.

"If... I snap my fingers, you'll forget that you were ever gay," Jason said and snapped his fingers loudly.

\*Snap!\*

"I was never gay," Tobi replied, confused.

"Exactly," Jason replied.

"Wait, no stop," Tobi said again.

"Yes," Jason replied

"No, stop, you can't, I was never gay," Tobi repeated, even more confused, but was now trying to defend his sexuality.

"Okay," Jason shrugged as if he understood, but the confident smile on his face didn't even twitch.

"No, wait... I was never gay," Tobi repeated, now vehemently defending his sexuality.

"Sure," Jason said, still smiling, but at this point, Osimen and Iwobi were already having the laugh of their lives and the cameraman that followed Tobi was having a hard time keeping the camera straight.

"No, you can't just say something and snap your fingers and be like, so so and so,"

"I was never gay!" Tobi was now defending his sexuality like a lawyer in court but that was only making everyone laugh harder.

"If you say so," Jason said half-heartedly, but was covering his mouth to stop himself from bursting out in laughter.

"I was never gay!" Tobi still hadn't given up on defending himself, unaware that he was already stuck in the brain teaser.

"Why are you gae?" Osimen chose that moment to ask Tobi, making sure he sounded like a particular iconic south african reporter.

"I was never gay!" Tobi continued to protest.

"So who is gae?" Iwobi asked Tobi as well, joining in the teasing and also made sure he sounded like the reporter Osimen was impersonating.

"I DON'T KNOW, I WAS NEVER GAY!" Tobi couldn't take it anymore and shouted.

"Okay I believe you," Jason replied, but he was still smirking.

"I don't. You are gae!" Osimen said and Jason finally burst into laughter and everyone else joined in, laughing at the poor reporter's expense.

Chapter 587: Risk-Free International Match I

After the shooting, Tobi left the training grounds and the supa eagles resumed their training for the day.

After the training session, Jason had to go for the shooting of the music video with Shaq since they had already set a date.

Luckily, his part in the music video didn't take much time, and he could rest after it as the next match was coming up soon.

However, the day before the match, when the manager was informing the players of the starting line-up for the match, Jason was surprised to find out that he wasn't in the starting lineup.

Not only him, but almost all the people that one would consider as the main players of the National team were not in the starting lineup.

Rather, it was all the players who didn't start the last match who were in the starting lineup.

The manager said that the reason for this lineup was that the match was a risk-free match.

Even if they lost the game by 10 nil, they would still be the top of the group, so the manager decided to allow the players who would usually be substitutes to have some international minutes.

It helped that the team they were up against was not a team that they could even imagine losing to, otherwise, their careers as professional footballers would be a joke.

On the day of the match, the players arrived at the stadium in time, did the warm-ups as time ran down, and when it was time for kick-off, the game began.

It was Nigeria against Lesotho, and everyone watching the game, both at the stadium and on screens in other places, only had one outcome they were expecting, and that was a win for the Nigerian team.

It did not take long for the Nigerian fans to have something to shout for as Chukwueze found Ighalo with a well-placed cross from the right wing, and Ighalo sent it into the back of the net, comfortably past the goalkeeper who had stretched himself out.

The unlucky goalkeeper wasn't able to reach the ball, and the Lesotho team was left to rue the goal just seven minutes after the game began.

The Nigerians at the stadium immediately burst into celebrations along with the players, and even after the players headed back to their side of the field and the game continued, the Nigerian fans were still celebrating.

After the goal, the Nigerian team tried to build off their momentum to score a few more goals, but the Lesotho team dug in at the back and held strong against the Nigerian players.

Time ran down quickly, and by the time the whistle to end the first half was blown, the score remained 1:0.

The Lesotho had been able to hold out against the Nigerian team.

It had been a tough battle as they had mostly been defending against the attacking Nigerian players, but every so often, they also launched a counterattack that let the Nigerian players know they weren't harmless.

The players got their fifteen-minute rest, and the game soon resumed with the second half kicking off.

The second half resumed with the Nigerian team once again sending players forward in a bid to increase their lead.

Due to the manager not putting too much effort in making any tactical arrangements for the players, the players were mostly playing however they wanted which made them a bit weaker defensively and allowed the Lesotho team to break past their defense every now and then.

