

Chapter 451

Aside from Business The third security gate was hard to pass through but Javier managed to enter being led by Suzanne, the head of the medial research team. It was just that...

He had wanted to meet Nathaniel directly but he was chased off after Suzanne went in the office to inform the latter.

To be precise, he was not exactly chased off but it might as well be from a certain perspective! That was because Suzanne told him awkwardly, "Boss said to have you wait at the lounge."

Without even meeting the man, Javier was asked to go to the lounge. He got passed two security gates but not the third one, not exactly.

Frankly, Nathaniel made it clear that Javier was not qualified to enter his office.

When Javier appeared in the lounge and Herschel, Running man and GTR who came in Alyssa's car found out, their faces fell. Who was their boss? It was already an honor to Nathaniel when he had come to meet him personally yet that man had the guts to chase him out?!

Looking at the armed sentinels around them, Herschel, Running Man and GTR had a short discussion and went to Javier.

"Boss, we go straight for it. These centipedes aren't our rivals. We fight our way in to talk to Nathaniel Hurst!"

He purposely called the sentinels as centipedes to show his disregard for them.

Despite that, Javier made a dismissive wave and gestured for them to sit down.

"Never mind. Let's just wait. We're here for a business deal, not a war. No need for you guys to risk it."

Javier looked nonchalant but the trio was moved because they could catch the concern laced in Javier's words. That was actually what the man thought too. Instead of making Herschel, Running Man and GTR risk their lives over an annoyance, he might as well wait for a while.

A little patience from him could save the three of them from risking their lives once. Javier found that to be worth it.

It was exactly because of this that the trio were willing to risk their lives for him. Their boss treated them as his bros. They all came from the battlefield. Loyalty was fiercely settled in their bore. Anyone who was good to them, they repaid it with their lives. It was that simple.

Soothed by Javier, Herschel, Running Man and GTR sat themselves down in the lounge. Javier himself was in no hurry either, fishing for his cigarette to light one up before tossing the pack to the trio.

Smoking and looking out the window, Javier waited in silence for Nathaniel. He was, of course, vexed that he was chased to the lounge, so he thought to give it any eye for an eye to Nathaniel when he acquired his company. He believed that he would subdue Nathaniel once he found out the conglomerate behind him.

Nathaniel could be insolent all he wanted. It was only a matter of time before he had to bow down!

Two long hours of waiting in the lounge later, Nathaniel finally made his way over. He was a middle-aged man in his forties and was dressed casually. He also had a full beard and looked like a rugged man but he was certainly no boor when he was able to become the boss of Suzanne's medical research team.

Upon entering the lounge, he glanced at Javier and his three men. "Which of you is Javier Kersey?"

"I am. You're Nathaniel Hurst?" Javier got up.

Nathaniel scanned Javier without any additional emotion in his gaze. There was not even disdain. His eyes were calm, like he was staring into thin air. He then said, "I heard from Ms. Quinn that you're here to buy the psoriasis-targeted drug?" Javier waved. "Not just that. I want to acquire your company." It

took Nathaniel aback before he chortled. “Mr. Kersey, good one.”

Javier grinned as well. “How would you know that I’m joking if you don’t let the boss behind you name a price and try me?”

Nathaniel spent some time staring at Javier and replied, “I have no boss behind me. I’m the boss. If you want to buy the inventor name and honor of the psoriasis – targeted drug, we can talk about the deal. If you want to buy this company, you can leave now.” Once Nathaniel finished, Herschel shot up while Running Man and GTR stood themselves by Nathaniel’s sides.

Looking at the three men around him, Nathaniel smiled at Javier. “Looks like your subordinates aren’t happy with what I said just now!” Javier did not answer to that but asked, “Since you’re the boss, they’d be happy if you name your price, no?”

“Bro, this is forcing a business deal. It’s not nice to break the rules of the market.”

To answer Nathaniel, Javier retorted, “We’re not in our home country anyway. I believe that boss wouldn’t mind.”

Nathaniel pulled out a cigarette to light it with a chuckle. “All right. It seems that you really want me to give up what I treasure and that you came with sincerity, Mr. Kersey. Okay, why don’t you offer a trillion Euros and I’ll sell you my company? What do you say?”

A trillion Euros was approximately a trillion dollars and Sammius’ military expenses each year was around 630 billion dollars. Putting it this way allowed for a more tangible estimation-it was 18 years of Sammius’ military expenses in exchange for a medical research team. Was it possible? It was obviously impossible. This was a f*cking joke! Javier replied with a beam. “Mr. Hurst, I came with sincerity but it seems that you aren’t naming a price with the same sentiment!” Nathaniel asked with a smile, “Can I perceive it as you being so poor that you can’t afford my company then, Mr. Kersey?” Nathaniel was brutally frank with his words, so Javier did not stop Herschel when he defender!

him.

The next moment, a dagger was pressed against Nathaniel’s neck.

Herschel asked him, “Will this company change owners if I slice your neck off now?”

Nathaniel did not even spare the dagger at his neck a glance, like there was nothing there. He answered with a smile, “It’s possible, I suppose. But my suggestion is that you drop the blade. You might be able to stay alive if you drop it on your own, or you might lose a life.”

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Javier gestured a press of hand to Herschel, startling the latter. His boss was not someone so easily intimidated in his impression. While he was dazed, he saw red dots on Running Man and GTR’s foreheads. The two of them gestured for him to drop the dagger as well, meaning that he obviously had a red dot on his own forehead too. There were snipers here?!

As Herschel dropped his dagger, Nathaniel extended a hand to pat his cheek twice with a smile.

“Kid, keep your dagger properly next time. Stop flashing it to everyone you see.”

Nathaniel smiled at Javier after patting Herschel’s face.

“Mr. Kersey, if you really can’t afford to buy my company, I’d still agree to it if you want to buy the title credit of the psoriasis-targeted drug alone. After all, I’m a businessman. There’s no reason for me not to make money, right?”