

Legends 721

Chapter 721: Biggest Night in Club Football XVII

Neuer watched Jason race toward the ball and thinking Jason would hit the ball with power, he tried to figure out the direction Jason would hit the ball to, but Jason wasn't going to give him any time to think and was already behind the ball.

Deciding to bite the bullet, Neuer jumped toward the right only to watch Jason chip the ball right down the middle of the goal he just jumped away from.

{He brings his flair to the penalty shootout with a panenka right down the middle and gives Uventus a much needed lead in this shootout!}

{Does pressure mean nothing to this man!?!} Trevor exclaimed as the penalty shootout tilted in Uventus's favor with Jason's score.

Kissing his fist and pointing to the sky, Jason turned back and headed back to the midway line, a smile on his face.

Stepping up from midfield, Gnabry picked up the ball and placed it on the spot.

{If Buffon can save this penalty, then it's game over for Bayern here} Trevor said as Buffon clapped his gloves and got into position, staring down Gnabry who had stepped away from the ball.

Fweeeeeeeeeee!

{Can Gnabry give Bayern one last opportunity to equalize in this shootout!?!}

The Bayern fans in the stadium and in their homes watched with rapt attention, silent and biting on their lips, eyes bloodshot.

Gnabry ran up the ball and hit it toward the bottom right which was exactly where Buffon dived to and he grabbed the ball mid-air, his gloves absorbing all the power in the shot.

{Saved by Buffon!}

The cheers of the Uventus fans screaming to the sky filled the stadium instantly as Gnabry collapsed to the ground on his back, covering his face with his hands, his emotions spinning into turmoil.

The same went for almost all the other Bayern players. Their legs seemingly collapsed under them and they fell to the ground, their hearts wounded.

Everyone at the stadium wearing red also felt the wave of pain and disappointment Gnabry was feeling as they watched the Champions League Trophy slip away from them, but it was the opposite for the Uventus side.

The stadium instantly erupted with the cheers of the Uventus fans as the Uventus players ran to meet Buffon, the staff and the substitute players also running onto the pitch in celebration.

Pirlo stayed calmer and mostly shook hands and received hugs from the others also on the sidelines, but he could not hide the big smile on his face.

{Uventus have done it!}

{For more than twenty years, they have chased after this elusive trophy, but tonight, they've gotten it in their grasp}

{They stayed patient, they persevered, they showed utmost determination and tonight, all of that is finally paying off}

While the commentators were speaking, the Uventus name was already being etched onto the trophy and the players moved to a new stage of their celebrations and some began to tie flags around their bodies, with some even wearing supporter merchandise that were meant for the fans.

For Jason who hadn't put that much thought into the celebration prior to the match and had simply been focused on preparing for the match, he didn't have any prepared celebration methods on victory.

Rather, he was still just drowning in the fact that they had actually won the Champions League... that he had actually won the Champions League.

It was a surreal moment and everything felt like a dream even though he knew that things were actually very real.

A tingle from his ankle reminding him that this wasn't the time to jump around excessively, he smoothly broke away from the others who were jumping around and sat down on the pitch, allowing to wash over him as he looked around the stadium.

His first Champions League trophy at his first team's home ground.

Looking back at everything it was quite the ironic situation... but the irony was lost on him as he didn't care to think about his relationship with Oporto at the moment.

He was just thinking of the journey so far.

About a year and a half since he began playing professionally and in his first season he and Oporto claimed the Primera Liga as well as the other domestic trophies.

Despite starting the season with them, he ended up leaving the club on loan, but not before winning another domestic trophy, after which he had then gone on to help Uventus win two domestic trophies, the Serie A, and now he was about to join them to lift the Champions league.

It was an impressive haul for any twenty-year-old football player, but he knew he wasn't just any twenty-year-old player.

Once again, he looked into the crowd and despite seeing mostly Uventus shirts and Bayern shirts, he knew that majority of the people at the stadium were Portuguese citizens and were mostly people who lived in Porto itself.

Basically, he had just won the Champions League at his home team's stadium, in front of his home team's fans, but in different colors.

In a way, this was both his last match for Uventus and Oporto, unless he ended up with any of the two teams, but he doubted it.

He definitely had no plans to stay in Porto any longer, but he wasn't sure whether he wanted to stay with Uventus either as despite only playing half a season with them, he had achieved almost everything that could be achieved in the Serie A.

Uventus would probably be one of the teams leading the race to get his signature in the coming transfer window, but he was looking for a new challenge outside Italy or Portugal.

'Barcelona would be nice. Maybe I might even get to play on the same team as Messi,' he chuckled to himself as he got up, intending to join his teammates who were still running around the team in celebration.

'Before that though,' he thought before he started walking toward the Bayern players.

They had been very tough opponents and deserved the Champions League trophy as much as his team did. The least he could do was verbally accept that and offer a few words of comfort.

Chapter 722: Stunt On Them Hoes I

The Bayern players were the losers of the game and the runners-up to the Champions League trophy for the season, but they weren't sore losers who reacted violently to an opponent stepping to comfort them.

To be fair, they needed all the comforting they could get and some of the better players on the opposing team stepping up to tell them that they had been a huge challenge was as comforting as it was annoying.

Annoying because it meant they had done enough to win the game, but had just been a bit lacking at the end, and comforting because they knew that they had the quality to have won the trophy so they didn't have to doubt their efforts as much as they currently were doing.

Shaking Lewandowski's hand after offering a few words of comfort, Jason turned away, his comforting duties for the day over as far as he was concerned.

Going back to join his teammates in celebrating all round the pitch while they waited for the trophy and the podium to be prepared, Jason began once again looking for the familiar face of Adele in the crowd.

However before finding her, his eyes fell on the VIP boxes in the stadium and he noticed the dignitaries sitting in one of the boxes.

The FIFA president, some other FIFA officials and even officials he recognized from the Portuguese Football Association.

Speaking about the so-called officials, Jason could not but think of them as figureheads who got paid to do absolutely nothing as he couldn't for the life of him think of their duties other than holding competition draws.

Apparently their job was to regulate football across the world, but to be fair, there wasn't much they were regulating as things were already in place and all the officials did was travel around and enjoy live matches all around the world while looking pretty for the cameras.

Of course, those were just his biased thoughts and didn't matter much, so he opted to take his eyes off them and look away when his eyes fell on another VIP box and he noticed other faces.

Familiar faces...

Some of the Oporto players, the manager and even some members of the board were in the box, but out of all of them, Jason locked eyes with one and a huge devious grin appeared on his face slowly.

Mylo stared back hard at Jason with gritted teeth, veins popping on his forehead.

He had come to watch the match out of the hope that Jason would lose and he could watch it happen live, but rather the opposite had happened and he no longer wanted to be there.