But, this also allowed the Nigerian players to display their creativity on the attack, and they put on an impressive display of attacking football which entertained the fans to no end despite them not having more than one goal yet.

#64th minute...

The Nigerian team had just gotten a corner and the ball was sent high into the air by Simon.

The ball curled powerfully into the penalty box, heading directly at the waiting heads of the Nigerian players who were trying to send the ball past their opponent's goalkeeper.

Leon battled against his marker before leaping at the ball and heading it at the Lesotho goal.

The Lesotho goalkeeper immediately lunged for the ball, getting a hand on it at the last second and trying to push it out of play, but only succeeded in pushing it against the bar.

\*CLANG!\*

The ball bounced off against the bar and back into play, and the players of the two teams rushed at it, trying to get to it first, but Ihenacho's fresh legs enabled him to arrive at the ball first and hit it back at the goal at an awkward angle.

Due to the tight angle, he fell over and the ball bounced weirdly, but the ball somehow managed to evade everyone else and flew towards the net.

The Lesotho goalkeeper, who had just barely gotten up jumped at the ball once again and slammed it back just before it flew past the line.

Due to the rushed situation, the goalkeeper was only preoccupied with stopping the ball from crossing the goal line and hadn't been looking to see where he punched the ball to.

He had been expecting his defenders to clear the ball the second time, but to his dismay, Ighalo got to the ball first and hit it into the back of the net.

{GOAL!!!}

{It's Ighalo again! He's sent the Supa Eagles up by two today!}

{The Lesotho goalkeeper looks disgusted with his defenders and he's letting them know. He made a double save, but his defenders weren't able to help him to get the ball out of the danger zone!}

{With their performance thus far, they deserve to be two goals behind and if they keep this up, they might concede some more goals before the end of the game!}

While the commentator was focused on his commentary duties, the Nigeria players were celebrating without a care in the world.

As the Nigerian players and their fans celebrated, the fans suddenly began to cheer in an even louder tone as Jason began warming up on the sidelines at the manager's orders.

The Nigerian fans who were already happy that their team was already in the lead were now head over the heels that Jason was coming on and could potentially help the team to add to their rout.

Chapter 588: Risk Free International Match II

After the celebrations were over, the match resumed shortly after while Jason was still warming up on the sidelines, but a few minutes later, he was also on the pitch.

Having been subbed on for Simon on the left flank, Jason immediately took his post on the left side of the field.

Unlike usual, the Nigerian team was playing a 4-4-2 attacking formation with the wide midfielders a little bit ahead of the center midfielders.

It was more like a 4-2-4 formation than a 4-4-2 formation, but it was similar enough to the Uventus formation, so Jason didn't have any issues with his role in the team.

As soon as play resumed, he began moving to block out the passing lanes to the player he was marking, and whenever the ball came near enough, he would join on the press.

An opportunity soon arose for him shortly after he came on the field.

71st minute...

The Lesotho players were exchanging the ball at the back, trying to avoid losing possession unnecessarily when one of the center backs tried to pass the ball to his team's right back, but he miscalculated the pass and sent the ball a little too far ahead of the right back.

Jason, who had been drifting around while keeping an eye around, immediately darted forward, lunging at the ball and stealing it before the right-back who was running at it could reach it.

The Lesotho right back immediately squared off against Jason, trying to prevent him from getting past, but Jason kicked the ball far forward as if he was making a pass to someone in front and then jumped past the right back.

The Lesotho right back immediately gave chase, not willing to let Jason off, but Jason was already pulling away as he chased hard after the ball.

Reaching the ball just as he reached the left side of the penalty box, Jason pushed the ball towards the right, cutting into the penalty box, and spotted Ihenacho quickly arriving into the penalty box.

Without hesitation, he sent the ball at the arriving striker, and Ihenacho hit the ball at goal first time.

{Ihenacho!!!}

{Oh, the keeper's got a hand to it!} the commentator screamed in surprise as the Lesotho goalkeeper flew at the ball, just barely reaching it and pushing it to the right, his save taking most of the power out of the shot.

{Ighalo is there!? Hits it a second time!}

{Three for him, he has made it a hat-trick!} the commentator shouted excitedly while Ighalo took off down towards the sidelines with his arms stretched out wide and a huge smile on his face.

{It is not a win they needed, but they're on the path to taking it anyway! They have no mercy for their opponents!}

While the commentator was talking, the Nigerian fans were going crazy in celebration along with the Nigerian players who were celebrating in front of the fans.

