

Apex Chapter 526

Chapter 526

I Don't Know Anything About This It was clear as day. Clark was a piece of sh*t, the most useless kind, at that. He was so useless he was the kind of tick who did not even know the name of the host he was leeching. He was a brainless parasite and deserved nothing more than to be ejected like one.

Javier ignored Clark completely and yanked the door open before descending the stairs. Clark had to wriggle his rotund meatball of a body to keep up on Javier's tail while putting on his best apologetic smiles. "Don't leave so soon, Mr. Kersey! Please, have dinner with me! I know a spectacular place around here. The food is really good. I'll treat you!"

He was now using his business daddy's money to "treat" his daddy to a meal. Clark was the epitome of a deadbeat, deadweight son!

Javier ignored Clark even more and marched into his car.

The reception lady was startled by what she was seeing. When would the arrogant, self important, cocky Clarke ever see the need to lick another person's boots? It was so mind boggling that she had to ask the man as soon as she saw him returning. "Who was that, boss?" Maybe she should not have asked because her curiosity only begot her an angry tongue lashing. "You! You're just an airheaded bimbo, aren't you? How could you not recognize the goddamn chairman of Reivaj Group, huh? Thanks to your stupidity, I've humiliated myself in front of a bigshot like him! What do you even know other than splitting your legs wide for money? Christ! F*ck! Why the hell did I even hire a bimbo? You're worthless! Worthless piece of trash with legs!"

His sudden outburst stunned the reception lady into a freeze. The chairman of Reivaj Group as in Javier Kersey? The man who had been flirting with her and had just expressed interest in her was Javier Kersey?

Oh, God! She would have gotten more than just more pleasure had she seized the opportunity! Her status would soar just as high as her climax, too! Even an amount too small for Javier to care for would have given her more than any money she could squeeze out of pleasing Clark for the rest of his life. It was the chance of her lifetime, yet she gave it away! She had never felt so much regret before! 'I should have said yes to him, God! He is hot, rich, and a beast! Damn it! Goddamn it!' she moaned to herself. Clark suddenly ambled to her side before crushing a chair with his weight. He pointed at his hard shaft and demanded, "I've got a lot of heat in me and need a goddamn outlet right about now, so get to it!" Unbeknownst to Clark, he was not the only one whose blood was boiling. The reception lady, aided by fury, lifted the LCD computer screen from her desk and smashed it through Clark's head, leaving the screen stuck on his neck like a dog cone around a very nonplussed face.

"You think you're the only one who's got heat, *sshat?! I've got news for you, pal. I'm more pissed off than your obese *ss is!" she snarled. "Have you ever looked at yourself in the mirror? You've never ever made me orgasm, you incompetent pig! I have to finish what you started on my own in the bathroom all the time! You're a useless piece of sh*t, and like an actual sh*t, the only thing you deserve is to be thrown in a cesspool, and if you're lucky, die

drowning in it!"

With that long complaint out of her chest, the reception lady grabbed her bag and stormed off. She had made a decision in that split second – if Javier was interested in her, then she would cling onto that and not let him slip past her fingers. As for Clark? Well, to hell with that pig! A million of him would not even compare to one Javier's worth!

Clark watched the reception lady leaving, eyes wide in shock, before attempting to remove the screen from his neck and head. To his growing horror and pain, though, the shards of the broken screen were prickling into his neck while the screen seemed to have been stuck.

The infuriated Clark stomped his feet and roared, "Somebody get their *ss out here and help me! Noooooowww! I'm dyiiiiiiing!"

Javier drove straight back to Reivaj Group as soon as he left Nebula Design Inc. He needed to speak to Mary Jane immediately.

He understood one's inclination for nepotism, and sometimes, he even agreed to it. But there had to be some kind of rational basis to it too, right? But there was no reason to let Clark and his ridiculous incompetence take on these projects! It was like shooting themselves on their feet-willingly!

Javier wasted no time paying Mary Jane a visit to her office.

