

The Ace at the Apex

Chapter 260 Sincerity Lies Within the Reality

Bejit frowned. "Why? Mr. Jepson, Technology is borderless and is shared among mankind."

It sounded cool, but Yuzuia was never seen sharing its technology with other people.

Liam replied, "Because I don't like your name."

Bejit was befuddled. "My name is great. It means blessing in our place!"

Javier replied on behalf of Liam, "But you're in our country now, and according to our understanding, you're not exactly a blessing."

Javier even motioned around the man. "See, fat and not a blessing. Pity."

It seemed that Liam was quite sharp with names as he insisted on naming the cars after him and complained about Bejit's name.

On the other hand, Bejit finally understood what Javier and Liam meant and grew furious.

"You f*cking idiots!"

Javier pointed at Bejit as he told Liam, "Sell it to me. This fatty's not going back to his home country either."

With age, Liam was not exactly surprised about certain law-breaking deeds. He answered Javier, "I don't mind as long as you're capable of it."

Liam was confident that Javier was absolutely capable, and the latter did show that he was. Javier pulled out his phone to call Herschel

When those three foreigners leave, don't let them go back to their home country. Plane tickets are expensive nowadays."

"My pleasure to do it!" Herschel sounded exceptionally delighted over the phone.

The call was made in front of Bejit, so the man found Javier to be insolent. His two bodyguards were eager to put Javier in his place as well.

Anyway, Bejit then threatened Javier and Liam directly and impudently, "You'll get on your knees and beg me!"

He waved for his two bodyguards and left in a huff.

After they left, Javier looked at Liam. "You should have used him to check me and take the advantage to pressure me and force me to agree with the naming. You could even ask for more money."

"Would you agree to it?" Liam asked.

"No," Javier answered with a chuckle.

"There you have it."

Liam got up and dusted his bottom. "My parents gave me this name, and I can't just let it go to waste. Even without this name, the Chinese blood flows in me. It's not like no one's buying the patent. Why should I sell it to them?"

"Besides, would I not know what they're planning? Sign the contract and agree to all the conditions I ask for, but the staff sent over would make the run with the technology. They would then go back and destroy the contract before announcing that they had a breakthrough in the latest technology."

"That sort of trick, and they want to deceive me? Pfft, they're underestimating us, Chinese!"

Javier flashed him a thumbs up. "Sharp eyes, ol' sir!"

Liam waved in dismissal. "Stop bootlicking. Do you agree to the name or not?!"

Javier gnashed his teeth. "No, absolutely no way!"

He had already thought it through. He would get Trevor here to talk about it if Liam insisted on the name. How could the cars be named Liam? Call it Five Stars or Chichi, but Liam was...

"Name it Chinese, then. Make another call if you disagree. Send me off too."

Liam was willful, but Chinese was a good name. It was after their nation and sounded nationalistic.

"Deal!"

Javier was incredibly happy upon managing to come to a consensus with Liam on the name. He had won over Trevor yesterday and Liam today. His car-manufacturing dream was coming true with these two prodigies on his side!

At the same time, Bejit's car came to a turn at an isolated junction, where its way was blocked by a car from the opposite. Bejit's

bodyguard was enraged and pressed on the honk incessantly.

Bejit was already making a call. He had to ask for some men to teach Javier a lesson as well as make Liam feel the pain, so he would obediently pass the technology to him.

It was just that before Bejit's call connected, he heard a bang and saw the window on the driver's side shatter before his bodyguard who drove was dragged out of the car like a sack of potatoes with a choke on his neck.

The bodyguard was martially skilled, but the fight did not last even two seconds before his neck was broken with a snap.

Bejit, who was in the car, was terrified. It was only then he realized that Javier had not been boasting or trying to scare him. He was really saving the plane ticket back to his homeland for him, but the price was their lives!

While Bejit grew fearful, his other bodyguard was also dragged out of the car. This one died a more gruesome death as a dagger was stabbed into him repeatedly over 30 times. When the bodyguard's corpse was released, he looked forlorn like a badly modeled sieve.

Seeing that someone was making their way toward him, Bejit got on his knees on the backseat and kept bowing with his forehead knocking on the seat.

“I was wrong. I’ll go back to Yuzuia immediately and won’t come here anymore. I wouldn’t dare=”

Before Bejit could finish, he felt vertigo and found a familiar body kneeling on the car seat. The clothes and body looked like they belonged to him. When he saw the headless body collapsing, he realized what was happening.

His vision immediately went black, and he lost consciousness, forever.

Herschel and the other two men were the strongest bodyguards. Mackenzie would not have sent them to protect Javier otherwise. Hence, they acted fast, completing the task in less than one and a half minutes.

Herschel got in the car that blocked the way while Running Man put the corpses back to the car, and GTR drove off with the latter’s car. As for where he went with it, no one knew. The three foreigners were considered to be missing now anyway. But their bodies would not be found, dead or alive...

On the Javier sent his man over the third day to get the contract signed.

He did not sign it rashly but had pulled some strings his family had to get someone to check the propulsion system and verify its feasibility specifically. Javier was easy going in his negotiations but was not a fool. It was impossible to sign the contract just by listening to a few words from the others.

Liam admired Javier’s conscientiousness. A true partner would not be upset by another party’s diligence but think the party to be less reliable due to their carelessness.

Moreover, the men Javier sent were incredibly professional and knowledgeable. When they exchanged opinions with Liam during the assessment of the propulsion system, the latter was very much enlightened and felt his mind map expanding.

This delighted Liam while he was also surprised by Javier’s network of connections as it was difficult to meet peers when they had gone immensely technical and even peaked in their area of expertise.

The interaction allowed both sides to reap something new, so it was delightful.

Liam had believed Javier previously out of his trust for Trevor, but he now realized Javier’s individual strength, which put him at ease during this partnership. It was more reassuring than his trust for Trevor.

The contract with Liam was signed, and Chad got in touch with Trevor, successfully recruiting the latter into Reivaj Group. With the addition of Trevor and Liam’s research team, Javier finally sighed in relief.

The car research and development was taking its early shape now, and the next thing to do was look for its market and manufacturing. It was just that the propulsion system using hydrogen fuel was not fully invented yet, so Javier was not in a hurry.

Just when Javier thought he got to relax for a few days, Ingrid called him. “We found the person who sent Terry Hamer.”

Chapter 261 Nothing but a Dream

Javier had kept in mind Terry being sent over all of a sudden. Now that he finally had news about it, he perked up instantly.

Ingrid told him through the call that Marjorie was the one who had arranged for the person who got Terry back. There was no process stated, only the result-this was how Ingrid worked because she was well aware that Javier only wanted precise results.

Javier could not help frowning. He had thought that Marjorie's sudden appearance was a little odd, but she looked absolutely pitiful back then. Thus, he had kindly let her stay since Sigmund used to follow him around like a puppy when he was younger.

It was unexpected that Marjorie was actually behind this.

While seated in the swivel chair, Javier began pondering.

Logically, Marjorie had probably done it due to Arthur's instruction, but it was also possible that it was William's idea. William could have realized that Arthur was putting on a dumb act, so he had set him up. Despite that, Javier did not eliminate the chances of Arthur sabotaging himself to direct Javier into targeting William.

"I should be honored that I'm used as a gun."

Javier knocked on the table and called for Herschel and the guys, then some professionals from the hospital with their supplies before they drove for Xerxes Village.

When Javier arrived at Xerxes Village in the afternoon, he saw Marjorie, who was doing laundry at home. It was apparent that she had gotten used to the village life as she looked and acted the part- except her good-looking face and sexy figure, those did not match the village vibe at all.

"Hey, what brings you here?"

Marjorie looked exceptionally happy when she saw Javier at the door. It was genuine, so Javier was a little confused, not quite understanding why Marjorie could be delighted when she had done what she did behind his back.

