

Legends 801

Chapter 801: Conference League Playoffs First Leg IV

****Swish!***

{Ohhhhhhh! It's gone in! Oh it's gone in} the commentator as the ball made itself at home in the top right corner.

The Boavist goalkeeper had lunged at the ball spectacularly, but no human made of flesh and blood was getting to that shot.

{In the end, he was too hot for them to handle and finally, he's stamped his presence on the game in a way that they will never forget!}

{They had to wait till now to get it, but with their first shot on target, a beauty of a goal}

{A banger it certainly was and from this man, it's becoming customary to expect nothing less!}

Surprisingly, Jason only gave an unexcited, almost nonchalant series of fist pumps and began heading back towards his team's half, sharing hugs and high fives with the rest of the team.

When Dane came around, Jason whispered to him,

"You were offside earlier, that's why I had to shoot. Watch your positioning next time,"

"Right... thanks, mad goal by the way,"

"Yeah, I didn't expect it either. Luckily your run pulled the defenders enough for me to get the shot away," Jason grinned.

"So I did do something," Dane brightened up visibly.

Jason just shrugged with a smile and continued moving.

They soon returned to their positions, and the game resumed again.

As soon as the game resumed the, Tottenham went on the press, moving with the high morale their goal had given them.

Surprisingly, Boavista didn't twitch. Everyone expected them to react instantly and try to regain their lead, but Boavista players settled in their half of the field and continued playing their haram ball.

However despite the situation looking like that, Jason could see that they had not exactly given up on regaining their lead, they just weren't rushing to do so.

With them not changing their tactics, Jason had no need to change his.

But as the match continued, the game visibly heated up despite there seemingly being no changes in the tactics from the two sides.

82nd minute...

With the ball moving rapidly among the Boavista players in the center of the field, Jason had left his wing to join the press leaving his flank a bit open.

Once again, the Boavista team bit the bait and sent the ball down that flank.

Jason instantly returned to his flank, covering the back and blocking the escape route, but a one-two from two Boavista players eliminated Doherty and the Boavista team advanced further before a cross was sent into Tottenham's penalty box.

Luckily, Gollini was quick off his line and smoothly gathered. Spotting Jason up the field, he didn't bother with any delay tactics and sent the ball flying up the field towards Jason.

Catching sight of the ball flying towards him, Jason mentally calculated and estimated where the ball would land.

Moving into position, he moved his right leg backward and caught the ball underneath him with the top of his foot, not letting it bounce and making the move look as simple as if he was breathing.

{He traps it without a bounce. Amazing control!} The commentator exclaimed, but Jason didn't stop there.

Moving the ball forward a bit, Jason made as if to cut infield, only to swing his right leg over the ball, before pulling it back at double the speed and flicking the ball in the other direction before taking off down the flank, leaving behind a crumpled mess that used to be his marker.

{He's away!}

The player had tried to follow Jason's movements, only to be tricked by the feint and slipped when he tried to correct his body position and give chase.

Jason wasn't free for long and other Boavista player quickly took the guy's place, but unknown to them, Jason wasn't in that much of a hurry.

After all, despite receiving the ball high up the pitch, he was alone in alone territory while the Boavista players hadn't been pressing up the pitch so there were at least 6 players between him and goal.

Moving forward at a pace that was neither too slow or too fast, Jason continued further down the flank thanks to the Boavista players not committing to a tackle.

Thankfully, the Tottenham players had begun racing up the field and into dangerous positions, and soon there were two Tottenham players at the edge of Boavista's penalty box with more players not far behind.

Changing his tempo, Jason rolled the ball forward with his left leg, squaring off against his marker who still wasn't biting the bullet.

{He cuts in! He wants to take his marker's on!}

Doing two step overs, Jason pushed the ball forward before suddenly cutting back with half a back chop.

His marker was beginning to have a harder time following and was almost thankful that Jason stopped, but it was only for half a second as Jason now directly facing him, did another two-step overs and then moved to pass the ball infield.

{He's looking for support. He might not need it!}

The Boavista player lifted his leg to block the pass only for Jason to fake the pass and cut to the right again, pushing the ball forward out of the marker's range as well as the player behind him.

Chipping the ball into the center towards the waiting head of Dane Scarlett but before the ball reached Scarlett, a Boavista man jumped high, beating the Tottenham striker in the air and headed the ball backwards, sending it high and across the face of goal, completely out of the reach of everyone.

Bryan quickly raced after the ball, just barely reaching it after it bounced outside the box.

Turning with the ball, He faced off against his marker and tried to get the ball back into the box by beating his man, but the ball was quickly swept out of his legs and then cleared up the field by the Boavista defender.

{Tottenham have been poor in front of goal today and another chance goes begging}

{How! Just how did that beautiful chance end up like that!?!} The commentator raged.

He was also a football fan and every pure football fan would wince when beautiful goal scoring chances were wasted away.

However, the commentator soon shut his mouth about the wasted chance as the ball was quickly collected by Carter Vickers and was sent back up the field, soon finding Jason on the right flank again.

{Again, he's going up against his marker's! Will this have end better than the previous chance!}

Doing two step overs again, Jason suddenly tried to sweep the ball to the left, but this time his marker wasn't staying as passive.

The Boavista man shot his leg out before Jason moved, predicting Jason's movements, but he was a bit too slow to stop the ball, however, he managed to hit Jason's leg from above, causing it to move lower towards the ground while still shooting forward.

The studs of Jason's boot instantly dug into the artificial grass turf and by sheer luck, somehow got stuck, coming to a sudden stop.

Chapter 802: 2b, 2c or Full Rupture?

Jason's leg that had been shooting forward came to a sudden stop due to getting stuck in the artificial grass turf and with such a sudden stop of movement, the brunt of that impact was his achilles tendon.

Jason fell to the ground immediately, sure that he felt something give as his leg hit the ground.

He could swear that he heard something pop... Or snap, and whichever it was... It definitely wasn't a good sign.

Without Jason to chase the ball, it rolled out of play and the referee blew for a goal kick.

{He's gone down and the chance goes begging! Tottenham will have to try again!}

Adjusting his socks, Jason tried to figure out what had happened, but he didn't feel any instant pain, just a feeling that something was wrong, however, he couldn't put a finger on it.

Only when he tried to stand did he realize where the problem was.

His right calf ached a little as he stood, and when he tried to jog back up the pitch, a sharp pain shot through as he tried to push off on his right leg.

