

Legends 791

Chapter 791: Ice in his Veins II

The second half of the game was kickstarted by Man City and they instantly continued with the high possession football that they were playing in the first half, but this time there was a slight difference.

They were not as patient as before and started poking at Tottenham even before it seemed like a space opened up.

It seemed they were adamant about forcing their way through just as Nuno had predicted.

Tottenham responded in kind with even tighter defending and surprisingly a lot more chances to counter attack even opened up.

#51st minute...

Fernandinho received the ball from Grealish who turned back after being pressed heavily by Hojberg and the defensive midfielder tried to find Mahrez on the right, but his pass was interrupted by Regulon who headed the ball to Skipp.

Controlling and turning smoothly with the ball, Skipp dodged Gundogan and unleashed pass forward into the path of Alli who was already bursting forward.

{It's Tottenham on the counter. Alli's looking for some support}

Alli charged down the field with the ball, but the Man City were quickly snapping back into position, trying to stop the counter attack.

Seeing no way in through the center, he passed the ball to Bergwijn on the left and on receiving the ball, the left winger squared up against Cancelo who had tracked back as rapidly as his legs could carry him.

Bergwijn's body moved to the left and Cancelo followed, only to realize that it was a feint and Bergwijn instead rolled the ball into the path of Son who was just arriving at the edge of the box.

Controlling the ball deftly, Son angled his body and unleashed a powerful curler from right there at the edge of the box.

{Son, his specialty!?!}

The ball flew powerfully, curling inward at the right top corner of the Man City goal, clearly out of reach of Ederson and without surprise it nestled in the back of the net.

{Ohhhhhhhhhh!!! It's in! This is what he's good at! This is what he does! And he's done it again!}

The stadium erupted in loud cheers as Son ran down to the sideline, his arms spread wide.

{A special goal to give Tottenham the lead! Their first for the season and with them scoring goals like these, one cannot help having expectations of them this season!}

The Tottenham fans were jumping around too happily to even pay attention to the commentator and all around the Tottenham camp, emotions were running high.

Pep shook his head and turned back, displeased at his players conceding a goal, but he wasn't too disheartened. After all, the game was far from over.

After their celebrations, the Tottenham players began heading back to their half of the field, ready to continue the game.

66th minute...

After going behind, the Man City had turned up the pressure on their opponents as they looked to make a comeback or at the very least equalize the game.

However the Tottenham side resister hard as they didn't want to give up their hard earned lead either.

Defensively, they were solid, but thanks to Man City hogging the ball with more precision than ever, it was getting a lot more difficult for Tottenham to catch them on the counterattack.

To change things up, there was some movement on the Tottenham bench and the Tottenham fans seeing who was to be brought on, erupted in loud cheers and applause.

{Tottenham look like they're about to make a change and it's clear that they are not going to be backing down and retracting into a shell for the rest of the match}

{It's their new signing getting ready to come on. A name that has attracted worldwide attention is now about to play his first game in a Tottenham shirt}

"Tell Son and Moura to adjust to the left while you take the right wing," Nuno said to Jason as he pulled off the club jacket to change into his jersey.

"Just like we discussed, your off the ball movement is key. Leave the pressing to the midfielders and work on intercepting passing lanes instead,"

"Always be ready to burst forward and when we get the ball, do what you do."

Jason finished kitting up as the manager finished giving him final instructions, nodding his head to let the manager know that he understood.

"Alright, get out there and give them hell," Nuno said, patting Jason's back and pushing him slightly towards the assistant referee.

With Jason arriving beside him, the referee stepped forward, holding his board and waiting for the ball to be out of play.

Jason didn't have to wait for long as the ball was soon sent flying into the stands after an errant effort from Ferran Torres.

The assistant referee stepped forward and held up the board for the substitution.

{The crowd are applauding the player who is coming off because he's had a good game and was the assist behind the only goal on the scoresheet so far}

{They are also applauding because they are happy to see the new man get some minutes. Clearly want to be entertained and this man isn't one to play boring football}

Jason high fived Bergwijn and ran onto the field, while Nuno shouted orders to Son and Lucas Moura to move over to the left so Jason could sit on the right wing.

No longer burdened with the responsibility of informing his teammates about the position change, Jason ran to his position.

Fweeeee!

At the referee's whistle, Lloris punted the ball powerfully up the field. It flew straight ahead for a while before curving to the right where Jason waited.

Before his marker reached him, Jason rushed towards the ball's landing spot and with a sharp twist of his shoulder, he slammed the ball towards Lucas before turning around and darting up the field behind his marker immediately.

Without taking an extra touch, Moura sent the ball upfield into Jason's path for him to catch up to.

With Ake and Benjamin rapidly catching up from behind, Jason raced after the ball, trying to cut in with his first touch, but that only allowed the two Man City defenders to reach him and begin bumping into him.

Giving up on going all the way, he tried to send the ball into Son's path on the left.

{Ball forward from Tottenham's new man!}

Chapter 792: Ice in his Veins III

Son raced forward trying to reach the ball, but Cancelo who had been running from behind got past him and reached the ball first, passing it back to Ederson.

Son raised his hand in apology to Jason for being unable to reach the ball and Jason nodded before his eyes went back to the ball.

{Beautiful chance created there! Too bad it didn't get any further than that or some records might be broken}

{Jason's only been on the field less than a minute and he's already creating chances}

Ederson quickly cleared the ball up the field, trying to start a counterattack of their own.

The Tottenham players were quick to reorganize their shape since they hadn't yet run out of position yet, so the Man City side couldn't create anything from the chance.

#72nd minute...

{Man City, moving the ball quickly and making the Tottenham players work for it}

{They're looking for something here. Gundogan to Debruyne!}

Receiving, the ball a few yards away from the box, Debruyne feigned as if to shoot, only to fake the shot and make a pass to Grealish on the left.

But before the ball reached him, Tanganga rushed forward to intercept.

Seeing that Tanganga would reach the ball first, Jason came running towards him, giving him an option for a pass once he received the pass.

Tanganga didn't disappoint and let Jason have it. As the ball came at Jason, he heelflicked it towards Alli on his right without even a glance and turned around Benjamin Mendy who had followed him at the same time.

