

The Ace at the Apex

Chapter 361 Mei Hachison,

Family Leader The Hachison estate incident quickly gained the attention of the local law enforcement. A skirmish involving guns and bazookas was about as serious as a small-scale war. When one pinned that conflict on a region as sensitive as the Hachisons' residency, it was no wonder the local police immediately moved out. Local forces stopped dead at the entrance to the estate almost as soon as they arrived. Shock prevented them from moving any closer.

The enemy troops, as they quickly realized, were armed to the teeth with weapons even more advanced than the equipment the Yuzuean army possessed. They also quickly realized that many of those now standing opposite them within the estate were important elders and higher-ups of the Hachison Family. The leader of the group? The daughter of the Hachison Family's main branch and former family leader, Mei. 1

It came as a world-shattering shock even to the over fifty-year-old captain of the force, who was just about to retire in a few days. He intuitively knew that the best choice to make was not to pursue an investigation, but he had a duty as soon as he answered the call. Steeling himself, he approached Mei and began speaking politely. "Miss Hachison, may I ask
"Get out of my way."

She did not give him a chance to finish, nor did she spare him a glance. She went straight from zero to downright aggression.

The captain was embarrassed, but there was little he could do besides bear her umbrage without retorting. God, he wished he could "get out of her way" too, but...orders were orders, and this incident was making way too much commotion for him to look the other way.

He feigned a smile and tried again. "With all due respect, Miss Hachison
"

She whipped her face in his direction pointedly without giving him the chance to finish. "You weren't here to enforce justice ten years ago, so you have no right to interfere ten years later. I'm telling you for the last time: Get. Out. Of. My. Way."

It was far from a howl of rage, but the steel in her snarl was blood-chilling enough not to be missed. If the captain decided to press on, he might not live to see the sun rise.

At least he managed to discern from scant details that this was "an internal affair" of the family, which was more than enough to report to his superiors. He quickly led his force away from the venue. The team had only made it back into their cars and were just about to start their engines when he saw a herd of people being dragged out with their hands tied.

As one of the locals, the captain recognized them immediately. These were members of the "actual" royal family and direct family members of the other current family leader, Xion Hachison. All thirteen of them had become captives, including Xion himself.

"Oh, sh*t!" he cursed, Motioning to his underling, he expressed his wish to leave hurriedly. "Even Xion? What happened ten years ago is gonna happen again right now, lads. We gotta hightail it out of here right now!"

The captain remembered what had happened ten years ago clearly enough. It was a night when everything had suddenly changed, a night when all the flags bearing the Hachisons' original emblem had been changed to Xion's. Now, the same flags were going down, and when the morning broke, new ones bearing Mei's emblem would rise...

Things had gone past the point of no return. There was nothing the local police could do now. Xion's face was bloody because of the wound caused during his retaliation against the invaders. One of them made a cut on his cheek when they had swatted at him with the butt of their gun.

An underling quickly reported to Mei. "All thirteen members of his family have been captured, miss." All thirteen-no more, no less. Mei knew that already. It was why she had picked this day. Tomorrow would be Xion's birthday, after all, and every member of his family would race to celebrate the leader's birthday. It was the perfect chance for Mei to enlist Javier's help and destroy them in one fell swoop. She grabbed a sword with a blade more than a meter long and approached them, dragging its tip against the ground. Sparks flew as she loomed over Xion, who was forced to his knees.

"Remember what happened ten years ago?" she asked placidly. Xion had a backbone made of steel. Showing no signs of fear, he replied, "I've been preparing for a day of retribution like this one since that fateful day!"

Mei nodded and swung, lopping off his first son's head. The man's head rolled down a gushing stream of red and stopped near Xion.

"You ready for all of this?" she asked again. The sight pained Xion so much that he could feel his heart trembling in his chest. His eyes twitched, but he gritted his teeth and summoned all his rage. "Of course I am! The only regret I have is letting you live. I should have killed you too back then!" Mei nodded again and decapitated Xion's daughter-in-law. "You're right. What you've done has served as a warning for me. I learned from your failure to show no mercy...so I'm killing all 13 members of your family today." She paused and added, "Including your one-year-old grandson."

Xion turned to the bawling toddler and found his strength failing. His jaw loosened, and tears streamed down from his eyes. He loved his grandson-he loved this precious, adorable little person so much, And now, what he had done back then had come back to haunt his precious grandchild. A deluge of guilt and remorse overwhelmed him. He started regretting killing his younger brother and his family. None of this would have happened if he had never done it.

Seeing Mei begin her killing spree bamboozled Gusman, who immediately asked Herschel why the White Family was somehow involved in this, Why was their attack aimed at the Hachison Family? "The hell is going on with you Kerseys' dogs?!" he thundered, realizing that something big had gone down. He had to recall his men and split ways with the Kerseys' forces, Herschel wrapped his arm around Gusman's shoulders, chuckling. "Come on, you shouldn't be making decisions for your mistress, right? What if what you're doing now ends up costing the Soroys? I mean, you can totally recall your troops and retreat, man. Ain't no one stopping you. But you Soroys kinda had a hand in this, you know? If y'all leave our alliance, you're gonna have to handle the White Family's retaliation all on your own. "The Kersey Family has no problem dealing with their pressure alone, man. They won't really suffer. But you Soroys probably don't have that luxury, huh?" Herschel cackled, obviously feeling self-satisfied.

It rubbed Gusman the wrong way, but now was not the time to dwell on his personal annoyance. He turned his attention to his phone and tried to call Angelina. To his relief, this time, the call was connected.

"Miss Angelina! We've been fooled! We weren't sent here for training. Javier Kersey led us to the Hachisons and made us participate in a coup..." Angelina had just gotten out of bed-though even a simple action like that demanded all the strength she had left. Her limbs felt limp and fatigued. Since yesterday evening, the only thing Javier had been doing was having sex, sex, sex. It had felt like heaven at first, as she had thought it was the physical proof of his affection.

By nightfall, though, she had begun to feel the throes of fatigue. This incubus' advances had no limit. They were getting longer, more tiring, and strength-sapping. Even when it seemed like he was finished, he would begin to tease her anew, stifling her with foreplay that primed her basal, carnal lust and drowned out her better judgment.

The cycle repeated itself. He would not even let her sleep. – Angelina felt as though she was going to drop dead anytime now. “My king, please stop this already. Just stop, please! I need to get this call...”

She quickly seized the phone to escape Javier's carnal cage, though her legs had lost so much energy that she had to crawl to get it. It was a relief not to see Javier catch up to her and drag her back to bed. Sighing, she answered the call-only to hear Gusman's report.

She stiffened.

Then, she listened wordlessly as Gusman explained everything. She hung up the call, feeling stunned, and turned to Javier. Shock mutated into rage that shot out of the scowl she leveled at him.

So that was the real reason he had been smothering her with sex. It was not love or affection.

It had all been a cruel distraction, one meant to stop her from detecting something was amiss. “Javier, you son of a b*tch, You've been playing me!”

Chapter 362 Your Achievement Angelina was apoplectic.

She had been dragged through sugar-coated torment for almost two days to what felt like the brink of death...only to find out what he had done. Now, her brain was nearly fried. Gusman's troop had been led to unwittingly aid a coup d'état within the Hachison Family!

Angelina already knew that Renly had gone to see the Hachison Family leader a few days ago. It was the Whites' recognition and acknowledgment of their ally in action. And yet, before long, the Soroy's had done something that was basically a b*tch slap and a middle finger combined.

There was no way she could deflect by claiming it was an accident or use literally any excuse she could dredge up. Even if she explained herself so hard her face turned blue, the Whites would find it irrelevant. There was no way to explain by this point-that was how far the narrative had shifted.

The fact of the matter-a fact known by everyone who mattered-was that the Soroy's had caused an upheaval within the Hachison Family and had done so in spite of the Whites' explicit relationship with it. No apologies could salvage what was broken now. The damage was as irreversible as slapping a king's cheek. Who cared if one later apologized or even tried to offer reparations?

The faux pas could not be worse.

