

Legends 731

Chapter 731: Luck?

****Dubai International Airport****

After seven hours in the air from Italy, the Emirates A380 plane was having a stopover at the Dubai International Airport.

The stopover would allow the plane to drop passengers whose destination was Dubai, pick up passengers going to Lagos, Nigeria, refuel, and do a few other things.

For people like Jason who were heading to Nigeria from Italy, this was a mere stopover in their flight and they would get a break of about two hours to stretch their legs off the plane.

For first-class passengers like Jason, the stopover was like a visit to one of Dubai's finest lounges because the passengers were treated almost like royalty.

While Jason was enjoying his break from flying in the air, Amira Medici, Jason's conversation partner for the last two hours, was walking through the airport with an Emirates staff member pushing her luggage behind her.

Of course, this was not normal treatment. Otherwise, the Emirates staff would cry for mercy if they had to push out every passenger's luggage.

Amira Medici, however, was by no means a normal person.

As a relative of the royal family of Dubai and the only daughter of the head of the now hidden Medici family, she was well qualified to fly first class and have Emirates staff members push about her luggage, after all, she was part of the family that owned the Emirates group.

Soon she met up with her younger brother, Faris Medici, who, despite being a little annoyed that he was forced by his father to come pick up his sister at the airport instead of sending a driver, was a little happy to see his big sister.

"How was your flight?" he asked politely, not expecting much of an answer because even though he knew his sister liked to talk, she had a cold attitude towards people and almost never talked to people unless she was interested or comfortable with them.

Of course, the chances of finding anyone like that on the flight were very close to zero, which meant there would have been nothing interesting about her flight and thus, nothing to talk about... hence his expectation.

However...

"It was boring for the most part, until I met a rude guy who tried flirting with me?" Amira replied her little brother, causing him to almost choke on the water he was trying to drink.

Cough! *Cough! Cough! Cough!*

"Flirt! With you?"

"Do you have a fever? Or are you dreaming?"

"How am I going to explain to dad that my sister is now smoking weed?" Faris looked at her with surprise and confusion.

"Hey!"

"Are you saying your sister is not pretty enough to get hit on?" Amira exploded, grabbing Faris by the ear.

"Ow ow ow owwww!" Faris cried out.

'This is one of the reasons why I'm surprised, you idiot!' he thought tearfully.

It wasn't that his sister wasn't a beauty. Far from it in fact.

As long as she stood anywhere and stayed silent, if ten men passed by, all ten of them would be distracted by how beautiful she was.

Nine men would think of how flirting with her.

Seven men would actually garner the confidence to go and flirt with her... if she wasn't looking to be in a bad mood.

As for how many would stay after she opened her mouth?

Absolutely zero.

Amira was a terrible mix of sarcastic, easily irritated, unpleasant, and foul-mouthed.

Every man who had tried to talk to her in the past had either run away crying or had been annoyed to the point of explosion.

Even worse was that she seemed to derive pleasure from making men angry so if they got angry instead of running away crying, her tongue only became sharper until the men gave up.

With all that said, it was a wonder that anyone even spoke to her, much less flirted with her.

'I guess exotic men really are different,' Faris thought, growing curious about this mystery man who had dared to flirt with his sister.

"So who was this guy that flirted with you?"

"Tell me what he looks like and I'll have them find him. Mom and Dad would be overjoyed you've found someone who is actually willing to bear with you," Faris said happily, not missing the chance to get one out at his sister, but all that earned him was more ear-twisting.

"When did I tell you that I liked him? Or that I want to marry him?"

"He's so annoying anyway!" Amira cursed, remembering how Jason had teased her and played around with her as much as he wanted, clearly deriving pleasure from it.

She had played along, trying to bust his bubble, but she had only ended up getting played and led on throughout the time they were together.

In the end, she realized that he hadn't even given her his name or any information about himself, while he had somehow managed to get her to talk about herself a fair bit.

"Ohoooo, now I'm really curious. Who is this guy?" Faris asked again, more curious than ever.

"I... I don't know his name," Amira admitted almost in a whisper and Faris immediately burst out laughing.

"He flirted with you, but you don't even know his name?"

"Yeah, he definitely 'flirted' with you," Faris laughed even more, almost prompting Amira to remove her slippers and throw it at him.

"Okay, okay, I'll stop laughing," Faris said, barely managing to control his laughter when he saw the stare of death that promised great pain if he kept laughing.

"... Okay..." Taking a few seconds to stifle any further bursts of laughter that would appear suddenly, he asked,

"Okay, at least try to describe him, or tell me what you know about him."

"Right. Maybe you might know him," Amira nodded, now very interested in finding out who the handsome stranger she had met on the plane was.

"Why would you think I would know him?" Faris almost burst out laughing again, but he managed to control himself.

"I think he's famous," Amira said, rolling her eyes at her younger brother.

"Why would you think he's famous?" Faris asked.

"Well, he was in first class," she replied.

"That just means he has a bit of money. Doesn't mean he's famous. Not all rich people are famous people, you know that," Faris replied as well. It was his turn to roll his eyes at her.

"Well, he's too handsome not to be famous. He had that sort of aura, that feel you know. I've met a lot of famous people, I should know," Amira continued adamantly.

"Hey! Aren't I handsome? Don't I have aura? I'm not famous, am I?" Faris protested.

"Who said you aren't famous, you scandalous bastard?"

"The stories of your playboy adventures have spread far and wide. Everybody knows how lecherous you are, stupid boy!" Amira snapped.

"Let's not talk about me right now. We need to find your mystery man. Just tell me what he looks like. Like his facial features," Faris immediately changed the topic of the conversation before the conversation became all about him instead.

"Well, he was handsome. The A380 flight is going to Nigaru or something. It's a country in Africa, but he didn't sound African," Amira said thoughtfully, her mind putting together the details about Jason that she had noticed.

"What did he sound like then?" Faris asked.

"I don't know. I can't exactly place an accent on the way he talks. It sounds similar to how African Americans talk, but he also sounds polite and proper. He's also good at other languages and can replicate accents too," Amira pointed out, remembering parts of their conversation when Jason had suddenly changed the way he spoke, his accent, or his language altogether.

Even with her exceptional educational background, she had a hard time keeping up with how he could easily change the way he spoke.

He had noticed that and kept doing it to get a rise out of her and she had to admit that it sort of worked.

"Hey, I asked for how he looked like, not an FBI detail on how many languages he spoke or how good he was at faking an accent," Faris complained, rolling his eyes at his sister who was acting weirdly, clearly enjoying this way too much for her own good.

