

Legends 811

Chapter 811: A Handsome Nerd

Arriving at the store located in a shopping complex, Jason parked in the parking lot and put on a cap and hoodie before he got out.

There wasn't anyone in the parking lot as he arrived and while he made his way to the store, not many people paid attention to him so he reached it without issue.

The store had a few people, but he didn't think people shopping for games or electronics really had an eye out for anything other than what they were searching for.

And even if they did, there was nothing he could do about it so he went straight in.

Quickly finding the Assetto Corsa Competizione released in 2018 and the newly released WRC 10, he moved on to looking for PC parts.

Moving to the parts section, he began sweeping through, buying the best version of everything they had.

It was good to have money in times like these.

Of course, price wasn't the only thing that decided the best product, but Jason has done enough research to know which ones he should pick.

CPU, GPU, RAM, Motherboard, Storage units(HDDs and SSDs) because he wanted both speed and memory.

Only when he was about to get the body for the CPU did he realize that there was someone else like him also going through the section and with everything on the cart, it was clear the other guy also wanted to build a PC.

"You also building a PC?" Jason asked, hoping to get some pointers if the person was more experienced than he was.

"Uh, you're talking to me. Yeah, yeah," the person who like Ryker was also wearing a cap, but without pulling his hoodie over, replied, glancing at Jason.

"Oh sh*t," Jason was stunned when he realized who it was.

"I was wondering why someone with a body like that would be interested in building their own PC. No wonder the witcher role fit you like a glove," Jason couldn't stop himself on recognizing Henry Cavill.

"Of course. It's always better to stay true to the source material. Wait, I know you," Henry also realized that he had seen Jason's face somewhere.

"You're that guy, Jason. You play for Tottenham now I heard,"

"Wow, I need makeup and CGI for that kind of eye color, but you look like a real life fantasy main character," Henry laughed lightly, his eyes shining with curiosity as he looked at Jason's eyes.

"Maybe I should play an elf in the Witcher then," Jason joked.

"Oh that would be a great idea. You wouldn't even need makeup," Henry replied, sounding like he was seriously considering it.

"Wait, are you actually considering it?" Jason laughed in surprise.

"Why not. If you fit the part, you just have to be there, you might not even have to act if you don't want to. It's just that you really look the part," Henry went on and on.

"Actually, it doesn't sound half bad. I already made a cameo in one movie. Hell, what's one more. Can't reject Superman anyway," Jason shrugged, giving in.

It didn't sound half bad so as long as he had time to do it, it wasn't actually impossible.

"Actually, it would be Geralt you can't refuse," Henry pointed out.

"That's what a nerd would say. But that's the only part in a movie that you wouldn't fit... Unless it's some handsome nerdy scientist,"

"Anyways, what kind of PC are you trying to build," Jason changed the topic.

They spoke for a while on what they were trying to build and Jason soon realized that just like him, this was Henry's first time trying to build a PC.

However, he clearly knew more about it and computer components than Jason did.

"So what games would you recommend on PC? I mainly just used a PS before this so I don't really know, you know," Jason asked.

"Warhammer 40k," Henry replied immediately.

"Isn't that like a figurine and like mini war game?" Jason asked curiously.

"There's are video games of it though and they've been there for a while. There should be more than 20. I've played every single one out so far,"

"I'll recommend playing it by the series though. Because since it's like a miniature war game originally, the videogames vary in genre quite a bit,"

"Some are third person shooter, some co-op shooter, some RPG, some turn based RPG, some real-time strategy, some turn based strategy, and then there's some of the good old hack and slash shooter,"

"So like space marine, released in 2011 is..." Henry just went on and on, leaving Jason dumbfounded until he couldn't help it.

"... Wow, you really are a handsome and ripped nerd,"

"If I didn't know better, I'd think you were preparing for a role... Or are you? All this knowledge can't be for nothing, right," Jason suddenly got a bit curious.

"I wish that were the case, actually. You know with how there are more and more adaptations of books and games these days, someone could pick this one up as well," Henry chuckled.

"Or you could just start it yourself. If you like it that much, it'd be better to do it yourself. You involve them big companies and some of them board members start thinking they know anything about entertainment,"

"Those guys always wanna ruin the stories with dumb stuff," Jason sighed.

He had long lost count of the disappointments he had gotten from the movie industry.

"That's true too," Henry replied, becoming thoughtful all of a sudden.

"Anyway, any other game series that would be cool?" Jason asked again as they went to pay for the stuff and place orders.

Some of the things they wanted to buy weren't in stock and would have to be sent over, but it shouldn't take long.

Paying and arranging for the stuff to be delivered, Jason and Henry headed out, going to the parking lot.

"Hey, uh, when the parts gets sent over, want to try building it together, the PC. We can rub minds together and stuff," Henry said.

"... Sounds more like you want to show off your Warhammer figurines, but I'll bite," Jason laughed.

As they headed into the parking building, the surroundings dimmed and then Jason noticed a woman in front also walking into the building.

"What is she doing?" Jason wondered as he watched her hold up her phone as she walked.

In front, the woman walking had gone live on Instagram and was talking to the few viewers that she felt unsettled that two men were following her.

"Why are men always acting like predators. Just because you see a beautiful girl, you follow her where she's going like creeps," she said, loudly into the phone and her voice carried over to Jason and Henry.

Henry and Jason looked at each other in confusion as it didn't immediately register what was happening.

After all, they had never been in this kind of situation before. They were usually the ones being followed around by girls and not the other way around.

But then it dawned on them that they were wearing hoodies and caps to avoid being recognized, but that had had a different meaning to the woman in front.

"Well that's a first for me," Jason almost burst out laughing as he realized what was going on.

"Me too. I'm married too. Surely I have better things to do than to stalk women who aren't as beautiful as my wife," Henry added in confusion.

"Ooohh, burn," Jason laughed.

"Let's go," Jason hurried up his steps, getting closer to the woman before pulling back his hoodie, taking off his cap and shaking out his hair.

"Honey, this is a parking lot. No one's stalking you, don't overestimate yourself," Jason said, unlocking his car with its remote and it sounded audibly just beside the woman.

"Even if we were stalkers stalking beautiful women, you'd be safe, I promise," Henry added.

"You and who is stalking beautiful women? Abeg o," Jason's inner Nigerian came to the surface immediately.

"You're fine, no one's going to stalk you," Jason added as he moved to his car.

"Later please," Jason said, getting into his car while Henry went on to get into his car as well, both of them completely ignoring the woman who still held her phone up.

Until Jason and Henry drove off, she watched dumbfounded, unable to give a reply to their words.

Weirdly enough, she didn't recognize either of them even though she felt they were a bit familiar.

The dim lighting in the lot didn't help, but she could see that they didn't really have to stalk her.

They both had better cars than she did and they were handsome enough to get women just by standing outside so she felt a bit embarrassed.

Still feeling embarrassed, she ended the live stream and shared it as a reel, hoping to get some validation for her initial thoughts.

In her hurry, she didn't check the comments that had been sent in while she was streaming, or that the viewer count had noticeably increased.

