

Legends 821

Chapter 821: Conte's Tottenham's First Game

***4th November 2021**

Tottenham's match against Vitesse, Conte's first match as Tottenham's new manager kicked off at the Tottenham Hotspur stadium in London.

Tottenham was arranged in the 3-4-3 formation while their opponents were lined up in the 3-4-1-2 formation which was quite lucky for them as they weren't used to their new formation and any formation that would overload the flanks might make the game much harder than they expected.

The game got off to a very exciting start when Tottenham found a counter attacking opportunity with Kane finding Moura who was making a run towards Vitesse's goal.

Moura hit the ball first time, but the ball was blocked by Markus Schubert, Vitesse's goalkeeper, but he didn't manage to hold onto the ball.

Lunging once more to slap the ball away before Moura could hit it on the rebound, he ended up sending the ball into the path of Son in the right side of the penalty box and after smoothly controlling the ball, Son sent it again at goal.

This time Markus couldn't react in time and the ball flew into the bottom left corner of the goal.

Son took off down the sidelines, celebrating with the fans of the club who were happy that the new manager was making their team play more exciting football.

Their joy exploded again when just seven minutes later, Kane once again found Moura on a charge down into the opposition box.

Moura received the ball and right beside him, offering an option for an open goal was Son, but Moura chose to go it alone and this time he converted from his one-on-one chance with the goalkeeper.

Unsure of whether Moura would square off the ball, Markus's guard had been a bit too low and he could not react to Moura's well placed shot in time and the ball nestled at the back of the net.

Already two nil up, Tottenham didn't show any signs of slowing down and on another counter opportunity, Lo Celso broke into the penalty box and tried to send a cross across to Harry Kane.

The ball evaded Markus Schubert and reached Kane, but Kane didn't get a good enough touch on it to direct it goalward, however by some luck, Jacob Rasmussen was there, trying to block the shot, but the ball deflected off of him and rolled past the goal line.

Markus Shubert jumped on it and threw it away, but it was too late. The ball had already passed the goal line.

To say the Tottenham fans were over the moon would be an understatement.

The stadium wasn't full, but everyone's energy was through the roof and even the fans in their homes watching the game felt the spreading joy.

The team was still playing somewhat defensively as defense was still the core of Antonio Conte's style of play, but they were attacking as soon as the opportunities arose and the players didn't look lost on the ball while hogging possession like squirrels in spring.

However, the opponents weren't intending on going down without a fight.

They had already beat Tottenham earlier and initially believed they could do it again. The situation had changed, but they still believed they could get something from the game.

Soon the chance arose from a corner just four minutes later and Rasmussen jumped clear of his marker, heading the ball to the far right corner to redeem himself.

Neither Lloris nor any other Tottenham player got near enough to the ball to stop it from going in and in the end, Vitesse got one back.

It was game on.

Feeding off their first goal, Vitesse soon found themselves in Tottenham's penalty box again and after breaking in from the right flank which was supposedly defended by Emerson Royal, Yann Gboho found Matus Bero who curled the ball at the bottom right of the goal from inside the left side of the penalty box.

Lloris dived but couldn't reach it and the ball once again nestled at the back of the net.

At this point, only neutrals and Vitesse fans were screaming excitedly, the Tottenham fans had become less drunk on excitement and were quite sober.

Disappointed that a three goal lead had become one, they still stood beside their side to win the game, especially after being treated to beautiful counter attacking football at the beginning of the game.

About 8 minutes later, the referee blew the whistle to end the first half and the two teams began heading off the field.

What was supposed to be a first half of the two sides probing each other had turned into a goal fest of five goals between them and now the two sides would be looking for more stability in the second half.

Vitesse would want to continue attacking and get an equalizer and maybe even a comeback goal after that, but they had to make sure that they also didn't concede so they would be more grounded.

Tottenham on the other hand only needed to hold onto this lead to win and while it may be more exciting to continue their attacking game in the second half, it became clear that the formation, new as it was still had clear weaknesses, especially since the players weren't used to it yet.

Continuing to attack might lead to them conceding more goals and the Tottenham players didn't want that. Even the fans didn't want that.

So when the second half began and the Tottenham side switched to more defensive style football and only going forward when there was a counter attacking chance, the fans didn't get care that their team seemed to be mostly defending and just cheered for the players with all their might.

Things got a bit tricky in the 59th minute after Romero got a yellow card for an aggressive tackle. Unfortunately, he had already gotten a yellow card in the first half so this was his second yellow and it was followed up with a red that got him sent off.

It seemed like the perfect opportunity for Vitesse to launch themselves forward and make use of their number advantage and they did so, getting more aggressive with the ball and doing all they could to steal possession whenever they needed to.

However somehow Tottenham stayed compact and it was Vitesse who began racking up yellow cards and by the time it was the eightieth minute, they had received three yellow cards.

And on the 81st minute, they got another one, this time striking a player who already had one yellow card.

He was also shown a red and suddenly the two teams were back on equal numbers, but then 4 minutes later, Markus Shubert received a red card for launching himself outside his penalty box and taking down Harry Kane who had gotten away and was bearing down on goal with a goal on his mind.

With that Vitesse were two man down and the tables turned once again.

From doing everything they could to score to doing everything they could to defend and last the remaining minutes because the Tottenham players began bearing down on them with righteous fury.

In the end, the game ended with a 3-2 scoreline in favor of Tottenham and thus Antonio Conte began his career as Tottenham's manager with a win.

Chapter 822: Conte Tactics Masterclass

6th November 2021

"Everyone sit down, and pay attention," Antonio called his players to attention.

After a day of recovery to reduce exhaustion, the players were back at the club for their next major training session, but before the training began, they had been called into the meeting room where tactics were usually discussed.

Antonio was going to be explaining the new system that the club would be adapting and it was time for the players to pay rapt attention.

"You guys got a taste of the formation day before yesterday, yes? Who can tell me what they think about the er- the formation?" Conte asked.

"Yes, Harry,"

"Ok, Uhm, I think it's very dynamic and it gives a great advantage when we're attacking. With all the extra support from our wingbacks on the flanks, it allows the wingers to operate more centrally and that gives me a lot of support and more options for a pass,"

"But I'll say it is a little difficult on us to transition as quickly to attack and back to defense, especially since it requires running up and down the pitch to take up spaces on the attack or to lock the space on the defence,"

"It will take some getting used to, but overall I think it works very well," Kane explained, giving his opinion on the new formation.

"Okay, thank you," Conte nodded at the answer then gave a glance at his assistant to ensure that the man was taking notes.

"Who else?" he asked, looking around for other hands.

"Ben, yes?"

"The three center backs allows us have to outnumber the other team's attacks and it makes defending easier. Working with the wingbacks to make a total of five defenders makes it even harder for then opponent to penetrate our line,"

"The con is the stress it puts on then wingbacks who have more attacking duties as well since they have to run back to cover all the time," Davies said.

"Okay, anyone else?" Conte nodded in approval and let other players say what they thought and had noticed about the formation.

"Okay, good. I happy that no one dislike the formation too much and is willing to try something new if it can help us win. Now, I'll introduce how we will play to you," Conte finally began his tactics masterclass with the players.