"Fu*k," he gasped, breathing heavily and sitting back on the ground immediately, raising his hand for the referee's attention.

{He's down again and that's not a good sign}

The commentator's words instantly made all the Tottenham fans silent and worry shot through them.

The referee quickly jogged over, as well as other Tottenham players.

After a quick check on Jason's situation with Jason telling him that he could barely stand on his own, the referee allowed the medics to come onto the pitch.

{The medics are coming on. The player is in clearly more discomfort than his face shows}

Jason told the medics the symptoms and the medics quickly got to checking.

A touch test, range of motion, and Thompson test later, the medics affirmed the thoughts they had the moment they heard the symptoms from Jason.

"He shouldn't continue,"

"He can't even continue," they whispered to themselves before telling the referee of their decision.

{They're helping him off the field and it looks like Tottenham will be making a change}

{Things just went from bad to the worse for the Tottenham players. An injury after such a beautiful display}

{The opposition fans are applauding as he leaves the field. He's been a thorn in their side as soon as he got on the pitch, but they wouldn't wish an injury on him... At least some of them}

{Let's hope this injury wouldn't keep him out for long. The Tottenham fans must be wishing the same}

After being helped off he was guided just past the bench area and his boot was taken off, first aid beginning immediately.

Soon, ice was being held to the Achilles area and the area was slowly beginning to swell.

In all of this, Jason just sat calmly as if he weren't the one injured. He had been injured enough in his past reality that there was nothing new about the emotional impact of an injury.

That wasn't to say he was completely unaffected, however, he had learnt from experience that no amount of sadness, frustration, or anger would shorten his recovery time by even one hour.

Instead of getting angry or frustrated, he chose silent acceptance.

While his teammates and other players would be contesting in the premier league for the next few weeks, he was getting a forced vacation, crutches, and a hellish recovery schedule in the upcoming future.

...

Okay, that was pretty annoying, but there was still nothing he could do to change it, after all, he had been sent to the past with nothing but his memories.

Unlike some other protagonists who had systems that aided them through doping... He didn't get nada.

While Jason was deep in his thoughts, the team's physio who had checked Jason was talking to Nuno.

"This isn't a knock. He'll be out for weeks, months even," he told Nuno.

"Sh*t," Nuno cursed.

As a manager, he knew what Jason brought to his team, despite the guy not having even played a full 90 minutes.

"We did tell you he's at injury risk," the medic replied.

"You said his ankle, that doesn't look like his ankle," Nuno almost screamed.

"Well, ankle, shmankle. It looks like his achilles tendon has a partial tear and it looks like it might be serious, a 2b, maybe even bordering a 2c," the physio replied.

"Speak English," Nuno shot back.

"Shouldn't it be Portuguese, you know, as you're a Portuguese and all, okay sorry sorry," the physio joked a bit, but his smile disappeared when he saw the dirty look Nuno was giving him.

"It's severity. A 2b tear is when about fifteen to thirty percent of the fibers in that area are torn. If that's his situation, we're looking at 4-6 weeks,"

"2c is thirty to fifty percent and we're talking 8-12 weeks, but if it's a full rupture then well... Surgery, he might be out anywhere from 6 months to a whole year,"

"But I can safely say that's only about a 20% chance," The man shrugged.

"20%? Why 20? 20 is too high. You've not even done a diagnosis yet," Nuno was losing his mind.

What he had watched from the other players today had refreshed his mind that there was a lot to be done in this team and losing one of the most impressive players he had at this moment to a year long injury was the worst that could happen.

He could have been sacked thrice within a year.

"Hey Nuno, I've been a physio longer than you've been coach, don't you think I'd know an Achilles injury when I see one, and that I'll be able to estimate,"

"Just relax. Worry isn't going to solve anything. We just have to make sure he's back on time and this time, we cannot... Skimp on his recovery,"

"We have to prevent further injuries no matter what. Forget whatever the board wants, no more rushing players back from injuries... Ah wait, you wouldn't know about that,"

"Anyways, I'll keep him settled and we'll do a full diagnosis when we get back to the club," the physio ended the conversation.

Chapter 803: 2c

Perhaps it was worry about Jason or the fact that Jason was no longer on the pitch, but after the game continued, the Tottenham side seemed to have lost most of their driving force.

With the Boavista side continuing to play frustrating football, the time completely ran out and the game ended rightfully in a draw.

Jason had already been assisted into the dressing room long before the game ended and had already undergone some more first aid treatment while the medics did a little more basic diagnosis.

They checked his range of motion, checked his push-off strength and tried to estimate how bad things were, but the only thing they were able to confirm was that it was indeed an Achilles tear injury and that the tendon wasn't completely ruptured.

However the symptoms were pretty bad, but the medical staff didn't rush to make any judgements as the injury had just happened.

Deciding against waiting behind at Portugal to fully diagnose, they decided to travel back to England before getting a full diagnosis at the club's facilities.

Jason just nodded curtly to most of the things they were saying to him after following through with all the things they asked him to do while diagnosing and treating his injury.

He was mostly in his own thoughts and wasn't paying attention to what they were doing because while he knew that there was nothing his worrying would do, he couldn't completely stop it.

He was already feeling aggrieved at the thoughts of missing quite a few games in the foreseeable future.

The thoughts of the aftereffects of the injury were another worry, but there was nothing he could do at this moment.

When the players finally returned to the locker room after the game, he received quite the number of worried looks and well wishes on his recovery.

Funnily enough, the atmosphere his injury had covered the air playing terribly had brought.

Even Nuno had toned down his post match address to the players because he was more worried on how to change his plans for the season now that Jason was injured.

All in all, there was a pretty somber mood at the Tottenham locker room.

At the post match press conference, Nuno had already spoken about the team's mostly poor performance in the game while also highlighting the team's strong points.

When he was asked about Jason's injury, he didn't divulge the information he already had and simply said that the club would release an official statement about the situation.

He also tried to downplay the seriousness of the injury, not wanting to cause a huge decrease in the morale of the fans.

Time passed quickly after that and the next day right after getting back to Hotspur way, Jason was rushed off to get a full MRI scan and a detailed physical assessment and it was confirmed that it was a 2c tear.

Almost 40% of the muscles in the area had been disrupted and it was confirmed that he would be out for 8 to 12 weeks, or maybe even more, depending on how quickly he recovered.

"I'll draw up your recovery plan, you'll be back soon enough, it's not too bad so don't feel too down," Nick Stubbings, the team's doctor told Jason.