"Okay, okay. He was dark, but he had blue eyes. Blue like the ocean, wait, like him! That's him!" While Amira was describing Jason, a massive screen in the airport... one of the many screens in the lounge, was showing highlights of the Champions League Finals and the trophy lifting ceremony a few days ago.

Because of the constantly moving colors, Amira had been constantly distracted by the screen as she walked, but this time, she had somehow noticed Jason appear on the screen for a second.

"Where? where?" Faris asked, confused, having not looked up in time to see Jason, but when he saw the trophy lifting ceremony of the Champions League from a few days ago, something clicked in his head.

"Wait a minute, Wait a minute... What did you say the guy's name was?" Faris asked, his surprise welling up.

"I told you I don't know it, dimwit! You're too slow, now they're not showing him anymore. I told you he was famous," Amira complained as the screen began to show the news.

"You said he was dark, right?" Faris asked, pulling out his phone .

"Yes,"

"And he had blue eyes?" Faris asked again, opening google.

"Yes,"

"And he had long black hair," the man asked yet again, beginning to type in a name into the search engine.

"And he was handsome enough to make lesbians straight again?" Faris asked, clicking on search.

"Weird analogy, but yes, he was the most handsome man I ever met," Amira nodded, annoyed to admit it, but she couldn't deny it.

"This guy?" Faris asked with disbelief in his voice, holding his phone out to Amira's face with Jason's face showing clearly on the screen, wearing a Uventus jersey.

"That's him! You found him!" Amira exclaimed.

"... Wait, wait, wait, so you're telling me you met... Jason Rose,"

"Like the gentleman of the rose? The rose dragon?"

"You met that Jason Rose?" Faris couldn't believe his sister's luck.

"Those are weird nicknames. So cringe," Amira shivered at the cringe she felt at those names, embarrassed on Jason's behalf.

"It should have been me! Not her! It should have been me!" Faris shouted tearfully, in exasperation and depression, still unable to believe his sister's luck.

Chapter 732: Too Much

After begging his sister to the high heavens, Faris finally got Amira to turn around and take him to the first class lounge with her under the excuse that she forgot something.

The attendant who was pushing Amira's luggage would have been annoyed by the whole farce if Faris hadn't given him a hefty tip.

After receiving some money that he swiftly pocketed, he didn't mind pushing the luggage anywhere they needed to go.

In the end, Faris managed to meet Jason who was enjoying a meal when they arrived.

Surprised that Amira was here to see him again, he had to cover his mouth to stop his laughter from bursting out when he realized this haughty woman had somehow been pressured by her brother into bringing him over.

Amira was literally staring daggers at him as he signed a jersey Faris had quickly bought outside and then they took a couple of pictures.

In the end, Faris gave Jason his number to contact him any other time he came to Dubai, which Jason gratefully accepted and gave him his number in return... which didn't happen very often... in fact, it hadn't ever happened.

Jason had never given a fan his contact details, but this time, he didn't mind, plus, he knew Amira and he was sure this woman was too haughty to ask for his contact details.

After they finally left Jason went back to his meal while on the outside of the lounge, Amira snatched Faris's phone and took Jason's contact information.

Faris didn't even bother complaining as long as his sister didn't delete it from his phone.

A short while after that, Jason was on another plane that was heading to Lagos, Nigeria. It was a smaller plane, but still an Emirates first class suites plane so his experience was merely switched up and didn't deteriorate in the slightest.

Hours later, he touched down in Nigeria and from there the NFA took over.

While he had paid for his own ticket to Nigeria because he missed the initial flight due to his situation, he still had the NFA waiting for him at the airport.

Getting a fast track through the immigration, he was soon surrounded by security guards and even police men with guns who guided him through the airport.

'Thinking to himself whether the whole fiasco was absolutely necessary,' he allowed them to control the situation, but now that he was being protected as he walked through the airport, his movements garnered more attention than it should have if he was alone.

Of course, Jason wasn't thinking from the perspective that he had become a lot more famous and his face was now very widely known in his home country, so if he was noticed without security, he wouldn't be leaving the airport so easily.

Many people quickly took out their phones to take pictures and record videos of the situation because despite being surrounded, Jason's face was mostly covered up so people didn't know who was being protected.

They just knew some bigshot was being closely protected through the airport and seeing as he looked young, he was definitely not a politician, so he could only be a rich and famous person.

Once the attention fully fell on him though, the more observant people began to guess who it was but Jason was almost out of the airport anyway and was soon ushered into a black Toyota Prado that was a part of a four car convoy.

Soon after he left, videos started appearing online about his arrival in the country as some of his fans had recognized him at the airport and considering the situation, it made sense that he would be arriving at the country at this time.

Jason didn't know all this as he was being taken to the hotel where the other players who were called up for the friendly games were staying.

Seeing a message from Rohr telling him to rest for the rest of the day and join the team in training tomorrow, he closed his phone and busied himself looking outside through the tinted screens.

The cars blazed through the streets at a comfortable pace, but thanks to the police cars leading and following convoy, they weren't affected by traffic and were soon at the hotel.

Saying a quick thanks to the driver, he walked into the hotel, still in the care of the FAA staff who ensured he checked in to the hotel and that everything was fine before they left.

Closing the door behind him, Jason kicked off his shoes and lay carefree on the bed. Expecting tiredness from the flight to kick in, he spent the next thirty minutes just staring at the ceiling before he got back up.

Since he had spent most of the time on the plane sleeping, he wasn't all that tired for once.

'Guess flying first class really does change a lot of things,' he thought to himself and started taking off his clothes, deciding to go for a quick shower.

Done washing up, he looked at the two bags he had brought with him from Italy and remembered that he needed to get some other clothes. That and he needed to get some workout in.

For the last three days, he hadn't done anything even remotely physically exerting and if this continued, by the time the new season was to start, he wouldn't be match fit at all.

He had asked earlier, but since this hotel was more for events and short term stays, it didn't have a gym, so now he needed to find a gym and also get some new clothes while he was at it.

Calling the lobby as he put on his clothes, a voice came through after one ring.

"Good afternoon, what can I do for you?" a voice came from the intercom.

"Can you arrange a car rental for me? Self drive preferably," Jason asked.

"Self drive? Okay, we can arrange that for you. What room are you calling from and what type of car would you like arranged?" the professional voice at the other asked.

"Room 404. Something comfortable, maybe a Mercedes or Lexus, and I need it in thirty minutes," Jason replied, almost done putting on his clothes.

"Okay. We'll call you once the car arrives. Please make sure you have all the appropriate documents you'll need to process the rental," the person on the other end recognized the room number as one of the VIP rooms and didn't bother asking any other questions about pricing.

"Alright," Jason replied and hung up the on the intercom, grabbing his phone to find a place to get clothes and a gym.

Chapter 733: Pervert?

