

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 581 ReadOnline

Chapter 581 Javier's Decision Chessie had no problem paying Javier for a wonderful night. He was a handsome freak in the sheets who asked for very little despite the expensive experience he delivered. No one would see him as anything but a great bargain.

The problem, however, was that she was in battle warrior mode. Like a warrior, she would see trails of blood during her showers despite not even having a scratch. Like a warrior, she would bleed for a week and yet walk around without suffering from any blood loss. Yep. Chessie was going through that time of the month, and his libido could do nothing about

it.

It would be barbaric of him to answer his carnal calling without any concern for Chessie's condition. She was his woman, so caring for her was part of his responsibility. But gosh, he swore to God, it did not mean holding his lust in was easy at all.

Hell, it made the night torturous. Here lay Chessie, beautiful and alluring, cuddling in his arms – so close yet so far away. It was the worst. Just the worst. The next morning, as soon as he woke up, Javier called Mackenzie and told him what he needed.

Since it involved local law enforcement, it was of paramount importance that Javier keep a low profile, even though he was determined to get results. Thus, after contacting Mackenzie, Javier was hooked up to the local authorities through one of his connections. That evening, he bade Chessie farewell and flew to the city the late Alois Fontaine used to work in. As soon as he left the plane, he met a middle-aged man in his fifties who had been tasked to meet him at the airport.

The man who received him had a rather pompous exterior. His hair was in a well-done pompadour, and he was wearing a t-shirt bearing a large print of a hibiscus that he had paired with floral printed summer pants. One did not even need to see the conspicuous golden chain slung around his neck to know how much of a gangster he had to be. It was only after Javier got into his car and they drove for a while that the man finally introduced himself.

"Al Lippman. Anti-narc force. Captain," he said. "Alois' captain."

Turning to look Javier in the eye, he added, "Look at me. I look the part, don't I? That's part of being one of us-that's how much risk we have to weather. People make up fake news on the internet and say how easy our job is and how little danger we run into, because according to them, these drug dealers care only for profit and not revenge, yadda-yadda-yadda. Bullsh*t, I'm telling you. These cartel b*stards stopped giving a

sh*t about their own lives since they decided to join the dark side. Why is vengeful murder a line they wouldn't cross? I would like to see them explain how my comrades die if it ain't because they are victims of vengeance. Hell, I wanna see how they'd explain why we don't even have much on our graves when we die other than our stinking names!"

Al's anger for armchair experts, who knew all about their comfortable lives and very little about the dangers these officers faced, was palpable. The fact that they lived such a peaceful

life while downplaying Al and his people's work was just extra salt on his wounds.

With his rant out of his chest, he turned his attention back to Javier. "And I know you, Bob. The chairman of Reivaj Group, ain't you? You're this big successful guy up there at the top... which is why I'm puzzled. Why is a big gun like you interested in this?"

Javier answered him with a question of his own. "Don't you already know? Alois Fontaine."

So he was there to avenge Alois. Why avenge him? What was their relationship? Al had no idea. All he had to go on was a direct order from the top instructing him to work with Javier. Still, what mystified Al the most was

"How exactly do you plan to defeat the Sommers, hotshot?"

Javier did not hesitate. "With mercenaries."

Al froze. He had not expected Javier to be so candid. He even found his frankness to be borderline flippant. This young man surely remembered that Al was a cop! He was a cop before he was an anti-narc officer. Law enforcers like himself and mercenaries were almost always at each other's throat, and to hear Javier bring them up so casually right to his face felt a little like him flipping him the bird.

Javier studied Al's stunned expression. "My mercenaries only operate outside the borders, sir. They are never active within the country. The only reason they are here this time is for the Sommers' assassination," he pointed out. "I understand how different we are in the grand scheme of things, but I'm sure you agree that our short-term goals are aligned. What you seek is the eradication of narcotics. Anyone involved in the trade is your enemy. What I seek is vengeance for Alois. The Sommers are a malignant tumor begging to be cut out.

"You're shackled by your uniform, but I'm not, so I'll be the one to do it. I've talked to your superiors about this, and the official line is that this is a clash between a drug cartel and its foreign enemy. The only part you have to play is show up near the end, remove whatever has remained of the cartel, and collect evidence. As for the family's extermination? I'll handle it."

Al went silent for a long while. It took him about ten minutes before he finally nodded. The Sommers' involvement in the drug trade was an open secret, but what set the police back was the absence of hard evidence. Sure, they could spend more time scouring for it, and given enough time, something incriminating was bound to turn up. The problem was time itself. The time used for such an exhaustive search would be time given to the Sommers to harm even more people. To circumvent that, Javier had used his connections to talk to Al's superiors and gotten them to agree to snuffing out the Sommers with the help of his mercenaries. With his help, his team would finally have something to show to the general public while eradicating a criminal family. They would kill two birds with one stone.

As for how lawful this approach would be, though? Well, if everything could be done by the rules, this world would have gone mad a long time ago. Rules were made to be broken, as the platitude went, and this definitely looked like a time to break them. Laws were no more than mere tools used by a system, after all.

Now that he had changed his mind, Al had very few objections to the arrangement. He handed a document to Javier. "Our investigation showed that Michael, Gabriel, and Uriel are all

involved in the trade. We aren't sure about Raphael and Lilith's involvement, but Raphael's in charge of the Sommers' legal business-basically, the family's financial cover-while Lilith's content to live like a princess.

"We have no evidence to prove or disprove Harvey's involvement in narcotics. He seems to have acquitted himself in the wild, wide world out here. He found religion and devoted himself to it, but that doesn't prove he's not the man behind this. See, we arranged for a guy to go undercover into their family to find out, but the bad news? He's dead. Died in an accident.

"The good news? He didn't go undercover with his actual face, but by wearing a hyper realistic mask created by our tech unit. Anyone can take the same mask and resume his undercover mission."

Javier shot a side glance at Al. "So, you want me to go in."

Al stiffened a little. He had not expected Javier to be shrewd enough to catch the meaning between the lines. Nevertheless, he did not deny it. "You're the most suitable person for the job," he replied matter-of-factly. "You can contact our people to launch a precise strike against the family from the inside. Of course, you must understand...this is risky. We could send in one of our own instead, but it won't be as hassle-free as you going when it comes to communication.

"Besides, by going in, you can be the one to decide what's the best course of action from a more intimate perspective," Al added. "Two options, your choice. The big guns up there told

us we're to help you in any way we can, so you're the one with the final say."

Javier turned the pages of the document and said nothing. He exhausted about half an hour to memorize all the details before he nodded. "Let them try to f*ck me up."

His voice was so soft that it could have been mistaken for a sigh had the word 'choice' been more understated. But AI could hear his determination and courage, and he felt a new surge of

respect for Javier.

"Then we're going to our base at once. Let's apply some makeup, get you ready, and give you more information about our last guy, Draco."

AI divulged the agent's details, and Javier learned about the background of the identity he would soon be assuming.

Draco DeSantis had been a black sheep in the family. Lilith had met him in a car accident two years ago, when he had been injured and suffering from amnesia. Later, she had gotten into a dispute with her family and married Draco to throw a tantrum. They were only married on paper, as the two had never lived together as husband and wife.

The Sommers had always seen Draco as a useless, witless parasite. Someone at the bottom of the hierarchy who did not deserve a second glance. This was an advantage for him, though, because it had allowed him to remain in the family, undercover, for two years.

And today, Javier was going to put on that hyper-realistic mask, become Draco De Santis, and infiltrate the Sommers. He was going to take one for the team and take out the tumor with the precision of a scalpel!