Like usual, the celebration did not take too long, and the players were once again heading back to their half of the field to continue the game, and less than a minute, the ball was once again moving around the field.

At this point, the Lesotho team had become numb to the fact that they were behind.

Losing was nothing new to them, and they had lost most of the games in their group and were not even in contention for qualifying, even if they had won a game.

That they were losing by three goals to nil didn't bother them too much, and all they really cared about at this point was that they didn't concede too many goals to the point that it would be too embarrassing to show their faces.

They also didn't mind scoring one or two consolation goals, so they continued playing like before.

Staying cautious but constantly looking to attack.

Unfortunately, it was not their lucky day, and they kept getting pushed back by the Nigerian team.

#86th minute...

{Moving the ball around comfortably, Nigeria} the commentator said as the ball slowly moved deeper and deeper into the Lesotho half of the field.

{Jason with the ball, he moves out wide?}

Jason had just received the ball from Collins and he moved the ball out wide to the left side of the penalty box, completely at ease.

Nigeria was already leading the game with three goals so he wasn't desperately looking to score a goal or anything.

It wasn't a crucial game for them either, so he chose to just have a little fun with the ball instead of constantly looking for the most efficient route to the goal.

There was also the fact that he didn't want to rack up too many numbers against a team like Lesotho.

He didn't think that they were below him or anything.

Perhaps he was feeling a little compassionate and didn't want to beat this team more than three in this kind of game. They didn't present any threat to his team as far as he had seen, and he didn't want to become a nightmare to a whole country just yet.

Perhaps if it was a different day, a different competition, or maybe against Mylo's country.

As he faced off against his marker who was blocking his path into the penalty box, he stopped moving the ball, put his hands on his waist, and just smiled at the guy.

The guy who was squaring off against Jason, prepared to tackle when he came charging in, didn't know what to do and first looked around to see whether something was happening that he didn't know.

Seeing that nothing strange was happening and it was just Jason who was playing around, he stood up straight and gestured towards his wrist as if to tell him, 'Time is going bro.'

"Sure bro, whatever you say," Jason grinned and moved forward until he was within a meter's distance and then did a smooth rainbow flick over the man's head and skipped past him into the penalty box.

The Lesotho defender immediately chased after Jason, not deterred or embarrassed by Jason doing a rainbow flick over him, but as he turned to chase Jason, Jason flicked the ball back over him again.

The Lesotho defender lost his footing and slipped, falling to the ground while Jason once again trapped the ball and then passed the ball towards Mikel, who was at the edge of the penalty box.

Mikel ran at the ball and hit it at the goal with power, but he mishit it and sent the ball high and wide.

{Oh! What a disastrous end to a beautiful run!}

{He should be ashamed for ending the attack like that!} the commentator shouted aggravatedly while the fans went crazy as they looked at this guy who had wasted such a perfect pass.

Jason, whose pass had been wasted, didn't feel bad that his perfect assist had been wasted and just pulled the Lesotho defender up from the ground with a smile on his face, apologizing for 'breaking' his ankles and jogging out of the penalty box.

Chapter 589: Risk Free International Match III

\*Fweeeeeeeee\*

The referee blew his whistle loudly and ran to the penalty box, one hand pointed to the penalty spot as he advanced towards Jason, who was lying on the ground after being brought down by a Lesotho defender.

Since Jason had decided to play just for fun, he had once again gone on a run down the flank after getting the ball a few seconds earlier.

Nutmegging his marker first before cutting in, and then trying to skip between two defenders with a reverse elastico, he managed to get the ball inbetween the defenders, but when he tried to get past them, they tried to hold him off and one of the defenders ended up hitting him too hard on the chest, sending him to the ground.

The referee had seen that and had quickly blown for the penalty.

{Bad gets worse for the Lesotho team, it's a penalty against them}

{The Supa Eagles have been given the chance to further their lead against this opponent} the commentator spoke as Jason stood up and grabbed the ball, intending to take the penalty himself.

He hadn't been pressed to score a goal, but he wouldn't give away a free goal-scoring chance either, otherwise why was he on the field?

The Nigerian players didn't argue much when they saw that Jason had picked up the ball.

Iwobi didn't give up immediately though,

"Hey, Jason, why not give me this one?" he asked.