Heading out after being called that the car had arrived, Jason grabbed his driver licenses and passports, since he'd need them for the rental process.

Self-drive rentals were not very common in Nigeria because the rental companies mostly did not trust their customers to return with their cars, which was why Jason had had the hotel process the rental instead of himself.

He would probably have been able to get it either way, but it would have been more stressful, however, even with the hotel playing middleman between him and the rental service, he had to bring forth significant identification documents as well as prove that he could drive the car without totaling it.

That was what the documents were for and luckily, it didn't take much time to get everything checked and he was soon seating behind the wheels of a Black Lexus LC 500.

"I mean... it is comfortable," he muttered to himself as he started up the car.

To be honest, he had been expecting something a bit more bigger and blended well into the crowd, after all, he didn't want to draw too much attention, but probably the lack of specification made the handlers get this car.

'Well it is nice, and comfortable,' he thought to himself.

'It could be worse,' he thought, seeing a rolls royce drive past him into the hotel while he drove out.

If he hadn't mentioned a brand and they had brought a rolls royce or a bentley, then he might as well just stay back at the hotel.

The Lexus Luxury Coupe was beautiful, but not as attention seeking as more expensive looking cars.

With his phone connected to the map, leading him to the Circle Mall in Lekki, he cruised the streets at a medium pace, simply just enjoying his surroundings.

The season was over, he was on break, he decided to live like it a little. He was on international break anyway so he'd get back to seriousness soon enough since he'd begin training again tomorrow.

He was soon at the mall and glancing at the time which said 2:53 pm, he decided to get some gym work done first before going to get clothes.

Grabbing his sports bag, he stepped out of the car and walked into the mall, heading for the gym inside the mall.

The mall had quite a bit of crowd, considering that today was Friday, but since most people were just getting off work, it wasn't too crowded.

The gym had even lesser people as most people came to the gym either early in the morning or later in the day, not in the middle of the day.

Anybody who had time to be at the gym in the middle of the day was either a student on holiday, an athlete, a retiree, a freelancer ,or an ungainfully unemployed person.

Having to verbally fight off the people at the counter who wanted him to register for a long period of time, he finally got past them and began working out after fully convincing them that he wouldn't be coming back to their gym anytime soon.

His face had been covered with a face mask and glasses before, but after gaining access to the gym, he went to a corner of the gym where he was the only one there and began his workout.

Starting with a few warm up stretches to warm up his muscle, he began with a five mile run on the treadmill.

Time passed slowly while Jason worked out and soon enough, more and more people began to come into the gym, but nobody bothered with Jason who was working out by himself at the corner.

Having already done arm and body workouts after his run, Jason was back in the corner where most of the equipment were for legs.

Everybody knew that men mostly worked on their upperbody while the wome worked on their lower body, so there were more women than men at Jason's side of the gym, and despite having taken off his mask and glasses earlier, he had let his hair down and it mostly covered his face, so other than getting some looks from the ladies, he didn't get recognized... somehow.

But with more people coming into the gym, he knew his luck was about to run out so after completing one last running session, he sat on the ground tiredly, intending to go wash up and leave as soon as he regained feeling in his legs.

Not caring about the hair covering his face, he sat with his back against the wall to rest for a bit, closing his eyes and listening to the music that was playing from his headphones.

A little distance away from where he sat was a woman who was working out as well with a camera stand facing her, her phone's face turned towards her.

At first glance, one would think she was recording her workout, but a closer look would clearly show that she was live on tiktok.

Her name was Adesewa Hauwa, a twenty-seven year old physiotherapist and physical fitness enthusiast who had decided to go live one day on tiktok while she worked out, looking for a side hustle.

Surprisingly... or unsurprisingly because she was hot, she quickly garnered followers, subscribers and viewers who consistently logged in to watch her exercise.

People watched her for many reasons, both home and abroad.

Some watched her for motivation, some watched her because she had a calm voice, some watched because she was beautiful, some watched to learn, some watched to alleviate boredom and some watched because well... they were horny.

Hauwa didn't care though because as long as she got views and subscribers and that meant more money for her. She didn't care as long she was making that mulla.

Not like she could stop people from doing things with what she was putting on the internet.

Today though, her livestream had taken on a weird turn as her camera was not only capturing her, but also Jason who was seated against the wall, his head down, and his hair covering his face.

Calmly resting, he had no idea how the livestreamer's chat was talking about him.

{Am I tripping or is that a guy back there? With all that hair?}

{Bro is getting a live, close-up view of hauwa pumping iron. So jealous}

{I mean, why pay for a lap dance when you can get something as good at the gym}

{Isn't that just creepy that he's sitting there and just watching her like that. Is he a pervert?}

{Pervert in the streets, perverts at the office, perverts at the gym, perverts everywhere!}

{He has really gorgeous hair though}

The comments kept coming all while Jason rested and Hauwa exercised.

Chapter 734: Hero or Perv?

After catching his breath and he was sure that he could get up without his legs giving way under him, Jason stood up, not brushing his hair away and walked off to the bathroom to wash up.

A few seconds later, Hauwa stopped her set and moved closer to the phone, out of breath and trying to interact with her viewers and read their comments.

However, when she saw that most of the comments were about a mystery man who was supposedly watching her creepily while exercised, she felt a bit freaked out and was very curious.

She quickly tried to look around for the creepy guy based off the viewers' description of him, but try as she could, she couldn't find him.

Trying to sound confident, she turned back to her phone,

"Can't find him, maybe he's left the gym or he might be in the locker room," she said cheerily.

The comments quickly came rushing in again.

Some of the viewers were like she should leave it alone and continue her workout, some others wanted her to report the matter to the gym staff, while the others were simply having fun in the chat and didn't really care what decision she made. They were just there for the fun.

"I won't bother with him. But if he comes back, then I'll do something, so you guys must tell me if he comes back, okay?" she asked her chat and the replies of okay quickly filled the bottom of the screen.

Already inside the bathroom, Jason couldn't imagine what was going on in Hauwa's live stream. He hadn't even noticed her earlier and had simply left the place, after all, what was there to look at.

The Hauwa girl was flat... mostly.

Thanks to her exercising, she had pretty healthy glutes and had a sort of bubble butt, but it was still too small to even interest Jason in the slightest and her mommy milkers were basically non-existent.

He had seen her set up her phone and begin filming her workout, but that was the first and only time he had glanced at her. He hadn't looked her way again till he left.

Quickly showering, cleaning up and changing back into the clothes he had worn to the gym, Jason was about to leave when he noticed that he didn't have his phone with him.

Remembering that he had put it on the treadmill when he was doing his last run, but had forgotten to pick it up when he left, he quickly shoved his gym clothes into his bag, zipped up and rushed out, tying his hair up in a bun as he ran.