"After watching the last match, this is how we will arrange ourselves," he said, pointing to the magnetic board behind him.

On the board were 22 pieces with the 11 white pieces representing the Tottenham side.

Like they had expected, the white pieces were arranged in a 3-4-3 formation but taking a closer look, the three up-front weren't directly across each other.

Instead, the two wide forwards were slightly behind the middle white piece, making the formation look more like a 3-4-2-1 than a conventional 3-4-3 formation.

"When we are not in possession, this is what we will mostly look like, though the wingbacks might drop back a bit more, depending on the situation,"

"Defensively, we should stay compact, block spaces and close passing lanes. The aim is to force our opponents wide and stop them from crossing the ball into the middle,"

"Now, these two guys in the center," Conte said, pointing to then two center midfielders in the formation.

"One of them has to play as a box to box midfielder, going up and down the pitch to help with attack and defense when needed. The second midfielder will sit deep most times and help the three center backs when the wing backs move forward,"

"This will help us stay strong at the back even though we are using fewer er-, fewer players, ahem," Conte took a sip of water.

"Now, when we are attacking. I'm sure you noticed these two players are a little at the back, yes? Since we will have one of our midfielders sitting back a lot to help, these two guys will drop back to play like attacking midfielders when the situation calls for it,"

"This way we are not lacking in numbers in the midfield and there is always passing option for the midfielders," Conte didn't dive too deep into how the players should play.

For players of this caliber, simpler instructions were better as they all had their own style of play. Things could only be adjusted over a longer period of time.

If a player played a particular way and saw that it wasn't getting results on the pitch. Conte might not even have to point it out before the player changed it himself.

Of course there were some headstrong players who wouldn't change their playing style no matter what, but all that remained at that point would be to take them off the lineup, after all, he wasn't here to babysit full-grown men, but to manage a top-tier team.

Even now, some players who didn't fit into his idea of a team already no longer had a place on the team. He just hadn't brazenly stated it yet.

"Now that you've seen the formation and know what we are working with, let's move on to my... our style of play,"

"When I was a player, I didn't have the technical skill to go through two or three players. I even had problems with one. I could run and defend well, but if I was pressured, I was always scared that I would lose the ball,"

"My style of play came about because of that. I want my players to not have to experience that situation. That's why my formation is compact and why players are positioned near one another. It's so that they can support each other,"

"Vertical tiki-taka,"

"Move the ball fast up the pitch as soon as soon as we get it. That is what I want from you,"

"I don't need hold up play, or to control possession. I want attacks, I want goals, as quickly as they can come,"

"The moment we get the ball, the clock begins ticking and won't have plenty time to hit our opponents on the counter, so the ball must move and the players must move,"

"The three forwards move towards the penalty box while the wingbacks will stay wide to support the width,"

"This is not the time for you to waste time dribbling around or slowing down the play,"

"The goal is here!" Conte pointed at the opponents goal.

"Not here!" he pointed to the flanks and glanced at a particular person who stared back blankly.

"There's nothing my forwards are looking for at the side of the pitch when we are on the attack. Leave the crossing to the wingbacks and stay in the penalty box to support the striker. You can help him relieve some pressure or even score by yourself,"

"I need you all to understand that this is something we can only achieve by playing as a team and making sure we all do our jobs," Conte said boisterously and the players nodded.

The meeting continued for a while longer before the club finally began it's team training, putting into practice all they had just learned from the meeting.

Chapter 823: Break

7th November 2021

Everton hosted Tottenham at Goodison Park, Liverpool for Conte's first match in the premier league and the fans of the two sides were looking forward to the game as the two clubs were only one point away from each other.

Tottenham had 15 points after 10 games while Everton was right behind them with 14 points.

If Everton managed to beat Tottenham, then they would rise above them on the table while if Tottenham won, they would climb back to the 6th position on the table, just a little away from getting back in the top 4.

With both sides having it all to play for in this game, the game was filled with attacking football right from the off.

Everton looked brilliant on the attack and tried to make use of the flanks where they outnumbered the Tottenham players, however despite not being used to their new shape and tactics they managed to stay solid enough to keep Everton from getting easy shots at goal.

That didn't stop the Everton players from trying though and every so often their brilliant winging pair of Demarai Gray and Antony Gordon would break away on the flanks, causing problems for the Tottenham defense.

On the attack, Tottenham was a bit quieter as Son and Moura hadn't yet gotten the right balance between helping out in the middle of the pitch and supporting the attacks from up front as well and this reduced their attacking impact, but they still managed to put on an impressive performance.

At the end of the game, the two sides only managed to cancel each other out and neither side managed to score.

With Tottenham not even having one shot on target despite having 8 attempts and Everton only having 2 of their 12 attempts on target, it couldn't be helped that neither team managed to score.

However the fans of neither side were too disappointed with the results as the two sides had looked pretty solid and entertained the fans with their play.

Thus Antonio Conte recorded his first game and first draw with his new team.

The London newspapers quickly got to work, reporting on the match in detail.

New manager debut ends in a draw. Fan opinion still inconclusive

Tottenham end losing streak under new manager and secure first draw of the season

Some articles were on the more pessimistic side as well.

Premier League champion manager only manages to secure draw with Tottenham. Is winning still far off?

The Tottenham players however weren't paying much attention to the news and were more focused on the international break.

The players who received international callups were already halfway to their international camps by the time the articles surfaced while the others were enjoying a much needed break.

With almost half the squad away on international duties, the team couldn't hold tactical training so there wasn't any major training sessions.

Just some players doing some gym work and physical training.

Apart from that, Conte gave the players the first 4 days of the break off so for a the training grounds were devoid of players.

For Jason who had been been undergoing recovery for so long and couldn't take any days off till now, this was his first break in a while so he asked for an extra six days of leave.

Under advice from the club's medical team, Conte granted Jason the leave and Jason immediately took off on a plane to Toronto, Canada.

It was the starting point of the supercar rally, the gumball 3000 that he would be joining in on.

About a month prior, he had been invited to the event by Mr. Patino who he bought his Ferrari from in Italy.

As a car enthusiast, Mr Patino had also been a previous participant and had recommended Jason who was then invited directly.

Good that it happen like that too because Jason wasn't going to cough up the ticket fee that was a whooping sum of \$100k the last time he heard.

Thinking further about it, the gumball rally was a media and lifestyle event with sponsors and all so getting Jason to join for free was a profit for the sponsors.

Jason had sent his Ferrari to Toronto ahead of him and had it wrapped so that the event livery and stickers could be put on its body.

Once the event was over, he would only have to take the wrap off and his car would be restored.

Arriving at the Toronto Pearson international airport with his luggage for the next few days bundled into one bag, he took a cab to the carmedics workshop where his car was.

During the drive, Jason could not help thinking about whether this was the appropriate weather conditions to be doing a cross country rally event, considering how cold it was in North America at this time of year.

However it couldn't be helped.

The event was originally scheduled to take place in the middle of the year, around June when it was still warm, but the COVID virus issue that had affected the world for the past year and half still cropped up every once in a while to cause issues.