“I saw you as my beau! How could you betray my trust like that?” she fumed, feeling livid. Javier knew that meant his plan had worked. Lying comfortably on the bed, he exhaled a few breaths of smoke.

“Now, now. If I am your beau, as you put it, then we're on the same team, aren't we? How is this any kind of betrayal?”

His despicable lack of shamelessness exasperated Angelina. “But this isn't the same. This is different. It's a game with different rules! You can't just...combine them and pretend they are the same!”

Javier seemed surprised by the revelation. “You're telling me that all I can do as your 'beau' is hear you call me your king? That's it? I can't ask for your help when I'm in trouble because you'll ally yourself with someone else and join the attack? I can't ask you for help when I need to solve a problem because you wanna leave your family out of it? Is that it? Then why do I need you, Angelina? To have someone backstab me whenever it's convenient?”

Angelina was at a loss for words. She had been in the wrong last time, and him questioning her today

made it even harder to form an answer, even though she knew what it was.

Her family came first.

That was the answer, and yet she could not say it out loud.

"In my opinion, I think I've been a nice guy to you, Angelina. I'm willing to risk my life to save you, but the way you stabbed me in the back when things came to a precipice? God, you didn't even hesitate, did you?"

"I guess that means we're even now. This is goodbye, Angelina, You and I are now on different paths. You could apologize to the White Family if you like...so long as they accept your apology, that is."

Accept her apology? As if! After she had turned against them so brazenly for the whole world to see, the Whites could not possibly accept her apology even if their interests aligned. The only solution left for the Soroyes was to ally themselves with the Kerseys.

An alliance between these two families was the only entity capable of withstanding every other prominent family's challenge. Resentful or not, Angelina never lost sight of reason. In the back of her head, she knew the Kerseys' wealth and the Soroyes' firearms combined could make them a force to be reckoned with. Angelina could only say yes. She crossed the distance and threw herself onto the bed, her hands closing around Javier's neck furiously. "You vengeful piece of sh*t! You did all of this on purpose to spite me over your stupid grudge and force me into joining you!" Javier pressed himself against her legs. "Guilty as charged. This is the price you pay for backstabbing me, sweetie. I don't care if it's you or Renly White-I will not tolerate anyone making a move behind my back. Never!"

She glared right into his eyes. A long beat later, she snarled, "Oh yeah? Then I'll make my move right in front of your eyes!" Her revenge followed her threat at once. After an hour or so of a shrieking frenzy, the room settled into a pensive silence. Javier pulled Angelina into his arms, cuddling her, and started to speak. "I wasn't trying to play you, Angelina. I'm trying to lead you on the right track. My real target is Renly...And man, I bet he's faceplanted really hard by now."

· Angelina let her thoughts race in the ensuing silence before finally nodding.

Was this the right move to make? She could not tell for certain. But at that moment, at the very least, she was sure no one would dare go up against an alliance between them. They might have humiliated the Whites and made an enemy out of them, but for now, they could only endure this loss and do nothing beyond gnashing their teeth since the Soroyes had an ally in the Kerseys. When two of the world's behemoths worked together, their combined might could very well cause an earthquake. Outside the Hachison estate, Mei had her people take 12 freshly-decapitated heads, including the one belonging to Xion, away.

She had intentionally left the thirteenth head alone...because it belonged to a child. A one-year -old who knew precious little about life at that. Mei would rather endure the possibility of the child growing up to get revenge on her than take an innocent life.

She returned to her estate and arranged the heads on the altar. Then, soaked in fresh blood, she fell on her knees and keened.

"Father! Mother! I've avenged you...God, I've avenged you..."

No other words would come to her. Every other word failed her,

Memories raced like a rush of blood into her head. The night of that bloody massacre ten years ago haunted her with its cruel, vivid, unapologetically gruesome details. What was unjust had finally been righted, even if it had taken a decade Mei harbored no illusions. She knew that all this had only been possible because of Javier's magnanimity. Without him, the day of Xion's reckoning would have never come. The Hachisons' defense was only relatively weak against Javier's incredibly trained, armed-

to-the-teeth militia. It would have put up an uphill battle against Mei's own reserves alone. Tonight, though, they had done it. They had broken through the enemy's defense. They had captured Xion's direct family. And the deepest wound of hatred and grudge in Mei's heart could finally heal. She left the altar room and approached Herschel. "Mr. Lord, I'll be forever grateful for your help tonight." The man waved hurriedly. He knew she was being courteous, but he would not accept such praise from her even for courtesy's sake. "I, uh, it wasn't me. It was all my boss," he replied before introducing Gusman. "Ah, this is the man of the hour! He's the Soroy's peerless fighter, Gusman. These people are really his men. You know, he's actually Miss Angelina Soroy's best, shrewdest, and most courageous godd*mn hero!" It was a rather hammed-up compliment, but Gusman quietly relished in it. Still, he managed to shoot a glare at Herschel edgewise, even though they had been on good working terms back in Hyliveskia. "Doesn't change the fact that I'm disappointed in you, you motherfu-you liar! I'll kick your *ss for this!" Not one to ignore Mei and her remark, though, he quickly answered the young woman's compliment before engaging in a simple exchange of courtesy. It was only right, especially since Mei's identity had changed. She was no longer just a young woman from the Hachison Family.

She was the family leader now.

After she took over the estate, her people roared in tandem, their voices pooling into a single peal:

"Glory to Madam Mei!"

Glory did not matter. What mattered what seemed clearest -in Mei's mind was that she had taken back what used to belong to her father. She had pried it from her enemy's clutches and reclaimed it with Javier's help!

Chapter 363 Undeserving

Prominent families seemed to all enjoy setting up their home base on an island, but not all families could afford that. Strictly speaking, only truly eminent families in possession of great power could afford it. The Kerseys were such an example. The Hachisons were considered small and weaker among their ranks. They might have enough money for weapons and defense, but they did not possess enough status or the right to build a base on an island.

The Whites themselves, meanwhile, were eligible based on that standard. Renly White was taking in the latest development at his family's island base as word of his latest lapdog's demise reached him. Yoel Hachison had been decapitated. The man's end was insignificant to Renly. He had never thought highly of Yoel; so the only loss he would concede was the loss of his own face. However, it was said that Yoel was far from the only one who had suffered that fate. His father, Xion, along with other direct members of Xion's family had all perished in the same fashion. Renly had never given Mei Hachison even a modicum of thought. She was a weak, downtrodden, pathetic woman seemingly trapped in an abyss. And yet, Javier had managed to use someone like that to usurp the Hachison's internal control, and through the strings he had tied around Mei, the Hachisons had become the Kerseys' vassals. Sure, there was no formal alliance between these families, but that did not mean their ties were weak. If anything, the fact that Javier had made something personal out of his relationship with Mei made the families' alliance a bulwark. Most women's loyalty hinged on the foundation of relationships rather than black-and-white contracts..

Angelina was probably the only exception. She had the future of her family to shoulder, after all, which was why Javier had changed tactics and fooled her instead.

Even though the Whites, after exhausting all of their channels, brokered this particular piece of information concerning Javier's bait-and-switch and knew that the Soroy's betrayal was not intentional,

that could not save the situation. Punching the king's face basically closed the door to a future cooperation, even if their interests aligned.

It was just what prominent families of their level operated on—pride and reputation. These things trumped material interests, and the Whites already had power and money. Pride and reputation, though, were not always secured assets.

Renly knew this was Javier's scheme, but he had to give it to that b*stard. Unless, of course, the Whites were happy to jettison this gross betrayal of trust and respect and go back to having the offender work with them again.

As if that could happen! That would be asking the impossible from the family.

Renly was just about to come up with a counterattack when some real, a-lot-more-personal trouble befell him: His grandfather called.

Renly was to have a talk with him.

What kind of discussion was there to have? Would they celebrate how Renly had successfully pushed two of the planet's mightiest families into joining forces? Of-f*cking-course this would be the topic of their talk! It was why Renly was so frustrated. He had never intended to push for this to happen. It was Javier's cunning *ss getting in the way. of course, reality was a little different. The two families had ended up joining forces because of Renly. The nature of their partnership did not matter. It could be an earnest cooperation or just bedfellows joining hands over shared misery. Who cared? They were a combined force now.

