

Legends 661

Chapter 661: Ticket to UCL Finals 2021 VII

"Tell Chiesa to move to the left wing, you'll be on the right while Ronaldo will stay in the center. We're switching to a 4-3-3 formation," Pirlo said to Jason who stood beside him, all warmed up and ready to jump on the field.

Ten minutes had gone by since the beginning of the second half and while the Uventus players were solidly defending against Madrid's attacks, the Madrid players seemed to have been juiced up and were attacking incessantly.

So far, Uventus had managed to hold on, but if the situation continued for much longer, they would inevitably crumble and that was the one thing Pirlo wanted to avoid.

With how well the Madrid team was playing at the moment, allowing them to score one goal would be like opening Pandora's box and what would follow would be an even more unforgiving barrage of attacks.

Pirlo had come too far to let it slip now, so he was quickly making adjustments to the line-up. He had Jason and Bentancur begin warming up three minutes prior and was now telling them the tactical adjustments he was making.

"Rodrigo, you'll be taking Ramsey's position in the midfield, I want you moving box to box, but not as much, stay out of the penalty box when we're attacking, unless necessary,"

"Support the attack, help out in defense and make sure the ball keeps moving," Pirlo instructed Bentancur.

"Jason, the wingbacks don't have as much energy as at the beginning since they've been going back and forth,"

"Use your pace, catch them off guard, break through on the wing and get the ball to the center, quickly,"

"If the pressure is too much, you and Chiesa will fall back to defend, turning the formation to 4-5-1. Tell him this. Tell Ronaldo too so he doesn't waste too much energy going up the field if that turns out to be the case,"

"It's not compulsory we score, but we need to pressure them enough so they don't have time to score, so shoot whenever you get the chance,"

"Off you go then," Pirlo sent the two of them off to the side of the substitution referee.

While Jason and Bentacur walked off, one of Pirlo's assistant managers sidled up to him and asked him quietly.

"Should you be telling him that? That we don't need a goal?" the assistant manager asked.

"Of course I shouldn't, but it's a big game and see how Chiesa is playing. Unfortunately, I have to keep him on for now as I don't want to waste too many substitutions,"

"One player playing like that is already bad enough. I don't need another one playing terribly after succumbing to pressure," Pirlo explained in a low voice.

"I don't think pressure is a pressure for that lad though," the assistant manager replied, glancing at Jason warming up some more as he waited for the ball to go out of play.

"Oh it is. Happens to the best of us. No matter how talented he is, he's still young. By all rights, he shouldn't even be facing matches this big this early, but here we are,"

"I can only hope things work out well," Pirlo said, watching the ball fly out of play after Chiesa took a long shot that soared almost three meters above the crossbar.

'Maybe I should have taken him off,' Pirlo facepalmed internally.

{Substitution for Uventus and surprisingly, it's Morata and Ramsey who are coming off for Jason and Bentancur}

{Bentancur will be taking Ramsey's place in center midfield and the onus is now on him to keep the deadly midfield trio in check}

{With a winger being substituted on for a striker, many are wondering whether the manager intends to play Jason out of position or if some changes have been made to the tactical setup} The commentator said as he watched the substitution referee hold up the board with numbers on it in alternating green and red colors.

{Surprisingly, despite Chiesa's bad form so far, he's not the one who gets the axe, but maybe the manager's tactical changes can cause a change of fortunes for him} the co-commentator said, uncaring for how Chiesa would feel at his words.

His words did sting Chiesa, but the man moved to his new place of assignment after hearing the manager's instructions from Jason, while Jason moved on to tell Ronaldo the manager's instructions to him as well.

Despite his annoyance for Jason being on the field along with him which would enable direct comparison of their abilities, Chiesa was actually grateful at the manager's decision to change his position to the flanks.

While he could play in the attacking midfield position, he didn't like playing there because the responsibilities he held in that position were too much and when it was a 4-4-2 diamond formation like the one his team was using, it got even worse.

As someone who was supposed to be the bridge between attacking and midfield, he had to support the forwards with passes, drop back to help the midfielders, make runs forward to join the attack, and even help out on the wings when needed, but on the left wing, he could focus on just making incisive runs and breaking through on the flanks to support the other forwards on the attack.

With the Uventus team having made their substitutions and already subtly adjusting to the manager's tactical changes, the game resumed quickly with a goal kick from Madrid.

#66th minute...

After the manager's tactical changes, the Uventus team had stabilized the situation, ensuring a seamless trade-off between solidity in the center to more presence on the flanks and up front.

Their attacking threat had reduced the Madrid team's boldness, and the situation was slowly reverting to the back and attacking display they had in the first half of the game.

{Uventus on the attack, Bentancur chips the ball to Jason on the right} the commentator described the on-field situation.

Glancing at the ball that was flying in the air into his path, it was clear that it was too high for him to do anything with it other than control it, however, Marcelo was already close by and bringing the ball down would only end with it being stolen away by the Madrid defender, so when Jason rose into the air to catch the ball, he glanced around, looking for a teammate and noticed Ronaldo nearby.

More than a meter in the air, Jason caught the ball on his knee, pushing it forward and then swinging his leg at it to pass it in Ronaldo's direction.

{Masterful control and pass from Jason. He was flying there}

Ronaldo caught the ball on his chest and brought it down, holding off Nacho while Jason stabilized himself after landing.

With Jason stabilized and Nacho pushing hard into the striker from behind, Ronaldo returned the ball to Jason, but Marcelo instantly covered Jason's path down the right flank, causing Jason to slow down, however, Cuadrado was nearby and already making a run forward.

With Cuadrado dashing forward, Jason feinted to buy a split second of time and sent a pass past Marcelo while Cuadrado dashed past the two of them, racing forward to catch the ball.

Catching up to the ball at the right side of the penalty box, Cuadrado did not pause to control the ball and instantly sent a ground cross across the penalty box, behind all the Madrid defenders.

The ball rolled into Chiesa's path who was arriving behind the Madrid defenders on the left side of the goal.

{This time to redeem himself! Chiesaaaaaa!} the commentator screamed as Chiesa's left foot swung at the ball.

Chapter 662: Ticket to UCL Finals 2021 VIII

Chiesa hit the ball with the side of his left foot, but he had underestimated the power with which the ball was sent his way. His simple touch was not enough to send the ball in the direction he wanted.

The ball bounced off his foot and flew narrowly wide of the goal, clipping the outside of the bar as it flew out of play.

{Oh my god! He's missed! Again!!!}

{Dreamlike attack, nightmare finish, how could he miss that so horribly!?!} The commentator exclaimed, as pained as the Uventus fans who had to watch Chiesa's terrible finishing since the game began.

