

The Ace at the Apex

Chapter 331 A Real Menace

Samere was in his sixties. His hair was snow-white, so he was also called White Old Boy in the industry. White Old Boy looked a little like a hawk, so there were also people teasing that the white eagle on Sammius' military flag was actually the White Old Boy.

Whether it was the white eagle or the White Old Boy, Samere's domineering sense and shamelessness were tinged with a certain nation's character.

Quinna wanted to retort after what Samere said, but Javier stopped her.

"I'm Reivaj Group's chairman, possessing 70% of the Chinese brand's profit and 100% rights to its technology. You guys don't have to talk to others or threaten Heisenberg. Talk to me if you have anything to say.

"But sorry to tell you that I do not wish to talk to you because I don't like you. I'm nauseated once I see all of you, so that's all for talking.

"If you want to continue pressuring Heisenberg, feel free. I can cut myself off Heisenberg and take the brand Chinese off from the group. I'll run it independently. It's no problem. But if you're after my technology...

"Sorry, I won't give you anything. Anyone who's upset about it can come at me. You're welcome to do so."

From the moment Javier stepped into the room to him leaving, it took less than two minutes. He then left with Trevor.

It was not just the group from FIA. Walt and Quinna were stunned as well. Javier was pretty ruthless. He would just stop working with Heisenberg, and the FIA would be unreasonable to threaten Heisenberg. Despite that, Quinna and Walt's eyes shone when they exchanged a look. They would not be working together, but they could do renting! They could rent Javier their production line and their workshops. No one could do anything when their collaboration turned into renting. No one could say anything about what the workshop sold. Could one care if they were to sell women's underwear there? No!

Quinna could not help wanting to giggle as she thought about it. When talking about shameless, Samere was nothing compared to Javier!

Nevertheless, things were not as simple. Before Javier left the room, Samere spoke up.

"Mr. Kersey, you can continue manufacturing and selling, certainly. It's your freedom to do so. But FIA ceasing partnership with Heisenberg is also our freedom. According to what I know, your feelings for this brand, Heisenberg, run quite deep.

"So you can go on with your tricks. As long as you don't share the hydrogen propulsion system, though, we'll oppress Heisenberg. I think you're well aware of what Heisenberg will be facing."

It was a threat—a blatant, shameless threat. There was no favor given to anyone, and it did not even need to assume the front of justice. It was basically saying, "What can you do to me when I'm this shameless?"

Walt was furious. As the leader of the Heisenberg Group, he had to show his courage and will for the company.

"Mr. McCann, do remember that this is the country Chinese, and the Heisenberg Group is a national business of Chinese!"

Samere took out a cigar, snipped its head, and lit it with an exclusive lighter. He took a deep puff of smoke before exhaling through his nose.

"Theoretically, anywhere our country's 11 aircraft carriers will go are under our protection. We have the

responsibility and duty to upkeep world peace. Of course, this includes the balance of various technologies. "So it's got nothing to do with us whether the Heisenberg Group is a national company or not. We only need the hydrogen propulsion system technology. It must be handed out and passed to Sammius, and we shall be the ones to publish the sharing of such technology."

Walt was seething as the green veins on his forehead protruded.

"Samere McCann, you come on behalf of Sammius and threaten national security with 11 aircraft carriers, is that it?"

It was not just Walt. The other Chinese automobile company representatives who were in FIA were furious as well. They had even gotten up and taken a seat at the Heisenberg Group's side voluntarily. The internal profit competition was among them, but they were not blind to take the wrong side when faced with a major issue!

It was just that Samere did not even care about their departure. He enjoyed the aroma of his cigar and replied casually, "You can see it that way, but I won't be held responsible for what I've said, nor will my country acknowledge that I've said that." He was shameless, refusing to admit it while he blackmailed others with the country's wellbeing

Walt was still talking to Samere when Javier waved for Herschel, who was farther away, to come over. When the latter was close enough, Javier told him, "Take Running Man and GTR with you, go to Sam's and protect Professor Jepson and his team. The main backbone of the technology, especially, must be guarded 24 hours."

Javier had already sent people to guard Professor Jepson. Those men were all from Sam's security guard company. It would not seem effective now. If someone were to attack them for the technology forcefully, Sam's bodyguards were not strong enough.

The level of protection would increase significantly with Herschel, Running Man, and GTR, who had been on battlefields. Javier had even considered it. He would call Mackenzie to ask for a hundred men to protect Professor Jepson and the team if the situation called for it.

Samere McCann must have come with powerful support behind him. Said support did not have to be a country. He might not dare act so arrogantly if it were only a country, and those foreign automobile companies would not fall out with a country like Chinese without much hesitation.

There must be an intervention from other families, and that force must be powerful, so much so that they must know about Javier's real identity but still insist on going against him. The force of support behind Samere must know about Javier's identity. Others might have a hard time investigating him, but it was not so much a challenge for some more established families to do it. He could easily track members from the other families down if he wanted to, too.

It was just that well-established families rarely ever got into actual conflicts because it would be like two nuclear bombs threatening and watching out for each other. No one would dare make the first collision as no one would turn out victorious—they would all die.

Yet, someone was nudging the Kerseys this time. It was a hard shove and a stubborn snatch in an aggressive manner.

Javier had to be careful in this. He could not let an accident take place! It was just after instructing Herschel that his phone rang, though. It was Sam.

Asking Herschel to hold on, Javier went off to somewhere isolated and answered Sam's call.

"Boss, our security team was taken over. We can't protect Professor Jepson and team anymore!"

Javier was startled. "Who did it?!"

Sam sounded awkward. "Actual police forces..." Javier gave it a thought before he clenched his fist and punched the wall. "D*mn it!"

He was thinking of pulling his mercenaries back, but the country had intervened at this juncture of time. No one was clearer than the national-level figures about what FIA wanted. Javier could not figure out their actual background for now, but the country could.

It was originally a simple car propulsion system, yet not only had the FIA come, but there were also two countries fighting now. The technology...had truly exceeded Javier's imagination.

Samere must not have come for the car then-absolutely not. It was only an excuse to the outsiders.

What he wanted was the hydrogen propulsion system, as well as Liam Jepson and his team.

This was the only explanation for why the country would send armed forces to protect Liam and his team. The technology must not go out of the country-never! **Chapter 332 This Is a Perilous Situation**

The country Chinean was not what it once used to be. For some time in the past, Chinean had emphasized growing its economy, wanting to strengthen itself by developing more wealth. Things were different now. Chinean had become a powerful player in Asia and needed simultaneous economic and military progress.

Why would it still want to make progress if it faced oppression and kept its head low right now?

With this powerful backing behind him, Javier's mind settled. When he returned to the room, he pulled Walt and Quinna to let them know there was no need to keep talking. Walt asked softly, "Why?" Quinna looked curious as well, not understanding where Javier's confidence came from. The man told both of them in a bare whisper, "Liam Jepson and his team are now protected by the police."

Intelligent as Walt and Quinna were, they understood the cause and reason of it swiftly. It was obviously not an individual who could deploy the police, and it was clear who the agency was. It was no longer important to talk, or not talk, here as the level much higher than them was already in the fight. They did not know the particular process of said battle-they honestly had no right to either but they only had to know that they had their great home country as their powerful support. Therefore, Walt, who had been pretty enraged, flashed a smile and waved for his local counterparts to have coffee in his office. He was still quite pleased that they had stepped out with the correct sense of justice during the critical moment just now.

Nothing was too much not to be abandoned before the country's wellbeing. There would be no place for them if the country ceased to exist!

Just as they got ready to leave, Samere stood up and paced to Javier. "Mr. Kersey, you might not understand what danger your insolence will bring you."

Javier looked at Samere's wrinkly arrogant face and sneered. "Are you threatening me?"

Samere merely smiled without an answer, but what was different between that and a silent acknowledgment?

