

The Ace at the Apex

Chapter 311 I'm Fine with 95 Dollars

Saul watched Javier approach him with the submachine gun in his hands and trembled despite himself. "W-What the hell are you trying to do?"

Javier smiled. "Relax. I'm not gonna kill you! Besides, aren't you pretty unbreakable according to your own admission? Stay strong!"

He pulled the middle section of the trigger, disengaging the trigger safety, and aimed at Saul's knees. He turned to Gran Turismo Racer, who had his phone at the ready, and shouted, "You got the angle right? The angle needs to be good, man. Gotta make Saul a household name in the underworld!"

GT Racer raised his thumb. "Nailed the perfect angle, boss! He's gonna look so cool! I even made sure he's the only character in our short film!"

Saul knew exactly what he meant: Javier was not going to show up in the video. It would just be him, and they were going to broadcast it.

How insane were these people? A gory, graphic video like this-one that involved firearms-going online would attract all kinds of attention, including the attention of the cops. They would involve themselves, it was guaranteed. And yet, these people did not seem to mind. They acted so overtly cavalier that it seemed as if they thought little of the worth of human lives.

"You can't be serious, bro. You can't do this! I was being sincere with you just now"

Javier did not give Saul a moment to squeeze any more words out edgewise. He pulled the trigger, and the submachine gun whirred, pelting its target with a drumming volley.

The agony he felt kicked Saul's sanity to the precipice. The warehouse shook and boomed with echoes of his howls.

Javier removed the empty magazine and refilled the gun, taking advantage of the momentary peace and quiet to mock Saul." Weren't you talking up our ears about how badass you are, huh? Didn't expect a badass to be that noisy. Can you not do that? This ain't a slaughterhouse."

Saul ignored him. His bloodshot eyes dropped to the bottom half of his body, where his knees had been damaged enough that his punctured pants were billowing in the breeze. He tried to move his toes.

He realized he could not feel them at all, let alone control them. He could not feel his right leg from the knees down either.

Fury flared in his bloodstream and competed with fear, neutering it as Saul yelled, "F*ck you! If you've got the balls, then kill me!"

There were times when death was less terrifying than it usually was-a fit of rage was one such moment. When aided by adrenaline, death could feel so much tamer.

Javier knew that, so he had never planned to kill Saul in the first place. After reloading the magazine, he aimed at the gory remains of Saul's right leg. "You should have expected this the moment you hired

someone to kill my girlfriend,” he intoned. “If you honestly didn’t, then maybe you should lay the blame on the two brain cells in your skull instead of blaming me.”

Rapid-fire whirs echoed throughout the warehouse, mixed with Saul’s yowls, howls, and whimpers as he struggled in pain. Unfortunately for him, Herschel and his two underlings were war veterans, so they were adept at tying up their enemies without ever giving them a chance to escape. Not even a bear could manage to do that.

Javier finished another magazine. He tossed the empty one to Herschel, who chucked a new one in exchange. By this point, Saul’s throat had gone sore from shouting. He could taste the metallic tang of blood in his mouth.

“Anything you’d like to say?”

Saul opened his mouth before Javier stepped in and cut him off. “Nah. I’m not interested.”

He pumped another long, excruciating round of bullets into him.

The wave of pain traveling across Saul this time was no worse than the previous one. Javier stopped short of finishing his magazine too.

He had to, as Saul’s leg had come off on its own, its edge revealing the white color of his bones.

“What do you think I’m trying to do?” Javier asked, aiming his gun at Saul’s left knee and smiling. “Have you guessed it yet?”

Saul understood. Javier was going to cripple him for the rest of his life. He would never be able to stand on his own feet again.

He was afraid. He had mauled, mangled, and murdered people. He had simply never imagined himself on the receiving end of such cruelty. He had never thought that one day, someone would do something like this to him. It was precisely because all of this was unexpected that his fear grew worse. This was uncharted territory even in his career. He had no way of knowing what was going to happen next.

Javier did not give him any more chances to talk. Instead, he pulled the trigger again

Once both of Saul’s legs were left in a puddle of their own making, Javier tossed the gun to Herschel. He sat on the floor and lit a cigarette, his eyes studying Saul, who had fallen onto the floor after losing the support of his legs.

“I’ve never bullied anyone who didn’t deserve it in my life, Saul. I also never bully those who are below me. Honestly, you fit those two criteria, but...you’re a special case. You’re a special case because you fancied yourself a mother*cking bad*ss. You’re so f*cking badass that you dared hire a hitman to shoot my girlfriend behind her back-my f*cking girlfriend!!”

Javier finally lost it. His placid composure was torn away by the force of his unbridled rage, and Saul’s own feat reached an unprecedented crescendo. It felt like he had finally noticed, after being locked in a cage for so long, that he had been sharing his room with a bloodthirsty tiger.

Saul finally yielded. “Please, I know I’m in the wrong now! Just let me go already, please! Chessie ain’t dead, is she? I’ll make it up to her. I’ll pay her and give her my turf! T’ll do anything, please! I swear I

ain't gonna plot revenge against her for this. I just wanna live the rest of my life in peace abroad." "God, that's a lot of requests, you greedy little f*ck. Live the rest of your life in peace?! You really think you're still entitled to that after the shit you've done? You think you deserve it because you shot my girlfriend in the back? Saul Smith, I didn't know you were an optimist!"

Instead of giving him a chance to reply, Javier turned to Herschel and asked, "Cooled down yet?"

The man nodded. "Aye. Good f*cking gun, good f*cking specs. Cools down fast. Ain't gonna cook off now."

Saul finally understood why Javier had stopped. This was not a ceasefire; he simply did not want his gun to overheat.

Taking the MP7 back in his hand, Javier aimed at Saul's armpit "I'm gonna pump these bullets into your limbs until you're just a torso and a head and then send you off to the hospital. You believe me?"

Saul nodded hurriedly. Before he could say he believed him, Javier pulled the trigger again. As his screams fell onto apathetic ears, he realized his life was over. He had not just offended a man. He had offended a monster.

Six magazines later, Saul's arms plopped down next to him. The only parts left of him were his thighs.

"You could still learn to walk with your thighs if you're willing. How's that sound for mercy?" Javier said.

Saul had lost so much blood that his face had turned deadly white. His forehead was matted with cold sweat, but he summoned the last bit of his strength and exhaled weakly: "F*ck you."

Javier jabbed the gun right into Saul's chin, breaking his jawbone. Turning to the door, he beckoned to it and ordered, "Chuck him out of here. Don't let anyone know it was us and don't let him meet anyone he knows. Hmm...On second thought, he probably wouldn't want to live his life in constant mockery and contempt, so maybe he should be a little nicer."

Herschel nodded. He understood what Javier meant. Calling out to Running Man and GT Racer, he had the men haul Saul into the trunk. "Anyone who dares lay their finger on my girls or family will wish they were never born!"

Chapter 312 Cool Car

The third day after what had happened in the abandoned warehouse, both sides of the world clamored at the news. Everyone knew what had happened to Saul-his limbs were broken, and his sight, sense of hearing, and taste were all gone.

What that meant was that the organs responsible for those functions were gone too. The man had survived without much of an issue, but he was as good as a goner.

His lover had taken his money and fled, his wife had gone abroad with his kid, and his "bros" had shared the territories that had once belonged to him.

Rumor had it that all this had happened because of Chessie. The latter had been shot and Saul had been made obsolete. This was worse than death itself because Saul did not even have the right to die now.

If he wanted to jump off a building or jump into a river, he would not know where either of them was because he could not see. If he wanted to find out what was going on in the world, his eardrums were busted and he could not hear a sound. He could not even bite his tongue off in a suicide attempt because he no longer had a tongue.

Basically, he was like a breathing stick.

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Within three days, all the mafia bosses of both states received a video. The clip was the complete process of Saul being crippled. Other than Saul himself, another man wearing a pair of leather shoes could be seen in the video. However, only his legs, hands, and gun were visible. There was nothing else to see.

There were also some conversations in the video recording, but they had been silenced. The audience could only guess by looking at Saul's mouth shapes the rare few times that he spoke, and those words of his were interpreted as pleas..

