

Legends 781

Chapter 781: The Eagle Has Landed II

Moving on to Hojberg, Jason was very impressed. His work rate was nothing to scoff at. His passing, defending, physicality were all above average.

He wasn't very technical and that dampened the team's creativity, but he made up for that by playing box to box, helping his team to win the ball before laying it off to a more creative player.

Oliver Skipp was right behind him and unlike Hojberg who stood out on his own as an impressive player, Skipp wasn't so impressive alone.

Frankly, his pace was shit, his physicality was shit, his heading skills were shit, his passing was nothing to look at and his shooting was horrific.

He wasn't so shitty that he couldn't be a professional, but he was nowhere near the level Jason expected from someone on the team, however there was a reason he was there.

The guy seemed to be watching the game like he had a bird's eye view and he used that to break the opponent's play.

He worked well with his teammates because he knew his own limits and he always paired up well with others to break down opposition attacks and when needed, he could always summon that bit of exceptional ability needed to hold his own.

Not a bad player overall.

As for the defense... If Jason was to be honest, he hadn't quite seen a defensive shape like Tottenham's and putting it nicely, it was leaky.

Regulation, the left wingback liked to attack and was more often than not always playing upfront, forcing him to have to run back whenever the ball was played in behind him.

The same thing with Tanganga on the right and Tanganga's was even worse as he didn't have as much pace as Regulion.

For the center backs, Eric Dier always loved to step forward and help in the midfield. He functioned as more of a ball-playing defender in a defensive midfielder position.

Davinson Sanchez on the other hand didn't like staying in a center back position either and always drifted to the right a bit as he could also play as a right back.

After examining the whole team and their playing style Jason couldn't say he wasn't confused as to how this team managed to stay afloat.

Funnily enough, the players' weird quirks and play styles covered for each other.

Son didn't like staying in the center, but Lucas Moura did, so there would always be someone in the center.

Bergwijn wasn't top level standard and needed a lot of help, which he got because Son would always drift wide and would be there to support him.

Lucas Moura wouldn't be on the right flank most of the time, but Tanganga who always played more like a winger than a wingback, could cover him.

For Dele Alli, if Harry Kane was on the field, he would cover the midfielder's duties and Alli would be free to play how he wanted.

Hojberg and Skipp paired well together and with the help of Eric Dier who always stepped forward to help, they almost always managed to shut down opposition attacks before they even reached the defense line.

Regulion's pace was enough to help him track back when he needed it.

The open space on the right side of the defence would be covered by Davinson Sanchez who always drifted out to the right.

Lastly, Tottenham was a team that sat pretty deep so balls in behind to the open space in the center would either end with the opponent offside or the ball being cleared by France's long standing no. 1 goalkeeper, Hugo Lloris.

All these points somehow kept the Tottenham team functioning properly enough to even pressurize Arsenal, a strong opponent.

The players on the bench weren't bad either and the team was pretty strong in Jason's opinion... maybe not so stable and since their game mostly revolved around the players themselves instead of the manager's tactics it worked... most times.

The players on the Tottenham squad were top-level and even without a game plan they could defeat a weaker Premier League team.

Even right now, Jason couldn't determine what the game plan really was. He didn't know whether this was the manager's doing or this was the way the Tottenham players were... he'd find that out soon enough, though.

'But if they want to start winning things, it might be time to stop relying on just individual expressiveness of the players,' Jason thought to himself.

Honestly speaking, Jason would love a manager who allowed him to play how he wanted, but he knew from experience that if one wanted to win and win consistently, one needed to have a strategy.

Without strategy it was possible to win, but it was impossible to win consistently because inherently, humans weren't consistent.

This would become especially apparent in team games where one person's mistake could cost the whole team a season's worth of effort.

Jason even dared say that this might be one of the reasons why Tottenham couldn't win trophies. Winning trophies that would be contested over the whole season needed consistency and Tottenham was anything but consistent.

Talented players who play at Tottenham can often shine like one wouldn't think possible, but that seemed to be due to the club letting the players' individualities shine.

At this point, it looked like a club culture to Jason.

Unfortunately, individuality was a sweet poison as football wasn't an individual game, but rather a team one.

All these thoughts aside, the game was getting pretty interesting.

Jason put aside all his thoughts and decided to focus on watching the excitement and analyzing the players on the pitch, both his teammates and their opponents.

Right now, it wasn't him on the pitch against the Arsenal players, but it would be him soon enough, so the earlier he learnt about his opponents, the better for him.

Soon, the first half of the game was over. It wasn't an uneventful first half by any means, but neither team had managed to score a goal yet and the fans would have to wait for the remaining 45 minutes of the game for a long-awaited goal.

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The second half of the game began and the match continued as excitingly as before, but even after fifteen minutes of the first half, there were still no goals and nothing to note other than some yellow cards because some of the players had started getting antsy.

After the sixtieth minute, the managers of both sides started bringing on substitute players to try and change the dynamics of the game and replace some worn out legs.

However, even with the substitutions, the outcome of the game barely changed.

There were some promising attacks, but neither team was even managing to trouble the opposition goalkeepers too much and as far as Jason had been counting, both sides had only managed one shot on target each, despite them having almost ten shots already.

With the match nearing the eightieth minute, it was beginning to look like the match would close out with both sides drawing blanks but all of a sudden Japhet Tanganga dodged past a tired Tierney and sent a low cross into the penalty box.

Son who was often away from the center of the box was there this time to catch it smoothly and rifle it into the bottom right corner of the goal.

The Tottenham fans in the stands went wild. Friendly or not, they were never not going to be excited when they were winning a North London Derby, especially when the Arsenal fans were at the stadium with them.

After screaming in excitement after the ball was put in the back of the net, the taunts began immediately after.

The Arsenal side would have done even worse had they been the ones to score so the Tottenham fans felt very justified to be taunting them.