Jason didn't care though and after locking eyes with Mylo for a few seconds, he took his eyes away and began to celebrate more joyfully than before... 'Stunting on the hoes', so to speak.

Every so often, he would look back in Mylo's direction and the aggrieved and angry look in Mylo's eyes would provide more encouragement to celebrate even more every time.

Time passed quickly while the Uventus team celebrated and the podium was soon completely set up and the officials who would be part of the presentation were led onto the pitch and took their positions at the podium.

The presentation ceremony began shortly after with the Bayern team being the first to receive the runner up medals and needless to say, they were not exactly happy about it.

The expressions on their faces told everyone of the regret and disappointment they felt, but that did not hinder the presentation ceremony as the players took their medals and quickly moved forward, going to stand on another side of the pitch and soon enough, it was the Uventus team's turn to receive their medals.

{The champions are stepping up to receive their medals and you can see some of them jumping around in joy. If I were in their shoes, I might be doing the same. It is a great night for them and they will remember this day for years to come}

One by one, the Uventus players began stepping forward, shaking the hands of the officials lined up as they progressed up the podium and then received the medal from the FIFA president.

When it reached Jason's turn, he did the same without much fuss, wearing his medal with a smile on his face as he joined the others on the podium.

{And last of all, the manager steps up to receive his medal, and the champions cup} Trevor said as Chiellini stepped up the podium.

Bending his head, he allowed the shiny gold medal to be worn on his neck before straightening his back and receiving the trophy from the FIFA president.

Walking forward with a swagger one would not usually find in his steps as moved to his teammates, the Uventus fans and everyone reduced their droning noise for a few seconds for him and the other so get into position.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Screams of celebration instantly filled the air as Chiellini and the Uventus players rose the trophy to the sky, they themselves also shouting in joy as they lifted the trophy.

{At last, it is theirs and the cheers of the fans in the stadium will not let the players forget it}

{They will look back to this day with smiles on their faces for years to come and this moment just might carry them into competing for the trophy again next year!}

With the noise from the fans beginning to dwindle, Chiellini brought the trophy back down and lifted it again, seemingly recharging the cheers and instantly the fans screamed even more, not caring for the strain to their throats their actions might cause.

In this moment of victory, everyone stanning the Uventus teams, the staffs, and even the gamblers who had gambled on Uventus winning the trophy were joyously celebrating the win and the trophy.

After jumping around for a bit more, the trophy changed hands and Buffon finally got the chance to hold the one trophy that had eluded him for most of his career.

Lifting the trophy to the air with even more gusto than Chiellini, the screams and cheers were charged again and the crowd roared.

The old Uventus fans especially were in tears as they had waited for this moment for so long and now that they finally had it, the emotions were spilling over with them being unable to contain it.

Chapter 723: Stunt On Them Hoes II

The celebrations on the platform soon ended and the players moved their celebration to other parts of the field, moving nearer to the fans to show off the big silver trophy and some of the other players showing off their flags and cheering to their families and friends in the stands.

With the official presentation over, the officials began to walk off the pitch, allowing the situation to relax and families, girlfriends, and close friends of the players began to be allowed on the pitch to join the celebrations.

Soon enough, children in oversized jerseys , wives, and girlfriends of the players flooded pitch and the players began to take their turns taking pictures with the trophy.

While Jason was still waiting for Adele to get to the pitch, Ronaldo's family already arrived and were there.

After quickly hugging his dad and offering a little congratulations though, Junior ran up to Jason,

"What's up J?" Jason asked him as dapped the kid.

"Guy, that free kick was mad. It curled like whooshh," Junior said with childish enthusiasm, demonstrating the curl of the ball with his hands.

"Better than your dad's?" Jason asked sneakily with a sly grin.

"No way!" Junior replied quickly.

"Ouch! My chest!" Jason gasped dramatically, clutching his chest in mock disappointment.

"I mean, it's alright, but my dad has plenty good freekicks," Junior hurriedly tried to explain himself, thinking Jason didn't understand.

"Don't worry, I'm not actually hurt by your words. Even I didn't think it'd go in, I just hit it actually," Jason chuckled.

Still talking, Jason walked back to Ronaldo with Junior and they took a few pictures together, holding the trophy.

Leaving them a few minutes later to go look for Adele, not understanding the hold up, Jason finally found her and ignoring anyone else, he hugged her and planted a strong kiss on her left cheek, not caring for the cameras or whatever news reports would come out after today.

“Bruh, I’m right here, what the hell,” a voice interrupted Jason who didn’t want to let go of Adele’s soft body easily.

Recognizing the voice, he opened one eye and stared at Fabio Viera with a stare that said, ‘Get the fu*k out of my hair bro, I’m busy ‘ere,’.

Still, he let go of Adele to greet his friend who was waving his eyebrow while smirking meaningfully at Jason.

“What’s up my bro,” Jason said as they shook and hugged each other.

“I’m good. Congratulations man. You’re making it big out here,” Fabio chuckled, patting Jason’s back.

“I meannnnnnn,” Jason started with a huge smile.

“Yeahhhhhhhh,” they drawled together and laughed.

“So how’s the season been man. You’ve been playing a lot, right?” Jason asked, but he knew that Viera had actually been playing quite a few games as he had kept tabs on the team’s games.

His issue was with some of his teammates and the management, not the whole club itself.

“Yeah. You know, you left so there was space on the flanks so I’ve been getting more games. We could have really used your help this season, but well,” Fabio sighed, knowing that that was just a selfish thought.

“... Ah well, you know how things were,” Jason shrugged. There was nothing he could do about it and now he was looking for a permanent transfer out.

He was done with putting on the Oporto shirt.

“What about you? You’ve been impressing lately, you have any offers to move out?” he asked.

“Yeah, some talks about a loan or something, but now that I’m playing a lot, I’ll probably stay around for the next season and see if I can attract better offers or something,” Fabio nodded to himself.

Despite what had happened with Jason, he still loved his boyhood club and wasn’t thinking of leaving so suddenly, especially now that he was finally breaking into the main team.

“Good for you man. Hold up, let’s take some pictures,” Jason quickly grabbed Adele’s wrist and dragged her along as he went.

She had been waiting silently all this while too.

Going over to pick up the trophy, the three took some pictures together and Fabio left shortly after, not wanting to be a third wheel for much longer.

“Congratulations on this great achievement,” Adele said a bit robotically.

“Why’re you saying it like that,” Jason scrunched up his face at her, biting back a laugh as he gave her a side eye.

“‘Cause I want to, bite me,” Adele laughed as she poked her tongue out at Jason.

"You know I will do it, right," Jason smiled wryly.

"Dont' actually bite me, please," Adele went into puppy eye mode immediately.

"Apology not accepted," Jason replied immediately, closing on her ear like he wanted to whisper something to her and then he nibbled on her ear.