Therefore, Javier grabbed his head right away and smashed it against the solid wood meeting table.

When he let go of Samere's head, the latter was already sitting limply on the floor, holding his bleeding head. "Y-you..." Samere looked wrathful and wanted to snap but did not say anything.

Javier did not need him to say anything, though, as he kicked him out in one go.

Samere, who sat on the floor, then slid some two to three meters away on the smooth wooden floor due to Javier's kick.

"I'll have you know that this is Chinean. You're standing on Chinean land. Another word of nonsense from you, and I'll feed you to the sharks. You can try me if you don't believe it. Let's see if you're more ruthless in your arrogance or quicker in your death!"

Javier turned to leave after growling at Samere, but six accompanying foreign bodyguards rushed to surround him then. They did not even say a word before they attacked Javier, so Herschel, Running Man, and GTR could not even get to him in time.

The others were horrified, and Quinna, especially, was worried about Javier.

The next moment, however, she saw Javier moving like a shadow. He did not look like he was avoiding the attacks much, but the foreign bodyguards missed in their punches. Javier, who had been in front of them, had gone behind them and hooked his arm around a bodyguard's neck before he twisted it. There was a crack, and the aggressive bodyguard now lay limp on the floor as his head lulled like there were no bones in his neck. The crisp crack just now was a reminder to everyone that it was not this man who had no bone-his bones were broken!

Once Javier counterattacked, he killed a foreigner, right before everyone's eyes. This baffled everyone there. Even Samere, who had looked agonized, widened his eyes in disbelief.

What was more unbelievable had yet to come. In less than a minute, Javier violently twisted the neck of the remaining five bodyguards. The six intimidating foreign bodyguards had now become six corpses. Javier dusted his hands with a clap and fished a cigarette out of his pocket to light it up. He then scanned the room and pinned the representatives from other countries in FIA with a savage stare, asking them in Elizabethan, "Who else wants to die? Stand up right now, and I'll send you to God for free."

No one stood up. It seemed that they preferred talking to God from a long distance away than to meet Him personally. That itself showed that they were not sincere in their belief, so what they believed in might not exactly keep them safe.

No one dared make a sound. This man was savage for killing people as he wanted. There was no hesitation there.

The only ones who dared comment now were probably GTR and Running Man, who stood by the door. "Holy sh*t, the boss is so cool. I probably couldn't do it as cleanly if it were me."

"Please, you're comparing yourself to our boss? The first time I followed him, I didn't even dare go close to him."

While both of them muttered, Herschel added from the side, "Meh, that's nothing. You haven't seen our boss on the battlefield. He's faster and more ruthless than everyone else when he kills. That's a real menace..."

As the three of them whispered to each other, Javier went to Samere again. Crouching down next to White Old Boy Samere, he grinned at him. "You want to meet God."

Samere had witnessed the instant death of his six men, so he was about to die in horror as he waved his hands. "No, no, no. I do not want to meet God."

"No, I know it. You really want to meet God. I can help you fulfill your wish," Javier offered. Samere panicked. "I don't want to meet God. That's not my wish either. Please don't be like this. Don't kill me. I'm from Sammius, and I'm a foreigner in Chinean. You have no right to penalize me or kill me no matter what mistake I've made."

Javier kept a smile all along, looking exceptionally kind. He put out both his hands, placing one against Samere's chin and the other on the top of his head without any room for rejection. "Believe me. I can see your heart. You must really, really want to meet God."

The next moment, Samere fell to the floor without any movement from his body. Quinna was dumbstruck. Was this still the shameless lecher Javier she knew? Why was he this ruthless?

Despite that, she found it easier to accept it upon recalling the men's insolence just now. "Serves you all right! Who asked you to come right at our door and be unreasonable? All of you deserve to die!"

It was mainly because these people did not die a gory death that Quinna was not terrorized. Moreover, her fury toward these foreigners prevented her from being repulsed by Javier, who had killed them. Walt, who stood beside, was different, though, as he thought further.

He was incredibly anxious when he saw Javier killing even Samere. "Javier, how could you kill him too? others are fine, but he's the president of FIA. The bureaucracy doesn't care about his identity, but it won't stop Sammius from pressuring and oppressing us, doing some other things in the name of revenge, because of this!"

It was true that Walt was better-rounded in his consideration and had thought further than Quinna. However, Javier had long thought about the same thing, so he had not killed the old guy. "I was just scaring him, but he fainted right after I put my hands on him!"

Chapter 333 It's Not on the House

The fact that Samere passed out in fear had become a joke.

He had been quite the bluster just now, pompous and victorious, and going on about the 11 aircraft carriers and whatnot-only for him to lay dead right now, unconscious on the floor like a dead dog. The six corpses of the bodyguards were taken away by the police after the report was made, while no one knew where Javier, Herschel, and the other two men were. The police stated that they were brought away to assist in the investigation, but anyone who was there was prohibited from disclosing the incident. As for why, no one knew. Moreover, those who came were not regular police officers. They looked to be armed.

When Samere woke up, he was quite high-handed, announcing that he wanted to notify the embassy and claiming that it was a planned murder, but the leading police officer replied, "Ah, you've woken up early. Otherwise, I'd have thought that you're the seventh corpse and cremated you." Domineering! It did not sound like what a regular police officer could say, but he said it and said it in Elizabethan in public. It meant that he did not even care about the international influence. It was as if he did not need that in front of these people.

Before the police officer left, he muttered, "He still thinks it's during the Eight-Nation Alliance era? He can take whatever he wants? Please..."

Not many heard what he muttered, but Quinna caught it by chance. The police officer smiled at her and made a shushing gesture before leaving with his team. It seemed that he knew what was actually going on and not just a regular police officer who was here to handle the case.

Nevertheless, Quinna was still worried about Javier. After all, people had seen him killing six people, all foreigners. She was worried about his safety and did not understand how things had gotten to this stage when they had just been discussing the listing previously. She felt like the matter had gone past the Heisenberg Group and the automobile industry and might even escalate to the country's level.

Anyway, what she was still the most worried about was still the same. She hoped that Javier would be fine.

Said man was currently in Herschel's van as he called Angelina.

"What I told you about the FIA just now, find out about it for me."

Only a handful of established families dared target the Kerseys, and one family would never be dumb enough to do that. There must be others who were working together. They would only dare do it with at least two to three families of similar influence.

The Soroyos that Javier and the old fox had called the Tharlacus was obviously one of the families of similar power. Hence, Javier's call was undoubtedly asking, "Is your family involved?"

"I'm sorry, Javier. My family is involved in this, and I know about it."

“You won’t be able to own the hydrogen propulsion system fully. Not your country either. Maybe you don’t know where its true strength is yet, but I can tell you. It’s in the military.

“According to what you’ve posted for the global patent, Sammius’ armament experts have already made a hypothesis. They’re confident to install such a pure hydrogen propulsion system to military vehicles instantly and use it on tanks with slight modification.

“As for further development, it could even be used on fighter jets.

“Javier, what you’ve made this time is a little huge. It’s not about the car. You’ve stirred up a storm of an energy revolution. Think about it. How much longer can the fighter jets fly if this hydrogen propulsion system is installed on them? “You can barely imagine how big a change this propulsion system will bring to military matters. This hydrogen propulsion system could even allow fighter jets to make an interregional cruise attack with adequate change and refinement. “What’s the purpose of the aircraft carrier’s existence? It’s basically a mobile air force base. But when the fighter jets can prolong their flight several times more, the purpose of the existence of fighter jets is significantly diminished. “Why does Sammius want to maintain its 11 aircraft carriers? It’s to upkeep their hegemonism. If your technology is extended to fighter jets and those that fly from your airfield can go all around the neighboring countries, do you think Sammius will allow that? Do you think my country will allow that? Do you think Yuzuia will allow that?