{If Uventus don't end up winning the game, we all know whose direction fingers will be pointed in} the co-commentator said as well, his tone maintaining professionalism.

Chiesa had his palms clasped in front of his face apologetically as he turned to face his teammates, but even their patience was wearing thin with him.

On the sidelines, Pirlo beckoned to the assistant manager,

"Set up a training for that kid, mostly shooting drills. He's going to be training all the way to the end of the season and even after next season begins," he told him.

"... Also, tell Dybala to start warming up. We may have to take Chiesa off soon," he added after a pause.

“Alright sir,” the assistant replied and turned to the bench.

“Dybala, start warming up. No hurry,” he called out to Dybala who nodded and got off the bench.

On the field, Courtois sent the ball into the center of the field with a powerful goalkick and an aerial battle for possession ensued between the two teams once again.

#70th minute...

{Uventus in possession, moving the ball around swiftly, are they looking for a way in?}

{Yes, they are} the commentator said as the ball was passed to Jason on the right flank.

Jason had tried to make corrections to his gameplay after Ronaldo had given him ideas, so he had been watching his teammates before the ball came his way.

He hadn't been able to put much together, but he had noticed Ronaldo holding off Sergio Ramos, holding open a space to run forward.

Considering Sergio Ramos's physicality and mentality, there was no way, Ronaldo would be able to hold him off for too long, which meant the ball had to reach Ronaldo fast, however, Nacho was blocking the passing lane into the penalty box and Marcelo was standing in Jason's way.

'Here goes nothing,' Jason mumbled internally as he received the ball calmly, stopping it before moving towards Marcelo.

As he inched closer to Marcelo, he made a feint to the left as if he wanted to break through on the outside, but suddenly changed direction as if he was cutting in.

Nacho maintained his distance, thinking Jason was cutting in to take a shot, but Jason instead chipped the ball into the penalty box, sending the ball over the defense line.

Ronaldo instantly took off into the penalty box, shrugging off Ramos and running forward, but Ramos instantly chased after him, trying to push Ronaldo away from the intended path of the ball.

With the two players slamming into each other, neither of them could get into a good position, but in the end, Ramos' physicality won out and he managed to reach the ball first.

Hearing approaching footsteps behind him and catching a glimpse of a pink shirt, he thought Nacho had tracked back as well and jumped at the ball to head it at Nacho, seeing no point in clearing the ball at a time like this.

However, due to being slightly off the ball's intended path, he couldn't put much power on the header and that turned out to be Madrid's undoing.

Kulusevski had been near the penalty box when Jason sent the ball flying in and he had ran towards the penalty box, intending to be there if the ball spilled his way.

Staying just behind Nacho until the ball actually came his way, he burst forward and caught the ball with his leg, controlling it and then hitting it past Courtois.

{Kulusevski is there and he hits it! GOAL!!!} the commentator screamed excitedly as the ball slammed into the back of the net, but Kulusevski was already running towards the sidelines, jumping and pumping his fists as he ran, ending his celebration with a knee slide, his arms stretched wide as if to hug the world.

{You're told many times in training to anticipate a parry or a spillage whenever the ball goes into the box and you can see that this man listened to his teachers}

{Like a shadow, he bided his time and when the ball luckily came his way, he did not hesitate to take the chance. That goal was by no means a fluke, it's what he was there for!} The co-commentator took over the commentary with expert analysis as he watched the replay of the goal on the monitor while the Uventus players celebrated their goal.

After a few more seconds of celebrating their goal, the Uventus players began to return to their half of the field.

{After so much attacking display from both sides, it is Uventus who manage to score first, turning their away-goal advantage into a lead}

{Dire times for Madrid. They need two goals now if they're going to earn the ticket to the finals. Can they turn this around}

The Madrid players did not need reminding that the door to the Champions League final was closing and it was closing fast.

20 minutes... that was all they had if they wanted to make a comeback and that was not a lot of time... but whether it was a lot of time or not wasn't the question.

The real question was whether it was enough time and were able to achieve a comeback within that time?

#74th minute...

After Uventus's goal, Chiesa was finally taken off the Uventus team and Dybala took to the field. With Dybala who was now playing on the right wing, Jason moved over to the left wing and the game continued in earnest.

The Madrid team had turned up the heat even more and were now playing with more ferociousness as they looked for a way back, however, because of this, another problem opened up.

Chapter 663: Ticket to UCL Finals 2021 IX

Isco, Kroos, and Modric were very good players who could control the center of the pitch while also spraying defense-splitting and accurate passes forward, however, they weren't especially defensively talented.

They had been able to control the pace of the game and the center of the midfield because they were good at moving the ball around and playing possessively, however, now that the ball had to get to the

front very quickly, they couldn't spend too much holding the ball before sending it forward for the attackers to have a go at scoring a goal.

Unfortunately, the forwards couldn't hold on to the ball as that was the most hectic place on the pitch for the Madrid team, hence they were losing the ball more often.

With Uventus having new energy on the flanks in the person of Jason and Dybala, things turned bad for the Madrid side very quickly.

{Once again, Rodrygo is stopped by Chiellini and Uventus have the ball}

Receiving the ball from Chiellini, Bonucci sent the ball to Alex Sandro on the left.

Sandro began pushing the ball forward, but Isco rushed up to him, wanting to retrieve the ball, leaving space in the center as he ran out of position.

Alex Sandro passed the ball to Bentacur who had taken advantage of the space and began rushing forward.

With one player out of position, the Uventus players quickly began pushing forward as what was to happen next was clear.

Once a player was out of position, another player would try to cover his position, and then another would try to cover the next person's position.

It was like a line of dominoes that had begun falling against each other. Space would eventually end up opening in the final third and the Uventus players were clear on that.

Seeing that Alex Sandro was already making an overlapping run on the outside, Jason began to cut into the center, calling for a pass.

Carvajal was instantly torn between having to follow Jason or staying on the flank to block the marauding fullback, but Modric decided to help out by moving towards Jason, however, Jason cleverly used his first touch on the ball to move the ball further infield, pulling Modric along, before cleverly turning sharply and flicking the ball in-between Modric's legs, dodging the man and running back towards the left flank.

{No respect for his elders shown, oh this is prime entertainment. The counterattack is still on!}

Carvajal no longer had a choice but to try to block Jason, however, Jason curled a pass into the open space behind him, leaving the rest of the running to Alex Sandro.

Alex Sandro raced forward, eating up the space as he rushed to catch up to the ball, finally reaching the ball as he got to the left side of the penalty box.

