

Legends 611

Chapter 611: Pressure? What Pressure?

#77th minute...

{The ball from Reus to Haaland}

{Haaland returns it, he's being closely watched by the Uventus defenders and was immediately closed down as he received that pass}

{Reus sends the ball back, and Jason intercepts!}

{Bellingham is on him quickly, pushing him off and taking the ball back, he's a talent this lad}

{Bellingham advances with the ball, Jason now doing the chasing, but Bellingham holds him off and sends the ball to Sancho}

{Sancho on the ball. He's cutting into the penalty box!} The commentator described what was going on on the pitch even though the people watching didn't need it.

Sancho was up against two Uventus players as he cut in. Making a feint to the left before suddenly dashing to the right, he swept past Alex Sandro.

De Ligt who was just behind Alex Sandro, responded quickly and came dashing at Sancho, launching himself into a tackle, but Sancho saw it coming and cut back to the left, narrowly dodging the tackle and freeing himself to move forward and take the shot.

That was exactly what he began doing, but the other Uventus began closing him down quickly, forcing him to shoot before he could get into a comfortable position.

{Sancho to take the lead!}

{Oh, saved by Buffon!} the commentator shouted after Buffon blocked the shot with his hands spread wide as he jumped into the ball's path.

{It's not out of danger yet! Haaland!} the commentator screamed as Haaland found himself behind the ball and immediately hit it at the goal, but before the ball could go anywhere, an outstretched leg from Cheillini blocked the shot, causing the ball to fly up and over the post.

{Saved at the last by Chiellini! Dortmund have a corner} the commentator exclaimed.

{That was the chance to end it, and as much as I want to fault Haaland for not putting it away, I have to respect the commitment, effort, and anticipation from the Uventus captain to get himself between the ball and the goal} the co-commentator said as the players prepared for the corner.

It was Reus who took the corner and he sent the ball flying in, aiming for his teammates, but the Uventus players were alert to danger and lunged to get their heads to the ball first.

In the end it was Witsel that got his head to the ball first, but the Uventus players had done enough to send him off balance and he ended up heading the ball over the goal.

A good attempt from Dortmund. Witsel just couldn't keep the header down.

{Uventus have a goalkick}

#87th minute...

{Time is running out for the two teams. If there is a time to find a winner, it is now} the commentator said as he watched the Dortmund team pass the ball around the Uventus players, keeping them on their feet and continuously chasing the ball.

{Yeah, there certainly isn't a bad time to score, but now would surely be a good time} the co-commentator replied to the commentator's comment.

{Dortmund have looked more intent on doing that than their opponents the last few minutes}

{They've kept the pressure high, kept possession for the most part and have sent quite a few balls in behind, but the Uventus have countered their efforts with high alertness to their attempts}

{They're not letting it stop them, though and are going again}

{It's Reus on the left flank, back to Nico Schulz}

{Nico to Zagadou. Zagadou advances with the ball past the halfway line}

{He lays it off to Witsel}

{The Dortmund players seem to be moving further and further up the pitch, and Uventus are being forced to defend!}

Ramsey and McKennie moved to block and steal possession from Witsel, forcing him to pass the ball past them to Brandt, but Brandt wasn't in a better situation and also immediately passed the ball to Bellingham, who was in the final third.

Bellingham looked for options for a forward pass but didn't find any and quickly turned back, sending the ball back to Reus on the flank, who in turn sent the ball back to Zagadou.

The Dortmund team was once again back where they started and this had been repeating itself a few times for the past few minutes.

This time though, Zagadou suddenly noticed that Sancho was a bit free on the right flank, and he did not hesitate to send the ball over.

Sancho plucked the ball from the air with perfect control and pushed it forward, scanning the field while the Uventus players who had been loosely defending him began closing him down.

But before they could reach him, he saw it.

Haaland making a run forward while holding off his marker and in an onside position.

Without hesitation, Sancho pulled his leg back and hit the ball into Haaland's path in the penalty box.

{He's sent the ball high into the penalty box, looking to find Haaland!}

Holding off Chiellini, Haaland skipped past De Ligt and ran into the penalty box, his eyes on the ball.

Buffon who stood in goal also kept his eyes on the ball while also swiftly changing his view to a wider area to keep the threats in his field of vision.

Buffon clearly watched as Haaland took to the air and put his head to the ball, heading it at goal.

Buffon did not need a "go" signal, he immediately jumped at the ball as it flew towards his right, stretching himself out and managing to get a hand to it and push it up, intending to push it over the post, but the shot was too powerful and he only managed to change it's direction a bit.

CLANG!

{Oh! The post!} the commentator screamed, but on the field, Chiellini and Haaland were scrambling towards the ball as the ball had not gone out of play yet.

This time, Chellini managed to hold off Haaland from the ball and reached it first, hitting it towards the right flank where Cuadrado was.

{The ball's out of danger now, thanks to the captain!} the commentator shouted excitedly.

{I can't believe that didn't go in. I think the goalkeeper got his hand to... Oh, what's this from Cuadrado!?!} The co-commentator who had begun analyzing the attack paused in his words as Cuadrado suddenly sent a lobbed cross-field pass forward to the left flank.

{Cross-field pass from Cuadrado to the left flank! He's looking for Jason!} the commentator shouted as the ball flew powerfully into Jason's path on the left.

The ball looked like it would go out of play as Cuadrado had put too much power on the ball, but somehow Jason managed to reach and leaped into the air, catching the ball on his left foot just before it flew off the field and flew into one of the managers on the sidelines.

{He's caught it! The counterattack is on!}

As Jason landed after catching the ball, he slipped and stumbled a bit, feeling a slight pain in his thigh.

It seemed he had strained his muscles to pull off that catch, but this wasn't the time to collapse to the ground in pain.

Meunier was already closing him down from his front, so Jason calmed himself and steeled his mind waiting pushing the ball forward past the halfway line and advancing towards Meunier.

As Meunier drew nearer, he began slowing down, planning to slow down Jason, but to slow down, he opened his leg a bit too wide, and the hole between his legs called to Jason.

Angling his body to the left before rolling the ball with his right foot, Jason immediately followed up with a left heel flick, sending the ball between Meunier's legs before he could close them.

Before Meunier could adjust to what was going on and attack him instead, Jason dashed past him, ignoring the numb, vibrating feeling in his thigh.

Approaching the ball at a quick pace, Jason spotted Chiesa running forward on the right and he did not hesitate to hit the ball with the outside of the front of his boot, using a trivela pass to send the ball to Chiesa on the right flank.

{Another cross-field pass! They're making full use of the field's dimensions on the attack, this team!}

Chiesa caught the ball with his upper body before kicking it forward and dashing past his marker, who was the last defender.

{It's three against one!} the commentator shouted as he saw Chiesa, Ronaldo, and Jason closing on Roman Burki from all sides of the pitch.

Chiesa didn't bother cutting in too much, and as soon as he reached the penalty box, he crossed the ball into Ronaldo's path, and with a powerful drive into the bottom left corner, the post was sent bulging.