Chapter 812: First North London Derby

Completely ignorant of the video that had blown up and that people who saw the video were laughing their asses off at the girl who had thought he and Henry Cavil were stalking her, Jason continued his recovery as the days swept by.

22nd September 2021

Tottenham made the journey to Molineux for the match against Wolves for the round 3 match of the Capital One cup.

Still injured, Jason wasn't at the match, but he watched from home as Tottenham started the game well with a first goal from Ndombele who won the ball in the final third, struggled against his marker while making a run forward.

Reaching the penalty box, he tipped the ball over to his right foot, faking away the defender and hitting it low between John Ruddy's legs before he could get down, taking the lead.

Another goal came in the 23rd minute after Kane got on the end of a wonderful through ball from Alli, made a run undeterred and slotted the ball home with clinical efficiency.

With Tottenham going two up, the fans were heaving a sigh of relief, thankful that the poor run of form seemed to be coming to an end.

But their thoughts didn't stay that way for long as Dendoncker got his head on a beautiful corner kick and headed it home in the 34th minute, reducing Tottenham's lead.

Before the whistle for half time was finally blown, both sides had more chances as Tanganga almost found a goal but hit it wide after a smart pass from Bryan Gil.

On the other end, Hwang Hee Chan headed over a cross from Ait-Nouri, blowing away a chance to equalize the game.

Shortly after, the referee blew for the end of the first half of the game and the two teams went to get their much deserved rest.

The second half got off to an exciting start as attempts kept coming from both sides.

Hwang Hee Chan once again got another chance to get the equalizer as a low cross came in from Hoever on the right, but he put too much behind the ball and once again sent it over the bar.

At the other side of the goal, Ruddy was staying a thorn in the side of the Tottenham side as he blocked chance after chance

An attempt from Kane at close range was denied by the man, but he did not stop there and once again kept his team in the game by getting to a powerful long range effort from Ndombele, getting just enough on the ball to send it wide.

The match became more frustrating for the Tottenham side when the ball was stolen from Ndombele in the midfield in the midfield.

Starting a counter immediately and driving the ball forward, Dendoncker sent the ball into the path of Podence who controlled and fired from 15 yards into the right corner of the post.

With an equalizer from Wolves, the two sides were once again on equal levels and Nuno feared that his team might lose the momentum, however they fought back hard doing all they could go go back up.

An effort from Bryan Gil was blocked by Ruddy, a headed ball from Kane who got on the end of a cross from Son was also punched wide.

Wolves also made late efforts to take the lead, but they just couldn't make it fall and at the end of the 90 minutes, penalties were needed to decide the winner of the game.

The first two penalties from the two teams were scored, but things turned bad for Wolves when Ruben Neves sent his penalty into the stands behind the goal.

Bryan Gil scored the next Tottenham penalty to help them take the lead.

Wolves next penalty from Dendoncker was saved by Gollini and Hojberg's penalty was also saved by Ruddy.

With one last chance to equalize the shootout and keep Wolves in the game, Connor stepped up for the penalty, but ended up sending it over the goal.

That settled the game and gave Tottenham the ticket into the next round of the cup tie.

26th September 2021

Once again Tottenham was away from home but they weren't far away from home this time.

Arriving at the Emirates Stadium for the North London Derby, fans of the two sides had swarmed at the stadium to watch the first North London Derby of the season.

Coincidentally, the two sides were not having the best starts to the season that one would expect of them.

Tottenham had had a good first three games before losing two consecutive premier league games, while Arsenal was worse off and had only managed to win two games out of the first five.

Even more surprising was the fact that till today, Arsenal had only scored two goals in five games and were currently the second lowest goal scoring side in the premier league so far.

With the two sides in such bad forms, no one was really sure where the game would go, but a lot more people were expecting more from Tottenham than Arsenal.

After all, they were only currently on a bad run of form and were already looking like they getting back from it after their last game.

However just twelve minutes into the game, Arsenal turned everyone's expectations upside down.

Tottenham had been struggling on the attack since the game began but Arsenal hadn't looked better off until suddenly they had a chance to hit fast.

After stealing the ball suddenly in the midfield, the Arsenal side went on the counter and things ended in a 4 v 4 but a pass to Saka on the right changed things.

Doing a couple of step overs before suddenly bursting forward, he then cut the ball back across the face of goal and into the center of the box.

The ball moved right into the path of Smith Rowe who fired home before taking off down the sidelines in celebration.

Tottenham tried to respond immediately and Son managed to get a chance to send an angled drive at the Arsenal goal, Ramsdale was alert and got a hand to it.

Things soon went from bad to worse as in the 27th minute Arsenal got another counter chance and Smith Rowe took the ball into the left side of Tottenham's 18-yard box before cutting it back across goal into the path of Aubameyang who beat everyone to it and drove it home, taking Arsenal's lead to two.

At this point, it was beginning to get a little quieter among the Tottenham fans, but the worst hadn't arrived yet.

Just seven minutes later, another chance arrived for Arsenal after the ball was stolen from Harry Kane.

The ball transitioned from back to front quickly and was soon at the legs of Saka who took it up the field with alarming pace.

Wishing to cover for his mistake, Harry Kane tracked all the way back and tried to tackle the ball.

He managed to reach the ball, but he didn't get enough on the ball to give it a meaningful push and instead just helped Saka set the perfect shot and Saka didn't hesitate to finish.

Sending the ball under Lloris's right arm, he made it three for his side in the 34th minute of the game.

At this point, everyone was beyond shocked as they expected more from this game.

They expected a tough battle, not a one sided beat down like they were witnessing.

Another surprising factor was that Aaron Ramsdale who had barely been able to keep the ball away from his goal in the previous five matches seemed to have turned to prime Buffon, making save after save.

The second half started and with Arsenal having such a big lead, they could afford to sit back which invited challenge and Tottenham did all they could, but Ramsdale was like a barrier that covered the whole post, not letting a single thing past.

However with all the pressure he was facing, he was bound to crack at some point and Son was the one that managed to find the space in the 79th minute.

Getting on the end of a low cross from Regulon on the left, Son sent it to the top right with the front of his boot, out of the reach of everyone, getting one back for Tottenham.

With Tottenham getting one back, they ignited a little belief in themselves and in their fans who quickly got behind them and cheered hard.

In the first minute of stoppage time, Tottenham got going again and Lucas, fresh back from injury was found in the box.

Spotting an opportunity, he chipped a shot at the far end of the post that looked destined for the back of the goal, but a slight touch from Ramsdale changed it's direction enough that it ended up hitting the crossbar instead and was cleared by the Arsenal side.

After missing that chance, the Tottenham side seemed to accept that the match was beyond them, especially with there being only 2 minutes of stoppage time left.

Accepting their fate, they kept playing till time ran out, but didn't bother fighting desperately.

After the final whistle was blown, the scores were; Arsenal 3 : 1 Tottenham.

With that it was Tottenham's fifth straight game without a win and the Tottenham management was beginning to feel uncomfortable with Nuno Santos at the helm of the team.

Chapter 813: Back to Winning Ways

30th September 2021

NS Mura arrived at the Tottenham Hotspur Stadium for the first group stage match of the Europa Conference League.