Glancing back at Carvajal who was gradually gaining on him, Alex Sandro hastened to send the ball across.

Looking at Ronaldo who was being tightly marked by Ramos and Militao, he looked for another person to pass the ball to and as luck would have it, Jason was rushing forward, about to appear at the edge of the penalty box.

The ball was instantly came flying into Jason's path.

Jason had already begun angling his body for the shot when he remembered that from the direction of Dybala's run, he should be a few meters on his right with a more open path towards goal.

Acting as if he would hit the ball till his leg was a few centimeters from the ball, Jason jumped over the ball and let it roll to Dybala, shooting a smirk at the Argentine.

{Jasooooonnnn-! he's let it roll past him to Dybalaaaaaaaaa!}

With a powerful left-footed strike, Dybala sent the ball into the bottom right corner of the goal, much to the dismay of Courtois who wasn't able to reach it in time.

{It's in! Uventus take another step further and Madrid sink even deeper into the swamp of disappointment!}

{I don't think it took them twenty seco-... no, fifteen seconds to complete that counterattack. From the turnover to goal, everything was perfect!}

{I mentioned it in the first half that the lack of a defensive midfielder left space in the middle that Uventus could take advantage of, but perhaps because of the need for a goal, the manager decided to hold on to his substitutions, now it's looking like the cost of his decision is continental glory this season}

While the commentators were doing their thing, Jason and Dybala had run together to the sidelines.

Stopping a few meters from the throwing line, they did a trendy handshake, stepped past each other, turned around and pointed their index fingers at each other in a gun shooting gesture, shot the imaginary guns, and fell to the floor on their backs.

Their teammates quickly came to pull them up and celebrate the goal.

{Extravagant celebrations from Uventus here and I don't blame them. Surely they've got this one in the bag!} the commentator said boisterously.

{Considering that Madrid will have to score three goals within the little time left to be able to win this game, then it is almost certain that they have this game in the bag, however, football is a game where we've seen the impossible happen and this team, Madrid has cemented themselves as solid champions in this game}

{Who knows whether we will see a sudden turnover of events? To a neutral like me, it would be very welcomed} the co-commentator said with a chuckle.

#82nd minute...

{Madrid are getting desperate here}

{They're sending balls and bodies forward, but Uventus adamantly defend against all their efforts}

{Madrid again with the ball. To Vazquez on the right}

Vazquez received the ball from Isco who started rushing into the penalty box after laying off the ball to his teammate.

Vazquez immediately moved to cross the ball into the penalty box, but Alex Sandro jumped into his path, intending to block the cross, however the ball never came his way as Vazquez had faked the cross and turned back instead, sending a pass back to Kroos who was approaching near the right corner of the penalty box.

Without pausing to control the ball, Kroos hit it, sending a curling cross into the penalty box.

The ball curled amazingly as it flew in, gliding behind all the heads that were trying to clear it and appearing in front of Rodrygo who had risen to the air to catch it.

{Rodrygo!!!} the commentator screamed as Rodrygo headed the ball towards the goal.

Chapter 664: Semi-final Winners.

Fweeeeeeeeeee!!!

{There it is, the final whistle}

{Uventus have won and they have done it perfectly}

{A 2-0 win here has cemented their position as the winners of this semi-final tie after a first-leg draw}

{It has been a hard battle for them so far, but they have succeeded and will be flying to Porto for the Champions League finals} the commentator began as soon as the final whistle went off.

{The Madrid players look disheartened, defeated, and disappointed. They gave their best out there but their best was not enough to best their opponents}

{However, they are a strong team and will come back from this to try again next year} the commentator added.

{What really needs to be said is that the Uventus team absolutely deserved the plaudits they're getting for their win. Every single person on the team gave their absolute best out there to come away with the win}

{They displayed strong determination and togetherness as they battled it out for a place in the final}

{Splendid displays of individual brilliance were also shown all over the pitch. Buffon's goalkeeping was a sight to see as he guarded his team's goal, pulling out save after save to keep his team ahead}

{The midfielders togetherness, the wingers dribbling ability and optimal finishing from the goal scorers all came together to give them this win and if they can keep playing like they did together, then maybe this just might be their year to take home the Champions League trophy} the co-commentator added his own expert but optimistic analysis, but not many other than a few attentive fans were listening to him.

Every other Uventus supporter, as well as the players, were celebrating their win instead of listening to the commentary, no matter how pleasing to the ear it was.

The Uventus players huddled together in a group hug as they jumped up and down, celebrating their win in front of their home fans who were just as joyous as the players were.

The players on the bench along with the trainers and the other staff even joined the players in celebrating, uncaring of how their opponents felt, or the fact that this was just a semi-final win and not a win in the final.

The Madrid players definitely felt like the Uventus were over celebrating for a mere semi-final win, but they couldn't say a word about it despite their feelings, after all, they were the losers.

If they had won the game, they would also be celebrating and wouldn't care about the Uventus players or the fans, despite this being Uventus's home stadium.

"We must be getting too old for all this," Modric said to Kroos, unable to hide the pain of regret on his face.

"We definitely are getting old, but we still have it in us for a few more trophies," Kroos chuckled, also pained, but he was a bit more calm about it.

He had won every trophy available to a football player, even the World Cup. He had achieved a peace of mind that most couldn't boast of having.

To him, any other trophy was just another one on the shelf... of course, that didn't mean that he didn't have the hunger to win more trophies. He was just a little less pained after a loss and simply accepted losses more easily than other people.

"Let's go," Kroos said, standing up and patting himself down.

"We have to go comfort the younger ones, some of them are already crying," he added as he held out a hand to Modric.

"I hate this part of the job," Modric sighed as he grabbed Kroos' hand.

"The babysitting part?" Kroos raised an eyebrow as he pulled up Modric.

"Yes, the babysitting part," Modric rolled his eyes.

"But that's the best part. You can sneakily take a picture of them when they look especially ugly when crying. Makes for perfect blackmail material," Kroos smirked.

“... So that’s why those kids always treat you like a king, giving you foot massages and all that?” Modric asked like he couldn’t believe his ears.

“Of course, just say you’ll post it on Instagram or something and they’ll do anything you want,” Kroos grinned darkly, enjoying himself.

“You wicked being... Why did you keep all the fun to yourself?” Modric said angrily.

“Well, you know now, let’s go get our phones,” Kroos laughed, uncaring for Modric’s anger.

“No no no no, phone cameras won’t cut it. Tell one of the team’s photographers to sneakily take the picture, nothing beats the clarity of an actual camera,” Modric snickered, rubbing his hands together mischievously.