Renly strode into the residence belonging to his grandfather, Piers White. He approached the old man and fell on his knees without requiring the latter's explicit instructions.

The old man and the current family leader was gazing outside into a clear, cloudless night, his arms folded behind his back.

"You were born on a clear night, Renly. The stars were bright that night, like a carpet of studded diamonds," Piers began. "When your parents presented you to me, I looked at the sky and saw the stars. I wondered if they were an omen. I wondered if you would be our star, someone capable of giving out his own dazzling brilliance, or you would use other people's brilliance as your own. I really believed in that omen, Renly. I wanted you to unleash your resplendence while combining others' with your own. I wanted you to be the brightest star in the sky, both stunning and wise.

"Your track record has been decent in the past few years. You rose through your ranks and outshone your family members during our family's little civil war, but that's the limit of your abilities, isn't it? You're a genius at fighting your own people but a dunce when it comes to fighting with outsiders!

"I thought your next move would be even more brilliant than your last, but my disappointment in you is immeasurable. I gave you permission to meet Zephiel Kersey, but did I instruct you to force him into puffing out the tobacco you gifted him while being threatened?

"Tell me, Renly. Did you really think that your victory during our civil war was something to be proud of? Do you really think it's proof of some kind of above-average intellect and talent? Please. Allow me to clarify reality for you. Your innate intellect doesn't give you an edge—your competitors' own idiocy handed you your victory on a silver platter. All that superiority and assurance you feel is a mere illusion borne from your zero sense of self-awareness!

"You've been putting so much effort into researching your contemporaries in other families, thinking these will be your foes in the future. But have you ever put that much effort into getting to know Javier Kersey? He's never involved himself in his own family's internal conflict. He didn't even care enough to go through his coming-of-age ceremony. You know why? That's because he knows lightning always

strikes the tallest tree!

"That is why he asks for nothing! Covets nothing! Zephiel practically adores his talent and wished to pass his seat to him. So why did he refuse to take up the mantle of being a patriarch? Ever wonder why?"

"That's because he knows what kind of fate awaits the leader of an entire family. He knows what kind of annoying tribulations awaits anyone who sets out to be the leader! That is why this kid never throws the first punch. It always seems like he's only acting in self-defense. The internal conflict between William and Arthur? You obstructing the Chinese? He only solved these problems after they happened, yet you think you've won, don't you? You act, he reacts, and you think you've won."

"But have you noticed that the rest of your plan has been effectively jammed by your opponent? Your first move created a crisis that Javier Kersey splendidly and masterfully solved, and that only ended up boosting his profile and increasing his support!"

"Then, you made another move. This time, Javier reacted by taking control over the Hachisons. Do you see it? He didn't need you to kick up any kind of trouble or use your family's power to force his hand. He just had to wait for you to make your move and then drag the Soroyes into the fray, saddling them with enough pressure to force them into an alliance with his family. He did it right before your face too instead of going behind your back. Can you tell yet, Renly? He's rubbing it in your face! "Seriously. Did you think the Kerses have managed to prosper for so long because they were headed by harebrained morons like Arthur? Did you really believe that? God. Answer me this: Why else would Javier not see the benefits of militarizing a hydrogen-fueled system if not because he saw a bigger reward in not pursuing that line? Do you think Zephiel wouldn't have recognized it too? Ha! That sly old fox didn't do it because he knew someone would try to snatch that profit away from him!"

"You're smart enough to take advantage of that. Hell, you're scrambling after it and you've succeeded. You've come out of this feeling smug and proud of yourself. But have you ever wondered about the perspective of your actions? The next time the Soroyes or any other families develop some kind of technology, what do you think will cross their minds? 'Will the tyrants from the White Family rob us clean of our own technology and research?'"

"You heard right! Tyrants. That's what they're seeing in us now, and it's all because of you! You're a bully to them. You make it seem as though everything has to belong to us! The sly old fox has done nothing but let his grandson play you like a fiddle. Javier dangled the bait, and you bit it like a goldfish. You're so full of yourself that you even visited the sly old fox to show off and then force him to smoke your tobacco. Now, tell me, what would you have done if he had refused to cave, huh?"

"He obeyed you, though. Why? Because it reinforced your stupid perspective, you nimrod! Poor, poor Kerses! A junior from the White Family approached an old man and snatched the family's hard-earned research. Oh, the tyrants of the White Family! Oh, the poor Kerses! And you, you myopic little smart aleck, had the gall to call me when you left the Kerses to show off about bullying an old man! Ha!" Piers berated him, gesticulating wildly in a fury. "Get out of my sight! You're grounded for two years!" he thundered. "One would hope that you'll keep your eyes peeled during your sabbatical so you can see just how much damage your inanity has caused our family!"

Renly's worst fear was losing his grandfather's trust over Javier's machination. But now, it seemed that it had come true too. Two years of being grounded on this island? It meant Piers had lost his faith in Renly's competency.

His grandfather's speech caused Renly to realize that all his achievements had been a clusterf*ck. He was a failure who had achieved nothing other than dragging the family's name through the muck. The family's reputation just kept tanking, and by this point, the Whites were considered a cabal of tyrants

and pariahs of the community. They had plundered what belonged to the Kerseys and bullied a hapless old man.

On the surface, these things seemed to have cost his family nothing. But a reputation could make or break an entity, and in this case, everyone was starting to be wary of the White Family. Of course they would! Every prominent family had something highly desirable. Every family had a hapless old man. And everyone feared having their prized possessions robbed and their senior members bullied.

Chapter 364 Someone Clearly

Did Not Forget After eviscerating Renly, Piers dropped down onto a leather chair, muttering to himself, "These Kerseys... There was that kid's pa, and now this kid turned out to be a chip off the old block. Can't believe he dragged the Soroys into this to rub this in my face! As if disrespecting me wasn't enough, he had to use this as an excuse to bind them into an alliance! God. Schemer Jr. is what he is!"

He picked up his phone. Without needing to scroll through his contact list, he punched a series of numbers onto the screen. A few moments later, Zephiel's voice came through the phone. "From one senior citizen to another: Do you mind not waking me if you can't sleep?"

"Bah, you weren't sleeping at all, fox. You must be feeling all swell and smug after all of this! Hell, I bet I interrupted your victory dance!" Piers snarled.

There was no sound coming from the other side for a long beat. It was long enough that it piqued Piers' curiosity. What could that guy be up to? Why the silence?

His question was soon answered when that unmistakable song came through his phone...

"Never gonna give you up! Never gonna let you down! Never gonna turn around and desert you! Never gonna make you cry, never gonna say goodbye! Never gonna tell a lie and hurt you

To add insult to injury, Zephiel was singing along, his pitch and tune so off-course that Piers almost could not tell he was being Rick-rolled. But god, the smugness in every out-of-tune enunciation of his! The utter lack of regard! It p*ssed Piers off to no end!

– "Can you stop? You didn't have to yodel in the middle of the night just because I suspected you of doing so. You're gonna make some children cry," he snapped. "What are you being so smug about, huh?"

He paused for a moment and then added, "Tell me, fox. This isn't gonna be some kind of gotcha for Renly, right?" The music on the other side immediately stopped.

"God, and they say age comes with wisdom. The way you think only reminds me of the saying 'Once a man, twice a child,'" Zephiel snarked. "Since when have I ever cared about getting back at a child, aye?" He had not minced his words, and he meant it. If Zephiel felt the need to trap Renly and pay him back, it would be a compliment to the man rather than a form of punishment. A man over seventy years old crafting a scheme against a stupid child would be basically acknowledging the kid as an equal foe, Granted, Piers had not thought Zephiel would do such a thing either. In other words, the whole scheme had been Javier's idea then.

"Well, well, well! So you've got a cunning little man as a grandson. Love the genetics you're passing down, old man."