Approaching Marjorie, Javier extended a hand and choked her directly, shocking the woman as she did not know why Javier would do that.

Javier was tightening his hold, lifting Marjorie, who was around 55 kilograms off the ground, just by her neck.

All Marjorie could feel was suffocation as she could not breathe. Her fair face flushed instantly before it turned purple. She kept tapping and struggling, but it was futile. It was until her vision swam, and she nearly passed out that Javier tossed her on the ground like she was a trash bag.

Marjorie, who had just seen death in fleeting, heaved for air like she would be charged for oxygen.

Javier got a stool and sat next to Marjorie, lighting a cigarette and smoking while he stared at the woman so quietly that it unnerved her.

"W-why did you do that to me?" Marjorie asked timidly.

Javier flicked the ash off his cigarette. "My woman's face was cut. The person who did it was Terry Hamer."

Marjorie felt her heart drop as she had been under the impression it would have been fine. She had already left the Kerseys, and it would not happen again. Getting on her knees in front of Javier, Marjorie explained in panic, "Sorry, I'm so sorry. I'm really sorry. I was still with the Kerseys when I did this, but I fled a few days after making the arrangement.

"I didn't plan it either. William forced me to do it. He barged into my room that night and r*ped me, then blackmailed me with photos taken. He asked me to get someone to fetch Terry Hamer and target your woman.

"I was forced. I didn't do it willingly. It's also because of this that I fled the Kerseys..."

Marjorie said a lot, but the gist was that the culprit behind the incident was William. He was the one who had forced her to do it.

Javier could not be sure if what Marjorie said was the truth, but he had a way to tell. If Marjorie was lying and Arthur had sent her, what about her previous lover and first love was fake? Was the child Arthur's all along?

The person who had been drowned was in the hospital's morgue, and Javier had already asked a doctor to get the DNA sample. Javier would find out the truth when Sigmund's DNA sample was collected for comparison after he finished school and returned home at noon.

If both DNA samples matched, Marjorie was being truthful-the kid was not Arthur's. If the DNA samples did not match, then Javier would have to contemplate how elaborate Arthur and Marjorie's plan was.

It was still early, though, and Javier would not be waiting for nothing. Moreover, Jade had an inconvenient time recently. Since

Javier had a high drive and Marjorie was so beautiful and sexy, he went inside the room.

"Come here. I'm furious."

Marjorie knew what was about to happen, but she could not resist it at all.

The moment she stepped inside the room, Javier stripped her naked. Her delirious moans spilled almost instantly when she had not done anything like that for so long.

When it all ended and Javier dressed, he looked at Marjorie, who was cleaning up herself with a flushed face.

"Are you still keeping anything from me or lying to me?"

Marjorie shook her head. "No, no more. If there's any, then I'm a wimp!"

The vow was nothing solemn but sounded rather childish.

Javier nodded. "You'd better be speaking the truth. If I find out that you're lying...I guarantee you and Sigmund will suffer!"

Marjorie pleaded frantically, "I wouldn't dare. I really wouldn't. And all I say is the truth. I'm really not hiding anything from you anymore. I'm not lying..."

"I hope so." Javier left the room, and the doctor that had come with him returned a while later with a nod at him.

Chapter 262 The Boss Strikes Back

What the doctor meant was obvious. He had already collected the DNA sample of Marjorie's first love.

A while later, Sigmund came back. He was surprised at the sight of Javier but greeted him with a hang of head, "Javier."

Javier studied Sigmund for a bit, seeing the kid change during his time in Xerxes Village. He had gotten fitter, darker, and plainer in how he dressed. He even looked better and more alert, no longer arrogant and insolent like he used to be.

This was his growth. Javier would be happy to see such growth if Marjorie had not lied.

"I brought a doctor over to do a body check for you. It'll be fast."

Marjorie did not know what Javier wanted to do, but she dared not say anything or could do anything. She could only go along with what the man wanted. "Sig, listen to Javier. Do what he asked. He won't harm you."

Sigmund made an "oh" sound and left with the doctor. He thought that his mother was speaking to him—well, maybe a 30% as Marjorie meant 70% of what she said to Javier. Javier knew that Marjorie was showing her sincerity this way, but something like sincerity spoke through facts and reality, so he sat outside and waited for the DNA comparison result.

Marjorie waited for her and her son's life and death as well.

While Javier sat holding the result of the DNA comparison, Marjorie held Sigmund's hand looking exceptionally nervous.

"Mom, what's Javier looking at?"

"N-nutrition chart, I think."

Marjorie did not know what Javier wanted to do, but she knew that what he held was absolutely not a nutrition chart. She had made it up so Sigmund would not find out and get worried or scared.

Javier went to the doctor in charge holding the result sheet and told him, "Change the name."

Marjorie was unusually worried that something would happen as she watched Javier and the doctor talk to each other a distance away.

She did not hate Javier as she deserved what had happened, but it did not stop her from being afraid. She was also worried that it would implicate her son.

Javier finally got a new comparison result from the doctor two minutes later and passed it to Herschel for safekeeping.

The two DNA samples matched. Sigmund was not a Kersey but the son of the man who had drowned. This meant that what Marjorie had said previously was the truth.

Confirming that William was the culprit, Javier was both furious and impressed that the man could really put up an act. William looked like he was stupid, but he was actually very sharp. Not only had he seen through Arthur, who feigned being prodigal, but he also saw how much of a threat Javier was.

“Using me to battle Arthur while you reap the benefit from the side. Very clever!”

Javier approached the mother and son nonchalantly upon uncovering his enemy and finding a solution

He nodded at Marjorie and told Sigmund, “Whether you’re a Kersey or not, I won’t leave you to waste when you still respect me as your elder. Stay here and train yourself. I’ll take you out in two years.”

“Thank you, Javier.”

Sigmund had really changed. He had grown sensible and knew how to stay low-key. It was great. The saying about having a weapon but not showing it off made sense.

Javier left with his men, making Marjorie heave a long sigh of relief when he did nothing to her and Sigmund.

She told her boy, “Listen to Javier well in the future. He’ll treat you well. Don’t ever offend him. As long as you stay on his good side, he’ll always be nice to you. You understand?”

Sigmund nodded in comprehension.

While watching the retreating car, Marjorie suddenly recalled what she had felt during what she and Javier did in the room in the morning. It was not voluntary, but she felt great... 1

One night three days later, Marjorie was taking a shower in her room.

Xerxes Village was unlike other places with bathrooms and bathhouses. One could only shower in their bedroom.

Despite that, Marjorie had looked past it now. She was already happy that she could live peacefully and her son could have a bright future. As for the wealth and glory of the past, she treated it as nothing but a dream.

While people said that it was easy to go from being thrifty to lavish and difficult when it was the other way around, Marjorie was honestly impressive to have adjusted according to her situation.

When she washed her excellent figure in silence, a loud bang came from the outside, sounding like something had hit the ground. There seemed to be pained moans after that, but it went silent when she listened closely.

Marjorie did not pay much mind, thinking that her son was outside. She assumed he was doing something there and hit his finger.

“Sig, be careful. You’re older now. Stop hurting yourself,” Marjorie yelled but did not receive any response. She did not mind and continued showering.

The next moment, she heard footsteps coming toward her room.

“Sig, mommy’s bathing. Don’t come in first- Ah!”

Before she could finish her sentence, the door to her room was pushed open, and a man stood there cackling.

Marjorie knew the man. It was Hector, the village’s bachelor. He was already in his forties but had no wife because he was poor. He usually looked quite down to earth, getting shy even during a greeting, but here he was barging into Marjorie’s room tonight.

Marjorie was naked, covering herself with her hands as she screeched in terror when Hector barged in. She instinctively wanted to shout for Sigmund to save her, but it was then she spotted the gleaming knife in Hector’s hand and swallowed the “help” that was about to leave her lips.

She dared not shout, fearing that Hector would hurt Sigmund, so she asked shakily, “W-what do you want, Hector?”