While Jason began running forward into the open space on the right, Alli passes the ball to Moura who in turn sent the ball into Jason's path on the right.

Seeing Jason open and racing to catch the ball, Dias left his position to try to reach the ball first or at least block Jason from going further forward.

Increasing his pace to catch the ball, Jason stopped it with a back chop, forcing Dias to a sudden stop as well.

After the back chop, Jason caught the ball with his left and pulled it back towards the right, chaining the earlier move with another in case Dias recovered quickly enough, but Dias had already slipped and fell on his belly after trying to stop so suddenly.

Yet as soon as he fell, two other Man City players took his place, blocking Jason's path and leaving nowhere for him to run to.

Not wanting to waste the counter opportunity, Jason quickly looked for options and found Alli running from behind.

Rolling the ball into Alli's path, Alli aimed and tried to hit it first time, but the shot was blocked by Dias before it could even reach the goal and the ball flew out of bounds.

{Blocked powerfully! A lacking end to another counterattack, but Tottenham is really beginning to threaten here}

{City will have to stay watchful or they might soon find themselves two behind, taking away any chance for them to get something from this game}

After a meaningful glance at Son, Jason jogged over to the corner for the corner kick.

A powerful whipped in corner sent the ball into the center of the Manchester City box, but the ball was quickly cleared by the City players who outnumbered the Tottenham players in the box.

#75th minute...

{Tottenham, taking a page from Man City's book and trying to build-up from the back}

Dier received the ball back from Alli who had sent the ball back when the pressure on him got too much.

Quickly sending the ball to Hojberg who was freer, Hojberg received the ball calmly, feinted as if he would push the ball back, but turned the other way when his marker bit the bait.

Staring at some open space through the middle, he didn't hesitate to carry the ball forward before the City players came closing in.

Jason who was on the right flank, began to run as well, keeping up with Hojberg, but a few yards to the defense line, Jason slowed down and Hojberg sent the ball his way while continuing his run forward, pulling his marker along with him.

Thanks to Hojberg and the other forwards pulling along the City defenders, a space opened up for Jason to cut in and with only Mendy there to stop him, Jason didn't hesitate.

Doing a couple of stepovers before cutting left, he kept the ball out of the reach of Mendy as he cut in, moving towards the center and on reaching the right side of the arc outside the 18-yard box, Jason who had been aiming for the top left corner of the goal finally let fly.

The ball flew powerfully, curling behind everyone, even the goalkeeper before clipping the outside of the post and continuing out of play.

{Ohhhhhh!!!! On the post and out!}

{The Man City manager will finally be able to breathe after that attack that looked like it'd seal the deal} the commentator's voice did not have any of the disappointment plaguing Jason who had his hands on his head after missing.

{They might be disappointed by the miss, but they must be thrilled that this man's performances are coming while he's in their colors}

{It's only a matter of time before he makes his mark and with his performance so far, there might yet be a chance for him to open his account in this game}

#83rd minute...

Gundogan intercepted a pass from Alli and instantly burst forward, sending the ball to Sterling.

It was the Man City team's turn to counter and they rapidly burst forward.

Dashing forward at a pace that Tanganga could not match, Sterling quickly cut into the penalty box and sent the ball across the face of goal, trying to find Mahrez, but before the ball could reach him, Dier got to it first and cleared it with a tackle.

Mahrez's aggravated reaction as he saw the ball being cleared was clear for all to see. The Man City side was getting desperate and annoyed.

Unfortunately, to add to their troubles, Nuno had made his players begin wasting time.

Despite it not being Jason's favoured style of play, it was one of the best things he was good at, after all, everyone knew that aimless dribbling was the easiest thing to do.

Chapter 793: Ice in his Veins IV

#85th minute...

Lucas passed the ball to Jason and made a calm gesture, indicating to him to not force an attack and instead slow the game down.

With that in mind, Jason squared off against Zinchenko who was soon supported by Grealish.

Since neither of them were very physical or very good defenders, they only tried to block Jason's path towards goal.

Unluckily for them, Jason wasn't trying to get through to the goal.

Pulling the ball forward a little, Jason followed up with a left step over to confuse Zinchenko.

Expecting a follow up step over, Zinchenko wasn't at full alert when instead of stepping over the ball, Jason pulled it with his right foot towards the left, smoothly moved his leg past the moving ball and then chucked it back with the outside of his foot, sending it behind Zinchenko from the left with a modified reverse elastico.

Before Zinchenko knew what was going on, Jason ran past him on the right to collect the ball behind him and Zinchenko soon realized that he didn't have a handle on the player or the ball.

Collecting the ball behind Zinchenko with space down the flank, for a second Jason thought to cut in with the ball, but realizing that there were too many bodies blocking his path to the center, he continued down the flank, going back to his initial plan to waste time.

Grealish and Zinchenko followed and on reaching the side of the box, Jason kept twisting and turning, baiting the Man City players who didn't know what his intentions were.

At some point, it was clear that Jason was wasting time, but they couldn't leave him alone even if that was the case.

Soon, Grealish lost his cool and came charging in, but an annoyed opponent was an easy target for Jason to dodge before passing the ball to Tanganga who came to support.

However despite releasing the ball, Grealish didn't change his target and came back to slam Jason from behind in annoyed frustration.

Fweeeeeeeeeee!!!

The referee's whistle went off immediately as Jason went down and the referee came running over because the Tottenham players reacted and the Man City players didn't back down.

{Tensions are rising here and the referee's running over to put a stop on things before it gets any more intense}

First putting out the situation and calming both sides, the referee then turned to Grealish and pulled out a yellow card.

{His name is going into that little black book for that tackle earlier. You can't tackle like that, the ball was nowhere near the player he tackled}

Jason adjusted his socks before getting up with some help from Son while the other players went to get into position for the set-piece.

Leaving the free-kick to Son, Jason went into the penalty box with the other to await the cross.

Fweeeeeee!

At the referee's whistle, Son began running up to the ball and Jason who had stayed at the back of the crowd started moving forward so that he could be in position in time for the cross.

Surprisingly, the Man City players ran back first instead of rushing forward to occupy the space.