"Hmmm... rock paper scissors for it?" Jason replied with a question as well.

"Sure," Iwobi held out his hand at the ready.

{Would you look at that, the Nigerian players seem to be deciding who would take the penalty with a quick game of rock paper scissors} the commentator laughed as he looked at the close up image of the players from a screen.

"Rock paper scissors," Jason and Iwobi chanted and Jason spread his hands wide while Iwobi's two index and middle finger stretched out, reminiscent of a scissors.

"I won," Iwobi grinned.

"Hey, come here for a minute," Jason said and quickly whispered something in Iwobi's ear.

"Oh, that works too," Iwobi nodded after a second.

"Good then," Jason replied and took the ball to the penalty spot despite losing the rock-paper-scissors contest.

Placing the ball down on the penalty spot, he stepped back and waited for the referee's whistle.

The referee, on the other hand, was preoccupied with arranging the players outside the penalty box.

While the penalty arrangements were going on, no one noticed Iwobi changing his position outside the penalty box and staying on Jason's left and staying poised to burst into the penalty box.

That was normal behavior anyway, so no one paid any attention to it.

Jason noted Iwobi's position with a glance back, and a few seconds later, the referee blew his whistle.

Jason ran at the ball and hit the ball a little to his left to the surprise of the goal keeper who had already dived at the right of the post.

Before anyone knew what was going on, Iwobi ran off the line and hit the ball into the back of the net.

{Goal! Ingenious penalty!}

{No one saw that coming!} the commentator shouted, trying to sound louder than the cheering and singing Nigerian fans.

Jason and Iwobi didn't even bother running down the sidelines and just high-fived in the penalty box.

Jason had lost the rock-paper-scissors contest, and the penalty should have been taken by Iwobi, who won the contest, but then he thought of this and decided to make it a win-win situation for both of them.

While he didn't get a goal, at least he got an assist stat from this penalty.

The players soon returned to their positions on the pitch, but a few minutes later, the final whistle was blown, and the match ended.

{It's over!}

{Nigeria have won and they have done so with style and perfect dominance}

{It was not a win they needed, but there was nothing the Lesotho team could do to make a dent in this high-flying team!}

{If the Supa Eagles can take this form into the upcoming AFCON, they just might be able to come home with the trophy!} the commentator spoke as the match was over.

While Jason was celebrating with his teammates, he noticed some familiar faces in the stands, and he waved at them.

Temz, AG, and Sims were in one of the luxury boxes and they had come to watch the game since it wasn't far from home.

... Actually, it was more that AG wanted to watch the game, and Sims followed him, and then she had extended an invitation to Temz, hence, the three ended up at the stadium.

Jason on the other hand had been intending to call Temz because he now had to rush back to Italy and could no longer wait around for the song recording they planned to do.

The draw for the Champions League title had taken place about two days ago and Uventus was up against Dortmund.

The match was in eight days and there was a match against Napoli in three days so he could no longer afford to wait around for a few days.

It seemed they would either have to do the recording in Italy later, or they would wait till the season was over, which wasn't that far off anymore.

There should be a little time Jason could squeeze the recording into because he already had quite a few things he would have to do during the off-season.

He had a trip to Asia to worry about, and he had also received quite a few endorsement deals as well as cameo offers in some movies and series too because some people felt it was a waste for his face to not be in a movie.

Adele had thought it was a good idea for him to focus on a few things apart from football during the break... not to mention that she would be with him for the most part, so there was no way he wasn't going to take the opportunity.

Plus, he also wanted to take the time to check on his company, Rosember.

There were too many things he had to do during the upcoming break apart from arranging a transfer to another team, but there should still be enough time for him to record a whole album if he wanted, he thought laughingly and walked into the tunnel.

Chapter 590: Papi Diego's Cheesy Goodness

**\*\*31st March 2021\*\***

**\*6:45pm\***

Milan, Italy...

Jason headed to the car park where his car was, grumbling to himself for not thinking of the time he would arrive in Milan.

When he was leaving for Nigeria, he had driven to Milan from Turin because he wanted to let his car loose on the highway a little, but he hadn't thought that he'd be feeling this lazy when he got off the plane.

Now he had to drive back to Turin because there was no way he was leaving his car here at the Milan airport for much longer.

The parking fees would burn a hole through his already thin pockets.