“No one does. Your weapon will be too advanced, so no one allows such a thing to exist.

“I’m really sorry, Javier. I can’t fight alongside you this time. I have my country, and I carry the duty to my country at this time. Even though you saved me and are the man I love, I can only stand on the opposite side.”

Angelina said a lot, but she hung up before Javier could say anything. It was as if she could not face Javier, thus deciding to do so.

Dropping his phone, Javier lit up another cigarette. Well, what a bummer. He was only a businessman, so he had certainly only thought about business concerns when he did something.

Like the explosives, for example. The inventor had only wanted to light it up for its brilliant radiance, but those with ulterior motives extended its usage to military matters.

If the hydrogen propulsion system could really be modified for military use, there was no doubt that his country’s aviation engine would take the lead in the race. It could even be said that the industry had swapped into another racetrack in advance and started ahead personally while others could only watch and be unable to do a thing about it. Who would not be jealous and fearful under such circumstances? It was no wonder the police had been sent to protect the professor and his team. Such protection was not for business but military matters.

It might not even be an exaggeration to say that Javier had now lost the right to meet Liam and his team.

That was fine, though. It was with the country, then came one’s home. One’s country would always be put first place. Javier was willing to relent if he could truly serve the nation with that. However, the situation now was not that his country wanted the technology-it was all the other foreign countries teaming up to snatch it! They used the name of FIA, but everyone knew who was actually behind it. The country behind this was the one that truly wanted the propulsion system. That was why Samere had said that the technology had to be passed to him. See, Sammius had always wanted to keep it to themselves. Even when the nation itself had not invented it, it would not allow other countries to invent it and affect its fleet of aircraft carriers. “Boss, what do we do now? I feel like we’ve become the sore thumb to the world.”

Even a person like Herschel, who only knew annihilation on the battlefield, could see through the situation. It was a perilous one! Javier gave it a thought and replied, "Go to the airport and book the tickets. We go home to the old fox."

Javier was not at all worried about his own safety now as he believed that no one would pick a fight with him either. News about Liam being guarded by the police must have gone out as well, so those who were smart enough would understand that the technology was no longer Javier's shot to call but the country's.

No one would be dumb enough to come for him now, and he had the established Kerseys behind him too. The consequences of anyone who dared lay a finger on Javier Kersey would be ...disastrous. A family had once pulled all the strings it could to stir up a war and devastated a certain country that was not small at all just because one of its members had been ambushed during a trip in that particular country. If Javier were targeted and attacked by a certain country, the consequences would be grave. After all, the Kerseys had endless sources of wealth, and it would mean war if the wealth was converted to profit. Herschel drove them to the airport, but before Javier could buy the tickets, the old fox called. "Come back. I have something to talk to you about." **Chapter 334 The D*mn Brat's Finally**

Done Something Good for a change Javier had returned home to the Kerseys on the island in Lustmord. He did not even have to use the flight ticket that he had booked because the old fox had already arranged his flight long ago.

This was not the Herschel trio's first time being on this flight, but they still could not conceal their excitement.

However, Javier was not in the mood to be bothered with them. Instead, he was trying to come up with a way to triumph over this situation he was in and how the old fox was going to counter him.

Unsurprisingly, when they arrived on the island, Ciara welcomed them with joy written all over her face. Javier smiled at her but was in no mood to flirt with her or do anything else. Instead, he rushed over to the old fox's place.

The moment he arrived there, he ran into a familiar face... Renly White of the White Family. The White Family was a major family, and this was not in comparison to other families, but the Kerseys themselves. The Whites were indeed very large and powerful. Still, they were not as powerful as the Soroyes in the firearms business, the Kerseys in legit businesses, or the family in Sammius. In fact, they were not the strongest in anything.

However, what made them a force to be reckoned with was that they were the second most powerful in everything.

Because of this, as a whole, the Whites were undoubtedly the strongest family amongst all others. Javier had once done a background check on the Whites and realized they were all Chinese but of royal blood from a certain emperor's reign.

Ever since that empire had been destroyed, this royal family had disappeared from sight, causing others to think that their lineage had ended. However, they had not realized that the family would once again resurface after hundreds of years. They had even discarded their family's original surname. Because of this, they became people without nationality, the Whites.

The Whites were now a family with their younger generation as pioneers.

On that very day when Javier met Renly, he immediately realized that it was about the hydrogen propulsion system that he was working on. Javier thought to himself that there needed to be a pillar of support in every major family to be able to bring everyone together, united. When Renly noticed Javier, his face was instantly filled with a bright yet seemingly genuine

smile. "Well done, Javier!"

Javier smiled as well. "Well done, Renly!" Both of them were referring to the hydrogen propulsion system. However, one referred to how the finished product was superb, while the other referred to how the things he had accomplished were superb. "Let's have a drink when we get the chance!" "Definitely!" They were clearly two people who had only just met one another, yet they could make it seem as though they had been the best of friends for a long time with their amiable tone. On top of that, their conversations were kept short and simple.. Renly got into his car and headed to the landing bay, while Javier headed inside the old fox's residence, seeming depressed.

'Judging by how happily Renly was smiling, I'm sure he's come to some kind of agreement with the old fox.'

This was why Javier felt very unhappy but helpless to do anything to the situation. He was so unhappy that he felt slightly dejected. He did not blame the old fox, nor could he bring himself to find fault with him. After all, the old fox was defending against a group of people without a single assistant for himself. 'He's got our family's ancestors to take into account on the one hand and his family's descendants on the other. He's got no way of defending because the other one will end up being smashed to pieces should he choose one side to defend. There's just no scenario where he can defend both sides.'

After Javier entered, he noticed that the old fox was rolling a cigarette.

The old fox would never smoke cigarettes. At least, Javier had never seen him doing that before.

However, the old fox had a stick of rolled cigarette between his fingers at that moment.

Noticing Javier's gaze on his fingers, the old fox said, "Renly gave this to me, so do you think I should smoke it or not?"

Javier revealed an embittered smile. "He's chosen the perfect timing, so you can't get away without smoking it."

The old fox took a deep breath before he heaved a long sigh of relief. "I'm glad that you understand the situation and do not blame me for this."

Javier shook his head. "I don't blame you. I wouldn't be able to fight them if it were me." 'Renly's arrival and Angelina saying that her family's included must mean that all the families have been brought together, with the pillar of support being the Whites. The Kerseys wouldn't be afraid of the Whites on their own. After all, no nuclear missile would be afraid of another identical missile.

'However, several missiles are now banding together against us, which is bad news. Even if the Kerseys were to self-destruct and bring everyone down, the other missiles would still stick together and fire away, leaving us nowhere to run.

"This is the exact opportunity that the Whites are holding onto. Renly came here to force the old fox's hand, forcing him back so far that the old fox now has no choice but to smoke a stick of cigarette.

"However, this isn't the White Family's fault. If their family were to have developed something like this, we would have united with the other families and flushed them out as well. I would've had his grandfather forcefully taste what a glass of absolutely fine wine tastes like.

"Timing... Timing... It's always opportunities that would appear at the most perfect of timing yet disappear as quickly as it appears. We're the ones who created this opportunity, yet the Whites were the ones to grab onto it. At this point, there's no way the others would not join in to grab a piece of the pie!"

The old fox lowered his head as though to console himself. At the same time, he seemed to be consoling Javier not to take the matter to heart.

However, how could Javier possibly do such a thing? This was the first time someone held an entire

cannon aimed directly at him. Instead, rather than being able to fire his loaded cannon, he could only lower his head and do nothing.

Of course, Javier was also worried about Renly, leading the pack.

Others might not give up on the chance to swing a punch at him just because he had given up the fight. Neither William, Arthur, nor Renly would give up on such a chance. In fact, so long as it was a true enemy of the Kerseys, none of them would want to pass up on this wonderful opportunity. Thus, Javier needed to take the matter to heart and bide his time. He would lay low and wait for the chance to swing a decisive slash at the Whites one fine day.

