

Legends 851

Chapter 851: Side Missions II

"Have you ever held a blade before?" A guy dressed in a medieval England costume asked Jason, a few other guys dressed the same standing behind him.

"..." Looking around to be sure he hadn't been transmigrated into a different world when he wasn't looking, but a quick glance told him he was still on earth.

'Hell, I'll bite,' Jason shrugged internally.

"Long ago," Jason replied.

"The minions of Vasuqer encroach upon this plain. Demons forged from helheims flame. We must stop them before they reach the city,"

"Do you have what it takes to join the Nights Watch and defend the realm?" The medieval guy spoke again, clearly in character.

"To defend the realm, I would give my life," Jason replied, also getting into character as this was beginning to sound pretty fun.

"Talk is cheap. The realm doesn't need any more matyrs. Do you dare take this blade and prove your mettle against knights hardened as steel?" the guy asked.

"I do," Jason nodded.

"Here. Let's hope your skills are as heavy as your guts," the guy threw a sword at Jason and drew his.

Catching the sword still in its sheath, Jason was a bit surprised that it was lighter than he expected. Clearly he had gotten too into character because there was no way they could battle with actual swords in the middle of Liverpool.

Drawing it a little, the sword looked to be a very good replica of an actual sword, but it was made of plastic and was a bit dense, but not dense enough to actually hurt someone unless it was swung really really hard.

"Tell me... do you bleed?" Jason asked as he drew the blade completely.

"I do, I am but a man," the guy said and charged at Jason and swung his sword.

Dodging the strike to the left, Jason swung from above in retaliation and the knight blocked the sword in front of his face.

"Looks like you weren't all talk," the knight said.

"Oh, you haven't seen anything yet," Jason smirked and his right leg swept the knight's feet from under him.

"Ugh," the knight fell swiftly, not expecting the sudden move.

Jason was about to say a cool phrase like, "guess I'm over qualified," when the knight spoke first.

"You, do you have no honor?" The knight asked him, rising from his back.

"Honor? We march against demons on the nigh. What use is honor against demons?" Jason shot back.

"Rightly said. The demons are ferocious and will seek to tear you apart, limb from limb,"

"It was my fault for thinking little of you. This time, we'll test you truly as Night Watchers," the knight said, getting back up on his feet.

The knight was a dude named Walter who had another profession as a movie stuntman.

It was where he had gotten the idea for this type of content. He hadn't been making much since he wasn't very well known in the industry and while waiting for his next job, he decided to do content in the meanwhile.

He told three of his friends who were in similar situations and they agreed to this type of content.

"Brothers, let's see if this newcomer has what it takes to defend the realm," Timothy said as he got

"Aye!!!" The three other knights voices rang out as they also drew their sword, ready to make the fight look as beautifully as possible.

Normally at this point, the opponents either surrendered and ran away or tried to go against everyone and in case of that, they had a planned action sequence.

It was going to be a carefully planned choreography that only stuntmen like them would be able to pull off despite having an 'unskilled' opponent.

Clearly Jason wasn't a complete noob at fighting, but little did they know that Jason was a lot more experienced with martial arts than they thought.

The area was an open square and Jason and the knights weren't the only one around.

The actions of the 'knights' had long attracted attention and when they saw Jason about to fight against the four, their interest peaked.

"Are those guys shooting a movie or just horsing around?" A girl asked her boyfriend while they sat on a bench, watching.

"Probably for YouTube or something. It looks really cool though," the boyfriend replied, his eyes shining, completely invested in this medieval storyline.

"Come," Jason said with a smirk, raising his sword onto his shoulder.

"Rahhhhhh!!!" With a dramatic scream, the knights charged at Jason.

Dodging under the swing of one knight, Jason parried a swing coming from the left while kicking at a sword coming from the right.

He managed to avoid all the attacks but he was now surrounded and needed to get out of the encirclement fast.

Charging at the knight on his right, Jason attacked first with an heavy swing from above.

The knight blocked the attack with an upper parry, a bit surprised on the weight behind the attack, but Jason didn't stop swinging, causing the guy to block continuously and in doing so, his eyes stayed on Jason's sword while his teammates closed in on Jason from behind.

With his eyes focused on Jason's heavy swings, he didn't notice Jason's right leg snaking over and hooking his left leg before suddenly pulling it forward when he was off balance from blocking another strike.

The sudden pull wasn't enough to bring him down completely, but he fell on one knee and Jason using that opportunity, leaped onto the guy's shoulder, using it as a spring board and then flipped backward over an incoming swing from behind.

To the people enjoying the show, it looked like a movie scene as Jason flipped backward over a sword strike and the sword continued forward to smash into the kneeling knights face.

It didn't hurt much, but by the rules they had set for themselves, he was no longer able to fight and needless to say he was beyond stunned.

He had thought they were merely shooting content while trying to make it look a little exciting to farm views, but all of a sudden it felt like they were shooting a high quality movie with this stranger.

On landing, Jason didn't hesitate and dashed forward, slashing across the back of the knight whose attack he had dodged with the flip and now there were only two guys left.

The two guys seemed to realize that they had to take this seriously and their excitement rose as they and Jason squared off against one another.

Chapter 852: Side Missions III

With his opponents really taking things seriously, it had gotten a lot more difficult for Jason as these guys were actual martial artists trained in swordsmanship.

They hadn't used it competitively and it was mostly flashy, but against an amateur sword fighter like Jason, it was enough to keep him in check despite his physical superiority.

Another swing from one of the two knights knocked Jason's sword loose and a follow up from the second knight knocked it out of his hand and into the air.

"Shit!" He cursed, but the next attack was already coming.

A thrust came speedily towards his chest, the knights trying to finish him off quickly now that his weapon was lost.

Little did they know that Jason was better at fighting without a sword than with one.

All he was doing previously was swinging randomly while trying to look cool and then using his fighting instincts to stop himself from getting hit.

Now that he only had his body to fall back on, he instantly got a lot sharper, his left arm shooting up and catching the thrust with his inner elbow before striking the flat of the blade with his palm and the sword snapped immediately.

"What the hell?" The guy was still cursing when Jason grabbed the broken end and stabbed it towards his chest.

The knight couldn't get his guard up in time and was 'stabbed' in the chest before falling dramatically to the ground.

Now it was Jason vs Timothy, one on one again just like before.

"Now am I good enough to join the NightWatch?" Jason asked, flicking up his sword that had dropped to the ground earlier and catching it deftly.