{Ronaldooooooooooooo!!!}

{GOAL!!! Uventus!}

{Oh they've done it! One strike for victory and they've gotten it!} the commentator shouted as Ronaldo charged to the sidelines with a huge smile on his face and his hands stretched out wide.

Then he threw his hands up and swung them in circular motions before jumping up and hitting his iconic celebration.

SIUUUUUUUUUUU!!! the visiting fans, the Uventus fans watching from their TVs, the neutrals, and the Ronaldo fans around the globe shouted together.

{The counter attack was beautifully created by his teammates, with them seemingly doing the brunt of the work!}

{But in that final moment when they needed the final hit, who could they turn to but him!}

{Pressure means nothing to this man. He lives for such moments and he's done it again!}

{He took on the brunt of everyone's expectations and just like he's done many times...}

{He has delivered!}

Chapter 612: A Way Back?

The Dortmund players and fans watched in absolute dismay as the Uventus players celebrated with gusto on the sidelines, completely stunned out of their minds that they could not react for a few seconds after it had happened.

Their minds were not processing things fast enough.

They had been in the lead just about 45 minutes ago, but then all of a sudden Uventus not only equalized the scoreline, but they had now taken the lead ten minutes to the end of the game.

That wasn't the worst part either.

Due to the away-goal rule, Uventus now had the upper hand and even if Dortmund managed to score a goal to equalize, the game would still end with a Uventus win.

The only way out for them would be if they could somehow score at least two goals in the next ten minutes.

It was not an impossible task, but it was certainly a daunting one.

Unfortunately, with them suddenly forced into the situation with no other way out, they could only gear themselves up to play as best as they could within the few minutes left before the game rounded up.

While the Dortmund players were rallying themselves, the Uventus players didn't allow themselves to be so swept away by their joy from their goal that they forgot that there was still a game left to play.

Just like they had turned the situation around, their opponents could also do the same, and they knew that, thus they maintained their focus as they went back to their positions, despite the joyous smile on their faces.

There was an ease to their movements that weren't there before, but this was not a point of focus for most people as the game resumed once again.

This time, Dortmund threw caution to the wind and attacked wildly.

They were already losing and losing by a greater margin no longer felt like a threat... not with the amount of time they had left.

A loss was a loss and if the only way was forward, then that was easier for them.

If they needed to get two goals to win the game, then the earlier they scored, the better, they could no longer afford to be patient with the ball and wait for an opening.

If the openings weren't opening up, then they had to create these openings personally, otherwise a loss was only about ten minutes away.

#86th minute...

{Dortmund pushing forward with the ball consistently for the last few minutes. They've been poking at the Uventus defense and taking pot shots from distance, but the Uventus defense has remained air-tight}

{Clearly Uventus is now on the defensive, hoping to hold onto their lead until time runs out, but Dortmund is not having it}

{Hazard with the ball on the left, he's looking for a way in!}

{Pass to Brandt! Brandt returns it as Hazard runs past Danilo!}

{Rough challenge on Hazard from Danilo and he goes down!!!}

{Is that a penalty!?!} the commentator asked excitedly, unsure of the situation as the encounter had taken place at the edge of the penalty box.

The Dortmund players quickly ran up to the referee, getting a word in before the Uventus players even arrived and trying to convince the referee to give the penalty. ~~Re~~ ~~N~~ ~~Ö~~ ~~ß~~ ~~€~~ ~~§~~

The Uventus players did not take kindly to that and also spoke their own minds as soon as they received the referee and things began to become a little heated as the two groups of players began shouting each other down, each of them thinking they were in the right.

That Danilo tried to pull up Hazard in annoyance at how the guy was making a big deal of the situation when he was barely touched, only served to incense the Dortmund players and a fight almost broke out among the players.

Jason, who was nearby, quickly got in between Danilo and Thorgan, breaking things off before it became more serious.

"Calm down man. Even if it's a penalty, we will still win if they score," Jason said to Danilo in a low voice as he pulled him away.

"I know, I'm just trying to waste a little bit of time," Danilo whispered back to Jason when they were out of earshot of the other Dortmund players.

Jason immediately did a double take and eyed the Dortmund player.

'This sly bast*rd,' he snickered internally, shooting him a quick thumbs up and a wink to let him know he understood the game he was playing.

While Jason had pulled off Danilo, the referee had left the players to their vices and began consulting the VAR to confirm whether Thorgan Hazard had fallen inside the penalty box or not.

After a delay of a few seconds, the reply came that it was a close shot as Thorgan had not been fully in the box when he came into contact with Danilo, however, he had been clever enough to ensure that his body only hit the ground inside the penalty box.

In the end, it was a 50-50 decision and up to the referee's discretion to make the decision.

Thinking about it for a moment and considering a few things, including the fans reaction, the referee finally decided to give the penalty.

{Oh, penalty to Dortmund! the referee's given it!}

{Dortmund get a chance to kick start their comeback in this game!} the commentator began while the referee started arranging the players in preparation for the penalty kick.

{Looking at the replay, I can understand the referee's decision, but the Uventus fans wouldn't be happy with the referee giving the penalty} the commentator said.

{Well, I guess it's a good thing they are not in the majority here, Dylan. I can almost imagine their annoyed outbursts from the stands} the co-commentator replied to the commentator.

{Right you are, the Italian's definitely love their football and do not hesitate to show it} the commentator said with a chuckle.

{Haaland to take the penalty. He's calmly staring down the goalkeeper} the commentator intoned as Haaland breathed lightly to calm himself as he waited for the referee's whistle.

{Taking penalties is about luck and skill, but with Buffon in goal, he has to be at to the peak of his concentration if he plans to get the ball past this man}

{He's got experience} the co-commentator was saying when,

Fweeeeeeeeeee!

On hearing the referee's whistle, Haaland ran at the ball and swung at it powerfully, sending a powerful drive down the bottom left corner of the goal.

Chapter 613: Better Luck Next Year

Like the commentator had said, Buffon had quite the experience standing between the ball and the goal and over the years he had developed quite the instinct.

By just watching the player run up to the ball, he could usually determine where the player was going to send the ball.

Nine out of ten times, he was usually correct, but this did not always mean that he could catch the ball even though he could almost always guess where it was headed.

However, tonight was one of those nights when things aligned perfectly for him, and he dived at the ball, managing to get a hand to hit and grasp it tightly before he hit the floor.

On hitting the ground, he quickly pulled the ball into a tight embrace.

{The penalty is saved by Gigi Buffon! Wonderful save from the Uventus goalkeeper!} the commentator screamed excitedly as groans of agony filled the vast majority of the stadium.

{I can't fault the striker for that penalty. It's clear to see that he really put a lot of effort behind the ball, and for any other goalkeeper, it would have been a goal!!} the co-commentator said.

{Buffon made full use of his experience, guessed the striker's intent, and got there in time to grab the ball. Perfect goalkeeping display from this man!}

{He might be getting some gray in his hair, but he's not letting anything get past his crosshairs} the co-commentator added with gusto.