It sounded like a backdranded compliment, but Zephiel had spent enough years clashing with Piers to know it was more backhanded than it was a compliment. Not one to withstand any snark, he quipped back, "Your grandson's not bad either! Really takes after his elders!"

Piers knew he was the one at fault, so he would not spend his time trading quips anymore. He cut

straight to the chase. "So, Renly forced you to smoke some tobacco. Is your kid gonna come knocking on my door to force me to binge on some nasty beer?". "You're gonna drink sooner or later, bud, but it ain't gonna be like that. Javier isn't half as ambitious as your pup. He's an *ss. Slow as a mule too. If you don't hit him, he ain't never gonna hit you. But you can't spell jack*ss without *ss, so if you force his hand? Boy, oh boy, he's gonna be such a gigantic pain that even I won't be able to stop him. You'll be on your own when that happens, bud." It sounded like pointless banter between two old men. A verbal duel that was all quip and no substance or content. And yet, as he set his phone down, Piers found his fears placated.

He now knew that Javier was not the kind of person to start a war.

If Javier were to capitalize on his new partnership with the Soroyes and come straight to Piers' door, loudly demanding that he drink some beer he had bought for him...the enmity between the two families would be cemented. The context would be different too. When Renly had made Zephiel accept his gift, he had brought profit to the family. Zephiel was practically smiling between puffs.

Javier's appearance would be different, though. His visit would be akin to kicking someone who was already down.

Granted, even if Javier were to do such a thing, it would not hurt Piers' ego. He and Zephiel had lived long enough to raise their heads high or hang their heads in humiliation. At an age like theirs, few things could really ruffle their feathers.

Their grandsons, though, might think differently. They might see this as a kind of humiliation and therefore a liable fuse to light up a conflict neither side was capable of fully suppressing. Both Piers and Zephiel knew that, should a clash like that happen, both sides would suffer terrible consequences.

It was why Piers had grounded Renly, who had just suffered a great loss, on the island for two years. He was still worried about Javier's side of the equation, though. It was the youthful recklessness and uppity attitude that an age like his usually conferred that concerned him. He was scared that the young man would bring a bottle of liquor to his place and force him to undergo the same bullying his grandfather had.

Liquor did not scare him. He could always just throw it all up if he did end up drunk. But the offense his juniors might take would be a lot harder to solve. This was why Zephiel's assessment of his grandson mollified him. He was telling him that his grandson was as stubborn as an *ss and just as capable of being an iss, but he was not unreasonable. His grandson might not have the ambition to snatch up profit or partake in a competition for it, but he was not adverse to retaliation either.

Zephiel even seemed to be threatening him. He was essentially telling Piers that any further provocation would turn Javier into an even bigger *ss than he already was. Zephiel claimed that he would not be able to stop him, but the truth was that he would not try. In other words, if Renly continued his streak, then he would grant Javier permission to strike back!

Piers put his phone away and leaned back on his chair, his eyes closed. A beat later, he muttered to himself, "And they say men always covet someone else's wife while seeing their own children as the literal best. Can't disagree with that more! The grass is just greener on his turf. His grandson at least knows that lightning strikes the tallest tree. Why can't mine possess the same level of wisdom?"

Javier left. As soon as the curtain closed over their last dance, he left Angelina's side. He returned to Yuzuia just in time to meet with Gabby and Levi, who both arrived at the same time. He had requested them from Mackenzie a little while ago, and now the two of them came with about 200 people trained by Sam Langdon's security company.

It was good to have someone like Gabby, who was an expert at using Barrett sniper rifles and would make a great team leader. Levi's skills were impossible to doubt too. After all their gory conflicts on the battlefield, both had grown weary of war. It was why Javier had wanted the two to return. They could lead the people Sam's security company had provided and help ensure Mei's success as she took up the mantle as family leader.

Javier ogled her breasts as obviously as he could as soon as he saw Gabby. "Oh my god! Girl, how many shots have you fired lately? Your assets seemed to have shrunk!" Gabby nodded. "I've been changing my specialty to bazookas. I blast through Levi every night without fail and listen to him begging me to stop." Levi chortled. "Wait, are you sure I'm the one begging?" A little dirty banter would only enhance a friendship forged through countless brushes with death rather than defile it. After engaging in small talk with them, Javier went to see Mei. By that point, most of the estate had been cleaned up and rebuilt. What was broken had been mended. What was lacking had been improved.

Mei fell to her knees as soon as she saw Javier, her behavior not unlike a medieval show of fealty and ceremonial gratitude. Javier let her do it for about a second because she was doing it on behalf of her dead parents and siblings, but he quickly helped her up soon enough. "You're my woman. It's only normal that I take care of your affairs too."

He had made such a declaration right before the masses despite Mei's ascension as the Hachisons' newest family leader.

Mei was pleasantly surprised. She had fantasized about it before, but...who was she to think it would ever come true? But now, it seemed that it had come true. He had made a public declaration, and she was just enraptured. Her mind drifted off and began naysaying. There was her identity, and then there was her daughter

She shook her head, "I'm honored, Master, but I'm afraid I...do not deserve this."

Chapter 365 Shower of Compliments

Mei's insistence to refer to Javier as Master stumped him into saying nothing more. He understood Mei's good intentions, and since he himself was not the type to be fixated on forms and formalities, he let it slide. Mei's ascension to her new position went swimmingly. With the Kerseys backing her and the defeat of Xion and his faction, even those who were bitter and resentful of the change dared not object. It was as Javier had told them, they were welcome to begrudge the change and be embittered, but they better not show it unless they wanted to die. He was obviously threatening them. He was also gleefully humiliating them, forcing these people to stomach their fury as though they were little more than a group of milquetoasts. Despite being brazenly humiliated by Javier, they could only answer affirmatively and obey him.

It was intimidation at its finest. The fact that the Whites had not retaliated against the Kerseys, who had moved against them, was not lost on the dissenters. If a family like that dared not strike back, then their lowly position within the Hachison Family would basically mandate their silence.

With the Kerseys supporting them, Yuri's aid, Gabby and Levi's forces under her command, and the Soroy's provided arms, Mei had accumulated overwhelming power. Even if Xion was alive, he would not have been able to do anything other than lower his head and accept the new reality. He would have had zero means to retaliate.

Just like that, Yuzuean cars were back on sale in the Chinese market. It was an easy reversal. * Mei had only needed to say the word. One thing led to another, and Garman reopened its automobile exports. Soon, FIA's sanction was reduced to a toothless tiger.

It was hard to keep up with their original motive when the White Family, who was the one backing the organization, dared not make a pip. No one wanted to go up against Javier and risk perishing for a lost cause, so every international car company resumed selling cars in the Chinese market. The Chinese cars' hydrogen refueling issue was solved right there and then too.

Javier was in no hurry to return home. Instead, he spent three more days at Mei's place, playing with Sara during the day and playing with Mei at night.

The day was typically filled with the loud, excited squeals of a child having a ton of fun. The night, though, was just as merry, as it was filled with the excited squeals and softer moans of an adult. Mei screamed as though she was enjoying a ride on a roller-coaster, feeling pure, unadulterated thrill.

Four days later, early in the morning, Mei reached her limit.

"You should probably go, or I think I might die due to all these...activities," she breathed out coyly, her cheeks rosy and flushed from pleasure, Javier nodded, "You're right about that. There are still plenty of things I have to take care of back at home."

The thought of goodbye sent a pang of yearning to Mei's heart. She was a little sad for herself, but more so for her daughter, especially considering how hard Sara had bawled the last time

Javier had left, God knew how bad her crying tantrum would be this time! While her mind was still lost in that train of thought, Javier suddenly asked her, "What do you plan to do with Xion's grandson?"

"I'll raise him," Mei replied matter-of-factly. "He's still a member of our larger family. He's so young too. I don't think he remembers whatever happened. I'll raise him to the best of my ability in hopes that he'll turn out to be an outstanding leader for his kith and kin."

"You're not gonna leave the mantle to Sara?"