"The test isn't over yet, fresh meat. You may have bested me before and bested my men, but you do not yet know what it is to fight against a cornered enemy,"

"A cornered enemy that will FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE!" With a loud shout, Timothy once again rushed at Jason.

Both of them began clashing swords, Jason fighting with usual flair and Timothy doing all he could to make the fight look good.

After a few more clashes with both sides displaying beautiful moves, Jason managed to catch Timothy's sword when his grip was a little loose and he flung the sword away from Timothy's grip.

Pointing the sword at Timothy's neck, he asked him,

"Do you yield?"

"... The night may not be as bright as day, but we charge into it all the same,"

"Welcome to the NightWatch," Timothy said with an approving smile while the people around watching who had gotten invested began applauding the performance that had now ended.

"With you brothers, defending the realm is a given. May we meet again," Jason said, stretching out his hand for a handshake.

"To defend the realm is a noble duty. May we meet again," Timothy said, grabbing Jason's hand in a knights handshake, both of them clearly still in character.

With the farewell done, Jason turned and walked away, leaving everyone wondering who was behind the mask.

That's right, he had fought and did flips, yet somehow managed to keep his mask and glasses on his face.

His hoodie had fallen off, reducing the mystery, but no one could instantly guess who he was and soon he disappeared from view.

Already having had quite the exciting day, Jason returned to his car and went to find somewhere to get lunch, intending on returning to London tonight before it got too late.

Not wanting to drive hungry, he found a nice restaurant ate his fill, enjoyed the atmosphere and then got back in his car.

He had taken his mask and glasses off to eat both in the morning and in the afternoon so it was inevitable that anyone who saw him while he was eating would recognize him, if they knew who he was, so while some pictures were beginning to pop up in the internet space, a silver grey Aston Martin was approaching the outskirts of Liverpool.

As before, his trip back to London was almost uneventful... Almost.

On his way back to his house in London, Jason had stopped at a traffic light that showed red and while waiting for it to turn green, two other sports cars suddenly stopped beside him, revving loudly to call his attention.

One was a red audi R8 while the second one surprisingly, was a hellcat.

Words didn't need to be exchanged. Any car guy knew that a challenge had just been issued and now it was up to Jason whether to accept the challenge or not.

"At worst I'll get a ticket," Jason grinned and put his car into track mode and switching to manual gears while also enabling launch control.

Like they said, a sport car without a speeding ticket is like a lion that hadn't made it's first kill.

Turning off the assists for good measure, Jason revved powerfully.

The Aston Martin roared like a beast unleashed, putting a grin on Jason's face and really setting the atmosphere.

"...!"

The light turned green and with loud engine roars, the three cars tore down the street each one trying to make the others eat it's dust.

Among the three cars, the R8 was the fastest both in top speed and acceleration and it was showing that as it began to shoot forward, but thanks to switching to manual driving, Jason somehow managed to keep up with speedy and perfectly timed gear shifts.

The Hellcat which had the most raw power was the one having trouble keeping up. It didn't help that with the screams of banshees coming from under the hood, the driver was barely keeping the car going in a straight line.

In the end, since it was a straight line race, the car with the highest top speed and acceleration was the one with the clear advantage and the Audi R8 won the quarter mile race with Jason managing to stay just split seconds behind it while the Hellcat came in last just right behind them.

As the cars decelerated, the glass of the Audi slid down and a head poked out, grinning at Jason and gesturing for him to pull his window down as well.

"You're pretty good. Almost had me," the guy grinned at Jason as Jason's window slid down.

"Yeah, you have quite the car," Jason replied, his voice making it clear that the guy only won because of his car.

"You don't sound convinced," the guy laughed.

"Why don't we take this to the next level then, something better than the quarter mile," the guy grinned and issued a challenge.

Chapter 853: First Premier League Start

11th December 2021

Jason woke up the next day to a refreshed state of body and mind.

He hadn't ended up going along with those guys who were seeking thrills a little too much.

Jason had done street racing in his previous reality for money and fun. He had no reason to do that in this one.

He had more than enough money and fun?

He was having a lot of fun playing football.

So he rejected their invitation and went home to sleep, tired from his trip.

While Jason began training at home, doing what he could in his yard, people had finally begun to realize that Jason was in Liverpool the previous day.

The guys who had been doing the football content had come across a photo that someone had sneakily taken of Jason in a restaurant and since he was wearing the same clothes as the person they met, everything clicked.

Thankful for this heavenly assist, they put Jason's name on the video to attract views and then posted it online.

The video quickly began attracting viewership and it was at this point that the guys Jason had been swordfighting with also realized that it was Jason behind the mask.

They also slapped Jason's name in the title of their video and quickly put it on the net, attracting views quickly.

As the views and likes flew in, so did some interesting comments.

One guy even said, "Man has just finished a part of the main storyline and is now doing side missions".

This particular comment resonated with many other commenters and they began calling Jason the side quest master.

Jason didn't know all this until he suddenly received a text from Aleix Iwobi who was asking why Jason had been in Liverpool and didn't bother to stop by.

In Jason's defense, he didn't know where Iwobi lived and he wasn't even thinking that far when he drove over.

After giving a quick apology, he found out what was going on, but apart from being a bit amused, he didn't feel anything much.

He did go and watch the video of him fighting to join the NightWatch because he wanted to see how good the video came out.

Watching it, it wasn't bad.

The camera man knew a bit of what he was doing and the editing, while not much was done pretty well enough that it accentuated the videos strong points.

After watching the video and responding to a few other messages, Jason got back to work.

The training grounds would soon be open again and he had to be ready for the next game against Liverpool.

In the days that followed, Tottenham opened up its training grounds after disinfection was completed.

The players who weren't infected initially were the first ones to return to training while the others only resumed after they were confirmed to be free from the virus.

Lucas Moura was one of the unfortunate ones to be infected and by the time he resumed training with the team, there was only 2 days till the game against Liverpool.

Coupled with the fact that Jason hadn't gotten much game time lately, it was all but confirmed that Jason would probably get more minutes than Lucas in the Liverpool game.

Despite wanting the team to win, Lucas could not stop himself from internally wishing that Jason didn't put on too splendid of a display.