The old fox, who's never smoked a rolled cigarette, is now doing so after being forced by a junior from the Whites. This is simply a humiliation directed at the old fox.

'Meanwhile, what I have to do is force Renly's grandfather, who's never drunk a single drop of alcohol, to taste the finest wine to return the favor!'

After taking a deep breath, Javier suppressed his dissatisfaction and looked at the old fox." What are you going to do now?"

Javier believed that the man he had been calling an old fox for the longest time would raise a white flag and surrender at a time like this.

Sure enough, the old fox still smiled happily.

"At the end of the day, it's a fact that someone's been able to dive in and get the drop on us. I've already contacted our country's leaders, but they're helpless to the situation as well because they're in the same boat as us. The entire world's ganging up to apply pressure on them. At the moment, the Whites have launched a two-pronged attack against both us and our country.

"So, in the end...the entire market will obtain a total of 700 billion dollars in profits, plus a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. We will take the money, while the aircraft carrier will belong to our country. The rule would be never to disclose this aircraft carrier's existence to the public. Meanwhile, nobody would be able to interfere with how it's developed since it's a new kind of aircraft.

"The hydrogen propulsion system is categorized as one of the five systems that can be shared but only for the construction of automobiles. We are absolutely forbidden from developing it for other uses.

Apart from that, we will gain sole precedence over this system for a year."

'I knew it! He would never surrender that easily, nor would the country.

'Now that we're being faced with pressure by the entire world, we can't carry on developing the hydrogen propulsion system. However, we can come up with other methods to resolve this issue.

'Naturally, the price for this would be to have an advanced nuclear-powered aircraft carrier be built, and this is a price that will end up causing Sammius a rather severe headache. "They can't possibly be happy about this price. They probably wouldn't even agree to have to pay this price at all.

'However, our country played them very spectacularly. We're not the ones who aren't agreeing to stop our development of the hydrogen propulsion system. Instead, it's Sammius who refuses to show us their sincerity.'

Thus, the flow of the entire situation had changed into pressure being applied against Sammius. They were also worried that Sammius would become the sole powerhouse, so they were not grabbing the opportunity to make Sammius bleed. Of course, Sammius wouldn't be able to feel pressured if it were only coming from one or two countries. But now that it was pressure coming from all over the world, and even a few major families, Sammius was powerless to do anything no matter how powerful they were. They still had to submit no matter how stoic they seemed. 1 In other words, Sammius, who was the one first to instigate this fight against China, was now being given a taste of their own medicine by

none other than China. Sammius was in to suffer a huge loss that time. Although three other countries would share these resources, Sammius was the only one capable of offering a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. Most importantly, they needed to fork out 200 billion out of the 700 billion dollars, unrestricted authority over the gifted aircraft carrier, and all for free...

Chapter 335 We Have Opportunities

Everywhere Javier believed that the issue with the hydrogen propulsion system being fought over had come to an end, temporarily.

Naturally, the Kerseys were the biggest winners out of this ordeal with 700 billion dollars at hand, plus they had managed to request a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier for China.

On the contrary, the biggest loser was, very naturally, Sammius. Although they were the most powerful country globally with 11 nuclear missiles in their pockets, everyone else ended up making them fork out 200 billion dollars and the aircraft carrier. However, the ones who were able to get their hands on the hydrogen propulsion system without having to do anything were, the major families, with the Whites leading the charge. Although a few countries had reaped the benefits on paper, they actually obtained the most benefits.

However, Javier still felt unhappy despite his family being the biggest winner.

After all, how could he possibly feel happy about it when he had ended up losing a huge slab of meat to Renly, who had also forced the old fox to admit defeat?

Javier had no choice but to put this vengeance at the back of his head for the time being until he had another opportunity to brandish his knife.

Javier would never be able to live down with his dissatisfaction and guilt toward the old fox until he had Renly's grandfather drink a glass of wine.

Seeming as though he could see through Javier's unhappiness, Zephiel said, "It's all right, at least you've got a year's worth of precedence in your hands. I'm sure you'll be able to take over a large portion of the market within that time. Or, you could think of the bigger picture that you're doing this for the world's benefit, which is everyone's." Javier knew that the old fox was referring to the environment since the whole world would be able to improve environmentally if the hydrogen propulsion system was installed throughout the world. Without any better way for the moment, Javier could only persuade himself as such. Giving up those meaningless thoughts, Javier asked, "What's happened to Wyatt and Uncle Arthur?"

Zephiel's expression instantly changed at the mention of their names. "They're going through a fierce dispute, which is what you wished, isn't it?" Javier instantly seemed unhappy. "What do you mean as I wished? They're the ones who came after me first. I'm a perfectly decent young man who abides by the laws without having greed or lustful thoughts. I haven't killed anyone, nor have I committed arson. Most importantly, I'm a patriot!

"I've just developed the hydrogen propulsion system and even got our country an aircraft carrier. Our family has earned 700 billion dollars too. Where else are you going to find such a decent grandson? It's too bad we don't have the Best Child Award within our family, or I'd definitely be the winner!" Zephiel shot Javier a glare. "Drop the act. Are you still refusing to admit that you've got an issue with your insight skills? Despite it being the same propulsion system, why have the Whites thought about using this in the military while you're only using it for cars?" Javier fell silent at that retort. After all, he had no choice but to admit he had indeed overlooked this matter.

However, immediately after that, Zephiel heaved a sigh and said, "Actually, I can't blame you for this at

the end of the day since I was the one who educated you since young that we should stick to purely being businessmen when we're in the business world. None of us could have expected things to develop so drastically.

"However, you've done very well for yourself by making me proud when I faced that little White boy just now. After all these years, the Whites have never sent us a single gift before, yet Renly came here with a stick of cigarette today.

"If it wasn't because they felt aggrieved, there's no way they would have brought me a stick of cigarette to humiliate me.

"Hydrogen propulsion system, eh? Tsk tsk, we were so close to starting a revolution. Do you realize that you almost created a legacy for yourself within the Kerseys, you little brat?" Zephiel seemed rather pleased at the mention of this matter.

It was just as he had said the Whites had very rarely sent out their descendants to visit Zephiel. In fact, they had not even sent anyone to attend the Kerseys' coming-of-age rite. Of course, they couldn't give out gifts since it would all depend on their mood!

Thus, the fact that Renly had brought over a stick of cigarette with him indicated it was an order by his grandfather!

His grandfather must have known that Zephiel had been smoking through a pipe for his entire life, so he deliberately had a stick of cigarette with him as a form of humiliation.

Of course, there was some other meaning to this cigarette, which was to be a huge gesture of respect to the Kerseys. 2

In the future, any mention of the Whites would be about how they had never given anyone any gifts whatsoever, with the sole exception of the Kersey family!

This would then become a struggle between two old foxes from two families, while Javier was considered to be the unlucky one who had become the stage of their battle.

However, Javier was never going to forget about the wine he was going to give the Whites. He needed to find an opportunity to get back at them for the old fox's sake.

Javier and Zephiel chatted for a while longer before Javier brought up his father once again. "You had me make a movie, and I've already won you an Osborne award. Now, you've had me get involved in the automobile industry, and I've developed the hydrogen propulsion system. I'm sure I will be able to win the WCOTY prize when China goes live in the market.

"So, how about you tell me about Dad?"

Zephiel waved his hand. "No way, not a single word."

Javier was rendered speechless. "What's wrong with you, you old fart? How stubborn are you!? I really should teach you a lesson on give and take, rather than you being the one to order me around forever."