Chapter 582 Lilith Sommer: First Encounter "My dearest Miss Sommer! You truly have the most amazing body ever! Just look at your fair,

en the best models in the business would surrender at the sight of them. And your butt! Incredibly sexy, just like a ripe peach! Oh, and let's not forget the jaw droppingly perfect proportions of your waist and chest-perfection is what they are!

"Believe me, Miss Sommer, I'm not exaggerating when I say you possess the most beautiful figure I've ever seen. You really are one of a kind, a true primadonna! If you graced my evening by joining me for dinner later...oh, it would be the highest honor of my life!" On and on, Kenny Mason, the gym trainer, prattled with all the flattery he could summon. The

target of his buttery infatuation? Lilith Sommer, who was jogging on the treadmill. Her supposed husband was standing nearby, but Kenny ignored him altogether.

Everyone in the gym knew who Draco De Santis was. He was a spineless waste of space, that was who he was. He never raised his hand against a slap. He never raised his voice against an insult. He would probably nod and beg for forgiveness if someone spat on his d*mn face. What a f*cking doormat. Kenny could never understand why a woman as stacked as Lilith had fallen for an emasculated pansy enough to marry him. But right now, it became clear that no matter how hard he tried to appeal to her vanity, Lilith's deadpan expression never changed. She went on jogging, her sweat glistening like a shower over the treadmill.

Every once in a while, she shot a furtive glance at Draco. He looked dumb and nonplussed, as though it was not his own wife the trainer was complimenting and flirting with. His lack of response irked her, even though they were married on paper and she had never really cared much about her husband.

Lilith slapped the panel and stopped the treadmill while wiping her forehead with a towel. She then started toward the women's changing room, passing by the manager's room when she suddenly said nonchalantly, "Next time, get me a mute trainer."

The manager reeled in realization. Kenny was getting on her nerves!

After giving his wealthy patron an apologetic smile and reassuring her, he made his way to Kenny and barked, "You! Stop harassing our clients all day already! No one would complain if you just shut up and did your d*mn job. If you can't do that, then get the hell out of my gym!" Having his boss howl at his face like that pissed Kenny off. Once the manager walked away, Kenny—who had just received word that he was going to be replaced very soon—directed all of his spleen at Draco. "The hell are you looking at?! Keep your eyes to yourself, or I'll f*cking break your f*cking nose, pansy! You think you're some hot sh*t, huh? You don't even remember who you are! Do you know the name of your pa and ma? No! F*cking useless freak! I don't even know what Lilith ever saw in you. You don't have the looks, you don't have the body, you don't have anything that's remotely comparable to me! You are just a f*cking piece of sh*t!"

Part of the reason Kenny felt safe abusing another man like that was because he knew Draco was too meek and spineless to retaliate. It made Draco the perfect punching bag, and just as he

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had assumed, the man said nothing in return. He nodded, shrank away from him a little, and looked around him haplessly. His eyes never once showed any clarity of mind, as though they were locked in a permanent, dumbfounded stupor. In fact, Draco looked so confused that one would wonder if he even understood why the trainer was shouting at him. His eyes darted away from Kenny, as if he was worried that any sustained eye contact would earn him a beating. As his attention wandered about, though, Draco's eyes eventually settled on a movie being played in the lounge next door. It was a story about anti-narcotics officers busting drug criminals. Armed to the teeth with assault rifles, they mopped the floor with those criminals with an equal amount of valor and the glamor of well-done special effects. The scenes were explosive, and the explosives were spectacular.

Draco, however, frowned. There was nothing real about this. The real world was no movie. Criminals did not raise their hands and surrender at the sight of law enforcers. They knew that being caught meant death, so they would never give up. All that was left for them to do was fight their way out. Some even pretended to surrender while hiding grenades in their hands, waiting for the officers to come closer so they could pull the pins. Boom-mutual destruction.

In the real world, drug dealers saw cops as their arch-nemeses. To them, these b*stards were the ones ruining their way up the social ladder. Naturally, Draco De Santis was really Javier Kersey in a hyper-realistic disguise. He had successfully taken on the role and made contact with his supposed wife, Lilith. A snarl rang out again. "Oy, you motherf*cking piece of sh*t! You're watching a movie while I'm talking to you?! F*ck!"

Kenny was apoplectic. Javier was watching a movie from across the room! What was this, a blatant act of provocation?! His bluster at least focused Javier's attention back on him. He considered the bully and his punchable face, seething a little on his own. This *sshole had gone too far, and Javier decided it was high time he fixed this barking dog for good. A small display of skill might work to his favor too, and he could gain ground within the family and ease his investigation. Once he figured them out, he would summon Mackenzie and his people, and the Sommers would be gone!

While Kenny was still barking, Javier replied, "p*ss off." His aggressor froze, looking stunned. How could someone infamous for taking abuse like a doormat suddenly muster the courage to say something so bad*ss? Where the hell did this foolhardiness come from?!

After being stupefied for about two or three seconds, Kenny finally snapped back to his senses, his rage spiking. "What's up, huh? Someone's forgotten their godd*mn place, has

he? Maybe you should get a reminder from me. Then you'll think twice about p*ssing off motherf*ckers who are way out of your league, beta!"

Javier stuck his hands into his pockets and turned away, offering a look of disinterest. "Dumb* SS."

Being slighted by Javier not once, but twice, made Kenny's blood boil. He balled his hands into

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First Encounter

fists, his knuckles itching to pommel Javier's unfazed face. "Oh, so you're Mr. Tough-f*cking Guy today, are you? Fine! Get your *ss up on the ring! If you've got a pair and ain't a pussy, then f*cking fight me, bro!" Javier had long realized that men from this area had a tendency to solve their conflicts through good old fisticuffs. It did not matter where they were—a bar, a restaurant, or any other public place could become a ring. Would anyone just start flipping tables over an argument? Come on, let's take it to the ring, where two people could solve their differences with a boxing match! Whoever was beaten to submission or begged for mercy would automatically lose the argument! The same applied to gyms. Any conflict was settled in the ring, as locals believed that any issue that could be solved with a well-timed punch should be solved with a well-timed punch. No verbal reasoning was necessary.

Kenny vaulted into the ring and beckoned to Javier to join him. "Come on, clown! Time to prove you've got a pair beneath that soggy sausage of yours!" Javier scoffed, and Kenny grew even more arrogant. "What's the matter? You scared, you lil' p*ssy? How about you pee your pants in fear right here so I can see it? Maybe I'll feel so bad for you that I'll just look the other way and let a beta like you live, you know?"

Scared? Scared?! Javier had been through so many brushes with death by this point that nothing fazed him anymore! After putting on this weak pretense, Javier stopped dead in his tracks and turned to face Kenny on top of the stage. If he wanted his face rearranged so badly, then who was Javier to say no to that? He just had to show off his skills a little now!

Seeing Javier stop in his tracks and looking at him filled Kenny with the wonderful hope of breaking that piece of sh*t's bones. He had imagined the entire scene too: Lilith would come out of the changing room and be greeted by the sight of his manly victory. Her heart might even skip a beat over how bad*ss he was! From that moment on, the princess would be in his arms!

This was a chance to teach Javier a lesson while winning the heart of a beauty! Now, that was a bargain!

Hyped by his own fantasy, Kenny was visibly more gleeful. "Oy, f*cking p*ssy! Get up here! If you win, I promise I'll pee myself in a way so spectacular, so special, and so f*cking performative that you'll think it's art!"