Luckily, his headphones were still playing so his phone was hopefully still where he left and to his greatest joy, it was still there when he got there.

He couldn't afford to lose his phone now. It wouldn't be difficult to get another one, but losing his phone would be a pain as he'd lose his contacts and other information on the phone that he didn't want gone just yet.

Of course he had online back-ups, but he didn't really want to go through the hassle at this point.

Slipping his phone into his pocket, he turned to leave.

At this point, Hauwa who had changed positions a little and was trying to lift weights at the bequest of some of her viewers who asked her to lift a weight higher than what she usually lifted.

At first she had refused because lifting 50kg was almost double of her usual 30kg which usually took her breath away, but after the promise of super gifts if she managed to lift it, she didn't hesitate anymore.

Quickly setting up the camera near the ground so it could capture the whole moment from the ground up, she then added the required weights to the dumbbell and chalked up, preparing to lift the weight and do squats with it.

{Shouldn't she get a spotter for this kind of thing?} someone commented, trying to be safe.

{And get another creepy guy who wouldn't miss the chance to get handsy?} another person, clearly a female, replied.

{Then maybe she shouldn't be lifting those weight. It's not safe to do it without a spotter} another person added.

{She's got it. Just shut it and stay in your lane. Girls rock} someone drunk on modern feminism said, but surprisingly, his username was clearly masculine.

{They ain't gonna let you hit bro. Stop being delusional} someone replied the previous commenter and added a few laughing emojis for additional context.

{Bro, one person said getting handsy. These people need to get real, there's nothing to grab} someone added on the side.

Hauwa didn't notice all this as she was busy psyching herself up to lift the weight and after a few seconds of mental preparation, she finally grabbed the weight, and lifted it with the strain clearly shown on her face.

The comment section was instantly filled with encouraging comments from the viewers as Hauwa strained.

Straining hardly, Hauwa had finally managed to lift the weight, but before she could take it over her shoulder, she suddenly slipped on some sweat left and falling to the ground on her back, the dumbbell came down after her as well.

CLANG!

CRASH!!!

Landing on her back first, her life flashed before her eyes as the barbell weighing at least 50kg came down on her chest, but luckily for her, she had chosen the thin weights, which meant a greater diameter-to-thickness ratio, so the barbell didn't actually touch her chest as it crashed to the ground.

There was still a space of almost ten meters between Hauwa's chest and the bar, so she didn't come to any harm apart from the pain of falling on her back.

Jason who had been walking by glanced over at her in surprise after seeing her survive a near-death situation, and surprised that he hadn't flinched at the noise from the crash.

Walking over, he grabbed the barbell with one hand and pulled it up and off her,

"You're lucky there's nothing on your chest, otherwise that would have hurt a lot more," he said as he took the barbell to the side.

Finally noticing the phone on the stand, he saw the comments rushing up from the bottom of the screen and finally realized she was live-streaming.

"Oh, a live stream. Hey guys," Jason smiled, winked at the phone and waved a bit.

Looking at how others had arrived to help the girl, Jason didn't bother turning back and began moving forward, taking the opportunity to leave the gym before anyone recognized him.

He had noticed that he hadn't been wearing a mask on his face when he looked at his face on the girl's phone and he didn't want to take the risk of anybody recognizing his face.

Normally, Nigerian people weren't the kind to go all fanboying, but he didn't want to find out if that sentiment was true or not.

Dodging someone rushing in his direction and patting him on his back, Jason left the gym, putting on his mask and disappearing into the crowd, leaving the guy looking back in surprise as he tried to recall the face he just saw.

Chapter 735: When The World Needed Him Most...

{Who was that fine man?}

{So handsomeeeeeee}

{When was someone going to tell me that black people could have blue eyes?}

{These people already have the bigger di*ks, now they're having our eyes? Where's the justice?}

{The next time I hear anyone say some bullshi* about how life is fair, I'll shoot him in the balls}

{Right in the Johnsons? What if it was a girl?}

{Women} this guy added a facepalm emoji after seeing how the women were fanboying the same guy they were calling a creep earlier.

{And they called him a pervert earlier too} someone added, putting into words, the previous commenter's thoughts.

{I guess in the end, it all boils down to how handsome a guy is}

{Wait wait. Do you guys really not know who that is?}

{How does Hauwa run into the hottest Nigerian footballer right now. I need to rub off some of her luck}

{And these fufus were calling him a pervert and a creep earlier too} someone just wouldn't let the previous matter go.

{It doesn't matter. I'm still laughing at how he called her flat bro}

{Right, he did say that}

Hauwa who had just been helped up after having the scare of her life clearly remembered Jason's face as he bent over and grabbed the weight.

After being shocked at being so near death, her face had turned red when Jason bent over her and grabbed the weights, displaying amazing strength while his eyes stared right into hers and made her blush.

However, the words that came out of his mouth had her face red and blushing for a completely different reason.

Catching her breath, she grabbed her phone, intending to assure her viewers she was okay and vent her frustration about Jason a bit.

"Was that the guy from before?"

"So rude," She said exaggeratedly, vexed at his words before she began reading the comments.

The comment section was chaos, but by the time she had put everything together, she looked up surprised.

"That guy was a football player?"

"Is he famous? I mean, I did think he looked a little familiar,"

"Did you see that guy who helped me?" she tried to ask someone.

"I think he already left,"

"Did you know him? He looked familiar," the guy she asked replied, scratching his head.

"They're saying his name is Jason Bolu and he's a Nigerian footballer," Hauwa replied, gesturing at her screen.

"Sh*T! For real? So it was him?" the guy turned around, surprised and trying to see if he could still catch a glimpse of Jason, but Jason had already disappeared.

Hauwa also tried to go outside the gym to look around for him, hoping to at least thank him for his help, but she couldn't find Jason who had already gone clothes hunting.

Heading to some shops where he noticed a few nice clothes earlier when he was going to the gym, he went in, grabbed the clothes and picked out a few other nice looking ones before heading to the counter.

Remembering he didn't have any naira on hand, he had to ask whether they they could take payments in foreign currency which instantly got the attention of the staff who started looking at him more intently than they already were.

The manager was soon brought out and soon helped Jason settle the payment as they normally didn't use the forex payment option very often.

After paying, he was handed the packed clothes and he grabbed the bag, heading outside and heading to the car.

On reaching the rental outside in the parking lot, Jason was mildly surprised when he saw a group of teenagers taking pictures with the car in turns.

While the car wasn't anything too impressive as far as Jason was concerned, that sentiment did not hold true for other, more normal... less affluent members of society.

However, Jason didn't disturb their picture-taking session and patiently waited on the side for them to take the pictures.