It seemed like they intended to force the opponents into an offside position and when Jason realized it, he tried to slow his run, hoping he stayed offside.

With a loud thump, the ball came flying into the penalty area, curling towards Jason who had taken air.

With perfect posture, Jason's head collided with the ball while airborne and directed the ball at the goal.

Ederson flew at the ball that had changed direction and was now coming at him, but despite jumping with all his might, he missed the ball narrowly and it slammed into the back of the net.

{It's in! It's in! He makes a statement on his arrival with a wonderful header of a goal!}

{It's not what he's known for, but it is what he's good at!}

While the commentator was doing his vocal acrobatics, Jason had taken off down the sidelines and dived into kneeslide while giving a two finger salute simultaneously.

But before his teammates could join him, the referee's whistle went off because the offside flag was up.

The Tottenham fans who had already begun roiling in their seats could not believe their eyes and began clamoring for a VAR check instantly.

Some of the more impatient fans were instead shouting for the assistant referee to shove it, him and his opinions.

The celebrations were put on a pause while the referee ran to check with the VAR and after a few long seconds of frowning faces and squinting eyes, the referee finally turned away from the screen.

Jogging back onto the field he announced his decision.

{It's confirmed, the goal will stand!}

The cheers in the stadium hit the roof instantly and the celebrations continued like they never stopped.

Relieved that his goal wasn't disallowed, Jason finished his celebration with a pat on the club badge and blew a two finger kiss at the crowd.

Pep had a hand on his head and his heart filled with unease as he watched the Tottenham players and fans celebrate their second goal.

In his mind, he tried to look for the tactical mistakes he had made that caused his side to concede, but all he could confirm was that the tactics weren't the problem.

The opponents were.

Sure, the tactics were a bit new and the team weren't used to defending like that on set-pieces, but from the close call, it was clear that they almost had a handle on the tactic, but barely missed playing the Jason offside.

There was also the fact that they hadn't thought much of Jason as an aerial threat. All their countermeasures for him involved him staying on the ground.

No one expected Jason airlines to make a showing.

'Lets just see what we can make of the next game,' Pep thought to himself, having already given up on the game.

Chapter 794: Ice in his Veins V

#88th minute...

{We are now counting down to the last two minutes of the game and unless something beyond all expectations happen, Tottenham are expected to go home with the win}

{A good way to start the season. Taking on the defending champions and beating them. Nothing quite sends a message like that}

{It's been a fantastic showing from the two sides, and despite losing by two goals, Manchester City have put out a performance that would on any other day, comfortably get them a solid win}

{They've been very unlucky today and the brilliant performance of their opponents is not helping}

{The only thing on their mind right now is whether they can at least reduce the deficit and oh-!}

{Tottenham win the ball and there might be a chance to counter!?!}

Hojberg had muscled Grealish off the ball and unlike the Man City players were expecting, the whistle did not go off.

Turning around and finding Son making a run down the left, Hojberg did not hesitate to release the ball.

Receiving the ball, Son tried to look for options but despite spotting Moura ready to make, he didn't stop looking.

Soon enough, he found what he was looking for. Alli and Jason had begun running forward, almost running right behind each other and there was only Zinchenko in their path.

Chipping the ball towards the left side of penalty box, Son began dashing forward while keeping an eye on the situation.

Jason and Dele glanced at the ball and then at each other and saw a glint in each other's eyes.

No words were needed and they instantly changed their running directions with Alli running towards the ball's landing path and Jason moving towards the center of the box.

The sudden switch of roles confused Zinchenko who for a second didn't know who to follow, but choosing to continue towards the ball, tried to keep up with Alli.

Unfortunately, the split second he was dazed had allowed Alli to get ahead and stay ahead and as the ball came flying down, Alli angled his body and volleyed the ball into the center.

{Ball in towards Jason!}

The ball came flying into Jason's path and with a ferocious right footed shot, he volleyed it towards goal.

Ederson was no match for the shot and could only watch it smash past him while Jason took off down the sidelines.

Racing down, he pointed two fingers in the air and then jumped into a knee slide, using the two fingers to knotch an imaginary arrow and fired it before he came to a stop, ecstatic but calm joy on his face.

{Volleyed across! Volleyed in!}

{What a hit! What A Hit!}

{It doesn't get any better than this!}

{They hit twice in quick succession and City don't know what has hit them!}

{We thought he had made enough of a statement, but he was just getting started and has added another to his tally!}

{A well worked out attack and he was there. Perfect place, perfect time, perfect finish!}

The Tottenham players had joined Jason in celebrating the goal while the fans were over the moon now.

They had hope and some of them had even dared to dream of this kind of a scoreline, but that it was actually happening was a different matter entirely.

This was the best start to a season they could ever hope for and they were drowning in the joy the moment brought.

{With two minutes left of the ninety, he puts a foot on a path to making history}

{The last time anyone scored a hat trick on their premier league debut was in 2006. The question on everyone's mind now is whether he can hit the mark one more time!?!}

Jason hadn't thought about things like making history before the game, but now that the commentator mentioned it, a fire lit in his eyes and he hurried his footsteps back to Tottenham's half of the field.

He was ambitious and making history was something he looked to feed off of.

The match continued shortly after and the Man City team that had lost their nerve after going two behind had now had their heads cooled after the lead increased to three.

At two goals down, they had still had a few ambitious thoughts of equalizing or even reducing the deficit, but after conceding a third and realizing how dangerous their opponent was, they had changed their focus to maintaining the status quo while looking for the off chance to reduce the deficit.

However, now that Jason was intent on taking a place in Premier League history and the Tottenham players whose moods were very high now, it was more difficult than ever.

The Tottenham players who had been content to sit behind the ball and wait for their opponents to lose patience were now pressing hard, intent on taking the ball back whenever they could.

This opened up a lot more chances to the Man City side which usually made use of open spaces like these, but with how hard the Tottenham players were pressing, it was very difficult for them to make use of the chances they were getting.

Soon the referee held up his board to signify that there would be an additional four minutes.

The additional minutes did not lull Jason into a false sense of security and he instead increased his efforts as this simply meant that he only had four minutes to secure his place in history.