Zephiel smiled happily. "What's the matter? Are you going to beat me up?" Javier instantly got up and retreated. Sure enough, a cup suddenly shot past his head with a whistling sound! If Javier had not dodged it in time, he would probably be bleeding profusely. "Look at you all grown up, you d*mn brat. To think you would even think of hitting me..." In truth, Javier had only said that on a whim. After all, there was no way he would dare actually to raise his hand against Zephiel. After that, Javier ran away hocus-pocus, not giving Zephiel a single opportunity to get back at him. However, the moment he arrived at the exit, his cell phone rang.

Javier took it out and realized that it was Quinna, who sounded in a panic the moment he answered.

"Where have you been!? You scared me! Your phone hasn't been on for a few hours, so I thought the police already caught you!" Javier suppressed his voice to sound different. 'This is the chief inspector of

Amazon Village. What's your relationship with Javier Kersey?" "F*ck off! How are you still able to joke around at a time like this!? Amazon Village? Why don't you just say that you're the leader of the Amazons?"

Quinna angrily retorted before she returned to being anxious. "Where are you hiding? Are you safe? Do you need money? I'll send you some if you do."

Javier wanted to chuckle, but he kept on his act and said, "Why would you contact me when the police are hunting me? Are you crazy?"

"It's exactly because you're being hunted by the police that I've been trying to contact you! I'm sure you didn't take that much cash when you were running, plus the police will surely have your bank account traced. How about this? You send me your personal account number that's convenient for you, and I'll send you some money. Let me know if it isn't enough."

Quinna's anxiousness and caring thoughts brought warmth to Javier's heart. "There aren't even that many married couples who can remain together without one of them running out on them after something serious happens.

'Although I do understand why they would do such a thing, I still think a married couple should stay together to take care of one another. Although Quinna isn't my wife, she's behaving like one. 'Although her degree of responsibility is against the law to a certain extent...'

In the end, Javier said, "Nothing's going to happen to me. When you reach a certain level in this world, you will realize that some people will end up dead because their country has allowed it. However, it wouldn't be convenient for the country to openly help out someone they didn't want to have dead, so some other kind Samaritan would gladly give a hand. When that happens, the country will just let it pass without asking for any consequences to be paid.

"Plus, Sammius won't come after me for this, nor does Samiere have the right to do so. In any case, I'm very safe right now, but I'll be flying back to the country in a few days. Also, have whatever production schedule that needs to be done carried on. This matter has already ended."

Quinna was dumbfounded. She was originally worried for Javier's safety, but the latter ended up seeming very calm about it.

On top of that, the strangest part about Javier was when he said that the issue with the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile had ended just because he said so. 'Is Javier...a god?'

Chapter 336 I'm Not Giving

Them Any Chances After hanging up the phone call with Quinna, Javier headed out to see Ciara. 'She's been here on the island the entire time, so she probably knows what's happening between William and Arthur the best, doesn't she?' However, when Javier brought up the question when they were eating, Ciara expressed that she had no idea what was happening.

"Both of them have been on the island the entire time. William seemed pretty busy previously, either discussing some major business or having a drink with some people from major families. But recently, he's been staying on the island quite obediently. Do you think it's because Grandpa gave him an earful?" Ciara was still too naive. However, she was protected by the old fox, so nobody would dare do anything to her. As such, her naivete was only logical.

Meanwhile, in Javier's eyes, the both of them were probably at the climax of their dispute, with neither party daring to leave the island.

They did not dare leave the island because they both wanted to take each other's lives. Although Javier did feel slightly unhappy about how the situation was progressing, the bright side was that he and his

woman were safe.

'If they decided for a ceasefire someday, call a truce, and return to their daily lives in peace, I wouldn't mind leaving all of this behind us as well. After all, we're a family. But if they still let their greed drive them, and they show no mercy toward their relatives... 'If that happens, I'll just end them wherever they stand.' After dinner, Javier and Ciara took a stroll on the island and enjoyed the night breeze. Javier felt rather comfortable having a beautiful woman by his side to accompany him. While they were walking, Ciara shook Javier's arm and began to behave coquettishly. "Can I discuss something with you?" Javier spoke in a serious manner. "No, absolutely not! We're out in the open, so there's no way I'll do it with you right here right now. Drop it!" Ciara embarrassedly said, "I wasn't talking about that! All you do is bully me nowadays!" After she was done being coquettish, Ciara said, "What I wanted to discuss with you was whether you could let me leave the island. I'm going to bore myself to death soon."

'I knew it! She's been staying here for so long that she can't take it anymore.' Javier had already thought about it clearly while they were strolling that he could not hide her forever.

'I may be able to keep Ciara in hiding, but I won't be able to do the same for Jade, Chessie, and Quinna as well. It's just unrealistic.

'In that case, I might as well just let Ciara out of here since neither William nor Arthur would dare to do anything to her for the moment.

'It will be easy for her to leave now that the both of them are at odds with one another. But if they were to become allies someday and come after us, there's no way she'll be able to leave then.'

Thus, Javier teased Ciara, "I could let you leave the island, but tell me...How many times are you prepared to serve me tonight?" Ciara embarrassingly said, "You're such a jerk!" Ciara being coquettish, genuinely did seem like another person completely. That was especially when her face had turned red as though she was drunk. However, Javier still had no idea how many times Ciara was going to be able to have fun with him.

After pursuing the matter continuously, Ciara raised a single finger.

Javier asked, "Just once?"

Ciara said in embarrassment, "One night."

Javier snickered cunningly. "You really are a cheeky one." Ciara was absolutely embarrassed and scolded Javier for being a jerk. After that, naturally, an indescribable situation took place within the mansion... Javier brought Ciara with him to say their goodbyes to the old fox the next day. Javier gave Ciara three options on the way there. "One, you come with me wherever I go. This way, I'll be able to protect you, and so will the people by my side. Two, you follow Chessie, I'm sure I don't have to explain any further about this option.

"Three, you live together with Jade. In's there as well, so I'll be able to relax with you being there."

Ciara raised her beautiful eyes and pondered for a moment before finally making her decision.

"I want to follow you, but you're always so hungry that I can't take it. I don't want to live with Chessie either since I'd definitely get bored of the killings after a while. I also don't want to live with Jade because she's a workaholic, which is just so boring!"

Javier seemed to be surprised. "I suppose you're right, so you should just stay on the island."

Ciara immediately panicked. "I wasn't finished! I'm trying to say that I want to move between Chessie and Jade so that I can move over to the other's place when I grow bored. Then, I'll fly over to see you whenever I miss you. Okay?" Javier laughed. "You're a rather greedy one." Ciara shook his arm. "Can I, Javier? Please?" Javier hurriedly stopped her and softly said, "Stop shaking me, or we're going to end up doing it right here, right now."

Ciara's face flushed. If it were not for the fact they were approaching the old fox's place, she definitely would have punched Javier.

There was nothing much to be said when they met Zephiel aside from a simple farewell and to take care of himself.

Just as Javier was about to leave, Zephiel suddenly called out to him.

Javier originally thought the old fox wanted to tell him something, but the latter hesitated for a moment and finally waved his hand. "Go on, leave me!"

"Do you have something you want to tell us, Grandpa?"

No matter how much Javier and Ciara pressed on the matter, Zephiel was still stubborn in remaining silent, only smiling and saying that it was a "secret".

Ciara pouted. "Grandpa's always tricking others. He says it's a secret, but it might actually be nothing but a trick to get us riled up!"

Javier thought for a moment. 'She's not entirely wrong since the old fox would indeed do such a thing 'However, I can't help but feel there's something different about him ever since the flag raising ceremony during the national day began. 'I just can't put my finger on what's different about him, plus there isn't anything obvious about him that's changed in terms of appearance. It's just a gut feeling.' After being unable to think of the reason, Javier decided to drop the matter and leave the island, with Ciara pulling him around like a prisoner being freed.

Zephiel's face was filled with kindness as he watched Ciara and Javier run off into the distance, and he smiled. "No rush, no rush at all. We've got all the opportunities we need..."

