

APEX Chapter 441

Leave Me High and Dry Manny loved calling people a dog as an insult. Like when he was going to call the security to chase Javier out, he had said that he would make sure the latter was beaten up like a dog. At present, though, he could care less about it. All his attention was focused on the photos on Javier's cell phone. He panicked while looking at them. "No! Where did you get these photos from? You" Words tumbled out of his mouth, but Javier put out a finger and wagged it at him to gesture for his silence. It was then that Manny remembered what Javier had said earlier, about barking like a dog before he spoke, but he could care less now as he went on.

"You've photoshopped these photos. This is slandering. I'm calling the police on you!"

Javier pulled out his phone and pressed the digits right in front of Manny-the first two tones sounded the same.

Manny panicked at once. He would be doomed if Javier actually called the police! Not being able to care about embarrassing himself as the hospital director due to the dire situation, he opened his mouth and barked.

Javier was delighted. "Wow, what an aggressive dog. Listen, it's like he's going to tear me apart with that bark. Too scary."

Manny was furious, but there was nothing he could do. He could only ask with a glower, "Can I speak now?"

Javier nodded with a beam. "of course. It's your right to speak. Not even the law could take it away from you."

That nearly choked Manny with rage. Javier had not allowed him to speak earlier-he had to force him to bark like a dog before he could talk. That b*stard!

Said b*stard, Javier, casually sat on the desk and pulled out a cigarette to light it.

Manny snapped , "This is a hospital . Please watch your manners!"

Javier tossed the lighter to Manny. "Stop with the manners. I don't see you talking about manners when you had the nurse on your lap, groping her. Come on, light the cigarette for me. Your good sir would like to have a smoke now."

Manny was already in his sixties, and some guy in his twenties called himself his good sir!? Manny could not reject Javier, however, and could only pick up the lighter with a long face to light the cigarette for him.

As Javier smoked in leisure , he tipped his chin and puffed out the smoke. "Ah, your good sir is having a good time smoking!"

Manny would love to slap Javier, but he did not have as much courage despite his fervent thought. He was more concerned with where the photos had come from and where the original pieces of evidence were. Just as he was about to ask, Javier spoke up. "Everything you ask will be useless. You don't have to fight over whether these are real or photoshopped either. You and I are both well aware of it. What you should be asking me right now is, 'My good sir, what should I do to get all these things back?'" . Manny's fists turned white from how hard he was gripping them while taking in Javier's taunting gaze. Despite that, the years he had spent living made him understand that he ought to bow down when he did not have the upper hand. His shame had been long gone, dried into ashes and blown off in the Sahara Desert, when he stole someone else's hard work as his own. Thus, saying certain things posed no challenge for him.

"My good sir, what should I do to get all these things back?"

He didn't miss a single word, and his tone was acceptable—Javier could feel Manny's excellent

cooperative attitude. He snorted. "And here I thought you'd stand firm. All that bluster at home was an act, huh?"

Manny was fuming but could only force a smile. "Your smile is hideous. It's like you're constipated." Javier's simile was awful. It nearly killed Manny.

That was the least of Javier's concerns, though. He was here to make Manny submit. He did not care if the latter was in a good mood or not. Knocking the screen of his phone that was on the table, he told Manny, "If it weren't for Luca and his father, it wouldn't be me talking to you here but the police, so this alone should have you thanking the two of them. "Call them now and thank them!"

Manny was struggling to keep it all in. He had been the hospital director for some years, so the ego and pride had grown on him. Thus, he lashed out. "What do you actually want!?"

Javier scoffed. "Seems like you don't want to make the call. That's okay. I'll do it instead."

Javier pressed the same three digits with the two same tones, and that was all it took for Manny to give in at once.

"I'll call them! I'll do it!"

No matter how reluctant he was, he quickly made the call. Luca's father answered shortly.

"Bro-in-law, thank you. I understand that you meant well now. Thank you so much. Luca's boss is here talking to me now. Don't worry. I know how incredible he is now. I really do."

Manny hung up without giving the older man a chance to speak. He then plastered on another constipated smile and asked Javier, "Are you happy now?"

Javier nodded. "Yes, very much so. We can talk about work now."

No longer ribbing the pathetic Manny, Javier said, "I've spent a total of 3 million dollars to collect evidence against you. You ought to reimburse me on this first. I'm correcting your mistakes for you, so you shouldn't be letting me spend, don't you think so?"

3 million dollars! He had asked for 3 million dollars right away. That stirred a headache for Manny. Even then, it was nothing compared to being put behind bars.

He nodded with a clenched jaw. "Sure, but I can't produce so much cash instantly. Can you give me two days? I'll sell my mansion and pay you very soon."

Javier was flexible. "Of course. I have the evidence anyway. You can pay me anytime. But people say that these pieces of evidence are smart. They'll grow legs and run to the police after 48 hours. I wonder if it's true."

Manny quickly spoke up while Javier muttered. "Don't worry. It won't take more than 48 hours. Never!" See? This was the attitude. It was much better than when Javier had visited the man's house yesterday. If Manny had this attitude yesterday, there would have been less trouble.

Javier brought up the second matter as he flicked the cigarette ash.

"Go clear the air about the vaccine patent from nine years ago to relevant departments. Right, publish a statement on all the medical publications involved as well. How you've deceived the girl, who the real inventor is, and all that needs to be written."

Manny disagreed at once. "You're backing me to a corner. I've become successful now, and you're forcing me up the roof, pulling the ladder off, and setting everything ablaze, leaving me high and dry. This is going to kill me!"

Javier waved. "Wrong vocab. You're the expert here. How could you use your words senselessly?"

"Have I forced you up the roof in the first place? No, right? It was your own idea to steal someone else's

data as your own back then. This has nothing to do with me, so what you said isn't applicable to me.
"As for killing you...Mr. Poupe, don't you think
you're the one who dug your own grave?" Javier's retort left Manny speechless.