Hector’s eyes were brimming with lust. He stared at Marjorie’s body greedily and walked toward her holding the knife.

Marjorie was terrified of both the knife in Hector’s hand and what the man would do to her. In spite of it, she dared not cry for help, worried that the man would injure Sigmund.

She braved herself to tell the man, “Hector, if you r*pe me, you’ll be imprisoned for at least three years!”

Hector was not scared at all despite Marjorie’s threat. He was still making his way forward and cornering the woman. The latter tried begging, but it was useless. This made her incredibly frightened.

To protect Sigmund, however, she finally relented. “I’m willing to do it with you, but you must not hurt my son and stay as quiet as possible. Don’t let him hear us...”

Marjorie felt utterly humiliated and cheap as she spoke. She had no other solution. Even if she hated Hector, she dared not let Sigmund hear them, scared that he would be threatened.

Hector nodded after her plea, meaning that he would not hurt Sigmund. Marjorie’s hands that had been covering her body gradually went slack...

It did not last long. Perhaps it was Hector’s first time, or maybe it was just him that he ended swiftly. It only disgusted Marjorie more when she was already repulsed because she saw Arthur’s shadow through Hector. Both of them were the same, looking aggressive but were actually useless.

Hector looked a little embarrassed, leaving hastily after pulling his pants up and grabbing his knife.

Marjorie assumed that he had left in a hurry because he was embarrassed to look at her. She could care less now, dressing in a flurry and going to check on Sigmund in the next room.

She hoped that Sigmund was in there and was not hurt by Hector, but it surprised her that the boy was not in the room. Marjorie felt her heart drop as she recalled the vague pained moan she had heard after

something fell to the ground earlier. She bolted out of the room and came to the yard before collapsing on the ground.

Chapter 263 The Most Careless Person in History

Javier sat on his office sofa with his legs crossed. As he took a puff of his cigarette, he pondered how he should deal with William.

He had already come up with an idea but thought it was not appropriate enough, so he wanted to come up with an even better idea.

However, this better idea he wanted was not easy to realize. Javier could neither go against William openly nor could he do something as ridiculous as hiring a hired gun to kill William, which would only sadden the old fox. On top of that, he wanted William to suffer the full price for what he had done, which was why this was such a huge headache for Javier.

Thus, after pondering for a while, Javier wondered if he should just use the idea he had at that moment since he could not come up with something else.

At that moment, his cell phone rang.

Javier took out his cell phone, where Thomas's name was shown on the screen.

Surprised, Javier could not figure out why Thomas would be calling him.

When Javier answered the call, he chuckled and asked, "Is something the matter, Chief?"

Before Javier finished saying the last word of his sentence, Thomas sounded very anxious as he said, "Javier, I'm really sorry about this. The mother and son you sent over here have been murdered!"

"What!?"

Javier instantly stood up, his eyes filled with disbelief.

'I just promised Sigmund I would give him a decent future when I was in Xerxes Village three days ago, but both he and Marjorie have ended up being murdered!?'

Javier once again rushed to Xerxes Village, intending to get to the bottom of their murder.

On the way, he made use of his connections with the local police and found out more about the case.

The murderer was a local bachelor named Hector, who had already been arrested.

After preliminary investigations, the police found that Hector had murdered them both out of lust, while the murder weapon was a knife.

However, Javier refused to believe that someone clouded by their lust would end up carrying a knife on him.

The next day, Javier learned more about what happened when he arrived at Xerxes Village the next day.

According to the villagers, Sigmund had been stabbed more than 10 times, the deepest wound being the one on his neck, which was also what killed him.

On the other hand, Marjorie had been yelling, "My son's death will be paid with your blood," as she charged from her house to Hector's.

In the end, she died by the very same knife. Hector had probably killed her after he was done r*ping her, but it was still a murder case at the end of the day.

However, they later heard from the police that Hector had only murdered Sigmund, but not Marjorie.

Initially, Hector had intended to murder after he was done with her. However, he could not bring it upon himself to do it, so he ran away.

The police also said that Hector had already successfully made his escape by the time Marjorie died.

As for the knife that had killed Marjorie, Hector stated that he had thrown it by the roadside amidst his shock. Still, he was unsure why his knife had ended up stabbed into Marjorie's chest. Aside from that, the part where Hector had the knife on him was actually because he had stolen it from Sigmund, to which the police found the latter's fingerprints on the knife.

This meant that Hector had not been sent by someone to murder the mother and child. Instead, it was really because he had been clouded by lust.

On top of that, Marjorie's death had nothing to do with him.

In his own words..."I'm a dead man anyway, so there's no reason not to admit to the murders if it really was me, but it wasn't!"

Sigmund's death was indeed Hector's doing. When Sigmund had noticed that Hector was climbing into his house through the wall, he picked up the knife intending to fight him.

Unfortunately, he had been just too weak to be able to go up against the brute. In the end, Hector had taken away Sigmund's knife and fiercely stabbed Sigmund more than 10 times after being agitated during their struggles. When Hector had found that Sigmund was still breathing, he slashed his neck to end him.

After entering the house, Hector r*ped Marjorie and then dumped the knife by the roadside before making his escape.

Hector had ultimately failed to escape and was arrested by the police. However, he then found out that Marjorie had also been murdered by the very same knife he had used.

Javier felt especially furious after understanding everything that had occurred.

He did not know whether William or Arthur had orchestrated the entire thing, but he knew for sure that neither of them was a saint.

Thus, he temporarily put his revenge plan on hold, thoroughly focusing on the matter at hand instead.

Marjorie and Sigmund's corpses were cremated and buried in the local graveyard a week later.

Despite being a poor village, Xerxes Village had rather many rules and would not allow outsiders to be buried there initially.

However, since Javier had arranged it and they had died in their village, the villagers could not help but feel sympathy toward Marjorie and Sigmund. Thus, none of them objected to the process. Thomas even expressed that he would pray for them during their death anniversary.

Thomas still felt sorry as he stood by Javier's side. "I'm sorry, Javier. You've been so kind to the village, yet I've failed even to take care of these pitiful people as you've asked..."

Javier consoled Thomas when he saw the guilt on the old man's face, not blaming him for whatever had happened.

'More accurately, I'm the one who caused their deaths. It had nothing to do with where they were at.

'It doesn't matter if I had placed them somewhere else. They would still die in the end. That night, it just so happened that Hector had gotten lustful, causing Sigmund to end up dead. Who knows... There might have been a chance that the true culprit had intended on killing Sigmund as well in the first place.'

After sending Thomas away, Javier sat before their graves the entire night.

Although the night breeze was slightly chilly, Javier did not seem to feel even an ounce of fear since that place was barren and filled with tombstones.

At that moment, he was filled with guilt. No matter how at odds they were when they were alive, it was all but the past at that point.

Marjorie and Sigmund had made a huge change in their characters, yet they ended up losing their lives because of the Kerseys' in-fighting.

Javier had never thought that his family's in-fighting would end up being so gruesome.

He was so confident in the past that the "war of the eight princes" would never happen within the Kerseys and that he would never use such a tactic. However, to protect the people close to him, Javier now thought that nothing was impossible and that he should be ruthless with his methods.

'If I have to choose between my family, my woman, and my friends, against William and Arthur, I'd rather they both head down to hell sooner!

"Of course, this is only a choice I will make when I have no other methods to choose from, which is still very far away at this point.

'After all, if I were to make such a decision, the old fox would end up being the saddest.

"Regardless of which side ends up winning, he's still going to feel the pain from losing the other side anyway.

The next morning, Javier wiped his face and said to Marjorie, "I don't know who it was that murdered you, but now that I think about how you've never liked both William and Arthur, I'm going to borrow the both of you this once!"

After that, Javier left the graveyard and got into his car before leaning against his seat.

He then gestured for Herschel to drive.

