

Apex Chapter 524

Chapter 524

This Is a Tough Nut to Crack When it came to Jade, Javier was the least suspicious. She would never do anything that could hurt him.

He fixed a piercing stare on Herschel's eyes, his gaze strong enough to rattle the man.

"Look, Boss, I don't mean this is a scandal, okay? I'm just telling it as it is. We don't know what they talked about or who that guy is. My underling's still investigating him." He defended himself. "But one thing's for sure-it ain't a normal client."

Jade would never be unfaithful to him. And yet, Herschel would never make up a lie either.

Interesting. Very interesting, indeed. Who could this secret man be, then?

Sam's car appeared, stopping Herschel from dwelling on the subject. He made up an excuse about needing to park their SUV and left.

Javier flicked some ashes off the burning end of his cigarette and feigned nonchalance while studying Sam, who was getting out of his car. "What's the matter now? Got another reason to talk to me?"

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Sam stammered with a copious amount of ums and ahs, as if he genuinely had another important matter to address. Either way, his incessant stuttering was exhausting Javier's patience. "Godd*mn it, just spit it out already. Quit cowering, you dolt!" he snapped. This snarl seemed to do the trick, as Sam finally spoke up. "S-SO, Boss, ever since we founded an indoor green technology company and interior design company, my humble business has been going really well. B-B-But, uh, lately, I've run into a bit of a problem."

A problem that troubled someone like Sam, enough to make him ask Javier for help? Well, it must be a tough nut to crack!

"Elaborate, please."

"I mean, it's not exactly a 'bit' of a problem per se. See, there's this interior design project that was supposed to be my business until this Clark guy stole it from me. Oh, uh...Clark Gould is the nephew of Mary Jane Gould." Sam explained before adding hastily, "Don't be alarmed though, boss. I ain't upset because someone robbed me of my business or anything. I know how much Miss Gould contributes to the group, and I ain't petty enough to complain about something so trivial. It's just...Well, Clark's company is seriously terrible. They are a ragtag band with zero resources! They use the lowest-quality materials, make the shoddiest job ever, and then bid an insane price for their crapshoot. Every job they undertake can't be left alone at all. We keep having to swoop in and salvage whatever we can from their botched work. It's insane how incompetent they are, boss! "And yet, despite all that, the latest projects always go to them. It's gotten to a point where I think I really should tell you about this..."

What Sam had uncovered made Javier frown. No wonder Sam had called this a tough nut. What else could it be when Mary Jane Gould was involved? Even Javier had to admit this was difficult for him.

The biggest mystery, though, was why. Mary Jane was not the type to value personal profit over public commitment. So why would she let this happen?

Javier tucked his questions deep into his chest and focused his attention back on Sam. He patted his back.

"I get what you're trying to say, Sam. I understand your concern and I'll look into it. I'm aware of your loyalty to our company and I know you want only what's best for me. That's not the sort of thing I'll misconstrue, yeah?" he said reassuringly. "Chill. If anything ever catches your attention like this, you only need to call me.

"But man, you can call me anyway. Just to hang out, have a drink, like two guys who go back a long way. We've been old pals for so long, bro. Just because I'm the chairman of Reivaj Group, it doesn't mean you're now below me. Seriously, it's weird to hear you address me like I'm made of glass."

Sam felt a surge of warmth in his chest. A wall had been building up between him and Javier despite this going against Sam's wishes. After all, Javier was too powerful both in terms of status and influence. The disparity had made it nearly impossible for Sam to remain a buddy with Javier anymore.

What Javier had said, though, was magical enough to break down that wall. Javier was still who he was, who he had always been. The bond between them would not change just because Javier's status had.

The revelation was a boost to one's morale. Sam was honestly happier just by hearing it—even happier than when he was making money. "Well! In that case, I wouldn't mind taking you up on that offer and asking you out for a drink the next time you're free, man. Talk to you then, Javier!"

He left with a newfound spring in his step, as though whatever dark cloud had previously covered his mood had dissipated.

Javier was on the exact opposite end of the mood spectrum, though. Why had he been greeted by two different but equally upsetting incidents?

He fished out his phone and called Jade, informing her that he had somewhere else to be before leaving for the place Sam had mentioned by following an address he had given him. He was going to pay Clark Gould's company a visit to see just what Mary Jane's nephew was made of.

Here he was, at Nebula Design Inc, Clark Gould's nest. Judging from its exterior, the company looked like a flop. It was just a two-storey shop-front seemingly waiting to be demolished at any given time. The company had not even put any effort into announcing its presence. Instead of having a common advertising lightbox, they apparently thought a cheap, simple wooden plaque with the name "Nebula Design Inc." was good enough.

The lady at the front desk was surprisingly beautiful, though. At first glance, she even looked like a movie star. Javier approached the young woman and informed her of his intentions.

"Oh, that's our boss, alright. Please state your business," she replied noncommittally while fumbling with her phone. Javier dismissed her lack of professionalism and answered her with the same casual tone, "Got an interior design business deal to talk about." The young woman's attention hardly swayed from her phone. Every once in a while, she reached out and scratched her foot, which was wrapped in skin-colored silk pantyhose."

Ohhhh. That. We don't actually do business with common companies, sir, especially one-time partnerships or stuff like that. The only projects we accept are from eminent mega corporations, like Reivaj Group and others. Yeah, that's like, our biggest client," she intoned. "If you're just some ordinary small business owner, you should leave instead of taking up our time, you know?"

Wow, what a bad*ss of a company! It had to be making big bucks if they had no qualms about turning away any "small business" while chastising them for wasting the company's time! If that was the attitude of their front-desk receptionist, what kind of level of highfalutin cockiness should Javier expect from the man in charge of her payroll?

Javier lit a cigarette and made himself comfortable on the couch, crossing his legs. "Sweetie, you might need to get your boss down here for my business. If 800,000 dollars is nothing to him, gee, I wonder what kind of astronomical amount this company makes on a monthly basis!"

That got the young woman's attention. She straightened her back, tucked her phone back, and slipped her bare feet back into her heels. She rose from her seat, implored Javier to be patient, and strode upstairs to report to her boss.

Javier used this time to study his surroundings. It was striking how bareboned the company's own interior design was. In fact, there was no sign of furnishing or design at all. The only makeover this dump had ever received was a slapdash smattering of putty on its walls. Just observing the interior clued Javier in on the nature of this Nebula Design Inc. Clark's company had no intention of accepting any other business or project because the only client it catered to was Reivaj Group. It was no more than a mere tick on the back of Reivaj's back, its miserable life sustained by the latter's patronage.

Did it ever offer its service to any other clients? Please. Look at the sorry state of their storefront. Not even a house owner with a modest budget would trust this company. Just look at the aesthetic failure that was the company's own storefront!

He waited for nearly ten minutes before the beautiful receptionist returned. Her face was mysteriously pinker and her hair noticeably messier. More importantly, Javier could see a brand-new tear on her silk pantyhose despite her conscious attempt to hide it.

It did not take a lot for Javier to understand what had happened. He snorted. "Wow, look at you lovebirds. Mr. Gould finishes fast! All it took was 10 minutes for the two of you to finish the entire course, huh? I'm impressed."

The young woman's cheeks flushed. "I don't know what you're talking about. All I know is that the boss wants to meet you in his office."

She ducked behind her desk, her features wrinkling in embarrassment. Javier approached her and loomed close. "I bet you really wish you knew how it feels for the ride to last more than ten minutes. Aren't you... interested in the heights that come after the first few minutes? Hmm?"

The receptionist's beautiful face turned scarlet. Behind her coyness, though, she was admittedly...looking forward to whatever would come after his invitation...