The video raised a huge bout of panic in the mafia world, as the gang bosses were filled with fear. They were scared that they would become the next Saul Smith, so a lot of them visited Chessie in the hospital.

If sufficient evidence was available, the police might even thoroughly wipe out the gangs in both states. The police got the video too, while the mafia bosses panicked over said video. This was a grave matter, as it involved firearms as well as a gory and violent crime. Therefore, the police set up a task force.

The day the task force was set up, though, three people came to the criminal investigation department to file a report. It was regarding the firearms violence, which they suspected was the doing of their boss.

The boss was taken away by the police that very day. He was Saul's most known underling and the person who had taken over most of his influence after Saul's fall. The police got to him before he had even gotten comfy in his throne.

The boss was anxious in the face of his three lackeys accusations. He had never done it, but he had done things related to drugs. There was no way he would dare meet the police. Before the police arrived, he fled after catching wind of the news.

However, the shoes and pants that he had left at home matched what was visible in the video. The MP7 submachine gun they found in his secret chamber was also put through a trajectory comparison and a bore inspection, while the blood on the scene was sampled for DNA comparison.

Since he was the biggest beneficiary after Saul's downfall, he was also the biggest suspect.

This boss could not defend himself, not that he dared to. He could only pack up his wealth and flee overseas. Unfortunately, he might truly be unlucky, as a concrete truck overturned just as he passed by a certain junction. When the relevant team finally cleaned up the mixed concrete spilled on the road and dug the man up, he was already dead.

The gun was found at his place, and his fingerprints were on it. Various evidence pointed at him, and there was no other suspect, so the investigating officers swiftly received the bureaucracy award for their quick work and excellency while solving the case.

The negative scandal that had just begun to make waves in society was tamped down due to the police successfully solving the case.

Saul was down, killed by his right-hand underling, and now said underling was dead.

Their territories descended into chaos, and the police took this chance to sweep the districts in a massive scale, seizing drug dealing places and dealers and thus wiping out all the drug dealers in the state. The public cheered, feeling clearly happy about it.

Nevertheless, the gangs knew that things were not as simple as they seemed. It was absolutely impossible that Saul's top underling was behind this. They could guess who the real culprit was, especially after connecting the dots to Chessie, who had never gotten involved with drugs and was repulsed by the idea.

The truth never depended on guesses, however. Even though they knew that this was related to Chessie, they could not prove it. Most importantly, they dared not simply say a thing, afraid that they would lose the chance to speak for the rest of their lives if

they poked their noses into this.

Saul was put behind bars. Many people said that he deserved it, as drug dealing had destroyed so many families.

This was the reason the police had caught him too. It would still not be enough given how many drugs he had sold, but it was nice that the law enforcers were able to penalize him and his underlings, who had also been caught promptly and strictly.

They were either shot dead or sentenced to life imprisonment, which were both heavy penalties.

Despite all this, Javier was no longer concerned about them. His only concern right now was Chessie's recovery.

When the doctor brought it up, he told Javier that Chessie's injury was doing fine and she was doing incredibly well.

"We'll do another recovery checkup today, and she can be discharged before noon."

Javier heaved a sigh of relief at the good news, as he finally saw a glimmer of hope that Chessie would make a full recovery. He told her the good news when he went back to the ward, and she seemed happy about it as well.

While they rejoiced in the good news, Javier told her, "Chessie, it's too dangerous for you to stay in a gang. Now that I think about it, why don't you come to my place? You'll keep Ciara company. She's super bored there anyway."

Chessie rejected the offer with a shake of her head. "I'm not going. I don't like being constrained. I like being free and flirting with the law. It's addicting. I don't commit serious crimes, but I'm incorrigible when it comes to petty wrongs. That's me."

Her comment about herself was sharp and accurate. Javier was powerless against her. Chessie was passionate about being free. She was surely reluctant to be a caged canary, and Javier would not force her to be one either.

"Go on about your business if you like it so much. But on one condition: You're not allowed to get yourself killed. I'm still hoping you'll get rich, okay?"

Chessie chuckled before whispering next to Javier's ear, "I'll reward you with 950 dollars after I get discharged."

Javier scanned her long fair legs lustfully. "How generous of you, Chessie. You won't be charging me to f*ck later, right?"

Chessie got embarrassed. "Can you stop? Faye's still around!"

Faye was actually around, but she was outside the door, so there was no way she would hear them.

After the morning checkup was over, Javier left the hospital with Chessie and checked into the cleanest, most luxurious hotel there.

He could not bear to actually work for Chessie's 950-dollar reward now, as her wound was not fully healed yet. If the wound opened up again due to their rigorous activity, it would not be worth it.

Hence, Javier only hugged Chessie as they lay in bed

Chessie spoke up. "Why were you so aggressive? Look at what you did to Saul. Could've just killed him."

Javier was instantly disgruntled. "You're my woman. I will be my fiercest self if someone dares lay a finger on you. I need to show the other people in gangs too. A fair competition or a street fight are fine, but touch my woman and I'll make sure life is a living hell for them!"

Chessie knew that Javier must have acted so brutally to warn the other gangsters. She did not like being helped, but her man's warning and declaration pleased her. It pleased her so much that she wanted to get on with it. She could not do a 950-dollar job now, but what was stopping her from doing a 95-dollar job?

Chapter 313 Can You Be More Serious?

Javier stayed by Chessie's side for the following half a month. It put a blissful smile on Chessie's face every day, as she was very happy about it.

That did not mean Javier was free for the time being, though, as he instructed Herschel and GTR to take Chessie's men along and wreck Saul's previous territories. Anyone who was disobedient and chose to resist would be taken care of properly.

Worried about the insufficient manpower, Javier called Mackenzie and authorized Herschel to deploy the mercenaries anytime he needed them. Javier was determined to take over the territories that had made Chessie bleed-even if he had to deploy the mercenaries.

In fact, the mercenaries did not have the chance to show themselves. To Herschel, who had been to war, taking over these territories was a piece of cake. Although there was a lack of manpower, Herschel did not use his recently acquired right to deploy the mercenaries.

He had chosen to get some men from Sam's new security Company, as he wanted to train those new recruits and keep a low profile.

It would be too obvious and attention-catching for a squad of mercenaries to suddenly get involved in a local fight. While it would intimidate the local thugs, there would be plenty of issues and they would get targeted by the authorities as well.

Javier knew that but was simply too furious over what had happened to Chessie.

Fortunately, things finally calmed down. Both Chessie's territories, which had been itching to rebel, and the areas that Saul had left behind were in Chessie's hands now. The gangs there behaved, and no one in either state dared to oppose her.

A month passed while the trial car was built. Meanwhile, Chessie was well on her way to recovery.

Javier went to see Chessie before he left and once again suggested that she retire from the mafia scene. The woman still refused. "I... have a wild heart. I want to stay outside and I want to spend 95 dollars for your service." ;

Looking at the gorgeous beauty in front of him, Javier honestly did not know what to say. What he could do was pin Chessie against the wall and press himself against her."

After he left Chessie, he went to Heisenberg Group swiftly. The manufacturing of the trial car had begun a month ago, but he actually came over one month later. It was fortunate that Trevor and Liam were around, so the trial and testing of the car had not been delayed

Upon going into the automobile trial production center, Javier saw the Chinese trial car that was completed but not produced in bulk.

The car was a compact sedan that was beautifully streamlined. Its exterior was trendy and lofty, mainly targeted at young people. Heisenberg Group was not the one who had designed the car's exterior, as that would require a long time. The design would have to go through tests, like wind resistance and whatnot, which was simply not as easy and would take too much time.

Javier did not want to spend too long on the car's exterior, so he had taken the backdoor and bought the design that a certain foreign car brand had painstakingly produced by making breakthrough success. As for the foreign car brand that was struggling to survive, it could...go down in peace.

"I've performed repeated test drives and made remodeling versions of the car. This is the best version," Liam explained as he passed the key to Javier for him to try driving it.