During the journey out of Xerxes Village, Herschel asked, "Are we heading home now?"

Javier replied, "No. Have the DNA report I gave you the other time put into a file and send me to the airport."

Herschel understood and tried his best to drive smoothly while driving fast at the same time with his GPS on. They then headed to the nearest airport.

Herschel knew that his boss, a man who never wanted to strike first in front of others, was going to make his counterattack!

Chapter 263 The Most Careless Person in History

Javier sat on his office sofa with his legs crossed. As he took a puff of his cigarette, he pondered how he should deal with William.

He had already come up with an idea but thought it was not appropriate enough, so he wanted to come up with an even better idea.

However, this better idea he wanted was not easy to realize. Javier could neither go against William openly nor could he do something as ridiculous as hiring a hired gun to kill William, which would only sadden the old fox. On top of that, he wanted William to suffer the full price for what he had done, which was why this was such a huge headache for Javier.

Thus, after pondering for a while, Javier wondered if he should just use the idea he had at that moment since he could not come up with something else.

At that moment, his cell phone rang.

Javier took out his cell phone, where Thomas's name was shown on the screen.

Surprised, Javier could not figure out why Thomas would be calling him.

When Javier answered the call, he chuckled and asked, "Is something the matter, Chief?"

Before Javier finished saying the last word of his sentence, Thomas sounded very anxious as he said, "Javier, I'm really sorry about this. The mother and son you sent over here have been murdered!"

"What!?"

Javier instantly stood up, his eyes filled with disbelief.

'I just promised Sigmund I would give him a decent future when I was in Xerxes Village three days ago, but both he and Marjorie have ended up being murdered!?'

Javier once again rushed to Xerxes Village, intending to get to the bottom of their murder.

On the way, he made use of his connections with the local police and found out more about the case.

The murderer was a local bachelor named Hector, who had already been arrested.

After preliminary investigations, the police found that Hector had murdered them both out of lust, while the murder weapon was a knife.

However, Javier refused to believe that someone clouded by their lust would end up carrying a knife on him.

The next day, Javier learned more about what happened when he arrived at Xerxes Village the next day.

According to the villagers, Sigmund had been stabbed more than 10 times, the deepest wound being the one on his neck, which was also what killed him.

On the other hand, Marjorie had been yelling, "My son's death will be paid with your blood," as she charged from her house to Hector's.

In the end, she died by the very same knife. Hector had probably killed her after he was done r*ping her, but it was still a murder case at the end of the day.

However, they later heard from the police that Hector had only murdered Sigmund, but not Marjorie.

Initially, Hector had intended to murder after he was done with her. However, he could not bring it upon himself to do it, so he ran away.

The police also said that Hector had already successfully made his escape by the time Marjorie died.

As for the knife that had killed Marjorie, Hector stated that he had thrown it by the roadside amidst his shock. Still, he was unsure why his knife had ended up stabbed into Marjorie's chest. Aside from that, the part where Hector had the knife on him was actually because he had stolen it from Sigmund, to which the police found the latter's fingerprints on the knife.

This meant that Hector had not been sent by someone to murder the mother and child. Instead, it was really because he had been clouded by lust.

On top of that, Marjorie's death had nothing to do with him.

In his own words..."I'm a dead man anyway, so there's no reason not to admit to the murders if it really was me, but it wasn't!"

Sigmund's death was indeed Hector's doing. When Sigmund had noticed that Hector was climbing into his house through the wall, he picked up the knife intending to fight him.

Unfortunately, he had been just too weak to be able to go up against the brute. In the end, Hector had taken away Sigmund's knife and fiercely stabbed Sigmund more than 10 times after being agitated during their struggles. When Hector had found that Sigmund was still breathing, he slashed his neck to end him.

After entering the house, Hector r*ped Marjorie and then dumped the knife by the roadside before making his escape.

Hector had ultimately failed to escape and was arrested by the police. However, he then found out that Marjorie had also been murdered by the very same knife he had used.

Javier felt especially furious after understanding everything that had occurred.

He did not know whether William or Arthur had orchestrated the entire thing, but he knew for sure that neither of them was a saint.

Thus, he temporarily put his revenge plan on hold, thoroughly focusing on the matter at hand instead.

Marjorie and Sigmund's corpses were cremated and buried in the local graveyard a week later.

Despite being a poor village, Xerxes Village had rather many rules and would not allow outsiders to be buried there initially.

However, since Javier had arranged it and they had died in their village, the villagers could not help but feel sympathy toward Marjorie and Sigmund. Thus, none of them objected to the process. Thomas even expressed that he would pray for them during their death anniversary.

Thomas still felt sorry as he stood by Javier's side. "I'm sorry, Javier. You've been so kind to the village, yet I've failed even to take care of these pitiful people as you've asked..."

Javier consoled Thomas when he saw the guilt on the old man's face, not blaming him for whatever had happened.

'More accurately, I'm the one who caused their deaths. It had nothing to do with where they were at.

'It doesn't matter if I had placed them somewhere else. They would still die in the end. That night, it just so happened that Hector had gotten lustful, causing Sigmund to end up dead. Who knows... There might have been a chance that the true culprit had intended on killing Sigmund as well in the first place.'

After sending Thomas away, Javier sat before their graves the entire night.

Although the night breeze was slightly chilly, Javier did not seem to feel even an ounce of fear since that place was barren and filled with tombstones.

At that moment, he was filled with guilt. No matter how at odds they were when they were alive, it was all but the past at that point.

Marjorie and Sigmund had made a huge change in their characters, yet they ended up losing their lives because of the Kerseys' in-fighting.

Javier had never thought that his family's in-fighting would end up being so gruesome.

He was so confident in the past that the "war of the eight princes" would never happen within the Kerseys and that he would never use such a tactic. However, to protect the people close to him, Javier now thought that nothing was impossible and that he should be ruthless with his methods.

'If I have to choose between my family, my woman, and my friends, against William and Arthur, I'd rather they both head down to hell sooner!

"Of course, this is only a choice I will make when I have no other methods to choose from, which is still very far away at this point.

'After all, if I were to make such a decision, the old fox would end up being the saddest.

"Regardless of which side ends up winning, he's still going to feel the pain from losing the other side anyway.

The next morning, Javier wiped his face and said to Marjorie, "I don't know who it was that murdered you, but now that I think about how you've never liked both William and Arthur, I'm going to borrow the both of you this once!"

After that, Javier left the graveyard and got into his car before leaning against his seat.

He then gestured for Herschel to drive.

During the journey out of Xerxes Village, Herschel asked, "Are we heading home now?"

Javier replied, "No. Have the DNA report I gave you the other time put into a file and send me to the airport."

Herschel understood and tried his best to drive smoothly while driving fast at the same time with his GPS on. They then headed to the nearest airport.

Herschel knew that his boss, a man who never wanted to strike first in front of others, was going to make his counterattack!

Chapter 264 The Hatred!!!

Before boarding the plane, Javier gave Jade, Chad, Trevor, and Liam a phone call, each with instructions.

Finally, he gave Ciara a call, ordering her to hurry back to the island as soon as possible, also stating that he would be heading back as well.

Of course, Ciara readily agreed to it when she heard that Javier was also returning. She thought that Javier wanted to grab the opportunity to spend some alone time with her.

However, she was unaware that Javier thought she would only be safest from Arthur and William's claws if she was on the island!

Both of them ran into one another during transit.

Ciara was especially happy, wrapping her arms around Javier's, literally like a koala bear hanging onto a tree.

Countless onlookers cast envious gazes at Javier, but he was not in the mood to feel happy about it.

"Marjorie and Sigmund are both dead, and either William or Arthur did it. You can't stay outside any longer."

What!?"

Ciara was stunned, obviously clueless about what had happened.

Although she knew they were no saints, she had not expected them to go to such extremes.

After asking what the reason for their deaths was, Ciara was absolutely fuming. "They've been living together for so many years, whether as his wife or his aunt... How could they do such a thing to them? That's just disgusting!"