Mei shook her head. "No. Xion killed all five of my family members, and in return, I killed 12 of his. I've committed quite a sin, wouldn't you agree? It's only fair that I return the position of the family leader to his family member as compensation. "Besides....I don't want Sara living the life I've gone through. A life of bloody hands... This shouldn't be the kind of life a woman should be saddled with."

He had to admit, beneath her exterior, Mei had a big heart and a meticulous mind. She always thought things through.

Even Javier had to concede that this might be the best choice she could make.

Every international automobile company had gone back to business. They were ready to open again, but Javier disagreed. "They stop selling when they want to, and now they've come back to re-open with the same wishy-washy attitude! What is this, a public bathroom? No. They wanna re-open for business? They can do it themselves!" He was unrelenting. He would not provide them with production lines or sales, only service shops, which he was adamant about keeping open. Every car owner in the country

was entitled to bring their babe for maintenance, after all, and he would not want to stop supplying hydrogen fuels to all the proud owners of Chinese cars. In other words, Javier allowed workers to come to work without promising any bonuses in return. This forced many of these international companies to come up with new strategies. They ended up settling on making every member of the cooperation fork up a penalty sum on the grounds that they had ignored the agreement the last time they had decided to retract their investment. Now, they had to use this as an excuse to provide "financial compensation."

It made many other companies happy. Javier himself had earned quite a lot, which he thought he rightly deserved. Thanks to them, he'd had to go to the trouble of traveling abroad to set up traps and schemes, so he thought he deserved some gifts and compensation.

He had forgotten how much money these international companies had given him individually, but he remembered the total: 2 million dollars.

It was a trivial sum to Javier compared to his wealth, but the point was not its inherent value anyway. It was a financial punishment for these jerks, to ensure they would never do something so stupid again, 'The next time they thought of abandoning ship like that, Javier would make sure they could never come back even if they gave him 2 million.

Of course, Javier's amazing achievement was not limited to bringing a fortune to national cars. The country's tax policies on cars manufactured by foreign and local investors had increased accordingly too, and now there was a law banning companies from raising the price of cars.

Still, many of these foreign-slash-local joint ventures were eager to assent. It was enough to prove just how much money they were raking in.

Just like that, the incident with the FIA was over. Javier breathed a sigh of relief. It might have looked like he was dueling the international body, but in truth, his enemy was the Whites. It had not been as easy as he had thought. He'd had to be precise and effective about his retaliation in order to solve this problem. It had taken a toll on him despite his outwardly relaxed projection. This was an opportune time to take a break and rest, preferably for more than half a month. On the last day of his break, Quinna called. "Dinner. Tonight. Venue has been sent to your phone."

Quinna had just invited him to dinner on her own! That had to be a miracle and an even bigger reason for Javier not to reject her. He agreed to it enthusiastically, even ready to extend their feast into a real one late at night.

It was only after he showed up at night that Javier realized Quinna had booked the biggest banquet hall in a five-star hotel. Did they really need that for a romantic dinner for two?

Javier, however, was mistaken. There were more than two of them! Trevor Hammond, Walt Schrader, Liam Jepson, and a lot of other CEOs from the automobile industry had shown up. He was not even sure what kind of VIP could warrant so much support.

Quinna made her appearance later. Wearing a black evening gown studded with little diamonds, she was so beautiful that she was almost an art piece. There was something else with her, too—a serving cart with no food, just a single large cake with 25 levels. "Happy birthday, Mr. Kersey!" she exclaimed.

Javier was stunned. He had genuinely forgotten today was his birthday. Time had passed so quickly, and so much had happened, that he could barely keep track of his birth date anymore. Quinna, though, had remembered. She was the one behind his birthday party too. As she passed by Javier, she whispered, "Honey, happy birthday. I have something for you tonight." He studied the coy, inviting gleam in her eyes and the alluring features of her profile, God, it was going to be a very sensual, sexy gift for sure!

Chapter 366 Presents and Surprises

It had been one year, One full year had passed.

One year ago, Javier had still been a poor, pathetic man who used to deliver takeout, but one year later, on his birthday alone, countless car company bosses had come to congratulate him. Javier felt bad.

"Folks, this is too much for me. I've done nothing, but all of you busy bosses have taken time out to celebrate the birthday of a junior like me. I'm more than flattered!"

Javier genuinely felt bad, but those who were there had come with a sincere heart. "Mr. Kersey, you deserve it. You've united the local car manufacturers and selflessly shared the hydrogen propulsion system with all of us. This is a great contribution, and for this alone, we ought to come and celebrate you!"

"Exactly. Mr. Kersey, the FIA could have cared less about us previously. They treated us as if we were nobodies, but we're different now. With the brand Chinese and the hydrogen propulsion system, they have to look up to us instead. We've never experienced such treatment before!"

Everyone opened up and thanked Javier one after another, also wishing him a successful business future.

Honestly, Javier did not know what to do, so he proposed a toast to all the bosses to celebrate with them.

“A small private birthday like this one doesn’t deserve to be celebrated. Since all of you are around tonight, we’ll wish for the automobile industry in our country to prosper and soar. Let the cars we Chineseans make greet the whole world as soon as possible and spread all over the globe!”

As Javier asked them, all of them raised their glasses for the toast. The jovial mood of the gathering made the hotel hall a merry place to be...

The delightful dinner finally came to an end at around 10 p.m, as the bosses left respectively. After Trevor bid them goodbye and left, Liam went over to Javier personally.

“I wasn’t thinking about your birthday. There’s no reason an old man like me should wish to get anything out of your birthday either.”

Liam was straightforward, so he was frank when he spoke, not that Javier minded. The older man then told him, “I paid no mind to your birthday, but someone else did. Remember when I told you the higher-ups are giving you a special present?” This surprised Javier. It was only a small birthday that he himself had forgotten, but the bureaucrats had remembered? In fact, they had remembered, as Liam then pulled out a small silver box that was about the size of a 14-inch laptop,

“It’s in the hotel’s basement parking lot. Go take a look at it yourself later.”

Patting Javier’s shoulder, Liam went into the car, accompanied by his bodyguards, Liam was a different man now, and an impressive one at that. There was specialized personnel keeping him company whenever he went out. Although they all wore suits, they looked well-trained.

The country had done its best to protect the expert behind the hydrogen propulsion system,

After Liam left, Javier saw the others off with a smile and looked at Quinna, who was next to him.

“What did Liam give me?”

Quinna shook her head. “I don’t know either, and I can’t contact him. Trevor’s the one who contacted him.”

Javier had not expected Quinna not to know, so he got her to go to the basement parking lot with him. From afar, he saw a luxury sports car. It had never been seen in the market before, although it was branded Chinesean.

He turned to Quinna. “And you said you didn’t know?” Quinna felt wronged. “I really don’t. and I’m certain this car didn’t come from Heisenberg.” As the vice general manager of the company, her signature was required to approve any car model that the factory was manufacturing. There was only one model from Chinesean that was being manufactured there, so she could not possibly have forgotten a second model no matter how bad her memory was.

Javier opted to believe Quinna. Since the car had not been manufactured by Heisenberg, it should have been made by another manufacturer.

Going closer to the cool-looking car, Javier opened the silver box that Liam had given him. The first thing he noticed was the wooden box right at the top that looked like it contained a commemorative medallion of some sort.

It was inconvenient for Javier to open it when he was holding the box, so Quinna did it for him after he asked her with a meaningful gaze. As the wooden red box was opened, a red medal made out of some kind of metal was revealed. In the center of the red medal was a shiny silver aircraft carrier with golden letters embedded in it, spelling out the name Kersey. It was simple, so it contained almost nothing.

There were only a picture and a word, yet they felt direct and commanding.

Quinna was bewildered. "What does this mean? Who gave it to you? Are they asking you to make an aircraft carrier? Is this a joke?"

Javier knew that this was a medal made to reward him for his contribution by the higher-ups. It was just that some things could not be spoken openly or put into words, so an empty medallion had been sent instead.

Javier gestured for Quinna to keep the medallion and chuckled. "Someone will like it very much."