As Javier accepted the key and got in the car, he noticed that the interior accessories were decent as well. The entire interior was upholstered, and functions like a push start button and automated parking

were comprehensive. It was truly what the locally manufactured cars had always aimed to achieve—budget-friendly and high specs.

There was one thing that Javier did not wish to happen, though, and that was budget-friendly and high specs that were low in quality. However, that was not discernible within a short period of time, so he could only have a test drive first to get a feel of the car.

When he ignited the engine, the soundproofing effect and the silence in the car were maintained well and the gearbox started working, giving off a sense of security and power. There was no issue, such as a stump or a delay between gear changing, during the acceleration process.

While driving out of the workshop into the testing ground, Javier tried to “damage” the trial car recklessly and pushed its power as much as he wanted.

The greyish silver trial car felt like a wild, aggressive panther in the testing ground. There was no growl, but this did not prevent the car from showcasing excellent propulsion and vehicle stability after fully unleashing its engine power.

Regardless of whether it was drifting, accelerating, cruising, or changing gears, everything felt extremely precise. Besides, the feeling of one’s back pressing against the seat was strong during abrupt acceleration. It added an unforgettable force to the sedan that did not look huge. It was truly a powerhouse,

Upon getting out of the car, Javier showered the car’s propulsion system with praise.

Liam was proud. Of course he had many reasons to be proud, as his team had the autonomy to design the car. He told Javier, “The engine of this car could rival the AMGA45!”

It was truly something to be proud of, as Javier knew that the AMGA45 had a high-performing motor.

As a high-performing product invented by Mercedes-Benz’s AMG, AMG had actually already severed ties with family sedans. While it had only a 2.0T turbo engine, its power parameter reached the maximum horsepower of 381 with a peak torque of 475 Nm.

In other words, many 3.0 twin turbo engines did not even reach 300 maximum horsepower. Basically, the engine they had right now was absolutely crazy.

“Mercedes-Benz can achieve high boost value and air input, as well as high power in the engine by changing bigger turbo engines. It’s like modified cars that get bigger engines to achieve higher power. But this causes immense damage to the engine.”

Liam explained proudly, “But that’s not the case with our car, as hydrogen propulsion itself is powerful and we can achieve a better and more optimal ratio in the later stage. If we want to battle it out at the 2.0T level, we can totally triumph over them after adjusting the engine!”

Liam’s face was brimming with pride when he talked about it. It was apparent that the propulsion system of this car was his pride and joy. And he should revel in it. They were using hydrogen energy as propulsion and achieving zero emission with such a strong power, so there was no doubt that this was a cool propulsion system.

“Sure thing, but this propulsion system is too powerful for the average market. The car can’t carry it, and we’ll have to lower the power.”

Its power was peerless, but the car itself was limited by cost and home use, so it was not heavy enough.

Javier had realized the car was floating a little while going all out with it earlier, meaning that the vehicle would fly if he continued stepping down on the accelerator. It would be hard to tell how the crash would go after the car flew. As a sedan that would be marketed to families, this was an absolute “highlight” of a safety risk.

When Javier mentioned this, Liam looked a little down. It was as if he was disappointed that he could not let the engine unleash its full potential. Despite that, what Javier said next reignited his motivation.

Chapter 314 Utterly Shameless

“Design adjustment at a later stage will still be required. We want to make a racing car and compete with other race cars. It’ll be a Chinese general and make our name known in all racetracks. It’ll no doubt be of great help to our brand ,

“That engine, which will go through special tuning, will be the presence that spreads your name, Professor Jepson.”

Liam was overjoyed. At his age, wealth was no longer an issue. He was only after fame. He would think that this was a life worth living if the car’s propulsion system ended up dazzling the world, like Mazda’s rotary engine back then.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Kersey. I’ll tune this engine carefully, and the lower-power version will limit the consumption and fully follow the safety standards for family sedans. The hydrogen consumption will be decreased alongside its horsepower. The higher-power version will be adjusted to the top specs model with the best-matched power, under the condition that safety is guaranteed.

“The sports version will use the engine at peak power to surpass all its rivals on the racetrack!”

After making this promise to Javier, Liam took his men to go tinker with his propulsion system excitedly.

To Javier, these researchers were like kids. They were stubborn and they felt utterly wronged when their wishes were not fulfilled. Despite that, their wishes should be fulfilled. Like every parent, they wished for their child to turn out successful and excellent.

Now that Liam had an opportunity for his child to get world-famous, he was happy and motivated.

Watching Liam’s thrilled retreating back, Javier shook his head with a chuckle and waved at TIEVOI.

“I think there’s a problem with this car’s left A-pillar. You don’t usually feel it, but when the car turns 45 degrees to the left, its field of vision is largely obstructed. The area affected five meters away could be up to two meters in width. The blind spot is good enough to run into a cow.”

Trevor was startled “No way. I asked professional trial drivers to assess all these aspects. The largest blind spot isn’t that wide.”

Trevor went through the information as he spoke to find detailed data, but Javier took him into the car directly and drove it to the angle where he had discovered the huge blind spot when he had driven it earlier.

After he got out of the car, he asked Trevor to sit in the driver's seat while he went to the blind spot area outside of the car.

"Here, take another look now."

Another look now." Trevor looked where Javier was and.. Holy sh*t, there was no Javier. He was completely blocked by the A-pillar and the black border of the windshield. The general area was really around two meters wide. It was a complete blind spot.

suddenly fattened up to obscure his field of vision.

Trevor stared at the left A-pillar in astonishment after he got out of the car. "How could this be? It shouldn't be!"

"It happens when you look up from the driver's seat in your line of vision at a raised angle and look at the high front part of the car. It's a problem resulting from the special circumstances of these three aspects."

Javier went over to Trevor and added, "It's a special situation that won't occur under normal conditions, but once it does, the driver won't be able to react in time when the car comes up to 30 kilometers per hour. By the time the driver notices, he'll bang into whatever is hiding in that spot.

"You might not be aware because you don't drive, but it's normal to make a turn at 30 kilometers per hour as long as you're not driving down a narrow street. This means that driving this car could very well lead to an accident under specific circumstances.

"Figure out the solution to this hidden issue."

Javier pointed out some minor problems after telling Trevor that. Those minor issues were not too serious, as they were basically his individual opinion. After all, each person liked different things. What Javier pointed out might be a plus for someone else, just like some people liked round steering wheels and some liked angular ones. There was no way to please everyone.

Hence, Javier was only bringing up things based on his driving experience. As for handling these things in particular, that was

Trevor's duty.

The latter was incredibly embarrassed regarding the blind spot issue.

"Mr. Kersey, I've been careless while doing my job. That's what caused that issue. 1—"

Javier waved his hands with a smile to stop him from going on.

"It's got nothing to do with you or the trial drivers. After all, it's an issue born under special circumstances. Next time you test drive the car, run through all the road scenarios, including simulation of rain and snow. If we find out more issues now, we will face less

trouble in the future.”

Trevor nodded, fully agreeing and understanding as a veteran carmaker.

Regarding the blind spot issue just now, if a customer had an accident during a drive, one news report of it would be enough to doom this newborn brand. After all, a car purchase was not decided only based on its exterior and engine power. Safety was actually the main concern.

Without safety, why else would a car be necessary? Even comfort would only come second to safety:

Leaving the automobile trial production center, Trevor went off to tackle this issue, while Javier heard claps coming from a short distance away just as he was about to leave.

Turning around, he saw Quinna, who was wearing a white business suit. Quinna was clapping softly with approval written all over her face.

“As expected of Mr. Kersey. You’re meticulous when it comes to your job. You even attended the car’s trial run personally, discovered something so serious, and suggested changes in time to prevent any accidents from happening after the car goes into production and gets sold. Double-tap and like!”

Javier smiled and replied as he walked over to Quinna, “That’s all you do for a like? You should show me something more tangible.”

“Like?” Quinna asked with a smile.

Javier was direct. “We could book a room and celebrate it?” 1

Quinna flushed instantly. “Can you be more serious?”

Javier answered, looking serious, “How is this not serious? I think there’s nothing more serious than this. You have no idea how I think of you every night after I leave you. I can’t sleep all night.