"Right. There's no risk of after effects, right?" Jason asked.

"None if you heal properly. It may seem like it even after your recovery with some soreness sometimes or like reduced strength in those muscles, but that's only part of the healing process,"

"After you're recovered enough to play, your tendon muscles will still need to be built up back to your pre-injury levels,"

"It may feel a bit disjointed but you'll have to patient as that will happen soon enough as well. You have nothing to worry about," Nick replied patiently.

"Right, thanks," Jason replied, thankful that the medical opinion was that there wouldn't be any long-term after effects from his injury.

"Enough about that though. How are you going to cope with daily life? Your recovery schedule is not light, like at all,"

"You're going to have to be at the training ground almost every day so that we can monitor your healing process and help with the recovery process," Nick stated.

"You just got here and I don't think you even have a house yet. Will we have to get you a nurse or something, and you can stay in the club's accomodation?" he asked.

"Nah, don't worry about it. I'm actually supposed to move in like next week. Also, my girlfriend's flying in today. I'll be okay, I guess," Jason remembering Adele's decision the previous night to take a leave and come to England.

He definitely needed help as for a while as even walking alone was difficult right now.

"You're all set then. I look forward to your quick recovery then," Nick grinned at Jason.

While Nick was preparing Jason's recovery schedule, Nuno stopped by to give Jason a few words of encouragement and also made a promise that Jason's status in the starting line-up would not be affected by the injury.

Jason accepted the sentiment but knew that it was more or less an empty promise.

He wasn't exactly worried about his playtime right now, but he knew that if he didn't play well after coming back from an injury, he would be sidelined, especially if there were other players doing better.

Luckily, Jason didn't exactly have too much competition for a spot, but that didn't exactly mean he could relax either.

However, that was a matter that was on hold till he recovered enough to play football again.

Apart from the manager, some other players stopped by to check on him and wish him a safe recovery.

"How long till you're back?" Son asked Jason.

"It's 2c so they said 8 to 12 weeks, but I don't know man, either way it's a long time," Jason sighed.

"The fans will be gutted to know you'll be out for that long," Kane said, rubbing his chin.

"That makes two of us," Jason replied with a bitter smile.

"Three actually, I'm pretty gutted," Kane laughed honestly.

He had watched Jason's performance the last two matches and had actually begun looking forward to playing with Jason, but unfortunately, the guy had gotten injured.

"Just get back stronger, we'll be waiting for you," Kane told him before he left with Son. The two of them couldn't stay for long.

Chapter 804: Recovery Begins

Tottenham released an official statement that stated, *Jason Bolu has sustained a mid-grade Achilles Tendon injury and will be assessed daily*

The news hit the Tottenham fans who were waiting expectantly and still disappointed from the team's performance in Portugal.

The club hadn't stated how long he would be out for, but with that much information, they could tell that he wouldn't be back too soon.

As they began to consider what impact this would have on their season, the affected player was just getting back to his hotel room, assisted by Adele.

"Thank you," Jason said to Adele as he lay on his bed, raising his leg carefully and setting it gingerly onto the bed.

"Are you alright? Does it hurt?" Adele asked, her eyes switching between looking at his leg in a protective boot and his face for signs of pain.

"I'll be alright as long as I don't move too much,"

"Don't look so worried, it's only a minor injury. It'll only impair my movement for like three weeks," Jason said, noting the worried look on her face.

"You know that's not what I'm worried about,"

"How did you even end up with an injury like that? I was watching and it didn't look like you got hit hard," Adele asked.

"It was the pitch actually. There's a reason why footballers don't really like artificial pitches,"

"Apart from it feeling different, it grips too much so there's strain on quick turns, so there's usually an increased risk of injuries,"

"Also the ball moves different on artificial grass too, that's probably one of the reasons why the other guys could barely get a pass correct all night," Jason enlightened his agent.

"Oh..."

"So we were just unlucky that we happened to be playing against those guys," Jason shrugged, grabbing the TV remote on the bedside table.

"Can you arrange dinner, I'm starving,"

"Something sweet please," Jason asked Adele with pleading eyes.

"What would you do without me?" Adele smirked, rolling her eyes before going to the intercom to make a request for food.

"... Women," Jason shook his head and continued looking for a good show to watch.

The rest of the day passed quickly and the next day, Jason was back at the club for the beginning of his recovery schedule.

Since the injury was still pretty fresh, the only thing he was made to do was some assisted walking to keep his muscles active.

He also did a few upper body and core exercises. Nothing too stressful.

That was his schedule for the first week of recovery.

Another day passed and it was Tottenham's second game of the season and it was an away match against Wolves.

Injured as he was, Jason could only watch the match from the comfort of his hotel room.

Early on in the game, Tottenham got a penalty after Dele Alli was slipped a tidy pass behind the Wolves defence by Reguilon, but was taken down by the Wolves goalkeeper.

Jose Sa had lunged for the ball but ended up catching Dele by the legs after the man moved the ball away from the goalkeeper's grasp.

The penalty was smoothly put away by Dele Alli less than a minute later and the Tottenham fans erupted in cheers from the safety of their homes.

The game continued and the rest of the first half wasn't too boring, but it wasn't too interesting either.

In the 34th minute, Traore managed to beat Tanganga to send in a low cross from the left. The ball first found Moutinho who sent it to Raul Jimenez at the edge of the penalty box with a single touch.

Jimenez hit the ball calmly, trying to place it to the top right corner but put too much weight behind it and the ball flew over the goal, much to the joy of Lloris who despite diving did not manage to cover the top right corner of his goal.

The first half ended shortly after and fifteen minutes later, the game continued with Tottenham kicking off the second half.

Both sides attacked well and defended well and the match stayed with Tottenham in lead until the 61st minute when they came close to losing their lead.

Neves unleashed an amazing pass that somehow made it behind the Tottenham backline and straight into the path of Adama Traore who charged forward like a rushing freight train.

Taking control of the ball and facing Lloris one on one, every single Tottenham supporter had their hearts in a lurch as Traore hit the ball, but Lloris who had been quick off his line managed to block the ball with his legs.

The Tottenham captain was not about to let Wolves ruin his 300th appearance for the club and stood strong.

Three minutes later, Lloris once again with the ball after another failed attack from Wolves, smelled the chance for a counter attack and sent the ball forward powerfully with a high punt.

With a clever run, Bergwijn made it past his man to get to the ball as it landed in Wolves' half of the field.