“You evil bastard... Nice idea, why didn’t I think of that?” Kroos said in a disappointed voice and the two of them laughed.

Gradually, they had put their bad feelings about the loss and relegated the match to just any other game. No point in dwelling over the pain of the loss anyway, they knew that more than almost anyone else on the team.

“What are you guys planning sneakily over there? Let me in on the sauce bros,” Ramos called out to Modric and Kroos when he saw them whispering to each other and jogged over to join them.

While the old trio began sneakily making plans for their juniors, the Uventus team was still embroiled in the celebratory atmosphere of their win.

“So how was it?” Ronaldo suddenly asked Jason as they began to walk towards the sidelines, both of them already feeling the celebratory mood slowly washing off their bodies and exhaustion setting in.

“How was what?” Jason asked, confused.

“The things I told you about, I know you tried to incorporate them into your gameplay and it showed. I never thought you would be able to use those things this quickly,” Ronaldo clarified.

“Oh. I wouldn’t say I could use them perfectly or even very well for that matter, but it did give me more options,”

“Especially that part about using my teammate. I realized that I don’t always have to be the one doing the running. If dribbling my marker and running down the flanks is difficult, then I only have to pick one,” Jason muttered, reminiscing on important moments of the game.

“That’s good. Holding the ball and allowing the wing back to make runs forward is always an idea. Also, in case you haven’t noticed, our wing backs are probably better at crossing than you are,” Ronaldo laughed.

“Hey! No more crosses for you then. I’ll pass to Morata or Dybala instead,” Jason sulked immediately.

“Come on now. Alright, alright, sorry, your crosses are the best,” Ronaldo gave in immediately.

Cutting off the person who had given him the most assists on the team since he arrived was definitely a stupid thing to do.

Ronaldo might be proud, but he definitely wasn’t stupid.

Chapter 665: Meeting A Legend

As they walked across the field, Jason thought further back to the game and about the new methods he had tried to incorporate into his playing style.

The division of labor style was clearly working and since it didn’t need much of a physical improvement, he could use that method immediately.

He only had to train himself more to be able to draw away more attention for his teammates while they got into dangerous spaces in front when he couldn’t.

For that, he would need to understand his teammates more, as well as practice a few other things. For that, all he needed was time.

Concerning the other two things, he still had a lot of work to do.

He had tried making confusing off-the-ball runs to free himself from his markers quite a bit, but it was difficult to run in the direction the ball was supposed to come while confusing an opponent who already knew the ball's most likely path.

In the end, it was almost like he was running around for nothing and apart from buzzing around his marker like an annoying mosquito, he didn't achieve much else.

There was still a lot to work on in that aspect and he didn't even know where to start, but he believed he would get it eventually.

For the final thing about watching the game more, he had tried to do that as well, but apart from discovering how annoying it was for him to try to combine watching the game and making confusing off-ball movements, he hadn't discovered much else.

However, remembering Dybala's position and guessing his running path had led to the second goal for the team, so it was clear that there were benefits to be gained from keeping an eye on the game, but it was very difficult to learn and use this method.

He had to learn how to watch the game while moving, instantly memorize what he was watching, simulate the game mentally when he took his eyes away, and make instant decisions with what he had seen or simulated.

There was a lot of work for him to do if he wanted to incorporate all those things into his playing style, but he knew it was worth the effort and he was already looking forward to training himself in those aspects.

"Hey!" A sudden shout pulled Jason out of his thoughts.

"What are you thinking so deeply about? I've been calling you for a while," Ronaldo said to Jason.

"Oh, sorry, I was thinking about what I learned from the game earli-... er," Jason almost bit his tongue when he suddenly noticed the current head coach of Madrid, Zidane, standing right in front of him.

"That's a good mindset to have. Sorry for disturbing your thoughts," Zidane said with an amiable smile, his expression not betraying the temper he was known to have when he lost a game, both in his player and manager career.

"Oh, I don't mind. Standing in front of you makes me feel like I'm already learning a lot," Jason flattered.

"Haha, good one," Zidane chuckled, and they all laughed.

"Anyway, I wanted to say, you had a good game out there and you were at the center of the goals that led to our defeat. That your name doesn't show on the scoreboard doesn't change that,"

"Maybe if we had you playing for us instead, we would have won," Zidane laughed.

"Come on now, I'm not letting my favorite teammate leave me that easily," Ronaldo joked.

"Can I take this as you offering me a job?" Jason asked in a joking tone, but deep down he was very curious.

"Haha, maybe. I wouldn't mind having you on my team, but we'll see... if I'm still the manager after this year, of course," Zidane laughed.

"Oh. Are they getting rid of you too?" Ronaldo's voice dropped to a dangerously low tone.

"Nothing like that. I've just been considering a break," Zidane laughed a little, brushing off the seriousness of the situation.

"The missus has been complaining that I'm spending too much time away from the family again. You know how it was during the time I still played, and now that I'm a manager, it's like she's going through that again. I also want to be there for my children for a while,"

"Before they leave the house and it's only us two left. Wouldn't want it to be like I was never there for them," Zidane sighed, speaking truthfully.

"Oh. I see what you mean," Ronaldo replied, nodding thoughtfully.

"Maybe you should consider retiring sometime soon too. Maybe have some time with your children before becoming a manager... that is if you plan to become one," Zidane said with a little laugh, his tone a joking one.

"Maybe in a few more years, I still want to win some trophies for my country," Ronaldo laughed.

"Good for you, enjoy your win," Zidane chuckled, bringing an end to the conversation.

"Thank you. Later," Ronaldo nodded with a smile and walked off with Jason in tow.

"... You know, I never asked, but now I really want to know. Why did you really leave Madrid?"

"Your tone earlier sounds like it's a lot more than a difference in understanding each other's demands," Jason asked curiously.

"... If you don't want to talk about it that's okay," he said after Ronaldo didn't say anything for a while.

"... Madrid is called a team of galacticos. They are not ones to bring up a youth player or a budding talent. Not that they don't do it at all, but they don't do it often,"

"They are more inclined to buy players who have already proven themselves to be at the top of the game. Legends, so to speak, or clearly budding legends,"

“Madrid has never been short of legends. Too many legendary players have played for them at some point in their career, however, looking back at history, how many Madrid legends retired at the club apart from Zidane?”

“Because they have money, Madrid has never been short of legendary players, but over the years, because they have so many of such good players, the board developed a particularly annoying habit,” Ronaldo said, his eyes dark.