19th November 2021

{After almost 2 weeks on the sidelines, Tottenham welcome football again here at the Tottenham Hotspur Stadium}

{Antonio Conte's side are on a three game win streak here in the Premier League and the players and the fans are filled with optimism, but they are up against a Liverpool side that has only lost one game all season}

While the commentator's voice rang out in the stadium, the players of the two sides were walking onto the pitch and lining up.

The day before the match against Liverpool, Conte had announced the squad and the teams arrangements on the pitch and like Jason and Moura expected, Jason was in the starting lineup.

Playing upfront along with Son and Kane in the right forward position, Jason had been specifically told by Conte that he needed to constantly get back to help in the center as the midfield pairing was Dele Alli who was making his first start since September and Tanguy Ndombele.

Dele Alli had shown a willingness to work hard even when playing in the center so Conte was giving him a chance, but Conte still didn't trust him in being able to hold the ball.

So Jason's instructions were to drop back to receive the ball when needed and hold onto it while the team transitioned to attack.

Jason had no issues doing that and their side arranged themselves against the Liverpool side.

Tottenham's lineup consisted of Hugo Lloris, Eric Dier, Ben Davies, Davison Sanchez, Sessgnon, Emerson Royal, Ndombele, Alli, Jason, Son and Kane.

They arranged themselves in their usual 3-4-3 formation.

On Liverpool's team, they were arranged in the 4-3-3 formation Klopp was known to play and their lineup was as follows:

Allison, Trent, Matip, Konate, Robertson, Naby Keita, Tyler Morton, Milner, Salah, Mane, and Jota.

{It's quite a special day for a few players out there today}

{For Son Heung Min, it will be his three hundred and first appearance for this club and he will be looking to crown it with a good performance today}

{For Jason, it is his first start in the premier league since his arrival this summer and on a more lighter note is Dele Alli, also getting his first start under Conte and his first start since September}

Fweeeeeeeee

Liverpool kicked off the game and quickly began moving the ball around while their forwards surged into Tottenham's half of the field.

Since they had the ball, they looked to make something of it and began mounting pressure on the Tottenham side which was forced to defend, shrinking back to deal with Liverpool's high pressure style of play.

Playing a very high line with only two center backs staying back to defend, Liverpool were able to keep the pressure on Tottenham high in the opening minutes, constantly sending balls forward and trying to crack open the Tottenham defense.

In the 7th minute an opportunity came after a failed attempt to cross from Robertson that was blocked by Emerson.

Mane pounced on the loose ball, pushed it into the left side of Tottenham's penalty box and sent the ball across over the face of goal to the far post where Trent had just arrived at.

{Here's the shot!}

Volleying the ball at goal, Trent sent the ball flying powerfully at Hugo Lloris in goal.

Chapter 854: First Premier League Start II

Lloris got down quickly, blocking the shot that had been aimed low and sending it out of play.

{Powerful save from the captain to deny Alexander Arnold!}

{Liverpool have a corner}

The game continued with a cornerkick that Tottenham's players managed to clear outside their penalty box and then they continued defending.

Everyone knew how draining Klopp's gegen pressing tactic was on his players so the Tottenham players were waiting for the Liverpool players to lose a little more energy before they began attacking.

Klopp also knew this weakness of his tactics so he had set different times during the match when the team would press heavily before then reducing efforts to regain a bit more stamina before they went again.

Therefore for the first ten minutes of the game, it looked like Tottenham's players were barely able to keep defending against Liverpool, but the moment the pressure reduced, the ball was won quickly by the Tottenham players and the ball was sent flying forward immediately.

Ndombele received the ball in midfield and passed it to Jason who hadn't gone running up the field like Son and Kane.

Receiving the ball on the turn, Jason pushed the ball into the final third before passing the ball to Emerson who was making the overlapping run.

Receiving the ball, Emerson squared off against Robertson, used a couple of step overs to confuse the opponent before cutting right, pushing the ball half a step and then sending a low cross to Kane in the center.

Receiving the ball with his back to goal, Kane trapped the ball and tried to hit the ball on the turn, but the power just wasn't there and the ball was easily gathered by Allison.

{He just couldn't get the shot away and Tottenham's first chance of the game comes to nothing}

The game resumed with a goalkick punted up the field by Allison, but the ball was quickly recovered by the Tottenham side that was finally beginning to look dangerous.

The ball was soon sent up the field again, Ndombele trying to pick out Harry Kane with a through ball, but Konate got in the way of the ball and it smashed off him and bounced towards the right.

Jason quickly gave chase and caught up to it, just before it rolled out of play, but on turning back with the ball, he saw that he was already surrounded by Liverpool players.

{It's Jason. We haven't seen much from him today and right now he's completely surrounded}

Even Jason knew that he couldn't take the ball up the field at this point, because despite surrounding him, the path up the field was more tightly guarded than his path back.

If he couldn't go forward, he would retreat, but even then he still had a player in his path and if he delayed any further, then he'd be pressured from behind too.

Pulling out something unconventional from his bag of tricks, Jason pulled the ball in-between his two legs and did a rainbow flick over Keita coming at him.

Muscling past Keita to catch the ball behind him, he hit it back into to Ndombele in the center while also running back infield as well.

{Amazing skill to get away from his marker! That's something we don't see everyday and especially here in the premier league!}

The ball went to Ndombele who received it calmly and gave it to Dele on his right.

At this point, Jason who had moved infield, turned around and began moving out wide again, and his move was spotted by Dele Alli who immediately sent the ball towards the right flank.

Jason increased his pace as soon as the ball left Alli's feet and he caught up to it about a meter away from the throwing line, catching it on his left foot and letting it bounce upward and down to the ground.

Robertson who was marking Jason was fast enough to be slightly in front of Jason and with Jason not even looking up at him, he felt he had Jason covered and moved closer to try to kick the ball out of play.

But Jason had let the ball loose so he could get slightly ahead of it and as soon as Robertson came flying in, Jason flicked it with the heel of his right foot back infield sending it behind Robertson while he ran on the outside to go and catch up to it behind the Liverpool man.

{Beautiful flick behind the defender. He's gotten past one but hasn't gotten away just yet!}

Robertson quickly recovered and gave chase, in no mood to admire his opponents skills, but Jason was already facing off against Konate.

Doing two step overs as if to confuse him before picking a direction, Konate stayed patient, but Jason suddenly went against the script, flicking the ball to the outside while making a run on the inside and behind.

For a split second, Konate didn't know which one to choose and that allowed Jason to get past him and catch up to the ball behind him.

