

Legends 741

Chapter 741: Instant Change III

Jason had strained his ankle a bit at the Champions League final game which was just six days ago and he had initially had it checked at the stadium, but after a bit of first aid treatment, he had forgotten about it completely.

Since he had woken up the day after the Champions League with barely any pain and they had gone for the city-wide parade that same day, he hadn't had his leg checked at the team's medical department.

The day after that was his flight to Nigeria and at this point, there was no pain in his ankle, especially as he hadn't done any intensive training, so by this point he had completely forgotten the injury.

Somehow, he hadn't felt anything at the gym the day before yesterday, neither had he felt anything at the training session the previous day and earlier today, but after clipping his leg against the tackle on his first run, the sharp pain had instantly reminded him of his blunder.

Luckily, the injury wasn't serious enough that he couldn't play and he barely felt any pain unless there was a huge shock on that ankle, however, he knew that he couldn't afford to play carelessly anymore.

If he made any risky runs that ended up with him getting tackled hardly, there might be terrible repercussions.

Thanks to that, he had to tone down his attempts at rushing down the flank by himself and try to bring his teammates into play, however there was a small issue with doing that.

Since he was mostly surrounded and could barely get enough time to make long passes, short passes were his best bet, but the problem was that once the ball left his legs, the players following him would instantly change their focus on the player who received the ball.

Unfortunately, those players were not like him who could barely manage being surrounded and almost instantly lost the ball seconds after unless they managed to somehow pass it to someone else.

The strikers clearly did not have enough agility to do such a thing and while the midfielders had more agility, they didn't have such a skill-set.

In the end it all led to Cameroon managing to stay tight and keep them away from scoring. Even the manager making substitutes to bring in more energy and increase their fighting chances didn't change much and it was already the 80th minute at this point.

With ten minutes to go, the players began playing with even more vigor as even though this was merely a friendly game with nothing at stake other than pride, they still did not want to lose.

Their pride wouldn't let them willingly take it lying down.

Even Jason had gone 'fu*k it' and was back to trying to break through by himself from the left flank.

#86th minute...

On the left side of the field, Jason received the ball on the halfway line and instantly rolled it between the legs of the Cameroon player who had come sweeping in and trying to tackle him before he built any momentum.

Dodging the guy, Jason faced off against the other two guys who were in his path and began moving before he was surrounded.

As he moved forward, he did a few stepovers to buy himself time since the opponents wouldn't jump in when it seemed like he was waiting for them to bite the bait.

Luckily, his teammates had noticed his predicament and Osimen had quickly dropped back, allowing Jason to flick the ball between the legs of another player arriving on his right.

The ball rolled toward Osimen who had dropped back to receive the ball while the other Nigerian players shielded him.

The attention of two of the players watching Jason turned to Osimen immediately, allowing Jason to dash forward, running down the outside of the throwing line like before. Osimen immediately picked Jason out and sent a pass in behind, managing to unleash Jason who had made it behind Cameroon's defense line.

Catching up to the ball, Jason began cutting in quickly, now facing off against the center backs who had fallen back quickly and were trying to block his path to goal.

Doing a few more stepovers, Jason suddenly charged to the left of the defenders, creating just enough space to send the ball across into the path of Ihenacho.

{Kelechi Ihenacho!} the commentator screamed excitedly as Ihenacho put his leg into the ball's path and tried to drive it home, but the ball bounced awkwardly against the striker's leg, flew forward and slammed against the right post and flew to the right of the post.

{Oh No! It's the bar!}

Fweeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!

The fans and viewers thought the referee was blowing his whistle to signal that the ball had rolled out of play, but instead the referee was pointing to the penalty spot as he ran towards the penalty box.

After getting past the defenders and crossing the ball, Jason hadn't completely escaped their sweeping legs and had been taken down inside the penalty box.

The referee had seen it and had blown his whistle immediately, giving hope to the Nigerian fans who thought their players had botched another goal scoring chance.

Getting off the ground, a bit winded, Jason was thankful that the pain in his ankle didn't seem to have increased after the tackle.

Testing his ankle to be sure, he remembered that he had jumped off the ground so the impact had been minimal, but he still had to check to be sure and luckily, there didn't seem to be a problem.

On the other hand, Iwobi, Osimen, and Ihenacho were arguing on who would take the penalty.

All three of them were among the penalty takers for the team, but in terms of seniority on the team, Ihenacho and Iwobi were the top, however, Iwobi and Osimen thought Ihenacho was in bad form and didn't want him butchering the penalty.

Osimen also thought that Iwobi was also not in the best of form either, but in the end, Iwobi won the argument and took the ball to the spot.

{Nigeria's chance to redeem themselves}

{After fighting to the best of their abilities, Cameroon couldn't hold on till the end and let Jason in behind and now they have to pay for their mistake}

{However, if the goalkeeper can somehow save this penalty, then they can hold on to their lead, but I doubt it, the fans doubt, and maybe even the goalkeeper doubts it, but if there is any time to believe in the impossible, it is now!}

Fweeeeeeeeeee!

Taking his eyes off the goalkeeper, Iwobi ran at the ball and hit it powerfully towards the top right corner of the goal.

Chapter 742: First International L

At the referee's whistle, Iwobi ran at the ball and hit it right down the center while Omossola jumped towards the left.

It seemed like the ball was destined to end up at the back of the net until the ball hit the left leg of the Cameroon goalkeeper.

His left leg was the last thing to move out of the middle and by terrible luck, the ball somehow hit his leg and was deflected up and over due to the high power at which it was hit.

{Saved by the goalkeeper}

{He dived out of the way, but he was committed enough to cover as much area as possible and he still managed to stop the penalty}

{There was a lot of luck involved, but it still counts and Nigeria are left still searching for an equalizer}

While the commentator was speaking, the Nigerians spectators at the stadium and the fans watching from the comfort of their homes felt like tearing their hair out at how their team had missed such a chance.

At this point, it felt like everything was up against them and even their team didn't want to score the equalizer. After all, since they had struggled for most of the game, this was the clearest chance they had gotten and they had still not managed to cash in.