{The striker cannot believe that the ball didn't go in, and neither can his teammates or the crowd!}

{They're in disbelief!} The commentator added more dramaticism to the situation while the Uventus players quickly ran up to commend their goalkeeper before rushing back to the field to take their positions and mark their opponents.

After all, the danger was not over yet and wouldn't be over till the final whistle, however, with another boost in confidence, the Uventus players were able to hold on till the final whistle, barring any other unforeseen situations from changing the game from how they wanted it to be.

Fweeeeeeeeeeee!!!

{There's the final whistle. Uventus have won it!}

{They were up against a challenging opposition! Against challenging odds! But they've gone and turned the situation around and acquired the ticket to the next round of this competition that they so dearly wanted}

{For the distraught Dortmund side, they did well, performed their best, but all they end up with is a 'come back next year' from their opponents}

{It's cruel, oh so cruel, but life is cruel to those who don't win, and they did not!}

{The winner takes all and Uventus will bask in the glory of their performance for the coming days while reminding themselves that this competition is far from over!} ra7ÖBÈš

{What next for them? We'll have to wait and see!} The commentator gave closing remarks as the match stopped.

Jason walked off the field with a big smile on his face, not forgetting to flash a mischievous grin at Meunier when he walked past him.

"Try guarding me again next year, you might have better luck," he said smugly to the right back with a laugh and joined his teammates in celebration.

The Dortmund fans in the stands watched dejectedly as the Uventus players celebrated their win on their field.

Some of the more emotional fans were already walking out of the stadium in a rage.

They blamed their players and did not want to think otherwise, even though they would forget about it in a few days.

After all, it was not their first time being disqualified from the Champions League, and it happened almost every year at this point.

"Told you it'd be different this time, didn't I?" Jason said to Bellingham, who was also passing by after a while, stretching out a hand for a handshake to him

"..." Bellingham just smiled wryly, not wanting to say anything, obviously hurting from the loss.

"Good luck going forward, I guess," Bellingham finally said, taking Jason's hand.

"Y'all better win the Champions League now that you've beaten us," he added, allowing himself to smile a little.

“Well, I’m definitely not planning on giving up on the trophy at this point,” Jason laughed a little.

“Before that though, can I ask him for his shirt?” Jason muttered, his eyes pointing at Reus.

“The cap? Sure, just ask him for it,” Bellingham replied, glancing at Marco Reus, who was looking at the sky forlornly.

“Thanks man,” Jason nodded gratefully to Bellingham.

“If you’ll excuse me then, I have to get back to sulking and being sad,” Bellingham said with a small self-mocking laugh.

“Nah, don’t do that kid,”

“Stand proud. You can cook,” Jason said, patting the back of Bellingham’s head.

“Kid? Bruh, you’re nineteen, and you’re calling me a kid? You sound like my grandpa,” Bellingham laughed at Jason even though he was inwardly grateful for his words.

‘Technically, forty one plus nineteen years is old enough for anyone to have grandkids,’ Jason mentally calculated his age with a wry smile.

“I guess I have an old soul,” he said outwardly with a grin.

“Old soul, but young legs,” he added before Bellingham could say anything.

“You wish. Anyway, I gotta go. You should go meet the Captain quickly too, those guys look like they have quite a few questions for you,” Bellingham said, pointing with his eyes to the reporters who were already doing interviews for a few players amidst continuous waves of camera flashes.

“Alright then, later,” Jason said and headed in the direction of the Dortmund team’s captain while Bellingham headed to the locker room, stealthily trying to avoid the reporters without making it too obvious.

He was still hurting from the loss and was not in the mood to talk too much about the game, however, that was a sentiment that the reporters obviously did not share with him, so he could only do his best to avoid them.

Jason on the other hand, had already met the Legendary Dortmund captain and had gotten his shirt after a little conversation with the man.

Chapter 614: Winner Winner, Chicken Dinner I

Bzzzzt *Bzzzzt*

In a dimly lit bedroom where the curtains had been put up to block out the lights, a low vibrating sound echoed through the room, followed by a well-known anime theme song that began playing out of the phone’s speaker, waking the only occupant of the room.

Jason’s eyes shot open in confusion at the sudden noise, but two seconds later, clarity returned to his eyes, and he realized that his phone was ringing.

Wondering who might be calling him, he slowly reached out to grab his phone.

Grabbing it and glancing at the caller ID, he realized it was his favorite person and didn’t hesitate to put the phone to his ear.

“Hey,” Jason muttered into the speaker, a smile voluntarily breaking out on his face.

“Come pick me up,” Adele’s voice replied into his ear, her voice a bit low as well.

“Huh? Now?” Jason asked, surprised.

They had spoken earlier and he knew she was supposed to arrive in Italy today for them to discuss a few things and sign an endorsement deal or two, but he thought there was still some time till then.

That was why he was sleeping in the first place.

After the previous day's match, he was trying to rest up a bit by sleeping and had set an alarm for later.

"Not now, in about three hours," Adele replied, putting an end to his thoughts.

"... That was already the plan though," Jason replied after a slight pause, but Adele wasn't done speaking.

"Wear something nice," Adele continued.

'I always wear nice things though,' Jason thought internally, but when he opened his mouth to speak, he asked in a joking tone,

"Why? You wanna take me on a date or something?"

"Well, it's been a while, so yes, dinner sounds nice," Adele replied.

"Oh... Okay then," Jason replied, realizing that she may sound like she was suggesting it, but she was merely telling him what she wanted him to do, and he didn't mind it.

"Okay what?" Adele asked immediately, wanting further clarity.

"Okay, I'll wear something nice, pick you up in three hours, and we'll have dinner after," Jason chuckled, giving her the clarity she wanted.

"Good that you know. See you in a while," Adele laughed back.

“Alright then,” Jason replied and was about to hang up the call when,

“Mwah!” Adele sent a kiss and hung up immediately.

‘Hold up, what was that?’ Jason’s brain immediately went into overdrive as he knew Adele, and she was never usually this bold.

“Nah, I need an explanation for this kinda action. She sounding thirsty thirsty,” he muttered and could almost hear a particular youtuber screaming in his head, “she sound like she wanna suck my meat off the bone!” rANqBÈÊ

‘Not that far though,’ he quickly quieted the voice of the errant youtuber in his head and called Adele back, but the phone didn’t even ring and he was notified that the phone was either switched off or unreachable at the moment.

At this point, Jason wanted to pull out his hair as the plot just got deeper and he could not tell whether she had turned on airplane mode because she wanted to get on the plane, or because she was embarrassed after what she just did.

“Arrrrghhhh,” he groaned in exasperation and opened his phone’s clock app to set an alarm, intending to go back to sleep before he let his curiosity rob him of his resting time.

Luckily, he soon found himself drifting away a few minutes later, his curiosity trying and failing to keep him awake.

2 hours later... he had awoken, thanks to his alarm clock and was already preparing for the sudden date that had been thrown into his lap.