Barely stifling a squeal, Adele pushed him away immediatley.

"You know there's people around... with cameras," Adele whispered to him.

"So? What do I care? Does it matter?"

"It does to me. Focus," Adele retorted.

"Yes mom," Jason drawled, rolling his eyes at her.

Holding the two sides of Jason's face with her palms,"Be serious,"

"Alright, damn," Jason pulled his face away, realizing he wasn't getting a kiss in that position. He was expecting way too much from the shy girl.

"When are you going to be done with Uventus for the season?" Adele asked, getting serious.

"Uh, well, we're going back to Turin and there's going to be like a city-wide parade or something to show off the trophies we got this season, so I'll head back with the guys. It should have happened earlier, but we still had this game to play,"

"There'll also be a dinner party later arranged for the club, maybe on Friday or Saturday or whenever,"

“They’ll be handing out awards from the club to the players... I’m not sure I’ll wait around that long though. You know, the season’s over, I have places to be,” Jason said thoughtfully.

“Right. Call me tomorrow evening then, we’ll talk,” Adele said, wanting to pull away as the celebrations on the field were slowly coming to an end.

“Why don’t you just come with though?” Jason asked.

“Well I, uh...”

“Actually, maybe I should,” Adele said as she thought of something related to what she wanted to talk to Jason about.

“Yayyy,” Jason pumped a fist in joy.

Chapter 724: Victory Parade

The celebrations continued in the locker room with everyone wearing the Uventus badge joining in. Since this match was the last match they would be playing this season, the constraints on the type of food the players could consume disappeared with the final whistle and many players had some less than healthy drinks in their hands as they jumped around the dressing room, singing and dancing while Mckennie turn himself into the mini party’s DJ.

Picking a glass of soymilk from his bag, Jason also joined the celebrations and burst out some dancing moves before the other players took over.

Knowing that this might very well be his last game with the team, he didn’t rush to get into the bathroom and clean up and allowed himself to soak in the moment.

The celebrations in the locker room went on for a little less than an hour, but the players soon began cleaning up and preparing to leave as they knew that this was just a pre-celebration.

There would be more celebrations to come when they got back to Turin the next day and they were quite looking forward to it.

Cleaning up, they left the stadium in a much better mood than they arrived and their bus took them back to their hotels where they spent the night.

Early the next morning, the players left their hotel and quickly boarded the plane back to Turin, prepared for a day with a full schedule ahead of them.

The victory parade was set for today as the players had already spent a week of their holiday waiting back for the Champions League finals, so the team wanted to finish things fast and release the players for their holidays as they would have to back by July for the beginning of pre-season activities.

The players also agreed with this and had even pushed forward for it, so the victory parade was scheduled for today and the club's award ceremony for the players was to be tomorrow.

Less than two hours after boarding their plane in Porto, the Uventus team landed back in Turin and right from the airport was where the parade began.

The bus that arrived to pick up the players was an open-top bus and the other trophies they had won earlier were all put on display for the players and the fans who were at the airport to welcome the players back.

There was actually an already set route for the parade and the airport was merely the starting point.

The Uventus players climbed onto the open top of the bus, immediately entering a celebration mode as they saw the huge crowd of fans who had come around.

Due to the chaotic scene and the fact that the parade itself was a moving bus, the players were not easily allowed direct interaction with the fans and there were security all along the roads and around the bus to prevent the fans from getting in the way of the bus or getting too close.

It was going to be mostly up to the players to interact with the fans if they wanted, but otherwise, it would be sprayed champagne, thrown scarves and jerseys and simply being part of the parade.

The players knew it and the fans understood it, and they would enjoy every minute of it.

From the airport, the bus began heading around Turin, driving through main squares, monumental places and fan-hotspots while the players celebrated with the fans from on top of the bus.

Raising the trophies constantly, spraying champagne all around and throwing prepared scarves and jerseys at the fans, the parade was full of activity and cheers from the players all the way.

Some players leaned over to hand five some of the fans while some of the more extroverted players got off the bus to take selfies with the fans and even signing a few autographs.

Some scarves were laid at monumental locations as the parade went on.

From Corso Regina Margherita to Piazza Castello to Piazza San Carlo before turning towards the stadium where the final parts of the parade would take place.

Despite his impending departure which should have put a dampener on his celebrations, Jason had tried to be one of the more expressive fans throughout the parade.

He knew he was leaving and might not be returning, but still, he didn't want to leave Uventus looking sad or feeling like he had been holding back.

He had been at two clubs so far and without a doubt he had enjoyed his time in Uventus more than his time in Oporto, even though it had been relatively shorter.

Oporto was his first club and he had many memories there, but many of the dynamics in the squad had not really let him fit in comfortably, so apart from his close friends on the team, he wasn't really all that close with the others.

His time at Uventus was different as this place was almost like a family filled with all sorts of weird people who loved each other and could settle on one single goal that was winning and the fans had been a joy to play for and were very passionate.

That was not to say that the Oporto fans were lacking. They were probably the only thing he would miss about Oporto in the years to come, but overall, he had enjoyed his time at Uventus a lot more than at Oporto.

There were many reasons for it and he was definitely happy to be celebrating these achievements with them.

He might be leaving Turin soon, but that was not going to think about that today. Today was strictly for celebrating with the fans.

So he sprayed champagne at the fans, threw them some signed scarves and jerseys and even got down from the bus to take pictures with some of them and high fived many others.

By the time the bus was arriving back at the Allianz stadium for the final part of the parade, he was quite exhausted.

At the stadium, a platform had been set up in the middle of the field with the trophies the team had claimed that season on display and the final part of the parade began.

Each player was individually called out to the podium, giving every player the chance to receive direct applause from the fans as they were called out.

As each player's name was called, they walked out of the tunnel and onto the pitch, receiving flamboyant applause from all the fans as they moved up to join the rest of their teammates for the final celebrations.

The final celebrations would entail lifting the trophies at their own stadium, taking group pictures and some other simple celebrations.

Before the players had even begun to be called out, certain musicians who had been around to perform entertained the crowd while the cameras rolled in the tunnels, capturing all sorts of moments to be used later in a documentary for the fans.

Soon, the players began to be called out one by one and when it was finally Jason's turn, he heard his name ring loudly from the speakers.

{Jersey number 17}

{JASON BOLU!!!}

Chapter 725: Morning After I

The day had dawned on a bright new morning with warm sunshine peeping through the clouds, but inside Jason's bedroom, he was sleeping soundly, still not awake despite the rising sun after the festivities from the previous day had exhausted him.

After he had been called out and had received quite the welcoming applause from the players as he walked out into the stadium, he had joined the other players who were being called out and after all the players had been called out, the celebrations had continued and Jason had taken part in everything.

