

## The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 696 ReadOnline

Chapter 696 Worthless Kindness and Devotion Orion was home thinking about Vernon while he heard Loki moan and groan. He did not get why there was no news from Vernon when it had been so long.

As for Loki, who kept grunting on the side, he was increasingly grating on Orion's nerves, but he could not complain. It was his son, after all, and he had ended up like that. Even the doctor had said that it was impossible for him to recover.

While Orion wondered if Vernon had taken revenge for his son, he thought that he ought to find another woman. His son could not give them an heir anymore, so it was up to him now.

As he contemplated this, the doorbell rang. Orion went to the door and took a glance through the peephole, feeling delighted when he realized that Vernon had come. He knew that someone like Vernon would keep his promise and was efficient when it came to handling business. When he opened the door, he asked eagerly, "How's that scumbag Javier?!" Loki stopped moaning as well, glaring with wide eyes in hopes that he would hear good news. In spite of this, Vernon waved and five to six people rushed in to pin Orion and Loki up, holding their arms so they could not move. Orion panicked. "What are you doing, Vernon? I paid you to get rid of my troubles, but you—" Without giving Orion the chance to finish his sentence, Vernon snapped back coldly, "F\*ck you. Get rid of your troubles? Do you know who Javier is? And you asked me to get rid of him? I think you're the one causing me trouble!"

After Vernon admonished Orion, he waved again and the father and son were taken away by force. They refused to cooperate, of course, but were much more obedient when they were knocked out...

Javier had gone back to his place by then. He did not go to Megara's place tonight since the latter had gone back to her hometown, claiming that she had something to tend to there. Javier was not worried about what it was in particular, as there was no doubt it was a petty matter.

Herschel was there too. He placed the takeout he brought on the table and said, "Boss, you can have me do it. If we ask Vernon and his guys...we will have to clean their mess up for them if they leave any evidence behind, and that would be unnecessary." Javier chuckled after he washed his hands. "How'd you know that would be unnecessary?"

"We'll control him better when he's done the deed. He'll willingly work for us this way.

"As the local thug, it's more convenient for him to do certain things compared to you."

Herschel gave it some thought and realized that Javier made sense. Although he was efficient, there were a lot of things he could not do as conveniently as the local thugs could do them.

Javier then asked him, "How's the investigation regarding the members of the Raiders kindness and Devotion going?"

"No clue yet." Herschel shook his head.

Javier nodded in understanding. He did not blame Herschel for not finding anything. If it were this easy to find out who was part of the Raiders, Kaiser would not have sent him there.

Then, the two of them ate and chatted about other things. Herschel left at around 9 p.m. at night, and Javier cleaned up and got ready for bed. At that moment, his phone rang. When Javier picked it up to check, he saw that it was Cher calling him. That piqued his curiosity. Why was Cher calling him at night? Upon answering the phone, Javier heard Cher's tipsy voice. "I'll return the money I owe you as soon as possible..."

She sounded obviously drunk and did not say anything when Javier asked where she was. She did not hang up either. She just stayed silent. It was highly likely that she had forgotten about making the call or had tossed her phone aside because she did not want to talk anymore. As he listened to the thrumming DJ music, Javier caught the name Hershey's Bar. He hung up and made his way there. Hershey's Bar was pumped and filled with reckless energy. The only exception was Cher, who was quietly sprawled on the table in the corner with her gaze trained in front of her in a daze as though she had lost her mind.

When Javier found her, that was the state she was in. Who knew what she was actually looking at. Javier sat down beside her and saw nothing when he followed her gaze. She did not answer when she was asked either.

Then, Javier took the glass of liquor away from her and she finally reacted. "Mine! You can't have it!"

Cher quickly downed the contents of the glass after staking her claim, as if she was afraid that Javier would snatch it. She was gorgeous when she tipped her head back and gulped down the liquid. Her fair neck and pink ears were tempting, and Javier would love to jump and have a taste all by himself.

The thought remained a thought, however. He did not actually do it. Looking at Cher, who was drunk, Javier asked her again, "Why are you drinking so much? Didn't I give you the money?" Cher focused her eyes on Javier and laughed. "You gave me the

money, yes, but he won't acknowledge your kindness. He thinks I got the money by wh\*ring myself out. He keeps calling me ab\*tch and a wh\*re and says he won't be using my money. "Your kindness and my devotion to him were squashed under his foot as though they were nothing. Totally worthless..."