He didn’t mind the date and was even happy it was happening, but it still meant that he now had to prepare for a date he didn’t know was happening three hours ago and now there was just over an hour till he met Adele.

‘Maybe I shouldn’t have gone back to sleep,’ he thought to himself as he dried himself off after a shower and began going through his wardrobe for clothing a little bit nicer than what he always wore.

He didn’t even know what ‘something nice’ was supposed to be, after all for a ‘fashion diva’ like him, or so he was told... he always wore nice clothes and knew how to perfectly put clothes together.

Adele should know that too, so what did she mean by ‘nice clothes’?

A suit?

“Nah, too much,” Jason pushed the suits aside.

Tonight wasn’t all about business and he didn’t want to wear suits any more than he had to, but thinking that Adele probably wanted him to wear something a bit formal at the very least,

“This should do,” he muttered as he grabbed a white shirt and black trousers.

Throwing them onto the bed before grabbing a black tie to pair with the shirt and a black Jacket to help with the cold, he began dressing up.

After he was done, he turned to the tie. Taking it and putting it over his head, he adjusted it and left it loose, not half strangling himself.

Finally he grabbed a pair of flats and and poof, he was done.

Admiring himself in the mirror for a moment before turning to his hair and loosely braided two clusters of hair on the sides of his head.

With clothes out of the way, he grabbed his key and his phone, beginning to look for a restaurant to make a reservation for the dinner.

He might not end up needing to make a reservation for the dinner, but he wanted to avoid driving around aimlessly while looking for food.

It would kill the mood... though he wasn't yet sure what the mood was.

When he reached his car, he finally selected a particularly fancy restaurant he had visited a few times.

After visiting a few times, he had ended up getting the phone number of one of the bosses there who had told him to call any time he wanted to make a reservation.

Who knew this would come in handy at such a perfect moment.

'Absolute clutch moment,' Jason chuckled as he got into his car and drove out.

"Hey Don Aldo," Jason said as the man picked up his call.

"Hey Jason, my boy. How'you do'in?"* a slightly aged voice with a thick Italian accent replied excitedly to Jason.

"I'm good, I'm good. Hey I was wondering if I could get a table at your place for tonight in about an hour,"

"I have a little impromptu meeting," Jason explained.

"Done. You want a er... romantic setting. You're coming with a lady, no?"* Don Aldo asked Jason with a teasing voice.

"When did you guys start doing things like that?" Jason asked curiously as he had never seen anything like that been done at the restaurant.

"We don't do it, but anything for you. Just make sure we win the Champions League," Don Aldo laughed.

"With support from you guys, there's no way we can lose," Jason laughed as well.

Chapter 615: Winner Winner, Chicken Dinner II

A black Ferrari Stradale drove into the waiting area of the airport in Turin, revving its engine loudly to inform passerbys of it's devastating presence.

The beauty of a car stopped in front of another beauty in black and the window of the driver side slid down slowly.

Pulling down his glasses with one hand, Jason whistled as he stared at Adele who stood defiantly on the side walk, not moving immediately yet as if to allow him to give her a once over.

She wore a black jumpsuit with a simple design and a black jacket on top.

Shockingly, her hair was a different color from the one that he was used to seeing. She seemed to have dyed it a bleached blonde color that was almost white, but the ends were still black.

"Are you done ogling this damsel in distress?" Adele finally spoke after Jason still hadn't said a word a few minutes later.

"Damsel in distress? Girl, what are you talking about?"

"You're a damsel in this dress," Jason retorted and pushed open the door of his car, not bothering to hide his face despite some people already pulling out their phones to take pictures.

He didn't even have to show his face for people to start taking pictures.

The beauty on wheels that he came out of was already enough of a reason for people to take pictures and shoot videos to capture the moment; after all, it was not every day that one saw a car that colliding with would lead to generational debt.

After he came out though, the people holding out their phones visibly increased, however, no one moved forward to disturb them even as Jason opened the passenger door for Adele for her to get in.

Once the door was closed, he walked over to the driver's side, gave a little wave at a phone that he found himself looking directly at and then got into the car.

"So, how was your flight?" Jason asked as he began driving, more than half of his concentration focused on driving the car while the rest of his attention was on Adele and this wasn't his first rodeo in this kind of situation.

"Fine, I guess... if you remove the guy who was pestering me all through the flight and not allowing me to get some sleep," Adele said, ready to give a step-by-step description of her flight, but Jason interrupted,

"So... did you whack him?" he asked with a mischievous grin.

"Whack him? Real life isn't an 80s Italian mafia movie," Adele scoffed, rolling her eyes at Jason.

"You've been in Italy for way too long. You're already picking up mafia slangs," she added.

"Well, Italy is a beautiful place, and it's a nice place to be. As long as you eat your pasta and pizza right, you won't have any trouble," Jason chuckled, turning the wheel sharply as he maneuvered the car into a right turn into another street.

"... Now I really want to know what happens if I eat a pizza with a fork and knife here," Adele muttered, her eyes dreamy as if she was imagining such a scenario.

“...” Jason’s eyes fell on Adele in comedic exasperation, not knowing what he would do with this girl’s sudden idea that would have any Italian racing to pick up a baseball and giving her a good ol’ whack on the head to put her thought process back in its rightful place.

“Have you ever been on the receiving end of a racist situation?” he asked his death-seeking passenger.

“Racist situation?” Adele repeated, a bit confused.

“Who am I kidding? You’re way too fine for anyone to even be raci*t to,” Jason scoffed.

“What is that supposed to mean?” Adele asked, almost laughing.

“Girl, you’re fine fine, You’ve got that pretty face privilege. Ain’t no one gonna be raci*t towards you,” Jason rolled his eyes as he repeated himself in more detail.

“You say that like you’re ugly,” Adele scoffed at the literal definition of “fine” seated beside her.

“Girl, I’m black, even looking like the second coming of Solomon isn’t going to save me from raci*m,” Jason replied truthfully as he had been on the receiving end of a lot of raci*t comments, especially at football games. rÄNðBËŞ

He just never bothered to react as he thought it to be beneath him to give those people the benefit of a reaction that would make it seem like he was bothered by them.

He was an old soul who had been indifferent to raci*t comments that were not in his face.

Even in his previous life, that was how he was and it wasn’t going to change now.

“I’m part Latino, you’re part black, we’re both exotic so why would you think you get racially discriminated against and I don’t?” Adele asked confusedly.

“Well, first, you’re a woman,”

“Second, you’re too beautiful,”

“Third, you’re Latino,” Jason stated three points with clarity like they were supposed to clear Adele’s doubts, but she only ended up further confused.

“Again, what is that supposed to mean?” Adele asked, more confused than ever before.

“In all the years I have graced this earth, which is a pretty long time, I might add... I ain’t ever seen anybody hate on a beautiful Latino woman, especially one as beautiful as you, and if there has been, then that person was the worst of the worst, in which case it doesn’t count anyway,” Jason stated.