In this case it had affected the planning and caused a huge delay, but against all odds, the event was still about to hold.

The weather wasn't too bad yet anyway.

While it was a bit cold out and people had to wear thick clothes to keep warm and there was high chances of rain every so often, the chances for a snowfall were still low so it wasn't too much of a problem.

Also, they wouldn't be spending more than one day in Toronto before heading to USA, which was much warmer.

Deep in thoughts, he didn't realize how much time flew by and only returned to the land of the living after the taxi stopped.

He paid the fare and got off heading into the auto shop where his car was waiting.

After meeting with the person in charge of working on his car, they headed to his car.

Apart from the livery, Jason had also wanted to remove the electrical battery in the car since he wasn't one for electric motors and the Ferrari was a hybrid drive-train.

Not fully electric, but it felt a bit off for someone who preferred pure petrol engines.

Unfortunately, the battery couldn't be taken out without a complete remodelling of the whole car due to how the electric motors were linked to the front axle and other important parts of the car.

So he left the car as is and didn't bother with any modifications... He'd buy another fully petrol engine car for fun drives later... He was being paid enough to be that wilful these days.

Chapter 824: Gumball 3000

Vrooommmmm!!! *Pop!*

Vroooooommmmm!!! *Vroooooommmmm!!!* *Pop!* *Pop!*

The loud engine roar of the SF90 stradale rang out of the modified exhausts of the car as Jason revved loudly.

He had just arrived at the starting location of the rally and as expected of such an event, there were a lot of people already there, some participants and some fans who could only watch behind pre-set railings to stop them from disturbing the event's participants or damaging the luxury cars lined up on the public grid.

The intimidating appearance of Jason's modified Ferrari and its loud noise instantly attracted attention as he arrived.

Both the rally's participants and the spectators looked at this new arrival with genuine interests, both interested in the car and the people inside.

The participants of the rally, barring a few were a bit less interested in the car and more in the people in the car.

After all, they were all somewhat affluent people and this rally was more a networking event than anything so this was normal.

The petrol heads however were a whole lot more interested in the car that was quite dissimilar to a normal SF90 Stradale.

It's body modifications were clear to see and the sounds coming from the engine through the exhaust told them that it was not only the appearance of the car that had been upgraded.

"Rev it!"

"Yeah, rev it, rev it!" The petrol heads shouted at the person behind the wheel.

"They're saying rev it man, give the crowd what they want," Shaq who would be Jason's partner for the gumball event said to Jason from the passenger seat.

"I heard man, I heard," Jason muttered and changed the gear to neutral before putting his foot down.

Vrooommmmm!!! *Pop!*

Vroooooommmmm!!! *Vroooooommmmm!!!* *Pop!* *Pop!*

Vrooommmmm!!! *Pop!*

Vroooooommmmm!!! *Vroooooommmmm!!!* *Pop!* *Pop!*

"Yeahhhhh!!!" Some petrol heads shouted joyfully as the car roared.

"Damn, this bit's loud for real. I can't believe I'm saying this, but my ears might be busted by the end of this gumball ting," Shaq said with a grin.

"Luckily for us, this thing is part EV. When the noise gets a bit tiresome, I'll just switch to stealth mode," Jason couldn't believe the words coming out of his mouth, especially since he had been considering finding a way to turn the car into a pure petrol guzzler just moments ago.

All of a sudden, it felt like being part EV wasn't too much of a disadvantage.

Finding a spot to park, Jason slowly manipulated his car into the parking space, resisting with every fiber of his being the notion to do a drifting park, especially with the amount of space available.

The notion of finding somewhere to change his tires because he had over exerted somewhere along on the rally kept him calm even though the tires on the car were already new.

He really didn't want to take any risks yet.

After parking, Shaq got down first, heading to the Mercedes AMG G63 right behind them, his own car that had been registered for the rally.

He hadn't known Jason would take part in the rally and had initially planned to join the rally in this car and had the whole thing planned out.

He has even gotten an Internet celebrity, Shanks, to join him to record the whole event and them as they had fun, but then Jason also said he would be taking part.

The plan didn't change much as the rally would still be recorded by Shanks, though things were a little more complicated as now he preferred to ride in Jason's car.

But he and Shanks would switch places continuously during the rally, each taking time with the camera and also riding in Jason's car.

He has discussed it with Jason and Jason was fine with it so there were no issues.

While Shaq took the time to interact with some of the fans on the side before heading to his own car while Shanks and the driver got out, Jason was still seated in his own car.

He has just gotten a text from Mr. Patino who had invited him and the man was asking to know if Jason had arrived.

Patino hadn't arrived yet but would soon so after reading the message, Jason turned off his phone and grabbed his door.

Perhaps he could finish registering for the event before Patino arrived.

The public grid was near a hotel where the registration for the event and the hotels where the participants would be staying was, but Jason planned to come back out after he was done with the registration to look at more cars as they arrived so he didn't take his luggage yet.

Looking in his mirror before stepping out, he took a quick glance at his outfit to see if anything was out of place.

A simple pairing of baggy blue jeans and an armless sweater with a white short sleeve T-shirt underneath the sweater could be seen and there couldn't really be anything wrong with such simple wear.

Grabbing a pair of shades, he put them on and pushed open his door, stepping out and glancing over at Shaq on the other side before shutting his door.

"You guys done? I wanna go in and register," he said, unconsciously brushing his hand through his hair.

It had been a few months since he cut his hair and it was already growing lengthy again.

It wasn't quite lengthy enough for it to be packed in a bun like before, but it was almost shoulder length again and Jason had been considering whether to cut it a bit again, style it, or just leave it to keep growing like before.

However, those weren't his thoughts at the moment.

Perhaps because of his new look and the fact that he hadn't been active in a while, but he wasn't immediately recognized by the rally fans at the venue.

"You no wan dey outside for a bit?" Shanks, holding his camera and recording asked Jason.

"We'll come back actually, I just want to get all the serious issues sorted out. I have to meet someone back here anyway," Jason replied.

"Oh, that's true. Let's go and quickly come back then," Shaq added from the side, done poking through his bag and picking a few things.

"Yo, have you ever been to Canada before?" In total media mode, Shanks asked Jason.

"Nah, I didn't do much traveling when I was younger, though I would hav-"

"Jason, can I have a picture, I'm a big fan!" A loud voice interrupted from just behind them.

"Gimme a minute," he held one hand up and turned back, a smile appearing on his face as he turned up his internal social knob.

Moving closer to the railings on the sides, Jason walked up to the guy who had called, but at this point more people had begun to recognize him and more people were calling for a picture, autograph, and handshakes.

"Okay, who's got a black marker or pen or sharpie?" Jason asked.

The common belief was that it was easier for blue ink to be scanned and replicated, though honestly he didn't care if those kinds of things happened, but it wouldn't be fun if people used his signature to scam people.

Hence his request, luckily, someone did and after about five minutes of attending to some of the spectators, he smiled and pulled away, otherwise he might not leave in hours.

Meeting up with Shanks who was happy at the extra time to record, as well as Shaq who also had a little fan interaction, they finally headed into the hotel hall and found the registration venue.