After a round of goading and provocations, Javier finally walked up to the ring as Kenny wished. As he considered Javier, smirking, Kenny sneered, "You've done it now. You have no idea what's gonna happen, do you?" Javier silently took a pair of boxing gloves from the side and put them on. "Let me enlighten you, bro. There's gonna be two kinds of reactions. People are gonna shout sh*t like 'oh my god, he's so cool and bad*ss!' for me." Kenny bragged. "Then, they'll say, 'Jesus Christ, is that guy barely alive, or is he just a bloody stain by now?' You know who that will be for?" "Dumb*ss."

Chapter 583 He's So Dreamy! Javier's unfazed attitude ignited an inferno within the thrice-insulted Kenny.

Kenny had had his fair share of being on the receiving end of verbal abuse. But to be subjected to Draco-f*cking-DeSantis' slights three times in a f*cking row?! How could he not be p*ssed?!

He did not even wait until Javier's hands were in the gloves. He charged, fueled by pure rage, springing toward his prey like a provoked jaguar. A sharp gust rolled along at his momentum, and when he was a few inches away from his target, he leaped into the air and performed a mighty swing.

It actually looked pretty cool. At that very moment, Lilith walked out of the changing room, smoothing down the corner of her shirt.

HOL

Then, her eyes traveled up to the ring-and widened.

Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined seeing her milquetoast husband standing in a ring, engaged in a fight. She would have tried to understand why this anomaly was happening, but now was not the time. Besides, her mind was completely occupied by her concern for Javier.

Kenny was a gym trainer! That guy's muscles were pulsing with power, and that kick he had launched at Javier had been as swift as the wind.

Javier? God, he was on the other end of the spectrum altogether! If he took this kick, she might be looking at a ten-day to half-a-month period of bedrest!

Faint throes of panic seized Lilith. Even though their marriage was a farce, he was still her husband on paper!

Kenny made her blood boil.

Standing nearby, equally overcome by panic, was the manager. He had gone to pick up a call after lecturing the unruly gym trainer, and now, a phone call later, this nimrod had already caused a fiasco that could get him killed!

"Oh, Lord. Oh, Lord Almighty-Kenny godd*mned Mason! What did I do to deserve this attempt on my life?!" He wailed to himself, almost dissolving in tears. "Do you even know just who Lilith Sommer is?! You harassed her, and now you're beating her husband up!"

He shot a glance at Javier's dumbfounded, slow-witted expression and looked away. He could not bear to watch! It might be a better use of his time to try coming up with ways-any way to appease Lilith later!

While the manager and Lilith were panicking over how gory Javier's defeat was going to be, Kenny was riding high. Seeing the woman of his dreams walk out of the changing room boosted his power, and suddenly, he was filled with the strength of over 9,000 men.

Just one kick from him would be enough. Just one kick, and he would send Javier sprawling on

the floor, causing him to cry and beg for mercy! He imagined Lilith turning her gorgeous face in his direction, her eyes glimmering with awe and love. Oh f*ck, this had to be the zenith of his entire life!

While he was indulging in his fantasy, Javier suddenly raised his left arm to guard himself. Kenny's foot connected with it and a jolt pulsated through his body.

He felt like he had just kicked a steel plate.

A gigantic, glove-clad punch followed in the span of nanoseconds like a crack of lightning. Kenny had no time to recover. He was still in mid-air, gaining momentum, when the punch hit him square on the forehead.

He felt like he had just been walloped by a wrecking ball. Meanwhile, he was still plunging.

He crashed onto the floor with a loud racket, and for a moment there, Kenny thought all of his innards might have been rearranged. All he could see were sparks and black spots dancing, flashing, and spinning. Sprawling, he tried to get up by supporting himself on his arms, but his head weighed a hundred tons and refused to cooperate. He could not lift it up. He tried to kick himself up by madly stubbing his toes against the stage, which only contributed to the unfortunate look of a bulldog with its head stuck in the mud that he was sporting now. Javier considered Kenny as he tried-and failed to get back up to his feet. He removed his gloves and chucked them onto his body, sneering, "And I thought you had substance. But it turns out you're all talk. A literal poser who can't even take a punch. You've been trying so hard to get me up here that you told me you were gonna pee as though it's performance art. So where's that now? All I'm seeing is you tea-bagging the stage like a pervert. Leave the ring alone and stop this harassment, okay?"

Kenny heard Javier's scathing remark. Seething from humiliation, he tried to pull himself back to his feet and throw his hands again, but he realized he just could not lift his head. Javier's one punch had been a killer-and the only reason he had not blacked out yet was because Javier's glove had cushioned the blow.

Lilith's jaw almost fell off her face.

She had been mentally prepared to see Javier suffer injuries grievous enough that she would hire a caregiver in the hospital just for him. She had also been ready to give him an earful, telling him that he should have never been stupid enough to take a troll's bait and find himself in a ring.

The result of the fight, though, was completely different from what she had imagined. Hell, it was the complete opposite. Kenny was the one beaten up so hard that he could not

Javier was still himself-except he was not. The stupor in his eyes was gone. He suddenly seemed...alive. Lilith found it hard to describe, but one word seemed to perfectly encapsulate what Javier seemed like right now... 1

Powerful.

He possessed sky-splitting, earth-shaking power. He was like a great sword showing no qualms about cutting down anyone who opposed him. He showed unbridled power and was

completely different from the numb, dumb Javier she remembered. The manager was just as shocked. Was this still the same useless, spineless doormat he had been before?

He knew how strong Kenny was. Half a year ago, two dumb gangsters had come to the gym and started a fight. It was Kenny who had beaten them up all alone like a bad*ss. So how could the same guy get punched out of commission by a doormat?

He had been prepared to pay for Javier's hospital bill. In fact, he had been praying for Kenny to not hit Javier too hard so he would not have to pay too much!

How the tables had turned! In the end, the manager still had to foot someone's hospital bill — Kenny's! Lilith and the manager were far from the only few people who were stupefied. Everyone else in the gym had fallen so silent that one could hear the sound of a pin drop. No one had imagined the fight would end with Javier's resounding, clear-cut, undoubted victory. A victory of a completely different Javier, powerful and untamed, like a bolt of lightning striking fear in the hearts of men. For the first time, Lilith gave Draco an intoxicating, dreamlike smile. She could not wait for the family gathering tonight. She could not wait to see who would dare mock her husband on paper.

Lilith had never harbored many feelings for Javier, let alone genuine affection. She would have never dragged a random stranger off to get a marriage certificate had her family not wanted to force her into a political marriage. The Sommers had responded with fury. The family's patriarch had been so angry that he had almost been sent to an intensive care unit from the shock.

Her rebellion had been a success. She had gotten out of the political marriage, but this had also made Javier a thorn in the family's side. After watching how spineless and perpetually dazed "Draco" was, the Sommers kept ostracizing him at every moment. Even their servants bullied him.

The abuse had gotten so bad that Lilith had started regretting her actions a little. She should have been bolder. She should have just run away from home back then. She would have never needed to drag this useless husband around otherwise.

Today, though, was different. Javier had made her proud. He had made her hope.

As they drove back home, Lilith asked, "Did your memory return?"

"Just a little." Javier lied. "I remember learning how to fight from some old man in the woods or something. I don't remember anything else." Javier had long prepared a fictional backstory for his character, so it slipped out of his lips easily, without a shred of hesitancy. Knowing that Javier had not fully recovered his memories disheartened Lilith a little. "Well, that's alright. I think it's a good sign," she chirped. "The doctor did say your memories would all return someday."

Javier studied the small, faint hint of mirth on her face and flashed her a smile.

Lilith was an exceptionally beautiful woman of the doll-like variety. She had fair-skinned, delicate features and a regal bearing. The only thing that was out of place? Her figure.

Goddamn, she was smoking hot. Her breasts were practically pressing against the driving wheel even as she drove. It was so cramped that Javier looked away out of embarrassment.