At first, it had been mostly voluntary but when he had gotten tired and wanted to start moving, the other players had dragged him right back, turning the party into a sort of sendoff party and for him the other players who were leaving.

They knew there was a good chance that he might come back and join the team permanently, but since nothing had been settled and this might be their last time together wearing the same colors, it was customary to give a reasonable send-off.

Thus, Jason had been forced to party almost till exhaustion.

By the time he was finally about to leave, he couldn't even find the strength to drive and was glad Adele had come around.

He had simply given her the car keys and she had driven him home where he had fallen asleep immediately after just barely taking off his shoes and clothes.

The night had come and gone, but the dark curtains in the bedroom had made sure that none of the light from outside had been able to get in to disturb his sleep.

However, the smell of something delicious wafting through the air and spreading through his nasal cavity reminded his body of food and he slowly woke up.

After looking around confused for a few seconds, not sure why he woke up, he smelled food again and this time stood up, wondering where the smell was coming from.

Only when he was in the hallway and already on his way to the kitchen where the scent was coming from did he remember that he came home with Adele the previous night.

Arriving soundlessly in the kitchen, what came into his vision was a kitchen in use and the most beautiful woman that he knew moving around with an apron tied on her.

At this point, he didn't even bother to try to figure out what she was cooking and just stood there, leaning against the wall and watching her moving around the kitchen, chopping things up, stirring things on the stove and doing many other things.

After almost ten minutes, Jason was sure he had counted her turning around the kitchen at least ten times, yet somehow, she hadn't noticed him standing there.

She seemed to be fully focused on what she was cooking and didn't even seem to register any distractions, allowing Jason to just watch her work in the kitchen, cooking whatever it was she was cooking and humming beautifully.

After another ten minutes, her movements slowed and she turned off many things on the fire and when she finally took off the apron, Jason finally decided to break the silence, but before he could, Adele turned around and finally noticed him standing there.

Almost jumping in surprise due to suddenly noticing him, her surprise quickly dissipated and a smile appeared on her face instead, instantly causing Jason's brain to short-circuit before any words left his mouth.

"And good morning to you too," she said swimmingly, noticing Jason's astonished look.

"... Uh?... I mean, yeah... good morning," Jason managed to say, catching himself and pushing off the wall.

Walking up to Adele, he kissed her lightly before pulling away,

"Good morning beautiful," he greeted again.

"Yeah..." Adele breathed out, slightly dazed by the kiss.

"Uh, sit down, I made breakfast," she said, gesturing towards the seat at the counter.

"Aye chef lady," Jason replied with a grin and quickly sat.

Watching her turn to serve the food and catching another whiff of what he thought to be ham slices, he asked,

"I haven't ever seen you cook before. Why though?"

Glancing behind at him, "You ask that knowing you're the better chef in this relationship?" she asked laughingly.

"True, but if it smells that nice, then it definitely can't be that bad... right?" Jason replied with a question and an eyebrow raise.

"I'm more attuned to cooking less healthy foods than an athlete like you would eat. I never seem to gain weight though," Adele replied.

Staring at a certain part of her body that was facing him, Jason couldn't help himself as he opened his mouth "... I mean, we both know where the food is going to," he muttered, slightly licking his lips.

Knowing what Jason was talking about, she turned over to give him a dirty side-eye, but she was more amused and couldn't even get mad at knowing that he was in love with those parts of her body.

Rolling her eyes as she gave up, she said laughingly, "It's yansh that will kill you."

"Gbewa ni rush rush!"

"Bring it! It will be a glorious way to go,"

"Death by snu snu? The warriors of Valhalla will receive me with ale from curved horns at my glorious entrance," Jason said beating his chest with a half-joking, half-serious smile on his face.

This only made Adele laugh even more, unable to come up with any reply.

"Maybe you should try acting," she finally said, still laughing.

"Well, it is the off-season. If I can get some cameo opportunities, it wouldn't be bad to appear in a movie," Jason said half-heartedly, not giving it much thought.

After all, entering the movie industry was not something that could be done willy nilly, and even if it was, he didn't want to just be present in any movie.

He wasn't even an actual actor, so only short cameos in epic movies would interest him the slightest... or maybe an interesting series, there were a lot of those these days.

Continuing to laugh and make small talk, Adele soon dished out the breakfast dishes.

Chapter 726: Morning After II

"I could get used to this..." Jason said, patting his thoroughly stuffed stomach as he sat back in his chair, eyeing the now empty plates in front of him.

Turning to Adele who was still eating, he suddenly remembered to ask,

"Why did you say you wanted to talk to me anyway? Like why are you here?" he asked, wondering what could have warranted her flying to Italy with him.

"... Oh, you've gotten two offers," Adele said casually, her focus more on her food than the conversation.

"For real? Who?" Jason asked, at alert immediately.

"Tone down your enthusiasm, the offers are not worth considering," Adele replied dismissively.

"Well I still wanna know who made offers. Maybe you can negotiate with them or something if it's a good club," Jason pressed on, his curiosity having gotten the better of him.

"... Okay," Adele sighed.

"For one, Oporto have made an offer to renew your contract. Your wages would increase to 35000 Euros per week and there are many other bonuses and clauses that could lead to you earning as much as 55000 a week,"

"..." Jason just looked at her with confusion as if she was speaking in another language.

"They're asking to renew my contract? Are you joking? If you're joking, I'll tell you now, it's not funny," he continued, his annoyance leaking into his tone.

"I'm actually being serious, I can show you the mail," Adele chuckled.

"... What makes them think I would sign another contract with them at this point in my career?" Jason asked, but the question was more directed toward himself than to anyone else.

"That is the million dollar question, isn't it?" Adele muttered.

"I could think of a few reasons why they would want to do it, but I can't be sure whether what I'm thinking is correct, so I'm not even going to bother,"

"Anyway, this would be the part where I would ask you what you think about the offer, but from the tone of your voice, I can guess what your answer would be,"

"Still... Would you consider signing another contract with Oporto?" Adele asked for clarity sake, but she expected only one answer and Jason didn't disappoint her expectations.

"Of course not. That Chapter is closed," Jason replied as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"I figured... I think I have to mention this though that it would be best to find a way out of Oporto for you before the transfer window closes because they have a clause in your current contract for a six month extension till the end of next season,"

"You don't want them to be able to activate it," she warned.

"Well, it's your job to find me offers, so hit me, what's the other offer?" Jason asked.

"It's from Uventus. 4 year contract with a guaranteed sixty thousand euros per week. With bonuses, it could rise to eighty thousand a week, so you'll have an annual salary of about three to four million Euros," Adele replied, still casually eating.

"I thought you said these offers weren't worth considering? This one is not a bad deal, is it?" Jason asked in confusion because to him, this was miles above any wages he had ever received, both in this life and in his previous one.