He looked like someone who was waiting for someone else so when the kids finally began moving away from the car and he stepped up, unlocked the doors, and swung the door open, the kids looked shocked and were even a little unsettled.

But Jason didn't bother with them and just got in, started the car and drove off.

Earlier, he wasn't feeling sleepy due to having slept almost throughout the flight, but now that he had exhausted himself by working out, he was beginning to feel the tiredness and sleepiness creep in and he needed to get back to the hotel before driving by himself became dangerous.

Less interested in the surroundings and more intent on reaching his destination unlike when he was driving to the mall earlier, Jason raced through the streets as much as the traffic would allow him.

After almost another hour of driving, Jason finally reached the hotel at 7 pm.

Parking in the parking lot, he headed up into the hotel and straight to his room, intending to crash into his bed immediately, forgetting that he hadn't even eaten since he arrived.

Throwing his bags on the chair, he crashed onto his bed and fell asleep immediately, but barely thirty minutes later, he was woken by the people's elbow delivered to him by Osimen.

Waking up at full alert and about to unleash all his martial skills on his assailant, he managed to catch himself just in time and hit the guy with a pillow instead.

In retaliation, Osimen had grabbed one of Jason's pillows and returned fire, kick starting the pillow wars.

Iwobi who was on the side could only watch while laughing and videoing the scene before he was hit by a stray attack. Putting down the video and positioning it so that it could capture the bed, he grabbed the pillow he was pelted and joined the battle, turning it into a three-way battle.

After goofing around for a while, they finally stopped, laughing as they collapsed on the bed.

"Which room are you?" Jason asked suddenly.

"407," Osimen replied, not giving much thought to the answer.

"Why do you ask?" he suddenly remembered to ask.

"..." Not replying, Jason just smirked, letting him know that he was no longer safe in this hotel and that Jason would soon get his own back.

Chapter 736: Egoists?

Jason had wanted to go back to sleep after, but Osimen and Iwobi were not having it and dragged him out of bed.

They had been sent up to come call him in the first place as there was a celebratory dinner planned for him who had won the Champions League so they were definitely not going back without the person who was to be the star of the party.

So, against all his tired complaints and groaning, they dragged him to the elevator and headed to the floor the dinner was taking place.

All Jason's complaints and tired groans stopped after he was dragged into the hall where the other players who had been called up were waiting.

Surprisingly, they were not the only ones there, as a few of the training staff and even a few other old Nigerian players who had retired from the national team were there.

There seemed to have been much more thought put into the party than a mere surprise dinner party and now Jason was thrown into the center.

Glancing back at Osimen who was wearing his Champions League medal like it was a bling chain, Jason thought, 'So this was what you meant by I'd need the medal,'

'But then, why are you the one wearing it and not me?' he thought further but was soon pulled into the party.

Tired as he was, he could not deny that he was pleasantly surprised and felt his heart warm up to the fact that people were celebrating him.

Since he was the first Nigerian player to win the Champions League since 2013, at least this much was expected, now that he thought about it... but before it happened he hadn't even thought about it.

The party went on for a while and Jason got to meet some of the older retired Nigerian players who had come around for the party.

It was a fun night, but by the time Jason headed back up to his room and he hit his bed, he wasn't awake for a full minute before his consciousness disappeared.

The next day, Jason joined the other Nigerian players who had been called up for the international break and they had some light training done so as not to exhaust them before the match.

The major focus of the training was on the tactical setup of the team since that was usually the issue for the players.

Mostly, it was tactical training and scrimmages to increase the familiarity of the players with each other.

Since the players were usually playing for different teams all over the world, each with their own tactical setup, bringing them together and playing them even in the same positions they played in clubs couldn't bring out the best of a player most times.

Muscle memory, team chemistry, and player ego always bumped into each other at the national stages and this was why it was usually not a rare occurrence for a national team with the best players in the world not playing at their full capabilities.

This was most national teams usually played the most used tactics in their domestic leagues.

The Spanish national team adopted its tiki-taka style of football.

The Germans used their gegen high press style.

The Italians mostly adopted three-defender formations with strong tactical defending as the foundation of their tactics.

Netherlands used their 4-3-3 formation... And so on.

For countries with well-developed leagues and an optimal football industry, most of their players were brought up in the country or played in their leagues.

Either one or both of these occurrences made it easy for the players to be familiar to the type of football that was mostly played in their country.

However, in countries that didn't have that much of a developed football industry like most African countries, didn't have a signature playing style.

Throughout history, Africa has produced many iconic players, but they've never had an iconic national team that is known for something on the world stage.

Most of the players from African countries were the products of the footballing academies in other countries hence by the time all these players are gathered for the national team, they were all products of different playing styles.

Since they played in different clubs, there was usually low symmetry between them which was usually what the national team managers tried to reduce however, it was easier said than done.

There was usually never enough time for the players to get used to playing with each other and the moment a little symmetry started being built up, the players had to go back to their own clubs and played a different type of football.

This was why it was not rare to see national teams with top level players performing terribly below the level anyone would expect of them.

Added to this was the issue of the players' egos, and this one in particular was not limited to only African nations.

Due to the issues with familiarity, most national teams usually had a very simple plan and this usually worked especially well whenever there was one player who was a lot better than the rest.

The tactic was very simple... give the ball to that one player and play around him.

In Poland, they did it with Lewandowski.

In Argentina, it was Messi.

In Brazil, it was Neymar.

In Portugal, it was Ronaldo.

Normally this tactic usually worked as long as the players had a huge respect for that one player, but there was another side to this coin.

This situation could lead to some egoistical player on the team trying to outplay the one player who was to be the focal point of their tactics.

And if there were more than one such egoistical player?

Utter chaos on the field.

Unfortunately, with a team like the Nigerian national team, it was geared for that sort of chaos.

There was no particularly famous Nigeria defender, but the forwards on the team had been making waves in the football world lately, so naturally, the team was more geared towards attack than defense.

The problem was that most of the forwards were considered to be around the same level so with their egos clashing everyone would always try to outplay the others which usually led to each forward trying to put on a distinctive individual performance.

In the end, they mostly ended up losing the ball most of the time and forcing the team back on the defensive as they tried to score exceptional goals.

This was a problem before Jason joined the national team and the reason this problem didn't rear its ugly head during Jason's first matches was because he had been overly unselfish with the ball and since he was controlling the tempo of the game, he usually had the ball most of the time.

Since no one thought of him as much of a competition at that time, he had played how he wanted, giving the ball to the players in dangerous positions, there wasn't much fooling around.

However now that the other players began seeing him as a competitor, Rohr could already foresee the chaos that might ensue on the pitch if he didn't do something to curb the issue.