When Quinna asked who that was, Javier answered, "Your husband." This embarrassed Quinna, "I didn't promise to be your woman. What kind of nonsense are you spouting!"

Javier grinned at her bashfulness and opened the second layer of the box.

It was a car model also made of silver an SUV to be precise that looked luxurious and fierce. It even made Quinha, who was a car manufacturer, exclaim, "Which company designed this? It looks great!" A glance at the logo told them that it was Chinese branded, so it had to be a local design. They just did not know which company in particular had made it. Where the car license registration plate was supposed to hang, the text "Javier K." had been printed. Kersey, the aircraft carrier, and Javier K, the car model. The former was meant to praise the Kerseys' contribution to building an aircraft carrier, while the latter was meant to compliment Javier for his contribution to the automobile industry. Javier liked it a lot. Even though these things were worth nothing, they held a different significance. Putting the medal and car model aside, he then retrieved the item in the last layer. It was two car remotes that looked completely different. One was red and oval, while the other was black and regular. "Two cars?"

Javier was surprised. After all, the two keys did not look like they belonged to the same car. As expected, the regular black one unlocked the door of the Chinese sports car beside them easily. After a drive in the car...they did not feel very good. In terms of a regular sports car, its seats were comfortable and the driving experience was great. Javier even compared it to a Lamborghini he encountered by chance when they stopped at a traffic light, which was able to zoom far past it in an instant. The Lamborghini could only roar, but its speed lacked. However, Javier still did not like the sports car, as he felt that it was uncomfortable. He thus went back to the hotel's basement parking lot and looked for the car that the red oval car key could unlock

Soon, he received an answer in the form of a car draped with a car cover in a corner. He heard it beep when he used the key's finder option.

Chapter 367 A Cool Dude

When the car cover was flipped, Quinna was shocked. "Is this like a local Hummer?"

It looked exactly like the car model mentioned, but it was about five meters long. It was crazy. The angular sides and the strong, masculine shape of the car were fiercer than the Hummer's. It was a tough guy's car, and one look at it made one shudder from the pain of one's bottom being jolted.

Upon opening the car door, however, it was revealed that there was ample space inside the car, which felt absolutely luxurious. When one's bottom actually sat down in it, it was indescribable. The entire seat was as comfortable as it could get.

The noise was minimal when the push start button was pressed. If the vibration feedback had not been present, one would not even have felt the engine working. After asking Quinna to get in, Javier took the car for a ride.

Lo and behold, it was unbelievably amazing. The car did fine on any road or terrain. There were only

places one could not imagine, but nowhere this car could not drive to. Of course, it would be impossible to drive up to heaven.

Without a doubt, this was a marvelous car with a powerful engine.

Looking at the remaining percentage of the fuel on the screen, it was apparent that this was a car with a hydrogen propulsion system, as it was incredibly efficient! . After going back to the hotel's basement parking lot, Javier called Liam.

"Liam, you didn't customize this car and the propulsion system for me, did you? It's so powerful!"

Liam cackled happily. "Of course. I personally made the adjustments and incorporated all the military-modified technology I mentioned. You'll slowly discover the magic of this car.

"Also, this car isn't a result of my personal effort. I just adjusted the propulsion system. Everything the car uses, as well as the workmanship processed, were based on the specific departments of the higher-ups and the defense standard. It's their reward to you." The defense standard? What was the defense standard? The simplest example would be the cars that foreign VIPs took when they made an inbound visit. Those cars were made based on the defense standard,

Being bulletproof and able to go into water to a certain level were the basics, while the exterior focused on safety and the interior prioritized comfort. A switch in mode could activate high power and churn all the propulsion required to make the car incredibly fast.

Javier was very happy with the car.

The bureaucrats had helped register the car too. It was meant for civilian use, but it was an auspicious number from Medb, if he wanted to, the bureaucrats could have given him a military or some other department number, but Javier did not need such a high-profile car. He knew that the higher-ups must have understood as much, so they had not done that. After another short chat with Liam, Javier ended the call. He understood based on their

conversation that the sports car was the one he had promised Sven previously.

It was manufactured by a nationally-recognized factory, but Liam had specifically adjusted the propulsion system as well. While it could not compare to the car Javier had received, it was more than enough to triumph over other joint-venture sports cars.

Javier believed that Sven would be delightfully surprised when he sent it to him.

After packing up, Javier went to the backseat of the car and asked Quinna to join him. "Quinna, what about the present you're giving me tonight? Shouldn't you pull up your skirt now and let me see how tempting my present is?" Flushing, Quinna punched him lightly. "You're so annoying! What are you talking about!" After whining, she grabbed Javier's hand and led him out of the car. Javier thought that it would be decent to do it in the car tonight, as the car was rather spacious. He could christen the car as well. Quinna was adamant about refusing, though, and insisted on going to the hotel. Fine then. One could sleep and do it on any bed. Hence, Javier allowed her to lead him to the hotel's presidential suite on the eighth floor. "The significance of the first time, eh? Must the deflowering happen in a suite?" Javier's teasing flustered Quinna. "No, I have a surprise for you." Quinna asked him to wait on the bed after he entered the room, but the latter felt like it was too much hassle. They should make up and get intimate before they felt good together. That was more like it..

However, that was not how reality went. It took five full minutes before the sound of the door unlocking rang out from the bathroom.

By then, Javier was too occupied to care about Quinna. He took a drag on his cigarette and told her, "I forgot that it's my birthday today, but Jade wouldn't have. She might still be waiting for me to get home and surprise her.

“If I’d remembered earlier that it’s my birthday today, I would have called her in advance even if I couldn’t find the time to go back, in case she misses me and can’t sleep well. Hold on a bit. I’ll call Jade first.”

Javier did not care if Quinna got angry because, long before they had gotten together, he had made it clear that Jade was his fiancée. Pulling out his phone, he called Jade. However, a phone then started ringing behind him.

It was the typical manufacturer’s default ringtone, so he did not think much of it. He just raised his voice to ask Quinna to answer her phone, only for a pair of footsteps to approach him in answer. Javier was perplexed, not understanding why Quinna was not answering the call. When he turned around to ask her, he was greeted by a teary-eyed Jade.

Javier was bewildered. “Jade, what are you doing here?!” Jade went over to him and threw herself into his arms, making them fall on the bed with Javier below her.

“Are you silly? Are you calling another woman in front of her and being so open about it? Are you not worried that Quinna will be jealous?”

Javier, who was still stunned that Jade was there, asked on autopilot, “I told her a long time ago that you’re my fiancée. I can’t help it if she still feels jealous. “Right, you haven’t told me why you’re here yet!” As Javier pressed her again, Jade told him the truth.

A week ago, Quinna had gone to Jade’s place during her business trip. She had told Jade about her and Javier, hoping that she would receive Jade’s approval. If Jade disagreed, Quinna would not fight for him and would choose to stay away from Javier.

Jade had been disgruntled, but she had known since the first day she had fallen for Javier that he would never only belong to her, so she had not refused Quinna no matter how peeved she had been. Plus, Quinna was decent.

After that, Quinna had managed to come up with an excuse to get Jade there and had told Jade that she wanted to give Javier a surprise on his birthday only when Jade had arrived. Jade had not wanted to agree, but she had been unable to withstand Quinna’s persistence. She had also agreed mainly because she missed Javier.

Initially, Jade had felt a little jealous tonight, thinking that she could only meet Javier through this surprise, but what the man had said just now soothed everything that had bothered her. She could even feel Javier’s love for her.

“Darling, why are you so nice to me?”

Javier did not know if he was nice, but he knew that he was quite eager to have Jade’s mesmerizing body, so...the two of them proceeded.

Chapter 368 As Good as the Car Is

Quinna did not accompany Javier on his birthday night, as she could sense Jade’s feelings for him. They ran deep, so she was willing to let him go no matter how reluctant she was. Quinna was well aware that she could not compare to Jade in this aspect, so she did not have any intention of being with Javier tonight. Tonight, Javier belonged to Jade. As for her...she belonged to her bed back home. Jade left the next day. She was the vice general manager of Reivaj Group, after all, so there were a lot of things to handle.