The dislike the fans of these two sides had for each other couldn't be quantified by words after all.

Luckily for the Tottenham fans who were high on excitement, their team managed to close out the game with that one goal account.

The Tottenham fans were going to be singing all the way to their homes that afternoon... In fact, some of them might not even be going home immediately after.

This was a result worth celebrating and throwing in the face of every Arsenal fan in the face and there was no better place to do that than at some bars in a certain hemisphere.

What the Tottenham fans didn't know was that their excitement was over yet.

With the game over and with them having won, moods were high and it was time to show Jason off to the Tottenham fans.

With victory celebrations over, the Tottenham players had gone down the tunnel, but the Tottenham fans hadn't left yet.

{And Now, please join me to welcome our newest signing...}

The commentator's next words could barely be heard over the loud cheers of the Hotspur fans as Jason walked out of the tunnel with a blue and white Tottenham scarf hung on his shoulders.

Beginning to walk around the field, he stayed close enough to the stands that the fans could see him clearly and he was surrounded by club stewards as he moved.

The stewards were there to stop any overexcited fans who might invade the pitch from reaching Jason but the fans contented themselves with watching and clapping as Jason went around.

After walking around, Jason ended things with getting close to the North End stands and gave away the scarf he was wearing to a female fan who looked to be in her mid twenties.

After that, he calmly walked off the field in company of the stewards.

With him done there things moved on to the post match press conference.

Espirito Santos first spent about twenty minutes talking to the reporters about the upcoming season and the team's prospects and plans going forward.

Then Jason was brought forward for the media unveiling and he was asked a few basic questions about himself and the club.

The club didn't let the reporters get to into asking questions as this was only an unveiling and they didn't want to ruin the atmosphere after the win.

The media tended to be insensitive at times like this and would only ask questions that could nudge Jason into saying something that could generate a buzz.

With the club strictly managing things, Jason left the press conference as soon as five minutes was up and the manager wrapped things up as well.

Soon, the van that had brought Jason left the stadium with him once again inside and it took them to the London Hilton hotel, a five star hotel in North London located at Park Lane.

****9th August 2021****

The van arrived at hotel to pick Jason up for his first day of training of the club.

Since he was still in a honeymoon period at the club and he hadn't gotten his foot down in London yet, the club had to do this much.

Added to the fact that the cameras would be on him today to record his first day of training at the club, the club doing this much was a must.

Kissing Adele goodbye, Jason grabbed his bag and got on the van and it departed with him in tow, the destination?

Hotspur Way, Tottenham's training ground.

The training ground was a relatively new training ground that the Tottenham team had opened up in 2012.

It had 15 full-size grass pitches, 4 of which were solely dedicated to the first team.

Surprisingly enough, the women's team and the youth teams also trained at the training grounds so running into them wouldn't be at all surprising even though they generally trained in different areas and had slightly different schedules.

Jason had arrived early for a meeting with the manager before the training for that day began and the meeting began with Nuno asking him for which jersey number he wanted.

Since Jason's favorite number, no. 17 was available, Jason decided on that number. He didn't intend to change it for the foreseeable future either.

"Honestly I'm just as new as you are to this club and we both have little experience with the club culture here,"

"What I do want from you as your manager is grit, passion, energy and obedience,"

"There will be good days and I'll be delusional to think that there wouldn't be bad days, however we're in this together and we each have our jobs,"

"I'll do mine, and I hope you're buckled in and just as ready to do yours," Nuno told Jason before they left his office.

"I'll do what is required of me. I'll do my best for the club," Jason replied with a nod.

"Thank you, that's all I need. Alright, let's go meet the lads," Nuno said and pulled open his door, leading the way.

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Jason followed after the manager and his team as they walked through the building before they stepped into a meeting room where the Tottenham players were already gathered, sitting down and waiting for the manager to arrive.

Leaving Jason to the other staff, Nuno made his way to the front of the crowd, clapping to get everyone's attention.

"Good morning everyone. I hope you're ready for this beautiful day," Nuno began, calling the players to attention.

"Good morning coach," echoed from all over the room as the players greeted the manager.

"Good morning," Nuno responded with a smile to the players who greeted him.

"Alright, first things first, uh, let's welcome our newest addition to the team," Nuno said, a hand outstretched toward Jason who was walking toward an empty seat.

"You guys probably saw it in the news or heard about it somewhere else, but he's here to help out and challenge some of you guys for your spots so no one should let their guards down," Nuno joked a little and some of the players chuckled.

"Uh, Jason, do you want to share a few words with the team?" Nuno added, throwing Jason a ball... not literally.

"Oh, Uh..." Jason got up again, a bit unsure of what to say.

"I'm glad to be here, I hope we get along. Let us win a lot together," Jason said clearly and sat down again.

His words were followed by applause from everyone else in the room.

"Yes, let us win together, and Jason... welcome home," Nuno added, playing his part as he knew cameras were watching and recording every part of this moment and the videos would be posted on social media pretty soon.

With Jason's welcome over, Nuno got right to work.

"Good work yesterday. You guys showed great passion and energy in yesterday's win and there is definitely a lot that can be taken away from the game, but we won't be going into details right now,"

"For now, we're completely done with the pre-season and up next is the Premier League, and first up is Man City,"

"I'm sure you guys are excited to finally get back to work, but we cannot ignore that playing against Manchester City is going to be a bit of a challenge,"

"Our pre-season wasn't bad, but it could have been better and that only reemphasizes our need to start this season strong, preferably with a win against a strong team like City,"

"So! Between now and next week, we have a lot of work to do. The guys who played yesterday are starting today with recovery sessions and light training,"

"The rest, get your breakfast, kit-up and meet in the theatre for a review from last game,"

"Chop chop, let's get things started!" Nuno rapped out, clapping his hands loudly.