Some of the more irritable fans were full on cussing out the players and most of those curses were directed at Iwobi who had missed the penalty.

He looked very sullen on the pitch as he hadn't actually intended to miss the penalty, but the fans didn't care and were just looking for a way to let out a bit of their frustration.

There was no comforting to be found from his teammates either as they were just as annoyed that the penalty had been saved.

Ihenacho and Osimen who had been trying to take the penalty instead were even more annoyed while Jason was disappointed that the penalty had been wasted away.

Nevertheless, the game wasn't over yet and there was still a few minutes left for them to equalize and the players quickly got in position for the corner kick.

This time, Jason didn't wait Iwobi to get there to take the corner kick and went there on his own to take responsibility for the corner kick.

Fweeeeeeeee

After settling on the ball, the referee's whistle prompted him to whip the ball in, aiming for the far end of the post where some of his teammates were waiting, but the Cameroon team that had managed to hold onto their lead till this point were more intent than ever to not lose their lead.

Struggling to clear the ball out of the ball, the ball ended up with Choupo Mouting who tried to lead a counter attack for his team and add to their lead, but he was stopped before long by the just as desperate Nigerian players.

The game was at an all time frenzy at this point with the two sides playing as hard as they can.

The Nigeria team continually sent the ball forward, trying to break past their opponents while the Cameroon team stayed solid at the back yet instantly transitioned into a counter attack whenever they stole possession from the Nigerians.

The Cameroon players were doing all they could to ensure that the Nigerian team didn't build up any rhythm.

Jason tried to break through on his own and with some help from his teammates a few times, but after getting swept off his feet another two times and even collecting a strong elbow in the face, he realized that there just might be no getting in behind the Cameroon players who had turned into warriors on the pitch.

Time continued to run down and with only a few seconds left till the end of the game, Jason managed to be found by Etebo after a pass to Osimen was deflected by a Cameroon defender.

Jason had been waiting on the shoulder of his marker and when he saw the ball deflected towards his direction, he rushed toward it, but he wasn't the only one after the ball.

He estimated that he could at best get only one touch on the ball before he was slammed out of the way so he angled his body appropriately and right there at a meter away from the left corner of the 18-yard box, he tried to curl the ball into the top right corner of the goal.

{Jason with a shot!}

The ball curled powerfully, barely flying past Omossola stretched out in a dive and slamming against the upper part of the right post.

{The bar! But its not over yet!}

Osimen had rushed at the ball as soon as he saw it hit the post and tried to rebound the ball, but a well timed body slam from his marker caused him to lose his footing and hit the ball awkwardly, sending it to the side of the goal.

{Oh no no no! He's missed a clear goal!}

The Nigerian players weren't even given the luxury of time to complain to the referee about the push on Osimen since the referee was already blowing the final whistle of the game, confirming the Supa Eagles loss to their opponents.

The Cameroon team and their fans instantly began celebrating while the Nigerian fans were left to cope with their frustration and annoyance.

Not having stood up from the ground after being slammed to the ground right after he took the shot, Jason who had sat up lay back down to rest and catch his breath.

{Its over and it's a loss for the Nigerian team}

{In a surprising turn of events, it's not the team that dominated the game that won it. Cameroon had much lesser statistics in possession, shots, passes and mostly all over the field except for defensively, but they seem to have had more quality, winning narrowly by a hair}

{The Supa Eagles tried and tried, but even after a penalty and a last second open goal attempt, the Cameroon team somehow held on... to their lead and they will be taking all the accolades from this match}

Having caught his breath, Jason finally tried to stand up from the pitch, intending to head straight to the dressing room because despite how unimportant the match was, he wasn't happy to have lost, but as he tried to get up, he suddenly felt the sting from his ankle.

'Ah, right. Need to get this checked as well,' he thought to himself as he began walking towards the sidelines, limping slightly.

Chapter 743: Simple Checkup I

Dudududu! *Dudududu!* *Dudududu!*

The sound of an alarm getting louder every time it rang, woke Jason up with a start and fumbling around blindly with his eyes still closed, he managed to pick up his phone.

Resisting the intrusive thought to smash it, he opened one eye and glanced at the screen before turning off the alarm.

Ignoring the alarm that rang, he went back to sleep as the only reason it had rang was because he forgot to turn it off the night prior.

Apart from the fact that the players had to rest after the game, Jason had other reasons for being in bed at this time.

After the match yesternight, he had gone to have his ankle checked by the medical team, and they had done the necessary checks and estimated it was a mere grade 1 sprain, however since he had aggravated it a bit, he would need to rest for a bit longer than a normal sprain.

He was advised to see a physiotherapist so they could see have a more specialized professional check the injury to see whether there wasn't more to the situation.

However since it was the off-season, this made things a bit complicated as Jason would have to go back to Portugal if he needed to have Oporto's physio check his injury.

Luckily it was a minor injury and didn't need that much attention so he could just contact the team's physio and ask what he should do, however he would be doing that later...

For now he needed to sleep.

Since he was injured now, his international break was as good as over since he wouldn't be fit enough for the second international match which was also against Cameroon.

He'd heard that there would be third match later on, but the schedule wasn't set yet and he didn't know whether he would be called up at that time as it was also going to be a friendly game.

The manager might decide to let the local players have more places on the team by that time.

After sleeping in for another hour, he finally rose from his bed, ready to start his day.

Since he was injured he couldn't do any strenuous activity for a while... at least nothing including his legs.

However since almost all forms of exercise except calisthenics and core exercises included his legs, all he could do were those kinds of exercises and for a while he looked like an anime hero as he did upside-down push-ups and other exercises of the sort.

Since he didn't want to let his fitness levels drop too much during this injury period and during the off-season, he had to maintain a level of activity to keep his fitness stable.

That aside, now that he was injured and wouldn't be a part of the rest of the training and matches with the national team, he figured it was time to start off with all the activities lined up for him.

After washing up, he made a call to the Adele to ask see if he could start all the media activities earlier. He didn't want to spend too much time sitting around.

With Adele saying she would have a look at his schedule, Jason headed out.