Beginning the process of registering, collecting tags, receiving various souvenirs, signing on the Gumball flag and on a few other memorabilia, Jason and Shaq finally headed out with bags full of souvenirs.

With the number of Gumball kits they received, it almost felt like they shouldn't have even bothered bringing luggage.

Jason finally understood why a lot of people appeared in mostly casual wear and barely had any luggage with them.

Granted that there was a logistics division that usually transported luggage, but even then, it was understandable that much clothing weren't needed when they would receive these many souvenirs.

The luggage that most people had weren't even clothes.

After getting back outside, Jason watched as more cars arrived and also walked up and down the grid to look at all the cool cars.

He had been out almost an hour when Mr Patino finally arrived and he didn't come alone.

This time he didn't bring his daughter along, but his wife. His wife didn't exactly share his passion of cars with him, but wasn't about to let her husband spend 7 days traveling without her being there.

Her reasons for that, Jason didn't know, neither did he care to know.

As he and Mr. Patino caught up, more cars arrived and one car in particular turned quite a few heads when it arrived.

A sleek silver grey Aston Martin One-77 drove into the venue and parked slowly, despite the howling beast beneath the hood.

"You know, personally I prefer Italian cars, but this Aston Martin One-77, one of just 77 units produced really makes my hands itch,"

"It is a beautiful car, but its assembly line has long since been scrapped. As for buying it, people who bought it then got it either to show off or for the love of the game,"

"It'll be difficult to get one," Jason sighed, also admiring the Aston Martin and thinking to himself that one more car wouldn't hurt.

"Isn't there one right in front of us?" Patino grinned.

"Oh for God's sake Tino," Patino's wife groaned. She had seen that look in her husband's eyes quite a few times.

"I'm going to make him an offer he can't refuse," Patino stated.

Chapter 825: Gumball 3000 II

Jason wasn't going to compete with Patino for the Aston Martin One-77, but on his bed in the hotel that same evening, he went looking for something similar but not so difficult to acquire.

Surfing through his phone for the latest Aston Martin models and spotting the Aston Martin Vantage Coupe, he gave certain people directives that would ensure that the car would be parked in his driveway when he got back to England.

He really couldn't help himself.

With the new addition, he would have a total of four cars... Though he had more or less handed his BMW i8 over to Adele and he might end up leaving his Ferrari with his Aunt in LA.

The car had been flying all over for a while and it really didn't have much use for him in England.

He might not have thought much about it before arriving at England, but the car would have to be relegated to a fun car that he would barely use because of the road and weather conditions.

Quite a few of the older roads were narrow and there were quite a few untarred roads as well.

Wide body cars had a huge disadvantage on England roads and being low slung with poor rear visibility only made things worse.

That didn't mean the cars couldn't be used at all, but one would have to be careful with a lot of things which took out a lot of fun from the driving process.

Of course the thought of leaving the Ferrari in LA wasn't an idea he was too keen on and he had only been thinking about it, but the fact was the fact.

The BMW SUV he had gotten didn't have to worry about the weather or unsavory road conditions, but it wasn't exactly a fun fun car either, so an Aston Martin Vantage Coupe wasn't a bad idea.

Even better, it was a British car and would make him feel classy, like James Bond, so... It was a good purchase.

After spending another hour convincing himself... Sort of, he went to sleep.

He has already spent a bit of energy during the day and there had even been a kickoff concert from 6 to 11 so he was pretty exhausted.

The next morning, Jason met up with Shaq, Shanks, the driver and Mr Patino and his wife before they went outside to take part in the launch of the rally.

The second day of the rally began with the flag drop and every single participant lining up one by one for a car parade and being shown off to the watching crowd before they took off.

Since the cars went one at a time, one after the other, they spent quite a bit of time just doing that and by the time the last car on the list left the starting point, the earliest cars were already a whole five hours ahead.

Jason had left somewhere in the middle of the parade and speeding up, he managed to catch up to Shaq and the Patinos who had left almost a full hour before he did.

He mostly maintained a speed below the limit, but once the roads were wider and there weren't many cars in his path, he pushed the accelerator a little bit harder.

After all, what was the point in driving a Ferrari if he only went below 60 miles an hour every time.

"Shoulda been on the Autobahn, then this thing woulda been a lot more fun," he said somewhere on the road after spotting a police car and reducing his speed appropriately.

The day's drive was them going from Detroit to Indianapolis, crossing the border in the process.

The border wasn't excessively far from the starting point so Jason's group arrived there around 6pm and went through all the security checks at the border.

Jason and the others used the chance to stretch their legs while the officials went through their passports and their cars, but there was a slight problem with Shanks because he had a green passport.

As usual, but for unreasonable reasons, the check on Shanks was a lot more stringent simply because his passport was a different color.

It was a bit annoying to Jason and Michael because while they didn't have green passports due to having other nationalities, they were still inherently Africans.

Having someone similar to you being treated like that because of their nationality didn't feel good but they couldn't exactly fight with the border officials.

Also, this thing was pretty much widespread and had almost become the norm.

It was things that showed that humanity hadn't really made much progress on the issues of discrimination and racism. The voices just weren't loud enough anymore because they were being drowned out by other things.

After an extensive examination, they were finally let past the border and they made off to Indianapolis, hoping to make it to the hotel before it was too late.

They arrived at the hotel at past 10pm and after having a quick meal, they all went to get some rest... All of them except Jason who spent an extra hour in the gym, doing some workout and some physical drills.

He was on break, but that didn't mean he could completely neglect his training, otherwise it would be difficult for him to pass the medical examination scheduled for him when he got back.

Actually the drive was already enough exercise if he thought about it, but it was mostly stationary exercises so he did some running and stretches to ensure continued flexibility and make sure he didn't get stiff during this period.

The third day of the rally would have had them watch the Indy 500 race, a major motorsport event in America, but due to them having to reschedule the event from May, they couldn't do that and instead continued the drive.

The rally route passed through Bardstown and Nashville. Initially Jason had thought Bardstown was a city referenced in the Fast and Furious 2 movie by Roman Peters where he was found by Brian while taking part in a demolition derby.

But he soon realized that that was Barstow and not Bardstown. Bardstown was a city that felt more like a town and it was like a drive through the country side where they got lost quite a few times despite having maps to direct them.

Luckily, they found their way and continued the journey, still managing to make good time and arrive at Nashville, Tennessee.

That same evening there was a Charity gala held at the National Museum of African American Music.

The gala involved a charity auction, an appearance of Tony Hawk, a retired professional skateboarder and current entrepreneur and finally, live performance from Ceelo Green.

As usual, Jason didn't lose out to anyone at the auction in terms of attention.

It couldn't be helped. The visual impact of Jason in a suit was too much to be ignored shortly.

He received all sorts of inviting gazes and quite a lot of paper slips and cards with phone numbers and hotel room numbers ended up in his pockets.

Jason took it all in stride, a small smile never leaving his face, even after a woman holding her husband's arm stealthily slipped him a hotel room number in the same hotel he was staying.