"Son, help the newcomers get a foot down," Nuno didn't forget to cater to Jason and Romero who were new arrivals at the club.

Cristian Romero was a new addition to the Tottenham squad who had also completed his signing a few days prior as well just like Jason.

However, unlike Jason, his transfer was a loan and though it was a loan deal with an obligation to buy, it wasn't yet a permanent transfer.

That wasn't to say that it wasn't a transfer that didn't garner attention either. After all, Cristian Romero had been named the best defender of the Serie A in the 2020/21 season that had just concluded.

His purchase had been intended to help out the Tottenham backline that barely had any standard center-backs left after the team sold Juan Foyth and Toby Alderweireld.

Unlike Jason, he had already attended one training session with the first team a day before the previous match, but he still hadn't actually settled in yet.

Funny enough, despite them both being new faces at the club, they were also the only players familiar with each other at the club since they had both played at the Serie A the previous season and had gone up against each other.

Of course, Romero was still heavily traumatized by Jason's last-minute winner against Atalanta but had been lucky enough to be unfit for the match and thus was not on the pitch to be added to the highlight reel.

Romero remembered watching Jason run past his teammates like they were swaying mannequins who had lost all sense of direction before going around the goalkeeper to score a goal that he'd always remember.

Needless to say, Romero couldn't estimate the amount of relief he felt now that Jason was playing on his own team.

"Hey guys," Son came up to the two of them, a trademark smile on his face.

The three of them exchanged pleasantries quickly and began moving, but they didn't move uninterrupted for long.

"Sonnie my bro," Dele Alli came and dapped up Son.

"My legs are killing me bro. Yesternight was crazy for real, I literally ran all over the field for nothing," Dele complained.

"Yeah, their new defenders are annoying, especially that Gabriel guy," Son agreed with a sigh. He hadn't been able to do much the previous night either and had only been lucky enough to get a clear shot at goal.

At their level they couldn't constantly rely on luck. There had to be a confirmed system that was guaranteed to produce results, otherwise there would be consequences.

"Was it really that bad?" Harry's voice came from the side as he joined the group. This was his first day back at training as well.

"No no. I could get past, but it was kind of difficult. That Gabriel guy always tries to force you into an awkward shooting position, also, that guy can jump," Son admitted honestly.

"Right bro. Sending a high cross against that guy is like wasting your time. He's strong, can jump, he's annoying and he sticks to you glue. The worst part is that he can coordinate with other defenders perfectly to," Dele added, remembering his troubles the previous night.

"Guess I need to watch out for him then, but I wonder..." Kane turned back toward Jason and Cristian following from behind.

"How would you get past that guy if you came up against him on the pitch. That is your specialty, isn't it?" Kane asked Jason.

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"..."

"It depends. First, as a winger I don't actually have to face off against him," Jason shrugged.

"But then he'll be there to block any crosses you make inside," Dele countered before Kane could say anything.

"Only if he can reach it," Jason shrugged again.

"Good point, but let's say what if you have to face him. You cut inside a lot, right," Kane asked again, adamant on hearing Jason's opinion.

"Hmmm... Look for his weaker side, move the ball there, sudden bursts of acceleration, use feints smartly, shoot quickly,"

"The more physically gifted and skilled a defender is, the simpler your moves have to be if you want to get past,"

"It's a lot more complicated than it sounds, but I guess you guys should know that," Jason replied.

"... You'll have to show me. I feel like I have to see this one. Let's use Cristian as the defender in this case," Dele said.

Unluckily for Romero, his English was terrible and he couldn't understand what they were talking about, otherwise he would have protested immediately.

Why would he want to willingly use himself as a scapegoat so that Jason could show off his dribbling skills?

"Hey, Jason, you speak Italian, right?" Son suddenly asked.

"Yeah," Jason nodded.

"Can you help with translation for a while, with Cristian?" Son asked, his eyes turning to the other new signing who had simply been following along.

Since Harry, the vice captain hadn't been around the day Romero arrived, the manager had put him in charge of showing the new signing the ropes as Lloris the captain's hands were already full.

However things had been proving to be a bit of a challenge since Cristian Romero's English was bad enough that he could only barely understand a few words and sentences.

Since Tottenham didn't often buy Italian players, they didn't have translators at the ready and the few staff who knew the language couldn't serve as translators as they had other duties.

The club had already gotten to work on that and classes to teach Romero English had been arranged, but the issue of translating was a bit difficult.

Anyone other than a Tottenham player translating for Cristian would be a problem as they couldn't always follow the players everywhere.

Another loan signing, Gollini, who had been loaned from Atalanta had helped with translating the last time, but he wasn't always going to be available as his duties as a goalkeeper were far away from a regular player so he couldn't always be around.

"Sure," Jason didn't see a reason to reject.

"Thanks," Son replied in appreciation.

With Jason agreeing to act as a translator, Son began introducing Jason and Cristian to the club, telling them about the training ground first.

Like Jason already knew, there were 15 full size pitches, 4 solely for the men's team alone and the rest being shared by other age groups and the female side.

Since it was a relatively new training ground, it was fitted with some of the latest and top of the line training equipment in the gyms and in other training rooms.

Everything looked clean and fancy and it definitely felt like an upgrade of the Oporto club's training ground.

It even matched up to Uventus's training ground as far as Jason could see.

Dele Alli and Kane chipped in information that Son might have missed and Jason and Romero were not only introduced to the club's training ground, but also a bit of the club's culture and they even talked about places outside.

Son told Jason where he could find the best places to get foodstuffs like meat, milk, eggs, even honey and other things.

Jason especially appreciated this information as he wasn't familiar with North London, like at all.

He had only ever lived in Burslem when he played for Port Vale in his previous life.

Soon, they had to end their conversation as they finished breakfast.

Son and Dele Alli had to leave as they were scheduled for recovery sessions, while Jason, Cristian and Kane had to get ready for training.