Despite having made a call to the Oporto's medical office and having been given some instructions on how to care for his injury, he had been advised to have a physiotherapist check his ankle as well as do a few scans to be sure there weren't any other issues.

Noting that, Jason had asked the the manager of the national team for recommendations to a physiotherapist and the association had quickly taken up the matter, taking over.

Getting into the arranged car for him, Jason allowed himself to relax on the drive, shutting his eyes in a half-asleep state all throughout the drive.

When the car finally stopped and the driver told him they had arrived, Jason got out groggily, yawning as he shut the door behind him.

Perhaps it was because he had pushed himself for a long time, but after the season ended, he noticed that he had been sleeping a lot more and had also been feeling a sleepier more often than before.

Knowing that he would soon be back to his hellish schedule as soon as the next season began, he allowed himself to sleep whenever he felt like it.

Heading into the huge main hospital building with three men in police uniforms and one guide, it was hard not to garner attention from passerbys.

Infact, the three car convoy he had come with was already attention grabbing enough, but at this point he was already used to it. He had mentioned reducing the convoys and all to the manager, but clearly his words had fallen on deaf ears... or maybe the old man was going senile.

At this point he no longer cared and just did what he needed to do, going to meet the doctors who were to check on him.

He was soon received by two doctors, one of who looked very familiar, but he couldn't remember where he had seen her.

Standing beside her mentor, Adesewa Hauwa watched as the man who consistently put her through hellish shifts welcomed Jason with so much warmth and flattery that she was lost for words for a while.

Luckily she didn't need to say anything and watched from the side, the familiar face that she had done a bit of research on a few days ago.

After meeting him at the gym and hearing a bit about him from her viewers, she had searched his name online and quite a few results came out which meant he wasn't someone unknown at least, but she wasn't really a football fan and didn't know much so she didn't know to what extent she was looking at.

Not that it mattered to her though, but today they had been informed that a VIP would be dropping and now that she saw the familiar face, she realized that maybe he was a bit more of a big deal than she realized.

However, looking at the guy who was at the hospital for a medical examination, she was a bit confused.

Chapter 744: Simple Checkup II

Clearly Jason was in good shape and didn't seem to be in any discomfort, so why had she spent so much time preparing all sorts of physical scans and tests that would normally be used to check people with serious physical injuries.

This wasn't her being unprofessional or ignorant.

The situation they had prepared for was for someone who probably went through three car crashes in a row and needed to check for broken bones, internal bleeding, ruptured muscles and joints e.t.c.

Yet, the person they wanted to check had come walking in on his own, looking more fit than any other man she had ever seen in a while.

While all these thoughts ran through her mind, Jason finished exchanging pleasantries with her mentor.

After glancing at her face again and still not remembering where he saw it, Jason merely nodded at her before beginning to discuss with the senior doctor about what he needed done.

The doctor nodded, understanding what Jason needed done after Jason explained his situation. After giving Jason some reassuring but unneeded comments, he led the way.

The next two hours were spent on various tests and physical examinations to check the extent of Jason's injury.

After all the tests, the doctor gave Jason his final verdict.

As expected, it was a grade 1 sprain that would be completely healed in a week or two weeks at most.

For the next two or three days, he advised that Jason to go with the RICE method. Rest, ice, compression, and exercise... light exercise.

After that, the pain should have reduced drastically and the sprain would already have begun healing well enough for him to begin exercising with a bit more intensity so that he could regain his fitness and an extensive range of motion.

All in all, it was a mere trifling injury that would be gone with a little bit of rest.

With a professional opinion letting him know that there was nothing more to his injury, Jason let out a sigh of relief.

Injuries were never a good thing in his line of work and quite a few times an injury that wouldn't seem like much could end up being a bigger matter after some examinations, so the fact that this injury was a small issue was definitely good news.

Thanking the doctor, Jason left the health center with a lighter heart than the one he came with, getting into his car.

A few minutes after he left the center, he finally remembered the face of the the second doctor, but before he could even think much of it, his phone rang.

"Hello, fine woman," Jason said with a chuckle as he answered the video call.

"Hello dear client, how was the check-up?"* Adele's voice came hard at him from the other side of the call.

"Ouch, just client? Oh my heart!" Jason drawled with the dramatism of a disney princess.

Adele's amused but judgemental eyes stabbed at him through the phone's screen, as he acted more dramatically than ever.

"Stop crying princess and just tell me whether you're okay or not,"* she asked with a scrunched-up face.

"Oh would you look at that? She does care about me!" Jason rejoiced.

"..."* Keeping quiet because she knew that the more she tried, the more Jason would play around, she just stopped and looked at him in silence.

"Such a bore. I'm fine by the way, just need a lil' bit of R & R, younno," Jason rolled at her, bored at her being a bore.

"Some rest, some ice, and I'll be completely fine by next week. I don't have any problems with mobility for now either. Just can't stress myself too much," he said finally giving a full report of what happened at the hospital.

"That's good then. Make sure you actually do what the doctor said and rest,"* She said, her eyes sharp as she knew Jason had a tendency to do certain irrational and spontaneous things.

“Whatever you say mom,” Jason rolled his eyes at her even more, but inwardly his heart warmed up a bit.

“Anyway, what about what I asked?” Jason asked.

“I was about to get to that,” Adele began.

“I spoke to Maya about your schedule, but there won’t be any changes to the current calendar as everything has already been set up,”

“You’ll start everything at the original date, in like five days or so. It’ll be good for you since you’ll need a bit of time to rest and heal,”

“So by the time the international break is over uh? Okay got it,” Jason muttered with a thumbs up.

“Anything else?” he raised an eyebrow, realizing she wasn’t done talking.

“Yes, there will be an arranged media agent or something who will be coming to meet you in a few days. Maya said she’s the one in charge of your calendar and is currently the one who will be leading the media team that will be helping you throughout,”

“Sort of like your PR manager, which speaking of, you should have hired one by now,” Adele did not miss the opportunity to throw out a complaint she had been making to Jason for a while.

Since she was his only agent, she was in charge of everything official about him and though he hadn’t been making her work his social media accounts or such things, she was the one in charge of everything else and that was a lot, not to mention that it was slightly out of her field.