"Oh, but darling, it is. Frankly, it's insulting even," Adele replied immediately, putting down her cutlery and pushing away her food.

"Insulting how?" Jason asked, confused.

It wasn't that he didn't know that the wages of players could be a lot higher, it was more like he didn't think of himself as a player who should be receiving hundreds of thousands of Euros weekly, even though in actuality, he was already at that level.

"How old are you right now?" Adele asked Jason.

"Twenty... I think," Jason replied, mentally calculating.

"At twenty, you've played as a starting eleven player in two major clubs in Europe and have won two league titles, one champions league title and also have about five or so domestic cup titles to your name, not to mention individual awards that you've raked in ever since you hit the professional football scene,"

"Players with less than half your achievements are making way more than that. Do you know how much PSG started paying Mbape when they signed him in 2017?" Adele asked.

"But that's Mbappe. The guy is class and also PSG can afford to pay that much, they've got that arab oil money," Jason shrugged.

"And this is Uventus! The team with the most history and the deepest pockets in all of Italy!"

"They can't say they don't know the quality of player that you are or that they are doubtful of your potential after you've just helped them to their first Champions league in over twenty years,"

"And don't start with that nonsense that they could have won it without you, because that is bullshit. They are a good team, but you were indispensable in helping them win that trophy. They wouldn't have made it all the way to the finals or even won the trophy without you,"

"Even if they have financial problems and cannot afford to pay a huge salary right off the bat, a more respectable offer would be at least a hundred thousand and the contract period should be shorter, but instead, they're clearly trying to sign you for a low wage and for a four year period where they wouldn't be pressed to increase it, for four whole fu*king years!"

Jason could almost see the smoke coming out of Adele's ears as she explained while fuming.

"Whoa, whoa, calm down, I get it," Jason said, trying to calm her down.

"I... sorry, I just get heated when annoying things like this happen. They make it so hard for me to just do my job and get you a reasonable offer to a team where you can enjoy playing football," Adele sighed, apologizing.

"I get it, I get it. I didn't really consider them to be my first option anyway. You can take your time and find better offers," Jason said, trying to calm her down.

Internally, he could feel his goodwill towards the Uventus team diminish by quite a bit.

'Are all these clubs just the same and they think they can act anyhow they want?' he wondered, but soon he began thinking about something else.

He was sure that the Uventus management knew that he was wanted by many teams, so now he was wondering what would make them make an offer like this, knowing it would be detrimental for them in their pursuit of his signature.

It simply didn't make any sense.

Was he so easy to push around and be scammed? Or did he look like he could be pushed around and scammed?

Chapter 727: Morning After III

"Anyway, I came here to try and negotiate a better offer, if you were interested in joining Uventus... and also about making them have you join them immediately,"

"They didn't give a clear response on that part when I asked," Adele said to Jason who had stood up and was packing the plates away to the sink.

"Well you can try to negotiate a better deal with them to keep our options open. Also make sure I can leave Oporto immediately, otherwise no matter how sweet the contract gets, I'm not signing it,"

"Tell that to every team that makes an offer," Jason said, beginning to do the dishes.

"Okay, I'll begin negotiating. Might have to schedule a few meetings," her voice grew a bit distant as she went to the living room and turned on the TV, intending to laze for a bit while allowing the food to digest.

Jason on the other hand set out to clean out the kitchen and put things back in place.

Remembering that he would be leaving the place soon, he tried to put things back as he met them and began taking out the things he had bought himself.

While he busied himself, Adele changed the channels on the TV as she tried to look for something interesting to watch, but when she finally reached the sports channel the headlines she saw had her calling for Jason immediately.

"Huh? What?" Jason asked as he arrived, having run to the living room, wondering why Adele was calling loudly.

"Is that true?" Adele asked, pointing to the TV.

Ronaldo to move to Manchester City?

That was the headline at the bottom of the screen as the newscaster delivered the sports news.

"Shi, he's next door, you could ask him," Jason muttered, but kept listening to the news.

{There are talks that the six-time champions league winner has caught the eye of the Manchester City manager, Pep Guardiola and that Manchester City are preparing a bid for the player}

{At an age that most would consider a time past the twilight of their careers, Ronaldo has proven time and time again that he can still play at the top level for a while longer}

{After winning the Champions League for the sixth time in his illustrious career, is a return back to England a move in the cards for this man?}

"Hmmm, I mean, he did mention that he might be leaving Uve at the end of the season, but nothing is really confirmed as far as I know. Even these guys are grasping at straws," Jason said to Adele, intending to turn away when the reporter said something else that sounded interesting.

Messi's time at Barcelona to come to an end?

{With just over thirty days till the end of his current contract with Barcelona, reports have it that the player has not received a contract renewal offer from the club}

{With other reports depicting the less than ideal financial situation Barcelona find themselves in, the player just might be keeping his options open}

{As a six time Ballon d'Or winner, his services will definitely be sought after by many teams}

{As the player himself gears up for the Copa America trophy, the question that remains on everybody's mind is, will Barcelona be able to keep their star man or will we see this man change shirts?} the news reporter said, leaving Jason staring at the screen agape.

"What the hell is going on in this transfer window?" Adele put into words, the thoughts going on in Jason's head as he stared flabbergasted at the screen.

Jason didn't even know what to say. This wasn't the first time there had been talks about Messi leaving Barcelona, but for once, this time, it felt like it might actually happen as he knew that it was already strange enough that Barcelona had allowed Messi's contract to run down this much.

Also there had definitely been talk about Barcelona's bad financial situation that had only become worse with the lockdown period caused by the Covid-19 virus.

"That's just crazy,' he muttered and once again turned away, but once again, the news reporter uttered words that interested him yet again.

"Back to Uventus, there are reports about the Serie A giants making an approach for one of the hottest young players in football right now, Jason Bolu," Like a spring, Jason's face snapped back in the direction of the TV and he read the headlines

Desperate wantaway Oporto Jason courted by Uventus

"The fu*k?" were all the words he managed to utter before the reporter continued reporting.

{With confirmed sources indicating that his relationship with his home club, Oporto, has soured, leading to him being loaned out to Uventus earlier in January this year, there is information going about now that the player is looking to make a more permanent switch from his home club}

{Uventuts emerge as the top destination for Jason, especially he's already had a five month stint with them where he has proved his quality to the club}

{Rumors have it that the club has made an attractive offer and may be adding him to their roster sooner rather than later}

{Moving to the German Bundesliga, Kai Havertz and Jadon Sancho-...}

At this point, Jason had blocked out the reporter's voice and turned to Adele intending to ask her what was going on and whether she had leaked any information to the press, but from the confused look on her face, he was sure she was just as confused as he was.

"... You know... I mean... How even?" he sounded even more confused with every word that came out of his mouth and he even began to laugh.