They arrived, brimming with confidence, eager to take advantage of the home team's poor run of form to get the best start possible in the competition.

The Tottenham players on the other hand were looking to boost their morale by defeating a much weaker team than them and then carry on with that momentum to the following games.

Both sides had an agenda, but as for whose agenda would prevail would only be decided on the pitch.

The match began shortly after and Tottenham, being the much better side and also having the advantage of the home ground, quickly got things going with quick paced attacking football.

Within the first three minutes of the game, the Tottenham side dominated possession, constantly looking for a chance to break and in the fourth minute the space finally opened up.

The ball quickly found its way forward and Dane Scarlett soon arrived at the edge of Mura's 18-yard box, the ball at his feet. The opposition defenders however didn't plan to let him run through and a rough tackle brought him down at the edge of the box.

The referee blew for an advantage as he saw Dele Alli recover the ball after the tackle and advance into the center of the box.

Forcing the goalkeeper off his line because of the threat he presented, he chipped the ball over Obradovic but was swept off his foot the next second.

This time the referee's whistle went off and the referee called for a penalty kick that Dele Alli slotted away with perfect accuracy.

Bolstered by their early lead, the Tottenham side pushed even harder and another four minutes later Harry Winks found Locelso who controlled the ball with his chest.

Holding off his marker, he broke into the opponent's penalty box and drove a left footed shot at goal that was too much for Obradovic to handle.

With that, it was two.

Less than ten minutes and Tottenham had recovered their morale splendidly.

The opposition coach shouted at his players from the sidelines to defend as much as they can and stop the Tottenham players from building any more momentum.

However that could only slow things down as shots continued coming from every angle.

Defensively, the Tottenham side was also outdoing themselves this game as they limited their opponents to only one shot throughout the entire first half.

The second half came with more attacking from the NS Mura opponents who scored a 25 yard stunner after a corner was seemingly headed clear.

Kous watched the ball all the way and hit it as it came his way, unleashing a shot that was too powerful for anyone to get to or stop and sent the net flying.

With the opponents scoring one goal, the Tottenham fans began to feel uneasy as the form that their team had been usually caused this kind of situation to end one of two ways, but fortunately for them, the Tottenham side had a completely different showing in mind for them today.

A triple substitution of Kane, Son and Moura in the 59th minute was Nuno's response to the situation and it changed the game completely.

In the 68th minute, Kane found himself at the end of a low cross from Moura on the left and like the great striker that he was, he put it away instantly and perfectly.

In the 75th minute, this time from Son, Kane found another perfect opportunity and he put it away as well, scoring a brace, but that wasn't the end of his night and he continued on with a performance that would give his opponents nightmare for months to come.

A pass came from Lo Celso in the 88th minute and Kane doing what he did best once again beat Obradovic, scoring his third goal in just twenty minutes.

The opponents were long discombobulated and this was the final nail in the coffin.

They didn't manage to make any ripples till the final whistle was blown and Tottenham took home their first win in five games.

Both the players and the fans were over the moon with the big victory, but they didn't lose themselves as this was just a small team.

There needed to be more done from the Tottenham team before they could admit that they were back to winning ways.

For Nuno, he could finally heave a sigh of relief as he was sure that if he lost this game too, he might be seeing an early departure from the Tottenham side.

However he also knew that he wasn't out of danger yet and right from the game, he had already gone back to the drawing board, looking at ways to adjust his tactics to get the best out of his players.

The defend deep, counter quick that he favored was a tactic that needed players who could break quickly and weren't easily stopped by opposing defenders when on the counter.

He had players like that who could do that, but the player who could do that best was injured and the others weren't consistent at those daring runs.

The quick fix for that problem had been Lo Celso who had been outdoing himself in the center lately.

His wide range of passing had ensured that the people who needed the ball got it at the appropriate time, however he could be stopped and that was what sometimes led to their long spells where nothing seemed to be connecting for the team.

The urgent situation at hand was to find another way of getting the ball forward or he might have to change the tactic itself and that didn't appeal to him that much.

3rd October 2021

Nuno's final response was a slight tweak to the formation for the next game, changing from his usual 4-3-3 formation to a 4-2-3-1 formation for the match against Aston Villa.

Changing the arrangement of his midfield players, he had two of them sit back a bit more, playing as center or defending midfielders when necessary.

Then he had one player sit up front as the connection between between the midfielders and the forwards.

The AMF would attack the spaces, make decoy runs and connect the midfield and the frontline, and the wingers would fall back a little more to help with the midfield when needed.

Right from the start of the game, Nuno could feel the difference as his team could do more build-up in the center and didn't lose the ball as much because of the extra support they had from the wide players.

Højberg who was playing in the attacking midfield position was also causing problems for the opposition and he found a goal in the 27th minute.

Receiving a pass from Son at the edge of the box, he eyed the bottom right corner of the goal and sent the ball there with steady composure, giving Tottenham the lead.

Aston Villa pushed for an equalizer and finally hit back with Ollie Watkins in the 68th minute finishing off a perfect cross.

Aston Villa hoped to end Tottenham's dreams of a full three points, but three minutes after Tottenham hit back with a cross from the left making its way to the far end of the post.

Moura and Targett tried to reach the ball, but in a bid to clear the ball, Targett hit the ball wrong and it ended up in his own net.

It wasn't a pretty sight but Tottenham was willing to take the win either way.

Doubling back defensively, they did their best to hold on to their lead and the game ended with Tottenham's win.

The Tottenham fans had no reason to be unhappy on their way home from the game apart from the fact that there wouldn't be Premier League football on the weekend for them.

Their team was back to winning ways and the injury situation was slowly being sorted with Jason back to being the only one unfit for selection.

Chapter 814: Missing Out

"Does this go here?" Jason muttered as he fiddled with a RAM kit in the PC he was building along with Henry.

The parts had finally arrived completely and Jason and Henry were now working together to build the PCs in Jason's house.

As Henry was no longer fully based in the UK because of his Hollywood projects, they were going to focus on building Jason's first.

If there was still enough time after building it, they would build Henry's own as well, otherwise, Henry would send it to his place in Hollywood to build it there.

They made this decision because Henry's little break was almost over and he had to go back to shoot another project in Hollywood, though Jason didn't know what it was since actors usually had gag orders until it was time to promote the project.

"Hey pass me the screwdriver over there, ah wait, nevermind," Jason stopped and stretched his hand out toward the screwdriver.

Suddenly the screwdriver flew towards Jason and he caught it, nonchalantly turning back to the PC, but while Jason kept calm, Henry couldn't.

"What's that? Did the screwdriver just fly into your hand?" Henry asked, his eyes shining.

"It's the force. Guess you're not the only one who knows who knows telekinesis spells, Witcher," Jason snickered, enjoying the moment.

"Was that actually magic?" Henry was even more curious now as he didn't know how Jason did what he did earlier.

"Well, if a sleight of hand is magic, then it's something similar. But it's actually this little toy," Jason pulled out something that looked a little like the webshooters that some spider man characters used.

It was a little toy that Jason had seen in a prank video and Jason had made an order for it, but ever since he got it, he hadn't really had a use for it, until now.