{He's gone past another defender! They just can't hold him!}

{He's looking for help, he might not need it!}

Robertson had now arrived behind Jason and was almost close enough to tackle, but he couldn't be hasty as Jason was in the penalty area.

However Jason had little patience and had already picked out Kane in the center, sending a chest level pass that Kane lunged at in a diving header and sent to the bottom left corner of the goal.

Allison couldn't even get into a good enough position to jump and could only watch the ball fly past the goalline and into the back of the net.

Kane ran down the sidelines and jumped into backslide in front of the Tottenham fans while his teammates ran over to join him.

{Oh my word! What is that!?!}

{What! Is! That!}

{Tottenham take the lead in the most impressive manner possible!}

{Its always good when you know your teammates can get past their marker and get the ball to you, but even his teammates would be surprised such impressive play!}

{Beautiful run from the outside and a perfect cross to pick out the man in the center and Kane rounded everything up with a perfect finish!}

Chapter 855: First Premier League Start III

The game resumed shortly after with a Liverpool kickoff and after going behind, the normal sequence of actions were for them to try to get back in the game as soon as possible and they tried hard to but Tottenham were not easily broken down at the back.

Apart from defending well against the attacking Liverpool side, constantly sending players up front meant Liverpool was more susceptible to a counter attack than ever before and that opened up a lot of opportunities for the Tottenham side.

#20th minute...

Liverpool were on the ball and trying to break through on the left. Mane with the ball on the side of the box tried to break in past Emerson Royal, but the man was proving to be quite the opponent and Mans was forced to pass the ball back to Keita who tried to turn with the ball and pass it to Robertson just behind him.

In his haste to release the ball, he didn't realize that Jason was right behind him so as he turned on the ball, Jason's leg landed on it and pulled it away before he could even make a pass.

Pulling away and turning on the ball, Jason flicked it to just out of Robertson's reach to the left and began dashing forward.

Konate was nearby and quickly tried to stop Jason before he could get far, but a feint to the right before changing body position and dashing to the left, left Konate tackling air as Jason ran past him into the open space and picked out Son who was already dashing forward.

Son ran as fast as his could carry him, outpacing Matip and catching up to the ball, pushing it forward and dashing into Liverpool's final third and coming one on one against Allison who had come running off his line.

Son tried to push the ball past Allison, but the man clamped down hard on the ball, putting an end to the counterattack.

{Right into the gloves of Allison. He tried to go around him, but failed}

{Good goalkeeping or poor decision making, its hard to say}

Son had his hands on his head in disbelief and turned back with an apologetic look on his face.

#27th minute...

Once again Liverpool had been trying to attack, but Tottenham stood strong and Eric Dier managed to steal the ball from Jota who had received the ball in a dangerous position.

Jota had been turning on the ball when Eric swooped in and stole the ball before he could get the shot away.

Passing the ball back to the Lloris, the goalkeeper in turn sent the ball down to the Emerson Royal on his right.

Emerson Royal was immediately the target of the press and the Liverpool players started closing in. Searching for options, he noticed Jason who had come very deep to provide a passing option and he immediately released the ball to Jason.

Jason received the ball and turned with it, beginning to push down the right flank, first at minimal pace while Morton came rushing in on the press.

Jason pulled the ball to the left out of the reach of Morton, jumped over his outstretched leg and chased after it, reaching it just as Robertson also got within a yard of the moving ball.

{He's off again!}

Flicking it forward powerfully, Jason sent the ball past Robertson while also changing his direction and dodging behind the line to avoid Robertson slowing him down.

Chasing hard after the ball, Jason managed to reach it just before getting into the final third and using a back chop to cut the ball back and avoid Keita who had come chasing hard from behind, Jason then sent a through pass into the path of a dashing Kane.

{He's found Kane in the center!}

Catching the ball as he stepped past the 18-yard line, Kane hit the ball at goal, trying to find the bottom left corner, but he had placed it a little too much and the ball bounced off against the bar and back into play.

{Against the bar and back into play, they're not out of danger yet!}

No sooner had the commentator spoke that Matip reached the ball and cleared it, ending that opportunity as well.

{Good clearance from Liverpool. They survive yet another extremely dangerous situation. They may be down by score, but they're not down on luck} one of the commentator's chuckled.

{That attack really should have ended with the ball at the back of the net, it was a splendid run from Jason there, getting the ball from one end of the field to the other and picking out the perfect pass after all that} the other commentator added.

{It truly is a shame}

#35th minute...

Unwilling to let up, Liverpool was once again looking for a goal to equalize the game and after Tottenham put up quite the fight, Mane managed to release Robertson on the left flank.

Pushing the ball into the penalty box, Robertson picked out Jota in the center and sent a high cross in his direction.

Despite his smaller stature, Jota proved his presence by positioning himself perfectly and out jumping Eric Dier to reach the ball and directed it at the top left of the goal.

{Oh it's gone in! Jota finds the equalizer for Liverpool, game on!}

Going to the back of the goal to grab the ball, Jota didn't dare to celebrate too early.

With how much Tottenham had been knocking their doors, the game had barely started and he wouldn't feel the slightest bit safe till his side were in the lead.

Celebrating minimally with his teammates along the way, Jota put the ball back on the halfway line and stepped out of the semi-circle.

It truly was game on.

#43rd minute...

Tottenham had tried launching an attack, but a pass to Kane had been intercepted and the ball was sent to Morton who tried to take the ball up the field.

Barely moving a few yards, the ball was swept away from him by Ndombele who then sent a long pass to Jason on the right in the final third.

Holding off Robertson on his right as he received the ball, Jason began pushing the ball forward while Keita suddenly began running alongside him on the left, double teaming in a pincer attack.

With a sudden drop in his left shoulder, Jason flicked the ball to his left with his left foot, somehow pushing the ball through Keita's legs while the guy was still running, and then dodging behind him, using Keita to block Robertson.

Spotting Dele Alli making a late run from midfield, Jason sent the ball across into his path.

Dele Alli reached the ball 16-yards away from goal, his body bent taut and his leg snapping at the ball.

{To take the lead!}

Chapter 856: First Premier League Start IV

The ball flew powerfully at goal, homing in on the bottom right corner, but a slight deflection from Allison sent it a little farther to the right and just past the right post.

{Oh no no no!}

{How did that not go in!?!}

Dele Alli had his hand on his head as he stared on flabbergasted that the ball hadn't found the back of the net.