Pushing hard with every fibre of his body, he finally got a chance in the 92nd minute.

Tanganga had pushed forward with the ball and found Jason on the right wing, but as soon as Jason received the ball with his back to goal, he was blocked from his front and back by two City players.

Pulling the ball behind him to bait the player behind him to bait the two players, he suddenly turned and flicked the ball to the right, cutting inside and dashing out of the human sandwich before they could close up.

Yet as he ran infield, he saw another player in his path. Not hesitating for a second, he sent the ball to Lucas who received it with his back to another player, shielding it before returning it into Jason's as he continued his cutting run to the penalty box.

Receiving the ball and smoothly controlling it before continuing his run, Jason continued toward the penalty box, being chased by Fernandinho and with Ake in front of him.

On getting near enough to the last Man City defender in his path, he suddenly rolled the ball to the left with his right leg and flicked it behind with Ake his left leg while continuing his run past Ake.

Nearing the ball, Jason got ready to shoot while on his right, Cancelo jumped into a tackle.

{Can he get the shot away!?!}

Chapter 795: Ice in his Veins VI

Jason kicked the ball with the outside of his right foot, sending it forward and below Ederson's outstretched hand before Cancelo swept him off his feet with a slide tackle.

{Three!!!}

{His first game of the season! His first game in the Premier League!}

{With ice in his veins he pulls out a third from his hat!}

{How does he do it!}

Getting to his feet, Jason ran down the sidelines pulled out an imaginary grenade, threw it forward and bent down to cover his ears before jumping up with his hands shooting out to gesture the grenade's explosion.

The other Tottenham players jumped on him immediately after as they celebrated.

The crowd was just as involved in the celebrations, jumping in their seats and screaming at the top of their voices while hugging the nearest person to them.

They had all the bragging rights in the world for this week and some of them had already begun to exercise their rights.

{He's taken his place in history with a wonderful goal that we did not see coming}

{Coming in as a substitute didn't limit him and he's successfully secured his seat in history}

{Definitely one of the fastest hat tricks in the Premier League and perhaps the fastest to three goals in the Premier League since it's inception}

{It's only been slightly more than 20 minutes since he got on the pitch and already he has three and it's against the league's defending champions!}

{What better way could there be to open his account at his new club!?!}

Jason couldn't agree more, but there was a little errant thought that wanted him to score one more because this was a record he was sharing with others and not a personal record.

However, it was pretty much impossible to do that. There was no way the City team would allow such a thing.

That he had already scored three was already amazingly lucky. If he dared to push his limits after this, he might be leaving the game on a stretcher.

Soon the game kicked off again and Jason soon realized how right he was that the City team would take this lying down.

Right after kicking off, they launched an attack right away, moving the ball around so fluidly as they drove deep into Tottenham's half that no Tottenham player even neared the ball.

Soon, the ball found Debruyne who unleashed a powerful curler that Lloris had no business even attempting to reach.

{Oh wow! Such scenes here at the Hotspur stadium. Right after conceding a fourth, they respond immediately, getting a goal of their own}

{It is little more than a consolation, but it shows their strong fighting spirit. If they had a little more time, this game could take on a whole new color} the commentator said with a little regret as he looked at the clock.

The game was soon kicked off again and at this point, there was only a few seconds left till the extra added time was up, but the City team didn't seem to care.

Reacting like a team that was only down by one instead of one that was down by three, they chased hard after the ball, applying extremely high pressure on the Tottenham players who had begun to relax after feeling secure.

Possession was soon taken by the City team who instantly burst forward on the attack again.

{It might be too little too late for this, but you have to admire their enthusiasm to push this hard}

{I think that's what it takes to be a champion, a quality they have displayed time and time again under this man, Pep Guardiola}

{I expect them to bounce back from this and get back to winning ways in their next game against Everton! Oh splitting through pass from De Bruyne!}

{Can he find Sterling!?!}

{He does and Sterling drives it home!}

The Tottenham fans who had been so happy minutes ago were now rubbing their heads and groaning.

Their team would still win the game no matter what happened now, but losing half of a four goal lead in less than two minutes was not something they wanted to have to deal with.

{Conceding two late goals when the game is all but a surety! Tottenham better hope that this isn't a sign!}

{The manager will be very displeased. As if losing their clean sheet wasn't enough, but to concede another after that?}

{The manager would be drilling his players quite a bit to make sure that something even remotely similar to this never happens again}

Nuno shook his head disappointedly as he watched the players head back to their positions, the sweet feeling he had been feeling earlier having turned slightly sour.

A win that everyone should admire had turned to a win that would be nit-picked about and that was in no way good for him as the manager.

"Agh, damn it. A win is a win," he groaned, rubbing the back of his neck as the referee finally blew the final whistle before City displayed any more of defiance.

Heading over to shake Pep who nodded at him and replied "Good win", he then went on to commend his players.

Nuno had decided against saying anything about the players faults today because despite the shaky last two minutes, they had still won the game by a good margin.

They could talk about the heavier topics at the next team meeting. For today, celebrations were in order and Nuno did not hesitate to show his satisfaction with his players.

{It's ended in a win for Tottenham. Unluckily for City, there was simply no time left and they have to face the results of their late response}

{Tottenham and City in one of the most exciting openers in this new season}

{Tottenham have their win and they have made their statement. We might be seeing a lot from them this season and things already seem to be on the right track}

{As for how far they can go, we can only wait to see what they have in store for us and what their opponents have in store for them}

{Until then I remain, Jimothy Beglin, have a good night}

Chapter 796: Proud Daddy

Jason headed off the field the Tottenham team finished celebrating with the fans with a ball in hand.

Without any surprise, he was the man of the match despite spending less than 45 minutes on the pitch and after receiving the match ball, he would also receive the MOTM award soon as well.

Before that though, there was an interview lined up for him and with the manager reminding him about it, he couldn't avoid it, not that he wanted to anyway.

Giving the ball to a club staff who would help him take it to his locker, Jason headed to the location for the interview.

The makeshift board with sponsors and all sorts on it had already been set up and Jason only had to step in and be asked questions.