Facing off against two Wolves defenders, he kept pushing forward, keeping the ball close till he was about a yard away from the penalty box and then unleashed a powerful shot at goal.

Jose Sa lunged into action, managing to block the shot. The ball bounced away, but was soon caught by Son who fired at goal again, but the rebound shot was once again blocked by Jose Sa.

Once again, the ball came towards Son who after the earlier shot, tried to be more patient and careful, but by the time he hit the ball at goal, Wolves defender, Kilman was there to block it with a tackle block.

Finally, in the 72nd minute, one face every Tottenham fan had been waiting for appeared on the sidelines for a substitution.

It was Harry Kane who was now fit enough to play without issue. He was subbed on for Son who had been playing outside of his natural position to fill in for Tottenham's greatest danger man.

With a fresh Kane coming on, Wolves felt a greater sense of crisis and tried to attack more, but thanks to splendid defending from the Tottenham side, they just couldn't make any waves.

In the 81st minute, Bergwijn with wonderful skill broke away down the left and found Harry Kane with a low cross.

The striker unleashed a first-time shot, but the ball was blocked and fell into Bergwijn's path and Bergwijn immediately bounced on the rebound, but that was also blocked by the Wolves goalkeeper.

Another three minutes later, Jose Sa blocked a glancing header from Eric Dier, keeping Wolves' chances alive, but the other players on the team weren't doing enough to get back in the game and the match ended with a narrow win for the Tottenham side.

Chapter 805: Week By Week: Recovery Begins II

26th August 2021

Tottenham Stadium

The second leg between Tottenham and Boavista had begun at the Tottenham stadium and less than five minutes into the game, Boavista had realized that the Tottenham side they were facing was a completely different side from the one they faced just a week prior.

Sure there were a few changes with the most notable one being Harry Kane who was making his first start for Tottenham this season, but everywhere else over the pitch, things were completely different from the previous game.

In the ninth minute, the ball was stolen from a Boavista forward making a run after stealing the ball earlier.

After stealing the ball, Ben Davies sent a forward pass behind the line to Bryan Gil who received the ball, slowed down and cut the ball back to Harry Kane in the box.

The Tottenham striker coolly slotted the ball home, taking the lead for Tottenham early on in the game.

Right after the game, Tottenham went back on the attack and Bryan Gil rifled a shot from outside the penalty box that was deflected off a Boavista player and slammed against the left post before going out of play.

Tottenham was in a flow state, attacking well, controlling the game and defending well and soon enough another chance came for Tottenham with Kane taking a shot at the goal from just outside the box.

The goalkeeper managed to block the shot, but was unable to hold onto it, allowing Lo Celso to get on it and keep it alive in the area long enough for Harry Kane to arrive and finally drill the ball home.

Already with a brace in the 34th minute, Kane celebrated joyously with his teammates and the Tottenham fans could finally heave a sigh of relief.

It was very unlikely that they would bottle a game like this at this point.

In the second half, Lo Celso took a free kick from the right side of the penalty box and he fired it direct.

In a bid to head it clear, a Boavista player lunged at the ball, managing to touch it with his head, but all he managed to do was deflect it out of the goalkeeper's and every other Boavista players's path and the ball ended up in the back of the goal.

{Three! Surely now, there's no way back!}

Minutes later, substitute Bergwijn ran in from the left, getting past his marker and taking a shot from a pretty tight corner, managing to scare the Boavista players out of their minds, but the ball only hit the bar, much to the dismay of the player and the Tottenham fans.

Finally, the match ended with Tottenham clearly the winning side and Boavista were left to rue their missed chance at any European football for this season.

As it was still inconvenient to move, Jason was only able to watch the game from his hotel room.

It was especially advised that he stay away from crowded areas. Anything could happen that could aggravate his injury.

With no other joy than the fact that his team had won and that one week of twelve had gone by, Jason got right back to recovery the rest day.

The second week of his recovery schedule had him doing short-distance controlled walking and gentle ankle mobility with no resistance.

The pain had begun to reduce, and feeling was beginning to return to his leg but it still felt fragile.

While Jason was focused on his recovery, the other Tottenham players were preparing for the next premier league game against Watford.

Finally, on matchday, they proved that their preparations weren't a waste and managed to win by a narrow one goal lead.

A free kick from Son out on the left just three minutes before halftime was cleverly hit and the ball evaded everyone, and nestled in the back of the net.

It was the perfect way to mark his 200th Premier League appearance for the Tottenham side.

That goal and superb defending from the Tottenham defenders to keep a hold of their lead was enough for Tottenham to take home another three points.

The Hornets strived as hard as they could, but they just couldn't drive their sting home against a stronger Tottenham side.

It was Tottenham's third consecutive win since the season began and was enough to take them to the top of the league table.

With a win to wrap up the month and right before the international break, the Tottenham players who were called up to their national teams left for their international break high on morale.

The rest who weren't called up continued training at the club to keep themselves sharp.

Jason was also doing his own training, but it wasn't to stay sharp.

With his recovery period reaching the third week and the pain from his injury reducing even more it was time to start working on reintroducing safe muscle engagement.

Calf holds, resistance band ankle work with low resistance, and finally some hydrotherapy, mainly pool walking and some light swimming.

Then he was made to do more gym work involving his upper body and core.

At this point, Jason could already walk normally most of the time and there was barely any limping anymore, but he still had to avoid walking long distances or high-intensity activities.

By the time the Tottenham players finally returned from their international break, the third week of Jason's recovery was already rounding up.

11th September 2021

While Jason continued his recovery at Hotspur way, the rest of the Tottenham squad had travelled to Selhurst Park for the match against Crystal Palace.

However, there were a few missing faces from the expected Tottenham side.

Unluckily for Tottenham, Son and Bergwijn returned from international duty with injuries, thinning out an already thin squad.

Davinson Sanchez also hadn't returned yet as he was currently in isolation in Croatia after playing World cup qualifiers for Colombia.

As if that wasn't already a bad enough precursor, early on in the game, Eric Dier sustained an injury that forced him to be substituted.

Despite all these misfortunes, Tottenham managed to see out the first half without any issue as they were quite solid at the back.

Their attacking left a little to be desired as they didn't have any chances to speak of the whole of the first half.

However all hell broke loose in the second half of the game.

Chapter 806: Week By Week: Beginning of the End

At the 53rd minute, Tanganga was shown a yellow card after roughly tackling Zaha when Crystal Palace were on the attack.