Chapter 666: Galacticos

“To the Madrid board, the players are just pieces that can be swapped out anytime for other pieces, no matter how much the player has achieved for the club,”

“No matter how many trophies you’ve won for the club, or how much you’ve made for them, or your impact on the team, Madrid will probably never think of you as something indispensable to the club,”

“When I joined them back in 2009, Madrid was in a bit of a slump, especially on the continental stage. In the League, they still managed to compete, but it was Barcelona who dominated the La Liga back then and Madrid could never almost come out on top in any of the El Clásicos that were being played back then,”

“As always, Madrid’s strategy was to raid the transfer market and bring in big name players. I joined Madrid. Kaka, Xabi Alonso, Benzema... we all joined Madrid that year as part of the board’s strategy to counter the situation,”

“A little while passed and Madrid centered on me to bring the team back to the top. I was the main man of the team and they began to build a team around me,”

“They still brought in big names, but they made sure that the people they brought in would compliment my game and not affect it negatively or oppose it,”

“Their plan worked and slowly, Madrid began to regain their competitiveness in the La Liga and in the Champions League,”

“We went from zero Champions League trophies since 2002 to four trophies before 2018, not to mention the three consecutive years we won it in 16, 17, and 18,”

“Anyone could see that the Madrid team of then was at the peak of the football world, not only in individual strength but also as a team,”

“We were a perfectly working machine that was above all the other machines despite the above-average age of the players on the squad. Very few of us were below thirty, yet we were playing better than teams with more youthful energy,”

“You would think that the more trophies we won, the more indispensable we would be to the club, however, to the club, it was the opposite. The more trophies we won, the less important they thought we were and they thought they could continue winning trophies even if we left. They didn’t say it directly, but that’s what it felt like,”

“No player is bigger than the club, but Madrid has a particularly low amount of loyalty to its players. Casillas was the biggest example,”

“He had been with Madrid for so long and had done so much for the team, but one injury in 2015 was all it took for the club to put him aside and let him rot away until he chose to leave,”

“Casillas was a goalkeeper. Goalkeepers don’t even have to play all the games. A few games a season would be enough even if the team had a new starting goalkeeper. That’s what Juventus are doing with Buffon,”

“I would never have left Madrid if I could help it. I’m big on loyalty, but when I looked at how Messi is being treated like at Barcelona and compared it to the board’s nonchalance about me in Madrid, I actually began considering it when Juventus brought an offer,”

“You would think the board would even make efforts to try to keep me around, but instead they didn’t even try to convince me to stay and began looking for a replacement while I was still at the club. And I hadn’t even made the decision to leave,”

“The season wasn’t even over. There was more than enough time to convince me if they had put the energy to it, but they focused their energies elsewhere and that really drove it home,”

“So I took Uventus’s offer. I figured it was about time I tried to dominate another league while still playing football at the top of my game for a few more years,”

“... Anyway, enough of my rambli-” Ronaldo was saying when Jason interrupted.

“So you were jealous of Messi?” Jason asked.

“...” Ronaldo’s face scrunched up as he turned to Jason.

“... That’s an annoying way of putting it, but yes, I was jealous of the difference in our values to our clubs and after everything I did for Madrid, I had the right to be jealous,” Ronaldo stated.

“... Good point. Well, what will be will be, fu*k em,” Jason shrugged, his curiosity sated.

“This kid,” Ronaldo facepalmed and laughed.

“I know I shouldn’t have to say this, but after what happened between you and Oporto as well, you should leave,” Ronaldo said, continuing to walk.

“Like I was even thinking of staying there. It was about time I moved on anyway,” Jason rolled his eyes.

“Oh good. You have any offers yet?” Ronaldo asked. It was his turn to be curious.

“That’s the thing... A few clubs have asked for my personal terms, but there has been no news of any offers being made to the club,” Jason replied, rubbing his chin.

“And considering that my contract with Oporto ends in January next year...” he continued.

"You think those clubs intend to wait till you become a free agent," Ronaldo finished the sentence.

"Yeah... that. However, I want to leave as soon as possible, because another 6 months at the mercy of the Oporto board is not exactly a good thing for me because they probably don't plan on loaning me out again,"

"They seem particularly adamant about selling me off to make some money for themselves. Problem is, I don't think any team would want to spend an excessive amount of money buying a player with only six months left on his contract,"

"I'll still just be twenty by January next year, so no one is in a rush about my future except me it seems," Jason laughed wryly.

"That could be problematic... Well, I guess Adele's got her work cut out for her," Ronaldo chuckled.

"Speaking of which, is she coming with you to the charity dinner tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yeah, I already told her about it, she'll arrive tomorrow morning. There should be enough time to prepare for the ball. We'll probably spend the whole day out tomorrow so I need to get some rest soon,"

"You could get everything you want delivered to the house though, couldn't you?" Ronaldo asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, I figured it would be better if we went out together. We already haven't spent much time together lately because of location differences. This could be something like a date... ish," Jason scratched his hair, not sure what he was actually doing.

"Oh, nice idea, maybe I should do the same with Gio," Ronaldo said thoughtfully, thankful for the good idea. It could even help him get lucky tonight and tomorrow.

If Jason knew what he was thinking about, Jason would call him a sleazy old man, but would never ask about his stamina.

Every man knew that if a man avoided getting 'some' from his wife simply because he was tired, it meant he was probably extremely mentally exhausted and not physically exhausted... either that or he had gotten 'some' elsewhere, meaning he was cheating... or he was secretly gay, because otherwise, the third leg was not something that would get exhausted after a hard day's work.

After all, only two arms and two legs had labor duties.

Chapter 667: Shine like a Star!

****6th May 2025****

"So where are we going?" Adele asked Jason as he drove.

"Well, we're going to a charity dinner, so we'll need a dress..." Jason said, calmly turning the steering wheel, as he drove out of the airport parking area he had arrived in a few minutes ago to pick Adele up.

"But I already have a dress," Adele said immediately.

"No no no no no, I don't doubt your fashion style my lady, but tonight you're going to a dinner where the most powerful and beautiful women in all of Turin and even other parts of Italy will be,"

"I can't have my baby losing out to some other women because their clothes have more sparklies," Jason countered right back.

"Are you saying my clothes are not beautiful enough. You've not even seen them," Adele squeezed her eyes at him, a little displeased.

"How would such blasphemy fall out from my mouth? You are the most beautiful of all. You also have the best fashion sense," Jason backtracked immediately.

“Stop being so corny, I get it. I’m the best,” Adele said smugly, but her cheeks were a little red.

“But you can be better. It is my duty today to let your beauty shine like no one else, my lady,”

“Tonight, mon cheri, I promise you will look more bold, more glamorous, more beautiful than everyone else,”

“You will shine like a star!”