If he were still in his prime whoring era, he might have taken up two or even three of the women there because honestly speaking, the women were very beautiful.

Men with money always knew how to pick the most beautiful women to hang on their arms after all. To them it was the same thing as a woman picking handbags.

However, he was a somewhat changed man... Somewhat.

But it was mostly because after experiencing the feeling of betrayal, he didn't want to be the one dishing it out to someone else... Adele was enough for him.

If he wanted to cheat, he would have done it many times over already but he hadn't, so he wouldn't start now.

Leaving after spending just over an hour at the gala, he went back to the hotel and jumped right into the gym, doing some running and flexibility exercises and stretches before heading to bed.

The fourth day, the rally participants visited the Talladega speedway on their way to Atlanta and they could even get to sit in the passenger seat for a lap around the track as already arranged by the rally organizers.

Jason didn't pass up the chance of course and after one lap around the famous track and a quick lunch after, he and the others continued on the road and arrived at Atlanta station for the Atlanta arrival event.

After all the work for the day, when they arrived at their hotel, Jason once again hit the gym as usual, managing to get some work done before going to sleep.

Trying to keep his fitness was necessary at this point because the long sitting hours were beginning to tell on his back a bit.

His body wasn't used to being in such a stationary position for so long, and since the cars were more focused on looking good and being fast, its comfortability was a bit lacking.

The drive was almost finished anyway.

In one more day they would be at Miami before heading to the final finish line at the Inter Miami stadium for a charity match hosted by David Beckham.

Chapter 826: Gumball Finale: Charity Match

The second to the final day of the rally had Jason drive through Tampa and Fort Lauderdale where they visited the Raymond James Stadium, taking part in a few activities before continuing south towards Miami and the final day was them arriving at Miami and taking a Florida Keys scenic drive.

First stopping at a checkpoint to grab a bite before continuing around Florida and ending their journey at the PNC DRV Stadium, the current home stadium of Inter Miami Football Club.

At the stadium, a car festival was ongoing as every car arrived, they were announced loudly and got applause and cheers from the crowd.

The gumball crew had also given the participants some T-shirts to give to the crowd and while arriving Jason threw them to the crowd one by one.

He had thought of signing one of the shirts, but then thought it wouldn't be fair unless he signed all the shirts so he ended up not signing any of the shirts.

In the end, after parking, he went up into the stadium a bit earlier than most of the other participants simply because he felt more at peace on a field than in a crowd.

In about an hour or so, the Gumball XI would be playing against Laureus World XI and unsurprisingly, and for many good reasons, Jason wouldn't be playing.

For one, it was a charity match, not a competitive one and even though he hadn't played in a while, which made him feel more of a desire to play, his desire to play really wasn't too strong.

Second, it wouldn't be fair, after all, he was an actual professional and while there would be some retired professionals on the Laureus World team, it wouldn't be fair to them if he was on that field.

Because it was a charity match didn't mean they wanted to suffer too much of a loss.

Third and most importantly, he wasn't actually cleared to play yet. His final medical was still a few days away and while he had been doing training at normal match intensity for a while, he wasn't actually cleared to play yet.

The contractual issues that could potentially rise from putting on a jersey that wasn't Tottenham's and play a match would be a severe headache if the club decided to make it an issue.

So he would content himself by watching in the stands and hope the match was exciting, but that might be hoping for too much with his standards.

After waiting for a while he got some snacks to munch on while he waited as the match was finally about to begin.

Shortly after, the match began and Jason watched as the Gumball XI faced off against Laureus World XI.

Perhaps because there wasn't much effort put into publicity, there weren't many people in the stands to watch the game.

It was a charity match, but considering the people who could participate in the gumball rally, it was more of a quality than quantity thing.

The amount that would be raised wouldn't be lacking despite there not being many people paying for match tickets.

The match had been going on for a while when Jason heard someone sit beside him.

Not wanting to move, he didn't even bother turning to check who it was.

"How's the match?" The person wasn't content on sitting beside Jason and chose to ask questions.

"Honestly, a bit boring. Some guys seem to be trying hard and some seem to not even be bothered. It's not unwatchable though," Jason murmured, still not bothering to check who he was talking to.

"Would you fancy playing here though?" The voice came again, sounding strangely British.

"Maybe when I'm about to retire and can't run as much," Jason chuckled, thinking about it.

"What's a brit doing here in Miami tho-... Oh," somewhere in-between Jason turned to look at who was talking only to be stunned by a face that anyone who knew football and was born in the early 2000s would know.

Handsome, beautiful hair, and a somewhat rough but clean cut beard that only made the face more handsome with a more mature feel.

For once Jason saw a face that didn't lose out to his own in terms of charisma or pure handsomeness... And it was right in front of his eyes and not through a screen.

"I mean, I knew you owned the place, but damn," Jason said in shock as he stared at David Beckham's face.

"It's a charity match. I have to come support," David chuckled.

"That knighthood has to come one way or the other, ain't it," Jason said and they both laughed.

Continuing to make small talk as they watched the game, the conversation soon turned to one about football, especially since they were watching a football match.

Jason quickly took the chance to ask the man known for his free-kicks and long balls his secret to doing those things and it soon turned to a class on how to whip the ball long distance.

A bit surprised as not many players he had met ever actually wanted to learn more about football from him.

The players he knew were either players with their own individual styles and with big enough egos that they wouldn't ever ask to learn, or people who only wanted to look close to him on camera.

So he happily spoke to Jason about how he usually hit the ball and they had an animated discussion throughout the rest of the match.

By the time they realized how much time had gone by, the charity match was already over and they both had to part ways as they both had things to do.

As the host of the event, David was needed elsewhere while Jason wanted to go get some rest.

With the match over, the rally was officially over and there was only one more event left.

A pool party the following day as a closing party where the spirit of gumball trophy would be awarded.

Unlike Jason who wanted to head to the hotel for the night to do some exercises and then get some sleep, Shaq and Shanks were more keen on visiting certain entertainment establishments that Miami was known for.

The adult kind.

Chapter 827: Relaxation and a Dude Named Brad

After the final pool party, Jason still had one and a half days of leave left and his flight back to London was scheduled for tomorrow.

Deciding to spend the rest of the day at a beach, Jason left the hotel in his car having already selected a beach he would head.

Stopping midway to get a change of clothes that would be better suited for the beach because he hadn't brought any, he arrived at the Smathers beach after a short drive.

Since he was here to relax and his ears were a bit tired of the constant loud engine noises and revving all week, he had arrived in full stealth mode, only using the electric motor so his arrival barely drew any attention apart from the people near where he parked.

Having changed at the store where he bought a change of clothes, he adjusted the sunshades on his face and jumped out of the car.

Since he hadn't been exactly prepared for a beach visit, he had to find somewhere to rent a folding chair and set it up.

Done preparing, he lay down and listened to the calming sounds of waves and somewhere in-between, dozed off.

He didn't sleep for much longer than an hour, but when he woke up he felt quite refreshed and his mind felt quite at ease.

Luckily, it was November so while it might have been cold at other regions, it was quite warm in Florida, yet it wasn't hot enough to cause any sunburn despite him not using any sunblock.