Tempers flared and only after the referee intervene did things cool off, but just five minutes later Tanganga made another tackle, this time a mistimed one on Ayew.

Missing the ball, he brought down the Crystal Palace man and without bothering to waste any words, the referee pulled out his cards and showed Tanganga a second yellow, followed by a red.

Things were looking even worse for the already shaken Tottenham side, but they managed to soldier on, doing their best, but their best could only carry them so far.

Things finally came to a head when just 14 minutes to the end of the 90, a cross from Gallagher ended with the ball contacting Davies's arm and the referee immediately blew his whistle, pointing to the spot.

The bad luck Tottenham had been battling with had layered one on top of the other and finally they conceded a penalty that was driven home by Zaha.

Zaha sent Lloris in the wrong direction with his penalty and claimed the lead for Crystal Palace among the loud cheers of their fans at Selhurst Park.

The match continued after that with Tottenham doing their best to equalize the game, but just eight minutes later, Zaha found the new Crystal Palace striker Edouard with a low cross and after trapping the ball, the striker drove it low into the far corner just seconds after coming off the bench.

Unfortunately, that wasn't the worst for Tottenham as another nine minutes later, three minutes after the ninety, Gallagher found Edouard once again and the striker once again struck the ball past Lloris.

Tottenham were stunned.

They were the top of the league just before the break, but now they were being utterly thrashed by Crystal Palace.

It was a day to forget for sure.

Of course many things fell wrongly for the Tottenham side almost to the point that one didn't need to be a fan for conspiracy theories to think it was a set-up, but Tottenham only crowned their opponent's efforts by not playing up to par with what their badge required of them.

In the post match press conference Nuno mentioned how disappointing it was that they had lost.

They had been coming off so much confidence, with the team being at the top of the table and he himself having received the manager of the month award for August.

"We knew it was going to be tough, but we didn't perform like we showed before and we didn't play a good game,"

"Honestly, I believe we should do better in all aspects of the game,"

"There were so many obstacles during the game and we were constantly trying to find solutions so it was tough on the boys and then we went a man down and it got even harder,"

"Trying to look for a goal with one man less, the imbalance comes. We have to analyse, and we have a lot of work to do," Nuno said to the reporters when asked about the game.

Back at Hotspur Way, it was an understatement to say Jason was shocked by the news of the results, but there was nothing he could do for the team right now.

Clearly, he wasn't going to recover in time to deal with the team's immediate troubles so he could only hope for the manager to find a way for the team to deal with the current situation before it became an injury crisis for the club.

Jason continued his recovery in silence.

It was already the fourth week of his recovery which meant it was time to begin rebuilding the achilles tendon's strength as it healed.

His main work was on a stationary bike, cycling for tens of minutes and he did balance work and double leg calf raises every so often after getting off the stationary bike to rest.

Of course, he had to be careful not to overwork himself in the process of recovery, but since this was recovery training, the physio assigned to him ensured that he didn't cross the line and stress his injury.

****16th September 2021****

The Tottenham side travelled to France for their first group stage of the Europa Conference League against Stade Rennais and trying to get back to winning ways after the shocker against Crystal Palace they had played exemplary attacking football.

A move involving Oliver Skipp, Harry Kane and Tanguy Ndombele led to Lucas Moura getting the ball on the flank.

Cutting in before making a low cross, the ball was somehow turned into his own net by the Stade Rennais defender, Bade.

With an own goal from Stade Rennais giving them the lead, Tottenham tried to double their lead, but Stade Rennais fought back just as hard.

Coming close a couple of times before Flaven Tait managed to unleash a curler from just outside the box that was too hot for Gollini to handle.

Things got worse for Tottenham after their opponents equalized as Bergwijn and Moura got injured and had to be replaced.

Things were getting tough for the Tottenham side and soon after the second half began, Stade Rennais took the lead for the first time in the game.

Another long-range effort from Rennais, this time from Sulemana, flew at goal but Gollini managed to get a hand to it, however he wasn't able to hold onto the ball and it rolled into the path of Laborde.

The Stade Rennais forward kicked the ball into the back of Tottenham's goal with his first touch, taking the lead and completing a comeback for his side.

However, Tottenham didn't plan on going down so easily and just easily, Lo Celso found Doherty on the right flank.

Targeting Harry Kane, he sent the ball flying into Stade Rennais's 18-yard box, but before the ball reached Kane, Tait lunged for it, trying to clear it, but he only deflected it into the path of Hojberg who was right in front of the goalkeeper.

With a left-footed poke on the ball to send it to the left side of the goal, Hojberg completely bypassed the Stade Rennais goalkeeper to give his team the equalizer they sorely wanted.

After the equalizer, things were even again and both sides continued trying to score, but there was nothing forthcoming other than a few close chances until the whistle to end the match was finally blown.

Chapter 807: Match Streaming

****19th September 2021****

In the Tottenham Stadium, a match was about to begin. Chelsea, coming all the way from North London were at the Tottenham Stadium for their and Tottenham's fifth match of the season.

With such a big showing, a number of Spurs legends were in attendance and watching from pitchside seats and the atmosphere was already heating up before the players even marched onto the pitch.

While all the action was taking place at the Tottenham stadium, something else was happening at Hotspur way.

Jason, Bergwijn and Lucas, the three currently injured players of the Tottenham squad were about to do a live match viewing from one of the lounges in the Tottenham accommodation.

After the previous match's loss against Crystal Palace, the club's media team had come up with this idea to try to entertain the fans, boost morale, and foster togetherness as a team.

And what better way to do this than to involve the players who currently weren't available for club activities but were still very much loved by the fans.

There had been a bit of promotion before the event so as soon as they went live, fans began flooding in.

A lot of Tottenham fans were already at the stadium to watch the game, but a greater number was in front of screens to watch the game and among them, a lot of the fans tuned in to the match streaming as it was essentially the same thing as watching the match, but with some added content as well.

"Hey guys, welcome to the uh, the stream,"

"We'll be watching the guys battle it out with those boys from West London, of course in full support of our guys," Jason took the lead as he had been made the main anchor of the show because well, he fit the most.

He had been injured the longest, but he was currently the most fit one among the three and could already walk without a limp.

He didn't even feel any more pain in his leg for daily activities... however, things changed when he was training.

That aside, he was currently the one the fans wanted to interact with the most and he had the visuals to pull in more traffic so he was the front face.