“... My star,” Jason spouted corny things he would never normally say with such amazing ease that he himself was amazed at the words coming from his mouth.

“Keep your hands on the steering wheel before we become more glamorous than everyone else while it is still day,” Adele ended Jason’s characterization as a French fashion designer.

“Why you gotta kill the fun?” Jason rolled his eyes at her, the smile on his face didn’t disappear.

“Whatever, I’ll guess we’ll see what you have in mind,” Adele said, but she couldn’t hide the smile and anticipation on her face.

Who was she kidding? There was not a single woman in the world who didn’t like praise for their beauty, dressing up, or being the most beautiful person at a gathering.

For women, every gathering was a war and their looks were their weaponry.

Adele didn’t mind hearing that her arsenal was about to be outfitted with new top-of-the-line weapons.

“Anyway, first up for today is Atelier Beaumont,” Jason pronounced the words with a French accent, sounding very legit.

“You sound practiced. Have you done this before?” Adele eyed Jason suspiciously.

“Of course not, but I practiced to prepare for today. All for you, my lady,” Jason said with an exaggerated bow, using his legs to hold the steering wheel.

“... I’m not going to say anything at this point, you’re clearly prepared with comebacks for everything, but I can’t say I’m not enjoying this,” Adele’s smiling face became even brighter.

“Anyway, what is er-... Ateler Bomont,” she asked curiously.

“It’s Atelier Beaumont... and it is a fashion house I commissioned to prepare you a dress. My darling can’t wear a mass-produced dress,” Jason said, spitting out the “mass-produced dress” with stinging disgust.

“You’re very well prepared. I like it even more,”

“But wait, how did you... How did you get my measurements?” Adele asked, turning to Jason with a suspicious gaze.

“I am well versed in manners of measurement of the flesh,” Jason said mysteriously.

“What does that even mean?” Adele asked, playing along.

“It means I’m good,” Jason continued, still acting mysterious.

“What does good mean?” Adele asked again.

“It means I’ve been staring at your as-... I mean a delicacy for so long that I have measured every single metric unit, every curve, every perfection, and every part of your body,”

“If you gained ten grams of weight, I’d know,” Jason said, glancing at her and just barely managing to control the urge to lick his lips.

“... That’s concerning... sexy, but concerning,” Adele said, turning away as she bit her lips.

“Meh, don’t worry. You’ll soon see the light,” Jason chuckled as he turned into a parking lot before Adele could ask what light she would soon see.

“We’re here,” Jason said as he brought the car to a stop.

“Let’s go,” he said, pressing a button to open the two doors of the car.

“Okie,” Adele replied as she got out, brushing hair that had fallen in her face due to the wind.

Jason and Adele walked into the fashion house and a beautiful woman walked up to attend to them.

“I’ve come for a dress I asked Monsieur Julien to prepare a month ago,” Jason got down to business immediately.

“Your name?” the receptionist asked, opening up a pad to check.

“Jason Bolu,” Jason replied.

“Right this way. Monsieur Julien told me to bring you to him when you arrived,” the receptionist nodded affirmatively after checking Jason’s name.

“Alright,” Jason nodded and took Adele’s hand before he began walking after the receptionist.

“One month ago? How long have you been preparing for this?” Adele whispered, asking in a low voice.

“Preparing to give you the good things in life? From before I was born,” Jason replied smugly, but kept his voice low as well, but his voice was not low enough for his words to escape the receptionist’s ears.

The receptionist could only rue her bad luck in life that a man like Jason already had a woman in his life and now she was being stuffed involuntarily with the romance of these two customers.

The receptionist led Jason and Adele into the fashion house, leading them through the working space of the fashion house as they walked.

The fashion house was designed to give the customers a tour of the inner workings of the fashion house. One would be able to see the 'petite mains', skilled seamstresses who work on most of the orders, in their working environment.

The showroom/fitting room was designed at the very back, just before the offices of the coturier (designer), and the premiere d'atelier (head of the workshop).

"I'll go get Monsieur Julien," the receptionist told Jason and Adele as she led them into the showroom before turning away to go call her boss.

Chapter 668: Kitting Up

"Jason, good to see you," a middle-aged man in an atrociously fashionable outfit burst into the room, heading straight to Jason.

"Julien," Jason nodded with a smile as he took Julien's outstretched hand for a handshake.

"And this must be mademoiselle Adele, my new muse, she's exactly what I imagined," Julien muttered, giving Adele a once-over, his eyes lingering on her curves, but his eyes had no hint of lust in them.

It was just like he was admiring a marionette and how his masterpiece would fit onto it. His eyes were feeding his brain which was doing the calculations.

"Freya, quick, take her to the fitting room. Bring us some wine when you're coming back," Julien gave orders sharply to the receptionist, who swiftly acted, leading Adele out of the room.

"I'm sure you will be very satisfied with the work. We did the work according to your specifications, but the designer really gave life to the work and I'm just as anxious as you are to see the final result," Julien was talking to Jason when Freya returned with a bottle of red wine.

Julien swiftly opened the bottle with practiced ease, showing that his professionalism wasn't limited to operating a fashion house.

After opening the bottle, he poured himself a glass and then turned to Jason,

"Wine?" he asked.

"It's 10 am in the morning," Jason said.

"It's wine..." Julien said like it was the most normal thing.

"... Alright, I'll have a glass," Jason chuckled, giving up against the eccentric fashion designer.

"Will you be at the charity dinner as well?" Jason asked as he took a glass of wine from Julien and sniffed it before swirling it slowly in the cup.

"Oui, I have an invite," Julien nodded affirmatively, swirling his own glass of wine as well.

They discussed for a few more minutes before the mini runway in the room suddenly lit up and Adele walked out from behind the curtains.

Jason and Julien audibly gasped as they watched Adele walk out in the latest Atelier Beaumont piece.

The dress was a deep obsidian silk that looked unbelievably smooth to the eyes, but from the modest neckline to the waist, it was gracefully embroidered with amazing skill and incited everyone to unequivocally admire the complicated embroidery design.

From just above the left thigh, the dress betrayed its restraint with a rebelliously dangerous high slit that revealed flashes of a long, pale and beautiful leg that was bare.

Enjoying the stunned look on Jason's face, Adele turned to show off more, showing Jason the back of the dress.

Apart from the glorious, firm a** that Jason had made his life's duty to admire whenever he could, the back of the gown had a deep V plunge that should have exposed the back, but golden chains fastened against each other carefully criss-crossed to cover her back, hanging loosely, but they could be fastened tighter.