Chapter 737: Egoists? II

With all that said, Rohr focused on getting the players to work well with each other and gave them the appropriate tactical instructions for how they would be playing the following day.

After the tactical session, the manager had the players get back on the field for one last scrimmage with them trying to put into action the tactical setup they had just been discussing.

As the scrimmage went on, Rohr nodded to himself as he watched the players move the ball cleanly among each other.

It was clear to note that among the defenders who had considerably less ego issues, their partnership was very good, but the forwards didn't seem to be playing too badly either.

Of course that didn't fool the manager as he knew that this was only because it was a training session.

Once the game actually began with fans in the stadium watching them and a clock ticking, things might very well change, but he hoped they wouldn't.

After watching for a while, he called quits on the training session for the day and sent the players back to rest, emphasizing on them resting.

The game the following day was set for 9:30 pm at night so he wanted them to get some training early before the game, hence he wanted them to be well rested enough so they could train without any risks.

Some of the players had other plans though and Osimen wanted to even drag Jason out for a night out as according to him, the dinner party the previous night was not enough celebration, but Jason wiggled his way out with the excuse that he really needed to rest.

Lying through his teeth that he still had a bit of jet lag from flying continually over the last few days, Jason managed to escape Osimen's plans for that night.

Splitting his time between doing some yoga, a few basic calisthenic exercises, watching a movie, and doing a very long vide call with Adele, he finally went to sleep around 10pm.

****4th June 2021****

Waking up early, the players had some light training done between 9 and 11 before spending another hour and a half making the final tactical preparations.

Rohr also finally put out the starting lineup.

The team would be playing the 4-4-2 formation for the game and looking through the list of names in the starting lineup, Jason realized he wasn't a part of the starting lineup.

Not sure whether the manager was trying to avoid stressing him too much as he had just joined the team, or for other reasons, Jason didn't feel anything but a little disappointment at not being able to start the game.

It was no big deal though as friendly games to national teams were as domestic cup games were to the football clubs.

They were opportunities to give a lot of new players a runout, so Jason wasn't going to get all hung up because he wasn't a part of the starting lineup in a friendly game.

The players spent most of the rest of the day resting, but were active from time to time so as to stay ready for the game.

By 6pm the players had their pre-match meal, rested for thirty minutes and then got on the bus taking them to the stadium where the match would be held.

Unsurprisingly, the streets were very lively even as the sky had gone down and the stadium was even livelier.

Lagos was very well known for their nightlife and there was no doubt about Nigerians' love for football, so the players had quite a bit of support at the stadium even though it was nighttime and just a friendly game.

The players alighted the bus after it came to a stop, went to their locker rooms to change into their warm-up kits and then headed out to the stadium for a quick warm-up session before the game.

While the players warmed up, the stands slowly filled up with the fans who had come to watch the game live while outside the stadium and all over the country, people were tuning in from their TVs and phones to watch the game.

In the country of Cameroon, as well, the Cameroonians were tuning in to watch their countrymen battle it out for pride on foreign soil.

By this point, the confirmed starting lineups were already released and many people were already arguing over the lineups and who they believed should be there or not.

Lineups were one thing that most football fans never agreed on and after seeing the strange formation and a few unexpected names, both the Nigerian and Cameroonian football fans burst forth in argument over who would be the better fielding option and whether the formation the teams were playing was the optimal one.

Everyone loved playing manager over a team they were not in control of. It was one of the joys of being a football fan.

Time passed by quickly as the fans argued and it was soon kickoff time.

With a sharp blast of the referee's whistle the game kicked off with the Cameroon side starting the game in possession of the ball.

Soon enough the fans began cheering with more excitement as the game heated up with both sides beginning to make attacking moves, each one trying to get the first goal and take charge of the game, but soon the Nigerian fans began getting frustrated with the type of football their players were playing.

The team was set up to attack more, but the players weren't connecting well and a lot of errant passes caused them to lose the ball quite a bit.

Even worse were the wingers who always tried to go it all alone whenever they received the ball and didn't release the ball on time to the two forwards despite the forwards running into spaces and freeing themselves for the final pass.

Of course since they were doing well defensively, there was no need for the fans to get too annoyed as they believed that the game would soon turn in their favor, but all that changed in the thirty-sixth minute.

The Cameroon team had been knocking heavily on the Nigerian team's goal for the last ten minutes and they had been especially helped by the two wide midfielders who kept losing the ball.

This time they finally got a good counter attacking chance when Anguissa stole the ball from Simon who was trying to use stepovers to get past him.

Quickly pushing the ball forward, he unleashed a pass to Toko Ekanbi on the right flank.

Receiving the ball and continuing to push forward, Toko Ekanbi squared up against Collins who slowly dropped back, not committing to a tackle and also slowing him down.

Toko Ekanbi could only play his game for so long before trying to dodge past him. Quickly flicking the ball to his left, Toko Ekanbi tried to cut infield, opening up the avenue to shoot or pass.

Initially intending to find a free teammate, he changed his mind when he saw the path between him and goal open.

Swinging his leg powerfully at the ball, he hit it at the goal, but the ball didn't make it farther than a meter away when Collins's leg appeared in the way to block the shot. He had recovered quick enough to stop the shot.

Bouncing off his leg, the ball bounced back out, evading Toko Ekanbi who tried to reach it, but just behind him was Anguissa who instantly put his foot through with it.

{Anguissaaaaaaa!!!}

Chapter 738: Roaring Rohr

The ball thundered past Maduka Okoye's outstretched hands and nestled in the top left side of the goal.

{GOAAAALLLLLLLLLL!!!} the commentator who was no respecter of persons, screamed excitedly as the Cameroon team began celebrating their goal.

The stands was mostly filled with moans and groans as the Nigerians were in greater numbers for the game and there were probably not up to 100 Cameroonian fans in the whole stadium, however that did nothing to dampen the Cameroon players' excitement.

They celebrated joyfully with each other for a few seconds before they began heading back to their half of the field.

While the Cameroon players were celebrating, Rohr used that time to dig into his players, fuming as he shouted at them to play more unselfishly like they did in training.

Finishing his berating with some encouragement and reminding the players that there was more than enough time for them to turn things around.

The game soon resumed shortly after and after going behind, the Nigerian players seemed to have toned down their selfish and egoistical style of play a little bit and were playing a bit better with

themselves, however, despite managing to create a few good chances, the Cameroon team which seemed intent with holding on to their lead warded off every attack until the referee finally blew the halftime whistle.

The players of the two teams trudged off the field and into the tunnel, heading for the locker room and leaving the dissatisfied Nigerian fans to entertain themselves for the next fifteen minutes.