She was an agent and her strong points were in negotiating contracts and the likes. Things like sponsorship deals and media deals were right up her alley, but that was only when it was about negotiating the contracts.

Everything else was not really her thing and she had been telling Jason that for a while, but Jason was too lazy to do anything about it, neither did he feel like he really needed it.

That was just his feeling though, but Adele thought he might end up needing it and she had consistently been mentioning it for a while, however Jason always brushed off the matter previously.

“If the media agent coming... whoever she is works for the company... meaning she already works for me, why not see if she’s good at what she does and then keep her as my PR manager when the time comes... if it is necessary,” Jason finally acquiesced.

Chapter 745: Cameroon X2

The following days leading up to the next international game was one of relaxation for Jason and training for the other fit players.

Since he wasn’t heavily injured and didn’t want to spend all the time lounging around in the hotel, Jason followed the other players to the training center for training everyday, but he didn’t join the training sessions.

He wouldn’t be allowed to even if he tried to join them and even if he was allowed, he wouldn’t join them. He didn’t want to end up with anything more than a minor ankle injury.

He took part in all the other activities though. From the match debrief to the physiotherapy sessions, and then tactical analysis, video analysis, and team meetings.

Four days later and a day before the second match against Cameroon, he was finally cleared to join training sessions again, but he knew there was no way he would be part of the starting lineup for that match.

When matchday came, he realized that not only was he not part of the starting lineup, he wasn’t even part of the substitutes.

‘Pretty fair,’ he thought to himself but still followed the team to the stadium, however while the players headed out to the pitch when the time came, he went to the VIP section of the stands above the Nigerian team’s area on the sidelines and sat there to watch the game.

While he sat and waited, the pre-match preparations were already underway with the starting lineups already on the pitch and having sang the national anthem.

Perhaps because all the matches in this particular international break were friendlies, the manager was giving a chance to the players who didn't usually play the competitive matches so the lineup had quite a few unexpected names.

Jason didn't know whether it was because the manager was trying to look for hidden gems among the other players or for some other reasons, but at this point it didn't really matter to him.

If he was on the field for a more competitive match and the manager decided to field fringe players instead of the starters and that cost them the game... then it became his problem, but until then, he'd let the manager cook.

The match soon began with the Cameroon team kicking off the game and right off the bat they tried to control the game's tempo, clearly trying to avoid letting the Nigeria players have too much time on the ball like in the previous match.

Even though their previous tactic had worked, a lot of it could be chalked down to sheer luck as on any other day they should have lost the game especially since they could barely keep the Nigeria team away.

Even with that they had still swallowed twenty shots with eight of them being on target.

The Cameroon team wasn't about to find out whether they would have such strong luck today as well. Even if there were a few unfamiliar faces in the lineup, things could end badly for them if they let up so they tried to keep the Nigerian players as far away from the ball as possible.

Unfortunately, they couldn't keep this up for long as the Nigerian players chased after them like tireless hyenas, constantly hounding them until the ball was stolen.

With the ball in their possession, the Nigerian players first moved the ball around calmly, trying to look for space since the Cameroon team didn't press hard at all.

Just like in the previous match, they seemed content to sit back and block the path instead of rushing forward to steal the ball right back.

The Nigerian players tried to stay patient, especially with the manager constantly reminding them that the game had just began and they could afford to wait out their opponents, however after passing the ball around for almost two full minutes, the Nigerian players couldn't take it anymore.

Unlike the Cameroon team that had won the last game, the Nigerian players were playing to recover their pride here. They definitely didn't have as much patience as their opponents.

The ball soon made it to Simon on the left flank and squaring up against his marker, he slowly rolled the ball forward, staying alert and poised to flick the ball past the opponent's tackle when it came.

But unlike he was expecting, the guy he was squaring up kept on falling back, not committing to the tackle.

In the end, Simon tried to force a move, moving the ball closer and seemingly making an effort to cut in, before switching directions when the opponent finally bit the bait, but at this point, it was already too late to shoot so he tried to cross the ball in.

The ball was cleared as soon as it came flying in, not giving any chance to the striker to even get any scraps.

From there, the match continued in full force and frenzy, but that singular encounter soon began to repeat itself in various forms quite a few times all over the pitch.

The Nigerian players constantly tried to break through, but the Cameroon team stayed tight in the center, forcing them out to the flanks.

The problem was that even as they came from the flanks, the Cameroon players kept defending the path towards the center, continuously falling back and only blocking the players from cutting in and getting into dangerous shooting positions.

If the Nigerian players played along and tried to cross the ball instead, the ball would be quickly cleared by the other Cameroon players who were overloading the penalty box.

Yet if the Nigerian players tried to force a move inside, they would be hassled so much that they could barely get any shots away.

At some point, it felt like all the Cameroon players had shown up to do at the stadium was to stop the Nigerian team from scoring.

Unfortunately, thanks to the Rohr having taken out most of the familiar faces, the few quality players left could barely cope with the incessant hassling and were unable to create the magical moment that could break the deadlock.

In this mode, the first half ended on a boring note with neither side managing to record more than five shots. It was a half filled with fantastic defending efforts from the Cameroon team, but the Nigerian players and their fans did not care to appreciate this.

Fifteen minutes later, they came out more determined than ever to break the deadlock and after the second half tried, they really tried to do so.

The Cameroon team also tried to be a little more positive in the second half, but somehow, the efforts of the two sides canceled each other out and at the end of the ninety minutes and injury time, the match ended underwhelmingly with a goalless draw.

Chapter 746: Crossover Zone I

"Where did they say they say we were going again? The uh... the recording..."

"Wait, what is it we were doing again?" Jason asked, his words directed at the woman beside the driver as their car sped down the road.

As a follow-up to Adele's conversation with Maya Singh, the media agent who would be helping Jason in all the activities they had planned for him had arrived a two days after the conversation.

Surprisingly it was a familiar face and this time Jason remembered who she was.

Kemi, the woman who had helped him get to a hotel the time he came to Nigeria after his first international call up.