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“Once I think about your face and body, I can’t help wanting to own you and do it with you.”

His first sentence had warmed Quinna’s heart, but his last sentence was honestly just...embarrassing. She thought that Javier must have thought of her in some way for him to be missing what a jerk like him would miss.

Fortunately, Javier did not dwell on the suggestive topic. Instead, he went up to her and walked to the company with her.

Since Quinna was the one in charge of liaising with Reivaj Automobile, she was Heisenberg Group’s representative in this case as well. The two of them talked about the new car while they walked. There was no time for romance, as it took them quite a while to talk about business.

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The conversation went on until afternoon, when it was after office hours, but the two of them still did not manage to put an end to the discussion about the car. It was not that they were arguing or anything. They were just discussing matters regarding the car’s quality, importer, and whatnot.

What Walt had said was still applicable. After all, Heisenberg Group did not belong to only one person. Behind the statement was the implicit meaning that a lot of people were against the entire project.

For example, a certain superior had a relative who had a car accessory factory and had called to inform them that said factory's accessories were decent. Were they using that factory or riot? It seemed simple to say no, but it would be even simpler for the production line to be forced to stop due to various issues after that.

There could be a claim that they'd failed to observe the environmental standards, and although one might not actually fail to do that, it would still be necessary to stop the production for a few days to conduct an investigation

There could also be a notice of limited electric supply in that area, so the production line could forget about operating for two days. One had to stop consuming electricity once one was asked to. It might not even have to be an electricity cut. It would already be problematic for the electricity to be unstable and go out at random during production.

In short, it was difficult to do something and even harder to finish it.. Nevertheless, Javier did not find it too challenging to have dinner with the beauty.

Chapter 315 Trash

That night, Javier talked to Quinna as they had dinner at a hotel outside. Solutions were found for many issues. Basically, everything was done to make sure that the brand, Chinean, could enter the market as soon as possible.

After the meal, both of them left the hotel. Quinna drove while Javier sat in the passenger seat with his head turned to watch her. Her delicate little face was beautiful, so beautiful that it was mesmerizing and it made one feel infinitely fond of her just by looking at her.

Javier asked, "Quinna, why are you so pretty? Why can't I get tired of looking at you?"

Quinna, who was driving, blushed when she suddenly heard the flirty question. What surged in her after that, however, was uncontrollable delight.

The indirect compliment got to her easier and felt realer compared to someone explicitly calling her beautiful. She did not want to answer the question, nor could she, but she tried asking after Jade surfaced in her mind, "Am I prettier, or is Jade?"

Javier answered with a beam, "My pretty, darling Quinna, this isn't a question a smart woman should be asking!" Quinna was a little taken aback before she nodded with a smile.

True, this question was really not something a smart woman should ask. If Javier said that Quinna was prettier, she would assume that he loved the new and hated the old and would then abandon her for some other woman in the future as well. If Javier said that Jade was prettier, Quinna would be shooting herself in the foot. Therefore, it was a question that should not be asked. A smart person would never create trouble for themselves or-more importantly-for others.

With a chortle, Quinna commented, "I really shouldn't have asked." Javier nodded in agreement seriously. "You're right. A lot of things happen when you do it. Why talk about it so explicitly?" Quinna was embarrassed. She was no fool How could she not know what Javier was referring to? She glared at Javier in bashfulness and continued driving without saying anything.

In spite of this, she realized that Javier kept staring at her legs as she drove. His gaze was blatant, without any hint of shying away, which embarrassed her..

"Javier, can you tone it down? It's too much!"

Quinna feigned indignation, but Javier was indifferent.

"Can't blame me. Why are you so sexy and charismatic? I think it's already a very strong display of self-restraint on my part that I didn't pounce on you or jump you right away. You should be praising me."

Quinna was speechless. "You're blatantly staring at my legs, yet I have to praise you for having a good amount of self-restraint? How cheap must I be to do something like that? Dollook like I'm not right in the head?"

Javier shook his head "There's nothing wrong with your head, but I think something's wrong with your body. It needs to be treated.

"I'll treat you properly when you stop the car later. I guarantee you will feel very good after just one treatment."

Quinna was incredibly embarrassed. How could there be such a shameless bāstard in the world, who only thought about f*cking her each time they met? It was embarrassing! 1

Quinna ignored Javier, and the latter did not flirt with her anymore, merely keeping his eyes on her legs.

Initially, Quinna thought that she could ignore the entire matter, but she later realized that she was wrong. She could not get herself to ignore it and she even felt her legs throbbing thanks to Javier's eyes, as though his gaze was fiery.

This caused her to drive the car back to her apartment instead of taking Javier back to his hotel

:

"Drive back on your own. I'm going home to rest."

Quinna was about to flee. She was removing her seatbelt, not even wanting to be in her car anymore, but Javier did not give her the chance to escape. He grabbed her arm and wrapped his arm around her slim waist before forcefully carrying her onto his lap.

Ultimately, he did not do much to Quinna. He merely kissed her, while the woman took advantage of this to open the car door and flee.

She really did not care about her car anymore. Javier could drive it back if he wanted, but she did not dare drive him, especially to a sensitive place like a hotel. It would only provoke Javier further.

As Quinna ran back home bashfully, she dashed to her bedroom without even greeting Simon. Closing the door and leaning against the wall, she panted from the workout she'd had while bolting home and the thrill of what Javier had just done.

Basically, she felt like her breath was caught as her heart thumped wildly.

"Javier, you b*stard. I really want to choke you to death."

Despite her complaint, her gaze was affectionate. She had never acted like that with another man or been treated that way by another man, so what she had experienced tonight was hard to put into words...

Chapter 316 A Hundred Years of Credibility

The trial car was a success. The adjustment and tuning of various aspects were also completed. They were getting closer to mass producing it

For a big name like Heisenberg Group, submitting a mass production application to the relevant bureaucracy departments was naturally not a problem. Everything else was ready too, including packages of accessories from other businesses.

In short, things were going smoothly. They were only waiting for the production line of the car to start and they would be able to mass-manufacture the car.

It was at that point in time that another industry-related piece of news that did not seem serious broke out. It was reported that there was excessive formaldehyde found inside cars manufactured by a certain automobile company, and the investigation went all the way to the car dashboards. This meant that the dashboards already had excessive formaldehyde when they had been loaded into the factory and installed in the cars, which caused the cars to fail the formaldehyde assessment!

The news made a storm brew within the industry and was turned into a scandal online. Everyone only had one question: Who would be held responsible if their and their family's health was compromised due to excessive formaldehyde?

Fortunately, the automobile company was not Heisenberg Group, so it would not affect their new car production project. It was just that Graham thought it would be better to be stricter, so he checked the new car thoroughly in one aspect after another.

in the end, when he got to the sun visors on top, the value on the tester made his eyes bulge. It went over the accepted value and was over 13 times more than that value!

Graham instantly went to check another trial car, and it turned out to be the same-the two pieces of sun visors were the issue.

There were extra sun visors in the material warehouse, so Graham went ahead to check them, only for him to find that all of them exceeded the acceptable value!

The cost of a single sun visor was not high. Even when one were to go to an authorized workshop to get an original piece, it would only cost a few dollars or tens of dollars if it was expensive. Despite that, the workshops usually hiked the prices to an absurd amount, so the cost could possibly be less than a dollar

Yet it was this item, which cost less than a dollar, that the manufacturer had thought about making profit out of by cutting corners and replacing it with something subpar.

As the chief quality inspector, Graham contacted Javier immediately and reported the incident.

“Mr. Kersey, the accessories are all vendor-managed. Heisenberg Group has always been working with them, and I personally checked them when they were sent over for assessment. There hasn’t been a problem. But when it was sent in bulk, this came up, and the value exceeded is incredibly serious.”.

Javier was exceptionally pleased with Graham’s seriousness and meticulousness. He felt lucky that he had found a quality inspector who was so responsible. After praising Graham, he went to the warehouse to retrieve a new sun visor.

When he tore the packaging open and took a light whiff, there was a piercing scent that smelled like old abandoned rubber melted together. Since the installation of the sun visors in the car had to be done with the packaging, lest the car was dirtied during the installation process, there was no way one could smell it. The piercing scent was only evident when the packaging was torn open.