The Nigerian fans had clearly seen that their team had played a bit better after conceding, but that wasn't enough for them and quite a few of them were already fuming.

For Nigerians who were especially hard to please, merely playing better was not enough to cut it.

They wanted goals.

They wanted to win.

And until those things started happening, they would stay dissatisfied and might even grow more displeased the further things went.

Some of the fans were already arguing among themselves and blaming the manager's tactics and lineup selection, complaining to themselves that if the manager had fielded Jason and Osimen instead of Simon and Onuachu, they might have scored a few of the opportunities they had earlier in the game.

None of that mattered to the Nigerian players who were getting absolutely battered in the dressing room by the manager by their selfish play and terrible mistakes that had caused them to fall into a dangerous situation more than once.

"I've told you, you must play together as a team!"

"The midfielders hold the ball and find forwards to send the ball to and the forwards should get into dangerous positions and make the best of their chances,"

“The goal doesn’t have to be beautiful! This is professional football, not street soccer!” Rohr roared at the players.

After spending a good five minutes crashing out on the players, the old man brushed back his hair that had fallen all over his face when he was shouting and then went into the tactical aspects and adjustments that were to be made.

Regarding the lineups, nothing would be changed for the time being, but the manager repeatedly emphasized that he expected to see changes as soon as the second half began otherwise he would start reconsidering whether some names would be on the call-up list for the World Cup Qualifiers that would be coming up later in the year.

With words like that being thrown around, the players began to put aside the non-competitive spirit that they had brought into the game and they prepared to give it their all.

Who did not want to perform better on their national team after all?

They all did, but since they were trying not to outshine everyone else, there was definitely going to be problems.

Their intentions were not bad, it was their approach that was wrong.

They seemed to forget that football was a team sport and that because one person performed well didn’t mean that others would see the other members of the team as useless... of course that couldn’t apply if they were seating on the bench so they were doing their best to secure a place in the starting lineup.

That much was understandable, but Rohr didn’t care.

All he wanted to do was win.

Before the previous international break when he had gotten Jason to join the Nigerian national team, the supa eagles, there had been talks about him being sacked since the national team hadn't been in good form recently despite qualifying for the AFCON.

After Jason joined them over the other countries wanting his signature and his instant impact in the team, those talks had died down a bit, but the manager knew he wasn't out of danger yet.

Even right now, many fans watching the game were raging and clamoring for a newer coach who could handle the talent in their National team to be hired.

A couple more losses even in mere friendlies might be all it took for him to say goodbye to over half a million dollars annually.

It was a job without stress too as he barely managed over 10 games a year and that was when there were qualifications or an international tournament being held, otherwise he coached fewer games.

Who would want to lose a job like that?

For his sake, the players better start playing better and he wasn't going to hesitate in making threats.

Either way, someone's head would roll and he didn't want it to be his.

In the cameroon team's locker room, things were wholly different as the manager was mostly pointing out tactical mistakes the Nigerian players that they could make use of.

Since the Nigerian team was making quite a few mistakes all over the pitch, the Cameroon manager was getting happier that he had made his players play defensively while waiting for the chance to counter.

He emphasized carrying that same mentality into the second half.

"Stay behind the ball, defend tight, and if a chance to counter opens up, move quickly and shoot on sight. Don't waste time looking for the perfect chance,"

“They have a stronger team and can hit us if we waste too much time on the ball and they can catch us off guard,”

“If a goal scoring chance comes, try to make use of it, but if it doesn’t come up I want you to defend this lead as best as you can,”

“Even if they manage to equalize, keep defending and waiting for the counter attack,” the cameroon manager emphasized to his players repeatedly.

Suddenly a hand went up as one of the defenders asked,

“Coach, what do we do if they bring that Jason guy on?”

Chapter 739: Instant Change I

The second half began after the fifteen-minute break and instantly the viewers and spectators could notice how differently the Nigerian team was playing.

Moving around with more fluidity and more sharpness on the attack, they tried to break down the Cameroon team’s defense, but since the Cameroon team was basically parking the bus, it had become a lot more difficult to score unlike in the second half.

With how tightly the Cameroon players were packed behind the ball, they continuously caused problems for the Nigerian players whenever they tried to attack and their every attempt to break through was repelled with the Cameroon players either clearing the ball up the field or trying to launch a counterattack.

Of course the Nigerian players were playing better than before so they managed to stop most of the counterattacks before it got too dangerous.

The Nigerian players also managed to get a few shots away, but they were mostly potshots and were either shot from awkward angles or were blocked before they could go far.

By the 60th minute, the Nigerian players were already getting frustrated.

They had gone for simplicity and efficiency and tried to break down their opponents, but the Cameroon players were proving to be too annoying and that was frustrating.

It was also frustrating to watch for the Nigerian players who were almost always on the edge of their seats now.

With simplicity not working, the Nigerian players were switching back to trying to dribble the ball past many players and pulling players towards them in the hopes of opening up space somewhere else, however that wasn't working either.

Luckily for the Nigerian fans' mental state, they saw Jason and Osimen warming up on the sidelines. As they warmed up along the side of the field, jogging to one end and back, the cheers of the fans echoed in their ears.

It was almost like the fans all unanimously believed that these two guys could instantly change the game as soon as they got on the pitch.

When the ball finally rolled out of play and Jason and Osimen stood beside the referee who held up the board, the cheers rang out loudly again as Onuachu and Simon walked down to the sidelines, not very happy that they were the ones to be subbed off.

Since they were not injured or anything, did it mean that they were the lowest on the pecking order for the manager, or were they the worst performers and were thus being taken off?

Trying to console themselves with the fact that Jason and Osimen were the people they were competing for possessions, they got off the field more depressed than ever.

If they were competing for those two for the same positions, then they might hardly ever play for the national team at this rate.

Jason and Osimen didn't know what those guys were thinking and were jogging up the field to their positions.

"Stay sharp and try to find space when I get the ball," Jason muttered to Osimen before they parted and Osimen nodded, heading further up the field while Jason took position on the left wing.

The game restarted with a kickoff from the Cameroon team and the goalkeeper, Omossola sent the ball powerfully up the field with a deft kick.

The players of the two teams jumped to contest for the ball, but it was Ndidi who got his head to the ball first, heading it towards Jason on the left, who calmly trapped the ball on the ground, not letting it bounce away.

Just like that he got his first touch of the ball, but he didn't spend any time standing around and swiftly turned in the direction of the Cameroon goal.

Dodging Toko Ekanbi who came at him from behind, Jason began running down the flanks, but he soon noticed that he was quickly being surrounded.

He couldn't even determine how many, but he saw at least four on his right and in front of him and he was sure there were some players behind him as well.