With the melanin under his skin, it would have to be at least July in Florida before he'd ever feel threatened by the sun.

Wanting to stay a bit longer but beginning to feel a bit hungry and thirsty, Jason waited another half hour before getting up to leave.

Returning the folding chair and setting off for the carpark, he intended to go back to the hotel and get something to eat when he suddenly noticed a young blonde in her late teens holding a glass and sipping what looked like iced lemonade.

Previously, he could ignore his thirst, but on seeing someone else drinking something that looked delicious, Jason couldn't hold back anymore.

Now craving what she was drinking, he walked up to her to ask where she had gotten the drink so he could get it as well.

The sunny looking blonde girl was as pleasant as she was cute and she told Jason she had gotten it at a place nearby called Coconuts on the beach.

Asking how it tasted to be sure that he wouldn't waste his money and energy, she said it tasted really good and even offered Jason to take a sip.

"Is that okay?" Jason wouldn't reject a chance to confirm.

"Yeah yeah. Here," she held out the glass to him and Jason took it, avoiding the straw and drinking a bit from the glass.

It was really good and Jason was about to tell the girl that when a loud shout came from behind.

"Hey! Who is this guy! Jessica, who's this!?"

The loud shout cause Jason to turn and look at which idiot was trying to ruin his ears.

'Great, a dude named Brad,' Jason thought as he came face to face with a guy who looked like the typical American jock.

Blonde, blue eyes and a big stature that made it clear he was on the football team, or was at some point.

"Chill man, we were just talking," Jason said calmly, not trying to hard, but intending to de-escalate the situation.

However his calm tone and the smile on his girl's face as she stared silently at Jason did nothing for "Brad's" mood and the guy could almost see the desire in his girlfriend's eyes as she stared at Jason.

"Stay away from my girl man," "Brad" said angrily and shoved Jason away roughly.

"Okay, whoa, whoa. Let's stay civilized and keep our hands to ourselves," Jason grinned, now beginning to feel like aggravating this guy.

"Hey beautiful, you didn't tell me your name was Jessica, it's a pretty cute name. Why are you with this bore anyway?" Jason turned to the girl, blatantly flirting with her to annoy "Brad".

He didn't know why he especially felt like annoying the guy, but he didn't care much right now.

"I said, stay away from my girlfriend bitch!" "Brad" clearly had a short fuse and immediately threw a punch at Jason that he saw coming and dodged easily.

"Whoa man, I'm really not someone you should be throwing your hands at," Jason snickered, a mocking grin on his face and he put the glass of lemonade to his mouth and took a sip.

"Hey hey, what's going on," four more people appeared and rushed towards them on seeing the situation.

It was two guys and two girls also looking to be in their late teens and while the two girls moved towards Jessica, the two guys joined Brad.

"That guy was asking me where I got my lemonade from and when we were talking, Brad saw us and totally over reacted," Jessica explained to the two girls.

"This bastard was hitting on Jessica," Brad told the two guys, clearly seeing the situation differently but all Jason thought was,

'His name really was Brad,' and he laughed, incensing Brad even further.

"Hey Jessica, you can have your drink back," Jason didn't intend to stop begging Brad on even though the guy now had backup.

"This bastard won't quit," Brad, head burning flew at Jason again and again, Jason dodged his swing and replied with a sweeping kick, hooking Brad's legs and pulling them from under him.

He might not have done much martial arts training in this reality, but he was still a master at it and dealing with one guy, or even three untrained guys wouldn't be too difficult.

"You need to learn to stay calm," Jason said, squatting down to look at Brad who was winded from falling just once.

He had hit his head lightly against the ground and looked a bit dazed, the fight completely gone out of him.

"Did you really think I'd risk jailtime to hookup with your girlfriend who is clearly underage?" Jason asked with a raised eyebrow.

"... Well this is America," one of the other two guys said suddenly.

"..."

"Fair point," Jason chuckled after thinking about it.

When there were characters like Epstein, Leo Di Caprio, and many others, a sexual relationship between someone who was twenty and someone who was eighteen didn't even seem like it would even garner any attention.

"I'm eighteen," Jessica suddenly said.

"... Oh. Anyway, gotta run," Jason stood up and turned away, walking to his car that wasn't far away.

"You guys just stood there and let him do that to me!" Jason heard Brad shouting at his friends behind him.

As Jason got into his car and started it up, the intro beat of the song Mo Bamba began playing from the car's speakers.

"It's almost like it's fate," Jason thought with a smile and turned off all assists and turned on the actual engine.

"I got hoessss calling a young nigga phone," he sang along.

Stepping hard on the accelerator with the steering twisted, the tires spun wildly as he manipulated the car into a drift.

Drifting all the way out of his parking space and right into the path of Brad and his group, Jason drifted past them, winking at Jessica while making sure Brad saw just to hit him one last time before hitting hard on the accelerator and bursting away.

Continuing to increase his speed as he burst away, he screamed in the car,

"Whoooooooo!!!!"

"I shouldn't do that often!" He said to himself and laughed it off.

Chapter 828: Final Medical Clearance I

19th November 2021

At Hotspur way, in one of the gyms, Nick Stubbings and a few other physios stood before Jason who had his right leg strapped to a biodex system 4 machine.

"Are you ready?" Nick asked Jason.

"Yeah," Jason replied with a nod.

"Push hard and don't hold back," Nick added, operating the monitor that the machine was strapped to.

"Alright."

It was the beginning of the end for Jason's time off the pitch. The final medical clearance for Jason consisted of many stages and the first part was checking single leg calf strength and heel endurance.

It was targeted at comparing the injured leg to the uninjured one and they were expecting at least 90% strength of the uninjured one in the previously injured.

However despite expecting at least 90%, an elite club like Tottenham normally wouldn't pronounce Jason match fit until they saw about 95% strength match.

Also they would be comparing it to Jason's medicals when he first arrived at the club in tiptop shape to see if he had deteriorated.

After Jason finished battling with the machines used for testing, they moved to the next stage.

Heading out to the field where training cones had been arranged and cameras had even been set up to record so that his movements could be examined closely and repeatedly.

Starting with a few stretches to warm up, he was then made to sprint at a 100% capacity and accelerate suddenly from standing positions while they measured his speed and pushoff power.

Then they moved to sharp turns, lateral cuts, and stop and go movements, continuing to monitor sharply.

With that done, it was time to check his load response and this part was pretty easy, but it was also the most important part of his medical clearance.

All he had to do was join a full training session and perform at full capacity for the day.

He would then be monitored over a 24-48 hour period.

Clearance in this stage required that there was no sharp pain, no swelling, nor any sudden stiffness spike.

If the tendon reacted, then his return would be further delayed and the worst part about this particular stage was that even the player didn't know what to expect from training at full capacity.

Jason had been working on regaining his fitness, but he hadn't actually trained at full capacity all this while so he could only hope that his body cooperated with him.

Hoping against hope, Jason joined the others in training, working as hard as he could during the sessions while hoping his tendon would hold out.

He could have trained without pushing himself too hard and increased his chances, but that was a counter effective action.