Javier took the tester and the sun visor directly to Quinna’s office.

The woman was working, so she jumped when her door was opened without a knock. She breathed out in relief when she saw that it was Javier, “What a shock. My door opened suddenly when it’s been so quiet so far. It surprised me...Hey, why are you holding the sun visor? What’s that in your other hand?”

Noticing what Javier was holding in his hands, Quinna asked him about it curiously.

Javier went over to her and tossed the tester and sun visor on her table before he sat down on the couch beside her desk and lit a cigarette.

“If your company, as the vendor, can take care of it, take care of it properly. If you can’t stop mentioning that this is vendor managed. This is the trash the manufacturer you’ve appointed produced?”

Javier’s attitude was far from polite as he snapped at Quinna. He would not do anyone a favor when it came to things like this. Forget Quinna. He would not have it even if Jade made such a mistake! What he was making was a car with customers in mind, not a car that harmed and killed its passengers!

Quinna realized that there was a problem with the sun visor but was unable to find anything wrong with it despite flipping it over and checking. Seeing the tester on the side and relating it to the recent industry news, she quickly tore the packaging open. The

moment she did, though, a piercing scent reached her, making her cough.

Javier asked, “Do you think you still need the tester to test the value of the formaldehyde?”

.

Quinna’s expression morphed into one of rage. She was not angry at what Javier had said but at the way these trash accessories had managed to enter her factory!

en she saw the digital screen showing the

Picking up the gun-like tester, Quinna tested a shot on the sun visor and was baffled formaldehyde to be 13 times more than what the country-allowed

manufacturer's careless mistake, but

If it had been a tiny amount of excess formaldehyde, they could have assumed it to be that was it still a mistake when it was 13 times higher? That was murder!

Accessing the company intranet, Quinna quickly found the supplier Visteon Group. She then called the factory security through the landline. "Detain the person in charge of the cab in the inspection department, as well as the inspection manager. No one is allowed to release them without my instructions": Strictly speaking, what Quinna did was actually illegal detention, but she could care less about it now. She went to find Javier and apologized solemnly. "My apologies, Mr. Kersey. This is a mistake on our part-I'll assess all the suppliers and filter them again. I'll make sure not even half a piece of subpar product will be installed in our car or enter the market." Javier and Quinna were not speaking as individuals now. They were representing Reivaj Automobile and Heisenberg Group respectively.

Therefore, Quinna's apology was reasonable. It had nothing to do with their personal relationship, nor was it right to bring any personal feelings into it.

"One mistake is one mistake too many, I think a discussion is warranted regarding the issue of the vendor-managed accessories. I'll have Mr. Hammond talk to you about it tomorrow. I hope you can suggest a practical solution to guarantee product quality.

—

"If that can't be achieved, I don't mind taking this to the court and having them deem the contract ineffective and compensate us for terminating the agreement due to the unprofessionalism your side has shown during this collaboration."

Javier was aggressive-he had always been so aggressive and relentless in business.

Quinna sensed it, but there was nothing she could do. It was a massive mistake on their end. If the cars installed with these problematic accessories had entered the consumer market and the safety issue had been discovered, Javier's Reivaj Automobile would not have been the only one affected. Heisenberg Group would have been implicated and they would have suffered violent repercussions as well.

After all, they were the exemplars of a local automobile manufacturer, a veteran at that. They also had so many joint ventures. Once a scandal broke out, the disaster Heisenberg would have to face would be devastating.

Quinna could only nod upon hearing Javier's declaration, "Our side will surely give you a satisfactory reply."

Javier said nothing and got up to leave, but all of a sudden, an anonymous number called him. "Hello, is this Mr. Kersey? This is the state hospital. We're doing our best to treat Mr. Rowland right now. Please come if you're available..."

Chapter 317 Confirmation That There's an Inside Man in the Company

"Graham's been hospitalized?!"

When Javier looked into the matter, he found out that Graham had been assaulted:

But since only the hospital had been called, they had seen nobody else on the scene aside from Graham when they'd rushed over there after getting a call. Thus, they were not too clear on who the perpetrators were.

After hanging up the phone call, Javier asked Quinna for her car keys.

Quinna's heart had already sunk the moment she had found out that Graham had been assaulted. She was now silently thinking to herself that it probably had something to do with the sun visor. After all, Graham was the one who had found out about the matter. On top of that, the hospital Graham had been admitted into was in the same area as Visteon Group, the plastic parts manufacturer,

Following Javier closely, Quinna got in the car as well. "I know the roads around here. I'll show you where to go."

Javier immediately started the car and sped off...

He had driven what was supposedly a pretty gentle car into a monster. If Quinna's car could be described as a gentle princess, Javier had now turned that very princess into a raging woman who was yelling at the top of her lungs.

After multiple drifts, Quinna even felt as though she was riding her own roller coaster. She was so scared that her heart was thumping ferociously.

In the end, what used to be a 40-minute journey ended up being cut short to 30 minutes.

It was only at that moment that Quinna realized what real driving was like. The way I used to drive could only be called leisure travel at most.'

Javier was not trying to show off his driving skills per se. Instead, he was genuinely worried about Graham's safety.

After all, Noah was about to take his university entrance exams, while Graham's wife had just finished her operation.

If Graham were to end up losing his life, his family would definitely be in shambles.

Rushing into the hospital, Javier soon found Graham, whose head was wrapped in bandages and who had two swollen eyes.

Graham's mouth had been beaten so badly that it was swollen, yet he still forced a smile and greeted Javier. "Mr. Kiesey."

Graham's mouth was so swollen that he could not speak properly, which was why he ended up calling him Mr. Kiesey...

Javier asked about his situation, and Graham said that he was mostly fine. Graham then explained that a bunch of local gangsters had ganged up on him.

The hospital had not called Javier because of some serious matter, but because they needed someone to clear Graham's bills.

Graham himself did not have any money on him. Plus, he did not dare let his wife and son find out about this, which was why he had requested for the hospital to give Javier a phone call

Knowing what the actual situation was, Javier heaved a sigh of relief. Thank goodness...So long as he's alright.

'The hospital even told me that he wasn't going to make it when they called me, which was such a huge shock...'

Despite how many times Javier tried to stop her, Quinna still insisted that she pay Graham's medical bills.

At the end of the day, the incident had happened at Heisenberg Group. On top of that, it was Graham who had managed to discover that huge issue. Thus, as the deputy general manager, Quinna had an obligation to be responsible for the matter until the very end.

After collecting Graham's medication, the trio left the hospital. Javier drove with Quinna by his side, while Graham sat in the backseat.

Graham then briefed them on what had happened by speaking through his swollen mouth.

"I originally came here to gather some evidence because I was worried that someone from Heisenberg Group was leaking information. I intended on verifying whether the factory was indeed manufacturing illegally so that they wouldn't be able to get rid of all the evidence on the scene in case they found out about it.

"In the end, someone pointed at me and said that I was the one the moment I showed up. Then, seven or eight of them charged over at me and beat me up."

Javier understood that Graham had only been trying to verify the matter out of goodwill, for the sake of Reivaj Group's benefit. In

order to do so, they needed to at least obtain control over the quality of the spare parts, preventing new products that were launched into the market from having any defects whatsoever.

Thus, Javier was especially touched by how responsible of a person Graham was.

Naturally, Quinna, the deputy general manager, had already thought about it as well.

However, what she had not expected was that someone within Heisenberg Group would actually give someone over there a call.

Otherwise, they would not have been able to recognize Graham and beat him up the moment he had shown up at the plastic parts factory

At that thought, Quinna felt very guilty. "I'm sorry, Graham. Heisenberg Group is most likely involved in this..."

Graham hurriedly waved his hands. "No, it's alright. After all, you were also kept in the dark and had no idea what was happening. You're a good person, so there's no need for you to apologize to me."

Quinna felt slightly embarrassed and guilty after being called a good person.

'If I'm a good person, then Graham's genuinely the nicest person in the world!

Right at that moment, Javier asked Quinna about Visteon Group's address before rushing over there.