As he ran, he noticed that there seemed to be spaces between the players, but he knew better than to try running through there. After all it was clearly an obvious trap and if he dared to try to go in between them, they would instantly sandwich him in.

{He's surrounded. Is this the end for him or will he take them on!??}

Since he couldn't turn back either, he began slowing down, causing the players in front of him to stop falling back as well, not wanting to give him too much space, however that was what Jason was waiting for.

As they planted their feet into the ground, trying to stop, Jason quickly flicked the ball forward between them, feeding it past them and then running around to try to catch it.

Opting to run off the field so as to avoid them as much as possible, Jason burst forward with amazing pace, going from one to one hundred immediately.

{Feeds it past them and tries to go around}

The players in front of him weren't able to react in time to stop the ball or him, but the players on his side didn't give up and instantly gave chase.

Just as Jason managed to reach the ball after going the long way around, a tackle came in hard from his left, threatening to sweep him off his feet powerfully.

{Crunching tackle!}

Managing to reach the ball just in time to flick it forward even more, he jumped and barely dodged the tackle, but still clipped his toe against the tackle.

Stumbling a bit, he managed to catch himself and raced after the ball, just now remembering that he had been a bit injured a few days ago, but that didn't matter right now.

{He's away and the Supa Eagles have a chance!}

Since Jason had six out of ten on field players chasing after him and trying to box him in, it wasn't a stretch to say that the other players were freer than ever, so Jason arrived at high speed on the side of the penalty box and sent a low cross into the penalty box, Ihenacho was able to get behind the ball without issue.

{Kelechi Ihenacho!!!!}

Chapter 740: Instant Change II

Ihenacho hit the ball powerfully at the goal, aiming at the bottom right corner and Omossola dived just in time to reach it and push it away from the direction of the goal.

{Oh!! What a save!} the commentator and the swelling cheers of the fans quickly turned to agonised howls that the ball had not ended up at the back of the net.

{Cameroon barely survive losing their lead!}

{The Nigerian Supa Eagles get a corner and this attack spell isn't over yet. They'll be hoping to get another clear chance on this corner}

Iwobi jogged over to take the corner while the other players got took position in and around the penalty box, waiting for the ball to come flying in.

As the players shoved against each other, Jason suddenly ran up to the corner flag and Iwobi quickly laid the ball off to him and moved infield so he could receive it back.

When Jason had come running over, a Cameroonian player had been right behind him and quickly began trying to hassle him from behind.

Turning to his right as if he wanted to pass the ball to Iwobi who had run out, he tricked the player behind him into trying to follow his movements, only for him to turn back to the left, freeing himself as he turned towards the penalty box where the other players were still waiting.

Picking out Osimen, Jason crossed the ball over to where the man was waiting and Osimen rose to the air powerfully to meet the ball and head it towards goal, fighting off his markers.

{Heads it toward goal!}

The ball flew toward the top left corner, but Omossola somehow managed to reach it, punching it over the crossbar.

{Another fantastic save from this goalkeeper!}

{He's saved his team twice now in the last one minute and Cameroon are really struggling not to concede here!}

{Nigeria have another corner}

Once again Iwobi went to take the corner kick and this time Jason didn't run over for him to play it short, choosing to wait a few meters away from the penalty box since he was one of the faster players and could help the team stop counterattacks if the Cameroon team tried to break through quickly after the corner.

Focusing on the taller players inside the penalty box, Iwobi swept the ball in trying to pick out Troost Ekong, but before the ball reached the Nigerian defender, a Cameroon player jumped higher, inserting himself between the ball and the Nigerian man, heading the ball outside the penalty box and in the direction of a certain person.

Seeing the ball flying his way, Jason carefully positioned and angled himself and hit the ball just a few centimeters before it touched the ground, sending it at the goal powerfully.

{Volley!!!}

The ball spun powerfully towards the bottom right of the Cameroon goal and though the goalkeeper had dived as soon as he saw the ball flying at him, he wasn't sure he could reach it in time.

However, before the ball reached the goal line, a leg shot out, entering the ball's path and the ball bounced powerfully against it, flying up and over the goal.

{OHHHHHH!!!}

{Cameroon survive yet again! It's seems they are determined not to lose their lead out there today!}

{I think it's getting too close for comfort now. I don't think the goalkeeper had that last shot covered and he was spared the agony of picking the ball from the back of his goal thanks to the alertness of his defenders, however, they can't be this lucky for much longer}

{On the other side of this coin are the new substitutes for the Nigerian team and this man especially has hit the ground running, trying against all odds to get that equalizer his team needs to be able to play a freer game} the commentator said and the screens showed Jason getting back on the edge of the penalty box as he and his teammates waited for the ball-in again.

Fweeeeeeeeeeeee!

At the referee's whistle, Iwobi sent the ball into the penalty box again and the players of the two teams once again rushed toward the path of the incoming ball.

Soon the players took to the air, fighting against one other as they tried to reach the ball first, but when Troost Ekong managed to get his head to the ball first, he tried to head it towards the goal.

However, his opponents had done enough to force him to hit the ball off target and the ball flew harmlessly over the goal, half a meter over the crossbar.

The Nigerian fans who had been on the edge of their seat for the last few minutes fell back disappointedly into their seat, seeing that the ball had ended up behind the goal while Obassola picked collected a ball for a goalkick.

The last few minutes had been tension-filled and action-packed for the two sides and the fans of each side had their hearts in a lurch with every attempt at goal and at every time the ball had not ended up at the back of the net.

However, somehow things had remained the same even after such a tense attacking spell and the fans of both sides were now feeling more unsatisfied than ever.

The Nigerian fans were dissatisfied with the fact that they had somehow not equalised, but they had no one to blame but the Cameroon players and their goalkeeper especially.

On the other hand, the Cameroon fans were now scared that if their players allowed Jason to have a little more free rein on the ball they might soon be saying goodbye to their lead.

Their manager wasn't lost out on this sentiment and sent a meaningful look at his players as the ball flew in from Omossola who had taken the goal kick.

For the next few minutes after that anyone with a trained eye could see a slight change in tactics on the field.

The Cameroon players still stayed behind the ball, but they seemed to be putting more focus on defending the side of the field Jason was on.

If Jason received the ball, he was quickly surrounded by at least four players, and even when he wasn't with the ball, he would have two to three players shadowing him depending on how far up the field he was.

The other Cameroon players not marking Jason had also switched from man marking to intercepting, ensuring that even if the other Nigerian players tried to use the other sides of the field, they wouldn't be able to kick off any momentum.

Also, they were well positioned to try blocking any passes from Jason if he somehow made it past his markers.

The game was heating up for Jason, but he had another issue troubling him alongside his already dire situation on the field.