Even Jason was beginning to get a bit frustrated now. He had made quite a few beautiful plays and created four clear goal scoring chances, but his team's current abysmal form in front of goal had only seen one of the chances converted.

There was only so many times he could make these kinds of plays before the opponents began going for his legs instead of the ball whenever he looked like he wanted to start something.

Scratching his head in frustration, Jason headed to the corner flag to take the corner kick.

He tried to pick out a Tottenham player but the cross from the corner was easily cleared by the Liverpool side and the Tottenham players quickly rushed up the field to defend against a counter attack.

They managed to hold on till the referee finally blew the whistle to end the first half of the game.

{It's been quite the first half of football. Goals from both sides and beautiful attacking and defending football from both sides}

{Even now we still don't know who will end up taking the three points or if they'll have to share the points. Both sides have been pretty equally matched so far, however some would argue that Tottenham should be in the lead}

{They have been brilliant in creating chances, but they just haven't been able to convert their chances, but if they can keep up this brilliant display, then they might be able to end the game with the three points in their grasp}

Jason grabbed a bottle of water, guzzling it as he walked into the tunnel, receiving a pat on the back from Conte as he walked past him.

One of the team's physios quickly sidled up to Jason asking about his condition and whether he felt anything out of place.

Offhandedly, Jason replied that there was nothing wrong so far. His ankle was holding out well and he didn't feel at any risk despite having taken a few hits in the first half.

Nodding his head, the physio followed Jason to the locker room and began giving a Jason a massage as soon as he sat down.

Jason had said there was nothing wrong, but this was still part of the procedure to ensure that there wasn't too much accumulated stress on his leg too quickly.

Jason just sat there and let the medic do his job.

If it was up to him, he felt that the continuous attention was a bit too much at this point.

He had made a full recovery and though he was a injury risk, he wasn't going to become injured just by taking a few hits on the leg.

He was a professional athlete after all, however the massage and special treatment was something he wouldn't reject.

The team only had so many physios.

Having one personally taking care of you first during games was something reserved for the team's superstars normally and definitely a welcome thing to Jason.

What Jason didn't know was that injury or not, he was already going to be receiving superstar treatment from the Tottenham team and his performance in the first half was only cementing that factor.

With how much he seemed to have pushed himself, making impressive play after play, Conte had sent the physio to help he recover from the fatigue so he could keep up this performance in the second half of the game.

Conte didn't have much to say to the players other than to motivate them and tell them that they had to be more clinical.

Liverpool was already a team that didn't have a splendid defense thanks to their tactics of throwing themselves forward.

Their star center back, Van Dijk was someone who helped to cover this weakness with his spectacular zonal defending style that could slow down opponents or force them into awkward shooting positions, but he was away injured right now.

It was already clear that Liverpool was having trouble stopping Tottenham's rapid counterattack but since they were looking for a goal, they didn't dare to stay back to defend so it was a weakness that Tottenham could exploit.

However that weakness wouldn't mean much if the Tottenham side couldn't convert their chances to goals.

If Liverpool somehow managed to take the lead and then began defending, the game would become a lot more difficult so Conte emphasized to his players that they had to take their chances.

After speaking about a few more things related to the tactics, Conte sent his players back out to the field.

As Jason walked down the tunnel, Conte caught up to him.

"Good work out there in the first half. I need you to keep creating chances like that in the second half,"

"We need to take the lead as soon as possible," Conte said to Jason.

In the first half, Jason had not only done good work as a forward, but he had also done well as a holding midfielder when needed.

Even though a lot of times Jason drifted away from the center and into Emerson Royal's zone on the flanks, Conte had tacitly chosen to ignore this as it hadn't affected his effectiveness.

Jason's finishing was very good and he had quite the ability to score goals, but right now they needed his creativity more and his creativity needed him to have a freer role than the constrained role of forwards in Conte's usual formation.

So as long as it helped him play well, Conte was willing to ignore certain minute things like Jason drifting out of position sometimes.

As long as the team ended with the win.

Chapter 857: First Premier League Start V

Right after the second half began, the Liverpool side surged forward on the high press, trying to pressure the Tottenham side into misplacing the ball, but having trained for situations like this in the days leading up to the game, the players responded calmly.

Passing the ball around as soon as they saw the Liverpool players bearing down on them, they managed to hold onto possession, but faced with the collective pressure of almost the whole Liverpool side, the ball was soon sent to Lloris at the back.

The Liverpool players didn't stop but continued charging at Lloris, however Lloris calmly sent the ball up the field towards Jason.

The ball flew powerfully up the field and the Liverpool players tried to get close to the landing spot to head it back into Tottenham's half, but having been on the press, they couldn't get there in time as the ball came down to the ground.

As the ball was about to land in front of Jason who had his back to the Liverpool goal, Jason raised his leg a bit, letting the ball touch his leg before completely removing all the force behind his leg.

Like a magnet, the ball seemed have stuck to Jason's leg not even bouncing as Jason brought it under control and turning on it in one smooth motion.

With Jason bringing the ball under control in Liverpool's half of the pitch and with a lot of the players not in defensive positions, the threat was apparent.

"Sh*t stop him!" Klopp shouted from the sidelines, but it was too late.

Not intending to go on a run this time, Jason picked out Son who had began dashing forward and with a left footed trivela, Jason sent the ball curling inwardly into Son's path.

Son caught up to the ball, just a few steps ahead of his marker so he knew he had to take the shot quick and that was exactly what he did.

However he miscalculated the pass angle and the amount of power he needed to put behind the ball and the ball was sent flying into the stands, not even presenting a challenge for Allison.

{Tottenham picks up right where they left off. They still have the attacking edge that Liverpool just can't keep silent, but their finishing remains just as dismal}

{With the strikers in such poor form today, will we see another goal from this Tottenham side today?}

Jason wanted to tear out his hair at this point. He couldn't figure out why his teammates were in such bad shooting form today and the fans thought the same.

By all rights they should be up four goals by now but consistent bad finishing had kept them still at the one goal mark.

Conte also felt a headache coming on after seeing his team waste yet another goal scoring chance.

The only good thing was that this attempt had reminded the Liverpool side that Tottenham wasn't a toothless animal that couldn't bite them to death if they dared to lose their guards and play into their hands.

The game continued with both sides playing as cautiously as they could while looking for the go-ahead goal.