Supposingly, there was a whole story to how she had began working for Rosemeber, but it was not a story Jason was interested in.

All he was interested in was whether she could do her job or not.

"It's an internet show,"

"The host is Yennivieve. She's a famous Nigerian actor, comedian and show host. The show is hers. She's been dabbling in the internet media sector lately and it's been going well,"

"The show is pretty new actually and the first few episodes have shown promise. Its about bringing together two people who are in different but similar industries and making them do various activities that may or may not be linked with their jobs," Kemi explained.

"Right right. Similar but different industries... so like people with different jobs doing stuff together," Jason murmured thoughtfully, trying to picture it.

"... I mean, it is an interesting premise, but I don't see how it'd be fun. It might be informative though," he voiced out his thoughts.

"Oh, it's definitely fun to watch, but its not because of the guests. Yennivieve is good at what she does and she always comes up with different interesting activities. She's very good at speaking," Kemi continued.

"Right, whatever you say," Jason shrugged.

As long as he wasn't asked to do anything corny... or cringey... or immoral, then it didn't really matter to him whether she was good at her job or not.

"You said two people with similar but different jobs, right?" he asked, suddenly remembering something.

"Yes," Kemi confirmed.

"Who's the second person? What job would even qualify as similar but different?" he asked curiously, his interest piqued.

"Unfortunately, I don't know that. Their policy is not to let the guests know each other. Internet shows are usually like this, they try to be as genuine as possible since they are on a much smaller scale compared to actual TV shows,"

"The ingenuity is one of the charms of the shows. The episodes are usually filmed in one long take and unless something isn't too contradictory to the show itself or controversial, they wouldn't take out much from the filming," Kemi explained.

"Right right," Jason nodded, resisting the strong urge to sarcastically comment about how she kept explaining everything to him like he didn't know anything about the entertainment business.

Despite his curiosity not sated, he didn't bother asking anything else and turned to his phone for entertainment while the car drove on.

About half an hour later, the car stopped and Jason looked up from his phone, pausing the game he was playing and looked around.

"We're here," Kemi turned around and said, ending his internal debate.

"Where is here?" he asked, looking around, but all he could see was a gate in front of them, and from what he was seeing, it looked like the gate to a mansion.

'Right. Internet show... definitely not going to a studio,' he realized.

"Yennivieve's house. This is where she usually does most of the show's activities," Kemi explained while the driver pressed the horn to call the attention of the people on the other side of the gate.

The gate soon opened up and the car drove inside the compound that definitely came as advertised.

Jason whistled as he looked at the beautiful surroundings of the house.

'Oh she paid for real,'

He let his thoughts come to a halt as he got down from the car and was led into the house by someone who had come out from inside the house to lead them.

Kemi walked ahead of him speaking to the attendant while Jason's eyes drank in the sights. Midway, they split up with the attendant leading Jason to a lounge while Kemi walked off somewhere else.

There were quite a few people moving about carrying all sorts of things, leaving Jason intrigued about what sort of setup he would be facing soon.

He had thought he would wait in silence for a while, but the host of the house and the show they were about to shoot quickly dropped by to greet him and tell him to be free when the recording started.

Since the show was about capturing originality, there was no script he would have to follow and he was literally just there for the ride.

That didn't mean he had to be silent throughout, but at the same time there wasn't any stringent rules he had to follow.

After talking to him for a few minutes, Yennivieve disappeared again, leaving Jason with Kemi who had arrived with her earlier.

Jason turned back to his phone, but didn't have to spend too much time sitting around as about twenty minutes later, he was told to get ready to begin recording the show.

In a wide room, a few cameras were setup to capture various angles and some lights were put up to light up the space.

In the middle of the room were three comfortable chairs set up in a semi circle and seated on the chair in the middle was Yennivieve who was looking through some cue cards.

"Whenever you're ready Yenni," one of the men standing behind the cameras said to her, causing her to look up.

"Okay, right,"

"Are the guests in place?" she turned over to another guy standing on the side with a notepad.

Solomon was her assistant producer so he was doing most of the groundwork which included making sure things were in place, taking care of the guests, and other stuff.

He nodded to her from the side, replying to her questions.

"Alright, then let's get this show on the road," Yennivieve clapped and carefully arranged the cue cards, handed them over to Solomon and collected a tab from him.

"And action!"

Chapter 747: Crossover Zone II

"Hello hello hellowww, Yennifans and everyone else watching,"

"This beautiful lady, me, is called Yennivieve Nnaji, but you can call me Yenni and this is a little show I like to call..."

"... The Crossover Zone!" Yenni began with all the flair and charisma of a professional host.

"On this show, we bring together two people who work in similar but different professions to hang out and do various activities that may or may not be linked to their jobs,"

"Our goal for doing this? Nothing but for fun and to remind you, you can be friends with anyone," she said with a little laugh, keeping her jokes concise but brief as this was still just the introductory message.

"Moving on. We've always had special guests come to the show, but today, we have guests who might be a bit more special than the usual and you might even know them as the theme of today is..."

"Drumroll..... Entertainer," she said with a little gesture, but didn't make any sound effects with her mouth.

The sound effects would be added later by the editing team.

"Our first guest for today is a very talented Nigerian football player. He began his professional career a little over a year ago, but won the Champions League just last month, Jason Bolu everybody... or as some call him, Jason Rose,"

On cue, Jason who had been waiting to get introduced walked into the room from an ante room on the right.

The cameras stayed trained on the three chairs and no camera turned to record him walking into the room, opting instead to record him walking onto the scene where Yenni sat.

With a small smile on his face, Jason walked up to the chair on the right, sat calmly and glanced at the camera.

"Hello guys," he waved.

"Our second guest for the day and our second entertainer is a name you might have heard lately, the artist behind the famous song 6 and 9,"

"Danny D!"

From an ante room on the left, the man whose name had been called walked right out and with one glance no one could second-guess his identity.

He was dressed in a trendy outfit and had the trendy 'ice' jewelry all over. More than one diamond necklace, multiple diamond bracelets and a watch that screamed look at me on his left wrist.