Kane wasn't going to join them in training directly either and was going to have to do quite a few physical exams for the staff to examine how much his fitness levels were from the professional standards.

Only then would a training plan be drawn up for him and he could get to work.

Going to the locker room, Jason and Cristian got to see their training room lockers.

Jason took out his boots and shinguards before throwing in his bags and then changing into the Tottenham training kits.

Strapping and taping where needed, he quickly got kitted up. Luckily there were even gloves so he quickly put them on.

Unlike before when he usually mostly put them on for fashion, cleanliness and protection, there was going to be the added function of warmth soon enough.

The average daytime high in North London was only about 21 to 23 degrees Celsius and this was supposed to be one of the warmest months of the year.

"You're ready?" Cristian asked, walking up to him, already done changing.

"Yeah, let's go," Jason replied, pulling his collar up and getting on his feet.

They walked together out to the pitch and at some point, Jason noticed cameras being focused on them, him especially, but it wasn't time for training yet.

Before the training actually began, the players headed to a theater style room for another meeting. This time the focus was video analysis of the previous game.

Nuno and Ross Johnston, the head performance analyst quickly went through the parts of the previous game's performance.

With the help of the huge screen, the players were shown parts of their performance the previous game where improvements needed to be made and things to point out.

Jason paid rapt attention as he watched the replays as he was mostly trying to figure out the capabilities and habits of his new teammates.

That was the most important part of joining a new club, especially as an attacker, otherwise one could hardly hit the ground running.

Chapter 785: Settling In III

Huff *Huff*

Jason breathing was a bit strained as he jogged around the pitch to warm up before the drills began.

After 2 laps around the field, he switched to short sprints and finished up with some stretches.

When he was sure his muscles were warmed enough, he began juggling the ball, first just keeping it from touching the ground but a little while later he began adding a few tricks for variation.

Juggling was one of the things that anyone who wanted to grow in football had to do as simple as it looked.

Juggling helped to grow intimacy and understanding with the ball as it increased experience in ways the ball could arrive at one's feet.

Adding tricks was not just because the players were bored, but because the more tricks one could do with the ball, the easier it was to control unexpected ball movements in an actual game.

While Jason did his warm up routines, the cameras stayed on him and so did the eyes of quite a few of his new teammates.

The cameras needed to get some shots of the new players's first days at training while the players watching were looking to see what he could do.

Jason noticed all this but didn't think much of it.

This much was normal to him. Players at any new club always wanted to know what the new guy could do, especially if the player was a threat to their position in the starting lineup.

From the initial curiosity, things could graduate to a hazing, or a competition of skills between the old players and the new guy.

To Jason, either one didn't matter, he liked the attention he was getting anyway. It was proof that he had come a long way.

"Gather round boys," Nuno put an end to Jason's warm up with a loud call.

Kicking up the ball one last time, Jason caught it with a no-look pass as it came down, sending it towards a bag filled with other balls.

Since most of the starting lineup wasn't even at the training ground as they were undergoing recovery, Nuno had decided to allow the U-18 team to train with the main team today.

Thus, the training ground was filled with a lot of faces that Jason didn't recognize as Tottenham players while the U-18 players were happy at the chance to train with the main team... Or some of it at least.

The players were soon split off into training groups depending on their positions and they were led off by the various position coaches.

Jason was scheduled to join the forwards, but before he left, he was called aside by Nuno.

"I know that you can play on both flanks but I've mostly seen you on the left,"

"I plan to majorly play you on the right since we have Son on the left,"

"Of course, if need be, or if situations call for it, you might sometimes play on the left, but you're primarily a right winger in my mind," Nuno told Jason, who nodded.

Since he could use both feet, it didn't matter which side he played on though he was usually more of a creative player when he was on the right while he did more shooting on the left flank.

He could use both feet, but his default was still his right foot, after all.

"Hopefully situations wouldn't call for you to play attacking midfield or striker either," Nuno joked as he knew Jason had also appeared in those positions a few times, but he'd rather not that Jason played those positions as it would mean the original people in those positions were out of commission.

"Anyway, for position training, unless I say otherwise, you'll be on the right wing,"

"For today, take it easy, stay in your element. I know some of the guys will try to push you and you will want to show them what you can do, but don't stress too much about it,"

"Your first priority is to settle into our game, learn how we play and find your way of fitting in,"

"You might feel that there is a lot of pressure for you to hit the ground running, but don't worry about it, just do your best without bringing any detrimental effects to yourself,"

"Train as hard as you can, but don't overdo it, this isn't the youth level anymore where they leave you to your devices,"

"You're a part of something bigger. If you cannot play because you got injured, it'll affect not only you, alright,"

Somewhere while Nuno was talking he had forgotten that Jason was a bonafide player with trophies already in the bag.

He had simply been trying to take the pressure off Jason when he unintentionally gave the speech he usually gave to kids who just joined the main team.

"I know coach, I'll stay within reasonable bounds," Jason nodded, knowing that a lot of eyes would be on him and would stop him from overtraining.

Not that he planned to overtrain, he had learnt balance from being with Ronaldo the last half year.

"Right, I'm not sure if they told you but there's a bit of a weakness in your ankle ligament from your last injury, so I'll be easing you into the game,"

"If you don't start the next few games, it's not because I have something against you," Nuno added.

"... Oh?" Jason was a bit surprised as he hadn't heard about this.

Not to mention that he felt fine. Nothing seemed wrong with his ankle as far as he was concerned, but it was good to know that he was at risk of injury... Not high risk, but risk was risk.

"Alright, off you go," Nuno sent Jason away, wondering to himself why he had said so much.

In a way maybe he was still feeling that his job wasn't very secure.

He wasn't used to managing major stars either, since he had coached Wolves before this.