"It uses a string so transparent that it's almost invisible to the eye unless you're really paying attention," Jason explained, pulling out the string a bit to show the curious Henry.

"That is so cool," Henry echoed, his eyes shining as he thought of all the possibilities that this toy could be used for.

"I know right, try using it. It feels like something between being Spider-Man and Darth Vader," Jason laughed, turning back to the manuals they had bought to help them assemble the PC.

Going to sit down on a comfy sofa and putting his legs on the table, he began going through the assembly method again.

He and Henry had gone through it a bit before they started, but after looking at all the electronics, the chips and all of that, he had begun to doubt the little knowledge he had gleaned.

So now he was back to go through the manual again before trying to put together anything else.

It would be a shame if anything broke because he had been too impatient to go through a manual that was readily available... Not because the parts were expensive, but because replacing them would take more time and Jason was already half out of patience.

Throwing the screwdriver forward, Henry pressed the retracting button and it flew back towards him and he barely caught it since he was still new to it.

"It really is so cool,"

"I know there is a string pulling it towards me, but since I can hardly see it, it really feels like telekinesis," Henry said, throwing the screwdriver again, this time on the table Jason put his leg on.

The screwdriver hit Jason's leg as it bounced on the table.

"Oh, sorry," Henry apologizes quickly, remembering that Jason was injured.

"It's alright," Jason waved it off.

He was already in his 6th week of recovery and the only discomfort from the injury left was only when he tried to run.

Though he wasn't allowed to do that yet. Hell, he couldn't even jog yet.

The medics at the facility would have a fit if they ever found him trying to do anything like that.

Putting any pressure apart from walking on his legs was still a no go.

However for Jason, it was maddening.

He was used to being active and being unable to do anything physical for so long I had left him uneasy and full of energy with nowhere to put it.

It was why he was going on all these side quests... He wasn't particularly interested in electronics, so there was no other reason for doing it other than because he was bored to tears.

"It's really mind-opening the kinds of injuries you athletes have,"

"You look completely fine, but you can't play. It's maddening," Henry stated, staring at Jason's leg.

"Just because you don't see it doesn't mean it's not there. Haven't you ever gotten any muscle injury or something before?"

"With how jacked you are," Jason was more surprised by this point.

"No actually. Apart from the fact that I don't do extreme activities like athletes, my training was done very professionally,"

"I majorly started bulking up around 2012 because of Man of Steel and since it was for a film, I followed a strict diet plan and did exercises that mainly make me look like... Well, like this," Henry said, gesturing to himself.

"I didn't get here lifting extremely heavy weights or anything like that, just structured training targeting muscle building,"

"Of course since then, I have built the habit of maintaining this physique, but I didn't change the routines much and depending on what I'm shooting, I may have to bulk up more or less,"

"My muscles are for show," Henry laughed, completely unembarrassed.

"You could still half knockout a bear with them," Jason chuckled.

"And you can outrun one... See who has a better survival chance?" Henry shot back.

"Fairs," Jason shrugged and they both looked at each other and laughed.

"How long till you can get back on the pitch? I bet being sidelined must suck," Henry said, pity for Jason's situation clear in his voice.

"It really does man. Apparently at this rate, I still have another 6 weeks till I can play so that's still a while away,"

"It feels like everything is happening without me man. The team is playing games and my place on the team feels like it's been filled up by other dudes,"

"And don't even get me started on the national team games," Jason sighed.

"The World Cup qualification rounds have begun and I've already missed 2 games and I'm about to miss another 2 and I'll probably miss the next 2 as well,"

"It's maddening, but it'll be even more maddening if we don't qualify. Luckily it looks like they would qualify even without me so I don't have to be worried about missing out," Jason sighed.

"Isn't it fine if you miss out on one, you'll get another chance, won't you?" Henry said half-mindedly.

"Miss out? Why not? It's only the biggest sports competition all over the world that is held once every four years," the eerie calmness in Jason's voice almost made Henry do a double take.

"Or don't miss it. You'll be fun to watch in the World Cup, I'm sure," Henry did a complete U-turn from what he said prior.

Chapter 815: Dissatisfaction Among The Fans

While Jason and Henry were building PCs, the world didn't stop moving.

Jason kept an eye on the Nigerian national team's qualification matches and annoyingly enough, they lost their first game during the break, but they bounced back in the second game which was a second leg against the same opponents.

With that, they took their tally of wins to 3 out of 4 games and they looked like they would easily get through the second round of the FIFA qualifiers.

However sour he was that he couldn't play and thus was not called up, he was happy that the national team was playing well.

Because honestly, thanks to his injury, he would miss the whole second round of the qualifiers and if those guys weren't playing well, then that was it for his FIFA World Cup campaign.

Thankfully, there were no worries there and during this time, 7 weeks had passed since he was injured and it was going to the 8th week.

He had done another scan that judged that his achilles was ready to be introduced to impact again so he had spent the week doing light hopping drills and brisk walking.

When it was finally the 8th week, he was finally introduced back to jogging and it was a big milestone.

He was only able to jog in straight lines and only for a minute till he would have to stop to not over stress the muscles, but it was his first time jogging in almost 2 months so it was a really big deal to him.

And that was not even the best part.

He was finally allowed to touch a ball again.

It was only light touches and not actual drills or anything, but being able to kick a ball and connect with it after two months of an involuntary breakup, he was beyond ecstatic.

In the midst of all this, Tottenham played it's eight game of the season against Newcastle.

An early goal from Callum Wilson in just the 2nd minute had given the Tottenham fans flashbacks of their previous losses, but the players responded appropriately and Ndombele found the top right corner in the 17th minute to equalize things.

Just five minutes later, Kane chipped the ball over Darlow to complete a comeback and late in stoppage time of the first half, Son swept in Kane's low cross to make it 3 - 1.

The situation had turned completely in just the first half and perhaps because of that, Tottenham barely looked in any danger in the second half and if not for an own goal in 89th minute from Eric Dier, the game would have ended on that scoreline.

In the end, the game ended with a 3 - 2 scoreline in favor of Tottenham and the fans were satisfied that their team was finally beginning to show consistent victories but a lot more fans were dissatisfied with Nuno Santos's tactics.

The counter attacks worked and Tottenham was managing to win some games, but when they weren't counter-attacking, all they were doing was defending.

They were simply sitting behind the ball and letting the opponents attack.

For many other teams, the fans wouldn't mind, but not at Tottenham. Majority of the Tottenham fans disliked defensive football as it made them feel like lesser of a contender than they wanted to be.

As one of the supposed big six in England, Tottenham didn't have the trophies or finances to compete with the rest.

All they had was their football and if their football began to resemble something a bottom tier team would play, then the Tottenham fans did not want it... especially when it was inconsistent.

The club had previously fired Mourinho because of his overly defensive tactics, but here was Nuno doing the exact same thing, and the worst part was he wasn't even doing it as well as Mourinho was doing it.

The Tottenham fans were happy that they had won some games, but they weren't satisfied with the football they were watching their team play... and to be honest, many of the players on the team felt the same way.

Tottenham wasn't exactly a team that was known for their defending. Their attacking football was miles better and most of the players they had were geared towards attacking.