It was an offline interview that would be later shown on the official Premier League post match program so there was no rush.

With Jason on scene it didn't take long before the interview began.

"A debut to remember for sure. How do you feel getting your first minutes in the premier league and scoring," a middle aged male reporter asked the first question.

"Yeah, it's definitely something I'll remember for a while, maybe even most of my life. The atmosphere is a bit different but it's welcoming you know. Maybe that helped my performance a bit," Jason replied calmly.

"A hat-trick in your first game is definitely special and it's a very rare occurrence and with there being less than ten players who have done so, the last being about 4 years ago."

"How does it feel getting off to what some would term a legendary start and can we expect more of the same from you going forward?" The next question came flying Jason's way.

"Actually, I can't believe it either. I came on trying to ease into the game you know. Like new location and all, but then the first opportunity came and I scored. After that everything just kinda fell in place,"

"When you score the first and realize that getting past your opponent to score a goal isn't impossible, the whole game kinda changes you know, and you start to believe in yourself more,"

"Can you expect more of this from me going forward? Well yeah I do my best everyday and give my all every game. If things go well, then I hope to keep showing up for the team whenever I can,"

"Gotta keep the fans happy and their hopes high," Jason replied.

"Well Tottenham's next game will have them going back to Portugal for a UEFA conference cup qualification. Do you think it would feel any different playing in lower level competition after winning the Champions League just last season?" The reporter threw a question that had Jason finally sigh and almost facepalm.

The guy had been asking reasonable questions so far and Jason had been wondering if this guy was some angel who wouldn't ask any controversial questions.

"Well, I haven't played in the Conference League yet so I can't tell the difference," Jason replied curtly.

"But it is a third tier competition," the reporter shot back.

"And it's also a continental competition. The only people eligible are among the top in their country. Big clubs lose to small clubs all the time not to mention that it's a new competition. I can't give an opinion on something I don't know anything about for now," Jason replied.

"Well, I'm sure we can expect a good showing from you in that game as well," the reporter added.

"..." Jason just raised an eyebrow and didn't say anything. The manager hadn't even decided on the squad for that day yet so he didn't even know he was going to play.

"With you getting off your mark and the team looking like they could be a threat for even the strongest of opponents, do you think this team has what it takes to win the Premier League?" The reporter threw a last question at Jason seeing the other question ignored.

"... I think our chances are as good as any other team. We have the potential and the guys are willing to put in the effort. If we can be consistent with good performances, then its not exactly impossible to do," Jason gave an answer that couldn't be called controversial in any sense.

"Thank you that will be all,"

With that the interview ended and Jason moved so that other players could also have their media time.

Receiving the man of the match award and taking pictures with it before finally leaving the pitch, Jason headed to the locker room.

"Here he comes! The Man, the hat-trick hero, ankle breaker!" Alli began hailing Jason as soon as he entered and the other Tottenham players quickly joined in.

Joining in on the fun, Jason changed his walking style and began to walk proudly.

"Please please please, call me Mr. Big Steppa!"

"Proud son of the Bolu family, Proud husband of Adele Joyce... Proud Daddy of Manchester City," Jason said with a huge grin.

The room instantly burst out with more laughter and cheers as the boys basked in their win.

After laughing with the others for a minute, Jason began taking off his kit when Alli sidled up to him.

"Hey, me and a couple of the guys are going to hit up the club tonight, you know to celebrate the win. You want to come?" Alli whispered to Jason.

"Nah man, I don't really do clubs anymore," Jason replied.

"Anymore? You're like 21 brudda," Alli laughed.

"You'll be surprised what kids do in the land of the free,"

'More like the land of fake IDs and tons of guns,' Jason didn't say the other part out loud.

He hadn't exactly been going to clubs when he was underage either, but the clubs and parties he has gone to in his previous reality was more than enough for 3 lifetimes so he didn't have any plans not visiting a club anytime soon.

"Don't be completely wasted when you come for training tomorrow though. In moderation, don't go chugging bottles like you ain't got a life," Jason added trying to advise, but Alli just smiled and turned away.

Chapter 797: To Be Nosy or To Not Be Nosy

16th August 2021

"He's completely wasted, isn't he?" Jason muttered to Son in a low tone.

The Tottenham players had gathered back at the training ground for a recovery session. After all, the season had started and the players had to be back in tip-top shape as soon as possible so they could prepare for the next game.

Jason had arrived at the training grounds pumped, still high on morale from his previous day's performance, but one glance at Dele who was 'shit-faced' and Jason could feel a headache coming.

"Does he do that often?" Jason asked in confusion as he couldn't understand it.

Alarming amounts of alcohol were needed for someone to be as shitfaced as Dele was and that was something any sports professional would avoid, whether during the season or off-season.

"He's always liked to have fun, but lately it's been worse. The changes in the team might be getting to him," Son said ambiguously, but Jason understood what he meant.

Dele had previously shone especially well under Pochettino at Tottenham from 2015 till 2018 and had been touted as one of the best in the world, but his form dropped around the time when the man left and things got even worse when Jose Mourinho took over.

As a manager who favored defensive tactical structure over attacking flair, Dele who didn't fit the man's style and wasn't a natural deep defensive midfielder didn't get a lot of playing time.

His low work rate and inconsistency only worsened things, infuriating Mourinho enough that he had even called him out over it in public.

Things had gotten a bit better with Nuno Santo willing to give him a chance on the pitch, but it was clear that apart from a few times when his innate technical ability on the ball showed, he was struggling everywhere else.

What happened late in the game just the previous night had shown it clearly.

Somehow, Man City had managed to bypass the midfield easily twice in just a few minutes and score two late goals.

The hole had actually been present throughout the match, but the other players had covered for it.

However at that late period when most of the other players were low on stamina, the glaring space had been especially clear and if not for their enormous lead, they would have paid dearly for it.

"Isn't someone going to do something about it though. Maybe some counselling should help. He can't keep doing that," Jason whispered, taking another glance at Dele across the room that was now quickly being filled with the Tottenham players.

"Counselling? Hmmm, maybe that might help, I'll talk to Hugo about mentioning it to the manager later," Son rubbed his chin in thought.