"We don't really need to do introductions, but just in case you don't already know, I'm Jason Bolu and I play for Tottenham Hotspur,"

"Steven Bergwijn," Steven said from one of the chairs.

"Lucas," Lucas did a two-finger salute at the camera that pointed in his direction.

"And together we are the Rehab Room Boys," Jason finished the introductions.

"Pftttttt, *Cough* *Cough*" the water Bergwijn was trying to drink ended up in the wrong place after he burst into laughter.

"I didn't agree to that," Lucas shouted, not wanting anything to do with such an embarrassing nickname.

"I didn't ask. Bite me," Jason grinned.

"You're lucky I'm injured," Lucas scoffed and turned away.

"We're all injured, that's why we're the recovery room boys," Jason shot back.

After the little back-and-forth to get things rolling, Jason looked at the TV screen which was also being displayed on their stream, but it was currently being shown in the bottom right of the screen as the game hadn't started yet and the current focus of the stream was the banter between the players.

Once the game began, the scenes would switch places with the stream of Jason and the others being at the bottom corner while the match would be the full focus.

Reading some of the comments that had been flying in for a while, Jason changed the topic to the match.

"So... you guys think we can win?" Jason asked his co-hosts.

"Definitely, but I think it'll be a tight match," Steven replied.

"I think it'll be a difficult match. There is no better team, but both sides have their strengths and weaknesses,"

"They have the better defenders, no disrespect to our guys of course. Their ball-winning ability is strong and once Kante gets on the pitch, it'll be even stronger, and their forwards are not bad,"

"We have the better forwards, a strong midfield that can fight for the ball and good defense as well,"

"We'll have to watch out for set-pieces, but I think it'll boil down to luck, determination and well... more luck,"

"Matches like this one are impossible to predict," Lucas said a lot at a stretch.

"Well, you definitely know a lot more from experience, senior man," Jason gave a little mock salute and read a bit more of the comments.

"Many of the viewers agree with you, though there are some optimistic ones and some pessimistic ones," Jason added.

"Well, what do you think?" Lucas asked Jason.

"... I think three things. We need to manage three things if we want to win,"

"Setpieces, Kante, counterattacks," Jason stated.

"Oh, how so?" Bergwijn asked.

"Well, for one, set-pieces, especially corners and freekicks, since they have players like Alonso, Jorghino, Ziyech, and even that Saul guy they loaned. Those guys can put balls in places our guys can't even reach... unfortunately,"

"Even more unfortunate, is that they have players who are very strong in the air. Lukaku, Rudiger, Thiago Silva. If that ball lands in the wrong place in our penalty box, then we're going to be in a lot of trouble,"

"Second, Kante. I haven't played against him yet, but he looks like a nightmare. He wins that ball back so much that I think I'd rather just avoid facing off against him if we played," Jason admitted truthfully.

"Eh? Is this you admitting defeat? I mean, you do have a good point, but," Bergwijn began.

"I'm not admitting defeat, but you gotta give honor to whom honor is due, you know?" Jason shrugged, not embarrassed in the slightest.

He hated troublesome opponents like Kante after all. Even if it wasn't impossible to get past those guys, they frustrated one a lot and tired one out excessively.

"Anyway, finally, counterattacks. I shouldn't really have to explain this one,"

"If Kante gets on that field and starts winning the ball in the center, and then Jorghino, Alonso, or Ziyech distribute the ball quickly, and then we have players like Havertz, Mount, or god forbid, Werner, running at our defence,"

"Then we might as well just pack it up," Jason stated, grabbing a bottle of water.

"Manager level analysis for real. God really does play favorites," Bergwijn said with a mock smile.

"Uh, this isn't talent. It's experience," Jason replied.

"You're 21! What experience could you possibly have?" Bergwijn shot back.

"Oh, fair point," Jason suddenly remembered that he was only 21 right now.

"Don't forget that he's won more trophies in the past 2 seasons than the club's won in the last 20 years. He's seen a bit more than we have,"

Pffffttttt!

The water Jason had been drinking sprayed out of his mouth instantly.

"Oh hell no. I can already see the headlines," Bergwijn managed to say, shocked out of his mind.

"You're not supposed to say that on air, man!"

"What? It's the truth!"

The Tottenham fans watching the live stream were already glad that they had tuned in, though the comment about the trophies stung quite a bit.

Chapter 808: Match Streaming II

"How's your injury coming along?" Jason read out a comment from the screen that had been placed in front of him for that purpose.

"My injury? Well, it's been a month and I'm healing well, but I'm still ways off before I can be considered match fit,"

"Might be another month, Might be two," Jason shrugged, not fully sure himself.

There was only an estimated recovery time. There weren't any specific dates as no one could actually perfectly calculate a person's healing factor.

"Who do you think would win?" Jason read another comment.

"I don't actually know. I hope it's us though. We've been playing pretty well so far too," Jason replied.

He was taking the chance to answer a few questions to keep the interaction between the players and the fans going.

Since the match had settled into a bit of a deadlock, there wasn't anything particularly exciting going on at the moment.

Tottenham had started strong, pressing well, passing well, moving well and confidently attacking the opponents.

They had controlled possession and the game's flow, managing to limit Chelsea's counter attack attempts.

They had also managed to completely stop Chelsea from getting a single shot on target so far, but Chelsea had also been impressive defensively, managing to do the same to Tottenham despite them controlling the game.

Clearly, Chelsea was under more pressure, but they were handling the pressure pretty well and despite being rattled a few times, they showed no signs of cracking under the pressure.

The more time passed, the more Tottenham's dominance reduced as the players out on the pitch didn't have infinite energy and focus to keep playing at high intensity all through.

Soon it was half time and neither team had managed to score even a shot on target from each other.

"Well, it's definitely a tough match, but I think we have the upper hand," Steven said.

"If we keep this up, then we might have this one in the bag," Lucas added with a thoughtful nod.

"Right, right," Jason affirmed.

"They have been really good defensively in the first half so they probably have more energy up front than we do so we really need to be especially careful in the first few minutes of the second half," Lucas noted, hopeful that Nuno was thinking the same thing.

"From the first half performance so far, what do you think we need to do to crack that defense. It's been particularly annoying today and Harry can barely get a sniff of goal," Jason asked Lucas and Steven.

"Well for one, you can get on the pitch. The stadium is really not that far away. You'll make it in time to get some good minutes in the second half," Steven joked.

"I do that and I'll be out for a year. The headlines would go crazy," Jason laughed.