Lilith was definitely an angel with a devil's body, in the sense that she had a youthful ingenue's mien...on top of a femme fatale's boobs!

Don Boast You Don't Know

Chapter 584 Don't Boast if You Don't Know Lilith drove, speeding all the way until she stopped at a lavishly designed Hermes boutique. It was not just a family gathering today. It was Lilith's third brother, Raphael's birthday.

Both of them had been the closest since they were young, so Lilith would never forget Raphael's birthday.

She took nearly half an hour to filter her choices upon entering the boutique and finally made up her mind on a belt that cost around 10.5 thousand dollars.

It was only a belt! Using a rope could do, but the Sommers were rich since they were business tycoons in Beencelle. 10.5 thousand dollars was nothing much to them, especially when it was highly likely that money came from the narcotics trade.

Lilith went back to the car with Javier holding the luxuriously wrapped gift box that the belt was in, only to discover that the car had broken down. The ignition was normal, and the clutch was normal, but the gear could not work. It was like the gear stick was welded. Lilith

liked driving manual cars, so the car she had picked for herself was a manual BMW M4. "This isn't right. It was fine when we came just now. How is it just dead now?"

Javier got Lilith out of the car despite her surprise and went to test the car himself. Like what the girl said, the gear could be put in reverse, but nothing else worked. Furthermore, this was when the car was idling. If the engine was stopped, all the gears worked. Javier understood it after a short test. The rain earlier must have caused puddles on the road that made the clutch disks stick together. He had encountered a similar situation when he drove in the past. It was not troublesome to resolve it-pretty easy, actually.

Just when he was going to settle the problem, a honk that rang beside him out of the blue startled him. Obviously, he was not the only victim as Lilith, who stood next to the car door, was shocked as well.

She was pissed about it and turned to see a head popping out of the bright red Ferrari some distance away. The face was all smiles. "Lilith, what a coincidence to bump into you here."

It was Shane Sullivan, the second son of the Sullivans and a known womanizer of Beencelle. It was said that he had slept with women of each ethnicity available in the world, but everyone knew that the woman he wanted to sleep with the most was Lilith. He had almost gotten his hands on her when the Sommers were in trouble back then. The patriarch of the Sommers had already agreed to their marriage, only for Lilith to pick up Javier out of nowhere and get married to him.

In a certain way, Draco De Santis, who Javier had impersonated, was Shane's love rival. It was proven true when the grin on Shane's face soured the moment he saw Javier, who was in the driver's seat.

"Oh, you know how to drive, loser? I see. A roach touches whatever it wants!" Lilith never had a good impression of Shane, so she was more miffed now that she had heard

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him insult her nominal husband.

"Draco De Santis is the Sommer's son-in-law. Your attitude toward him marks your attitude toward the Sommers. Why? Do you think I, Lilith Sommer, am a loser? That the Sommers are all losers?"

Shane quickly got out of his car to appease Lilith when he saw that she got upset.

"How could that be, Lilith? I was just speaking without a filter. You know that I have all my mind on you..."

Shane's pandering grin disgusted Lilith. Ignoring him, she turned to Javier, who was inside the car. "Can you repair the car?"

Javier nodded and was going to do it when Shane rushed over and dragged him out of the car while he mocked, "What does he know about repairing? You've got to ask me about repairing cars. I'm an expert. Whether it's Ferrari, Geely, Audi, or Hyundai, there's no car that I, Shane Sullivan, can't handle. I'm the elite of the elites in cars!"

After dragging Javier out of the car without a care, Shane forcefully sat in the driver's seat to start tinkering with the car. When he realized that the issue was the gears that could not be shifted, he pulled up the hood to check the engine and went down the car to scrutinize the gearbox.

He looked like he knew what he was doing and made Lilith feel that he might actually be able to repair the car-despite that, 20 minutes ticked by. Shane, who came out from the bottom of the car, made a despairing conclusion. "Your car's done for. The loser must have destroyed it with his driving. You've got to change the gearbox. It's hopeless." "You're the loser!" Lilith retorted the moment Shane finished speaking. She was the one driving. Was Shane not insulting her when he said that the loser destroyed the car while driving?

When Shane saw that the driver seat was closer to the front and the passenger seat was shifted back, he realized he had made a blunder. The driver was Lilith. He frantically wanted to explain, but Lilith had already pulled out her phone to call the workshop to come to tow her car.

Javier stopped her and ended the call for her. "It's just a small issue. I can take care of it." Lilith was slightly surprised, but Shane reacted as if he was challenged. "You can take care of it? Bullsh*t! You know how to repair a car just because you know how to drive? You think it's a no-brainer four-wheeled cart? Tighten a few screws and call it done? You arrogant fool. "If you manage to repair the car today, I'll f*cking let you have my Ferrari. F*ck!" Shane was audacious, but Draco used to be really meek in front of him too. When Shane had found out that Lilith was getting married to Draco, he had even gotten over with his men to intimidate Draco. A loser who knew nothing was boldly claiming that he could fix a car now? Shane refused to believe it!

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Lilith tugged Javier's sleeve discreetly as well. She did not say anything, but her intention was clear. 'No need to get ticked off by Shane, and don't boast if you don't know a thing. Pure technical knowledge isn't the same as throwing punches.' What Javier returned in exchange was a confident smile. It felt radiant and warm like the sunshine to Lilith.

"I'll have a good look at how you're getting yourself out of this, loser!"

Javier sat back in the driver seat of the BMW M4 amidst Shane's jeer. He stepped on the clutch, shifted to gear 1, let go of the clutch, and put out a finger to press the ignition button. Shane was amused. "I called you a fool, and you deny it. You don't even know how to drive! Starting the car on gear will make it charge forward!"

Although Shane's words were grating, he spoke the truth. Anyone who had driven a manual car knew it.

Lilith wanted to persuade Javier to come out of the car, but Javier's finger had pressed the ignition button before she could say a thing. A dull crack sounded, and the car did rush forward a little.

Shane guffawed. "You're really a loser. Nothing you do could cover that up. See what you've done now? You ran the car into the pavement. Are you happy now? Satisfied? Pleased?" Lilith had her brows furrowed. Who knew whether she was upset by what Shane said or what Javier did?

Javier was nonchalant, however, asking Shane, who was gloating after he got out of the car, "Which eye of yours saw that I ran into the pavement?"

Shane sneered. "Do I have to see it to know? The crack just now has obviously wrecked the bumper. I'm an elite of elites in cars. I don't even have to look. I can judge by just listening!" "Fool."

Chapter 585 How Could This Be?

While Shane, the elite of elites in cars, was still gloating, Javier made his utmost honest comment regarding the former with the simplest word.

This angered Shane. No one dared call him a fool right in his face when he was the second son of the Sullivans. He grabbed Javier, who wanted to go to the passenger seat, insisting on getting to the bottom of it.

Javier had only explained when he saw Lilith's confused gaze. He was mainly doing the explanation for her.

"There's a small possibility that clutch disks will stick together when you drive on a rainy day. When they're stuck, you can't shift your gears.

"Starting the engine in your gears will cause the car to rush forward due to the gears, and the force will separate the stuck clutch disks.

"That's why I shifted the gear to go forward when I started the engine. It's this simple."

Javier's explanation made sense. Shane, who realized that the bumper of the car had not hit the pavement, was even more convinced that the latter was not bluffing, but he refused to believe a loser so easily.

"Get out. I'll test the car!"

Yelling for Javier to get out of the car, Shane got into Lilith's BMW M4. After he started the engine, everything was normal when he stepped on the clutch and shifted gears. There was no issue at all. Things went completely normal.