“What?” Adele began laughing a little, but as her thoughts ran amok, trying to find a counter, she continuously came up empty and began to realize that there was at least some truth to his words.

“Y’all Latinos are the type of exotic that everyone likes, while blacks are the type of exotic that everyone else comes together to hate on,”

“But then hey, who gives a fu*k?” Jason shrugged, completely unbothered by the words he had spoken and the gravity they would normally be held with.

In his head, he had a mini Tupac screaming “Fu*k You Too!” to anyone who’s words were an annoyance to him.

With that going on in his head, he didn’t even have to bother himself with responding verbally, after all, right after his verbal assailant had assaulted him, Jason had assaulted him five times as much back in his head.

Hence his seemingly cool temper... he was not actually a cool-tempered person.

Chapter 616: Winner Winner, Chicken Dinner III

In a restaurant in Turin, Italy.

Jason and Adele sat at a table, a few plates of food in front of them and judging by the remaining quantities of the dishes, it was clear that they had been there for a little while and were almost done dining.

They had arrived a while ago after leaving the airport and for the two hungry partners, they had focused more on ordering their food and eating it as soon as it came than conversing, but they weren't silent either.

They were just a lot more focused on filling the empty space in their stomachs.

"So, you were saying something about endorsements," Jason asked Adele, taking a napkin to wipe a little smudge of food on the corner of her mouth.

"Yeah, your stock is shooting through the roof right now, and quite a lot of companies have reached out to me regarding endorsements," Adele began, barely reacting to Jason's gesture.

"I've had to do a lot of screening to grade the offers according to what you want, but I haven't made any decisions on your behalf yet," she continued as she and Jason had discussed endorsements before.

Jason was open to endorsements as long as... according to his words, "The pay fit their demands".

In addition to that, Jason didn't want an endorsement that would require him to spend too much time at promotion events... unless they could somehow fork out enough money for him to not mind doing it, but he doubted it as he had pretty steep demands.

"Anyway, what types of offers did you receive?" He asked Adele.

"Well, for starters, you have some for sportswear... literally boots,"

“You have some from designer cloth brands, some from less expensive clothing brands, some from sport betting companies, some from self-care companies,” Adele listed out, her words impressing Jason.

“And one particularly funny one,” she added.

“What’s funny about it?” Jason asked, wondering what could be funny about an endorsement deal.

“Well... it’s from a condom company,” Adele said and started laughing immediately.

“Pf!” Jason’s napkin clamped over his mouth just in time to stop him from spitting out the contents of his mouth all over the table and onto Adele.

“What the actual fu*k!?” he asked only after he was sure that he had swallowed everything in his mouth.

“Why would they even make an offer to me for god’s sake?” he asked almost tearfully.

“I’m a football player, not a third-rate actor with different jobs whose only duty is to spray man-batter everywhere,” He muttered, face palming.

“Okay, wow. I have to say... I’ve never heard someone describe a pornstar like that. Sounds exactly like Johnny Sins,” Adele managed to say in-between laughs.

“You dirty-minded girl, how do you even know who that is?” Jason retorted in shock.

“Huh, hello, something called the internet,” Adele replied, holding up her phone.

“Well, have you ever heard that everyone with one of these has a personified algorithm that is made from their interests?” Jason shot back.

“The phone is almost never going to show you something that you’ve never been interested in or at least shown some interest in something similar previously,” he continued, eyeing her suspiciously.

“Whatever it is you’re insinuating, I don’t like it,” Adele stared back at him suspiciously.

“I ain’t insinuating nothing. Why would I be bothered if you’re learning the Gawk Gawk 3000?”

“I’m gonna be on the receiving end of that bit*h in the future. Far be it from me to stop you,” Jason snickered, picking up his glass of wine and taking a sip while Adele just stared at him with her mouth agape as her face turned red. řăŇÖ-BÈŞ

“Don’t stop at the Gawk Gawk 3000. You can learn a few other techniques. Just nothing that has to do with me being on the receiving end... from behind,” Jason shivered as the image flashed across his mind.

Adele’s face had already turned redder than a tomato at this point, but just in time to save her, the waiter arrived with the bill, breaking the atmosphere and allowing Adele to regain control of her emotions.

As soon as the waiter moved, she opened her mouth to speak, wanting to move to the next topic of conversation, which also happened to be very important.

“I figured out why the clubs had gone silent previously,” Adele said, putting a napkin on the table after wiping her mouth.

“Hmmm?” Jason’s eyes shot up, and his ears perked up immediately.

This was a matter that had been troubling him for a little while, and it was good now that Adele seemed to have found out what was going on.

“Actually, it’s kind of your fault... and also not your fault at the same time. It’s also kind of my fault, or like I also had a hand in it too,” Adele began, her words confusing.

“What do you mean?” Jason asked, confused.

“Okay, first, don’t get mad... please,” Adele began.

“... That’s worrying, but okay, I’ll do my best not to get angry,” Jason replied after a little pause, not able to outrightly promise as he didn’t know the future and didn’t want to go back on his word a few seconds after saying it.

“Okay, so you remember that YouTube show about that investigator guy? The one where they found out about the whole Sophia, Mylo thing,” Adele began.

“How could I forget,” Jason nodded affirmatively.

“Well, because of that it’s become very clear that you won’t be signing a new contract with Oporto no matter whatever they bring to the table,” Adele continued.

“And?” Jason urged her to explain faster, his curiosity eating through him.

“Okay, let me paint the picture for you. Imagine if one of the best youth talents in world football is up for sale in the current football world, what do you think will happen?” Adele asked.

“I’m guessing you mean me, but I guess my price will be high and there will be a huge bidding war between the big teams to try to add me to their roster,” Jason answered.

“Okay, now, what if it has been confirmed that this player will not be signing a contract with his own club and there is less than a year until his contract runs out?” Adele asked another question.

“... Oh.”

Chapter 617: Winner Winner, Chicken Dinner IV

“... Oh,” Jason gasped, the image slowly beginning to appear in his head.

"They want me on a free transfer?" He asked in surprise.

"Exactly," Adele replied.

"Since it's almost a hundred percent sure that you will not be signing a new contract with Oporto, they don't have anything to fear and could literally wait for your contract to run out before trying to sign you,"

"It's a big win situation for them as they wouldn't have to pay any transfer fees that could be about a hundred million. All they'll have to do is to compete with other clubs for your signature, and from their point of view, it's a big win for you too,"

"The problem is you and Oporto,"

"The relationship between you and the Oporto management is damaged beyond repair, and staying there for another six months would almost definitely stall your career as they will not release you from your contract since they want to make a profit from a transfer fee for you. You're literally their golden egg,"

"Also, it is very likely that you wouldn't be registered for the squad for the next season, which means another loan out is your only option till your contract runs out," Adele explained.

"..." Jason went silent as he tried to think about the implications of the matter at hand.

"What about Uventus? There's a clause that will allow them to purchase me at the end of the current loan transfer, right?" he asked Adele.

