

LEGENDS 83

Chapter 83 A Long-coming Quarrel

"Mylo?"

"What the fu*k were you doing?" Jason asked in surprise, but didn't take his foot over Mylo's shoulder and he still held on to Mylo's arm.

"?rrrgh, fuck, that hurts bro," Mylo groaned in pain as Jason's sudden chain of reactions that ended up with him experiencing a real-life WWE smackdown had stunned and hurt him.

"That doesn't answer my question, Mylo," Jason replied, his face darkening as he stared more intently at Mylo, his eyes seemingly glowing due to the reflection of light and scaring the living daylights out of Mylo.

"Let my hand go first, it hurts too much," Mylo barely breathed out.

Jason paused to think about it for a bit but decided to release Mylo as he didn't want to cause any injuries to him and from their previous encounter, he already knew that there was not much Mylo could do to harm him physically.

Thus Jason released Mylo's arm and stepped back, allowing him to get up.

Mylo got up while rubbing his shoulder and eyeing Jason suspiciously before asking,

"Hey... you wouldn't happen to be from Wakanda, would you?" Mylo asked with his eyes squinted in heavy suspicion.

"... What?" It took a few seconds for Jason's brain to boot up and realize the absurdness of the question before he reacted in surprise and confusion.

"What the hell was with that crazy assassin-type reaction, bruh, I was scared for my life," Mylo burst out, still very suspicious.

".. Oh, that was just martial arts," Jason shrugged as if it wasn't a big deal and for him, it kind of wasn't.

Back in his previous reality, he had done many physical exercises and sports to try to improve on specific physical attributes of his body.

One of the things he had taken on was martial arts and this was done to improve his physicality, his reflexes, and his flexibility.

According to his teachers, he supposedly had quite a lot of talent in this aspect as he was able to learn Muay-Thai and Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu to the master level in as little as five years.

However since he came into this reality, he had put all those things aside and not bothered learning any new martial arts, but due to continually training his body physically and the occasional practice of his martial arts techniques, his skills hadn't deteriorated at all and had in fact gotten better as he was currently more physically fit than he was back then.

When Jason started learning martial arts in his previous reality, he was already over thirty years of age and had already suffered numerous injuries while playing football, especially in his legs, so it was supposed to be impossible for him to reach the master level, yet he did it and in a very short time too.

So now that he was back in the past with a much younger body that hadn't been wrecked by countless injuries, he was way better than he ever was in his past life.

If any professional martial artist knew of his prowess, they would no doubt think that he was a prodigy and would try to pull him into the world of martial arts, but Jason wanted to become a football legend and not a martial arts legend.

But that was currently not the matter at hand and Jason pulled himself out of his errant thoughts and repeated his question, his patience with Mylo waning quickly.

"You still haven't told me what you were trying to do, patting me down like that?" he asked with an impassive face, but his voice had gotten noticeably lower and harder.

"Oh, I was just looking for something and wondering if you had it on you," Mylo finally answered Jason's question.

"Hmmm?..." Jason's eyebrow rose in confusion for a second before doubtful understanding shone through his eyes the next second.

"... This 'something' you're looking for wouldn't happen to be a BMW i8 car key, would it?" Jason asked, not wanting to believe his own words.

"Yeah, that was what I was looking for, I need the keys if I'm going to drive the car out," Mylo replied, feeling like Jason's tone was a bit odd, but he didn't care too much about it.

"Ohhh?" Jason wowed in awe, absolutely stunned by Mylo's audacity.

Call him old school, but in his previous reality, when he was around Mylo's age, he wouldn't dare to do something like this and neither would anyone else of his age, as any such audacious behavior would have long been driven out of them with their parents' belts and slippers in the name of an ass whooping.

They wouldn't even have to do this much before they were absolutely terminated.

Yet in this new reality, the behavior of the so-called "gen-z" always threw him off, but that wasn't the current matter at hand as it was his roommate's annoying behavior that he needed to address.

"... So, you were looking for 'my' car keys and when you couldn't find them, you decided to search for them inside my pockets just cause I was sleeping?" Jason asked, his tone incredulous.

"Not to mention, Mylo, you're seventeen... you're not even legally allowed to drive!" Jason stated, his tone incredulous.

"Why you always gotta be so extra man, just gimme the damn keys," Mylo responded a bit annoyed by Jason's tone, his mind unable to fathom why Jason sounded so surprised.

"No, I'm not gonna give you my keys so you can go get yourself into trouble or even get into an accident," At this point, Jason wasn't even focusing on Mylo's attitude, he just didn't want the idiot to harm himself with his stupid behavior... also if that bastard crashed his car, Jason would probably kill Mylo himself before he made his dead body pay for the damages.

"Fuck off man, don't tell me what to do... It's just a damn car!" Mylo fired back, his tone aggressive and he stormed off.

The door slammed a few seconds later, letting Jason know that Mylo had left the house in anger, but Jason couldn't be bothered to care.

"Maybe it's time I moved into a new house," he muttered to himself as he sat back down on the couch.