He didn't know why parking fees were higher than the money he would use to fuel the damn car in the first place.

'Hurray for capitalism, yayy,' he mocked internally as he pulled open his car's door and threw his bag inside.

Luckily, the parking space was quite private, so he didn't have to deal with having to hide his face in case someone recognized him.

A few minutes later, he drove out of the lot and out of the airport, no longer needing to use a map to know where he was going.

"Tell me where your love liess," he sang as he tore through the streets, trying to before it got too dark, but there was no way he could be faster than the setting of the sun.

In the end, he had to reduce his speed and turn on the headlights to avoid any accidents as he drove to Turin.

It took longer than it usually would, but he finally reached Turin, however, at this point, he was very hungry and wanted to get something to eat before he went home.

It was already late enough that he didn't want to go through the stress of cooking something, yet at the same time, he didn't want to eat something dry like chips or anything like that.

His rumbling stomach soon took over, and before he knew it, he had driven to the Piazza Vittorio Veneto, a historic square in Turin surrounded by cafes, restaurants, and street food vendors.

Since he was in a rush, he didn't plan to bother going to any of the restaurants and parked beside the nearest street food vendor he saw.

At this point, he had completely forgotten the kind of person he was and the kind of wheels he was in.

As his car stopped, everyone nearby first backed away a few meters, trying to avoid generational debt even by an inch.

It was only at this point that he came to himself and realized what he was doing, but at this point, it no longer mattered, and he was too hungry to go look for food somewhere else.

He pushed up the door and got out, the scent of all sorts of food hitting him before he even shut the door behind him.

He wasn't even wearing a disguise, and his hair was tied up on his head so his face could be clearly seen, but his brazen attitude as he got down was somehow not keeping almost everyone rooted to the spot.

No one even remembered that they wanted to get pictures with him or an autograph, and he calmly walked up to the food stall and asked,

"Do you make Tramezzino or Crescioni?"

"Uh, yes, I can, which one do you want?" the vendor asked him.

"Both of them," Jason replied.

"Okay, sure," the guy replied and quickly got to work.

"How much?" Jason asked, taking out his phone and wallet.

"1 hat trick against Borussia, and I'm all good," the vendor owner grinned at Jason.

“... Uhk, \*cough\* \*cough\*,” Jason almost choked on his own saliva.

“Too expensive man. What the fu\*k,” he laughed.

“Drats, I would have bet on it too,” the vendor laughed as well, having seen a ticket into the world of money.

“Even I can’t guarantee that kind of thing man,” Jason said, opening his camera app and turning his back to the vendor’s stall before holding the phone a bit away so that it could capture him and the vendor’s stall.

“What’s the name of your stall?” Jason asked the guy, opening his Instagram app.

“Papi Diego Cheesy goodness... What are you doing?” the guy asked after answering Jason’s question.

“Wait a minute,” Jason muttered, selecting the picture and typing out a caption under it [About to try some Tramezzino and Crescioni from Papi Diego]

After typing the caption, he clicked post.

“This,” he showed the vendor his phone’s screen.

“This can cover it, right?” Jason grinned.

“That’s crazy,” the vendor, whose name was Diego, was shocked when he saw what Jason had just done.

This was media promotion worth a few tens of thousands at the very least because Jason had quite a few followers.

“It’ll definitely cover it and any other time you come here,” the guy replied almost tearfully at his luck.

“Y-you’re Jason Bolu, right? Can I get a picture with you?” a voice came from Jason’s side, and Jason looked over to see a young kid who looked to be just over ten beside a woman who looked similar to him... his mother, Jason figured.

“Sure. I can’t leave till my food’s done anyway,” Jason smiled at the kid.

“Thank you!” the child didn’t need any further invitation to jump beside Jason while calling his mum to quickly take the pictures.

“Okay okay,” the woman grumbled, but the smile on her face showed that she wasn’t really angry or anything.

\*Click\* \*Click\* \*Click\*

Before Jason could realize what was going on, the woman had already taken more than five pictures.

The little boy and his mother had emboldened the other people nearby and they began coming up to Jason, asking for pictures or autographs, or both.

Not having a choice but to wait for his food, Jason catered to as many people as he could, but once his food was ready, he quickly took it and jumped into the car, however, he didn’t drive anywhere until he was done eating.

He was that hungry.