*And there's Sigmund as well. Although he isn't part of the Kersey family like myself, he's been living on the island for so many years already..."

At that point, Ciara suddenly stopped, her eyes filled with shock.

This was because she realized that she was not a member of the Kersey family as well..

'If someone were to try and plot against Javier or even want something as leverage, wouldn't I end up becoming the perfect target for them!?

Ciara finally realized why Javier had always been asking her to stay on the island like a good girl.

"Javier, L..."

Ciara wanted to say something but just could not find the right words to say at that moment.

Javier wrapped his arm around her tiny shoulders. "Don't worry, with me here, I won't allow you to be in danger, nor will I be able to bear having you being in one."

Ciara dropped whatever she wanted to say upon hearing this because of how much warmth she felt inside. She could feel an intense amount of security from Javier.

After transferring flights a few times and being drunk in love the entire time, Javier and Ciara arrived on the island the next morning.

Javier first asked Ciara to head home to rest before heading to the old fox's place.

He passed by Arthur's mansion on the way there and just so happened to find him lying on a reclining chair. Arthur had an ashtray in his left hand and a cigarette on his right, enjoying life as he basked in the sunlight and enjoyed the sea breeze.

Javier instantly felt furious when he saw this.

Making use of this anger, he furiously yelled, "Arthur Kersey, you're a f*cking *sshole! The worst of the worst kind of sshole!"

Arthur was stunned, 'Why am I being scolded just because I'm leisurely basking in the sun?'

Just as he was about to ask Javier that question, the latter had already sped off toward the old fox's place.

After confirming that Javier was headed there, Arthur frowned and stopped shaking his reclining chair, seeming to be pondering about something.

When Javier arrived, he saw Zephiel leisurely watering his plants in the courtyard.

"Sigh... You've only been gone for a few months, so why are you back here so soon? There are no festivals or seasonal holidays right now, no? Have you suddenly found your conscience and have missed your old man's old man?"

Javier was in no mood to play along with Zephiel's jokes. Instead, he directly handed over a copy of a report he had someone from his connections duplicate to Zephiel.

“Marjorie and Sigmund are dead.”

Zephiel had just scooped up a pile of soil with some flowers with his shovel, but it instantly dropped to the ground the moment he heard this news.

The flowers were rather expensive. Zephiel had once told Javier what species they were, but the latter had completely forgotten about it aside from the fact that it was quite expensive.

However, the old fox was in no mood to be bothered about the flowers anymore as he hurriedly got up. He then took the document from Javier

After carefully reading it through, the old fox fumed and ranted, “Imbecile... That f*cking imbecile!”

Javier asked, “Do you know who this imbecile is?”

The old fox was incensed. “It doesn’t matter who the imbecile is. They were once either his wife and adopted son, or aunt and cousin, so how does that not make them imbeciles anyhow!?”

Javier understood that the old fox was criticizing both William and Arthur.

After all, this was something that even Javier was able to identify clearly, so how could the old fox not be able to do so?

After fuming for a moment, the old fox asked, “What are you going to do about this?”

Javier did not give a direct answer and instead asked, “Do you think Marjorie and Sigmund deserved to die?”

Zephiel said nothing for a moment and finally just waved his hands before returning to his room.

‘Indeed, neither of them deserved to die, or they wouldn’t have been able to live until now. In fact, they wouldn’t have been able to escape from this island at all.’

However, Zephiel could not give an answer because the culprit who had done that to them would have to pay for his crimes should he say they did not deserve to die.

On the contrary, he would be going against his conscience if he were to say that they did deserve to die. On top of that, Zephiel had long but known that Sigmund was not his grandson. As arrogant as the teenager was in front of others, he would still be obedient to what Zephiel said. As such, Zephiel had treated Sigmund like his grandson and vice versa.

At the end of the day, how could Zephiel not feel heartbroken when the teenager ended up being murdered before he had even grown old enough to be able to bicker with him? Most importantly, it was either his grandson or son who had done the deed...

Thus, he could not bring it upon himself to stop Javier since it would end up hurting his heart either way. Yet, there was no way he could stop Javier, so he said, “Don’t fight them. William’s your cousin, and Arthur’s your uncle. You mustn’t fight them for the sake of this family’s harmony. Just endure whatever they try to do to you.”

Was there such logic in the world? Of course not! Even a sparring partner would want to retaliate whenever they got frustrated during their sessions!

On top of that, there was the fact that such fights were bloody and dark. This was exactly why emperors of the past would choose to ignore whatever in-fighting there was amongst his children so long as they did not go overboard.

This was because the person leading the empire would need to be a lion for their dynasty to live on. Only a lion would be able to make his subjects submit to him, even though they were baring their fangs behind the scenes. This was the only way a dynasty would be able to reign supreme for hundreds of years.

Meanwhile, the Kerseys were not a dynasty, but they were very close in comparison.

'On one hand, it's my son and grandson, and the foundation left by my ancestors in the past... Which one should I end up letting down?

'Plus, my hands were definitely not squeaky clean when I took over the Kerseys in the past...'

After Javier left Zephiel's place, he went to Arthur's place for a visit.

At that moment, Arthur had already returned to his reclining chair, swaying himself peacefully.

However, when Javier slammed the document against him, Arthur's ashtray ended up dropping onto the ground, shattering into pieces.

Furious, Arthur smacked his armrest and said, "I'm your uncle, Javier!"

Javier replied, "Aunt Marjorie and Sig are gone, Uncle."

Arthur was stunned. "Gone? What do you mean?"

Javier pointed at the document and asked, "What do you think I mean when you see that!?"

Arthur seemed to be shocked and speechless instantly as he hurriedly took over the document.

When he read that both Marjorie and Sigmund had been murdered, he immediately yelled out hysterically, "D*mn it! Who was it? Who murdered my wife and son? Who!?"

Chapter 266 Off to Work

Javier had been especially mindful of Arthur's movements ever since the latter left his residence.

However, Arthur had been very quiet. Javier had heard nothing in the end, nor did Arthur even leave the island.

After Javier was done having dinner and taking a stroll around the island, Ciara discreetly asked, "Has he found out what you're doing, Javier?"

Javier shook his head. "I don't think so. Judging by his temper, he should have probably stirred something up for us to see by now if he had seen through my plans. The fact that he hasn't made a single move can only mean he's beginning to plot something. The longer he remains quiet, the deeper his schemes."

Ciara acknowledged and said, "It's just like the story about the viper and the dog that the old fox would always tell me."

Zephiel had indeed told this story to both Javier and Ciara when they were little.

Ciara had forgotten most of the story, but she could still vaguely remember that it was about how the viper remained silent after biting someone while the dog kept on barking. At that point, Ciara thought that Arthur's actions were very much like the viper.

Javier stroked her head and then brought her along as they continued on their stroll...

Over the next seven days, Ciara was enveloped with happiness, enjoying the excitement of having Javier by her side every single day.

In fact, it was very hard to imagine how a woman as beautiful as she would have such a huge desire.

But that was indeed the truth of the matter. No matter how strong her desires were, it would not end up making her feel the urge since she could not look up to another man.

Instead, it was only when she was around Javier that she would have such an intense urge as if she was pouring out all of her pure hot passion onto Javier.

On top of that, Javier was indeed a trustworthy and reliable "comrade" who could play along with her every day in an extremely rough manner.

After the seven days passed, it was time for Javier to return to the island. 1

Javier seemed to have grown skinnier during the entire time, which left Ciara feeling heartbroken. "You seem to have grown thinner, Javier."

Javier replied, "That's because you kept squeezing every bit of juice I had in me this entire time."

Ciara felt embarrassed but happy at the same time inside. Javier leaving did not feel as saddening to her now after enjoying his company for seven whole days.

After flirting around for a while, Javier headed off to meet the old fox to bid him farewell.