The dress was a perfect mix of simplicity and complexive elegance.

The kind of dress that said, I don't need to shout, I already won.

The silence in the room was broken by Julien beginning to move, walking slowly around Adele, his eyes taking in every detail of how the dress hugged her form.

"Mon dieu... c'est elle. La silhouette, la posture... you are even more divine than I imagined when I was stitching this dream in silk,"

"Mais regardez-moi ça! The way the fabric kisses your hips, c'est de la poesie!" Julien exclaimed dramatically, aggressively blowing a kiss.

"Monsieur Jason, I must thank you, quelle vision! You did not just commission a gown... non, non... you set fire to my imagination,"

"I touched every seam myself. I whispered to the thread. Je voulais qu'il vous caresse, comme une promesse," Julien turned to Jason and began to blow his and Jason's horns.

Turning back to Adele, he stepped closer, adjusting a fold on her shoulder with exaggerated reverence, "Do you feel it? Le Frisson? The fabric knows you now. It remembers your skin..."

"But how dare you look better than my sketch! C'est criminel!" he said, making a sweeping gesture with mock outrage.

'This guy...' Jason could not but shake his head internally at the full blown eccentricity of Monsieur Julien.

"... Wow... thank you," Adele almost burst out laughing at the fashion designer singing her praises.

"Sooooooo... what do you think?" Adele asked, turning to Jason.

"I... I-uh... sorry, my brain is still in seizure after witnessing a sight that was... is too much for my mortal eyes,"

"The dress is beautiful, but you more so,"

"You are not wearing the dress, ma belle. The dress... is wearing you," Jason complimented, adding some of Julien's eccentric flair at the end.

Adele's face turned red immediately.

"Ah, young love, a beautiful sight for sore eyes,"

"So when is the wedding?" Julien clapped exaggeratedly at Jason and Adele, breaking the emotional tension that was slowly building up.

"Soon enough, I'm already looking for a ring," Jason said absent-mindedly.

"What?" Adele asked in disbelief.

"What I said," Jason repeated.

"I'll go change," Adele said and turned away, walking off quickly with a red face.

Jason pulled out a card and handed it to Julien, his eyes not leaving Adele's swaying behind, "Have your department send the bill to my accountant. They'll take care of it," he said.

"Oui! " Julien nodded happily as he received the card, after all, the only thing he loved more than fashion was receiving payment for his work from a satisfied customer as it was guaranteed to be especially filling... with a little extra.

Jason and Julien continued drinking wine and making small talk while they waited for Adele to change and for the dress to be packed up.

The fitters were very professional and Adele as well as the dress were ready in less than ten minutes and after leading them out of the building, Julien watched Jason and Adele drive off.

"Thank you baby," Adele sang and leaned to peck Jason on the cheek.

"Sure," Jason grunted, unhappy that the kiss had come when he was distracted and he wasn't able to react in time to turn the peck into a kiss.

"So where to next?" Adele asked as Jason drove.

"Well, we already have your dress, but you're not going to be going to a charity dinner in only a dress, would you?"

"Shoes, bag, purse, jewelry, whatever you want. I'm yours for today. Whatever you want to do or get," Jason.

"That sounds expensive, interesting, but expensive. How much was that dress even?" Adele asked.

"Don't sweat the details, I'll sugar daddy you," Jason grinned as he drove to the next destination of the day.

Chapter 669: Kitting Up II

"You know, it's not fair if I'm the only one doing my hair," Adele called out to Jason who was sitting on a couch, staring at her.

Their preparation for the dinner had made Jason take her to get the rest of her outfit.

Black heels, a silk shawl to cover her shoulders and for when it got cold, an evening bag, some earrings, pearls, and bracelets.

After getting all those accessories, it was finally time for actual body grooming, which meant hair styling and nails, so Jason had taken Adele to a famous salon he had made a reservation at.

However, now that she was finally having her hair styled, she had turned her eyes onto Jason's hair.

"What's wrong with my hair? It looks good, doesn't it?" Jason asked immediately, directing the question to no one in particular.

"It looks majestic, but it could use a few touches if you're going to a formal gathering," the hair stylist about to wash Adele's hair said to Jason.

"See?" Adele exclaimed, shooting Jason an I told you so look.

"Don't give me that 'see' behaviour," Jason laughed at Adele.

"Do you want me to cut my hair, cuz I'm definitely not doing that," he said, caressing his hair softly.

"I'm not saying cut it, but, maybe have these guys... professionals, do some magic on it and make it look better and more... formal," Adele hurriedly explained. She wasn't looking forward to Jason cutting his hair either, she liked it long, plenty to grab onto, plus it was very soothing to touch.

"Oh..." Jason murmured.

"Well, Vanessa, do you have any ideas?" Jason asked one of the hair stylists who was free at the moment.

"Or do you beautiful ladies have any good ideas?" Jason went further and asked everyone else in the shop.

As a pretty famous salon in Turin, the place definitely had customers most of the times and today, all the customers present happened to be women... high-class women.

Jason figured that he'd probably see some of the faces here at the charity dinner later on.

"Maybe do braids, I hear that's getting pretty famous these days," a brown haired mature-looking woman said with a homely smile.

'And have a splitting headache for the next week? I'm a football player for crying out loud,' Jason thought internally, but on the outside he nodded at the woman.

"Nice idea," he said.

"You could do something like cutting the sides, or one of the sides... or a little from the sides, and then styling it," another woman said, and it was clear that this one's imagination was running a little wild with numerous styles.

"Or maybe do bun in the middle, add a few styling touches to the front, and leave the sides and back to flow down. It'll properly accentuate your face, I think," yet another woman shouted.

It was at this moment that Jason realized the horror of offering up a pretty boy to a bunch of women to play dress up.

Women were creatures that spent their youthful years playing with dolls, but when they grew into adults, they discovered the joy of playing dress up for men and Jason had just offered himself up to a bunch of bored trophy wives who hadn't had much fun in a while.

'Smart move, me,' Jason thought to himself with a wry smile.

After a few more debates, Jason ended up just leaving his hair to Vanessa, but not before giving her a warning.

"You know if a blade touches my hair without my consent for any reason, I'll make you disappear," he said in a threatening voice, eliciting a gasp all around the room.

"I'm kidding," he continued with a harmless smile.

"You might want to stop doing anything else that will make these women want to eat you up," Adele whispered to him.

"So what am I supposed to do?" he asked.

"Just sit still, you're too handsome and whatever you do will have these women wetter than Niagara Falls," Vanessa whispered to him.