They had previously struggled under Mourinho to play defensively, and under Nuno, the game felt even more stifling. Half the time, they looked lost on the ball when they got it and there was no chance to counter.

Nuno might have or might not have noticed these things, but if he did, he didn't mention it.

21st October 2021

Tottenham arrived at * for their second match of the Europa Conference league against Vitesse.

The Tottenham fans took one look at their starting line-ups and could feel a headache coming on as the entire starting line-up that faced Newcastle were nowhere to be found.

They weren't even on the bench as the manager seemed to have chosen this match as one for younger players and for the players who hadn't gotten many minutes so far.

The confidence they had initially had against Vitesse dwindled quite a bit, but as supporters, they did their part... support.

However, no amount of support could get the Tottenham players to find the goal.

Most of the early-on chances of the game came from Vitesse and despite having the ball for most of the first half, Tottenham didn't manage to have a single shot on target.

The second half began with Lo Celso turning on the ball in the 47th minute and making a speedy run through the center undeterred but surrounded on all sides.

Yet, despite opposition presence, he sent the ball to the right into the path of Bryan Gil who hit it first time from 25-yards, curling it towards goal.

The ball curved downward after reaching its apex, beat the goalkeeper, but slammed against the crossbar and bounced back into play, falling to the foot of Harry Winks who fired it at goal, but the keeper was quicker this time and caught the ball safely.

With time running out and just twelve minutes to go, Dasa found Wittek at the edge of the box and Wittek fired the ball home out of the reach of Gollini.

Chapter 816: Voice Chat

Vitesse's goal and the only goal of the match was enough to settle the game as they defended well until the referee blew the final whistle.

The Vitesse fan in the stadium erupted in cheers after the final whistle, happy that they had won a match against a strong opponent and the Tottenham fans were the complete opposite.

As if losing hadn't been bad enough, it had been to a weaker team. The worst part was the way the team played the game.

Against a weak opponent that they should have dominated in every aspect of the game, the only things they were superior in were possession stats and amount of passes.

They had been vastly outplayed the loss hadn't even felt unfair because of how much better Vitesse had played in the game attacking wise.

Many fans took to social media, expressing their discontent, but in the game that followed against West Ham, the exact same thing happened.

This time Tottenham had even more possession, but it felt more like they were passing without purpose.

In the end, they were just passing time and in the 72nd minute, West Ham who had looked dangerous all game finally got a goal to take the lead.

After falling behind, the Tottenham side had played a little more desperately and looked more threatening, but it was too little too late and West Ham held out for the few minutes left to take home the win.

Once again, the fans took to social media and bars to complain about the manager's tactics and the absolutely shitty display they had to watch from the players.

As usual, it felt like they were venting to air, but unknown to most, many undercurrents were already moving at the club.

The players weren't any more pleased than the fans at having to play defensively. They had gone along with it at the beginning of the season when it still produced some results, but now it just felt like they were being stifled.

As the manager, Nuno could feel the atmosphere surrounding the players and even among the other club executives he could feel that something was wrong, but he couldn't put an exact finger on it.

What he could do was to review his tactics and make sure that his players' mistakes did not repeat themselves in the next game.

27th October 2021

The Tottenham squad had traveled to Turf Moor for the fifth round of the Capital One cup and they were looking for a win to wash away the disappointment of losing the last two games.

It was just a few minutes before the match and the manager and the players were going through their plans and preparation routines for the game while the fans settled in their seats and began cheering, entertaining themselves before the players stepped out onto the field.

None of that concerned Jason who was at his house, his legs propped up on a soft pillow and covered by compression boots.

He had just left the training grounds after some training. He had reached the point in his recovery where he was now able to do speed and agility drills, as well as some technical drills on the field... no contact ones.

The compression boot would use air pressure to massage his legs, reduce soreness and speed up recovery.

Turning on his PC, he waited for it to boot up while replying texts on his phone.

Starting up Halo Infinite, Jason grabbed his game controller and warmed his fingers up for an extended gaming session.

As for the Tottenham game that had started?

None of his business for the time being. He would check the final scores later.

Getting on the game, he started the game joining the queue and being matched up with teammates and opponents alike.

Diving into the world of sci-fi fantasy battles, Jason unleashed his gaming skills, but he was still pretty new to the game and things felt equally matched for the most part.

On his third game, he was matched up with three other guys who seemed to know each other and had joined the same room before joining the queue.

After having a good game, they invited Jason to join them in following games and Jason didn't reject.

After playing a few more games and communicating on voice chat, Jason was already locked in.

"Flank them, flank them, someone's coming from the middle," Jason said, opening cover fire while one of the other guys took the opportunity to use his grappler and fly at the enemy.

"I got him. Watch for his teammates!" A slightly alarmed voice rang back to Jason and the sound of gunfire filled Jason's ears.

"Oh, sh*t, I'm dead. They got me," the voice came again barely a second later.

"We'll avenge you," another voice with more baritone rang into Jason's ear.

"You better do. Oh sh*t we've scored! Yes!" The first voice came back again with more excitement.

"We're so winning the carabao cup this year. Told y'all we had it this time," the voice continued.

"You said that last year John and you didn't even sniff it," a third voice rang into Jason's ear.

"There's more of a chance you won the lottery than Tottenham winning a trophy," the second voice added with playful mocking laughter.

"We're not that bad man. Or what do you think, RosePrince17," John asked, calling Jason by his game username.

"Uh, I think they can win things actually," Jason replied, not sure how to handle the conversation or if he even wanted to handle it.

"Not with their manager and latest performances they don't," the second voice laughed and another voice could be heard laughing in the back.

"I mean the manager is a bit much, but we've got the players man and we're winning games. It's still early and he's still getting used to things," John replied.

"Even you don't believe that sh*t man, come on," The second voice shot back.

"There's two guys around the corner," Jason interrupted, spraying a hail of bullets while running past the corner and throwing a grenade before running away with his grappler.

He had almost gotten away when a huge chunk of his health disappeared along with a loud banging sound.

"Watch out! There's a sniper!" Jason dodged behind the nearest cover he could find while reloading.

"I see him," the third voice said.

"Got him," a kill message flashed across the screen as the sniper was taken out.

"Anyway, you can't really say that you guys have trophy winning potential when you struggle to beat teams like West Ham, some big six team you are," the third voice calmly said after taking out the sniper.

"I can't even say whether it's the players or the manager at this point, but you do have some good players," the second voice added.

"It's all the defending man. We can't even play good football with the manager only wanting us to defend. It's the glove that doesn't fit, you know," John replied.

"So you want him to get the sack?" The second voice asked.

"Yes... well no. I don't know man. Like, overall it's not bad, but it's steadily getting worse,"

"I don't want things to get any worse than this, so maybe it might be a good time to let him go. He wasn't really a first option for us anyway. We more like settled because we couldn't get another top class manager so quickly," John replied.

"That's a shame. And he's such a nice guy too," Jason thought he had been thinking inwardly, but he had ended up muttering the words and it was picked up by his mic.

"You say that like you've met him," The third voice chuckled.

"Yeah, a few times. I work there actually, at Tottenham," Jason replied.