"Don't ask me, I got the offer like thre-... two days ago and I literally just told you about it five minutes ago, I couldn't even get it on the news this fast if I tried. I'm not a miracle worker,"

"Why would I even do it though? I mean, the additional publicity that you're looking for a new club is nice, but this sounds suspiciously in favor of only club," Adele uttered, beginning to put together a theory of what could have happened.

"I guess it's them then, Uventus. To what end though, I don't care what the media says} Jason scrunched up his face in confused disbelief.

"It's more like they're laying claim to you and maybe trying to get your signature as fast as possible, but that won't be happening with the kind of offer they made," Adele scoffed.

"You're the agent. You know best, I guess," Jason shrugged.

"How far should I go with the negotiation?" she asked.

"Try to secure a better wage package, I guess. Also make sure to negotiate the instant transfer part,"

"All in all, just try to keep the door open. I only consider them a last resort at this point tho," Jason shrugged and returned to the kitchen.

Chapter 728: Holiday Schedule

"So what are you going to spend your holiday doing?" Adele asked Jason as she snuggled closer into his embrace. They both lay on the sofa, watching TV as neither of them had anything pressing that they had to spend the day doing.

"Well, for one, I'll be going to Nigeria tomorrow. International call up thing,"

"There are a couple of friendlies we have to play, so my season is not over just yet," Jason murmured, too comfortable to even raise his voice.

"Other than that?" Adele asked.

"A lot actually. My calendar is kinda full. Maya filled it up," Jason groaned.

"Maya? Maya Singh? What did she do now?" Adele instantly recognized the name and could feel a headache coming on.

Maya Singh was the CEO of Rosember, the skincare company Jason had taken over and invested in a while ago and she was the embodiment of a strong-willed, self-made, femme fatale, boss lady.

She was what the real feminists aspired to be but that also made her a pain in the ass to less ambitious people.

Since Jason had taken over the company as the main investor and stakeholder, Maya had been on a mission to take the company to the top.

They were already seeing results with her dominant and dynamic moves and she had greatly relied on media promotion and endorsement deals to grow the company.

The thing was that she wanted more and she wanted it sooner rather than later, so she had been droning on in Jason's ear for a while that he needed to get out more and do a lot more things to gain fame quickly.

She had repeatedly emphasized that Jason was wasting his potential(face) by only focusing on football and after she had stressed him enough, Jason finally gave in and asked her what he had in mind.

He had instantly regretted it as it seemed he had fallen into her trap.

What he received in return for asking a seemingly harmless question was a calendar filled almost to the brim with various media activities during his holiday.

On the list were trips to various countries, appearances in live streams and shows of internet celebrities, appearances on some reality TV shows, and even a cameo in a particular famous TV series.

Jason had instantly tried to back out, using the fact that he had to rest as an excuse, but Maya was well prepared and had carefully designed the schedule so well that it could be considered a resting period with a few media activities.

The activities were well spaced and wouldn't stress him as long as he didn't stress himself.

It was more like a holiday in the public eye rather than a media schedule.

No longer having an excuse, Jason gave in. It would be too boring to just go sit down in America or Nigeria for the whole holiday period anyway.

"Wanna tag along?" Jason asked Adele after explaining everything to her.

"I would, but finding you a new club comes first... "

"Also, unlike you, I'm sort of a 9-5 worker... most of the time,"

"I can't take random breaks unless it has to do with negotiating a deal," Adele said, reminding Jason that she still worked under someone else.

"When do you plan on going solo anyway?" Jason asked her.

"Maybe in a year. I have more players signed to me now, but I also need to make decisions on other stuff,"

"What stuff?" Jason asked again.

"Many things, don't worry about it for now. When are you leaving for Nigeria anyway?" Adele asked, turning over.

"Tonight, actually," Jason replied, remembering that the first match was on the fourth, which was just three days away.

He had to leave early, considering that the flight from Italy to Nigeria would take at least 9 hours. He was already late enough as is and would barely get one training day before the match day.

"If that's the case, then won't that mean you'll be missing the award ceremony event?" Adele asked, remembering that Jason mentioned something about the award ceremony organized by the team to award the players some awards from the team.

Things like goal of the year, player of the season, e.t.c would be awarded to the players and then it would be generally just a fun gathering so Jason didn't feel too bad about missing it.

He had already had a bit of a send-off earlier, so he didn't have to go to the dinner, especially since it contrasted with his schedule.

"Frankly, I shouldn't even be lying down here right now. I'm not exactly going to be coming back here after the international break as my loan contract with Uventus is literally over at this point,"

"I should be packing up," Jason chuckled.

"Then why are you still lying down?" Adele rolled her eyes at him.

"Don't worry about that. Lemme just stay like this for a while," Jason replied, snuggling comfortably into the soft sofa and pulling Adele closer as shut his eyes drowsily, drifting off to sleep.

Adele also fell into the embrace of the goddess of sleep shortly after.

The two of them slept comfortably on the sofa for a while, leaving the TV to drone on at a low volume.

Waking up two hours later, Jason smoothly and slowly got up from the sofa, doing his best not to wake Adele and he headed to the bathroom, remembering he hadn't washed up.

Quickly washing up, he began to pack the things he would need for his trip to Nigeria. He didn't need to pack much other than his equipment and a few clothes, after all, he could always buy other clothes in Nigeria.

Done packing for his trip, he turned to his other stuff and began packing them up as well, setting them aside.

Adele was going to arrange for people later to transport his luggage out, but it'd have to wait there for a while as it was better for him to decide on his next club before he had his stuff delivered anywhere.

That way, they'd only have to deliver his stuff to his new location.

Quickly packing up and readying himself to leave, Jason was finally packing away his awards and medals and was about to pack away his Champions League medal when Adele appeared in the doorway, finally awake.

"The sleeping beauty is awake," Jason exclaimed.

"You seemed like you needed that," he said with a small smile.

"I did. I feel so refereshed now, like I can run a hundred miles," Adele replied, stretching.

"How about driving a hundred miles?" Jason chuckled.

"Huh? What do you mean?" Adele asked with a raised eyebrow. She had only been joking earlier and really didn't want to do anything strenuous at all.

In fact, she felt like jumping back into the bed.

"My flight is from Milan, so I was going to call a cab, but seeing as you are so energetic, wanna drive me?" Jason said, throwing the medal into a bag absent-mindedly and zipping it up.

"In the rari?" Adele asked, her ears perking up.

"I don't have any other cars... in Italy,"

"So, wanna drive?" he asked, holding up his keys.

"You bet. Let me go get changed," Adele shouted, running off immediately.

Jason stared at the doorway for a few seconds before finally turning away, finally remembering what he was doing earlier.