His job wasn't as secure as he would have liked it to be as the pre-season results hadn't exactly been stellar.

They had drawn quite a few games that could have been won and though things were shaping up as he could see, it might be a bit too slow for the Tottenham board.

Bringing in Jason had both strained and eased things with the management as the board were happy that they got a good player, but not too happy at having to commit to such a high wage bill for a single player.

Only with good results after the season began could he begin to feel secure, hence his hands on approach to everything leading up to the new season.

Under new management... his management, Tottenham had to hit the ground running.

Chapter 786: Settling In IV

The basic training drills at Tottenham were not much different from what Jason did at his previous clubs, but when they moved to tactical training Jason began to note differences.

Nuno's style of coaching was a defensive minded style where the players compressed and sat behind the ball when out of possession.

His style prioritized structural stability, low-block defending, and rapid, vertical counter attacks.

They focused less on keeping possession and more on waiting patiently for their opponent to slip up so they could hit them with a rapid counter attack.

They aimed to hurt the opposition with every counter attack.

In all honesty, it was not how a big team with stronger players like Tottenham players would normally play, but then Jason figured that the manager's playing style was a result of his player career as a goalkeeper and the fact that he had mostly coached smaller teams.

Not that he cared much to change it.

As long as it worked, he would play how the manager wanted even though it was a bit annoying to have to spend most of the game defending.

Also, Jason was kind of used to the playing style, especially since he had mostly played in smaller teams in his previous life.

Taking position on the field, he went through the defensive shape training, the transition press training, positional movement training, and build-up patterns when they began the counter attacks.

Since the main team tactic style was always used by the younger age teams, it didn't matter much that most of the starting players were not available at the training ground.

Cameras recorded the training session, but quite a few camera were trained on the newer players.

Between 10:30am and 12:00pm, they did the main training session.

After the main session was over, the players who didn't have any positioning or conditioning work left to rest and cool down while the other first team players continued more training.

Crossing and finishing, sprint work, and set-piece training were all being done on various parts of the training grounds.

Jason has been added to the set-piece training group as set-piece were one of his strengths.

Jason did a few rounds of free-kicks against the goalkeeper as it doubled as extra training for the goalkeeper as well.

He did long and short free-kicks and a few corners before he left to join the crossing and finishing session.

After another hour at work, the additional session ended and the players left for a small cool down and recovery session.

Jason did a some stretches before jumping into an ice bath for a few minutes to cool off his muscles before rounding things up with a shower and changing into a fresh kit and going for lunch.

The lunch was the last thing on his schedule at the training ground for the day as for one, he wouldn't be allowed to train any further and secondly, he had to go check out some houses.

"So how was your first day?"

Jason looked up to see Kane sliding into the seat next to him.

"Pretty okay. How was your fitness tests and all that?"

"How soon will you be cleared to play?" Jason asked.

"In about 2 weeks. I was out for a bit more than I should so I'll miss the opening week of the season," Kane muttered, diving into his lunch.

"... So, you're going to be playing on the right? We do need more depth on that side, but you're going to have to battle with Lucas for a spot," Kane began again.

"Well, it's probably more like you'll need to battle for your own spot cuz I'm sending him back over to the center," Jason replied with a little smirk.

"Lucas over me? That's not even a topic," Kane laughed, amused at the thought.

"I can say the same," Jason shrugged.

"You've got quite the confidence. Hope you can make good on that," Kane chuckled.

He had mostly been getting along with Jason as a formality, but he could not deny that he had been curious.

He had even spent some time watching highlights of Jason's previous games.

Part of it was to know what his new teammate could do and adjust himself mentally to prepare for it. The other was because he was particularly curious.

Long story short, he had been a bit mind blown after watching the videos of Jason that had been put together by fans and his former clubs.

Clearly, it would be exciting to play with someone who could bring such a level of football to the team, but Kane hadn't instantly been sold on Jason.

It was not the first time that players who were seemingly very talented came over to the premier league only to turn into something lesser.

Sometimes it was the mentality, sometimes it was the different playing style, sometimes it was the level of responsibility required...

Different problems could lead to less than pleasant results and though Kane didn't know whether Jason would perform at the level everyone expected or play at a less than expected level, Kane could only hope for the former.

Of course, there was a third option where Jason hit even higher levels of performance, but honestly, not many people were expecting that.

That usually takes a couple of seasons at least.

For now, most people expected a decline in Jason's dribble numbers, even the goals and assists, after all, this was the Prem.

It was already difficult enough for strikers to hit crazy numbers, much less the wingers in the league.

Jason hadn't thought that far though and he didn't really care what people expected of him.

All he knew was what he expected of himself and for someone like him who was especially strict on himself, his dreams were definitely not small.

The players who had only had recovery sessions soon joined Jason and the other players at lunch.

Being in charge of helping Jason get settled in, Son was very interested in Jason's opinion of what he had seen so far and anything he wanted to talk about.

Thus the players spent their lunch time discussing many things.

Chapter 787: Settling In V

"It is one of the prized properties here at Hadley Wood, it's only been on the market for about 2 months and I've already received quite a few offers,"

"It's secluded, private and serene. There's a pool out back..."

Jason hardly paid attention to all the real estate agent was saying as he walked them through a beautiful, luxurious looking house.

Jason and Adele had gotten straight to looking for a house as soon as Jason left the training grounds and he had already visited two other houses.

The club's advice was for him to get a house at Barnet, Hampstead, Hadley Wood, or Cuffley.

Those places were pretty private and comfortable, yet near enough that it was convenient for the players.

Of course, they were expensive as well, but they were recommended because Jason could afford them.

After seeing some houses at Cuffley and checking one, Jason decided against getting a house there because it was too expensive and the houses were too big.

The houses weren't villas but there was a level of huge that got tiring quickly and that was what those houses looked like to Jason.