"Oh, that would be so cool. I'm so jelly right now," John's voice got excited immediately.

"So you meet the players and stuff? Are you like a sports scientist or something, the physio?" The second voice asked curiously.

"Yeah... Something like that," Jason chuckled and hit a headshot of an enemy player he was aiming.

Chapter 817: Reunion in the Prem

After the win against Burnley in the Capital One cup, the Tottenham fans got more good news when it was announced that Jason was finally back in team training.

He wasn't match fit yet as he had been out for a while and would have to get completely fit and used to match-like intensity again which would still take a few weeks as the club would take things easy, but it meant that Jason's return to the pitch wasn't too far away.

The few Tottenham fans who weren't blaming the manager for the team's bad performances were happy with the news and thought that things would get better once a creative player with breakthrough ability like Jason was back on the team.

The majority of the Tottenham fans were not as happy. Of course they were happy that Jason would be back soon, but they didn't want a player like Jason to be subjected to Nuno Espirito's defensive tactics.

It would only infuriate them more if that happened.

Even though there was a chance that Jason could find a way to make things work, they didn't want to wait that long.

A few of them even blamed Nuno's tactics for being the cause of Jason's injury in the first place.

After all, if he was the only player who could consistently play out of defense on his own, then most of the opponents would focus on him and that was what had happened in the match that he was injured.

Jason didn't know all this and was instead at work at the training ground.

He was back to full training now and the only thing different was that the staff and trainers made sure he received limited impact during team training sessions.

The goal was to re-introduce football patterns and match-like intensity and he was doing his best to get better, following all the advice from the medics and the trainers, not overdoing or doing any extra training more than what was recommended.

In this manner the days went by until their tenth match day of the Premier league.

30th October 2021

4:19pm

The Tottenham bus headed to the Tottenham Hotspur stadium and minutes away behind them was Jason, also driving to the stadium.

He could have left with his teammates on the bus from the training grounds despite him not being fit, but that would mean he would have to wait for them to leave as well, which he didn't want, so he was driving on his own to the stadium.

It was his first time at the stadium for a match in a while thanks to his injury, but now that he was almost completely match ready and without the inconvenience of the injury, he wasn't going to miss watching the game from up close.

Of course there was also the part where it was a big game against Man Utd and also the fact that Ronaldo was going to be there.

It was going to be their first time meeting in England after both leaving Uventus in the summer.

Jason had been very surprised when he heard that Ronaldo had also made a transfer to England, joining Man Utd again and it had been quite interesting to think that they were now opponents should they ever meet on the pitch, but it was a fun thought.

It was a bit sad that he was injured now and would miss the game, but the match would still be a fun watch.

When he arrived, he drove to the VIP parking lot, making his way inside the stadium grounds undetected by the fans arriving at the stadium.

However after parking and making his way to the player's entrance, his arrival coincided with the Man Utd players also arriving.

He hadn't expected to meet anyone other than security guards there as his teammates had long arrived and left, but this was another surprise.

The security guards responded to Jason, directing him towards and that in itself attracted attention from the cameras and from the Man Utd players.

"Wait is he already back from injury?" Wan Bissaka whispered to Fred as they saw Jason.

"I don't think so, he just returned to team training so that's unlikely. It's just a coincidence he's here," Fred replied, hopeful that his words were true.

Choosing not to interrupt the arrival of the Man Utd players, Jason waited for them to finish alighting, but the cameras flashing in his direction didn't stop.

Finally, Ronaldo also came down from the bus just behind Bruno Fernandes and he was going to walk into the stadium without interacting with anyone, but a quick glance around made him catch sight of Jason.

The two of them didn't say a word and instead just walked up to each other dapping themselves and hugging themselves.

The cameras became more frenzied immediately.

"How are you, how's your injury?" Ronaldo asked as they pulled apart.

"I'm fine, I'm fine, I'll be back on the field soon," Jason replied with a light chuckle.

"We'll talk after the match, yes," Ronaldo said and quickly followed the others into the stadium.

"Alright," Jason nodded and stepped away for the other players to pass.

Heading inside after, Jason ended inside the stadium on the sidelines and watched the players of the both sides do a little warm-up before the game.

He wasn't there completely by choice and had instead been asked to be there to increase the morale of the players and the fans even though he didn't understand why such a duty had to fall on him.

However it was a fact that morale had been pretty low lately and the last two games that were lost before the win against Burnley had ended up with some of the fans booing at the team's bad performance.

Jason didn't think he was important enough that he could cause much change to the club's morale but he knew that he had to do his part to ensure that the number of booing fans didn't increase as that wasn't good for anyone.

Especially as there was high doubt that Tottenham would win this game with the way they had been playing lately.

When the warm-ups were finally over, Jason dapped his teammates as they walked back down the tunnel to finish final preparations for the game.

His job done, Jason went to the seats above the bench area and took his seat, waiting for the game to begin.

Chapter 818: Tottenham Stained Red

With both Man Utd and Tottenham having lost their previous Premier League games, Tottenham against West Ham and United against Liverpool, the two teams had arranged their tactics to ensure that they wouldn't lose again today.

For Solksjaer, it was a change in formation. He was playing a 5-3-2 formation that transitioned to a 3-5-2 when they were on the attack.

With the defensive trio of Maguire, Lindelof, and Varane as well as Shaw and Wan-Bissaka on the flanks, they didn't plan to be beaten behind.

The addition of McTominay and Fred who were pretty much box to box players, helping in defence and partnering with Bruno Fernandes who would help direct the attack by making sure the ball reached Ronaldo and Cavani in front, they hoped to get something from the game.

The Tottenham still arranged themselves in the 4-2-3-1 formation they had used in the last game, but there were some changes in the line-ups and some tweaks to the formation.

Lloris stood in goal, Romero and Dier were the two center backs while Emerson Royal and Davies were playing out wide from the back.

In defensive midfield positions were Hojberg and Skipp while in front of them was Lo Celso.

Up front were Son, Kane, and Moura as the front three.

On paper the two sides looked to be evenly matched and it remained to see who would get the upper hand as the game began.

It was Man United that looked like scoring first after the game began, with Wan Bissaka finding Cavani in Tottenham's 18-yard box in the eighth minute, but his shot was blocked by Dier before it could cause any trouble.

In the 24th minute, Tottenham got a direct freekick that Lo Celso tried to send towards goal, but it didn't even make it past the wall.

However, it was quickly recycled by Moura who clipped it over the United defence for Son. Son controlled the ball with his first touch, but his second touch to send it towards goal ended up an errant touch that sent the ball over the bar.

Four minutes after, the Tottenham fans jumped off their seats in joy after Romero flicked home the ball from a corner, but the assistant referee held his flag up to indicate offside.

After a quick check with the VAR, the referee disallowed the goal as Romero was indeed offside.

That flattened out the excitement instantly, but the fans were a bit upbeat now that their team had shown some attacking prowess as they had been passive most times.

The offside goal had gotten the United side to react with more ferocity as after that moment, United began controlling then game, sending ball after ball forward and forcing their opponents back.

Tottenham defended well, but when there were top class passers like Bruno Fernandes, and world class strikers like Cavani and Ronaldo on a team, then conceding was just a matter of time.