It would be good if the counseling helped because at this point, it looked like the guy was turning into an alcoholic and being an alcoholic was probably one of the worst types of addictions.

After all, expensive bottles of compressed naps were available literally everywhere across the world and alcohol wasn't illegal.

One could literally sink to the depths of alcohol fueled depression as long as one had enough money for another bottle and Dele had more than enough money for ten thousand more bottles of knockout juice.

"Good morning boys," Nuno said as he entered the room with his entourage of other coaching staff.

After exchanging a bit more pleasantries with the players, he got right to the more important things on the schedule for the day.

The players who only had recovery sessions on their schedule knew themselves, but the manager still had to tell the other players the focus of the training for today.

After informing the players of the schedule and discussing a few other things, Nuno finally thought to address the last match.

"We won our first game of the season against City and that is definitely a good point, however, we have to talk about the two goals we conceded,"

"We'll get more into your defensive shape later, when you're all back on the field, but I hope you'll endeavor to ensure that what happened yesternight doesn't happen again,"

"Conceding late goals like that can put us in serious trouble. I want your full focus from the first whistle to the last. Under no conditions should you lose focus like what happened yesterday,"

"Alli wait behind, the rest of you guys can leave," Nuno ended the meeting with that.

"Seems the manager also noticed. You think he'll get punished?" Jason asked Son.

"... Maybe, it's not exactly the first time it's happened," Son hesitated to speak, but said his mind anyway.

'Oh, that brother's fuc*ed,' Jason thought to himself.

Honestly, Jason could understand how Dele Alli felt. In the current football world where more emphasis was put on tactical structure and pressing from all over, natural no 10s like Dele Alli were slowly losing their importance.

If one couldn't prove one's self to be an irreplaceable part of the team, the managers wouldn't bother trying to accommodate such players anymore.

Unfortunately, Dele Alli no longer warranted such treatment from a coach and Nuno was only giving him a chance to see whether he could fit in or not.

And from what Jason could see, that window was closing soon as well.

Jason understood how Dele Alli felt, going from someone everyone expected to be the next big thing to a player that didn't fit into teams anymore.

He understood, but that didn't mean he could excuse the guy turning to alcohol as an answer.

But then again, he didn't exactly know the full circumstances of the situation. He was just making judgements on what he knew and what he saw... well.

Normally, Jason wasn't one to be nosy. After all, what did it matter to him if someone was hellbent on ruining his own life?

However, being a part of a team was like being a part of a family. Being in Uventus had taught him that and he wanted to try something different, for once.

'Maybe I should be a little nosy,' he laughed to himself as he lay down for a massage.

Chapter 798: Conference League Playoffs First Leg I

****19th August 2021****

Boavista, Portugal...

It was Tottenham's first-ever game in the inaugural Europa Conference League and the Tottenham players were marching out to the field along with their opponents, Boavista.

{In the starting line-up for Tottenham, Gollini starts in goal, it's his debut for the club after being signed in the summer}

{Starting in the center back positions are Romero and Carter-Vickers. It is Romero's first start as well. On the right side of defense is Matt Doherty and on the left is Ryan Sessegnon}

{They will be playing looking to cover the wings, defensively as well as providing support further up the field when on the attack}

{In midfield Harry Winks, Nile John and Dele Alli will be coming together to control the center of the game, help defensively and provide the right passes to the forwards}

{On the left wing, Bryan Gil starts, it's his debut today after his transfer in the summer and in the center is Dane Scarlett, another debutant from the academy alongside Nile John}

{On the right is Steven Bergwijn. He'll be looking to lead the attack today, being the most senior player among the forwards}

After this, the commentator listed the line-ups for the Boavista team as well while the pre-match formalities began.

While the commentator was still speaking before the match began, the camera panned to Jason who was seated on the bench, his hands tucked into a club jacket.

{There's a familiar face to the Portuguese fans. Just days after leaving Portugal, this man is back again for a match against a familiar opponent}

{Surprisingly, he's on the bench and he's the only one among Tottenham's summer signings so far who is on the bench}

{With his performance in the previous game, it's clearly not because of his form, and he doesn't seem to be unfit either so many are wondering why he's not among players starting for the Tottenham side}

Jason who was been spoken about was wondering the same thing, but he didn't think too much to it as the manager was mostly fielding youth players.

It felt more like the manager was resting the more important players for the next Premier League game, especially as Boavista wasn't an especially strong opponent.

He wasn't going to complain if the manager saw him as a player important enough to be rested for more important games.

Fweeeeeeeeeee!

With a loud blast of the whistle, the match kicked off with the Boavista side in possession after the kickoff.

Despite Tottenham being seen as the favorites, the Boavista players didn't seem to put that to mind and quickly began moving the ball upfield like they would with any other average opponent, however they soon lost the ball to a passionate Tottenham midfielder in the person of Nile John.

After stealing possession, the young midfielder instantly tried to start a counter attack, sending the ball towards Bryan Gil on the left.

Bryan Gil however had other ideas and on receiving the ball, passed it back to Sessegnon as there was no way for him to break through and there were too many opposition players in his path.

After comfortably settling on the ball, the Tottenham side began smoothly moving the ball around and tried to break down their opponents by enticing them out.

Nuno's usual tactic of having his players sitting back and hitting the opponents quickly on the counter was unfortunately a poor match for the Boavista side which was doing the same thing.

With both sides patiently waiting for the other side to slip up, Tottenham had a lot more time on the ball and they moved the ball cleverly around as they looked for space, but despite the Tottenham players looking bright in the first few minutes as they moved the ball around, they were unable to break down their opponent.

It was only at the 17th minute of the game that the first shot on target of the game finally came and surprisingly it was from the Boavista side.

After luckily interrupting a pass in Tottenham's final third, the Boavista player had tried to hit the ball from distance, but it was easily gathered by Gollini.

With the first shot on target coming, the two sides began to increase their intensity and the ball moved around quicker and more dangerously, but even after half an hour of game time, Tottenham had still not managed to record a shot on target.

They were moving the ball around cleverly, but they were more or less just passing time as they weren't able to get into their attacking rhythm.