"Rushed back, instant impact! But at what cost!" Steven put his imagination into words.

"Why do you think that would make the headlines though?" Lucas asked after laughing a bit.

"You're asking the wrong question. The question should be why wouldn't that make the headlines?" Steven replied.

"Look at this man!"

"If he wasn't making headlines from football, he'd be making them some where else," he stated.

"Fair," Lucas laughed.

"I'm not even going to say anything," Jason laughed as there was a different perspective to everything.

In his previous reality he hadn't been so talented in football, and because all he cared about was still football, he wasn't famous anywhere else either.

That could have changed if he decided to enter another field, but one could never be sure with these things.

"Good you didn't, because I would have slapped the evidence right in your face,"

"Those side projects you did with Selina and Temz are still on the billboard top 100," Steven stated.

"Wait, they are? Hell, I didn't even check, we kinda just did it for fun too," Jason shrugged jokingly, but his words were the truth.

He honestly hadn't even considered them side projects. It was more or less something he did for fun simply because he could and not because he had been hoping to kickstart a music career out of it.

That was the same with the song he did with Shaq back then but that song had also blown up a bit back then.

Maybe it was his fame as a footballer in this life that was helping out. He wasn't sure and he didn't really care too much about it either.

"They were just for fun?"

"This man meets Temz and Selina Gomes and goes I made a song with them just for fun, like that is the most normal thing one can do,"

"If you're not playing, pass the controller man," Steven said, sounding pained which confused Jason.

"What do you mean pass the controll-?" Jason's question was interrupted by his phone ringing suddenly.

"Oh, excuse me," he worded as he pulled out his phone and then his face took on a strange countenance.

"What happened? Is something wrong?" Lucas asked, noticing the change on Jason's face.

"... No, there's no problem actually. It's just strange who is calling me right now, maybe even a little freaky," Jason replied.

"Who is it?" Lucas asked.

"It's Temz,"

"No effing way," Steven had his hands over his mouth and glancing at the screen of comments, Lucas noticed the comments suddenly increase in volume.

"It's a video call too," Jason laughed, also a bit in shock.

"Well, then pick up the call man," Steven replied quickly, smoothing his hair and acting poised all of a sudden.

"I'm the one who was called gang, why are you the one straightening up?" Jason asked, answering the call.

Meanwhile, Lucas was for the first time having a field day reading the comments about Steven.

"Gotta look good for the African queen"

"That brother is starving"

"My man's a simp and I can't even blame him" this guy added a crying emoji, but this was only making Lucas laugh harder.

He couldn't blame Steven either, but he knew his girl was watching the livestream so he didn't dare act the slightest bit enthusiastic about another girl, otherwise he'd never hear the end of it.

Chapter 809: Match Streaming III

"What's up?" Jason asked, replying to the call as soon as Temz face showed on screen.

"Heyyyyy. Did I perhaps call at a bad time?" Temz asked, noticing the strange look still on his face.

"No, it's nothing like that. Anyways, what's up with you? You good?" Jason asked, ignoring Steven's blatant signals to let him in on the call.

"I'm good, I'm good. How are you tho? How's work?" Temz asked.

"Slow unfortunately, I'm not really fit enough to play at the moment," Jason confessed.

"Oh, are you okay?" she asked, concern in her voice.

"I'm fine, I'm fine. I'll be out for a while, but I'm past the critical stages and am working on recovery, but enough about me, what's up with you?"

"Why'd you call?" Jason was literally holding off Steven who had given up in waiting for Jason and was trying to jump behind him.

"Actually, I'm on a talk show right now. The Tonight Show, with Jimmy Fallon," Temz casually dropped a bomb.

"You're joking," Jason couldn't believe his ears.

"Am not," she turned the camera and there large as life was a face Jason had only seen from across a screen before waving at him.

"Oh, hey man, love your work," Jason somehow managed to keep his mouth moving.

"Thank you, hope you recover soon," Jimmy replied.

"Wait wait, so what's this about? Why are you calling me on a talk show?" Now Jason was genuinely curious.

"They asked me to mention the most famous person I know, and call them. Though the calling part was a bit unplanned," Temz said the last part a bit more quietly.

"Wait wait, so let me get this straight... they asked you who the most famous person you knew was and you said me?"

"You have a song with Selina Gomes!" Jason added, because like who didn't know that Selena Gomes was one of the most followed women on social media and her worldwide fame was only second to

world wide female names like Oprah Winfrey, Rihanna, Nikki Minaj, Ariana Grande, and a very few others.

"Technically, if we look at the numbers world wide, more people watch football than more people listen to Selena Gomez music, and you were in the Champions League final, so maybe a lot more people remember your face than Selena's" Jimmy said from the side.

"Also our song's been in the top 10 on the billboard charts the last month, so....," Temz added with a 'you know' shrug.

"Heard about that, but I've kinda been raw dogging classical music and musical pieces for the last month. Have to do the best I can to avoid any stressful movements and my African blood wouldn't allow me to listen to exciting music and not dance, so I didn't notice," Jason replied.

"I know what you mean," Temz laughed.

"Lovely catching up, but I gotta go, the game's resuming and I've got to get back to the live stream... ah right, that's what I forgot to mention," Jason said and hung up.

In the studio where the Tonight show was being recorded, Temz and Jimmy looked at each other with strange faces.

Live stream, what live stream?

"Hold on a sec," Temz quickly searched, 'Jason Bolu livestream' not sure what to expect, but was soon faced with links leading her to youtube where the stream could be watched.

"That guy," Temz laughed a little.

Back at Tottenham Way, Steven was sulking at Jason not allowing him to introduce himself to the beauty that was Temz, but Jason wasn't paying any attention to him and was checking the next comment as the players were still coming out onto the pitch.

"Who do you think will win the Ballon d'Or this year?" Jason read out.

"I don't know actually, many players have been phenomenal throughout last year and this year already, so I don't know,"

"Will I be there?" he read another question that seemed to be a continuation of the previous one.

"Uh, yeah, I'm already looking for a suit but I'll freestyle my acceptance speech," he replied at the drop of a hat.

"Do you support LGBTQ?" he read out another question.

"I'm a Christian, what do you think? Or well, I was raised in a church," Jason laughed a little, sweatdropping at the question he had already read out.

If he had seen it before reading it, he would have just skipped it, but now that he had clearly seen it, here goes nothing.