After returning to the country, Ciara immediately met up with Chessie because she had heard about the latter being shot.

Ciara was panicking a lot at the time, insisting on having their firearms team carry a missile to blast Saul into smithereens.

It was not until she heard that Saul had been given the death penalty with a reprieve that Ciara was able to calm down.

According to charges against Saul, the amount of drugs he had traded was enough for him to exchange for a missile to blast everyone away.

However, the judge decided to give the b*stard the death penalty with reprieve out of his humanity. In actuality, the public supported this decision because, to Saul, remaining alive to repent for his sins was much better than giving him a quick death. He was now deprived of his hearing, sight, taste, and mobility. Thus, all he can do every day is to think.

But that was literally all he could do. In fact, even if he wanted to say something to anyone, all he could muster out of his mouth was "ahh".

At that moment, in his heart, he regretted his life for firing that shot at Chessie. If he had been willing to hand over his territory obediently and then run overseas while the case had not been investigated yet, he would have been able to enjoy a lifetime of luxury!

However, humans would always be taken over by their greed. In the end, Saul was granted an excruciating life of living like a corpse until the day his death penalty was met out.

However, Javier did not understand his suffering, nor did he want to. Instead, he only wanted China to hurry up and get listed on the market!

Chapter 337 Righteousness

When the plane landed, Javier immediately arranged for GTR and Running Man to send Ciara to Chessie's, while he himself had Herschel with him as they headed to the Heisenberg Group. Even though Quinna had already known that Javier was going to be back, she still could not help but feel a little shocked when she saw him showing up in the company so openly. After all, Javier had eliminated six foreigners in front of everyone's eyes, so he would be in some sort of trouble at least, right? However, the truth was he was not facing any problems at all. In fact, Javier seemed very relaxed, as though nothing had happened previously. "Honey, what's going on? Why has the FIA stopped investigating the matter?" Javier wrapped his arm around Quinna and sniffed her fragrance as he replied, "I've already told you what the result of the investigation is through the phone, so whatever's left is no longer our concern. We don't need to trouble ourselves to feel bothered with what happened as well.

"There are some levels that are too high. You not only shouldn't get involved in it, but it's best if you don't know about it as well."

Quinna instantly understood and knew that someone from a much higher level must have helped Javier. Although she did not know who it was, all she cared about was that Javier was safe and sound. However, she was still rather curious about something. "How did you know about this, and how did you handle your affairs? Do you have a judge in your family or something?" Javier laughed. "A judge? There's no such thing at all. My family runs a business, and the only difference is that it's a little big." Quinna turned her head and asked, "Does this mean you're from a mega-wealthy family then? I'd better serve you well so that you don't run off then."

While feeling up Quinna's slender waist, Javier replied, "That'll be easy..." After flirting around in Quinna's office for a long time, Javier headed off to meet Walt. After all, he would only gain precedence to his hydrogen propulsion system for a year, so he needed to use all the time he had and take control of most of the market.

Walt was very surprised when he saw Javier, not expecting the ferocious man who had murdered others in plain sight to have still the courage to show up.

However, before he could ask Javier about it, he received a phone call from his superiors.

The gist of the phone call was for Walt to prioritize getting China onto the market, just like what Javier had told Quinna previously.

Javier even made his stand very clear. Walt did not need to bother himself with the details. All he needed to know was that Javier had acted within the law.

(Holy sh*t! Javier's got such huge connections above of him, so huge that he can even wipe off homicide! This is just insane.)

"Mr. Kersey, you are an unpredictable man, truly..." Walt exclaimed in shock, but Javier was not there to discuss that.

He needed to grab hold of whatever time he had and push out his hydrogen propulsion system as quickly as possible. "Mr. Schrader, I'm sure you're aware we only have a year of precedence, so do you have any opinions on this?"

Walt immediately suppressed his shock toward Javier at the mention of official business and began pondering the precedence they had been granted: "I've been thinking from the moment I heard about this from my superiors. This precedent is very important, and we must make use of every opportunity to take over as many of the local markets as we can. Of course, it would be even better if we could gain the foreign markets' attention.

"As such, I'm prepared to have all of our ongoing and future automobile projects placed on hold

temporarily. We will gather all of the Heisenberg Group's manpower to install this new system into a new car model. We'll have the Heisenberg Group develop as much as we can and bring our reputation throughout China.

"This way, after our precedence ends, we'll be able to make a huge comeback, becoming the true pioneer of locally-produced cars!"

Javier did not know whether to criticize Walt for thinking too small or that the people on his level all had that much imagination in their heads.

"Mr. Kersey, do you think my initial planning is to your liking?"

Walt was looking to obtain Javier's acknowledgment.

Javier sat on the sofa and lighted up a cigarette, which Quinna took it away from him for herself immediately. Thus, he had to light another one for himself.

Under the "smoky" atmosphere, Javier finally said, "My suggestion is a little different from yours, Mr. Schrader. In fact, it might even harm the Heisenberg Group's interests."

Walt was slightly stunned, not understanding what Javier meant. However, he looked at Quinna's calm expression-she seemed to have known the answer long ago.

Javier had not said a word about it to Quinna before, so she had managed to deduce it all by herself, including what Javier was truly thinking inside.

"My suggestion is to have the technology for the hydrogen propulsion system shared amongst all of the decent automobile companies instead of just confining it to the Heisenberg Group. I want everyone to be able to produce this technology and have the market completely taken over within the year.

"It's not just the local market I'm after, but also foreign markets.

"At the end of the day, I still think that this isn't just a battle for Heisenberg and Reivaj to

Dear, but the entire country. If they gang up against us, we will end up being in a territory struggle to see who gets a bigger piece of the pie, which is not what should happen.

"We should be focusing on working together to fight against the foreign forces. We must refuse any of the foreign companies to gain the chance to make use of our technology and grab the market after our year's up. We mustn't give them any chances!" Javier's statement caused Walt to frown.

Chapter 338

He's Like a Teenager Being Rebellious Walt did not think Javier's plan was bad. On the contrary, he thought that Javier's idea was brilliant and accurate.

However, since he was the Heisenberg Group's chairman and CEO, he needed to consider his company's future development first and foremost

Their country's future had been handed to his company, so he needed to consider the Heisenberg Group.

Javier thought Walt's imagination was being confined by his seat, which was the case. As the company's leader and decision-maker, he couldn't not take all of these into account. Just as he was pondering, Quinna suddenly spoke up. "I support Mr. Kersey's suggestion, Mr. Schrader."

After that, she shared her point of view. "This technology used to be ours forever, but now we're only given one year of precedence. Whose fault is it for putting on these shackles around our necks? It's the FIA and the foreign automobile companies in cahoots with them. "Why would they put these shackles on us? It's because they're worried about us taking over the market, affecting their future profits. Our superiors have helped us gain a year's worth of time because they want us to be able to take over as much of the market as we can. "If we were to only rely on the Heisenberg Group alone, how many cars

would we be able to develop in a year? How many units will we be able to manufacture and sell? Perhaps our unique technology might allow us to capture a portion of our company's market, but the foreigners are planning on depriving this technology of our countrymen!

"When Samere threatened us, our peers immediately stood on our side without hesitation. So, if we were to launch our counterattack without including them, possibly even attacking their market...

"Then, to be honest, I don't know what this year of precedence would be good for. Is it purely for the Heisenberg Group to maintain its interests? We're indeed a company, but on top of that, we're the pioneer for locally-produced cars.

"I believe this title of ours isn't meant to bring our company to riches. Instead, we should be behaving like the hardworking chief of the village, leading all of its villagers to greater prosperity. As for whether the chief itself manages to become rich or not, it is a question for later on.