"... You too?" Jason asked after a slight pause to think.

"Especially me," Vanessa whispered in his ear, blowing a steamy breath into his ear.

Zippering his mouth immediately, Jason closed his eyes and waited for it all to be over.

Who knew these women were so freaky that a threat had somehow turned into something that could make them horny and begin staring at him with eyes that clearly showed their desire to devour him until no bones were left.

'I thought these women were married,' he thought to himself as he felt Vanessa starting to wash his hair.

Time slowly passed and Jason could feel the styling progress quickly. After an extensively luxurious wash... washes.

Vanessa washed his hair almost five times and Jason had to remind her that he washed his hair almost every day due to his athletic activities.

He definitely didn't like having his hair smell like sweat.

However, Vanessa replied with another wash, claiming that she liked washing his hair because of how soft and fluffy they felt in her hands.

'Woman, I'm the one who is getting his hair styled. This is not about you!' Jason could not help but scream internally, but he kept his mouth shut physically.

After the wash, the next part was applying all sorts of essential oils that Jason lost count and at some point, he had to remind Vanessa to focus, but soon he discovered that Vanessa just liked rubbing her hands through his hair and all over his scalp.

'Help woman, your man is being harrassed by the hairdresser right next to you... I mean, I was the one that hired them so it is half my fault, but still, come on!' he wanted to shout to Adele, but she was enjoying her self without care for his dilemma

In the end, he had no choice but to sit through everything and could only wait.

After rubbing all sorts of essential oils with all sorts of function, and the hair had dried reasonably well, the styling began.

Vanessa had chosen to do a bun for him and braid some of the sides loosely then leave the sides hanging and it would soon be time for Jason to discover how that would turn out.

Chapter 670: Charity Event I

Vroooooommm!!!

The loud and distinctive engine sound of Jason's car announced his arrival as he drove up to the Polo del 800, a famous cultural centre in Turin which was also the venue of the charity dinner that night.

Maneuvering the car with ease, the black modified Ferrari SF90 Stradale stopped in front of the hall and the driver's door slid open upward.

The first thing that came into view was a foot covered with black leather dress shoes, followed by a lower body in a black pinstriped trousers. The upper body of the driver had a blazer of the same design, but under it was a black shirt with an open collar.

On his head was a majestic mane of hair that was carefully styled and gleaming black.

The middle hairs were tied into a ponytail at the back while some of the side hairs were loosely braided and were tied up along with the pony tail while the rest of the side hairs were left hanging loosely, blowing carelessly with the wind.

Buttoning up his suit jacket, Jason walked around the car calmly to the passengers side and pulled it open, extending a hand to Adele inside the car.

Taking his hand daintily, Adele allowed Jason to pull her out of the car.

"It's soo big, and there are so many lights. So pretty," Adele whispered to Jason as she was helped out of the car.

Despite looking every bit the part of nepo babies and fitting right in, neither Jason nor Adele had much experience with these types of gatherings.

Adele was as normal as one could get and her up-bringing was from a normal family that wasn't poor, but they weren't exactly rich either.

Jason had a bit more experience as he had lived a much longer time and had been at some events like these before, but there was none that was on this scale... or rather it'd be more apt to say that there was no way a non-successful footballer like him would be invited to an event of this scale in his previous reality.

However, despite their inexperience, neither Jason nor Adele showed any unease on their faces as they began to move.

Jason because he was good at keeping his emotions off his face... if he was actually feeling any, and Adele because she was professionally trained to hide her emotions.

Throwing his car keys to a valet, Jason walked into the hall with Adele in tow, amiable smiles on their faces as they moved, ignoring the stares they were getting from everyone they came across.

When they finally entered the hall, the charity dinner was already in full blow. The charity dinner was supposed to be for raising funds for some charity organizations but the rich and powerful normally treated it as a place to socialize, wind down, and enjoy a much-needed break from their duties.

That was not to say that they wouldn't actually raise money for charity organizations, quite the contrary infact.

Most of the activities that were planned for the dinner were things that were exorbitantly overpriced and the rich people at the dinner wouldn't mind paying for whatever caught their eyes.

There was a reason why only charity organizations run by the rich usually had the most impacts.

It was simply because of the vast difference in available resources.

A millionaire was very much closer to becoming poor than a billionaire was to becoming a millionaire. The rich could always easily afford to give much more without feeling the pinch while normal people would feel the pinch even while giving significantly less.

Of course, if the more normal people collectively came to help out the world, then they could do much more than the affluent, but every adult knew one truth that they would never openly admit.

Humanity wasn't that united.

Pushing that aside though, the activities at the dinner included an art show, an auction, and a few other activities that were more for recreation than financing the charity.

"Jason!" a voice calmly called out to Jason as he and Adele walked deeper into the hall.

Turning over, Jason caught a glimpse of the person calling him,

"Fedez... and Mr. Patino," Jason said, walking over to his acquaintances.

"Jason, my boy, How are you doing? How's business?" Mr. Patino greeted with a heavy Italian accent, holding out a hand to Jason who grasped it firmly in a handshake.

"I'm good Mr. Patino. Business is looking good these days. How's Donna?" Jason asked

"Donna's here. She came with me today, but she'll be leaving soon to America for school," Mr. Patino replied with a smile, nodding amiably.

"Yo Fede, I've been keeping my ear on the radio and I haven't heard any hit songs from you lately. You're becoming a has-been artist my friend," Jason joked, turning to Fedez.

"I actually have a lot of things I'm working on. A fire album will be coming out soon and I'm working with many international artists on it, but never mind that, aren't you going to introduce this beautiful lady to us?" Fedez countered, glancing at Adele.

"Eh Fede, keep your eyes on me. This one is mine," Jason first established his claim before beginning the introductions.

"Fede, Mr. Patino, this beautiful lady that makes my world shine is Adele Joyce, my girlfriend and my agent," Jason said to Fedez and Mr. Patino before turning to Adele.

"Adele, this is Fedez, a washed-up musician and a lecher, and this here is Mr. Patino, a great business man with great taste in cars, wine and how to enjoy life," Jason introduced his acquaintances to Adele and the two groups greeted each other.

"Really, rubbing it in my face? Did you have to be so extra? Just cuz you went to fish and caught the most beautiful fish in the sea,"

"What's left for us single, normal, and not-so-handsome men? Huh?" Fedez joked in a pained tone.

"Hey, it's not my fault you don't know how to fish," Jason smirked, enjoying showing off Adele.

He had expected that he'd enjoy it which was one of the reasons why he had gone all out in preparing for the dinner, but he didn't know that he would enjoy it this much.