The older woman was watching one of her historical dramas again. While most people would take one look at Reivaj Group's expanding empire and imagine how busy she must be, Mary Jane herself thought her workload was just...fine. It was certainly nowhere near hectic as her days working as the Kerseys' financial minister. The work she had to undertake right now was too easy. She could do everything with her eyes closed.

She heard footsteps in her office and briefly turned. After recognizing her guest, her attention returned to her show. "Back already? Heard you've been chilling with that old fox this time. How's he doing?" she asked.

Javier sat on the neighboring table and swung his legs. "Doing fine. Apparently two 18-years old sweeties combined were no match to his vigor because they decided to make a run out of his room in the middle of the night one time. They split up and went in different directions, and he still had enough vim to bring them back inside alone. He's the God of fertility and life, ma'am."

Mary Jane glared at him. "Hahaha. As you youngsters say, 'cool story, bro.' If he ever tried a two-way game with two 18-year-olds, the one who'd be running into the night begging for mercy would be that old fox himself. He wouldn't have finished what he started before trying

to escape, too, and it would be those gals who would have to haul him back inside."

Javier palpably enjoyed that detail. "Whoa, is that a complaint about his inability to, let us say, 'fulfill his end of the bargain,' Aunt Mary Jane?"

The older woman reached out to Javier's thigh as though she was about to pinch him. "Where's the respect I deserve, punk!?"

Javier had to beg for mercy before Mary Jane finally decided to let him off the hook. With her hand out of the way, he finally went straight to the point. "So, I heard you've got a nephew, Aunt Mary Jane. Clark Gould, right?"

Despite her immersion and investment in her drama, Mary Jane turned straight toward Javier and asked, "How did you know? Has he come to you lately?" Javier shook his head. "Nope. Why?"

"Because he had been pestering me for a while before this. See, he said he wanted a job and told me to arrange something for him or even make him the leader of a business venture from our company. Naturally, I shot down his request. That nephew of mine is useless, I tell you. He doesn't actually own any notable skills or competence! The last thing I want to do is to spare his undeserving request even a smidge of my attention. "Since you're here asking about him, I thought he must have pestered you now. I gotta tell you first hand, though. No matter what he said, the answer is no. Don't ever agree to his request, especially if you're doing it for my sake. My intention is to leave him hanging on his own for two more years. Let him learn how to tie his own bootstraps while getting his butt kicked around before he's liable to be lent a hand. Don't ruin my plan by coddling him now, boy."

This point genuinely mystified Javier. Mary Jane might not necessarily be the one who had arranged for Clark's contract with the company, but who else could have possessed the motive to do something like this? He was her nephew. If not her, then who else? And yet, judging from Mary Jane's attitude, she was visibly opposed to granting her nephew the connection to Reivaj Group. How did that explain Nebula Design Inc., then? Javier did not keep his questions to himself. He instantly voiced them to Mary Jane, who stared at him in shock. "That can't be right," she replied, incredulous. "I never relented to his request, so who else could possibly authorize that? Even if it's a favor done because an underling wants to please me for whatever reasons, for that to work, they'll need to let slip the fact that they gave my nephew a hand, so I'll feel obligated to repay them, right? And yet, no one ever told me anything remotely related to this." Javier trusted Mary Jane. He had full faith in her words, which was why things seemed to have gotten weirder. If Mary Jane had not authorized Useless Clark's involvement, then how did Clark manage to continue getting new design projects? While Javier pondered over this, he suddenly remembered something. Just about half an hour ago, Herschel had told him that Jade had been caught talking to a mysterious, unidentified man. Javier had so much faith in Jade's faithfulness that he had instantly discarded the story in favor of pursuing the one about Clark. Now, as he was reminded of that incident, Javier had a feeling that he had solved these two cases at once.

Speak of the Devil, and the Devil comes. Jade strode into Mary Jane's office with some documents in her hands. That was when Javier shot a look of suspicion at her.