Who was going to clean a 6 bedroom, 9999 sq ft. house if he got one?

Definitely not Adele.

He'd need a team of cleaners to handle all of that, not to mention the huge garden and the extra expanse of all that leafy land.

With a need to hire a huge team of cleaners, he'd have to hire someone to watch over all that or do it himself and he wasn't too keen.

He didn't mind big... But 6 bedrooms and 9999 sq ft was crossing the line a little bit.

He had checked out another house at Hampstead, but the place was a bit too leafy and secluded for him.

The place gave him a bit of country vibes which weren't bad, but he had a feeling that living in that place might be a little inconvenient.

Now that he was at Hadley Wood, he was feeling like he might just settle for this place.

It combined a bit of the atmospheres of Cuffley and Hampstead, wasn't too expensive, and the house looked pretty alright.

It was a 4 bedroom, 2489 sq ft house. It had 3 baths and the reception and living areas were pretty spacious.

The kitchen was especially spacious too and Jason liked what he saw.

There was a nice garden, carriage driveway and an indoor garage that could take up to 4 cars.

There was also a spacious patio and a swimming pool out back.

"What do you think?" Jason asked Adele in a low voice.

"I mean, it seems nice. It has everything you said you're looking for and it feels homey. Maybe it's just the English feel though," Adele replied in a low voice as well, trying not to interrupt the agent who was energetically pitching the house to them.

"So should we pick this one, I really don't want to go to any other houses today," Jason groaned. He didn't want to tire himself out instead of resting.

"Why seek what has already been found?" Adele shrugged with a smile.

"How much did you say this was?" Jason interrupted the estate agent's pitch.

"1.6 million pounds," the agent didn't waste any time beating around the bush.

He knew from experience that customers who came to houses like these didn't want to have their time wasted over little things.

"Open to negotiation or flat?" Adele cut in before Jason could agree.

"The seller is open to negotiation, but you'll have to negotiate with them directly," The agent replied, already having a happy feeling in his gut from the commission he would receive if the deal went through.

"Can we contact them right now," at this point, Adele had taken over the negotiation and Jason and left her to do her job.

He was paying good money for her to work for him afterall, even though she would have done all this for free at this point in their relationship.

While Jason contented himself with going through the rest of the house, Adele contacted the seller of the house.

Refusing an offer for a physical meeting the following day, Adele began negotiations in the earnest and managed to reduce the price of the house by a hundred thousand.

When she told Jason to ask for his final approval, Jason agreed.

He could pay the original price, but money saved was money saved. He could use the money to do other things now, for one, getting a new car.

He had long intended to get a new car, a more comfortable one for more general usage.

Now that he was in the UK, that intention had changed from a want to a need.

With all sorts of roads all over the place, and the tendency for sudden heavy rains or snow, having a more general purpose car was something he had to invest in sooner rather than later.

He already had sport cars anyway, nothing wrong with getting a more general use car... Preferably an SUV that could deal with difficult terrains and weather.

That was a matter for another day, though. For now, he wanted to get some rest.

With the price negotiations over, the process for property transfer began in the earnest while Jason and Adele left as this was the duty of the professionals.

The rest of the day passed by quickly and by the next day, Jason was taken to Hotspur Way again for the day's training.

This time, all the fit players in the first team were available... Which was everybody.

With the first team on the field, the training session felt a lot different from the training session yesterday.

It was a lot more intense for one and secondly, the performance of the players was worlds apart.

Only now was Jason finally able to see and feel the level of the Tottenham players and he approved.

While there were some Tottenham players who were not up to the standards he was used to from Uventus, especially considering considering the legendary players at Uventus, Tottenham's quality wasn't far apart at all.

Just as Jason was scrutinizing his new teammates and the club itself in general, he was also being scrutinized as well.

More often than not, a few players had tried to square up against him during scrimmages.

Jason did not back down.

Chapter 788: Opening Week Games I

The following days were not only filled with training for Jason.

Apart from the daily training, Jason also had a lot of media duties to fulfill.

As he was a signing who had been added to the roster just before the premier league began, he was going to be added to the promotional media events the team had been preparing for the opening day for the premier league.

And it didn't end with club duties.

Since he was a high profile signing, the premier league sought to add him to some of their promotional events for the launch of the new season.

Luckily, he only had to take a few pictures and do a few shoots where he didn't even have to say a word.

That aside, as the days ran down and he went through all the motions that led to the league's opening week, the excitement and pressure loomed all over.

People all over the country were watching and waiting.

People all over the world were doing the same.

The premier league had been touted as the best league in the world for quite a while so many eyes were watching and many breaths were being held.

Jason felt the pressure as well, especially since he was in a new environment and had the additional pressure of having to perform well enough to secure his place in the new team.

Tottenham signing him had been a stroke of luck for them but it hadn't cost them enough that they would force the manager to keep him in the starting lineup if he played like shit.

Of course, Jason didn't think he would play that badly, but the facts were the facts.

Since his permanent stress relief(Adele) had to leave for a while to get some work done, to get his mind off some of the pressure, he spent some time going to a car showroom and getting himself the car he had intended to buy.

A Black BMW X6 competition had caught his eye and he didn't need to think too much.

Two hours later, he drove the car away from the showroom, everything in order and went for a drive for the next two hours after that.

Exploring North London while playing good music helped him release a lot of stress.

Unfortunately, since he had opted to buy a house instead of renting one, he still ended up spending the night at a hotel.

14 August 2021

It was Premier League opening day and the world was alight.

Many people had tuned in all around the world and many fans had left the comfort of their homes and were now seated and and cheering loudly in the the stadiums all across the country of England.

Despite being the standout fixture of the opening week, Tottenham wasn't scheduled to play against Manchester City until the 2nd Opening day of the League.

Yet all the players were in front of a screen, watching the league's opening games.