In a surprising turn of events, it was Liverpool who scored first after a battle in Tottenham's penalty box.

Trent Alexander-Arnold managed to get a cross towards the other side of the goal despite the penalty box being full of bodies and Robertson was there on the other side of the box, completely unmarked and managed to direct the ball into Tottenham's goal.

{2-1!}

{Liverpool have turned it around!}

This time, the Liverpool side didn't hesitate to celebrate. Robertson ran towards his teammates, making a eye mask gesture over his eyes and his teammates hugged him as they screamed at the Tottenham crowd.

The Tottenham players looked distraught as they watched their opponents celebrate.

Jason especially looked disgruntled as he felt that their side should be winning this game by a mile, but that clearly wasn't the case.

He had done his best so far and created quite a few goal scoring chances, but it was getting more difficult now.

His stamina had dropped so his dribbling accuracy had reduced a bit and added to the fact that the opponents were very wary of him, especially after how well he had played in the first half, he would barely get on the ball before they would begin trying to foul him.

They were not giving him any chance to build a rhythm and they were giving him even less chances to shoot.

"Fu*k," he cursed under his breath.

There was nothing to be done but to keep working hard and looking for more chances.

They had to take at least a draw away from this game which wouldn't be satisfying at all, but it wasn't a complete loss.

Jason wasn't the only one who thought this way. The other Tottenham players had also resolved to play as hard as they could in the coming minutes.

The match resumed and for a moment, it seemed like both sides had switched jerseys.

The Tottenham players took a page from Liverpool's book and began pressing all over the pitch.

For a moment it seemed like the players emptying tanks had been filled to the brim again as they chased incessantly after the ball.

Liverpool, usually the ones on the press weren't ready for this rapid change in pace and tried to play as calmly as they could while trying to exploit the space in behind the Tottenham players.

However just five minutes after Liverpool's goal, Dele Alli managed to steal the ball off Milner in midfield and quickly laid the ball off to Ndombele beside him.

Spotting Son making a run, Ndombele didn't hesitate to release the ball, sending it curling into his path as he ran into Liverpool's penalty box.

Allison had rushed off his line trying to get to the ball first, but Son just reached it a split second before Allison, touching it and making the keeper unable to grab the ball.

The ball bounced off Allison back to Son's feet and Son found himself facing an empty post.

Chapter 858: First Premier League Start VI

Without any pressure from defenders and faced with a open goal, Son couldn't miss even if he wanted to.

The Tottenham fans erupted in joyous cheers as soon as the ball hit the back of the net, but Son simply ran to take the ball from the back of the goal and began pushing it back to the halfway circle.

{The lead lasts no time at all! Tottenham are level!}

{Such splendid counter attacking football. They take possession and less than ten seconds later the ball is in the back of the net!}

{With such passionate football from these two sides, is there still room for one more twist!??}

The match resumed with both sides now giving it their all out on the pitch.

Both sides had been in the lead at some point in the game and they both wanted that position back.

#77th minute...

Also bolstered by Son's goal, Jason had also been running up and down with renewed vigor, looking to help the team find a goal to take the lead.

The moment Harry Winks who had just been subbed on for Ndombele intercepted a pass, Jason called for the ball, intending to begin a counter attack.

However that was exactly what the Liverpool players didn't want to see.

Robertson who was nearby had been playing against Jason long enough to realize that his best opportunity to stop Jason was before he received the ball.

Rushing in, he tried to tackle the ball as it reached Jason's feet, but Jason's shift to turn on the outside, not realizing how hard Robertson was rushing in swinging ended with Robertson kicking his legs harshly out from under him.

Jason went down instantly, clutching his legs in pain and the whole stadium instantly erupted in shouts of fury and boos on Robertson.

Jason had been playing very well but the Tottenham fans hadn't forgotten that he just came back from an injury and was still at risk of a reinjury.

The sight of Jason rolling on the ground holding his leg in pain instantly had everyone in the Tottenham camp clamoring for a red card for Robertson.

The referee had already grabbed the yellow card and showed Robertson while the Tottenham players were checking on Jason, but the VAR requested time to go over the tackle.

The referee stepped off the field as well to go and check from the screen on the sidelines.

After the pain from impact had subsided, Jason was helped to his feet by Kane.

Doing a quick check to see if anywhere still hurt after getting up, he was relieved when he didn't feel any other pain.

Conte on the sidelines was also relieved when he saw Jason walking without any limps, seemingly uninjured, however he glanced at the bench and told Moura to begin warming up.

He wanted to take Jason off so that even in case of an hidden injury, he didn't aggravate it by playing for too long.

While Moura began warming up, the referee came off the sidelines, walked up to Robertson and pulled out a red card.

The stadium immediately erupted in the happy cheers of the Tottenham fans while Robertson himself couldn't believe what was going on.

He and other Liverpool players tried to make the referee see reason, but the referee who had gone to check the tackle on the sidelines was sure of his decision and didn't budge.

Even if he wanted to be merciful and dared to take back a red card, he would be called out as an indecisive referee. It was already too late.

Unable to change the referee's mind, Robertson walked off the field angrily.

He had just given a man of the match worthy performance with an assist and a goal as a defender, but now everything was ruined because of a red card.

The players on the field weren't privy to Robertson's thoughts and after wasting so much time due to the foul, the Tottenham players wanted to get the game on again.

The freekick was taken short and the Liverpool players surged forward on the high press, but with a man down the press wasn't as heavy and effective as before.

Where before Jason couldn't find a path out of encirclement, Robertson's absence had given him that space that he needed.

On receiving the ball after the freekick, Jason took off immediately, squaring off against Milner then angling his body as if he planned to run into the open space on the flank where Robertson used to be.

Very aware that things had changed, Milner bit the bait only to be left blocking nothing as Jason darted back inside, beginning to run towards the opposition box.

Skiping over another tackle, Jason continued running but soon found himself in a moving cage.

Not losing his patience, Jason kept pushing forward, looking for a way out.

The players following him did their best to block his passing lanes and tried to contain him, but as Jason neared the edge of their penalty box their patience dwindled.

Milner who had caught up after Jason got past him and was part of the moving cage suddenly swopped in and slammed into Jason from behind, sending him sprawling and making a tactical foul.

Fweeeee!

The referee's whistle went off immediately without Jason even needing to call for attention and Jason rolled over, sitting up and adjusting his socks.

Glancing over at the sidelines and seeing Moura warming up, he could already guess what was next, but he didn't want to get off.