Shane was dumbfounded. What the heck? It was different from what he had imagined. Did the loser really fix the car?

While Shane was caught in bafflement, Lilith shouted, "Get out! This is my car!" Lilith got in to test her car after she chased Shane out. As expected, the M4 was still her M4. There was no issue with it. What Javier had done with a crack fixed it. It was simply magical!

Lilith widened her sparkling eyes in surprise, and disbelief filled her gaze when she looked at Javier. Was this what amnesia did to a person?

Javier, who had recovered his memory, could beat people up and could fix a car. He was pretty amazing, very much unlike his previous good-for-nothing image. She thought that this new "Draco" was decent and even felt kind of excellent.

With her car fixed and her nominal husband being more than a good-for-nothing, Lilith was in a good mood. She turned to Shane. "The car's wrecked? I need to change the gearbox? You're the elite of elites in cars? Hah!"

She huffed, emphasizing that "hah", embarrassing Shane when he heard it. Javier did not want to let Shane go so easily, though. Since he had picked a fight first, there was no way Javier was letting him off the hook for no reason. He went to Shane and asked, "Lil

Shane, are you supposed to give me the key to my Ferrari now?" Shane Sullivan was the second son of the Sullivans and was in his early twenties. There was no fault in calling him Lil' Shane. It was just that it sounded teasing, and it disgruntled Shane. What pissed him even more was Javier asking him for the car! He had just mentioned it in passing, saying that he would let Javier have his Ferrari if the latter could fix the car. He did not expect that Javier would really do it and actually ask for the Ferrari.

That cost 800 thousand dollars, and the tax alone was dozens of thousand dollars. How could he give it away so easily? Shane spat and sneered in disdain. "You f*cking think you deserve it?!" Shane would know if Javier deserved it or not once Javier spent a lively philosophy and behavior class with him using his fists. It was just that Lilith, who was in the BMW M4, spoke first before Javier could make a move.

"Draco, get in. Let's go. He isn't keeping his word, but his family does. Let's go to his old man."

Shane panicked at once. He was not scared of being a sore loser out here, but he was scared of being taught a lesson by his old man at home.

"No, wait. Lilith, how could you be helping an outsider?" Lilith scoffed. "Who's the outsider here? Mine and Draco's names are on the marriage registration. Tell me, who between the two of you is the outsider?"

Lilith still remembered how Shane had tried to force a marriage between them back when the Sommers went through a rough patch.

Shane could only back up when Lilith threatened him with the authority of his old man. The bright red Ferrari that he had owned for less than a year went to a different owner. Despite that, Shane tried arguing his way out ultimately, "I just said that I'd let you have it for fun. I didn't say I'd gift the car to you. You have to return it to me!" "Useless!" Lilith scowled at Shane and told Javier righteously, "No need to return it. It's yours!"

Lilith backing Javier up made Shane so furious that his eyes were about to spit fire, but there was nothing he could do. After he unwillingly threw the key to Javier, he mocked him like he was venting his rage. "Bumpkin, you won't be able to drive it even if you have the key. It doesn't even have a gear stick. Let's see how you're going to drive it!" Javier was rendered speechless. It would either be in the form of buttons or a paddle shift. Did Shane really think it was so rare? For lack of better words, Javier had gone through more cars than Shane had with women! In spite of it, he was still giving Shane a surprise. It was just a Ferrari. Shane was treasuring it but not Javier.

Lilith had the intention to stop Javier when she saw that he was going to drive the Ferrari. Shane was insolent, but he was speaking the truth. Supercars like that were different from regular cars. Take the flaming red Ferrari, for example. It had no exposed door handle. It would be a problem for an outsider to even open the door, forget driving it. Lilith did not want Javier to be embarrassed, so she thought of stopping him. When she got out of the car to call for him, his finger was already on the black unlock button on the car door. He then used his thumb to press the back portion of the hidden door handle so the front would pop out. He gripped the front part of the handle and gave a light tug, opening the door. The whole process was smooth and looked casual, making Lilith gape. The actions were not difficult, but people who had never driven a luxury car would have no idea how to do it. It was only then that realization struck her. Not only could Javier beat people up in the ring and fix cars out of the battle ring, but he could even drive a Ferrari when provided the key!?

Shane, who was waiting to laugh at Javier, was also stunned. He thought that the car door would have taken Javier a long time and had even gone through what ridicule to use, yet Javier had opened the door so easily and had gotten in. He started the engine right away, making the red Ferrari roar berserk like a furious, growling beast

The next moment, the wheels spun with a squeak as smoke rose from the friction between the rubber and the ground. Shane felt a pang in his heart. This was his car! He fretted over damaging his car when he pumped gas sometimes. How could "Draco" be like this!?

What was worse had yet to come. With the brakes released, the Ferrari shot out amidst the roars.

A line of red zipped past Shane's field of vision for a moment and took his beloved away.

It took only several hundred meters before someone jumped out of the Ferrari car window to skip to the lamppost by the road. With both his hands wrapped around the lamp post, the momentum from the high speed made his body spin rapidly around the pole. Javier landed securely like a gymnastic athlete over a dozen rounds later when all the momentum

force was ridden. As for the Ferrari without a driver in it, it had rammed right under the back of a huge truck in front of it. Perhaps the truck had a really heavy load, so there was no aftereffect when half of the Ferrari's head went right into it. Since the truck was still moving, it dragged the driverless Ferrari away. Shane's eyes almost popped out of their sockets upon witnessing the entire scene.

Chapter 586 What Are You Conspiring? Was he f*cking playing with cars? He was seeking death! It was fine that he was seeking death, but he should not have dragged Shane's treasured Ferrari into it!

Shane lost his cool completely as the truck dragged away the flaming red Ferrari farther and farther away. He did not care if he would be able to keep up, but he took off and sprinted toward the truck, yelling while he ran, "Stop! You need to f*cking stop right now. Give me back my car..."

Lilith could not help being amused at Shane's frenzied state. It was interesting. Javier had purposely wrecked the car knowing that Shane treasured it so much. This pleased her very much. Everything Javier had done became more interesting.

Lilith asked after she drove and picked up Javier, "You seem to know a lot since you can fix a car and drive a Ferrari, huh?"

Javier answered, "Yes, I've remembered everything." Lilith's eyes sparkled. "What did you do in the past? What's your identity? Where are you from?"

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Javier took a deep breath and replied seriously, "I'm a spy from Planet Tenborra with the mission to invade Earth, so I'm an all-rounded warrior, the kind that can do anything. I can go up to the sky to collect the moon and go down the ocean for pearls. I —"

"F*ck off!"

Javier still had a lot to say, but Lilith stopped him. He did not tell the truth after that either, merely saying that he had seen it from car programs on TV at home.

"Draco" did like watching TV during his two years of amnesia. Lilith stopped dwelling on it upon thinking that it made sense. The BMW M4 cruised on the road, leaving the city and going up the mountain. Finally, it arrived at the Sommer's mansion in the middle of the

mountain. Lilith had had a fallout with her family when she randomly picked up the man and got married in rebellion two years ago. Although the Sommers had gone through the plight soundly and Lilith had reconciled with the family, she stayed outside and did not move back home. It was only during the family gathering at the end of the month that she would make a trip home. After all, her old man had decided that. Unless there was something of incredible importance, no one was exempted from attending. Each time they went back in the past, Javier would be discriminated against and mocked, causing Lilith to be embarrassed as well. Lilith thought that it would not happen tonight. Today's Javier had repeatedly surprised her. She had all the reasons to believe that Javier would at least not continue embarrassing her even if he did not outshine others tonight. "Since you've recovered part of your memory and you're capable, don't embarrass me tonight. Do a good job. It would be best if you could show your face. It will make it easier for me to get a decent job for you in the family. You'd be able to take care of yourself when we get

a divorce later."