Quinna asked, "You're not planning on starting a fight with them, are you?"

Javier replied, "Of course not. I'm only going to gather evidence just in case they decide to move the parts away during their break time."

Quinna thought about it and instantly understood what he meant

If they know who Graham is, then I'm sure their CEO must already be aware of this incident.

Now that they've already beaten Graham up, there's no way they're going to leave behind the parts!

—

'Javier's right. If we don't head over there as soon as possible, the CEO is definitely going to have all the parts moved away.

*Plus, the moment the factory takes a break, all they need to do is clean up the place a little and nobody's going to be able to gather a shred of evidence!

As for the previous batch of parts that had failed the QC test even Quinna thought that it was so simple that even she herself would be able to think of an appropriate excuse.

"All the parts we produce have surely passed Qc testing and do not violate our country's laws. The unsuccessful parts you speak of are nothing but cheap fakes that weren't produced by us. It was XXX, our temporary worker, who swapped out our genuine parts for fakes and sold our parts to make personal profit."

That would immediately render any potential disputes mute, cutting off all investigation leads. Temporary workers were existences as mysterious as some relevant departments that would be there when they were not needed but disappear into thin air when they needed to be found.

Thus, while Javier was rushing toward Visteon Group, Quinna already had her cell phone at the ready.

:/:

All they needed to do was snap as much photo evidence as possible the moment they arrived there.

However, the factory was actually still hustling away when they arrived...

All of the workers were still busy working away. Plus, their environmental facilities were pretty much perfect. However, what was strange was that all the sun visors that had been reserved for Chinese were completely gone. Barry, their CEO, came out and said, "We lost our job order, so we're filling up for our missing stock right now!" "That's just bullsh*t! Couldn't you have called Heisenberg to have them send you another copy of the job order? In fact, couldn't you have asked us what the quantity you had to manufacture was before you manufactured and delivered the parts to us at the same time?"

However, Barry had always been a man full of nonsense who came up with all sorts of nonsensical excuses that nobody would be able to dispute.

When Quinna asked about the defective parts, sure enough...he said everything was proceeding as "planned".

"Temporary workers nowadays are so f*cking unreliable! I treated him pretty well, so how dare he steal my stuff! F*cking b*stard! But don't worry, Miss Aurum, I'll make sure to process this according to our contract. I'll compensate you with 10 times the amount of the parts!

"I'll have my assembly all lined up and running tomorrow. You need a total of 10 sun visors, correct? I'll have 100 of them sent to you!

"We're businessmen, and in business, one must always admit their mistakes. Our reputation is literally our life!"

Our reputation is literally our life, eh..That sounds like nothing but bullsh*t to me!

Chapter 318 A Mere Driver Who Talks Big

Nobody could argue against Barry at all.

The sun visors that he was producing at the moment were not for Heisenberg Group. Plus, there were no major issues with his production flow, and the finished products did not exceed the set standards. Although Barry's warehouse was completely empty, he then explained that he had already had all his parts delivered to his overseas automobile clients, leaving Javier and Quinna with no way of investigating the matter.

This was a typical case of the police apprehending the perpetrator without having any evidence to charge him. Most importantly, the perpetrator was gloating.

Quinna's face turned pale. However, the fact of the matter was that Heisenberg Group had a contract with Visteon Group, so without any evidence, there was nothing she could do to Barry.

"Are you not going to stay for lunch, Miss Aurum? In that case, have a safe trip. I'll see you later..."

Barry was gloating over the top of his head.

He seemed like an easy person to get along with, what with his large belly and smiley face. However, he was actually a downright *sshole.

Although Quinna hated the fat blob, there was just nothing she could do about him.

Throughout the journey, Quinna had remained silent and kept her arms folded. She seemed depressed as she looked outside the window, not knowing what she was thinking about.

After taking Graham home, Javier chuckled and told her, "Are you still mad about that * sshole?"

Quinna used her palm to gesture, acting as though she was swinging a knife. "I seriously wish I could cut off his head!"

Javier nodded his head. "That's a wonderful idea. There's a place that sells knives up ahead. I'll take you there to buy one right away. Then, we'll drive back to his factory and you can have a go at him. I'll cheer for you inside the car while you chop off his head."

Quinna, who seemed to be angry when Javier teased her, clenched her fist and punched him.

"Why are you still teasing me when you clearly know that I'm just saying that out of anger?"

Javier laughed. "Then stop being angry. By the way, there's something serious I need to talk to you about."

Quinna put on a serious expression when she heard that this was an official matter,

Then, Javier said, "Didn't you arrange for your security to apprehend the inspectors? Try coming up with a way to look into them. See who they called while they were being apprehended."

Quinna frowned. "That's not going to be easy. After all, we're not the police, so who are we to invade their privacy?" Javier replied, "Of course they're not going to tell you if you ask them about it. Even if they did, it would only mean they have nothing to hide from you. Instead, you're going to have to think of something sneakier. Use your connections to have the telecommunications company look into their phone records.

"After doing that, take down all the numbers they called at the time and we'll look into them one by one. Eventually, we'll find out who it was that leaked the secret and caused Graham to get beaten up." Quinna instantly understood what Javier was planning. That's great. Not only will we not invade our colleague's privacy, but we won't alert our enemies either. Most importantly, it will be easy and simple to look into the matter. It'll take half a day at most.'

Quinna immediately called her secretary and asked him to look into the matter.

Actually, there was no need for her to use her connections because a company as large as Heisenberg Group was the only connection that she needed.

No telecommunications company would refuse to look into the phone records of a few phone numbers...unless they were willing to risk losing a major client!

After making the phone call, Quinna put her cell phone away before she asked, "Have you dropped all the honorifics already?"

Javier shook his head. "We were in the company just now, so we should keep things professional. We should conduct business in the office, but we're in your car, aren't we? So, let's work on our personal matters, which is something only the two of us can do."

Quinna instantly felt her face burning up. 'You jerk...You keep on provoking me by bringing up these embarrassing matters!

'If he wasn't driving right now, I'd really want to smack him a few times with my high heels!'

However, on second thought, Quinna could not bring herself to do it.

Thus, she refused to reply to Javier and just looked outside. However, she could not help burning up when she thought about the passionate kiss she had shared with Javier and his expression at the time. In fact, Quinna even curled her lips slightly, revealing a sweet smile.

"Thank goodness I'm not facing Javier right now, or he would have surely noticed my expression.'

Of course, this was just wishful thinking on Quinna's part.

In fact, Javier immediately asked, "Why are you smiling like a fool in the mirror? Don't you know that glass reflects things?" It was only then that Quinna realized that her red face was shining on the mirror, showing her attractive smile.

She immediately felt embarrassed!

She had originally thought that Javier would not have been able to notice her expression, but not only could he see it, but he had a perfectly clear view of her as well.

Quinna was now so embarrassed that she did not know what to say. In fact, she didn't even know where to look at that very moment.

Then, Javier slapped his thigh. "Come here, my dear. You can lie here. That way, I won't be able to see your expression."

"I'd rather beat you to death, you huge jerk..."

They then returned to the office while they were in that flirtatious mood.

Quinna's secretary presented the results of his investigation shortly after Quinna's return.

The inspector manager had made three phone calls while he was detained. Two of them had been answered by his family and friends, while the other was from a number that could be easily

remembered because of the sequence of numbers, which belonged to a local person.

After looking into the last number, they realized that the owner of the number was none other than Barry himself.

Quinna pondered it for a moment before telling her secretary, "Let the inspectors go. It's almost after working hours already."

Her secretary did not understand why she had given him that instruction, but he only did as he was told without daring to ask too many questions.

After he left, Javier asked, "What are you planning to do?"

Quinna brushed the messy hair in front of her face and said, "Nothing. There's nothing I can do before we have some evidence against him. We already alerted him once... If I hadn't let my emotions get the better of me and I hadn't detained the inspectors, Barry wouldn't have ended up being alerted and given enough time to prepare his defenses. Not only did Graham end up being beaten, but we even lost any evidence we might have been able to get to remove this tumor for good."