'Wait... which of these bags did I put that medal inside?' he stared confusedly at the room that was littered with at least ten different bags that were all zipped up.

He couldn't even be mad at himself for being absent-minded as if even if he rewound time to a five minutes ago, what happened would have played out exactly as it just did.

"You sucker," he mocked himself and got to searching.

Chapter 729: Emirates A380

Vrooomm! *Vrooomm!*

Vroooooommm!

Vroooooommmmmmmmmmm!!!

At the parking area in front of Milan's international airport, a beautiful black Ferrari Stradale revved powerfully, calling even more attention to itself than its bodywork was already doing.

Inside the car, Jason glanced over at Adele who was revving the car with the gear in neutral, using the rev to alert people in the car's path to move away.

"You know you could just use the horn, right?" Jason facepalmed, smiling wryly.

"Supercars have horns?" Adele replied with a question that made Jason almost slam his head into the window.

"I'm kidding. I know they have horns, but no one actually uses them. The car is already loud enough,"

"If someone in the way doesn't hear the car coming, rev louder, right?" Adele said nodding with self-confidence.

"Yeah... right... It's not like I'm trying to avoid calling attention to myself or anything," Jason rolled his eyes and then suddenly thought of something.

If even after revving louder, the person in the way didn't move, what would Adele do then, but before he could put his thoughts into words, Adele spoke first.

"If you really cared to avoid attention, then you probably shouldn't have bought a Ferrari in the first place," Adele said, finally coming to a stop.

'Actually, I bought the car because it's beautiful and fast,' Jason thought to himself as he had honestly not even thought about people's reactions to the car when he bought it, but there was no point in explaining that.

"Fair point," he acquiesced and leaned over to the back to grab his bag.

"See you when I see you?" he asked, pulling his hoodie over his hair.

"I'll call you as soon as I have any updates about a transfer... and whenever else I feel like," Adele replied and leaned in.

Jason leaned in as well but before he could capture her lips with his, but Adele asked,

"What are you doing, I'm just getting the door for you?"

"What? Huh?" Jason asked, flabbergasted.

"I'm joking," she said with a smile and quickly pecked his lips before he could react, leaning back and laughing at his expression.

"Girl, stop playing around like that," Jason finally caught himself and took out a pair of dark glasses and Uventus branded nose mask that he used to cover his face.

"I have to say, you're very bold to be wearing anything with that symbol in this part of Italy," Adele said, amazed at Jason's boldness to wear something with the Uventus brand on it in the middle of Milan.

"Unfortunately, I don't really have another one right now... And I don't really care either,"

"I mean, I could turn it inside out and wear it, but where's the fun in that?" Jason grinned mischievously, but Adele couldn't see it.

"I'll text you once I land," Jason said and finally opened his door, stepping out.

What met his eyes were many people staring who were staring at the car, with many of them holding their phone and pointing it in their direction.

Their attention moved to him who had just come down and the cameras changed direction slightly, but Jason didn't react, just turning around to wave a goodbye to Adele before he shut the door.

He didn't think the crowd recognized him and felt their attention had simply been caught by the car and that was normal.

Vroooooommmmmmmmmmm!!!

Adele revved and drove forward, the car picking up pace with every second that passed before she finally turned at a section in front, making the turn with amazing flair and almost drifting as she made the turn.

"Just what has she been learning?" Jason murmured to himself, seeing once again that Adele's enthusiasm towards fast cars and driving fast had been growing a lot lately.

'Maybe I shouldn't have left the i8 with her in Porto,' he thought wryly, shaking his head and turning away, walking into the airport.

Somehow, he managed to make it all the way into the airport without being recognized or mobbed for wearing something with the Uventus logo on it.

Looking around for directions to the first class check-in counter, he soon began to find his way and soon found a counter for the first class passengers and he quickly checked in. From there everything else was smooth sailing.

His luggage was tagged "First Class- Priority" and he was guided to a fast track security lane and within minutes, he was through security and immigration.

From there he was taken to Emirates First Class lounge... yes, apparently they had their own lounge in the Milan International airport for just first class passengers and Jason soon found himself in a lounge that looked like a five star lobby.

There was even a dining area where he could order top notch dishes and Jason could not help thinking to himself, 'How much did those guys even spend on this ticket?'

Since Maya had planned some media activities for him even in Nigeria, Rosember was the one paying for the flight and they would also be paying for most of his 'holiday' expenses.

The expenses would probably help with Maya's obsessive tax evasion policy and for once, Jason didn't mind.

At this point, his mask, hoodie and glasses had come off as he couldn't go through security covering his face.

Once he took it off once, he didn't bother putting it back on. Luckily at this point, there was no way for the crowd at the airport to see or reach him, so he could calmly sit back and wait to be called to board the plane.

He wasn't the only one in the lounge, he soon noticed, but nobody in the first class lounge really paid attention to themselves, not to mention the people he saw were not people who were in his age bracket.

There were a few Arabs and considering the plane would have a stop at Dubai, it wasn't surprising. The other people in the lounge seemed to be doing their own thing and nobody bothered each other.

Glancing at his watch and realizing that there was still an hour and a half left till his flight, Jason stood up and moved to the dining area, deciding to make the most of the fee his company for this luxury experience.

After glancing through the menu, he ordered grilled seabass and saffron risotto and ate with delight, yet even after he was done eating, there was still a lot of time left till his flight time so he went back to lazing.

He wanted to text Adele, but remembering that she would be driving, he contented himself with other sources of entertainment on his phone... or more specifically, Pes 2021.

After playing for a while, he heard someone arrive only to look up and see a beautiful woman dressed as an air hostess and smiling radiantly at him.

"Mr. Bolu, your flight is ready, please follow me," she said, her smile not leaving her face for a second.

"Now? Oh... right, thanks," Jason said with a bit of frustration in his heart as her sudden disturbance had caused him to miss a shot at goal after he had made a brilliant run from midfield with Messi.

Getting up, he headed to the plane, keeping his eyes up and straight ahead as the air hostess walked in front of him with an amazingly distracting sway.

Instead of the main jet bridge, they took a separate path for first class leading directly to the Emirates A380 upper deck. On the plane the air hostess showed Jason his suite while saying a few other things that Jason listened to half-heartedly.

When she was done talking, she took her leave, shutting the doors to the suite and giving Jason his privacy.

With his bag already in place, Jason sat comfortably in his seat, pulled the belt across his lap and continued playing games.

The plane wasn't taking off for another thirty minutes, but Jason didn't want to be bothered to have to put the belt on at that time.

Despite that an attendant still came over just before the plane took off to check whether he had put on his seat belt and also asked whether he would like anything to drink after the plane took off.

Settling for fresh juice, he also asked for a few snacks he could munch on while watching a movie before he waved off the attendant, disappointed that he had to stop playing.