After a light training session earlier in the day, the players had gone to their homes to rest for their match the next day.

Now, all of them were in front of their TVs, ready to watch some of their competitors and see what was different from the previous season.

Jason was also seated in front of his TV with a few fruits and nuts as snacks as he watched the opening game of the Premier League.

It was Brentford against Arsenal and it was Brentford's first top-flight match since 1947.

Everyone expected a nice showing from the two sides, but despite Arsenal not fielding top players like Lacazette and Aubameyang, most people still expected them to win or at least draw the game.

Surprisingly, it was Brentford that got a good start to the season with them leading the game by 2 goals when the final whistle finally blew.

The Arsenal fans in the stands couldn't believe their eyes. They had expected their opponents to be tough since they had just fought their way out of the championship, but they had not expected to be trashed 2 goals on the opening day.

The Premier League opening day took on a sour taste for them instantly with rival fans not hesitating to get in their hair.

Watching the Arsenal players and fans distraught reactions to the game, Jason could only hope that he didn't have to go through that tomorrow.

15th August 2021

The Tottenham players quickly arrived at Hotspur Way in the morning before their match against Man City.

After a light breakfast at 10am that would also function as their pre-match meal, the players met in the meeting room for a final team meeting.

The Tottenham team had been training under Nuno to play the 4-3-3 formation and the manager started the team meeting by announcing the lineup for the game.

"Lloris will be starting in goal, Eric and Sanchez are our center backs while Reguilon and Tanganga are our full backs,"

"In midfield will be Alli, Skipp, and Hojberg, while up left will be Bergwijn, on the right is Moura, and in the center, Son,"

At the manager's announcement, some of the players shifted uncomfortably in their seats, clearly disappointed not to hear their names in the starting lineup.

Jason was one of the disappointed ones.

He thought he had done enough in training to earn himself a starting place, but it seemed he had been a bit too optimistic.

It wasn't all bad though as he felt the manager would at least let him get some minutes in the second half... Hopefully.

Using the next hour to go over the match tactics with the players, the Tottenham players finally left for the stadium.

The Tottenham bus arrival at the stadium was caught very well by the media and the few fans who had already arrived at the stadium.

The players walked off the bus in the face of continuous flashes and overly excessive glamor because it was the opening day.

Jason got a lot of cameras pointing in his direction as soon as he came off the bus. Smiling a little with a small wave of his hand, Jason walked into the stadium along with the other players.

Chapter 789: Opening Week Games II

The Tottenham players arrived back at the locker room after a short pitch inspection and began kitting up.

Jason lightly strapped his ankle before putting on his socks. Putting on the rest of his kit as well as a training top since they were going for warm-ups first, he finished changing and sat quietly with his headphones over his ears.

Suddenly Alli yanked off his headphones from behind, and holding it up, he asked, "What's this you're doing? Music conditioning or some type shi?"

"Nah, just talking to your girlfriend, she's wishing me well," Jason snapped.

"Jokes on you ninja, I'm single," Alli shot back and they both laughed.

They didn't get to laugh for long as Nuno once again began reminding the players of their tactical instructions, directing his efforts especially towards the players in the starting lineup.

Right after that, they headed out to the pitch to begin warming up and this time there were clearly a lot more fans at the stadium and the seats on the grounds were fast filling up.

On one side of the field was the Tottenham players warming up and on the other half, the Man City players who had arrived were also on the field, warming up.

Jason glanced at Man City players, looking for Foden, but the guy was nowhere to be found and Jason figured that he wasn't fit or the manager didn't put want him in the lineup for some other reason.

"It's the opening day guys. It is always best to have a good start. We can build off that,"

"Our opponents are tough, but we can win. We worked hard in training, we know if we defend well and can hit them on the counter to score one or two, then we can hold on to our lead and take the three points,"

"You know your jobs and you know our goal,"

"Let's achieve something today,"

Nuno's little motivational speech was met with cheers and applause from the Tottenham players who stood up and began heading to the tunnel with high morale.

Throwing a piece of the gum in his mouth, Jason followed after the others and lined up in the tunnel with the other substitute players.

The Man City players had also begun to line up in the tunnel as well and some players of the two teams even exchanged words with each other.

Jason recognized quite a few of the Man City players and they recognized him as well, but there was no love lost between them.

Foden was the only Man City player Jason had a good relationship with and since the guy wasn't around, Jason just silently in place.

Less than ten minutes later, the players began marching out to the field.

{And here we have the standout fixture in the opening week of the premier league}

{The defending champions of the premier league travel to North London in a bid to stamp down their authority at the beginning of a new season}

{They'll have to contend with the home owners to get the three points they so dearly want and one thing is for sure. Tottenham is not going to make it easy for them}

{Two strong teams, both looking for the best results to start the league. Some believe it best for the two sides to share the points, but neither side would be happy with anything other than a win today}

The commentator did his job of hyping up the crowd as the starting players marched out onto the field while the manager and the substitute players peeled away and went to their team's technical area.

{Today's battle of the 4-3-3}

{Both teams seem to be using the same formation, but we know that the tactics both managers will be employing are nothing alike}

{Here's the Manchester City lineup}

{Ederson stands between the sticks and is directly guarded by the defensive partnership of Ruben Dias and Nathan Ake while Benjamin Mendy and Joao Cancelo guard the left and right sides respectively}

{Directly in front of the defense is Fernandinho who would be assisted by Gundogan and Jack Grealish in the center midfield}

{On the left wing is Raheem Sterling who will be looking to trouble the defensive third along with Riyad Mahrez on the right}

{And in the center, looking to get the goals is Ferran Torres}

{With players like this who are very dynamic and can easily switch positions with their teammates, the Tottenham team will have to be careful when they are not in position and have to specially keep an eye out for the off the ball movements of their opponents}

While the commentator busied himself, the players fulfilled the pre-match rituals while the fans had their own fun singing and cheering for their team's while waiting expectantly for kick-off.