If he wasn't fit and then got injured because he rushed himself back, then he would be out for even longer and the only level higher than a 2c tear was a complete rupture that would have him out for anywhere between 6 to 9 months.

Jason had already suffered a three month injury and would rather not get injured again.

So he especially pushed himself to be sure he was completely risk free, or at low risk at least.

The medical clearance beginning on the 19th meant that he would definitely not be back in time for the team's next match against Leeds on the 21st, but that couldn't be avoided.

****21st November 2021****

{Tottenham welcomes Leeds here at Tottenham Hotspur Stadium in the 12th match week, both sides looking to take home the three points}

{Leeds would be looking to capitalize on Tottenham's shaky form while the side in question would be eager to get their first premier league victory under their new manager}

{Tottenham arrange themselves in a similar position to their last time out against Everton in a 3-4-3 formation}

{Despite having three front players, it looks more like the wingbacks are the ones providing the width in this formation and it looks like the aim would be to defend quick, gain the ball and send it quick up the field}

{Leeds on the other hand are arranged in what looks to be a 3-3-3-1 formation}

{It doesn't look like they have any width Adam. They may be aiming to break through the center, but we'll only know after the match begins}

The commentators of the game kept the crowd informed as the players lined up on the pitch and completed all the pre match formalities.

{And we're away with Leeds kicking off the game in possession of the ball}

Just like in their previous match, it looked like Tottenham's tactics off the ball was to invite pressure, drawing their opponents into their half all while watching and waiting for a loose ball, heavy touch or misplaced pass.

However because they were sitting back didn't mean that they didn't pressure their opponents at all.

The forwards had to take up pressing duties to keep their opponents from getting too comfortable on the ball, keeping them tense.

With this system it was inevitable that Leeds held onto the ball a lot more than the Tottenham side and perhaps because they still weren't too experienced with the 3 defenders formation, Leeds managed to get quite a few shots away.

Most of the shots were from behind the 18-yard line, so they weren't much of a threat and with Tottenham also repaying in kind with quick, electrifying counterattacks, the game was very exciting for the Tottenham fans.

Conte had somehow managed to make Tottenham players defensive but exciting football that kept the fans at the edge of their seat for most of the game but for the first half, it was mostly the Leeds side in control.

As the time continued to run down with half time looming nearer with every passing second, they kept pushing trying to make something of this dominant period.

They had been pushing hard all this while and Tottenham had been sitting back so they had more stamina. Once the second half began, it would be Tottenham's turn to control the game because they didn't have the stamina to keep pushing this hard the whole game.

In the 44th minute, Leeds finally got their chance with Harrison dribbling past Emerson Royal on the left flank. Royal missed the ball during his attempt to tackle and that allowed the Leeds player to get past him, but instead of immediately putting him under pressure, he seemed to let off.

This allowed Harrison to not only spot a run from Daniel James, but he also had enough space to send a low ball flying into James's path and the man didn't waste the effort, poking it into the right corner.

The few Leeds fans at the stadium erupted in joyous cheers while the Tottenham fans felt like hitting Emerson Royal.

He was a class player on the attack, but once defending, he had an annoying habit of taking things easy with his opponents and that had caused a lot of problems for the team.

Some of the fans even wished for the club to junk him and find other options, and with this goal from Leeds, that opinion was only growing more solid.

After the whistle for the end of the first half was blown, Emerson Royal immediately found himself on the receiving end of Conte's annoyed rants.

After a threat to take him off if he didn't play with more heart in the second half, Conte turned to motivating the other players and telling them what to do in the second half.

The players hadn't played badly and in the second half, it wouldn't be too hard to take control of the game, but not only did they have to do that, they had to take control and make it count.

After emphasizing that, Conte sent his players back out onto the field, the fifteen minute break over.

Right after the second half began, just 40 seconds in, Lucas found Kane after the team launched an attack from the offset.

Lucas's pass placed Kane in one on one position on the right side of the goal and with Kane's blistering form of scoring 7 goals in just 2 games with the England national team in the previous international break, everyone thought for sure that it was a goal.

But Meslier had different ideas.

Managing to get a touch on it to just barely deflect it onto the right post, Meslier kept his team alive while Diego Llorente cleared the ball, ensuring no other Tottenham player could reach it.

This sudden attack from the Tottenham side just as the second half began immediately set the tone for the half and the fans started to believe that this wasn't anything like before.

Just 4 minutes later, another ball was sent into the penalty box, finding Son who caught it on his chest, pushing it to his leg, flicking it and turning to hit it.

The ball flew powerfully, bounced off a Leeds defender and then bounced on the crossbar before being cleared by the Leeds team yet again.

{Again! Tottenham hit the bar!}

{It's been less than 5 minutes since the second half began and Tottenham already hit the bar twice!}

{This match looks like it could take on a whole new color soon!}

Chapter 829: Conte's First Premier League Home Game

#58th minute...

Tottenham was once again on the attack, looking to get their foot back in the game and this time they tried breaking through the center.

However, after Kane sent a long ball forward it was headed back out by Calvin Phillips, but it was quickly recycled by Hojberg who then sent it out to the left flank.

Taking one touch to set it, Regulion immediately sent a powerful cross into the penalty box and right across goal.

Liam Cooper immediately jumped at the ball, trying to stop it from reaching the far post where Kane and Son lay in wait.

Stopping it before it made it halfway across the post, Liam thought it would fly out of play, but Lucas had been trying to reach it before it even made it across the goal was there to trap it perfectly, recycling it.

Turning on the ball, he saw Hojberg at the edge of the penalty box and without hesitation sent it over to the midfielder who hit it first time and sent into the right side of the post, just barely out of the reach of Meslier who jumped at it.

{It's in!}

{It's been coming and now they are level!}

{It wasn't a clean hit from Hojberg, but he'll take it any day!}

The fervor in the stadium trumped that of the commentator by more than a mile and the fans were screaming their hats off, but the Tottenham players didn't celebrate too much, they knew their job wasn't over yet.

In the following minutes, the Leeds team was run ragged by the Tottenham players who kept running at them the moment they had the ball.

Conte's attacking system was all about sending the ball forward as soon as you had it.

A vertical tikitaka of sorts, but with the runners in Tottenham's front three and on the flanks, the moment they had the ball and saw space to run into, they began moving immediately whether it came to nothing or not.

Conte had especially focused on their stamina for this reason. Sure, they had only been playing with him for a while and weren't exactly conditioned to playing like this and could only keep this up for maybe 20 minutes at most, but for the Leeds team that was down on confidence and energy, 20 minutes was more than enough.

Once again, it was Lucas running through the middle while Son and Kane began running into dangerous positions while Hojberg and Harry Winks tried to stay in open spaces to support and be passing opportunities, but Moura didn't get to make a choice.

Surrounded before he got far and the passing lanes to Kane and Son blocked, Moura was forced to continue running until Forshaw couldn't hold himself back and made a tackle before he made it into the penalty box.

The referee blew his whistle and came running over, showing him a yellow card but the guy wasn't even bothered to complain as he knew what he had done and he also knew he had no choice.