Lilith's words surprised Javier. It seemed that the woman was quite nice—at least, she was kind-hearted. She must have no idea about the narcotics trade.

Of course, this was Javier's guess. The truth would ultimately talk for itself.

The Sommers' mansion was in the middle of the mountain. There was no clear reason why it was built there, but it must have cost a lot. It was also undeniable that the view was beautiful. There was the emerald green of the mountain to enjoy in the day and the city's nightscape to overlook at night. It was a great choice if one were to retire here.

The orangey-yellow BMW M4 drove through the gate and stopped in front of the luxurious mansion.

Lilith was a little shocked when she got out of the car since she only saw Raphael's old Phaeton and not her other three brothers' cars.

When Lilith got out of the car, someone got out of the aged Phaeton as well. He was around 30 years old and had golden-rimmed glasses perched on his nose, looking like a gentleman. He was the fourth child in the Sommers and Lilith's third brother, who was the closest to her, Raphael Sommer.

The siblings hugged each other before Raphael nodded at Javier in greeting. Raphael was not hoping for a log like Javier to respond since there was no precedence of it, but there was surprisingly a polite smile on Javier's face. "Hi, Raphael."

The greeting astonished Raphael, who had already turned away to snap his head back and scrutinize Javier. It took a few seconds before he asked Lilith who was next to him. "You taught him?"

"Of course not."

Lilith was quite pleased with Javier's change, but Edgar came out of the mansion and headed directly for Javier before she could explain more.

"Draco, Mr. Sommer Sr. asks for you specifically." As Javier was summoned away by Edgar, Raphael and Lilith were rather confused. As the head of the Sommers, Harvey, who was 73 years old this year, rarely met guests, not even his own family members. He had turned vegetarian and pious that one might have thought he had turned a monk if it were not for his white hair that hinted at his age. He only showed his face for a meal during the family gathering at the end of the month and rarely communicated.

As for Javier, Harvey had no good impression of him. He was probably still furious about what had happened two years ago! Hence, it surprised Raphael and Lilith that he was asking to meet Javier personally tonight.

"Lilith, Draco didn't do anything embarrassing, did he?" "No. I wanted to tell you just now that he recovered part of his memory this afternoon..." Lilith then told her brother about what happened in the afternoon. Realization struck Raphael upon finding out. "That's why the old man wants to see him alone."

Lilith understood what he meant. "But I haven't managed to tell him about it yet!" Raphael shook his head with a chortle. "He's omnipotent. Would he need you to tell him?"

Lilith understood the moment she heard him...

Edgar walked in front while Javier followed him in silence. They went through the hall and corridor before Javier finally came to the prayer room that Harvey was in. When the door opened, the aroma of sandalwood felt rejuvenating. Edgar entered the room to inform Harvey and nodded at Javier to gesture for him to go in.

Once Javier stepped inside, the door closed. Before the prayer table, Harvey, who had white hair and was dressed plainly, was seated barefoot with his hands clasped together. He was mumbling something, probably a prayer of sorts.

Javier was an atheist and did not believe in God or anything of that nature, but it did not prevent him from waiting quietly in the room without interrupting the solemn atmosphere. It was just that he was kept waiting for over half an hour. Harvey got up after a ritual and turned to Javier with a concluding mutter of prayer. The dim lighting caused Harvey's initially kind-looking face to look rather menacing in the blink of an eye. It recovered to calmness the next moment, though, and made it hard to gauge if that had been an illusion or not.

His aged but clear eyes were trained on Javier, but he said nothing and just watched him quietly as if he could read him. Javier did not avoid him, meeting his eyes that gleamed with wisdom openly. The old and young men stared at each other for close to five minutes before Harvey finally broke the silence.

"Decent temperament and willpower. You held back for two years, and you finally shed your pretense today. Draco De Santis, what are you conspiring?"

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Chapter 587 A Fine Line Between Heaven and Hell Javier was surprised as soon as Harvey spoke. He did not expect the old man actually to have someone monitor him. Otherwise, there was no way Harvey would have found out that he had recovered his memory.

Come to think of it, Harvey probably had yet to realize that he was impersonating Draco, or he would have long been killed by now. Reacting to all that was happening quickly, Javier kept a composed look. "There's no conspiracy, and I didn't recover all my memories. I don't know why I got injured either."

Javier was all "I don't know" in regards to what Harvey wanted to find out.

Harvey fell into silence again, looking at his familiar yet foreign son-in-law. The old man seemed to be good at creating a solemn and grim mood, using silence and the surroundings to pressure the person he was interrogating. Despite that, such petty tricks were useless against Javier, who had experienced much more. About another five minutes of staring later, Harvey spoke again. "You're very dishonest." Javier shook his head. "I'm very honest. God is up there, and I'm down here. I'm not in guilt facing God, nor am I in guilt facing myself." Javier spoke earnestly, but Harvey still did not believe him. The best proof was the revolver he had gotten from under the mahogany prayer table. Harvey lifted his hand and dropped six bullets, refilling them one by one and spinning the cartridge several times before clasping it close. The gun barrel was pointed in the center of Javier's brows the next moment.

"You have a maximum of six chances to speak the truth. God is merciful. I hope you appreciate your chances."

It felt farcical being in the prayer room with Harvey holding the gun in front of him and talking about being merciful. Javier took a look at the gun barrel and then at Harvey, who was holding the gun. "What I said just now is the truth."

A crisp bang resounded in the prayer room before Javier's voice could echo. Harvey did not even bat an eye as he pulled the trigger for the first time. He then stated flatly, "You still have five chances to speak the truth."

This old man was a menace, was he not? Firing shots once he was not happy with what he heard!?

Javier spoke again as the gun nudged his head. "I really can't remember. Even if you hold a gun against me, I can't remem,"

Another bang. This time, it did not even let Javier finish talking.

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Harvey was calm like an unruffled well. "You have four chances left to speak the truth."

Javier did not want to. Even if Harvey was forcing him with a revolver, he did not want to speak the truth. That would kill him! He still had a chance as long as he did not tell the truth!

Therefore, he wore a panicked expression. "Sir, you can chase me away if you think I'm conspiring, but you can't force me. There's no reason to lie to you if I really remember some other things. I really lost my memory two years ago! "The hospital has my diagnosis as proof, and Lilith can be a witness too. How could I possibly be conspiring!?"

This time, Harvey gave Javier the chance to finish what he had to say, but two shots were fired right after that. Was he rewarding Javier with two gunshots because he had a lot of nonsense to say? Harvey did not provide any explanation, merely stating emotionlessly, "You still have two chances to speak the truth."

Javier looked thoroughly anxious. "Sir, you can't be so unreasonable. I—" Another loud bang of a gunshot echoed, and Harvey spoke again. "You have one chance left to speak the truth. God is merciful but will never help those who give up helping themselves. Go ahead."

The gun was real, and the bullets were real. As an expert in guns, Javier would never be deceived in these two crucial points. Hence, the cold sweat that was dotting his forehead right now was real as well. He had to either tell the truth or die here. Harvey, who was vegetarian and pious but dared fire shots in a prayer room, did not seem to give him a third way out.

Javier took a deep breath and did not want to sit around for his death, so he changed his stance. "Fine, I'll tell the truth."

It seemed that Javier was ready to relent, unable to take the threat of the last gunshot. However, once he spoke, he acted swiftly to grab the revolver in Harvey's hand the fastest he could.