There was not a single thing that had happened on the island that the old fox was not aware of. In fact, there was no need for Javier to hide it from him.

Thus, the old fox knew everything about what Javier had done to Arthur, even knowing as far as Javier using the DNA report.

"The cruelest thing one could do to another is to have their mentality crumble before them, causing them to live in their own guilt forever. They will not be able to sleep every night, nor will they be able to validate the truth with the dead."

The old fox turned his head and asked Javier with a frown, "Who taught you that?"

Javier could tell that the old fox did not feel comfortable about whatever had happened, but he did not intend on shirking away from his responsibilities.

"I never learned it myself. I just came up with that idea under duress. You know me the most, I won't fight others for anything at all, yet you just had to make me your lightning rod. They've been targeting

and using me through all sorts of methods, yet you're now asking me who I learned how to retaliate from...

"If I really had to name someone, I suppose it should be you."

The old fox was rendered speechless at that point.

What Javier had said was indeed the truth. In the past, he had shown love to Javier. Also, he made use of this love to make Javier the target for public hate to allow him to learn more about the world and cure Javier of his "ambitionless" personality. Yet, Zephiel never thought that what had once been an act of kindness would end up developing into the current in-fighting.

'Even if it is as Javier has said, he wasn't the one who wanted to start this in-fighting. It was William and Arthur who caused it, but...

After a moment of silence, the old fox finally said, "Regardless of what happens in the future, I want you to do your best to keep them alive. One of them is my son, and the other my grandson."

Javier became more and more uncomfortable the more he heard this because the old fox was making him sound like a ferocious beast who would not let go of his targets in sight

"Grandpa, I can't say anything about that since I'm not a competitive person by nature. However, if someone were to try and murder the people close to me or me, you can't possibly disagree with allowing me to strike back.

"You never once told me about what happened to you in the past, but out of your seven brothers, only two of you remained in the end. Two went missing after leaving home, while two others passed away due to accidents. Isn't this war of the eight princes what you've personally gone through!?"

Zephiel's fury rose to the top, and he slammed the table next to him, causing the tea set to fall over. "You b*stard!"

Chapter 267 The Nosy Man

Zephiel angrily lashed out at Javier, but those were the only words that he said before he fell silent.

This was not because he was feeling unwell but because he recalled his bloody history.

Now that I think of it, it's exactly because I was ruthless in my methods that two of my brothers ended up dead, two of them ended up crippled, while the other two were lost.

But I had no other choice at the time. I felt as though I was in a war in the past, without using guns or swords. The moment I showed up on that battlefield, I was fated to either be the hunter, or the hunted, that's all...

The situation I was in at the time is exactly what Javier's facing right now...'

At that point, Zephiel could no longer lash out at Javier.

He remained silent for almost five minutes before he waved his hand, gesturing that Javier could leave him.

Just as Javier was about to reach the exit, Zephiel instructed, "Be careful."

Javier stopped and turned around to look at the old fox's lonely back, causing him to feel slightly saddened.

"So long as they don't come after the people closest to me, I'll spare their lives. In fact, I'll be able to endure it even if they do come after me. Take care of yourself, Grandpa."

After that, Javier headed off.

That was a promise that he left Zephiel, and it was also the biggest compromise he could make for him.

Zephiel understood the compromise Javier had just made with that promise and understood that Javier was only doing that so as not to see him hurt.

After a long sigh, Zephiel left his residence and headed to the ancestral hall.

He seemed to be calm during the entire time, so nobody could tell what he was going through inside at the time.

However, the moment he entered the ancestral hall and closed the doors, he instantly got down on his knees with a loud sound as he faced his ancestors' plaques.

"Karma... This is all karma doing its work! If all of you have any dissatisfaction, throw them all on me. Leave my children and grandsons out of this."

Zephiel's eyes were filled with tears, and he even bowed before the plaques continuously.

At the time, he had not been forced to retaliate just against his six brothers but four of his uncles as well, making it a total of 11 people, including himself.

At that moment, he was kneeling before ten plaques.

Despite living in a major family and enjoying the envious gazes from others, none of them could ever imagine just how bloody and gruesome the family members' true experiences were.

After all, many would wish that they could become the emperor, but there would always only be one throughout history. These emperors would most definitely have blood on their hands, whether they liked it or not.

After leaving the island, instead of getting on the plane immediately, Javier received a phone call from Liam.

Liam sounded very excited as he expressed how the development of the propulsion system was reaching its final phase, which was the experimental phase. Thus, the fact that they had reached that phase meant they needed to test it out on actual automobiles.

Javier had not contacted the automobile manufacturers at the time, so he gave Trevor a phone call.

On the phone, Trevor said, "That's right, of course, it has to be an automobile factory. I've done some research and found that although we could test it on ordinary cars, for the equipment needed and the

brand manufacturer we will be working with in the future, I believe it would be better if we find a rather reputable one.

“Major brands are filled with arrogant people at the end of the day. As such, we mustn’t only consider our testing phase, but also future production capacities.”

Javier agreed with this point, but he also gave his own opinion and said, “I don’t want to have to collaborate with other companies. This is a new energy option that we’re developing, so there’s no reason for us to share our fruits of labor with an outside company.”

Trevor agreed. “Of course, we mustn’t look for outside companies. I meant to find one with a reputable background that will

naturally bring about the pride of our countrymen should we collaborate with them. Coincidentally, this old chairman of mine retired from that company, so we could negotiate through him.”

‘A brand that represents our countrymen’s pride? Which one is it?’ Within seconds, Javier immediately thought of the new car he had recently bought.

After talking to Trevor about it a little longer, Javier immediately changed his flight destination and headed to East Tres instead.

The next day when he landed, Javier met up with Trevor, who had flown there beforehand.

“This ex-chairman of mine may have already retired, but his words should still carry some weight. We’ll head there now, or would you prefer to have some rest first?”

Trevor immediately asked Javier after the latter left the airport.

Javier waved his hand. “I’ve thought about it while I was on the flight just now. I won’t be joining you on this visit. After all, he’s your ex-chairman, so it would only be natural for you to take charge of this meeting. My presence there might cause things to go awry instead

“What do you think about this? You go meet this ex-chairman of yours while I’ll go to the factory to check their facilities, assembly lines, and management.”.

Trevor thought that Javier had a point, but he was confused about how the latter would enter the factory to check all that.

Nonetheless, Trevor knew that Javier had his strange tactics, so he did not comment further on that.

After discussing more the details of other matters, Trevor hailed a taxi and rushed off to meet his ex-chairman.

Meanwhile, Javier headed to the automobile factory and handed the security guards sticks of cigarettes as they chatted.

However, Javier did not ask them about the facilities and assembly line within the factory since the security guards would not be too clear about it. Moreover, he needed to see it for himself.

Thus, he only talked about the factory’s vacancies, which to his knowledge, automobile factories were short of workers everywhere.

The assembly line was no easy job to manage. On the contrary, it was a very tough job that required the workers to be fully focused. Any loss of focus on the job might cause the next processes to malfunction. Even though the issue could be resolved by tracing back what had been missed, this would still be wasted time.

On top of that, assembly line workers would not be able to feel its effects early on, but after having to endure the hardships of their jobs for a long time, they would eventually grow bored and tired of their jobs. They would frequently have to swap their 12-hour shifts, even having to push it to 24-hour shifts if they needed to catch up on their deadlines, which was very taxing on their bodies.

Thus, even though they could earn around 800 dollars per month running on full-capacity, even having insurance covered for them, the assembly line would always be facing worker shortages.

Sure enough, just as Javier had expected, the security guards told him that the factory was indeed short of workers, and they were recruiting at that moment.

“How about this, my friend? The factory will pay us an introduction fee for every person they hire, around 10 dollars per person, so long as that person works on the job for three months. So, how about you use my name to register, and I share half of the introduction fees with you?”