Perhaps it was because the line-up was filled with unfamiliar players, especially with new signings and academy players debuting, but Tottenham was clearly struggling attacking-wise.

Nuno was pacing up and down the sidelines, watching with tightened brows as his players lost the ball again for the umpteenth time after trying to break into Boavista's final third.

The ball quickly reached the Boavista who after turning on the ball realized that Gollini was off his line. Not stopping to think further, he chipped the ball powerfully from where he was, just a few yards after the midfield circle.

{Audacious attempt!}

The ball flew powerfully towards the Tottenham goal, prompting Gollini to rush back to the goal. He just barely managed to make it back in time to punch the ball over the goal.

{Saved! Just barely made it in time!}

{It happened because he miscalculated, but he showed great effort to make up for his mistake. It's good to see such an attitude to not give up on the ball!}

The Boavista side soon had players running forward to the Tottenham penalty box for the corner kick.

{Boavista might not have had the ball for most of the game, but they are showing more intent to win than this Tottenham side. Frankly it's amazing that the supposed stronger side hasn't yet had a single shot on target half an hour into the game}

The commentator's words hit the Tottenham manager in the technical area and Nuno visibly winced at the commentator's stabbing comments.

Taking to the sidelines again, Nuno barked out orders to the players on the pitch, shouting so much that the referee had to warn him to stop disturbing the players on the pitch.

The match continued after and time ran down quickly, the clock inching ever so closer to halftime.

Nuno had began thinking of how to ensure that his players played better in the second half when suddenly, Dele Alli lost the ball after trying to take on his marker despite there being clear passing options.

The stolen ball was quickly sent forward into the path of a dashing Boavista striker who had timed his run to perfection and was soon one-on-one with Gollini.

{He shoots! He scores!}

{He was too clever for the goalkeeper and he's taken the lead for his side} The commentator cheered as the ball was curled past Gollini into the bottom right corner of the Tottenham goal.

Chapter 799: Conference League Playoffs First Leg II

"Not one... Not a single shot on target throughout the first half..."

"If you're going to play like this then I have no choice but to doubt your hunger for the game,"

"They're saying you haven't found your rhythm, but can someone explain to me why that is?"

"You guys are acting like you haven't been training together. Your bad performance is unexcusable, but it's too early to give up,"

"I don't want to see this kind of body language in the second half. Don't think that you can take it easy because this is only the first leg,"

"You should know better than to allow your opponents to have the momentum,"

"In the second half, defend tight hit them hard,"

"Dane, try to get into more dangerous positions, but don't forget to put your teammates into consideration,"

"We don't have Debruyne on our team so all those tight positions you're jumping into is only making things difficult for the others,"

"Bryan, Steven, if it's too difficult to find Dane, look for other options. Also, don't just run into your opponents if you can't be sure of getting past them,"

"You guys in the center, move around more, don't compromise on our safety, but when the forwards need support, do your part, don't just send wayward passes forward and then stick back like the rest of the game doesn't concern you,"

Jason sat calmly watching the manager give tactical order after order to the players.

After all, it was one thing to lose a game and it was another thing to lose badly. Apart from keeping possession, the Tottenham team had been poor everywhere else, even defensively.

The only reason why the scoreline wasn't worse than it currently was, was because they had been keeping the ball to themselves most of the time.

Boavista had already managed to hit Tottenham on the counter quite a few times and they had already scored once.

Of course, the Tottenham players could argue that they weren't able to get into their rhythm because the line-up was unusual, but the fact of the matter remained that the players on the pitch were professionals.

If they as professionals couldn't deal with this much, then for what reason were they getting paid the big bucks?

Jason simply watched the manager spend the whole break period giving tactical orders and giving the players ideas and instructions on how to break down the opponent.

Surprisingly, despite the dismal showing from the players in the first half, Nuno didn't make any changes during the half-time period and the same lineup marched back onto the field at the beginning of the second half.

Before they headed out, Nuno had told Jason to stay ready as he would soon be subbed on.

Clearly the manager wasn't intending on taking any risks and he didn't trust the game to change rapidly despite all the instructions he had given.

After the second half began, the Tottenham players looked visibly sharper than in the second half and they began to show signs of breaking down their opponents, but just as the Tottenham players had received instructions, so had the Boavista players.

If Tottenham had received instructions to break down their opponents' defense line by any means necessary, Boavista had received the counter order.

No matter what happened, they did not seem willing to be broken down.

Starting with defending with all but one man behind the ball, they even opted to clear the ball upfield and rearrange themselves as soon as they sniffed any danger.

They also did not hesitate to waste time whenever they could despite the second half having just begun.

Tottenham still managed to get a few shots away with a header from a corner by Romero being the closest they got to being on target, but the ball went narrowly wide.

#62nd minute...

"Tell Jason to change and meet me for instructions," Nuno said to an assistant, finally fed up with the rubbish he was watching.

If any changes weren't made quickly enough, the team would end up losing and Nuno didn't want his first loss with the Tottenham team to come against an opponent like Boavista.

Especially in the new continental competition. A loss would affect morale and he didn't want that.

Jason who had been warming up for a while quickly changed into his jersey and walked up to Nuno.

"I need you to turn this game around. Bait them by moving infield when on the press and make them come forward to take advantage of the space your leaving position would open up,"

"If we can force them to come out, then we can try to get the ball up the field as fast as possible,"

"When you get on the ball, you have to draw the attention of the opponents. They will see you as the greater threat and that can free up the others,"

"So, draw away as many players as you can and then get the ball to the others as quickly as possible," Nuno instructed and Jason nodded.

Seconds later, Jason was beside the assistant referee who held up the board in his hand with Jason's No.17 in green.

Bergwijn was the one coming off for Jason and Jason quickly jogged to his position on the right flank.

#68th minute...

Jason immediately got to work on what the manager told him to do.

Whenever he got possession of the ball, he would run at the opponents, using feints to confuse his opponents and pull them away after him, forcing them to chase him before he quickly released the ball to a teammate.

If his team wasn't in possession, he joined the players in the center to press, leaving space on the right flank and baiting the Boavista players to try attacking down that side of the field.