"Well, I've asked about and it seems like they plan to let your contract run out as well, both the loan contract and your contract with Oporto. They don't seem to have any plan to spend money on you in the coming transfer window,"

“They’re also planning a swoop for you after your contract with Oporto ends, and they seem to think that they will have the upper hand as you’re already playing with them now and have experience here,” Adele replied.

“... That’s annoying,” Jason muttered and sat back, deep in thought.

Staying at Oporto for another six months was a no-no for him, even if he would be allowed to play.

On the other hand, going out on another loan would be annoying and would make him seem like an unwanted player, not to mention that due to his contract with Oporto he would be stuck collecting a measly 14k Euros per week which was in no way actually a small amount of money, but compared to his services and the kind of star value he was worth, that was more than severely underpaid.

Since he had been at Uventus, he had somehow sold almost 5 million Euros worth of shirts in less than four months, but he hadn't been paid 200k in wages since his arrival.

Going to another club on loan would just allow them to profit off him while giving him scraps thanks to his contract, but unfortunately, he couldn't even ask for another contract as that would come with more commitment to Oporto which was the one thing he didn't want.

“What about going on loan to a club that you will later sign a permanent transfer for? That could work for you, right?” Adele asked, somehow knowing exactly what he was thinking about.

"It can work... I just don't like it," Jason answered honestly.

He knew that this thing was just business and he was the unfortunate one who was caught in the cog, but he didn't want to join a club that would rather pay him less than what he deserved for six more months just because they wanted to avoid paying for his transfer and wanted to enjoy the benefits of his services for a severely discounted price. **ŘANÓbĚS**

Some would call it a petty or stupid line of thought, but after what he went through with Oporto, he believed he deserved to be at least this wilful.

If a club could choose to exploit him when they would obviously make back whatever they spent if they were willing to pay for a permanent transfer, then what was to stop them from doing worse things in the future as long as it saved them a little more money?

Oporto was a very clear example, and Jason didn't want another such rodeo.

That was making this a very hard place to be in and he didn't know what he was supposed to do now.

"Ugh, maybe I'm just overthinking it," Jason groaned, massaging his forehead.

"What about coming back to Uventus on loan for the remaining six months?" he asked.

"Wouldn't work. Oporto couldn't reject your choice to go for a loan the last time, but that could only happen once. Now, they can do whatever they want regarding a transfer for you,"

"The only thing stopping them from selling you now is whether you sign for whichever offer they accept or not... and right now the only thing they will be accepting for you is transfer offers," Adele replied, shattering Jason's latest idea.

"So I can only wait and watch while hoping a team will be dumb enough to make a transfer offer for me now when they can wait to get me for free a few months later, saving themselves a huge amount of money,"

"And it's either that happens or I might be potentially sidelined for six months?" Jason laid bare his thoughts.

"Or you can somehow manage to make Oporto agree to a mutual termination of your contract," Adele added.

"And what are the chances of that?" Jason asked, not having much hope as he already knew the chances were low.

“Less than one percent. Like I said, you’re their golden egg... or one of them, the biggest one,”

“And there has not been any breach in contract on both sides, which means there are no grounds for a contract termination, so there’s no way in hell they would ever consider letting you go on a free transfer,” Adele sighed.

“I wouldn’t do it if I were them,” She added truthfully.

“Fu*kin piece of paper,” Jason cursed in a low tone, annoyed.

“Can’t I just act like an a** and get them to breach the contract?” Jason tried another angle.

“Not unless you want to damage your stock. I wouldn’t advise it,” Adele countered.

“So there’s nothing I can do?” Jason asked again.

“... Actually,” Adele broke out in a grin.

Chapter 618: Winner Winner Chicken Dinner V

“So there’s nothing I can do?” Jason asked again, on his end ropes.

“... Actually,” Adele broke out in a grin.

“... there is something we can do,” she said with the grin plastered across her face.

“And you waited till now to tell me this?” Jason asked.

“Something tells me I’ll not like this idea,” he muttered.

“Actually, less of something we can do, but more of an if things fall into place kind of thing,” Adele tried to explain.

“Just tell me what it is,” Jason groaned, ready to hear out any type of idea at this point.

“Well. Let’s first start with your demands. You don’t want Oporto to make too much money from selling you, which is the exact opposite of what Oporto wants, as they want to cash out on you, even though they don’t deserve it,” Adele began.

“They definitely don’t deserve to profit as much as they are asking for, but they did bring me into professional football so they deserve a little bit,” Jason muttered in a low voice, not disturbing Adele’s explanation.

“Right now, you don’t even have to bother rejecting offers so as to prevent them from making a windfall off you as the offers aren’t even coming yet, however, this isn’t advantageous to you as you don’t want to spend the next six months after this season in uncertainty,”

“But since Oporto is willing to do whatever they can to get rid of you in the coming transfer season, a last day transfer could somehow get you to move to a new club while also keeping your transfer at an all time low as they wouldn’t have time to negotiate for an increased price,” Adele stated.

“Ohhhhhhhhh,” Jason exclaimed, understanding immediately.

Since Oporto wanted to get rid of him and make a huge amount of money or risk losing him on a free transfer, they would get antsy when there weren’t any transfer offers so if a transfer offer came in the last hours of the transfer window, they would count their losses and sell him off as quickly as they could so they could at least make some money off him.

“But how are we going to get a team willing to make an offer and also make them do it at the last minute?” Jason asked the all-important question.

“Leave that to me, you just focus on keeping your numbers up and avoiding injuries,” Adele replied.

“You can trust me to do just tha-...”

“... -t,” Jason was interrupted by his phone’s screen lighting up.

“Hold up a minute,” Jason muttered as he picked up his phone and opened it to see what notification had come in.

“Oh,” he muttered and smirked when he saw the notification.

“What’s up?” Adele asked, seeing the smirk on his face.

“Mylo just posted, Oporto lost their game today,” Jason replied, opening his Instagram app and going to the settings.

“I would have said I understand, but I actually don’t. Why do you even care whether Oporto lost or that Mylo posted?” Adele asked, confused.

“I don’t. I’m just a professional hater who has to kick an opp while he’s down,” Jason said smugly as he logged out of his main Instagram account and logged in to another account. ~~RAN~~ObEs

What do you mean by that?” Adele asked, now more intrigued than confused.

Well, you see, I have a particular recreational activity that is very good for relieving mental stress,” Jason began explaining about a new habit he had picked up lately.

It started a while ago when Instagram started showing up Mylo’s posts on his feed because apparently he was one of the ‘people he should know’.

Initially, Jason was about to block any posts from Mylo when suddenly a particularly devious idea popped up in his head.

He knew that Mylo was obsessed with how people thought of him and often spent time looking through the comments on his social media which to Jason was as thankless job as he could hardly ever read through everything and it wouldn't be fair if he only read a little so he never did it.

Anyway, the point was that Jason knew that Mylo regularly checked his comments so Jason had thought, why not ruin that guy's day all day, every day.

Once the idea was up in his head, Jason couldn't get out and he ended up creating a new Instagram account called "ProfessionalMyloHater007" and then followed Mylo and turned his notifications on to priority.