"Whadup whadup whadup gang," Danny D said with his teeth out and making gang signs to the camera. Without surprise, his teeth were iced out too.

Jason's fist went right up to his face and covered his mouth instantly as he suddenly wanted to laugh at this guy who felt more like a comic than a musician.

Barely managing to stifle a laugh, Jason was trying to get his face back in order when Danny noticed him and asked with a confident grin.

"Hey bro, why're you laughing?"

"I don't know man. Your whole sctick?"

"You're a lot to take in," Jason snickered, not bothering to hide his thoughts.

"First of all, huge pause. I didn't know you moved like that bro," Danny skilfully changed the topic of conversation, looking suspiciously at Jason.

"Huh? Eh?" Jason was lost for words immediately and just shook his head disappointedly.

"Can we just get this show on the road?" he turned to Yennivieve, not wanting to get into an argument with this guy.

Clearly, he was used to playing with words for a living and though Jason could prove him wrong, that was not the agenda for the day and it sounded tiring.

"Clashes are already happening, okayy,"

"I guess they weren't wrong when they say that men with different professions can never see eye to eye," Yennivieve joked, taking back the reins of the show.

'What idiot said that?' Jason and Danny D thought instantly, but didn't say anything out loud.

"I was going to ask if you guys had anything to say to each other, but you guys had already begun talking earlier. But still, I feel like I should still ask, do you guys have anything you want to say before we really begin," Yenni said, turning to Jason and Danny consecutively.

She had quickly caught on that these guys bickering might be a standout point in this episode of her show and she wanted to see some more of it before she went further so she would know how to set up the rest of the show's dialogue.

"Uh, yeah. First of all, I'm a big fan. I've watched quite a few of your games and your performance in the finals was crazy actually. That free kick, just wow. You really made us Nigerians proud with that," Danny said, his hands gesturing wildly.

"... Thank you," Jason nodded.

"That said, have you like heard of me, or any of my songs?" Danny asked, a little hopeful.

"No, I have not. But I will if you can answer a question that has been bothering me for a little bit," Jason replied.

"Nice. What do you wanna know?" Danny asked instantly.

"Your stage name... How much thought did you put into it?" Jason asked curiously.

"Whatchu mean bruh?" Danny asked.

"If not for the introduction Yenni gave, I'd have thought you was a pornstar or some shi. Cuz bruh... Danny D? D? Like really?" Jason asked, curious as to why any self respecting musician would do such a thing though.

"But I got that D though. Ain't nobody in these streets laying pipe better than Danny D," Danny said matter of factly.

"Jesus Christ," Jason facepalmed in disappointment and astonishment.

"Please, let's try to keep it PG," Yenni joined in laughing.

"But that's my identity for real man. I lay pipe good, I lay pipe hard. I lay pipe way too well for it to not be part of my name,"

"It's a testament to my bedmatic skills, so yeah, Danny D cuz I got that D!" Danny said boldly with bold gestures.

"If you wanna check later, I gotchu. You know you can get it any time mamma," Danny turned to Yenni with a meaningful grin.

"Well..." Yenni turned away with amazement all over her face.

"..."

'What have I been dragged into?' Jason just stared, his mouth agape.

Chapter 748: Crossover Zone III

After the overly exciting start, the show soon settled into a more comfortable pace with Yenni taking the reins and having a discussion with Jason and Danny D.

Since the theme of the day was Entertainers, the conversation revolved around their jobs and how it related to entertainment.

No one would brazenly call a musician or a footballer an entertainer even though that was exactly what they were.

Artists, comedians, and other jobs that were more of performance arts were the ones that felt more likely to be called entertainers.

The word 'Entertainers' itself was a little old school and was more used for people who were on a stage, but thanks to modernization, a lot of these jobs didn't need to be done directly in front of a crowd, however that didn't change the fact that these guys were entertainers.

Musicians were called artists because their work was art, while a footballer was more like a physical performer, yet in the end, they were entertainers.

After a five minute discussion about that, the show changed pace and they moved to the activity section.

Yenni finally revealed the activities they would be doing and there were three activities they would be engaging in.

First was a cooking competition which wasn't directly related to either of their jobs and was more a neutral competition that neither of them should have an advantage in.

Second was a freestyle session where the two of them had to make a song within two minutes and then perform them.

The third and final contest was a penalty shootout and the first to five would win.

"Alright now. We are about to start our first activity of the day it is a simple cooking competition,"

"While cooking is not directly related to their jobs as entertainers, the nature of an entertainer requires a lot of commitment to one's physical ability,"

"As an athlete, Jason here has to take proper care of his body and healthy foods are definitely the way to go. The same goes for Danny who has to perform on stage,"

"This is a simple competition where the two of them have to prepare a dish with whatever they can find in the kitchen. The time limit is thirty minutes so nothing too ostentatious,"

Yenni said to Jason and Danny who stood in the middle of the kitchen, standing before Yenni. The surroundings had a few cameras to capture the scenes from different angle, but the two of them's attention was on Yenni.

"You both get five minutes to check my kitchen for ingredients and decide on a dish... starting now,"

Instantly Jason and Danny turned to the shelves and began dashing through them, taking note of the ingredients in the comedian's kitchen.

Surprisingly, there was an amazing variety of cooking ingredients in the woman's kitchen and Jason couldn't figure out whether it was because she was someone who liked cooking, or because she had prepared ingredients for the show.

Either way, he quickly decided on a dish that shouldn't take too much time.

"Alright, your five minutes is over," Yenni said after five minutes, rousing Jason who was tying on an apron after taking off the open shirt he had on.

"I hope you guys have decided on the dishes you'll be preparing. I'm seeing a lot of interesting ingredients," Yenni said, especially eyeing Jason's pile of ingredients that was clearly a lot more compared to Danny's packs of noodles and various other condiments.

"You trying to bake or something? The woman clearly said thirty minutes," Danny scoffed, glancing at the bag of flour among the many other things on Jason's pile of ingredients.

"Baking a cake in 30 minutes isn't impossible you know. Not today though, many things can be done with flour, but you wouldn't know," Jason rolled his eyes at Danny.