It was a lot to ask of one player, especially one who was new at the club, but Nuno had no choice.

He had picked a weaker lineup and it was too difficult to make the changes that could save them now.

If he did force himself to make those changes, the players he had been trying to rest would stress themselves out chasing the game and with the Boavista team playing what many would term as 'haram ball', the players would definitely overstress themselves.

That would defeat the whole point of trying to rest them in the first place.

{Ball stolen by Nile John! Can he start a counter!??}

Nile quickly sent a through pass down the right into Jason's path and Jason quickly caught up to the ball, pushing it past the halfway line.

A Boavista player came rushing at Jason from the front, but on getting close enough, Jason pushed the ball between his legs with the tip of his toe and jumped over the tackle, continuing to chase after the ball.

Another player came rushing forward, forcing Jason to slow down a little before once again flicking the ball forward past the Boavista man.

The ball made it safely past, but the Boavista player did not allow Jason to do the same and with a sweeping outstretched leg, he whacked Jason's shin, sending waves of pain through Jason and sending Jason crashing down.

Chapter 800: Conference League Playoffs First Leg III

Falling and rolling over twice before finally stopping, Jason sat up and immediately held his hands up in complaint to the referee who was already rushing over.

{The referee's rushing over and giving the player who fouled a telling off!}

{He's making it clear that this kind of thing will not stand in his game. The Tottenham players were hoping for a hashier decision from the ref, but it was not to be}

{It's probably the last warning that man will be receiving though}

Jason wasn't happy with the referee's lenient decision, but there was nothing he could do about it.

The game continued and Jason continued right where he left off, pressing hard and moving more often than not into the center of the field.

Soon, another opportunity came and this time, he was in position. The Boavista players had moved upfield a little more than usual and wanting to quickly make use of this chance before they settled back again.

Jason back toward the midfield line, asking for the ball. The ball was quickly sent his way, but his marker had chased him up the field, so Jason passed the ball to Alli on his right with his first touch.

Alli immediately returned into Jason's path as he continued his run in a circle and began moving in towards the center.

{Smart move. Releasing the ball like that ensures he didn't have to turn with it, making him turn faster} the commentator's words followed Jason as he dashed, running towards the opponents box.

The earlier move had allowed him to quickly turn and avoid two players, but he quickly began giving chase and another followed blocking all sides apart from the space in front of him.

The space in front was still blocked by the Boavista defense line, but Jason didn't even get that far as the player on his right reached in over his shoulder and inserted a leg between Jason and the ball before pulling.

Jason was taken down by the tackle again and this time, the referee who had been intending to give Tottenham an advantage blew his whistle loudly when a Boavista player won the ball before it reached Scarlet who was in front of Jason.

{He's pushing hard, but they're doing everything they can to keep him from breaking them down!}

Breathing heavily, Jason got up more frustrated than in pain. He was at most a little winded from the tackle, but the kind of attention he was getting from the opponent was very annoying.

Annoyingly enough, the referee was keeping his cards in his pocket yet again. Now the players would only continue to harass him without fear of consequence.

However, there was nothing he could do about the situation other than to keep trying.

#72nd minute...

A pass from Romero found Jason just a yard before the midfield line.

Running towards the ball, Jason received the ball with a small flick to the left, sharply turned around on the ball as quickly as he could, pivoting on his right foot before pushing away powerfully with his left.

His marker slipped as he tried to follow after him, but got up immediately gave chase after Jason.

Jason however had rushed forward, advancing through the center before picking out Bryan on the left wing and sending a split through pass to the winger.

The ball flew forward uninterrupted and reached Bryan Gill, but Bryan's first touch wasn't a good one and the guy had to chase the ball a little to finally bring the ball under control before finally beginning to cut in.

Luckily, that had given Jason enough time to arrive just outside the penalty box and expecting a return ball as Bryan was now being marked by two players due to wasting time earlier.

"I'm open!" Jason called, but his shouts didn't seem to reach Bryan's ears.

Whether it was that he didn't see Jason or that he simply wasn't willing to pass, Bryan went against his markers, slowing down before suddenly flicking the ball to the left and dodging an outstretched as he chased after the ball.

Catching up to it right on the line before it went out of play for a corner kick, Bryan advanced into the penalty box on the line.

Not giving up, Jason followed into the penalty box as well, doing his best to stay unmarked and ready to shoot.

Yet despite being at the perfect position to make a pass, Bryan took a shot at goal instead, leaving Jason gesturing for the ball and having to watch the ball fly out of play before it even made it to the face of the goal.

{He's completely skewed that, hasn't he! What a waste of a fine opportunity!}

{His teammates are definitely not happy about that!} and the commentator was right.

Jason was furious.

They were losing a game and despite having a good chance to help the team equalize, the guy had chased personal glory and worse still, he had made an absolute blunder of it.

'I was right there, why didn't you just pass!? Fu*k!' Jason cursed internally, but the look of disgust he in his eyes clearly revealed his thoughts to the culprit.

Bryan apologized for the blunder, but the disappointment in Jason's eyes didn't dwindle in the slightest.

He only changed his focus and headed out of the penalty box as the game wasn't over yet.

The game soon resumed with a goal kick from Boavista.

#76th minute...

Another ball found Jason in the center of the field with his back facing the Boavista goal.

Making a quick feint to the left, he baited the two players behind him before suddenly turning on his right before dashing down the Boavista half of the field, advancing through the center with the players now chasing from behind.

{He's off again! Can he make it count this time!}

Space had finally opened up for Dane Scarlett to advance between the defenders and the striker did that quickly, rushing forward while expecting a pass from Jason.

{He has space!}

However, the ball didn't come because in his enthusiasm, he had moved a bit too quickly and was in an offside position as he ran forward.

Jason kept advancing, hoping the guy would correct his run and slow down his pace, but the guy just kept moving while expecting the pass, oblivious to his bad positioning.

Having no choice but to force the shot, Jason aimed and rifled a shot as powerfully as he could as he hadn't initially planned to shoot.

In unexpected situations like this, power was always better than placing as there was simply no time to place the ball.

Whack!

The ball flew powerfully at the top right corner of the Boavista goal.

{This one for the equalizer!}