It was undeniable that Javier moved fast and opted for good timing, but Harvey was faster when pulling the trigger. Obviously, he had been watching Javier and would shoot as long as the latter moved slightly. Just when Javier was about to touch Harvey's arm, a bang sounded. It was the sixth gunshot. It was not loud, but it resounded in Javier's mind and drenched him in sweat.

What was surprising was that the bullet did not get fired, and he did not die.

He stopped his action of grabbing the gun, and Harvey kept his revolver as well, tucking it back under the mahogany prayer table. After patting his clothes and saying a prayer, he then told Javier, "It's a dud. You're lucky. Looks like you're blessed. I'll choose to believe you once then. You can leave now."

Javier, who was chased out of the prayer room, was not quite sure if Harvey was a god or a devil or that he was rotating between the two as he felt like it. One thing was for sure, though.

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Harvey was aggressive, like a lurking crocodile in the river. It looked like a piece of log,, but one might not even know how their life was lost when one came close. Could the years spent in the business world have cultivated the old man's aggression? While Javier contemplated, he went through the corridor to return to the hall and meet Lilith. On the way there, a servant came out of the bedroom on the side like she had just gone in for some housekeeping. Javier glanced inside the bedroom casually. There was a shirt, a tie, and an ashtray-it was a man's room. What was strange was that the room reeked of perfume, and the servant who came out of the room wore a mask like she could not handle the smell.

Did the room have some special scent that required the cover-up of a strong perfume?

Javier jerked inwardly at the thought because he figured out a scenario that matched such characteristics. Taking drugs in an enclosed space long-term would cause lingering substances of the drugs to stick to the wall. Residual substances of different drugs had different smells. Some smelled like decay, while others were like a bad breath. They were all different, but the only similarity they shared was the reeking smell. That was why many drug addicts would spray strong perfumes where they usually took drugs to cover up the stench.

Uriel, who did not appear today, was said to always smell strongly of perfume. Everyone thought that it was because he was often hooking up with escorts and prostitutes. Was he actually using perfume to cover up the fact that he was an addict!? It was common knowledge that the drug dealers did not take the drugs they sold. It seemed that Uriel here was both a dealer and an addict. That was rather comprehensive.

The bedroom door was closed. Javier left nonchalantly.

Back in the hall...

Raphael and Lilith were chatting. As Lilith talked about Javier's change, she was all smiles looking delighted Raphael, who took in his sister's expression, said with a beam, "As long as you like it, Lilith."

Lilith made a hum, but Raphael repeated, "As long as you like." It was only then Lilith was struck with the realization that she had misunderstood her brother.

Chapter 588 A Cute Little Tiger Lilith quickly explained when she understood the actual intention of the statement. "Raphael, what are you saying? How could I possibly like him? You know why I got married to him back then, and I told you before, he sleeps in the guestroom even though we stay together." "Then why are you so happy that he changed?" Raphael asked with a smile. Lilith hurried to explain, "It's because I kept getting embarrassed when I was with him previously. Of course I'm happy with this huge change in him now. Too bad Michael, Gabriel, and Uriel aren't here, or I'd shock them!"

Raphael shook his head with a chuckle. "Shock them? Then you'd be underestimating your three brothers."

"Underestimate them? What do you mean?" Lilith asked.

To her, her three brothers did not pose much use other than knowing how to have fun, enjoy life, and live lavishly.

Raphael waved his hand to say that it meant nothing and did not elaborate on the topic. He diverted it and asked, "Why aren't the three of them here?"

Lilith had no idea. "I was going to ask you that. We aren't allowed to be absent for family gatherings if there's nothing important, but three of them aren't here today. Did something big happen in the company?"

Raphael did not answer. He was in charge of most of the businesses in Sommers Group, so it was impossible he did not know if something had happened in the company.

Javier came over while they chatted.

Curious, Lilith asked Javier what her father had talked to him about.

Javier hid half the truth and said, "He asked me what I've been conspiring to hide for two

years.”

Lilith was rendered speechless and muttered under her breath, “As expected of him. He’s also suspicious and skeptical.”

After finding out that it was something like this, Lilith’s interest Waned, and she went to ask the kitchen to serve the meal, leaving Javier and Raphael in the hall alone.

Raphael sat on the couch, lit a cigarette, and spoke to Javier as he took puffs.

“It makes sense that he’s suspicious about you. I hope you can understand. After all, Lilith’s his favorite. As a father, it’s normal that he doesn’t want to see his daughter being lied to or hurt.”

Javier nodded. “Don’t worry, Mr. Sommer. I understand.”

The change of the term of address put a cryptic smile on Raphael’s face. He took two more puffs and said, “But I handle things differently from my father. No matter how you and Lilith

end up, whether you’re friends or husband and wife, I hope you can protect her well and keep her from getting hurt. “I can understand if you want to rise up the ranks too. Just let me know what you need. I’ll help “But all these come with a premise. Protect my younger sister and don’t mistreat her.” Raphael did handle things differently from Harvey. Harvey came forward strongly while Raphael was more subtle. His intention was simple. If Javier did have any plot, be open about it. He was not to deceive and use Lilith’s feelings.

Even when Raphael did not verbalize any threat, Javier could sniff the warning in the air. It was just that the warning felt excessive to him. “Lilith mentioned the divorce to me in the afternoon. I think she must have been thinking about it for some time, so you don’t have to worry about it, Mr. Sommer.” “Is that the case? I hope so!”

Raphael smiled and stubbed the remaining half of his cigarette in the ashtray before he asked Javier to dinner. He remained courteous all along, but Javier thought that someone like him was not easier to handle than Harvey.

Javier just did not know if he was an enemy or not. If he were one, the family felt like a trouble to handle.

Harvey did not show up during dinner, so the only ones eating were Raphael, Lilith, and Javier. Nothing much happened, and the meal was peaceful. The siblings chatted for some time after dinner before Lilith left with Javier. Lilith changed into a nightgown in the bedroom upon returning. Upon realizing that Javier's heated gaze was on her chest, it made her feel shy. "Draco" used to be super upright and dared not look at her in the past. With his memory partially recovered today, why was he so bold in something like this too? Lilith felt her face going warm from Javier's unabashed gaze. "Keep looking, and I'll dig your eyes out!" Javier felt like laughing upon hearing Lilith's feigned stern voice. He thought that she was like a little tiger cub that was waving her paws about to prove that she was a tiger and not a kitty. She tried her best to roar and thought she was commanding, but she was actually cute with the little whines.

Lilith was awkward and even a little angry when she saw the smile on Javier's face. "What are you smiling at!"

It was only then Javier reeled in his smile and replied seriously, "Nothing. I just wonder if it'd be a challenge when you shop for bras since you have such a great figure. You know, this shop not having your size and that shop too. It must be hard to get something." It was unexpected that Javier's nonsense actually hit Lilith's problem.

Chapter 589 Get Out Right Now It was truly a challenge when she shopped for bras in lingerie shops. There were plenty of nice ones but rarely were there ones that fitted her. Obviously, she was not discussing this with Javier, and she found "Draco" being thuggish right now. She balled up her fist and threatened him, "Look again, and I'll really have my brothers dig your eyes out. Hmph!" She was growing sterner and fiercer as she pretended, but she scurried away right after her threat. She dared not face Javier's almost fiery gaze. It honestly scared her, and she felt like fleeing. She ran into her room and closed her door in haste, heaving a long sigh and leaning against the door. What she felt tonight was unprecedented. Javier felt like a tiger that would devour her at any time. She was even a little scared-scared if Javier would overstep any boundary and do something to her tonight. If that were the case, she could not even press charges or complain because they were husband and wife.