Javier seemed overjoyed when the security guard made this suggestion. “Sure! I’ll be able to earn an extra 5 dollars in the meantime as well!”

The security guard was elated and asked his colleague to stand watch on his behalf while he brought Javier inside the factory to register the latter’s name at the human resources department.

However, Javier did not seem to be taking the matter seriously. After all, he was not going to be working there for long—a maximum of three days just so he could grow accustomed to the factory’s procedures.

He seemed so happy when he heard he would be able to earn 5 dollars mainly because he did not have a residential certificate for that city, which was compulsory for him to take up this job. However, with the security guard of that factory leading the way, he would be able to bypass all that.

Sure enough, the staff member at the human resources asked for Javier’s residential certificate when he registered for the job.

Javier poked the security guard, who immediately understood his cue. “He lives in my house as a tenant at the moment, so they’re still working on his residential certificate at the moment.”

Since the security guard was one of them, the staff member did not say anything further and registered Javier into the system before handing out the uniforms and other essentials.

“We’ve got a lot of production scheduled to be finished recently, so you could get on the assembly line immediately if you’re available right away and familiarize yourself with the job. You’ll be able to begin work tomorrow officially. The earlier you come, the more your salary will increase, right?”

Javier readily agreed to the staff member’s suggestion, leaving the security guard feeling overjoyed. He thought that he was going to be able to receive the 10-dollar introduction fee for sure.

Chapter 268 Hard-Headed

Javier wore his work attire and entered the automobile manufacturing facility. The section chief assigned a mentor for him, Alexis Sacson Holm.

Javier initially thought Alexis was a woman. She would probably be pretty, gentle, and quiet if he had to guess.

When he finally met Alexis in person, he was dejected. Alexis turned out to be a big, husky man with unkempt hair and a scruffy beard.

What on earth were his parents thinking when they named that big guy "Alexis"?

When Javier was working with Alexis, he tactfully asked around and finally found out why.

Back then, Alexis had actually been Alex Isaacson Holm. Born in the Holm family, he was named Alex, which meant "protector of mankind".

However, when the hospital registered his name, there was a mix-up when it was submitted to the state because his name, "Alex" and "Isaacson" had been written a little too close.

The officers at the State Vital Records Office kindly corrected it by writing them closer together-Alexis Sacson Holm!

Javier could not help it as he tried to hold back his laughter. "Can't you just change it?" Alexis rolled his eyes at him. "Change my name? It's not free. The processing fee costs 3 dollars, and it costs 15 dollars to change each word I need to change two words, which will add up to over 30 dollars. I'm not going to do that. Let it be!"

In order to save that mere amount of money, he was willing to keep this name. Javier finally understood what it meant to be frugal.

He thought of giving Alexis tens of dollars for him to change his name to "Cheapskate Holm". He wondered if Alexis would take the offer.

However, he was new, and they hadn't gotten close to each other yet, so it was probably inappropriate to make such a joke. He did not end up offering him the money.

Even though Javier thought it would be inappropriate since they didn't know each other that well, Alexis seemed to think otherwise.

When he was about to get off work in the afternoon, a coworker said to Alexis, "Holm, since you got yourself a new mentee, aren't you going to buy us lunch?"

Alexis looked at Javier with a smile. "Come on now. Since our coworker asked about it, you should get us lunch."

Javier found it funny as he thought, 'Why should I buy them lunch?'

He couldn't care less about the money. He simply could not understand the logic of it all.

Just as he was about to turn Alexis down, someone behind him suddenly said, "He just got here and hasn't even made a penny. Are you asking him to buy you lunch already? Alexis, you're quite shameless, huh? Why don't you organize something to welcome our new coworker?"

Javier was surprised to find someone who would stand up for him.

When he turned his head, he saw the shift manager, Graham Rowland.

Graham looked like he was in his forties. He was not too tall and had short hair. He seemed quite spirited.

Right after Graham said that, Alexis was evidently displeased. "I'm his mentor. Don't you know that mentees should always respect their mentors?"

"Respect?" Graham walked past Javier, stood right in front of Alexis, who was taller than him, and asked, "You don't have the right to talk about respect. Who are you to demand respect? You've only been here for less than half a year, and you think you know what respect is about?"

"Besides, you call yourself a mentor? What exactly did you teach him? Did you teach him how to drive in a screw with an air impact wrench? Do you think he knows nothing?"

Graham came on really strong, and it seemed like he was going to start a fight with Alexis. So much so that Javier wondered whether Graham had a grudge against Alexis. Why else would he get so worked up?

It wouldn't simply be over the fact that he was new and was asked to buy them lunch, would it?

As Javier was lost in his thoughts, Alexis and Graham got into a heated argument, and things were starting to get physical.

Javier and the coworkers around him quickly stopped them. "Come on. We're coworkers. There's no need to do this..."

After much persuasion, they finally convinced the two of them to take a step back.

"I don't want to mentor this damn newcomer anymore. Whoever wants him can take him. F*ck this!"

Alexis was quite ill-tempered. He decided to ditch Javier and left him on his own.

Graham patted Javier on the shoulder. "It's alright. I'll guide you from now on, and I'll assign a position for you."

Javier smiled. After leaving with Graham and getting a new position, Javier asked his coworkers about Graham.

His coworker laughed when Javier wanted to know if Graham almost got into a fight with Alexis because of him.

"This is completely normal. The entire factory knows that Graham is extremely kind-hearted, and there's nothing he hates more than seeing someone get bullied. He's not just helping you or has something against Alexis. He helps a lot of people and holds grudges against many people."

Javier finally understood that Graham simply wanted to help him through his coworkers, and that was the only reason

If that was the case, Graham genuinely was a kind person. People like him were hard to come by, so it would be great to connect with him.

The canteen provided all the meals in the factory. At areas where the production process could be paused, workers would normally dine at the canteen or dine out. A food cart would be delivered at the assembly line, and workers would be arranged to collect the food. His coworker would then take over his job.

Since Javier hadn't started his duty yet, he obviously took on the job to help get lunch.

He returned after getting lunch for his coworkers and distributed it to everyone.

Everyone was surprised when they saw the food they got. It was the most expensive option on the menu, the chicken and beef stew. It also came with a side of salad and pasta, and it was 3 dollars each! 1

Everyone was there to make a living. None of them were willing to spend on such expensive food but Javier. Moreover, he bought it for all his coworkers.

Everyone on the team was pleased, except Graham."

He took 15 dollars out of his pocket when everyone was eating and forced Javier to take it. "Young man, you're spending too much. You've only been an apprentice for half a day. You don't even make more than 15 dollars a day. Why are you buying everybody lunch? Take the money!"

Javier did not want to take it. What would that make him if he took Graham's money after telling everybody that he was going to buy them lunch?

But then again, Graham had his own reasons too. "If I let you buy lunch, then what does that make me? I stood up for you earlier because I was furious that Alexis made you buy lunch. It's hypocritical if I let this happen when it comes to me!"

Graham refused to take it back, and he even threatened Javier to leave the team if he did not take it.

Javier had no choice but to accept the 15 dollars.

While Graham was eating, Javier helped him install the driver's seat with an air impact wrench.

Javier started chatting with Graham while working. "You're such a busybody. Aren't you afraid of getting into trouble?"

Graham scoffed and did not reply.

A coworker next to him said, "You don't know anything. If Mr. Rowland was afraid of getting into trouble, he would have"

Before he could finish, he quickly shut his mouth as Graham was glaring at him. It was apparent that Graham wanted him to be quiet.

Since he did not want to talk about it, Javier did not probe further.

At the same time, he lost all interest in it because he saw a stunningly beautiful woman.

She was walking in the facility in a safety helmet and was not wearing any work attire. She had a pair of black high heels on with nude pantyhose. She stood out like a sore thumb in the facility plant, making her look extremely attractive. It felt even more exciting for Javier than when he first picked up the car. 1

That woman was Miss Quinna Aurum, who had been in charge of welcoming Javier when he picked up the car back then.