Tottenham first got a scare in the 33rd minute when Fred thought it a good idea to send a homing rocket of a shot at goal from 30-yards out.

Lloris scrambled to make the save, excellently diving and pushing the ball off target, but that was only the beginning.

In the 39th minute, after keeping the pressure up with continuous efforts to break past the Tottenham defence, Bruno caught sight of Ronaldo's poise to make a run.

Deciding to chip the ball over instead of finding space, Bruno sent a chipped pass into Tottenham's penalty box.

Already between Tottenham defenders and prepared to make a run, Ronaldo was quick off his line and the first to reach the ball.

Amazing pace allowed him to reach the ball before it even touched the ground and exceptional flexibility and accuracy allowed him to rifle a shot at goal from the awkward angle, sending the ball under Lloris gloves and into the bottom left of the goal.

In the stands above the Tottenham bench, Jason winced as he watched Ronaldo hit the ball into his team's net and covered his face, completely unaware that a camera was pointed at him.

As someone who had played with Ronaldo, the moment he saw Ronaldo bearing down on the ball, he knew. He could feel it. There was no way Lloris was reaching it.

Uncaring for the Tottenham fans who had been incensed by the goal, Ronaldo ran down the sidelines and jumped into a knee slide while the other United players joined him shortly after to celebrate the goal while the Tottenham fans watched uncomfortably.

The match continued shortly after. It had been delayed a little because a VAR check had been conducted due to how close Ronaldo had been to the offside line but they only confirmed that the goal had been inch perfect.

Despite going behind, Tottenham barely responded and though Lo Celso got one a chance from an Emerson Royal cross, he wasn't able to bring the ball down enough and it flew over the bar.

In the second half of the game, the game started off with Tottenham getting a golden opportunity to equalize thanks to a mistake from De Gea.

A Man Utd goal kick had gone straight to Lucas Moura who squared the ball to Son, but Son's impatience got the better of him and he curled the ball just wide of the post.

But after that things got flat with the Tottenham side mostly moving the ball around passively and they paid dearly for it when Ronaldo got through on goal and was found again by Fernandes before he he finished in some style.

Luckily for Tottenham, Ronaldo's run wasn't as perfect as his first goal and he was ever so slightly offside and this was discovered after a VAR check thus the goal was called off.

Less than another ten minutes later, United got through Tottenham's defense once again with Fernandes moving the ball forward.

Ronaldo soon arrived on his right to support him while Cavani continued his run forward. Sending the ball to Ronaldo on the right, the defenders followed Ronaldo, but a back chop sent the ball back the other way, creating space and Ronaldo sent a perfect through ball between the space and into Cavani's path.

Making his run past Lindelof, Cavani's first touch pushed the ball to the right as he noted that Lloris had come running off his line.

As Lloris got close enough and dived towards the ball at his feet, Cavani chipped the ball cleverly over Lloris's outstretched body and the ball landed behind him continuing past the goal line and into the back of the net.

At this point, the body language of the Tottenham fans was nothing to look at. They were fuming.

Their team's performance had been flat and even after going one behind, the manager still made them play passive style football instead of throwing people forward.

Nuno didn't know how close the fans were close to breaking and his next tactical decision was to bring on Ndombele to replace Skipp who hadn't been up to par so far.

To be fair to the manager, it was a correct decision.

The team didn't have any other player apart from Dele Alli on the bench, but Lo Celso who he would come on for was still playing pretty well and wasn't exhausted.

However, the fans who already annoyed at losing and having to watch patient, defensive football... or what they would term as passive lost it when they saw the manager making what looked like a defensive substitution when their team was two nil down.

It started with scattered boos, but soon, the boos grew louder and even the United fans and the players had to take looks around the stadium to see whether Arsenal fans had snuck in to support them against Tottenham.

The Tottenham players who were already feeling down at being two goals behind only had their mood's grow worse when they saw some of their fans openly booing them.

Going against the manager's orders to stay patient and look for chances, the Tottenham players tried to force things, but the United fresh substitutes took advantage of that and soon Rashford burst away at the Tottenham goal with electrifying pace.

No one could even get near him as he entered the 18-yard box and calmly curled the ball around Hugo Lloris.

United immediately burst out celebrating their third goal, but the third goal was also the snapping point for the fans who were still trying to support the players.

They also joined in the booing and most of the boos were directed at the manager. The substitutes had to bear most of it as well, while the players on the pitch weren't left out either.

The whole situation turned toxic while the game was still going on and Jason watched it all play out in disbelief, sure that some news reporters were already typing hard at their keyboards.

Chapter 819: Have No Fear, Conte is Here

31st October 2021

A small thud filled a large room as a formally dressed man in a suit threw a news paper on the table.

"Fans boo off players and manager after 3-0 loss to Man Utd," another man in one of the chairs around the table grabbed the paper and read aloud the headlines on the front page.

"..."

"We have to make a decision, minimize the damage because what happened yesterday must not happen ever again," the club chairman, Daniel Levy said from the head of the table.

"How do we do that?"

"I mean sure, the performances haven't been the best, but no one's really at fault here," Fabio, the director of football at the club asked confused.

"Seriously, no one?" a member of the board questioned sarcastically.

"Well, not no one. But we can't really point fingers,"

"We hired Nuno despite knowing he played defensive football. The same defensive football we had just sacked Mourinho for because the fans didn't like it,"

"Since we didn't find another replacement and we thought that since it wasn't totally defensive football, then we would be okay and we were," Fabio defended.

"We weren't okay. We've lost five out of ten Premier league games," someone countered.

"..."

"So you want to give him the sack?" Fabio asked, directing the question to Levy at the head of the table.

There was nothing he could say to defend Nuno after all because despite it being as much of the players's fault as it was the manager, these people would argue that since the manager couldn't even convince the players to give their hundred in his style of play, then there was no point keeping him.

And despite making sure they hadn't been disqualified from any competitions, Nuno's results weren't convincing enough to make the board stand behind him.

As of now, he was going to be the scapegoat for this situation and that was all there would be to it.

"All those in favor of changing the manager?" Daniel Levy put the decision making to his board, but he knew that they had a similar mind to his.

Just as he expected, the decision was in favor of sacking the manager and after giving orders on how the news would be broken and order to advance talks with those on the manager shortlist that they had prepared a while ago, the meeting ended.

Thus the Tottenham fans and the players woke up to the news that the manager and his entire team had been sacked.

An interesting thing to note was that there wasn't an appointed interim manager which meant that there was a replacement already lined up so they would only have to wait, and they didn't even have to wait long.

Barely a day after, Antonio Conte was announced as the new man at the helm of the Tottenham team to which Jason thought, 'Oh, that guy.'

Jason didn't have much of a relationship with Conte despite having met and denied the man the Scudetto just months prior.

In fact, Jason's relationship with the guy was more negative than neutral. Jason had caused him to lose a few trophies and it was Skrinjar under Conte's management who had injured Jason and cost Jason the Europa League in his first season with Oporto.

All that was behind them now and there was never any hard feelings, but Jason felt relieved at the fact that the club was bringing in a good manager with a track record for winning things.