"Anyway, no. I don't really care what they do. I don't hate anybody for their choices, but I don't have to support their choices either,"

"Funny enough, I actually quite admire queer people as they can openly set their minds to do something that isn't the norm and actually achieve it. That kinda drives home the fact that you really can be whatever you want to be,"

"So uh, never give up. If they can achieve the impossible, then so can you,"

"Now I think we can get back to the match, come on you spurs," Jason ignored the screen and any other comments coming from there.

The second half began and just two minutes with Chelsea on the attack, a cross was played in by Havertz which Alonso volleyed goalward, but Lloris was there in time to push it over the crossbar.

"Oh!! What a save!" Bergwijn let out a tense breath as the ball went over the goal.

"They have a corner though. I don't have a good feeling about this," Jason sighed as he watched the tall Chelsea defenders move into the Tottenham box.

{Alonso to take the corner!}

Sending an inswinger into the penalty box for his teammates, the players of the two teams tried to estimate the ball's flight path and get there.

Somehow snaking past his marker, Thiago Silva rose into the air and got his head on the ball, sending it to the right of the goal.

Lloris jumped as hard as he could, but just moments after leaving his mark, the ball made it past the line and landed in the goal.

The Chelsea team instantly began celebrating while Tottenham fans in the stadium were silenced by the goal.

"To be fair, it was a pretty good header. No one's really getting to that," Lucas muttered, disappointed.

"It's still early in the second half too. We can still come back," Jason stayed upbeat, doing his part to keep the morale high.

They kept watching and the game continued shortly.

After getting their first goal, Chelsea seemed to have gained wings and began pressing hard, stealing the ball in midfield and rapidly sending it forward, trying to catch the Tottenham side on the counter.

Chapter 810: Match Streaming IV

#57th minute...

Chelsea surged forward on the attack once again and a long pass was sent behind into the path of Havertz.

Receiving the ball, the man quickly tried to cover as much ground as he could before the Tottenham defenders blocked the path, but he wasn't quick enough and the Tottenham defense line swiftly restructured in front of the goal.

Forced to slow down to look for other options, he gave up on sending the ball into the penalty box and sent the ball back to Kovacic behind him to avoid losing the ball.

Kovacic in turn sent the ball infield towards Kante who on receiving it saw that there were only a few defenders between him and goal.

Deciding to take a chance, he hit the ball hard, trying to send it to the left, but it was vastly underhit and the ball barely left the ground.

It was a ball that would easily be gathered by Lloris but on its way to the goal, it slammed against Eric Dier's leg and flew the other way.

Lloris who had already been moving towards the left couldn't even react as the ball changed direction and flew towards the right side instead.

It seemed like the ball would narrowly miss the post, but less than a second later, it hit the inside of the right post and rolled into the back of the net, much to the dismay of the Tottenham players and fans.

Once again the Chelsea players took off in celebration and the Tottenham players watched on silently as the game ran away from them.

The atmosphere in the stadium that had barely recovered after the first goal was dashed again.

This time, there was no hiding the disappointment on Jason's face as he watched, but he tried to stay hopeful.

"It's still early, the game's not over yet. We can still get something, surely," Jason tried to motivate the viewing fans, and Lucas and Steven joined in as the game continued, but as the game continued and every attempt of the Tottenham side being blocked and scrambled away, the atmosphere got quieter and quieter.

On the other hand, the Chelsea hand began to look even more dangerous on the counter, especially after Werner came on for Havertz.

His pace was a nightmare for the Tottenham defense and all their full focus was on blocking his path to goal and making sure he didn't convert his shots to goal since it was almost impossible to stop him from getting the ball in the first place.

Somehow the Tottenham side kept him in check, but the time ran down quickly and it was already added time.

"Not our best, gotta be honest, we really struggled with their defense," Lucas noted, barely watching the game anymore.

"They are pretty good at the back actually. Probably the best defensive side in the prem right now," Steven added.

"I mean, we controlled the game early on, but we didn't really have many shots so I don't really know where the problem was. Seems more like we didn't fight enough and that's not a nice feeling to have," Jason noted honestly as from what he was seeing, there just wasn't that much of a hunger to win from most of the Tottenham players on the pitch.

"Luck also wasn't on our side. That second goal, absolute disaster," Steven added, shaking his head.

"I wouldn't say it was all bad luck th-!" Jason had to stop inbetween words as he watched the ball be sent flying into Tottenham's half again from a corner.

This time the ball flew harmlessly over the center thanks to the pressure from the Tottenham players in the box, but it was quickly recovered by Jorginho who was on the far side of the post.

Turning on the ball to face the penalty box, he looked for options and as luck would have it, Rudiger suddenly pulled away from his markers, moving backwards.

Instantly, the ball was sent flying in and Rudiger caught it on the first touch, sending it to the bottom left of the goal with a low drive.

There was too much power and spin on the ball for any Tottenham player to react in time and by the time they realized it was already in the back of the net, Rudiger was already running around in celebration.

"..."

"..."

"... in our own stadium too. Absolutely mental," Steven chose to express his disappointment and disbelief with words unlike Jason and Lucas.

"..." the words wanted to come out of Lucas's mouth, but all he managed were gestures that only clearly showed his disbelief while his disappointment was on his face.

Jason didn't even try as he felt that whatever would come out of his mouth at this moment would not be good for the club's reputation, or for himself as a Tottenham player.

So he swallowed his words, waited until the final whistle, turned to the camera again, expressed his disappointment, apologized to the fans who had to watch that horror of a match and ended the stream.

Now free to express himself, his face tightened up as it really hit home that this was the team's third match without a victory since they got back from the international break.

Once the top of the table, they had now fallen to the seventh position and if this poor run of form continued, they would only fall lower.

Unfortunately, at the moment, the only thing he could do was watch.

It was two months too early for him to even be able to do anything for the team other than moral support.

Leaving the training ground with a half-distracted mind, Jason was driving home when he suddenly remembered something he had been meaning to do and then changed directions.

His destination?

An electronics and gaming store.

He was pretty big on gaming and had finished most of the games he had previously.

His injury had left him unable to do any training had only quickened his pace in burning through games, so he had been thinking of restocking his games.

However, this time, he wanted to try some PC games, and lately he had also been feeling like some playing some simulation racing games.

Thinking that if he wanted to do things, then he needed to do them well, he had decided to build his own PC for PC games and then buy a whole simulation kit for racing as well.

Now he was going to the supposed best electronics and gaming store nearby.