So whenever Mylo posted anything on Instagram, Jason would be there to hate on him.

It didn't matter whether it was personal or related to the team, Jason would be there to hate on every single post.

"Equal hate for every Mylo post" was his account's intro, and he carried it out so faithfully that almost every other Mylo follower on Instagram already knew about him.

It was to the point that "ProfessionalMyloHater007" had made quite the name for himself and whenever he commented, his comments had so many likes that he always became a top comment, ensuring that Mylo would always see his post.

"So that's what I do," Jason smirked at Adele and started thinking of the hate comment he would type out to worsen Mylo's mood that was already down after a loss.

"Wait a minute though," Adele suddenly interrupted Jason's thoughts.

"Why are you only doing it to his Instagram?"

"You should do it on his Facebook, his Twitter, even his YouTube if he has any. You can even get a phone number and text him directly to ensure he gets the message every time,"

Also, why are you letting Sofia off the hook?" Adele said with gusto, sounding even more enthusiastic than Jason was.

Whoa whoa whoa, chill," Jason laughed, amused and almost alarmed at Adele's enthusiasm.

There's a huge difference between a recreational activity and straight stalking. I don't have time to watch his every move, you know,"

Also, Instagram is kinda like the major one he uses, so no point in bothering with the rest, and as for texting him directly... Come on, that is just one way to get arrested."

Ain't nobody got time for that," Jason laughed.

As for Sofia though... never really thought about it, I just don't really care much," Jason added thoughtfully.

Well, I'm taking up her own side of the hating. How do you open another Instagram account on your phone?" Adele asked immediately, sounding very enthusiastic, but before Jason could reply, a wave of applause filled the restaurant, directing their attention somewhere else.

Jason and Adele looked over and saw that quite a number of people were clapping, and it didn't take them long to figure out what was going on.

A few meters away was a guy on his knees in front of a woman whose face looked red enough to be mistaken as a tomato.

It was a classic case of a marriage proposal and it seemed the woman had said yes, which was why a lot of people were clapping happily for the couple.

Jason let out a sigh of relief on realizing that he wasn't the one they were clapping for as it would have been very awkward.

Ahhh, young love," Jason sighed, picking up a glass of wine.

Young love? You sound like a sixty-year-old man," Adele laughed at Jason.

I am sixty though,' Jason thought internally with a wry smile.

What if I am sixty though?" he asked spontaneously.

Well, you're probably the most good looking sixty year old man I know," Adele chuckled.

Probably? Who else could look like this at sixty?" Jason asked, gesturing to himself.

Tom Cruise, Robert Downey Junior... Johnny Depp?" Adele listed out.

Jason was agape as he couldn't deny that the people she had mentioned did look very good.

Good point, but I don't think those guys are sixty yet," he finally countered after a bit of thought.

And neither are you," Adele rolled her eyes at him.

Again, good point," he chuckled and took a sip of his wine.

Now that I think about it... I haven't formally asked you to be my girlfriend yet?" Jason said, suddenly remembering.

Adele's eyes immediately shot towards him.

Want me to do it here? Maybe I should get on my knees as well,” Jason muttered, as if he was talking to himself.

Not unless you want to be on the headlines tomorrow. They’ve not recognized you here, I’d like it to stay that way,” Adele immediately countered, her face just as red as the face of the woman being proposed to a few minutes ago.

Flowers and a more private location are necessary,” Adele said shyly.

She didn’t mind being seen with Jason, but she preferred for major milestones in their relationship to remain behind closed doors instead of being broadcasted everywhere.

Is that so?” Jason asked with a thoughtful smile, countless thoughts running through his head.

Okay, let’s go then,” he finally said after a while, getting up before going over to Adele and pulling her out of her seat.

Chapter 619: Still Hungry

“It’s Steph with the step back, and he shoots for the buzzer beater!” Jason did a little commentary as he did a step back move and threw his car keys at a basket on the dining table where he usually kept his keys.

“Swish!” he whistled as the ball(key) landed perfectly into the basket.

“Perfect basket!” Jason pumped his fist with a huge smile on his face.

“... That’s the key to a million-dollar car,” Adele said with a glance at Jason.

“Ok, and?” Jason asked, confused as to what was wrong.

“... Why am I even surprised at this point?” she sighed as she walked in after him.

“Exactly, you shouldn’t be surprised,” Jason snickered as he once again picked up her bag and took it to the guest room where she stayed the last time she was at his place.

As he was passing by the living room, he clapped twice and in a wide space in front of the couch, a screen started sliding upward from what anyone would previously think was a normal cupboard.

While the TV slid out Jason went to drop Adele’s bags and then went back to the living room and jumped on the couch, grabbing the remote from a hidden compartment in the couch.

“What are you doing?” Jason asked, poking his head over the couch to glance at Adele, who was rummaging through his fridge.

“Well... I’m still hungry,” Adele shouted back as she busied herself picking out food Jason had kept in the fridge.

“You finally started keeping eatables in your fridge too,” Adele said as she picked a muffin and bit into it, picking out another two.

“Hey! Don’t eat everything!” Jason shouted as he jumped up and ran to the kitchen to stop the gluttony monster that was attacking his fridge.

Considering that he usually didn’t have a lot of time these days to do much other than training, especially with all the constant matches, he had finally opted to take a day off every few days to do a marathon cooking session and stock his fridge.

This way, anytime he was running low on nutrients after training or during his relaxation periods, he would just pick something from the fridge and throw it into the microwave, but now this gluttony monster had spotted his food reserves and he knew he had to stop her.

With how much she ate, she should weigh more than a thousand pounds, but she somehow never managed to gain weight... ever, and he wasn’t about to let her sink his food reserves into the bottomless sinkhole she had for a stomach.

“Ahhh!” Adele squealed as Jason grabbed her from behind and carried her away from his fridge.

“You get two muffins at most... and some popcorn,” he managed to say while Adele struggled against in his arms.

“Two muffins!”

“Out of everything in that fridge!?”

“I want four!” Adele countered while struggling to eat the rest of the muffin in her hand so she could tell him that it didn’t count.

“Three!” Jason replied with a counter offer immediately.

“Deal!” Adele squealed in agreement.

“I also want that thing that looks like melted cheese!” Adele continued, proving Jason correct that she was after every single goody in his fridge.

“Hmm?” Jason mumbled, as he glanced over her shoulder at the fridge to check what she meant by ‘melted cheese’.

“The chicken parmesan?” he asked, recognizing it the dish instantly.

“Chicken and cheese?” Adele’s mouth began watering immediately.

“Yeah, it’s just improvising fried chicken for pasta. It ended very well,” Jason shrugged as he reminisced.

"You're an athlete. That much cheese shouldn't even be part of your diet," Adele said, swallowing loudly.

"Lemme guess, you want to help me with it?" Jason rolled his eyes at her.

"You don't have to thank me," Adele replied immediately, struggling even more with her hands outstretched at the fridge, trying to reach.