Javier laughed. "It's not as if the result would have been better if you hadn't detained them. Would you have been able to identify the whistleblower if you hadn't done that?"

Quinna did not want to discuss past matters any longer. She only wanted to focus on what she should do next.

When she asked Javier that question, he replied, "We're not going to do anything. Instead, we'll just wait for those defective sun visors to reveal themselves."

Quinna frowned. "Are you saying they're going to show up in the market somehow?"

Javier smiled. "Of course not, but my people will find the batch."

Long before entering Quinna's office, Javier had already gotten GTR to head to Visteon Group to follow up on the matter.

It would be rather simple for someone with GTR's driving skills to tail another car.

Previously, Javier had deliberately driven to Visteon Group to get a look at their factory setup. At the same time, he wanted to dull Barry's senses,

'That piece of sh*t dared to try and trick me with a bunch of fake goods? Hehe.'

Chapter 319 That B*stard's a Dead Man!

Without a doubt, Barry was a rather good schemer.

He had prepared two sets of equipment, one according to the standards and one that was subpar.

The one that was according to the standards would be used to produce samples, which seemed very successful and would make everyone happy. However, in actual fact, that set was not going to be used during mass production.

This was the equivalent of a 20-year-old car that could still move about after some small repairs. However, it would for sure be a lost cause should it travel long distances.

On the other hand, the set that ran "long distances" for Barry was the subpar set.

After all, so long as they were able to go through their customer's quality inspection, nobody within the factory would check it again. On top of that, it would be packaged when it was done, so there would not be a smell.

However, what Barry had not expected at the time was that someone even more meticulous would end up exposing his schemes.

If it were not for the fact that it was still bright as day, Barry would have desperately tried to teach Graham a proper lesson. However, some onlookers might have ended up seeing what was happening, and Barry could not take that risk.

'How dare he come all the way up here to investigate! The nerve of that b*stard!

'But so what if they do come here and see for themselves? Even the beautiful Miss Aurum came personally here but ended up returning empty-handed as well, didn't she?

'They haven't got any evidence. Plus, they're bound by our contract, so nobody will be able to interfere with what I do. My business will run as usual, and I'll carry on earning profit.

'I can save a dollar for every sun visor I make using waste materials, which will come up to 10,000 dollars per 10,000 pieces produced, and 100,000 dollars per every 100,000 pieces produced.

'If I did it according to the standards, who would pay the extra cost? It would still be me, wouldn't it?!

Thus, Barry's train of thought was very simple. So long as there was money to be earned, he did not care who it was that drove the beaten-up old car. After all, it was definitely not going to be him!

The next day, Barry began preparing to manufacture some subpar products when the inspection manager suddenly gave him a phone call.

"Mr. Hoffman, Miss Aurum has brought her people with her over to your factory again. Be careful."

After hanging up the phone call, Barry was so furious that he slammed his hand on the table

"F*ck that pesky woman! Why the hell are you after my *ss like a f*cking rabid dog?! Why would you stop me from earning a few measly dollars that weren't yours to begin with?!"

As much as he cursed Quinna, Barry still had to do what was necessary.

He hurriedly left his office and ordered his staff to stop production. Then, they were to swap out the equipment.

All his staff moved as though they were in the military, and it took less than 10 minutes before all the preparations were finished.

Some staff had also been sent outside to wait by the factory route and had been instructed to call over immediately when they saw someone from Heisenberg Group arrive.

The moment they made the phone call, the factory would begin manufacturing, making sure that whoever came from Heisenberg Group would find that their products were definitely made according to standards, leaving them with nothing to complain about.

However, they could not run their equipment too early. After all, they were just sample products with a new shell installed, which might also become defective should production run for a little too long. At that point, they would need to spend money to repair the defects. Although each defect would cost less

than a few hundred, it was still money lost at the end of the day, so Barry would much rather save it and purchase cigarettes,

After doing that, Barry sat in his office and leisurely listened to a tune that was trending at the time.

He even hummed a few sentences. "Let's drink to freedom, let's drink to show our respect to the dead..."

Barry hummed very much in tune, so it was quite obvious that he frequented pubs and nightclubs to enjoy himself.

Just as he was on a high, the workshop supervisor came over and reported, "Mr. Hoffman, the people from Heisenberg Group are on their way and will be here soon. We've already started production."

Barry nodded his head and sent the supervisor away. Meanwhile, he took out a document and a pen and pretended to be drawing something.

After a while, his office doors were opened and Quinna and Javier walked in once more.

"Hello, Miss Aurum! What brings you here today? Come, come, have a seat!"

Barry had no idea who Javier was, so he only thought of Javier as Quinna's driver and bodyguard. In fact, he even thought Javier might be her boy toy.

Thus, he paid Javier no attention and was focused on entertaining Quinna by offering her a seat and a drink.

However, right at that moment, Javier suddenly approached his desk and picked up the document he had just been drawing on a moment ago.

"A forum on the importance of increasing product quality, eh? Are you already reading something like this? Well done, Mr. Hoffman!"

Barry immediately frowned upon hearing Javier's mocking laugh. 'What the hell is wrong with this driver? The bosses are having a conversation, so who is he to butt in?!'

However, since Javier had already brought up the matter, Barry still needed to explain himself with a serious expression.

"Yes, that's right. I've been very frustrated after what happened yesterday, so I've been thinking very deeply about where it all went wrong. I then came up with a thought... What if I raised the awareness of my staff and made them see the company as their second home? Would that improve our situation? However, before all this happens, I need to first make them understand what quality means to our company!

"I must make them see reason and realize how serious and fundamental the issue might be. Only then will I be able to grow my company to even greater heights. At the same time, I will also be able to provide even better service to Heisenberg Group."

Barry was a rather smooth talker, so he was able to come up with a huge pile of nonsense that actually sounded believable.

“The pen is mightier than the sword, and so is my mouth.’ Barry’s way of working was all about coming up with a beautiful plan but spouting absolute nonsense when working behind the scenes.

After Barry gave them his explanation, Javier could not help raising his thumb. “You really are great at fabricating nonsense, Mr. Hoffman!”

Barry was still happy about his ability to come up with such a wonderful plan and speech when he suddenly heard this.

Javier’s exclamation sounded extremely unpleasant to his ears, and very disrespectful as well, which made Barry feel dissatisfied.

This was especially true when Barry thought that those words had come from a mere driver!

He turned his head to look at Javier. “I’m having a discussion with your boss, so why are you, a mere driver, speaking up and interrupting us so rudely when you shouldn’t even be here in the first place? Have you no shame?”

Quinna merely chuckled in silence so Barry wouldn’t notice. ‘I can’t wait to see what this mere driver does next.’

In fact, Javier was no mere driver. Instead, he was an extremely bold one.

After Barry said that to him, he immediately sat on Barry’s desk.

Then, he took out a cigarette and lit it up before he said, “So what if I’m a mere driver? Can I not state the truth? Even a driver knows that he should deliver products that do not go against his conscience. As wonderful as money is, and as much as people wouldn’t ever complain that there’s too much for them to earn, it wouldn’t be worthwhile for this meager amount to cost someone’s life, would it?”

“For example, a beggar who’s so hungry that he’s about to die on the streets. He could most definitely live if you gave him a dollar, so would you? If you wouldn’t, then forget everything I just said because you’re not even human.

“If you’d be willing to do so, then...why would you not be willing to earn that dollar without – causing someone to risk their life?”

“I once read on the news that there was a very poor couple who had a married son and two grandchildren. This couple was riddled with all kinds of sickness and could neither afford to stay in a hospital nor buy medication. Both of their grandchildren were already in their teens, yet they did not even have a set of new clothes to wear.

“Then, just as their lives were about to change for the better, their daughter-in-law was involved in an accident and rendered paralyzed from the waist down forever, forcing her to be without a job for the rest of her life. Thus, her husband ended up becoming the sole breadwinner of a family of six.

“He now has to work twice the usual amount, take care of his parents, his children, and his wife. Such a difficult life he’s had to lead...

“His wife just couldn’t bear to see him suffer so much, so she searched everywhere for a job she could do. Fortunately, she found a handicraft job that would involve her having to string some beads every day

for a meager amount of dollars per day, but it was still enough for her to pay for some of her family's expenses.