Javier watched as Quinna walked into the distance, accompanied by factory workers. He asked Graham, "Mr. Rowland, who was

that? She seems to be quite something."

Graham replied without raising his head. "Of course she is. The 33-year-old Vice GM has a master's degree in management and was a senior executive in an overseas automobile company before moving back here and becoming a Vice GM. She really is something."

When they were talking about Quinna, the coworkers next to them were also intrigued to chime in. They started talking among themselves.

Other than some of the vulgar jokes they made, Javier still managed to gain quite a handful of useful information.

BERDINETE

As far as Javier was concerned, Quinna Aurum was a go-getter and a reformer who had returned to her country to fight for the status quo of state-owned enterprises. It seemed pretty impressive, and Javier felt like it may be time to connect with her on a deeper level. While he was still pondering, an accident happened.

Chapter 269 Demotion

Javier was wondering whether Quinna was a strong, powerful reformer. He might have found himself another person to work with through this trip if she was.

They could easily go for a joint production under a sub-brand and conduct sales with the help of the 45 stores of this brand.

The premise was that Quinna must truly be a radical reformer and not someone who claimed to be a reformist but only cared about power and money.

While Javier was lost in his thoughts, eight men showed up out of nowhere and charged toward Javier and Graham before surrounding them.

At first glance, it seemed like Alexis was leading those men. He stepped up and interrogated Graham aggressively, "You're impressive, huh? I thought you were a man of integrity and virtue, but you're just getting him to get you lunch instead. That's a good one!"

Just as Alexis said that a man pulled him aside. He had a tiger tattoo on his chest.

Javier had seen the man when he was getting lunch earlier. His nickname was Tiger, and he was quite a character. When Javier had been getting lunch, Tiger brought a few men with him, and the workers

surrounding the food cart hurriedly made way so that he could get lunch first. He seemed to rule the factory and looked rather savage.

On the other hand, he probably wasn't that savage. If he really were, he wouldn't be working in a factory.

At that moment, Tiger approached Graham and said, "You're really something, huh? Someone wanted to buy me lunch, but you ruined it for me."

When Tiger said that, it was as clear as day that Alexis was making things up in front of Tiger.

Javier did not even know who Tiger was and certainly had no intention to buy him lunch. Besides, Tiger meant nothing to him.

The thought of beating up Tiger and his men crossed Javier's mind for a second. However, he knew he would be quitting his job in just a few days, and Graham would continue working there. Tiger would certainly pick on Graham, so he resisted the urge to make any move.

Graham was completely undaunted. As he was trying to reason with Tiger, Javier stepped forward and wrapped his arm around Tiger's neck.

They appeared to be quite close. Tiger went along with Javier willingly.

However, no one but Tiger knew that he had no choice but to go with Javier. He was held by the neck by force, and it was hurting him.

When he was about to cuss, Javier took 150 dollars out of his pocket and gave it to Tiger.

"You want your pride intact, and I want peace. So, we're buddies now, right?"

Tiger looked at Javier and then at Javier's dollar bills into his pocket. He instantly beamed with joy.

"You're my bro now! My bro!"

Tiger then announced to the people around him, "This man right here is my bro. If anyone dares to mess with him, I'll kill them!"

He had a couple of good laughs with Javier. He then returned to Graham and said, "It's a misunderstanding, Mr. Rowland. It was totally a misunderstanding. Besides, we're all acquaintances. There's no reason to make anybody buy lunch. It's just a joke. Hahaha. Well then, I'll let you do your work now. I'll excuse myself."

He had come on incredibly strong earlier but left laughing merrily.

Alexis was flabbergasted. That was not the Tiger he knew. He used to be so savage. What was going on today?

He quickly ran after him. "Bro, what're you doing? Didn't we say that we'd teach them a lesson?"

Tiger raised a hand and gave Alexis a hard slap across his face without saying anything. Alexis covered his face, and his eyes were filled with confusion.

"Hold up. Why the hell did you hit me?!"

Tiger did not explain either. He turned around and left with his men.

He could not offer any explanation. His neck was still hurting, and Javier had given him 150 dollars. He still had his pride and had gotten some money out of it, so he obviously would let things slide with Javier. Outside, he was a nobody, but he was doing pretty well for himself at the factory.

He had managed to get to where he was because he was a good judge of character. He could tell Javier was not someone he should mess with, and he was not a scaredy-cat.

Stability was something that everybody wanted. Since he had managed to get some money and still keep his pride, he obviously wouldn't be dumb enough to chime in and stir up trouble. But Alexis was pushing it and went on trying to cause trouble. Not only did Tiger have the thought of slapping him, but he was even thinking about beating him up.

When Tiger left, Alexis was stunned. Meanwhile, Javier continued to work in the driver's seat.

Shortly after, Graham went in front of Javier and called him aside irritably.

Javier felt helpless. He knew it was because of the 150 dollars he had given Tiger earlier, but he played dumb and asked, "What's the matter, Mr. Rowland?"

Graham ignored him and continued to work in the driver's seat. He did not answer any of the questions Javier asked.

It was not until Javier stopped Graham from working by going to the driver's seat of the next car and sitting down there that Graham was finally forced to say something.

"Why did you give in? Why did you give them money? Are you trying to be one of them? There's nothing I hate more than people like you guys. You have no principles at all! Hurry up and piss off now! Don't stand in the way of my work!"

This grown man could be rather hard-headed and unbending.

Although Javier could not do anything about Graham's obstinacy, he admired it.

He was strong-willed, stubborn, and unafraid of hardships and threats. Even if he was caught and beaten to death, he would not let out a single word.

However, today's society was not meant for people like Graham. Javier found out in the afternoon that Graham had gotten demoted from a factory manager, who was similar to the position of a deputy factory director, to an assistant factory manager. He had also been a dispatcher, a section chief... Until recently, he had gotten demoted to a shift manager.

It ought to be a beautiful sight to see goldfish in crystal clear water.

However, if a goldfish had to live in eel-infested waters, it would, unfortunately, get gnawed no matter where it went.

Javier figured that Graham would not last much longer as the shift manager either.

Maybe Graham would no longer be working in the factory after a while. Someone would find a reason to kick him out!

Graham ignored Javier the entire evening. Javier stopped trying to force a conversation and started paying attention to the factory equipment.

To be frank, it deserved its title as a state-owned enterprise. It was an established business, and all the pieces of equipment were the latest models, and they were all very new.

Javier heard that the factory next door was robot-operated, and they did not have many workers. The quality and result of their production line were great. It was exciting.

Javier wanted to visit, but unfortunately, he hadn't found the opportunity.

If what the workers said were true, then he would be keen to learn about the robot assembly line.

After all, many luxury cars these days were fully manufactured using robots, including jobs like spray painting. The biggest advantage of robot-operated production over manual production was that human labor would sometimes make mistakes or slack off.

However, robots would not do that. Errors made by robots would also be obvious, whereas human errors would sometimes be so minuscule that one could barely notice. For example, screws not being tightened enough or screw positions that were a little off.

That night, Javier and Trevor met up, and they had a chat while eating.

Trevor told him that things weren't exactly going well. Although the ex-chairman was supportive of it and thought it could work, their resources were limited indeed. Most of the ex-chairman's subordinates who worked for him when he was in power had already quit or left for another company.

"But he promised to do his best to help us and asked us to wait here for a couple of days."

Since the ex-chairman had asked them to wait there, he must be doing something indeed. Otherwise, he would have asked them to go back and wait for a few days. The few days would then turn into an eternity.

"Okay. Let's wait then. We don't need to rush back anyway." Javier and Trevor talked about other things too. They then went their separate ways after dinner. Javier still had other things to do. He needed to see Graham. He would be an excellent production manager. If he was as talented as the workers said he was, he would definitely be useful someday!