"Ooohh, sparks are already flying. Makes this feel like chef wars," Yenni exclaimed.

"Anyway, without further ado, begin,"

"May the best chef win," Yenni said and stepped back.

The cameras instantly turned all their focus on the two contestants while only one camera remained on Yenni.

Quickly, Danny turned on the gas and filled a small saucepan, setting it to boil. Right after that, he turned to the other condiments.

The dish he planned to prepare was stir-fry noodles with various vegetables, meat and other condiments. It wasn't too health-focused, but then his career wasn't as health-focused as Jason's so this was something he ate quite often.

On the other side, Jason swiftly measured flour and cracked some eggs. The dish he had in mind was pasta... made the Italian way.

This wasn't him trying to show off, but rather that he believed he could pull it off... he had done it many times in Italy so, there was no reason why he couldn't do it again.

While Jason was working, Danny by virtue of not having much to do after putting the noodles in hot water to boil, asked Yenni to play some music to give him some 'vibes'.

Yenni had a sound system, but didn't want to connect it to her phone because she was working with it, so she told Danny to connect to the sound system himself and play whatever he wanted.

Jason continued working on the side, not paying much attention to them, locked in as he was, because while it was possible to cook what he wanted within the time that was allotted, it was still cutting it close and he would barely have any time to spare if he lost focus for more than a minute.

At first Danny played one of his songs, but then after the first song, the next track that played was a beat.

Of course it was only after about thirty seconds of just the beat playing did Jason, Yenni and the others realize that it was a beat.

Unlike Jason's mind which started trying to create lyrics that matched the beat, Yenni was instead trying to get information from Danny about the beat.

To a music artist, a beat meant a canvas for a work and considering that he was very hot right now, and that this beat could be the one for his next song, Yenni instantly turned on reporter mode and began trying to find out whether this was something Danny was working on.

Since the beat was in his playlist, there was a high chance and Yenni didn't mind the attention that Danny's fans would bring to her show if this was indeed something he was working on.

Chapter 749: Crossover Zone IV

"Yeah, it's something I'm working on. I really like the beat, especially that part in the beginning,"

"The only thing is there's a slow part at the beginning that I can't really get a feel for. It feels a bit too different from my style, so I've been playing it a bit lately to see if I can get some inspiration,"

"Wait, lemme play that part again so that you can see what I mean," Danny said and quickly swiped across his phone's screen, restarting the track.

The track began playing again and after a few seconds of the intro, there was a stretch of the beat that played for about 20 seconds before a beat drop and a change in tempo.

Instantly, everyone who listened to that part could understand what Danny was explaining earlier. That part of the song was slow and a bit low and felt more like a fit for a slow trap, however, Danny was a rapper whose style was hardcore and fast.

This didn't mean that he couldn't work with a slow beat at all, but this one did feel like it wouldn't fit his style.

"See what I mean? The thing is, I don't want to change that part of the beat. I think it's really nice and like it's part of the strong points of the song. It's just hard to get a read on," Danny said, not forgetting to stir the sauce he had made for the noodles stir fry.

"Maybe you should just feature someone who can work with that kind of tempo," Yenni said wisely, seemingly giving advice, but what she really meant to do was to find out whether Danny had other people working on the song together as with that she could pull in another musician's fans.

With how hot Danny was right now on the music scene, a lot of people wanted to work with him and even the artists that were bigger than he was wanted a share of the pie.

If a big name dropped, then that was all the better for her.

"Yeah, I was thinking that as well, but I've not decided who yet. Also I've got other songs I'm working on so it's been a bit slow,"

"Might take a while," Danny replied and unconsciously swiped across his screen again, taking the track back to the beginning for the third time.

He had done it so many times when he was on his own that by default, whenever the song seemed like it would end, he'd play it again.

Realizing what he had done after a second, he chuckled, but made no effort to change the song as his hands were now busy, trying to stirfry the noodles.

As the beat got to that slow part again, a voice suddenly began singing, surprising everyone,

"I face blunts not problems,"

"That's my problem,"

"Mad at myself cuz I done hurt my momma,"

"Sad at the fact that I done changed for dollars,"

"Act like I'm fine when I just drink to hide it,"

"Pain subsiding,"

"I need help I can't find it,"

"I need time just to find new options,"

"Told everybody I'm fine I got it,"

"I hate the fact that they know that I'm lying,"

This was Jason just playing around with a couple of lyrics after hearing the beat for a third time, but this was where he planned to stop as he didn't care much for the rest of the beat after the beat drop, however, Danny who had heard Jason's verse and surprised that it somehow fitted the bill of what he wanted was so enthusiastic that he began rapping the part he already added lyrics.

"B*tches on my necklace throat deep they neckless,"

"S*x so good you think I'm dyslexic,"

"Hypnotised her with this d*ck, it's ten inch," he began, but before he could continue, a tomato smashed in his face.

"Ahhh!" Everyone on the set was shocked at the sudden splash of red that appeared on Danny's face with pinpoint accuracy.

"Aiyooo? What the f*ck bro?" he asked in shock at Jason who had flung the tomato at him.

"Why you gotta ruin it like that?" Jason asked in annoyance, eyeing Danny with disappointment.

"S*x so good you think I'm dyslexic? Like for real?"

"What the f*ck is that?" Jason cussed.

"It's a switch in the beat bruh, I changed the genre from your slow trap to-..." Danny tried to explain, but Jason interjected again.

"To trash,"

"Bruh, what the f*ck?"

"Hypnotised her with what? Ten inch?" Jason facepalmed in even more disappointment.

"It didn't sound that bad though," Yenni interjected from the side, but all she got from Jason was a bombastic side eye.

Behind the cameras, the director quickly scribbled down the bombastic side eye on a notepad. He was going to tell the editor to make sure to add the meme and the sound effects when editing later.

Jason was terribly disappointed after hearing Danny murder the beat just because all he wanted to do was rhyme. With lyrics like that at the beginning of the song, every listener's ears would need therapy when the song came out.

'Is there no more lyrical intellect these days?'

'What did I even expect from the dude with a pornstar name,' Jason cursed internally.