Javier returned to Heisenberg Group after putting Jade on a flight. While he had no position in the company now, he was more familiar with the workers than many of their superiors, so he could at least enter just by flashing his face.

Driving the SUV named Chinean Soul, Javier reached the office building. A few of the company

executives were flummoxed, not comprehending where this Chinese car had been manufactured, as it already had a registration plate. A vice manager who caught someone from the R&D department passing by asked the latter to identify the car, but he was equally puzzled. "I don't recognize this car. It's not made by our company for sure, but it's not a product of any other Chinese car collaborating companies. Our data is shared, and this car is already out and about. It's not ours for sure, yet the logo says it's a Chinese car. What the flying f*ck?". The vice manager was a little older and could not understand the lingo, so he asked curiously, "Who's flying?"

The R&D person was a little awkward, as he had no idea how to explain...

While everyone was distracted by Chinese Soul, Javier entered Quinna's office right away.

Quinna was bending down to fiddle with the succulent plants by her floor-to-ceiling window, and Javier saw her as soon as he entered. The two of them then did non-work-related things during office hours...

For the following week, Javier and Quinna practically did not separate.

Quinna, who was in her thirties, finally felt the happiness that a woman ought to enjoy. She felt really blissful and content while relishing in Javier's love every day, a love that made her feel increasingly sensual.

That said, her sensual figure was also fully tormented by Javier, who did not exempt even a single spot.

After getting sufficient rest, they attended to work-related matters as well.

The other cars of the brand Chinese were about to be listed in the market and urgently required excellent copywriting skills. While usual copywriters were professional enough to come up with something, the text was relatively boring and filled to the brim with data. Hence, Javier drove his Chinese Soul while Herschel drove the Chinese sports car, the two of them making their way to the city Sven was in. Said man was currently writing a script in his studio. He had just felt a pop of inspiration, so he quickly wrote it down on paper, heaving a long sigh of relief once he recorded the idea and main outline. This way, his new script found a direction to head in. It was at that moment that his phone rang. He smiled when he saw that it was Javier. He had just been thinking of working with Javier's Reivaj Media on this new script when the man himself called.

"What a coincidence, Mr. Kersey. I was just thinking of working with you on my next film!" "Hah, that's truly quite the coincidence. Before that happens, though, come out of your studio. Your car's here."

"Really?" Sven was overjoyed. When he peeked downstairs through his window, there it was a silver sports car that felt powerful and great just at a glance! Leaving a notice, Sven bolted down the stairs.

The elevator was stuck on the fourth floor for some reason, but he could not wait any longer, so he sprinted down the staircase, panting when he reached the silver sports car. "Tch, tch. Beautiful. This is one cool dude!" Javier tossed him the key. "What do you think? Test your cool little dude then. See if it surprises you." Sven agreed easily. "Of course. Let's go. We'll go..." He was speaking when he spotted Javier's Chinese Soul. "Holy sh*t, this is some SUV you got there! Is it for sale already? I'm buying one. It looks cool." Javier patted his car and replied with a beam, "Sorry, it's the only one in the world. You won't be able to buy one!"

"Fine!"

Sven was disgruntled upon seeing how victorious Javier looked. "Mine here is the only one in the world too!"

When he said that, Sven felt much better. "Come on, let's go test drive it. There's a rally race selection today. We can try it out there!"

Chapter 369 It's Cheating As a racer,

Sven frequently participated in rally races.

Rally races were races that were not recognized by any official parties, but they were slightly higher in class than the money bet on underground racing. They acted as selection races where only the winners qualified to join legitimate races, and those who lost would not qualify.

Although official races were open-registration events, the insider terms were actually...

Basically, race teams only qualified for official races after winning rally races. As for small time race teams who had no money or sponsors and wanted to win a race based on their skill, they could forget about it. It would only remain a fantasy without a decent car!

It was due to these factors that the race teams one would see in official races were always a handful of familiar ones.

A lot of people cheered when Sven appeared. After all, he was a true ace skill-wise and he was much stronger than those who won by throwing in money. When Javier appeared after Sven, though, everyone's attention shifted. "Hey, Sven, your van looks great. Where did you get it? Is it a new Chinesean model?" Javier was speechless. He was quite famous now too. Why had he been mistaken for someone who drove a van? Besides, vans were, well...vans. One could do maintenance and other stuff in there. What kind of eyes did that guy have to mistake the Chinesean Soul for a van?

Sven ignored the person talking and told Javier, "John Skilling, heir of an oil company. His family's rich. His one true saying is that a car is as good as its driver. Although he's got no skill, he likes racing with a 1,000-horsepower Veryon.

"The racetracks for rally races hold more drag races. No modified cars could compare to his other than ours, as we are richer and slightly more skilled. The others can't compete with him at all. In a certain way, he's kind of right. One is as good as their car." The Bugatti Veryon had an 8.0 turbo engine, which meant 1,001 maximum horsepower, 1,250 maximum torque, and 400 kilometers per hour maximum speed. It was a super high performing beast that could fight a fighter jet on land. Its price was super high as well. The last model before they stopped production had been sold for 7 million dollars.

What was 7 million dollars like? It meant that when one paid taxes for buying the Veryon, the taxes alone cost approximately as much as a 650,000-dollar Ferrari. It was kind of shameless to join the rally race with a supercar like this. The more shameless one was, however, the less self-aware one was – just like John Skilling. He approached Sven's car and patted the engine cover. "Chinesean is making sports cars too? It wouldn't only be a pretty name, would it?" Sven did not waste any time on him. "We'll know when we race later."

John was amused, "Why later? We'll race now. The track is empty right now, isn't it? We'll have a drag race. Two kilometers, Let's not have a race over nothing either. That'd be boring. We'll make a bet." Sven was not quite so confident. He would have been if they were racing on the whole track, but having a drag race against a Veryon with a 8.0 turbo engine was akin to shooting himself in the foot. This was what John was happy to do, though. He liked taking advantage of his strength to defeat weaker people and build his reputation.

Javier lit a cigarette on the side and beamed at Herschel, who was watching the drama. "He feels quite good about himself, huh!"

Before Herschel could say anything, Jolin ran a hand through his hair coolly. "As good as my car is!" That was true!

Javier then told Sven, "Go on. You win, you get his car. You lose, he gets your car."

Sven was stunned. Was he that confident?

He had tried the car when they had driven here. It was decent and powerful enough, but that was on a

city road. He had not gone past 100 no matter how powerful the car had felt, so he had no idea how good the car truly was and how much power it could churn.

Since it had been modified by Liam and Javier had dared make a bet like this, Sven mustered up all his courage.

“Sure, we’ll do what you say. We will bet our cars. Whoever wins will get the other person’s car.”

Sven agreed, but John laughed. “Are you kidding me? You’re betting this piece of trash? How much is your little Chinese worth? It isn’t even enough to cover the purchasing tax of my car.

“Besides, what good would it do me if I won your stupid car? It doesn’t even qualify to enter my garage!”

The others found their attention attracted to them at that moment and came over when they heard that there would be a race. Someone finally recognized Javier.

“Hey, isn’t this the boss of Reivaj Automobile? Are these two cars their new models? They look so cool!”

More people recognized Javier and talked about the decent review and value of Chinese cars in the market. When they talked about this race, though, they did not have high hopes.

The crowd was noisy and annoying. Javier did not like the constant noise, which was similar to a bunch of crows, so he went closer and told John, “Reivaj Automobile made this car exclusively for Sven, so there’s only one in this world. The adjustment and modifications were personally made by Professor Jepson as well. Just for that alone, how much do you think this car is worth?”

There was only one model like this one in the world, and it had been personally modified by Liam Jepson. That made the car completely different. If this significance was converted to value, it would only be higher in value compared to John’s Veryon.

This was not coming from Javier, but the crowd who was present. Chinese-branded cars were popular right now. The value of this unique, exclusively-designed car must definitely be through the roof.