Fweeeeeeeee!!!

{There it is, the whistle to kickstart their 2021/22 season and were away!} The commentator cheered as the game kick-started with Son's pass into the Tottenham half from the center of the field.

The ball was received by Alli who swiftly laid it off to Hojberg.

The ball moved rapidly around among the Tottenham players who dropped deep to support the other players in keeping possession.

The Manchester City players followed after the ball, coming deep into Tottenham's half in an attempt to take possession, but that was exactly what the Tottenham players wanted.

With a long pass from Hojberg to Bergwijn on the left flank, Tottenham tried to kickstart a counter attack.

With Cancelo out of position as he had moved upfield to try to support the press, Bergwijn ran down the open space on the flank.

Cancelo swiftly gave chase and rapidly caught up, but not before Bergwijn sent a low cross toward the center of the box.

The ball bounded powerfully toward Son in the center, but Dias managed to intercept the ball and with an outstretched foot, slowing the ball.

Son didn't give up on the ball and raced to catch the ball that had been deflected off its intended path and barely catching up to it in the left side of the penalty box, he pushed the ball back and hit it as fast as it could.

Unfortunately he rushed the shot and couldn't get the ball on target and it flew harmlessly over the goal.

Chapter 790: Ice in his Veins I

The first half had gotten off to an exciting start after the sudden counterattack from Tottenham, but with them losing possession of the ball the dynamic of the game changed somewhat.

Man City was already a team that was good at keep possession, staying patient and slipping through like ghosts the moment a crack appeared in the defense, and with Tottenham choosing to sit back to defend, this led to much longer spells where Man City having the ball.

The match soon turned into one where Man City almost always had the ball while the Tottenham stayed compact in the midfield and defense.

Every once in a while, they would leave a space for the Man City players to try to play through, but often times it was a trap that they used to quickly surround the player with the ball and steal possession before he tried to launch a counterattack.

Of course, with Man City's insanely technical players, they sometimes managed to create chances to threaten the Tottenham team, but somehow the scores remained nil nil half an hour into the game.

The game had seen much excitement that had kept the Tottenham fans cheering even though it looked like their team was being played around with.

The Tottenham fans cheered to encourage their players while waiting for the sudden rapid counterattacks from their team, hoping for a goal before long.

However try as they might, another fifteen minutes of exciting football filled with both sides making some more attempts at goal soon passed by and the referee held up the board to signal two minutes of added time.

With the first half coming to an end, the two sides tried a few desperate last minute attempts to force a change to the scoreline before the referee blew his whistle to end the first half.

Tottenham even tried keeping possess and forced the Man City side into their own half for one of the few times since the game began, but their attempt ended with a long distance shot from Alli that was punched wide by Ederson.

One unprofitable corner kick later was followed by the sharp blast of the referee's whistle to end the game.

{And there we have it. For the first time this season for this two sides, it's half time}

{There's been a lot of attacking football as well as a fair amount of defensive brilliance}

{This scoreline is not due to a lack of attacking football, but rather because both defences have been at the top of their game, canceling each other out}

{The managers of the two teams will have quite a lot to say to their players as while the tactics are working well enough, there may need to be a little tweaks made to finally lead to goals}

{One thing is for sure, the second half is set to be a more exciting half than the first, all things being equal}

{For now, we'll take a break and will be back after a quarter of an hour} the commentator briefed the crowd while the players headed down the tunnels to their respective locker rooms.

"Sit down guys, cool off quickly. Hydrate yourselves, it's not over yet," Nuno began as the team arrived at the locker room.

"We are defending well and our counterattack tactic is clearly working and we've caught them by surprise a few times,"

"However, you guys haven't been clinical enough. Bergwijn, I've told you many times, run when the space, run and don't look back, you've taken too much time a few times, allowing those guys to rearrange themselves and surround Son in the center,"

"Your passes also need to hit the mark when you're trying to make a final pass, we can't keep losing ball in dangerous situations like that or we will also face a counterattack that may destroy us,"

"Lucas, you need to take your time to aim more. Yes we want fast counterattack, but it don't- doesn't have to rush so much that your shooting position is awkward and you shoot wide every time,"

"We could have buried the game a few times already today, but we slipped up. We can still win because like I say, the tactics is working, we just need to be more clinical," Nuno said and the players nodded as they clearly understood what the manager was talking about.

Man City clearly wasn't a team with stellar defensive players or tactics so it wasn't too difficult to catch them on the counter, especially on the right since Cancelo loved moving up the field to involve himself more in his team's attacks.

Benjamin Mendy helped a lot since he stayed back more, but even that was just barely good enough.

The only reason Tottenham hadn't scored so far was because they hadn't fashioned the perfect opportunity in front of goal, but that was only a matter of time if the City side didn't make adjustments to their defensive tactics.

"I'll need you guys to be very focused in the second half"

"Our opponents are not a team that ever play defensively. Their only tactics when things get hot for them is to get even hotter than their situation,"

"In the second half, they will come at us with even more ferocity as they try to outscore us instead of fixing the hole in their defense,"

"That is a crisis and an opportunity. Watch and wait. Defend well, and when the space opens up, we hit them hard," Nuno added some extra to the halftime talk as the time ran down.

Soon the players were rushing back out to the field for the second half.

As they walked out to the pitch, Nuno called his assistant over,

"Let the bench start warming up as soon as we're back outside. I will have to shake things up if nothing happens soon,"

The assistant manager nodded and kept walking forward, ready to do his duty.

Jason followed along from behind as the players headed to their technical area.

His focus had mostly been on the tempo of the game as there were many who pointed it out as the major difference between Premier League football and most of the other famous leagues.

So far he had only seen a little bit, but he kept his eyes peeled as he waited with anticipation for the second half of the game.