"We're also going to be leading everyone to go up against the foreigners. Based on the strength of our peers, I'm sure we will be able to cause the foreign automobile industries a large headache by banding together to take over the market. It will be enough for them to get a run for their money for coming after us. "Moreover, if we go at this ourselves, we'll only be harming our peers' interests at the end of the day..." Quinna had said a lot, her words rather relentless as they pierced Walt's heart like countless needles.

He remained silent for a moment before he suddenly slammed his table. "Let's do it! "F*ck what our superiors want! Let's do it! We're the leading pioneer, so we can't just think of ourselves and leave our peers behind. We should be the one who raises an iron fist and teach those f*cking foreigners a lesson! "If push comes to shove, I'm going to show them those foreign f*ckers a piece of my mind for daring to put shackles over my neck, even if it means I have to abandon my position as the CEO! I'll show them that we Chineans aren't easy targets for them to trample over!"

Walt's passion had been completely ignited.

He was not a coward, to begin with, nor was he afraid of losing his position. Instead, he had just been taking into account his company's interests previously.

However, now that Walt had given up on those trivial thoughts, he shifted his sight toward the entire country's automobile industry. He wanted to lead the Chineans and teach his foreign competitors a lesson, launching a major counterattack!

Javier raised his thumb. "Well said, Mr. Schrader!"

Javier genuinely admired Walt's decisiveness because that was not a decision anyone would be able to make so easily.

He dared to suggest such a thing to Quinna because they would at most only be abandoning their benefits.

However, Walt would be abandoning much more. In fact, he was going to be risking his career and future. However, Walt still chose to do it for his country, nothing else. At that critical moment, Walt behaved the same as his other peers when they were being threatened by Samere previously. They had all chosen to stand on the same side, even if they would discard greater profits. Such was the attitude and vigor a Chinese automobile company should demonstrate! Quinna raised her thumb as well. "Nice one, Walt!" Walt reached out his thumbs at both youngsters before laughing out loud. It would be every country's dream to have a young leader like Walt, who had a good conscience.

Thus, even if Walt would end up having his position as CEO abolished, he would willingly face it because he was having the time of his life!

After the trio was done with their discussion, they did not even call for an upper management meeting.

Instead, Walt used all of his power to promote the hydrogen propulsion system forcefully. He had all of the ongoing and pending automobile developments placed on hold before having everyone focus on developing this system. At the same time, he even gave a few of his peers phone calls to personally round up all of the bigshots within the automobile industry.

The next morning, Walt and these bigshots began discussing the sharing of technology inside the Heisenberg Group's boardroom. "I'm not a fool, and neither are the people within the Heisenberg Group. I understand that by doing so, I will end up reducing a huge amount of profit and territorial gain by doing this. However, with this one-year precedent in place, we shouldn't be thinking about how we can each mark our own territory within the market. Instead, we should all work together and mass-develop our cars with this technology and have it pushed throughout the entire country's market. "We're not trying to mark our territory but to take away all of the foreign brands' territory. We're going to show those b*stards that we're not to be trifled with! "As such, I, Walt Schrader, as the CEO of the Heisenberg Group, formally announce that we will be sharing the technology for our hydrogen propulsion system to everyone here for free and without any additional conditions. I only have one objective, and that's to beat those mother f*ckers down to the ground so hard that they will never try to boast in front of us ever again!" Walt's declaration caused everyone inside the boardroom to be stunned. Each of them clearly knew what impact this system would bring to the market and the amount of profits it would bring. Although the Heisenberg Group only had a short year, they would still be able to massacre all of their competition by focusing on churning out new products with this technology for themselves. However, Walt chose to lay down his sword before his brethren instead of doing that. In fact, he was now offering for all of them to team up, even ruining his collaboration with the other brand in order to be born anew. Everyone there had once thought of causing pain to the Heisenberg Group but did not do so. But it was now staring at them in their faces. Most importantly, it was the Heisenberg Group that was giving up on such a huge opportunity to gain tremendous amounts of profits to create a chance for everyone. Plus, from that day onward, they were all going to be allowed to build decent cars that they could proudly announce as locally produced. These people would no longer have to live under the mercy of the brands they were working in collaboration with anymore!

Chapter 339 It's a Steal

"Mr. Schrader, bless you for this greater good!"

Led by the Gilee Group's boss, one of the automobile companies there, everyone applauded as hard and genuine as they could for Walt's righteous act.

Then Walt gestured to Javier. "It's not me. It's Mr. Kersey!"

The hydrogen propulsion system was Javier's. Walt would have to go through him first, even if he wanted to share it. After all, Javier was the one who held the global patent. If he disagreed, it would be futile no matter how much they cheered.

When the bosses heard that Javier was the one who had made the suggestion and given up on all the profit, they applauded him as well.

"Mr. Kersey has led an excellent example for us in the face of greater good and bad. He's shown the generosity, righteousness, and patriotism of a Chinese automobile maker!"

"Mr. Kersey is young, promising, and passionate about the Chinese automobile industry. We're so proud of you!"

"Mr. Kersey and his ambition for the greater good. We automobile industry veterans are very proud of you individually and on behalf of the local automobile industry!"

Everyone wanted to make money. Anyone who set up a company for business wanted to make money. These present local automobile industry veterans wanted to make money too.

Despite that, there were different times to make money. When the greater good of one's nation had a conflict with personal interest, these bigshots picked the right choice without hesitation. They all expressed that they were going to work together and use this one year to triumph over foreign automobile companies. They only had one wish-that was to show those foreigners the strength of unity from Chinese car makers!

Javier was the first to express his stance in the meeting later.

"I voluntarily give up the 30% profit of Chinese car sales that the Reivaj Group would receive partnering with the Heisenberg Group. Under the circumstances that cost and quality are both assured, we'll sell the cars with zero profit!"

The Gilee Group's boss also announced, "I relinquish all profit made from Chinese cars as a venture between the Gilee Group and the Heisenberg Group. Under the circumstances that cost and quality are both assured, we'll sell the cars with zero profit!"

Each local automobile company boss announced their stance as they all yielded all profit that came from the car model, Chinese, selling it with zero profit.

They were not selling cars. They were in a battle. They were going to beat up all those foreign automobile companies. A year was not a long time, but they believed that the joint effort of all Chinese automobile manufacturers would suffice to do an excellent job beating up those foreign carmakers. They were not making money anymore. They had to get their dignity back. This was the pride of Chinese carmakers, this was the pride of all Chinese!

Finally, each automobile company promised in the meeting that the hydrogen cars manufactured by whichever production line among them would all use the brand name Chinese and stay uniform in terms of quality assurance and zero profit-making. They would be the same hydrogen-fueled cars with different exteriors but the same conscience.

Not only were they promoting it nationwide, but they were also marketing it abroad. They wanted to extend the smoke of their war overseas and burn those foreign automobile companies. They wanted the foreigners to realize, in pain, that Chinese automobile manufacturers who had been pushovers were now stabbing knives right into their hearts!

The meeting was fully video-recorded, and with the company bosses' consent after that, the video was uploaded on the main page of each automobile company's website. There was no press conference, but the action was undoubtedly more shocking than one.

The media and press reported about it the moment they could, and even entertainment news was riding on this wave of popularity. The reason was simple. It was viral. Whether one wanted to buy a car or not, all the netizens were paying attention to this piece of news. Even the children knew that Chinese was building a car brand-one that was made in joint effort by all Chinese automobile companies.

The kids had yet to understand patriotism, but they knew how to show off.

"My daddy says that he'll buy a Chinese car once it's sold. It's much cooler than your BMW and his Mercedes-Benz!"

Every Chinese national was paying attention to this car. They had been let down by the local automobile industry too many times, but this time, they were willing to trust it again, even at the cost of being deceived.

Quoted from a certain netizen: "When all the local automobile companies are in this fight together, why can't I contribute just a little of what I could afford on behalf of them when I coincidentally need a car?"

Even if the quality couldn't compare to the car I used to have, even if I'm actually cheated by, I'd be willing to as long as their determination to fight foreign carmakers is real!"

