

LEGENDS 82

Chapter 82 Awakening Repressed Instincts

Jason had been surprised when a group of teenagers had come up to him asking for his autograph, but he had obliged and signed his autograph on their clothes and books.

One of the girls was a bit freaky and had asked him for his phone number and even asked him to sign on weird parts of her body and when Jason had refused, she had asked him to sign on her bra.

At that point, Jason had just put a finger on her lips to shush her while looking at her intently, his sapphire-like eyes almost glowing while he smoothly signed on the corner of her shirt.

It was a tactic he used to use in his past life's reality whenever he needed to shush a female from talking and it always worked, though the version he used on the young female fan was a very watered-down version as the original version usually ended up with him and whichever female he had used it on, waking up in a bed together after an "eventful" night.

One thing to note was that he had never tried using it for any males though.

After giving them his autograph, Jason tried to return to picking his ingredients but the commotion caused by the teenagers that had gone up to him had caused other people to notice him, and more people began to appear and ask for his autograph, handshakes, pictures and all sorts of things.

Jason who was quite new to the fame, did his best to cater to all the fans as he was literally going to be free for the whole day, but by the time he was able to free himself, pick up the rest of the ingredients he needed and go to pay for what he had picked up, while also giving an autograph to the cashier and taking a selfie with her, more than an hour had passed since he went into the grocery store.

"I guess this is what they call instant fame," Jason muttered as he pushed the button to start his car.

'It seems I'll have to start disguising myself whenever I come out now,' he thought to himself, but he couldn't deny that he liked the attention that he was receiving from people after just one match.

This reinforced his will to play better and put out more delightful performances that would help his team win games while he advanced on his path to his goals.

The fans and money that came with his progress were a very welcome bonus in his opinion.

With nothing left that he wanted to do outside, Jason headed to his apartment, cruising the streets, the sleek futuristic design of his car garnering interested glances wherever he drove by, but Jason didn't care about that and continued driving.

On reaching his house, Jason drove into the parking lot, got out, and went into the house, throwing his sports bag onto the couch and immediately taking the groceries to the kitchen.

After storing the things he would not be using immediately, Jason began cooking.

Lately, he had found himself craving the Japanese foods that he used to eat in his past life when he played in the J1 league, so today he was going to be cooking some ramen for himself.

After washing his hands and putting on kitchen gloves, Jason transformed into a god of the kitchen, his hands moving dexterously as he prepared all the raw materials and began the process of turning, flour, eggs, pork, etc., into a bowl of Spicy miso pork ramen.

"Itadakimasu," he muttered before he began to slurp down his masterpiece, only stopping after he was done.

The sweat on his face as put his bowl down despite the air-conditioned room indicated that he may have made the miso broth a bit too spicy, and he could only blame his Yoruba genes that would not feel comfortable if there wasn't enough pepper inside his food.

He could ignore it most times since there were not many countries that could cope with the levels of spiciness that his Yoruba genes demanded, but whenever he had to cook for himself, he always made sure to make sure that nobody but him and his only family member, as well as a few other "real men" who were impervious to that level of spiciness, could touch his food.

He quickly stood up and went to wash all the dishes and ingredients that he had used in preparing the meal because he knew that with how heavy he was feeling, he would be asleep within minutes if he wasn't doing something so he wanted to get the dishes done before he lay in the bosom of the goddess of sleep.

After doing the dishes, he lay on the couch, turned on the TV, and switched it to the sports channel but before ten minutes passed by, he was already breathing peacefully with his eyes closed, his consciousness long gone.

When Jason's finally consciousness began to return, he felt someone's hand on him that seemed to be patting him up and down.

With his mind still groggy, his instinct took over and his left arm smoothly grasped the arm that was on his body.

Immediately his arm grasped the hand that was patting him, his mind was able to simulate the position of the person patting him down, and his right arm flew out and slammed into the person's chest before he stood up and using the person's arm as a pivot, Jason threw the person over his back and slammed the person into the ground.

In between throwing the person over his shoulder and slamming him into the ground, Jason's consciousness finally awakened completely, but that didn't stop him from following through with the smackdown he was doing.

Safety first, ask questions later... was one of his mottos as a member of the dark-skinned species of humans.

With the person who was tapping him down completely subdued, Jason finally looked at the person's face and was stunned beyond words,

"Mylo?"

"What the fu*k were you doing?" Jason asked in surprise.