There was no choice, the game used internet connection and that could affect the pilot's communication signal.

Soon enough, the plane took off.

Chapter 730: Emirates A380 II

Munching on club sandwiches, dried fruits, mixed nuts, and macaroons, Jason watched a movie till he fell asleep.

By the time he woke up, it was a whole three hours after he slept.

Wanting to stretch his legs and thinking that there would still be about two hours till the stop at Dubai, Jason got up and slid open his doors, heading to the lounge bar.

Other first class suites had their doors shut as he walked by and he didn't bother with them, making his way to where he thought it to be.

The hostess who had led him to his seat had mentioned something about it, but since he had only been half listening, now he had to find it on his own... or he could just ask one of the beautiful attendants he met along the way, but he didn't bother to.

What was a little bit of exploring anyway?

Not like he could get lost on a plane, right?

Luckily, he didn't roam around long enough to find out. It seemed that even though he had been half-listening to the hostess, it was enough for him to find the lounge bar.

Seeing the bar that was lined with warm LED lights glowing soft glow, Jason moved up to it and leaning on the counter with a smile, made an order,

"Just a virgin mojito please. Extra lime,"

The bartender nodded and got to work immediately, beginning to mix drinks with flashy but efficient moves and a minute later, Jason got his drink.

Grabbing the glass and moving to one of the leather seats along the right wall, Jason sat in an open seat across another seat that seemed to be occupied by a woman sipping on a cocktail.

"Oh, you're welcome to take the seat," the woman said a bit sarcastically at Jason who had sat across her without so much as a word.

"Don't bother, I didn't ask," Jason said with just as much sarcasm and a polite smile, sipping on his mojito and looking out the window, not bothering with the woman who looked shocked at Jason's response to her sarcasm.

"Quite the spitfire, aren't you?" she said again.

Without turning from the window, Jason replied calmly, "Yes... Yes I would say I am that."

"Hmmm... Over confident, proud... but you are quite the looker, and tall too. I'd say a model... or a nouveau riche," the woman analyzed, glancing all over Jason.

"What brings someone like you on a flight to Dubai this time of year?" she asked.

Jason's eyes first turned in her direction slowly before the rest of his head followed shortly after.

'What kinda person gets more interested in a conversation the more they get brushed off?' was what he was thinking, but outwardly he replied,

"Dubai is just a stop in my flight, I'm going somewhere else," his blue eyes seemed to glow slightly from the light in the cabin as outside it was nighttime.

"Figures. I was just about to say you were a bit too heavily dressed for the desert," the woman said, again glancing at Jason's hoodie for a second before she was drawn back into his ocean-like eyes.

"Seeing blue eyed chocolate is definitely a first for me... though you do look a bit familiar," she said.

"I get that a lot," Jason replied, catering to her whims for now. He was bored after all.

"So are you a model?" she asked him.

'Well, I have endorsed a few products, but'

"No... no, I am not," he replied, sipping his drink.

"Actor?"

"No,"

"Singer,"

"I have dabbled, but no,"

"Aha! What songs did you do?" she exclaimed like she had caught him.

"You wouldn't know them,"

"... But you are famous, right?"

"Maybe... I am pretty niche," Jason smirked.

"You're not giving me anything at alllll," the woman groaned and sighed.

"Wait... Why am I even doing this?" she suddenly sat up and pulled out her phone, intending to take a picture of Jason's face and search it on the internet, but Jason was quicker and snapped the phone out of her hands at lightning speed.

"Tut tut tut," he clicked his tongue while shaking his head disapprovingly.

"No cheating allowed... also, just how rude are you?"

"Coming from the guy who sat across me without asking, how original," she rolled her eyes at him.

"Uh... we both paid for the plane tickets..."

"... I mean, I didn't actually pay with my ... wait, isn't it my money... anyway, that's not the point here,"

"Point is no one owns any seats and in a lounge that is clearly for public use, so I can very well sit wherever I want," Jason said, smiling happily as if he wasn't complaining at all.

"Not across me you cannot," she snapped.

"Yes, I can," Jason repeated.

"Whatever, just give me my phone,"

"What phone?" Jason asked, raising his hands that clearly had nothing in them.

"Wha? How? You were just holding my phone,"

"Again, what phone?" The smile on Jason's face now made him look more and more like a jerk to the woman.

Despite what one would expect, the woman didn't look too distressed and maintained her calm.

"... So you're a magician?" she asked, and Jason facepalmed immediately.

What he had done was simply moving her phone out of sight while she was distracted talking to him, and now she thought he was a magician.

'I mean, that was what I was going for, but I didn't think she'd actually say it,'

He had gotten past professional footballers while moving the ball with his legs and causing them to lose sight of the ball, so doing it with his hands was just as easy.

He just never thought someone would consider it magic.

"You know what, let's just start from the top. You go first," he gestured to her.

"Amira Medici," the woman said dryly.

"Oh? Medici does sound very familiar," Jason murmured thoughtfully.

"Yes, yes, there's a drama series with the name," Amira replied, rolling her eyes.

"No, I meant the Medici family from Italy, founded a bank in the 14th century, 1371, I think,"

"From there they rose to prominence between the 15th to the 18th century and then apparently karma caught up with them and they were persecuted and stuff,"

"Apparently, they died out and disappeared... or at least that's what most people believe," Jason said, remembering he had read something about them a few months ago when he was bored.

"..." Amira just stared at Jason, surprised that he knew that much as most people these days didn't know it unless they were Italian or artists who were interested in the Renaissance period.

Jason didn't look the part for either suggestion so now she was curious.

"What do you mean that's what most people believe?" she thought to ask.

"... it means what it sounds like it means," Jason shrugged.

"Then what do you think?" she asked, genuinely interested in Jason's opinion.

"Well, I think history is written by the victors and that there is a lot about history that is not clear or not true altogether,"

"We can't exactly time travel to the past to find out whether some things are true or not, however, do you really think a family with as much hands in dirty business as the Medici wouldn't have fail-safes or back-up plans in case karma ever caught up with them?"

"Or that the men of that kind of family would keep it in their pants and not actually have a few illegitimate children considering how scandalous they would be on the side," Jason was saying but suddenly Amira choked on her drink and started coughing uncontrollably.

Jason could have sworn he almost heard her burst into laughter when she choked on her drink.

'What's so funny about what I said?' he thought as he gave her a napkin, stealthily putting her phone on the table as well just beside her drink that she had put down.

Finally managing to stop coughing, she began laughing,

"You're right, they would be scandalous," she managed to say between laughter.

As she laughed, Jason finally bothered to give her a once over and he couldn't deny that she was beautiful... almost as much as Adele, but maybe a few points behind.

Not bothering to examine any further, he took his seat again and they continued their conversation, but this time, the conversation was without the earlier sarcasm and rudeness.