He hadn't even scored a goal yet and only one assist after playing his heart out wasn't enough.

Looking at the distance between where he was and the goal, it didn't look too far away.

'This is it,' he thought to himself, ready to give himself one last shout.

Son came over wanting to talk about taking the freekick, but Jason waved him off, signalling that he would take it himself.

{Tottenham have a freekick in a dangerous area and standing behind it is a man who makes it even more dangerous} the commentator said as Jason put the ball down behind the small arc the referee had drawn.

{This man has scored free-kicks from over 35 yards and scoring from a 28-yard freekick would be right up his alley}

{The Liverpool players are aware of this and Allison is barking orders at the wall, trying to reduce the players vision and his angle}

{They know he's a threat, they know what he can do, but can they stop him?}

In the Tottenham Hotspur Stadium, the Tottenham fans began chanting Jason's name as he stared at the ball, his hands on his hips.

Slicking his hands back with his hands, Jason tried to calculate the angle he should hit the ball at in his head.

The freekick was almost in the center between the post and wasn't on the left or the right side in front of the box so it was up to him to chose where to send the ball to.

Fweeeeeee!

At the referee's whistle, Jason ran at the ball and hit it.

Chapter 859: Capital One Quarter Finals I

{He's scored free-kicks before, can he add to his tally!?!}

Jason hit the ball with the instep of his foot, sending the ball curling to the right, around the wall and into the top right corner of the post, Allison, more than a thirty centimeters away from the ball as it smashed into the back of the net.

{He can and he does!}

Jason ran down towards the sidelines, making exaggerated gestures of pulling our arrow after arrow before ending with a loud shout at the fans glad to finally have his impact on the game become a footprint.

{Top corner! Unstoppable! And he makes it look easy!}

{His first premier league goal back from injury and what a goal it is}

{Tottenham take the lead!}

Tottenham's technical area was in chaos in the sidelines and Conte was hugging his staff as they celebrated the goal.

Moura also celebrated with his teammates happy that the team was once again in the lead but aware that Jason's performance in this game had been stellar and this was the icing on the cake.

The game was on now and he needed to respond otherwise he would soon be down farther the pecking order than he wanted.

Right after the goal celebrations the players began heading back to their positions to kick off the game and Jason, his number in red on the scoreboard began walking off the field, receiving applause all the way.

He had just scored and most managers would instantly cancel any substitutions planned for a player like him, especially at such a crucial moment in the game.

However Conte wasn't most managers. Jason had been bearing the brunt of the Liverpool players tackles for a while and before it turned into a worse situation, Conte was putting fresher legs on the pitch.

{He's coming off now and is getting a hero's applause. He's been sensational today}

{He's been a thorn in the side of his opponents all game and a goal and an assist are the result of that}

{Now it's up to Tottenham to hold on to their lead, or maybe, even extend it}

Jason high fived Moura and walked towards the bench, receiving a pat on the back from Conte.

The match continued shortly after and to keep Liverpool from fighting back, Tottenham kept the pressure high, running incessantly after every Liverpool player on the ball, preventing them from settling on the ball.

It was Liverpool's turn to be hounded endlessly and though they managed to still play reasonable football, looking a threat every now and then, Tottenham ultimately managed to keep them in check for the rest of the game.

Thus the game ended with 3-2 as the final score and despite Moura's continuous attempts to push forward and make attacking impact of his own, he couldn't create another goal for the team.

From the bench, Jason carving through Liverpool's defence time and time again had made it look easy so when Moura came on he had expected to be able to do the same.

He hadn't expected that even with fresher legs and his opponents being one man down, it still wasn't so easy to get past them unless he gave it his all and was lucky to be in the right position at the right time.

Unsurprisingly, Jason was the man of the match after the game. His performances in the match warranted that much and his only competitor had been played around by him and even got a red card.

Every Tottenham fan went home singing the praises of their players and the manager.

22nd December 2026

It was just three days since Tottenham's hard fought victory against Liverpool and Christmas was drawing nearer day by day, but once again the Tottenham fans were at the Tottenham Hotspur Stadium.

This time it was for the quarter finals of the Capital One cup against Premier League side, West Ham United.

Apart from Kane, Lloris and the three centerbacks who played in the previous game, everyone else from the previous game was seated on the bench, Jason included.

That didn't mean Conte wasn't taking the game seriously, rather he was just avoiding over stressing the players who had quite a few back to back games despite it being December.

It was already bad enough that there weren't any Christmas breaks, but thanks to rescheduling a few matches because of the virus issue, their schedule was tighter than ever.

The game soon began without much fanfare from both sides and they both got down to business.

Surprisingly, David Moyes men were arranged similarly to Conte's men, both sides using the 3-4-2-1 formation.

With both sides using the formation, it was now down to whoever had the better players and better tactics.

The game was opened by Steven Bergwijn who was just returning from an injury.

Also eager to make an instant impact off his injury like Jason did, Bergwijn advanced as soon as an opportunity showed up and Hojberg found him in a perfect position in the penalty box.

Converting with a first touch shot from very close range, Bergwijn raced off in celebration of his goal, his teammates right behind him, joy on their faces.

{Half an hour in and Tottenham take the lead with a dominating strike from Bergwijn}

Tottenham's Joy didn't last long as Bowen was found in the center of Tottenham's penalty box by Nikola Vlasic just two minutes later.

Receiving the ball cleverly and using his first touch to trap the ball in front of him as he spun into a shooting motion, Bowen let fly towards the right of Tottenham's goal.

Lloris dived as hard as he could, but he couldn't get a finger to it and the ball smashed past him into the back of the net.

The West Ham players and the travelling fans jumped in celebration and on the sidelines, Moyes could be seen smiling, recovering from the blow the earlier goal had given him.

However another two minutes later, he was hit again with another blow as Lucas Moura pounced on the ball during a corner routine after the ball was crossed in.

Davison had risen above everyone to head the ball home, but his header was blocked and the ball bounced off Issa Diop and right into the path of Lucas Moura who hit it at goal immediately.

Areola reacted quickly but his reaction wasn't quick enough and the ball still made it into the back of the net.

Chapter 860: Capital One Quarter Finals II

The Tottenham fans felt like they were on a rollercoaster ride. From taking the lead the first time to losing it to them taking it again, it had all happened in less than ten minutes.