You wanted war, and I had the need—why should I not help you but the foreign automobile companies? Furthermore, the netizens were overjoyed when the Chinese car's retail price was fixed. It was because the relevant national agency had stepped up and made a public announcement regarding the car's retail price through various channels.

"After our evaluation and inspection, it is true that this car has committed to a zero-profit sale."

It was a simple sentence of acknowledgment, but it represented absolute authority. This was not some expert popping up and speaking. This was the country using its credibility and supporting the brand.

When the formal acknowledgment appeared on the computer screen, Walt punched the table with delight painted on his face. "F*ck, I knew the higher-ups would understand us!"

As the head of a national company, it was rather inappropriate for Walt to blurt that, but he could care less right now. He was over the moon that the country had approved what they were doing. Walt then received a call from the higher-up. There was no instruction but a compliment, "You've led very well as Heisenberg's head! Very well, this is the courage of brandishing one's sword to all the paper tigers one should have. This is the determination of launching an attack at foreign companies one should have..."

The superior's compliment fueled Walt's confidence. This was not a personal encouragement from an individual bureaucracy man but a show of approval and support to what he had done from the country.

A Chinese man should possess the true character of what a Chinese man should have. Since they could create a marvel, why should they fight internally? They should show it to the foreigners so they would know how good Chinese were! After ending the call with the higher-up, Walt was filled with hope for the future. Locally, all the automobile companies were together in this battle. They had the advanced technology before them and the support of their country and its people behind them. Walt was brimming with confidence regarding this war. He could not help shouting in his office, "Cheers to being young and rigorous! A left punch to XX and a right hook to XX, we're beating all of them up!" Following the local automobile companies' joint effort, the day of the Chinese cars getting listed crept up slowly. The Internet was filled with articles and reports about the Chinese cars. Some were slanders, and some were praises—there were all sorts of voices. The majority of the mainstream opinions were still in support of the Chinese car and compliments to the local companies for working together. Countless people were waiting for the car to get listed as they were filled with anticipation for it. They wanted to see how powerful the hydrogen-fueled car that could make foreign carmakers join hands for oppression was. They wanted to see if the car could make them proud! Finally, day after day of anticipation, the Chinese car was listed.

Chapter 340 Blissful Woes

Tom Harry had come to the Heisenberg Group's car dealership early this morning. Car dealerships usually opened at eight in the morning, but due to the popularity of the Chinese car, he had come an hour in advance.

It was only seven in the morning when Tom arrived at Heisenberg's car dealership, thinking on the way that he would surely be the first person, only for him to realize that it was utter bullsh*t when he was there. There were at least a few hundred people at the door.

This was an area concentrated with car dealerships as many of them were opened here, including dealerships that sold cars from Yuzuia and Hildegard.

In the past, busy was what they were while empty was what Heisenberg's dealership was. Today, however, was the opposite. Dealerships that sold cars from Yuzuia and Hildegard opened early as well

from the news that they must have gotten somewhere, but their stores were empty despite the parking lots in front of them being full.

When a customer finally went in, and the sales representative welcomed him warmly, the customer asked with a long face, "I have a stomachache. Can I borrow your washroom?" He was going to Heisenberg's car dealership to collect his car, but he came to another shop to poop. Excuse me, inappropriate much?

That was not nice, but there was nothing that could be done about it, not like they could chase the guy out. Nevertheless, Heisenberg's car dealership was the only door that remained closed, opening at 8:00 a.m. as usual.

Seeing that there were increasingly more people now, Tom was a little anxious. How could he grab himself a car when there were so many people? How many units could a car dealership have? Dozens were already impressive, and that would include all other brands, so there would definitely not be as many Chinese cars.

He could not help trying to think of the shortcuts he could use and called his brother-in-law.

"Hello, your friend's father's bro is a sales manager in Heisenberg's dealership, right? Help your brother-in-law out. Turns out I need to make a reservation for the car. Pull some strings for me. I'm at Heisenberg's dealership right now!"

Said brother-in-law yawned. "Bro, this car at Heisenberg has no discount, not a single cent. The country is basically endorsing it, zero-profit sales. It won't do even if you pull a string all the way to Heisenberg's chairman. They're only getting the cost back, not an extra penny." Watching the incoming crowd, Tom was antsy. "Who told you I'm looking for a discount? I mean, pull some strings for me. I want to get a car from their sales manager."

Said brother-in-law replied in surprise, "You don't have enough money? That'd be hard to get a car. It's already nice enough that they aren't making any profit from you, but you want to drive a free car away?"

Finding it impossible to explain, Tom hung up and video recorded a short clip around him to send it to his brother-in-law.

"Here, look, this is what the place looks like now. Driving a free car away? Do you think I can get away? I'd be thankful if I could actually collect a car!"

Tom's brother-in-law was dumbstruck. "Sh*t, so many people are buying the car?" It was only then he realized the purpose of Tom calling him. Judging by the crowd, buying a car would be a challenge without pulling some strings.

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He quickly called his friend then, asking his friend to contact his father then his father's friend. It was a lot of twists and turns, challenging, but promises to buy meals and favors owed finally earned a promise from the sales manager. "I'll see what I can do about it. I'll try keeping one for you if the opportunity arises."

If this were in the past, the sales manager would have to grin wide and bright upon receiving such a call because it would mean there would be another car sold, but he was woeful today. Why was another one sold now? There were not enough units!

The manager wished he could throw the sales representatives in the dealership to the production line so they could help manufacture cars....

Once the clock hit 8:00 a.m., Heisenberg's car dealership opened its door. People rushed in like a tidal wave and filled up the store until the staff could only call the police when there was nothing they could

do. "Please, hurry and come. Get the customers out for us. We're dying!" No car dealership would ever call the police to chase their customers out. It would be like shooting fortune away. That was what Heisenberg did, though, and the staff made the call in front of all their customers.

It was not that they were looking down on their customers, but there were too many of them. They did not even have enough car units in the dealership to sell!

Afraid that it would cause a mass fight or accidental stampede, the local police officers arrived shortly. They, too, were stunned upon arrival. What could they do? It was only the three of them. How were they supposed to put a few hundred people to order? They paged back to the control center for a live response.

According to the situation, the control center sent five additional police cars and finally calmed the crowd down. "We have to guard this place just because people want to buy cars. This is crazy. It's gotten this viral..."

The deputy chief who headed the team was muttering to himself when his subordinate came over.

"Deputy chief, we got them in order now. I'd like to queue up as well." The deputy chief was surprised.

"Things are already under control. Why are you queueing up? It's fine. Just keep an eye on them from afar." "No, sir. See, I'm going to get married. We got a mortgage on our house and hadn't planned to buy a car first, but Chinese is so cheap while its engine and specifications are amazing. I

discussed it with my wife and thought we could get one.

"I took today off thinking to come and buy the car but was called back to duty suddenly, so..."

The deputy chief was rendered speechless. His own man was going to buy a car too. Was this Chinese car so magical? He was already in his fifties and did not usually spend his time online, so he naturally did not pay much attention to things like this.

When he heard from the officer about the engine and the car's specifications, as well as the country-endorsed zero-profit sale, he wanted one too.

"Queue up? What queue? We're on duty now. What if a stampede happens because you're away? Stand here and stay guard! You're not allowed to wander off!"

After ordering his subordinate away, the deputy chief sneaked into the car dealership.

His son would graduate from university soon, and he needed a car to drive around when he worked.

This Chinese car sounded like a decent option. Hence, he thought he could talk to the sales manager and skip queueing. He could buy one internally. If there was enough stock, he would get a slot for his subordinate as well.

However, when the deputy chief found the sales manager, the latter was already nursing a headache.

"It's not just you. Your chief called me personally just now, asking me to keep a car for him. The problem is I need to have a car available, though!"