"Later on, the bead company used inferior materials for the sake of saving a few dollars. These materials had a formaldehyde content that was off the charts, which ended up causing the woman to be diagnosed with leukemia, thus worsening the family's already unfortunate situation

"When her husband heard about the investigation results, he silently gave his money to the elder child before jumping off the hospital roof to kill himself. His wife then thought she was a burden to the family and could not bear to live with that shame anymore, so she slit her wrists.

"What was once a perfect family is now just two sickly elderly people and two teenagers."

At that point, Javier turned to look at Barry.

"Now then, Mr. Hoffman. Do you think the owner of the bead factory would feel guilty for using materials that contained exceeding amounts of formaldehyde when he heard the news? Do you think he'd be able to get a good night's sleep every night? Or would perhaps two ferocious ghosts come out at night and attempt to take his life?!"

Chapter 320 A Rope to Tie Up a Crab

Javier was staring intently at Barry, hoping he would be able to see some form of emotion in his eyes. Unfortunately, all Javier saw was coldness. "What's that got to do with me? Get the f*ck out of my office, you sh*tty driver!"

Barry was furious... How could he not be? He had started out doing business by selling beaded handicrafts. He would first con his victims out of their deposits before running away with the money. Meanwhile, he would only spend a few dollars to find someplace to work on the beads that contained formaldehyde.

It was exactly because of this money that Barry had been able to slowly build up his business and be where he was at that moment.

The sun visors he produced were being sold to a few companies that sold cars to the elderly, so Barry was only earning a few measly dollars from them.

On the other hand, his formaldehyde materials had already helped him save hundreds of thousands of dollars.

However, he had never once wondered how the victims he had cheated out of their deposit or those who had fallen ill because of formaldehyde poisoning were living their lives. This had never been his concern.

All he cared about was how much money he was earning. Since he was not an educated person, he did not know much about theories, but he did know that how others ended up was none of his concern. He might be misremembering this theory, but it meant the same thing more or less...

'I don't care whether others live or die!'

Javier could only tut in the face of Barry's attitude. "You really are a wonderful man who isn't afraid of being haunted by ghosts after committing so many evil deeds."

Barry furiously turned to Quinna. "Miss Aurum, are you not going to say anything about your arrogant driver?"

Barry had finally dragged Quinna into the conversation, but the latter did not seem to be interested in

getting involved at all.

Thus, she very calmly said, "He's not my driver. This man is Reivaj Group's chairman. The sun visors with formaldehyde in them are supposed to be his parts. So, I suppose it's only reasonable for him to come here and scold you...Don't you think so?"

Barry, who had originally still been pretty furious, was immediately stunned upon hearing this.

He knew Reivaj Group very well, as the company's name was being spread online like wildfire because of its ability to develop from a minor company to one worth billions of dollars. 'He's from that miraculous company?!'

In fact, Barry was even thinking that since Javier was the chairman of Reivaj Group, he would definitely be involved in matters that might go against his conscience and should be earning the same kind of money he himself was earning.

However, the truth was much different from what Barry had thought. The chairman that seemed like a mere driver was actually very upstanding and fair.

Barry was frightened of this temperament of Javier's, especially since the latter was richer and more powerful than he was.

'I'm sure I won't be able to carry on living a good life if Javier pins this entire situation on me!'

Thus, Barry hurriedly got up and put a flattering smile on his face.

"My goodness, how rude I'm being! Miss Aurum, why didn't you introduce him to me earlier?!"

Barry then approached Javier and reached out with both hands and a smile, wanting to shake Javier's hand and apologize.

However, Javier merely flicked the ashes of his cigarette on Barry's hand as though it was an ashtray. 1 After doing that, he said, "Mr. Hoffman, are you not even curious to know what happened to the old couple and their grandsons after that?"

Barry smiled flatteringly. "Of course I am. In fact, I was even thinking about making a donation, but you asked me that question before I could say a thing!"

Javier laughed mockingly. "A donation? Forget it. From what I heard, a female university student from their village who majored in law helped them locate the owner of the bead factory and even sent him a lawyer letter to request compensation.

"But the owner, who is now leading a rich life, refused to pay a single cent. To make matters worse, he took a fancy to the beautiful female university student and locked her up in a dark room, forcing her to be with him for an entire week before she ended up mentally ill even to this day

"Are you aware of this, Mr. Hoffman?"

Barry's forehead was now breaking out in a cold sweat, and he could sense that Javier was definitely hostile.

If Javier were friendly, would he end up laying out every single incident that led to him?

Indeed, Barry had done all those things in the past, but he'd thought he had done it very discreetly. Yet now, after more than 10 years had passed, Javier was suddenly bringing it all up once more, as though he was training the gun on Barry's head for that matter!

Barry suddenly felt afraid, sensing that his leisurely life was almost ending.

However, he still did not dare admit all of his crimes. "I-I have no idea what you're talking about! If you're asking about the sun visor, I can assure you that our products still meet the standards. I can guarantee that there have been no defective products produced by us before!"

Javier smirked mockingly. "Is that so? In that case, let's discuss this face to face then!"

Instantly, Javier opened the door to let a few policemen in. As if that wasn't enough, the leading policeman even had an arrest warrant in his hands.

'When the heck did these policemen arrive?! Why wasn't I told?!'

Of course Barry had not been told. The police had entered from the rear entrance and even arrested the person who had been keeping watch outside.

While GTR was following Javier's instructions and investigating the sun visors that had been moved, the old security guard of the warehouse, who was still a bachelor, told GTR about all those things while they were casually chatting. The old security guard was the only one who knew everything about what had happened to the female university student, but Barry did not know this.

At the time, the old security guard had been the security guard of the place. After Barry had gone inside with her, none of them had left the place, which was why the old security guard had gone inside the factory to investigate.

Then, he had heard both Barry and the female university student's voices coming from an abandoned little house that was pitch black.

He had intended on saving her initially but had cowered away after recalling how ferocious Barry was. Most importantly, the old security guard had still been young at the time and had wanted to listen in and watch the show.

While GTR was asking about what their warehouse had been like in the past over a drink, the old security guard accidentally blurted everything out.

Thus, GTR searched for the now crazy female university student's parents that very night and even obtained the evidence that had been left behind that year...A live piece of evidence for that matter. Her child with Barry.

The female university student's parents had no idea who the father was but had decided to raise him, as he was still their daughter's child.

This unknowingly allowed them to leave behind a piece of live evidence that would be enough to prove that Barry was the one who had committed that evil deed!

Meanwhile, Barry still denied all charges with every ounce of energy he could muster. He kept yelling out that he was being accused as the police took him away.

Coincidentally, GTR had brought over the old security guard so he could say everything that had happened that year.

In fact, GTR had also brought the crazy female university student with him. When she saw Barry, she suddenly calmed down and tears rolled down her cheeks.

Instantly, she seemed to become a demonized woman, charging over at Barry and scratching his face until it was bloody.

At this point, Barry could no longer deny his crimes...

Now that he was arrested, all the inferior products that he had manufactured were taken in as evidence as well.

When the leader fell, others would roll. The moment Barry was arrested, his previously obedient staff members all began to fess up.

After all, none of them wanted to be included in his crimes as accomplices, so they immediately came clean about all the evil things Barry had done that they knew about.

In fact, one of them even shared a huge secret about Barry taking a life.

Javier was not too sure about what it was, as the police had kept everything under wraps during their investigation.

However, one thing was certain: Barry Hoffman was an outright b*stard who only focused on his own profit and he was now doomed!

After returning to the company, Javier lay on the sofa inside Quinna's office and rested.

Quinna then poured him a glass of water and placed it near him.

Then, she asked, "What should we do about the sun visors?"

Quinna was not referring to the ones Javier had installed on the Chineans but the batch Barry had supplied to Heisenberg Group previously.

Fortunately, they were all new models that had not been released in the market yet. These models were being heavily mass-produced at the time.

Javier smiled at Quinna. "Burn them. Burn them all. Let's burn Heisenberg!"