Thinking about it, though, the "Draco" in her impression most probably would not do something like that, so she was more relieved. Lilith did not know that the "Draco" tonight was not the Draco of the past... Javier went to Lilith's bedroom while she showered. He had no fetish of rummaging through someone's underwear or tights and whatnot, but he had to determine if this woman was involved in drugs. Cellphone, wardrobe, notebook, laptop...everything that could be checked was investigated properly by Javier.

The result pleased Javier considerably. He did not find any clue that pointed to Lilith being involved in drugs. It seemed that the Sommers had protected her well and did not want her to get involved with something fatal like drugs.

After Javier recovered the scene, he unintentionally saw a pink bra lying on the floor by the corner of the bed. It was apparent that Lilith had just changed out of it, but it had been on the bed when he came in. It must have dropped on the floor while he was searching the room, so he went to pick it up to throw it back on the bed lest Lilith realized it when she came back.

Who would know that the moment he bent down to pick the bra up, a screech rang from the door?

The shriek shocked Javier, making him snap his head to the source of the voice and be greeted by Lilith, who was flushed with a seething gaze. Javier, who was swiftly aware of what he was holding, wanted to explain, but Lilith was berating him in both anger and embarrassment before that could happen. "You jerk! You're shameless! You immoral man!"

Her peculiar choice of words, even calling him an immoral man, amused Javier despite him feeling wronged. At the same time, his favorable impression of the girl soared.

He wanted to explain himself but changed his mind now, so he said forlornly, "How am I immoral? I'm a normal man too, and I have normal physiological urges. I've been married to

Now

you for two years, and you're my wife by title, but I can't even touch you. "I don't want to hurt you, but I'm having a hard time holding back as well. I can only relieve myself with clothes that have your scent. You're so pretty, and there are so many men after you. Of course, you wouldn't know about my suffering..." Javier nagged until Lilith felt bad, but she felt wronged as well. "What do you mean there are a lot of men after me? I didn't do anything with them. Don't accuse me!"

"You really haven't done anything?" Javier asked her teasingly. Lilith nodded and confirmed it, but she regretted the moment she did. Why did she have to do that? It was a fake marriage to start with. Why did she have to explain it to Javier? She chased Javier out with a flushed face, shoving him outside of her room. As she pushed him, her wet slippers were a little slippery and caused her to lose her footing. She fell right on Javier.

Javier quickly caught her upon realization, but he reacted a little too slow. Even though he did manage to catch the girl, his point of contact was slightly off as his hands were right in front of Lilith...

Chapter 590 Picked up a Gem This night, Lilith did not have a good sleep, not like Javier slept well either. He tossed and turned, and all he could think of was Lilith's supple and alluring body.

Despite that, something else suddenly flashed in his head that made him calm down abruptly. If Lilith was not involved in drugs, but her family was, and he banished them all... Javier thought it was better to keep his distance lest something undesirable happened. Javier suppressed his flame of lust, forced himself to forget about these, and planned what he should do to find out who else among the Sommers was involved in narcotics.

For that, he went to Lilith the next morning and talked to her about getting a job.

"I can't always just hang around without doing anything. Have Raphael get a job for me. I'm not asking for much. Just being a chauffeur is fine." When Javier brought it up, Lilith was a little taken aback. It never crossed her mind that Javier would ask to work and a low-level position at that. Despite that, she approved and supported the man's initiative.

"Is being a chauffeur too low? I can ask Raphael to arrange a better job for you."

Javier waved his hand. "No need. I mainly want to learn from Raphael. I don't know a thing now, and it'd be awkward wherever Raphael places me. Not only will others laugh at me, but they'll mock you and him too."

Lilith thought that Javier was meticulous in his consideration through his explanation, so she agreed easily. She pulled out her phone to call Raphael and talked about Javier wanting to work. After the call, she relayed her brother's response.

"Raphael is quite happy about it. He agreed right away upon hearing that you wanted to go be his chauffeur and expressed his admiration. He thinks you have a good sense of level, not that I know what it means, but he's most probably complimenting you."

A good sense of level? That was a marvelous choice of words.

What did it mean? By level, it was standing as high as one was capable of. As for saying that Javier had a good sense of level, it meant that he was only capable of standing on the first level, and he had asked for that himself-that was having good sense.

A compliment like this was just a glorified version of being self-aware. Javier would not think much of it.

After that, he had breakfast with Lilith and asked for Raphael's contact number before hailing a cab to go over. As for the little intimate episode they had had previously, none of them mentioned it. They let it pass just like that.

The Sommers Group was pretty decent. Javier had a general understanding of it before he came. The company used to only be involved in construction, hotel, and other service fields and had mostly non-performing assets with bank loans more than assets. According to what Javier understood, it was to launder the money they made from the narcotics trade.

It was no longer like that now. With Raphael in charge, Sommers Group eliminated a lot of non-performing assets and restructured the organization to begin a new journey. It resulted in a substantial result, and the company was now profiting.

Basically, Sommers Group could feed the Sommers even when they cut the drug trading off. It was just that the narcotics trade made money too fast. Once someone got into it, it was tough to get out.

One was raking in gold bars while another was filtering speckles of gold through a sieve. Who would take the longer route when there was a shortcut? Such was the issue Sommers Group was currently facing.

Standing before the officer tower of Sommers Group, Javier cleared his head and got ready to enter. It was then two vans sped over from afar and came to an abrupt halt in front of it.

When the doors opened, over a dozen men darted out and rushed for Javier to surround him. The leader of the group was none other than Shane, Lill Shane, whose Ferrari Javier had won yesterday.

Shane was seething like he was meeting a nemesis when he saw Javier and pointed at the latter angrily. "Draco DeSantis, you piece of trash. It felt nice wrecking my car yesterday, huh? I'll make you feel even nicer today. I'm going to see who else is protecting you now without Lilith around!"

Javier scanned the group of men who were smirking menacingly before looking at Shane. "These losers, and you want me to feel nicer? You're joking, right, Lil' Shane?"

What Javier said did not anger Shane but infuriated the men surrounding him. All of them broke out in curses and insults as if they wanted nothing more than to beat Javier dead.

Shane was, of course, happy to see that. He pointed a finger at Javier with a chortle and sneered. "Don't run your mouth so happily now. You might bite your own tongue later!" Listen to the guy! Javier wondered if the men he brought along could make his words come true.

Over a dozen men charged for Javier with Shane's stern shout. They all looked like they were immensely bold and valiant, like tigers that pounced off the mountain.

When they made their moves, however, the blows they dealt with their bats and bars were aggressive, but none could hit Javier. Instead, Javier sidestepped left and right among the crowd in anticipation to counterattack. Each time he struck, he crippled a man-either by breaking his arm or leg. His tactic was ruthless. Each man who received a hit ended up moaning and groaning on the ground. Raphael, who had just arrived at the company, sat in his car by the road and asked his chauffeur in front of him, "What do you think? Are his moves familiar? Does he look like he's from the military or the police?"

The chauffeur was a retired mercenary, and he shook his head. "No, I'm 100% sure that he's not. His techniques are wild, like the gangsters. They're down to kill. It's unlike conventional martial arts.

"The military will never teach something like this, the police even more impossible. I've also never heard of a police officer who dares defy discipline and incapacitate someone directly, and so many people at a time, at that."

Raphael nodded. "That's good then. You can go back to attending your business. Let him take over as the chauffeur."

The chauffeur nodded without a second word.

As Raphael stayed in front of the window and watched Javier counter like a hurricane, his brows slowly furrowed. "He's not from both the police and the military. Did Lilith really pick up a gem?"