It could only get better from here? Right?

While Jason was thinking all this, Antonio Conte had arrived in England and was already at the club's head office discussing the arrangement for his coaching team with the director of football.

One of his negotiation points was for him to bring in his own people and since the club had just sacked Nuno and his coaching team, it wasn't much of an issue because the positions were open now.

After that was done, the manager was taking to Hotspur way to continue the rest of his introduction to the club.

At the club he was briefed about the current squad. The full files of the players were sent to him so he could go through them and know what he had to work with.

Safe to say, he had his work cut out for him, especially as he planned to play a different type of football from what the players were currently used to.

After a quick tour of the training ground, he left so he could go through the files and prepare for the first day of training as there wasn't much time.

The team's next match, his debut, was in just two days so he had to get to work fast.

3rd November 2021

The Tottenham players arrived at Hotspur way for their first training with the new manager. Jason had been expecting a somewhat somber mood among the players as they headed to the training field, but most of the guys were acting as they normally did.

Or maybe they were somber and just trying not to show it, he couldn't really tell as he wasn't especially somber either.

He barely knew Nuno Santos and had only played two games under the man so they weren't especially close or anything and though Jason felt sorry that he had been made a scapegoat and faced the brunt of the team's poor performances, there wasn't much that could be done about it.

It was for the best anyways. The team wasn't really united behind Nuno's tactics and that would have been a problem even if he stayed longer.

"So how's he like?" Kane asked Jason.

"I don't know, I didn't play under him, only met him a few times and even then we didn't talk much to each other. You may have met him more than me even,"

"Didn't you go up against him when he was at Chelsea?" Jason returned the question to Kane.

"I also don't know him that much. I just know he's pretty good and he always uses three man defense formations," Kane replied.

"Yeah yeah, but he doesn't play defensively, his tactics are really good," Son added.

"That's about as much as I know, but I also know that he's Italian," Jason said with a bitter smile.

"What does that mean?" Son asked curiously.

"Y'all are about to lose all sensations in your legs."

Chapter 820: First Training With Conte

"My name is Antonio Conte. You can call me Antonio,"

"As you know, I am your new manager after er, Nuno. But I am not here to speak about him or what his mistakes were or whose fault it is,"

"What needs to be done instead is to look at how things can move forward,"

"I am very strict person and have er... high expectations of my team but you guys are good so I don't think we have any problem," Conte made a small joke to lighten the atmosphere.

"I play er... different type of football than your former manager but it's not difficult and I know you will adjust well,"

"Before that, the thing I want from... At a team, the players may be good, the tactics can be good, but the spirit cannot be ignored,"

"The desire to win, the fire to never give up even if we're losing the game, the burning pride to win trophies. That cannot be ignored and that commitment..."

"That level of commitment is what I want from my players because I will push you hard and I will have expectations,"

"It's not that I want you to suffer, no. I want us to win, and win, and win again,"

"I hope you are with me eh, guys?" Antonio asked.

"Yes coach," the players answered collectively.

"Good, now go warm up. Gather back here when you finish, we have lot of work to do and tomorrow is our next match. We don't have much time," the manager ordered.

The Tottenham players quickly began moving, starting with light jogging, they switched to joint mobility exercises and dynamic stretches before finishing with some high-intensity short-distance sprints and some quick feet drills.

After some fifteen to twenty minutes of warm-ups, the players gathered around Antonio Conte again.

"As I already said earlier, we don't have much time since we have a match tomorrow but we'll do what we can today,"

"I usually have my team play three defender formations and after looking at the players we have on the team, I've decided on the 3-4-3 formation for us,"

"The basic explanation is this. Three players at the back, two wing backs that go up and down the field and are the width of the team, and then three forwards, a striker and two inside forwards,"

"Did you understand that?" Antonio asked and got nods from the players.

"Good,"

"It's too late for a tactics class so I want something simple from you guys. Tomorrow I want you to play like you can in this formation. I'm not giving you any specific instructions yet,"

"Just try working on how you fit into this shape and play like you can," he told the players.

It was too late to start giving the players any instructions as all that would do would be to confuse them in the coming match.

They were still used to Nuno's style of play and if he tried to force them to play his way, things could go horribly wrong, so for now all he was changing was their shape on the pitch.

They could work on the specifics after the first game.

Also he wanted to see better what the players could do and how they reacted to various situations so he would know who had a place in his team or not.

The team training for the day was transition training, mainly transition to counterattacks after receiving the ball and also some defensive transitioning as well.

Like Jason had expected, Conte demanded a lot from his players but because of the game the following day, the training ended early, however, the Tottenham players still felt it in their muscles.

With Antonio constantly shouting orders to the players during training and making sure no one stayed idle almost throughout, the players caught a glimpse of what their future would be like after today.

While the other first team players ended their training as they needed to avoid exhausting themselves because of the game, Jason wasn't so lucky as he still had to do an extra hour of recovery training.

He wasn't yet cleared yet to get on the pitch, but he wasn't unfit either so his trainer didn't have to take it too easy with him.

Thankfully, Jason was already used to hellish training and despite it being his first time in a while tiring himself out this much, he didn't feel too stressed out from the training.

His next scan was coming up soon and a medical would come right after that and if he passed the two, then he would be considered fit enough to get back on the field, hence why he was putting in all the work to get back to top shape.

All the time off the pitch had almost left him feeling depressed and now he just wanted to have fun with a ball at his feet.

Unlike normal people who seemed to get more timid after serious injuries, always thinking twice before trying to dribble the ball, Jason had somehow ended up getting a totally different reaction.

As someone who had gotten many injuries in his previous reality, he was already dull to the traumas injuries caused, but lately he had felt himself getting much more daring.

Before he wanted to play football to get a goal as quickly as possible, but now he was beginning to find himself amused by the exhilaration that came when he went up against a player marking him and won.

He was getting addicted to what seemed like his own talent.

He knew that his skills were the result of two lifetimes and years of continuous effort, yet now that it felt so easy to do, so ingrained in his body and movements, it felt like raw shocking talent.

His body moved the way he wanted it to and with so many moves in his arsenal there was almost always a way to escape any situation.

It was amusing.

It was addicting.

It was self-destructive.

Many times within the last week, he had caught himself going up against his teammates in scrimmages and opting to dribble his way out of complicated situations when there were clear passing options.

Of course his teammates tried to avoid tackling him hard, but he knew when he got past that even if they had tried to tackle harder, he would still have escaped.

As he dribbled more, he naturally aggravated them into even forgetting that they were supposed to watch themselves, yet like a monster feeding off their aggressiveness he only moved sharper and dribbled faster and with even more ferocity.

At some point, the trainers had to check the calendar again to wonder if he wasn't already done with his recovery.

It was for this reason that his final scan and medicals had been brought almost two weeks forward.

However while Jason's recovery and performances on the training ground was impressing everyone, his teammate and trainers alike, it was giving another person a headache.

Antonio Conte had almost shouted himself hoarse at Jason, telling him to pass the ball and let the team counter faster, but Jason was instead ignoring him and doing his own thing like a football junkie now completely addicted to dribbling.