Moura had been a threat all game, making all sorts of runs and incisive passes to open up his teammates.

The guy already had an assist. He couldn't be allowed to have another or even worse, get a clear shot at goal.

Tottenham got a free-kick almost at the edge of the penalty box and Hojberg stood behind it, waiting for the referee to give the go-ahead whistle while calculating the angles mentally.

After a few more seconds of checking whether the wall was legal, the referee stepped back and put his whistle to his mouth.

Fweeeeee!!!

Hojberg ran at the ball and hit it deftly, trying to just barely curve it over the wall as it was too close.

The ball just barely made it over the wall, but was still deflected against a Leeds player's head on its way to goal, surprising Meslier, but the man managed to change his diving direction in time, just barely managing to jump and stop it.

But the nightmare wasn't over for the Leeds goalkeeper as Regulion had begun running into the penalty box as Hojberg hit the ball.

Since it was a direct freekick, no one expected a crossing attempt and hence the Leeds players weren't on guard against such an incisive run hence Regulion made it uninterrupted into Leeds penalty area and as the ball came bouncing off Meslier's gloves, it forced him to change his movement a little, but the ball wasn't out of his range.

Sending his left leg at the ball, he caught it just after a bounce and sent it into the back of the net, then continued his run down towards the sidelines, his hands stretched wide and a huge smile on his face.

The noise in the stadium flew through the roof and accompanied Regulion as he jumped into a knee slide in celebration seconds before he was swarmed by his teammates.

{Tottenham has done it!}

{In the end, Leeds couldn't stop the inevitable!}

{Sergio Regulion! His fiftieth appearance for this club and his first goal in these colors!}

{He's had to wait so long and it's been worth it!}

{Not flashy or spectacular, but what an important goal it was!} The Tottenham fans were overjoyed to see their belief turned into reality.

It had been a while since Tottenham had gotten a comeback win and the fans had already been used to the usual occurrence of expecting a loss once they fell behind.

At best they would manage a draw, but right now they were in the lead and their joy knew no bounds.

The match resumed shortly after and Tottenham went on the defensive immediately.

Any manager knew that the most dangerous time for a team was right after they had scored.

The players egos would have inflated quite a bit and they could get overconfident, which the opponents could take advantage of.

Shouting at all his players to defend, the players settled back to face wave after wave of Leeds attacks.

Surprisingly, the Tottenham fans were for the first time in a long while not complaining about defensive football.

They were also shouting at the players to defend the lead. Part of this was because they had little faith in their team's current defense, especially with players like Emerson Royal in the backline.

Against all odds, Tottenham managed to hold onto their lead till the final whistle, allowing Conte's first Premier League game at home to be stuffed in the bag.

Chapter 830: Questions, Questions, Questions

In the post match conference of the Tottenham vs Leeds game, Conte had been answering questions on the game and a few on the players and then a reporter finally asked a question about Jason.

"It's been three months and 2 days since Tottenham's biggest signing, unarguably got injured and from what we know, he's recovering well,"

"How soon can we expect him to be back on the pitch and when he does, what role can we expect him to take under you?"

"Also, do you think he's a good fit for your style of play, considering his own style of play that has quite a bit of flair,"

The questions were pretty extensive and Conte had to stop to think for a while before answering.

"Er, he's recovering well and I can say that he won't be off for much longer,"

"Erm, his role in the team isn't under debate, but a player with many talents like he does has a lot to offer the team and no matter where he plays, I think he'll have an impact, the good kind,"

"As for whether he fits into my style of play. I think absolutely. I've played against him a few times and he's actually someone I don't like having on an opposing team,"

"He's the kind of player who can create something from nothing," Conte replied, honestly, but the reporter wasn't done with questions about Jason.

"Long term injuries have had varying effects on all players. Do you think his injury would affect his previous form?" The reporter asked again.

"That's more up to the player himself. What I can say is that he is quality and that while there might be various physiological effects from the injury, if he can overcome it and he will, we might even see a rise in his performance, after all, he's still growing as a player," Conte answered honestly, doubting whether Jason even had any psychological concerns from his injury, especially from what he had seen from him in prior training sessions.

"When Jason joined, he was mainly touted to take the right wing role, but under you Lucas Moura has been playing exceptionally well and today he was quite the light bringer for your side,"

"An assist and the person drawing the foul that lead to the second goal. With this man on such blistering form, it seems like it's up in the air what position you would have Jason play,"

"Many people are wondering if you would try to recreate what you did with Victor Moses back at Chelsea, with Jason especially considering their somewhat... physical qualities," the reporter asked.

'Physical qualities? What physical quali- Oh,' Conte was struck by the irony as he realized that Jason and Victor Moses were both Nigerians.

Everyone knew that most Nigerian players were physically robust and even the lean looking ones were still packing a lot of power and could hardly be pushed off the ball.

Jason was the type who had trained his physique to be more focused towards, speed, agility and acceleration, yet it could not be denied that he still had quite the impressive physique which could be put to use if necessary.

However, would it be possible to convert Jason to a wingback or make him able to play it at a somewhat comfortable level?

That was doubtful.

Conte had also considered the idea at some point because he knew that Jason was especially comfortable on the wing and was the best player to provide width to the team, but there was just one small problem with the whole idea.

From what little Conte knew about Jason, it was that the guy hated defending.

Well, not so much as hate, but rather that he just wouldn't do it.

He would press and would position himself to intercept passing lanes, but actually defending was something that was rarely seen from Jason.

Even when he was back at Uventus and was playing wide midfielder positions, he hardly did any defending and focused more on attacking and getting into dangerous spaces.

With Uventus's backline, it wasn't an issue since they had world-class defenders guarding the back, but Conte knew that if he dared to push Jason in a wingback position, he would shout his head off and Jason just wouldn't bother doing too much defensively.

He hadn't tried it yet, but from what he had already seen, that was the result he was expecting so he didn't bother trying it.

Also, after watching Jason train the last 2 days or so, he had completely shelved that idea.

Before, it wasn't common to see Jason in an attacking midfield position so most people had forgotten that he could actually play in the attacking midfield position and that was the position he primarily played for his national team, but after seeing certain sparks of brilliance, Conte had realized that Jason was perfect in one of those two wide forward positions.

Since he wanted them to play as attacking midfielders who also doubled as wide forwards, Jason was up for the task and it wouldn't even take much to make him fit the tactic perfectly.

As a winger who could score goals, he was what Conte needed, and as someone who was also quite brilliant in the attacking midfield position and could also help support the flanks, he was perfect.

Now if only he would stop trying to dribble everyone instead of countering quickly, Conte thought with a small sigh.

However things weren't all good right now because like the reporter had said, Lucas who Jason would have replaced was playing brilliantly at the moment.

Son wasn't playing badly either and there was no way Conte would even consider taking Kane off for Jason.

So what to do? That was the million dollar question indeed.

"Like I said, Jason has many qualities as a player and he can offer a lot to the team. As for where he would function on the team, I am not at liberty to say,"

"It is good to have a good team depth for certain situations too," Unable to provide a clear answer, he replied as ambiguously as he could and ended the press conference.