"Okay okay, you can have that one too. But that's all, any more and you'll have indigestion," Jason gave in, not mentioning that he had actually wanted to give it to her before.

He had heard about the dish somewhere and had tried making it, but then he was left with a dilemma as he usually had to avoid foods filled with that much fatty content.

The thought of getting Adele to eat it definitely fled across his mind, but seeing as she was in another country he had not thought too much about it, but now that she was here and wanted to eat it, he didn't mind.

"Yessss!" Adele shouted victoriously, putting her hands up while Jason let go of her and moved forward to defend the his fridge.

"Thank you darling," Adele said suddenly and kissed him on the cheek, leaving Jason stunned.

While his brain went into joyous shock, Adele quickly picked the bowl containing the chicken parmesan as well as a few muffins and quickly dumped them in the microwave to warm it up and in the case of the chicken parmesan, to re-melt the cheese.

When Jason's brain circuits finally began moving again, Jason glanced at his fridge and immediately realized that something didn't add up.

"I said take three muffins!" Jason called out aggravatedly on looking at the lower than expected number of muffins that was left.

“That’s what I did though,” Adele said in a low voice.

“I took two for you,” she added after some thought, glancing away.

“Rightttttt...” Jason rolled his eyes at her.

“If you don’t want them, I’ll eat them,” She said in a hopeful voice and Jason could tell that she was wishing for exactly that.

“Bad luck for you though, I’m also quite hungry,” Jason said turning to her and moving closer until he trapped her at the edge of the kitchen counter.

“... But not only for muffins,” he said in a low tone, licking and biting his lips lightly as he let his eyes run across her body.

“...”

“... I’m not giving you any of my chicken parmesan,” Adele finally said after a pause, sounding so clueless that it was cute and caused Jason to laugh a little.

“Girl, fu*k the parmesan chicken, I wanna eat you,” Jason said as he went in for the kiss.

Chapter 620: Still Hungry II

Adele didn’t resist and allowed Jason to lean in and take her lips before she responded in kind and they began a tongue battle for dominance.

While the battle of tongue dominance went on, Jason’s hand snaked across Adele’s body, heading downwards.

Brushing past her abdomen and slithering past her ass until he grasped her thighs and lifted her off the ground and onto the kitchen counter.

“EEEEEEEE! Oh my gosh!” Adele squealed at suddenly being swept off her feet and she grabbed onto Jason’s neck for support involuntarily.

As she grabbed on for dear life, she could not help noticing his taut muscles that seemed to have been personally crafted by a master crafter, and this was with a shirt slightly obstructing her sense of touch.

Jason placed her on the counter and drew back a bit, but didn’t take his hands away from her thighs. He was about to go back in when he suddenly heard something on the TV and remembered why he had turned it on in the first place.

On the TV, the draw for the Champions League Semi-Finals was taking place and the host was currently holding the Uventus tag in his hand and was about to pull out the tag of their opponents.

“Who do you think you guys are going to be up against?” Adele asked, having also turned to the TV.

“I don’t know, everyone’s a pretty tough opponent. It’s either Royal Madrid, Bayern, or Chelsea,” Jason muttered, a bit anxious all of a sudden.

“Chelsea sound like the weakest of the lot,” Adele replied.

“Maybe they do, but they’ve been pretty good this season, especially in the Champions League,”

“They’d be a pretty tough opponent if we go up against them. They have that Havertz guy, Werner, Thiago Silva, Koulibaly and a lot of other guys... but yeah, i think I fancy our chances more against them than the others,”

“Bayern is going to be a nightmare to be up against, but Madrid...”

“I guess whatever will be, will be,” Jason sighed, giving up on guessing who their likely opponent was to be.

Just in time, the host of the draw put his hand into the bowl holding the remaining three white balls that had the teams names inside.

“And Uventus’s opponent for the 2020/21 Champions League semi- final will be...” the host drawled as he pulled the ball apart and opened up the piece of paper that had the name of the chosen opponent.

Holding up the piece of paper so that it could be captured on camera, the commentator announced Uventus’s opponents.

“Royal Madrid!!!”

“...”

“Well, sh*t,” Jason chuckled wryly upon realizing the daunting task they would be facing if they wanted to get to the Champions League Finals.

He could already feel his blood boiling, but at the same time, he could deny feeling a little apprehensive about going up against the most successful team in the Champions League in the last decade.

“Well, at least they no longer have Ronaldo and Bale hardly plays for them anymore,” He laughed a little and turned to the microwave to pull out the food that was now done warming up.

Pulling open the microwave door shut off the incessant beeping of the machine and Jason grabbed a muffin for himself.

“Just make sure Sergio Ramos doesn’t take send you to the infirmary, please,” Adele said, almost pleadingly.

She knew that Jason’s playing style provoked his opponents a lot and she also knew that Sergio Ramos was not the kind of opponent that was to be provoked.

“Haha,” Jason laughed, biting into one of his muffins.

Holding his muffin with his teeth, Jason pulled out the bowl holding the chicken parmesan and grabbed a fork on the side.

Pulling off the cover and stabbing the fork into one of the smaller pieces of chicken, Jason pulled it out of the sticky cheese and blew on it while Adele watched him alertly, almost as if she feared he would steal her food. §

But her worries were for naught as Jason held the chicken to her lips a few moments later and she didn't hesitate to grab with her mouth.

"Oh, that's really good," Adele 'mhmed' for a while before commenting, obviously delighted with the taste of the chicken parmesan.

"Of course it is. I made it," Jason replied, matter of factly.

"Right... right. Anyway, about your endorsements, we need to talk about some of them soon," Adele said.

"Which ones?" Jason asked, already blowing on another piece of chicken.

"Well, the ones about shoes... Your soccer boots,"

"Like I said earlier, I'm already talking to NiKe, AddiDas, OverArmor, NeewBalance, and Evo," Adele began.

"Like you already know, NiKe and AddiDas are the biggest and they're also the ones we're having most problems with,"

"They don't want to commit to a long-term deal with you and the offers they've made so far are a bit lacking when considering your potential," she explained.

“What offers did they make?” Jason asked, feeding her another piece of chicken.

“Well, Nike is saying 2 million for 2 years while AddiDas is saying 1.6 million for 2 years as well, however... they’ve only said this verbally and haven’t made an official offer yet due to the... uh, current instability regarding your future team,” Adele spoke while chewing on the meat.

“Nike especially is saying they have to know your next destination to know how to further adjust their offer which sounds like total bullsh*t, but it’s not,” she continued.

“I understand that. What are the other offers then?” Jason asked, moving on.

Negotiation was Adele’s job, and he wasn’t going to involve himself too much, and he was not also going to stress himself too much about an endorsement deal, especially when his would-be endorsers didn’t seem to have made up their mind.

He had already showcased his stock and everything else that happened at this point was no longer in his control, especially since he was clueless about his next destination.

“Well Evo have a mind-blowing offer for you... there are terms and conditions though,” Adele said with a little laugh.