John did not think much about it. He just thought that it would be cool if he beat Sven and took his exclusive car away. Therefore, he agreed. He had even thought of where he would celebrate tonight by driving this exclusive customized car. “See? This is the exclusive Chinese car customized for Sven Greasley, and I won it. Am I cool or what?!”

It would definitely be super cool, so John agreed easily, feeling eager to race. The crowd went away while Sven and John drove their cars to the starting line. When the starter waved the flag in his hand, both cars sped off. The Veryon’s aggressive roar sounded like it was tearing through the air with endless power. Despite that, a drag race did not depend on whose car made a louder noise but whose car arrived at the finish line first.

Once they started, though, everyone seemed to foresee the end with gaping mouths.

The Bugatti Veryon was fast, speeding at over 100 kilometers per hour in less than three seconds and still picking up speed. But Sven’s customized car was even faster, shooting off with a swoosh in sports mode.

It was clearly visible that the distance between the two cars grew in an instant and kept growing.

Frankly, when Sven’s car reached the finish line, John’s Bugatti Veryon was still one third of the track away from it.

John was baffled. It was simply a matter of stepping on the pedal. There was no skill involved. It was a pure propulsion system contest. His Veryon was that much worse than Sven’s customized car?

· He could not even imagine why the Veryon he had spent close to 8 million dollars on, and which had never lost all this while, had suddenly fallen short. Was there some sort of issue with his car? John was mystified. It was a race he had been certainly winning. How had he lost it?

Chapter 370 Am I Worthy?

It was not just John. Sven, who was in the exclusive car, felt like he was going crazy. The moment he stepped on the accelerator after switching to sports mode, he felt like he was floating

It was not an exaggeration. If the seatbelt had not been there to tie him down on the car seat, he really felt like he would have floated away.

It was very aggressive. The car was as fast as a flash of lightning. His eyes could not even keep up, so he dared not glance at things on the side. He would get dizzy if he did. Before he snapped out of this daze, the car had reached the finish line. When he turned back to look at John's Veryon, he was actually 600-700 meters away... "Is this still a f*cking car? Did they modify an aircraft engine and put it in this car? Its power is lethal!"

Sven was a professional racer, yet his legs began buckling when he got out of the car. He dared not imagine the potential of this car. That burst of speed made a shudder run through him as he recalled it. Yes, a shudder. It was a shudder of fear, as this speed was terrifying!

It was only when John stopped the car next to him that Sven recovered slightly. He had won. As the loot of the winner, the Veryon now belonged to him. Not caring to know why the exclusive car was so awesome, Sven knocked on John's car .window.

"Come on now, hurry up. Get out of my car. Stop hanging out inside my car."

Sven did not care about the million-dollar Veryon, but he cared for the tone he got to use. F* ck, how dare the guy scare him with a stupid Veryon and ask to have a drag race? Was John feeling fine now? Now that he had lost?! "Get out of my car right now! A bet is a bet. It's played if it's laid!" John was on the brink of tears. This should not be happening! He had not planned on losing at all. How had he just lost? So miserably at that too!

John could not wrap his head around it and wanted to get out of this situation. The easiest way to do that right now was by stepping on the accelerator and fleeing. F*ck, this car cost 8 million dollars. Who would actually let someone else drive it away? No way, no f*cking way!

As the engine roared to life, John fled in his car. Sven was lucky that he avoided him swiftly enough, or the backs of his feet would have been squashed!

Infuriated, Sven got in his car to give chase, only to notice a gleam of something flashing past him. He then heard the loud roar of an engine. Looking at the godsorsaken SUV and Javier, who stood farther away with a grin, Sven was utterly dumbstruck. What kind of f*cking car was that? The world made no sense if an SUV could move this fast as well!

Reality proved that the world did make no sense. Herschel drove the Chinean Soul and gave chase, starting two kilometers behind the other car. When John's Bugatti Veryon was about to drive out of the racetrack, Herschel blocked his way with the side of the car right at the exit.

John was scared witless, wanting to step on his brakes when he was driving at close to 200 kilometers per hour. Just as he lifted his foot, he crashed.

One loud bang later, a pile of metal scraps appeared next to the Chinean Soul. As the other car crashed against it, the Chinean Soul merely wavered before driving off securely without any problems.

Looking at where the SUV had run into, everyone felt like they were dreaming. There was nothing major on it except a small dent.

Please, this was the defense standard. If a collision were to flip the car or dent it, it would not be effective as a defense.

Herschel was taken away, and so was the car, but both of them were sent back soon. That was because the car registration plate was civil-use, but the department it was registered in was not something the

police could interfere with. Therefore, they sent the car and man back.

As for John, he was doing fine. That was a 7-million-dollar unmodified supercar, so he had managed to stay alive. It was his legs that had been crushed.

When he asked the doctor if his legs could be treated on the way to the hospital, the doctor replied with a furrow of his brows, "I'm a doctor, not God."

Asking the doctor to salvage what was now two mashed legs was truly a little too much...

There had been no hiccup during the race that day, and Sven finished first, surpassing others by far. The second and third drivers only passed the finish line respectively after he and Javier drove off.

One was as good as one's car. Sven could finally say this aloud without depending on his skill.

Upon returning home, Sven was eager to try Javier's car. To a car enthusiast, a good car was always tempting.

Sven got out of the car, cussing right after his test drive. "Is this still a f*cking SUV? This is a freaking super-duper sports car. It's too f*cking much. This is out of this world!"

Sven was absolutely head over heels with the car as he looked at the dent caused by the Veryon. The Veryon was already a mashed metal mass, and this car was only dented. The safety aspect of it was awesome!

Disregarding his identity as a famous person, Sven ran over to Javier next.

"Mr. Kersey, can you get me one of these? It's so safe and fast! I wouldn't worry about being injured if the car flipped. It's so secure and reliable. It's a racer's dream come true!"

This car had completely surpassed Sven's general knowledge. Wind resistance, car height, and what not were the factors that affected an SUV's speed, but they did not seem like they existed on this car. He genuinely liked it so much that he almost hugged Javier's car to sleep. Javier waved his hand weakly and told him, "The hydrogen propulsion system is a merit. It's a reward from the higher-ups."

Realization then struck Sven. He knew it. Such an amazing car was not something a regular company could produce. Since it was a reward from the higher-ups, Sven stopped asking for the car. It was a symbol of status that not any Tom, Dick, or Harry could have. After taking Javier to lunch, Sven posted an article online in the afternoon. As an owner of a Chinese car, and from the perspective of a professional racer, he showered the car's hydrogen propulsion system with praise. He even posted a photo of his customized car and his fond expression. It was not an act at all, as this was his real reaction. Later, however, some comments online claimed that he was posting a fake review because he was their spokesperson. Sven did not reply with what he used best, words, but instead joined various legitimate and illegitimate races in the following days. He was peerless, so he emerged as a champion each time. With his skill and a good car, he was now at the peak of his life.

In less than a week, all the racers came together to protest. They wanted to boycott Sven and ban him from racing. He could race, sure, but he could not use the Chinese customized car with the hydrogen propulsion system. The reason was similar to a certain rally race champion's complaint: "It's basically cheating. He's racing against our cars with a plane. How are we supposed to beat him?" Well, Sven was not driving a plane, but the complaint went viral. It made everyone realize that the man was not boasting. This also caused other local companies who listed their Chinese cars to sell out. Everyone was buying these cars as though they were free.

There was even a foreigner who came after hearing about the car's reputation and threw in more money to buy a secondhand car after test-driving it, all because it was too hard to get one's hands on a new one. When he managed to buy the car and bring it back to his home country, said car owner commented on Twitter.

“Their car is on sale with zero profit. Good quality, comfortable to drive, powerful engine, anything you could ever ask for. Why are our own cars so expensive and sh*tty? The mass produced Chinese cars are almost up to the standard of our local sports cars. What’s up with our automobile industry?”

“People surpassed us at making fighter jets. Now, they’ve surpassed us at making cars. “Yo, you guys doing okay? Quit if you can’t handle it. I can take over. It’s not like we can win anyway. I can at least be better at this than you guys!”