"You should work with brazzers or some shi. The general populace cannot bear such stimulation," he said out loud, turning back to what he was cooking.

"Hey, that's not a bad idea. The money's gonna just keep rolling in," Danny said with great excitement as if Jason had just given him the idea of a lifetime.

Jason had to fight the urge to facepalm, the urge to throw something at Danny, and the urge to just punch him right there, all at the same time.

Settling for a deep breath, he re-focused on not burning what he was cooking.

After Jason had gotten back to doing his thing with the added feature of ignoring Danny, the clock quickly ran down and soon it was time for the two of them to present the dishes they had both prepared.

Surprisingly... to only Danny, Jason won this part of the competition.

To everyone else, it was clear that Jason was the winner and even before the competition was over, that much was clear, after all, Jason actually cooked something from scratch while Danny prepared instant food, added a few condiments and an additional step and called it a special dish.

In terms of exoticism, taste, presentation, and all-around effort, Jason trumped Danny in the competition and all but Danny could see that.

But then what did one expect from someone with a pornstar name?

Chapter 750: Working Holiday I

The remaining parts of the show were smoothly shot after that with Danny bringing his dramatic flair that would surely cause lots of laughter.

Yenni followed right along, purposely egging him on and adding fuel to the fire all in a bid to get the best shots.

All this left Jason who was not even the host of the show trying to be the voice of reason, but all he ever managed to do was stop them before they said or did something totally unhinged.

In the end, he managed to win another of the three challenges, finishing as the 'winner' of today's show.

When it was finally time to leave, he was a bit exhausted but could not deny that it had been a fun day.

'May it never happen again though,' he thought to himself with a sigh and a wry smile.

For a person like him, relating with an absolute and unhinged loudmouth was more than 'a little tiring'.

Talking to someone like that every once in a while was okay, but if it happened everyday, Jason felt like he would either run mad or beat him up to stop himself from going mad.

With his media duties in Nigeria done and his international break over, Jason was plunged into his holiday... well, more like a working holiday to be exact.

He was set to have fun, but a lot of it had to be done on camera.

Starting with a reunion with some of the guys from Turin for the promised trip, Jason got a free trip to Japan and for a while he felt a bit nostalgic and wanted to visit the grounds of the Kuroshima Antlers, the last team he played for in his previous life.

In the end, he didn't have much time for personal activities and thanks to his overly packed calendar, it would be a while before he would have enough time to fly around on his own.

Since the trip was planned for the Uventus players by the Konami company, the company planned to get the best use out of the players, all while seemingly making it fun for the players.

For one, they tried to film everything and turn it to an episode for their fans. Of course, the players were informed and even given a token, despite already being there for free.

The amounts they received was nowhere near the amount the players normal appearance fees, but that was to be expected and the players didn't have much of a problem with it... and neither did their agents, who received quite a huge slice of cake.

Gaming competitions, meeting famous Japanese gamers, visiting some sights, eating local foods, and a lot more were all on Jason's itinerary for his time in Japan.

Since he was also doing his best to keep himself fit during the offseason, the little free-time he had was spent trying to work off any extra calories he might have gained from eating too much or the non-exerting but fun actions that filled the rest of his day.

Of course, he also made sure to keep up with the news in the football world, especially the transfer news stories that were constantly flying around like everyone's business.

Adele was especially adamant in feeding him news about the transfer market, especially as most of her day was filled with having different transfer negotiations both for Jason and for the players contracted with her.

The most explosive news so far for Jason was the transfer of Jadon Sancho to Man United.

From a far away point of view, the Manchester United team that seemed to have been lacking star wingers, especially on the right flank had been the team that seemed like one of the best decisions for him.

Considering that they had also been speaking with Adele the previous summer transfer window about a transfer and then re-opening the transfer talks this window, it had been sort of a competition between Jason and Jadon.

United had also been trying to sign Jadon the previous season as well, but the deal wasn't ironed out on time because Dortmund kept on making exorbitant demands.

When Jason's name appeared on the list of Man United's transfer targets, everyone instantly thought the team was going big and trying to bring in one of the two players who were one of the brightest young talents in the current football world.

Despite Jason being the seemingly cheaper option, especially considering his contract situation, it seemed Man United had chosen to go big and go for Sancho instead, bringing him to the club for a price of over 80 million Euros and a mouthwatering wage package with a lot of delicious options as well.

When the news of the transfer hit the air, Adele had mentally began shutting down the transfers with Man United.

Considering that the team would now have Rashford, Greenwood, Sancho, Elanga, and Daniel James for starting options with Diallo and Garnacho as backup options, Adele figured that there was no reason for them to still continue their chase for her client.

Unfortunately, she had underestimated Man United's greed and not only did they refuse to pull out of the transfer talks with her regarding Jason, they even stepped up their transfer talks with many other targets.

It seemed like the big transfer for Sancho hadn't made that much of a dent in their transfer funds.

Already unsure about wanting to send Jason to a team that was in a bit of a slump, she especially didn't want to send Jason to a team where there was already too much competition for spots... in terms of number.

Of course, by ability, Jason could easily break into the starting lineup, but that wasn't the only reason for her apprehensive attitude to the Manchester United team.

With news of them courting four-time Champions league winner, Raphael Varane, and other rumors about them looking for a top name striker, the club was still trying to bring Jason over for barely \$100k per week salary package.

Adele liked money and so did Jason, but they weren't all about money, and neither was this situation that they were in.

If the club could decide to give Jadon Sancho a contract where he got \$350k per week, before the options that could potentially raise his wages to \$400K despite him not having the actual achievements that Jason already had, then wanting to pay Jason just \$100k, it was clear that he was being under-appreciated.

Adele wasn't sure on why they would think that she wouldn't throw a shoe in their face when they offered such a deal in their negotiations... maybe they thought Jason was desperate enough to run over, or maybe they didn't think of her as much and felt they could pressure her into agreeing to such a underhanded deal, but whatever they thought, she didn't care.

With clear expectations and orders, she put the Man United negotiation to the side.

That didn't stop her from wearing out Jason's ears with her complaints.