It was this kind of excitement that made people fall in love with football. Matches felt like a session of extreme sports and got ones blood pumping from the rapid changes in emotional state.

Still on a high from all the excitement, they cheered continuously for their team that tried all they could to increase their lead, however the opponents held strong till half time.

As the second half began, both sides continued from right where they left off with Tottenham trying to bury the game and West Ham doing all they could to stop them and get themselves an equalizer.

For another ten minutes they continued to cancel each other out and the managers of both sides began making changes.

David Moyes trying to change the situation and Conte trying to preserve it.

However despite all the changes, the scores remained the same and by the 70th minute, Jason was also called up from the bench.

The Tottenham fans who were beginning to believe that the scores of the game would remain the same instantly got excited again and the previously somewhat conservative cheers began to get louder as he warmed up on the sidelines.

#72nd minute...

Jason was subbed on for Moura while Son had come on for Bergwijn. With this decision, both of Tottenham's goalscorers had been taken off the pitch, but not a single fan had an issue with this decision.

After all, the players brought on were even more likely to produce goals.

Son was the team's current highest goal scorer this season, and no one doubted Jason's ability despite his low numbers as it was clear that if not for his injury, his numbers would be completely different.

As the two of them took to the pitch, the game dynamics instantly shifted.

West Ham which had been sending players forward in a bid to equalize the game began to sit a little deeper, trying to compress the space and not give Jason and Son any areas to run into.

They were still trying to equalize the game, but if they were too desperate and the lead went up to two goals, then there would be nothing to play for.

However for players like Jason and Son, tighter space only made things a bit more difficult, it couldn't actually stop them, especially when they had much fresher legs.

Not long after stepping on the pitch, they were soon causing havoc at West Ham's end of the field.

Having moved the ball up the field, passing through West Ham's players, the ball reached Jason who feinted as if to run into the box, causing his marker to take off only to realize he was running alone.

With more than enough space, Jason chipped a cross into the box sending the ball to the far post where Son jumped at it, heading it goalward.

Areola dived for all he was worth, reaching it and making a save, keeping his team in the game.

Tottenham were given a corner kick and Son ran to the corner to take it while the other players crowded into the box, gathering at the front of the goal.

At first, Jason considered waiting in the penalty box and fighting for the header, but he changed his mind and went to the edge of the penalty box so he could recover the ball if it flew his way.

Fweeeeeeee!

Son sent the ball flying into the penalty box, across the face of the goal and players of both sides jumped leaped into the air, trying to reach it.

From where Jason stood, Ben Davies and Issa Diop looked the closest to the ball and it was unclear which one of them actually hit it, but the ball came flying Jason's way.

Catching it mid air with the side of his foot, Jason swung at it as it came down, sending it powerfully at the goal.

The West Ham players instantly jumped, trying to get in the way of the shot and one of them did, deflecting it slightly.

The ball ricocheted heavily off the right post and flew out of play once again and Jason winced, covering his mouth in shock.

{The bar!}

{West Ham are lucky! They're still in this thanks to the deflection off Masuaku!}

{Tottenham have another corner}

Son once again readied himself for the corner kick and Jason stayed at the edge of the box, hoping for another chance like the earlier attempt, but like they say, everyday is not Christmas.

The second corner from Son was easily cleared by Craig Dawson who sent the ball flying over Jason and towards the center of the pitch where Jarrod Bowen instantly trapped it and began racing forward with it, beginning a counter.

Jason immediately began racing up the field, chasing hard from behind and with the combined efforts of Tanganga and Reguilon, managed to stop the counter before things got more dangerous.

#86th minute...

Tottenham got a counter attack opportunity with Skipp stealing the ball off Declan Rice and sending a splitting through pass straight ahead into Jason's path.

For once Jason had stayed in an attacking position and the moment Winks stole the ball, he had begun running forward into the space.

The ball moved at amazing pace surpassing Jason's speed but it was carefully weighted and Jason neared it as it reached the edge of the penalty area.

{Splendid pass and he's one on one with the goalkeeper!}

Areola had rushed off his line, trying to get to the ball first, or at least make Jason hurry his shot, and hurry his shot, Jason did.

However a hurried shot didn't mean a bad one and Jason sent the ball under Areola's right arm and into the bottom left of the goal.

{And he puts it away sweetly!}

{Tottenham extends their lead to two and it looks like they're running away with it}

Jason ran down to the sidelines, jumping into a kneeslide at the end of his run and then changing into a sitting position.

The other Tottenham players soon arrived, the overly excited ones jumping on him.

With this goal, the hope that the West Ham players had been harboring, trying to believe that the game wasn't over... Was shattered.

3-1 in the 85th minute was difficult to come back from, but it wasn't impossible, but it had been a tough game and it wasn't going to get any easier at this point.

At this point, it would be better to accept that their journey in the Capital One cup ended here.

However, even if they had accepted it, they would continue playing their hearts out until the referee blew the final whistle.

That was exactly what they continued to do, but Tottenham resisted fiercely and struck again, Jason managing to unleash Son behind the defensive line.

After catching up to it, Son took it into the penalty area, attracting Areola towards him before then squaring the ball to Kane.

Kane coolly slotted the ball into the back of an open goal and was about to take off celebrating when the referee's whistle went off loudly. The assistant's flag was up for offside.

The Tottenham players immediately swarmed the referee while the West Ham players acted like the goal didn't concern them.

After all, whether the goal stood or not, they were still going to lose the game so why bother.

The referee soon went off the field to check with the VAR and it soon became apparent that Son had been slightly offside when Jason sent the ball his way.

It was so slight that it was more or less up to the referee's discretion whether to call off the goal or not.

In the end, the referee decided not to add to the West Ham fans's nightmares, much to the dismay of the Tottenham side who were happy to have extended their lead earlier.

After this fiasco, the match time smoothly dwindled to an end without any further shocks.

Fweeeeeeee!

{The final whistle has just gone off and Tottenham is now one step closer to the Capital One cup final}

{It was a tough battle, exciting at times and steady at other times but Tottenham had too much in store for David Moyes's men and a comfortable 3-1 victory says it all}

{Tottenham will be looking forward to keeping up this run of form in their next game and also hoping that they can make it to the finals}

{They haven't won a domestic cup in just about forever and with them making it to the semis, the fans will be expecting them to challenge for the trophy}

{They know their players have it in them. What it takes to win a trophy, but do the players themselves know?}

{We can only find out in the semi finals}