Cher said a lot, and all of it was about her visit to her husband that day.

Javier was infuriated when he heard her. He had the ulterior motive and was bold enough to do it, but he had not done it, had he? Look at how things had turned out now. He was doing a good deed out of the kindness of his heart, yet he was being blamed for it. This was what he

got for spending 45,000 dollars? Javier was indignant! Cher, who was equally angry, spoke up. "Xavier, why don't we get a room? I'll give myself to you tonight. That way, we won't be wronged anymore, yeah?"

Uh... Yeah, definitely Javier agreed upon looking at Cher's alluring face and sensual figure. However, he would never lay a finger on a drunk woman. This had never changed, not when it came to Cher either. He thought about it and agreed, leaving with Cher after he paid the bill. Javier took her home directly and left her on the bed. His goal was simple. He had wanted to take Cher out of the bar by using this excuse so she would not keep drinking. As for sleeping with her, he very much wanted to but he would not take advantage of the situation.

After Javier placed Cher on the bed, he left the bedroom and went to the living room to pour her a glass of water. He was not hoping to sober her up with the water, but it could at least make her throat feel better since she had drunk quite a lot.

However, he was stunned when he went back to the bedroom. He could see Cher right away, and the woman had taken her clothes off...

## **The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 697 ReadOnline**

Chapter 697 Her Reward for Being Kind Javier really wanted to have his way with Cher but he did not let himself do it because he was well aware that it would only be instant gratification, as Cher would be hit by guilt when she woke up the next morning.

As for what a woman wallowing in guilt and remorse could do, it was hard to tell, especially when her husband had insulted and accused her that day. Therefore, Javier did not do anything to her.

The next morning, Cher felt her head throb and her throat ache. When she opened her eyes and realized that she was in a foreign environment, she was shocked. She did not understand how she had gotten there. She had been drinking in the bar last night-had

someone assaulted her while she was drunk?! It was only when she saw Javier beside her that she recalled last night's events... Cher turned as red as an apple once she thought of it. She could not imagine that she had done something that only people in the movies did. Feeling so embarrassed that her face was burning, she scrambled up and got dressed before fleeing with her shoes in her hands. There was no way she could face Javier. She had slept with him last night-naked-and done basically everything they could have done except taking the last step. It embarrassed her so much that she panicked and did not know what to do.

When Cher walked down the street, her hands were on her face and she kept blaming herself. "He's your student. How could you two do what you did!"

The more she thought about it, the more embarrassed she got. Cher dared not dwell on it and hurried back to her dorm on campus. It was only in the dorm, which belonged to her alone, that she could escape this deep embarrassment... By the time Javier woke up and noticed that Cher was missing, he could more or less guess what she was thinking. He did not push it. What was his would not escape for long anyway. After breakfast, he received a call from Vernon. "Mr. Kersey, everything's being taken care of. The father and son are buried in the mountain, and no one will be able to find them anymore."

Javier was quite pleased with what Vernon had done, so he hung up after asking about the cleanup. When he came back to campus, he got ready for a new day of school, even though he got through it by sprawling on the desk most of the time. Javier came back from the washroom at around 9 a.m. and was about to continue "replenishing" his energy by resting on the desk when he spotted their pretty class representative, Zenya, looking so anxious that she was tearing up. Just as he was curious to know what had happened to her, she left her seat and got out of the classroom frantically. "I think her mother had a relapse."

Harley's voice came from the side, and Javier turned to ask him, "What's the matter with her mother?"

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"Did you lose your brain? I told you before. Her mother's ill, and her family doesn't have the money to treat her. She applied for financial aid from the school, but it hasn't been approved..."

You forgot all about it?" As he faced Harley's curious scrutiny, Javier asked with a chuckle, "Who are you?" Harley just assumed that Javier was joking and replied, "F\*ck." That was that. It was, of course, what Javier had planned. He wanted Harley to treat the whole conversation as a joke. Javier left not too long after Zenya. Instead of staying at school, he might as well check out the problem she had run into and try to help her. She

was a decent girl. He remembered that Zenya had pleaded his case when Cher had announced that he had been expelled. Javier thought that the favor, or more precisely, her kindness, should be rewarded. That was why he tailed Zenya after they left the campus. Throughout that morning, Javier discovered that Zenya first went to the hospital, then to a relative's home, and finally to a loan company. The loan company looked very small in scale, and those sitting inside were inked thugs with bare upper bodies. It was apparent that a company like this was a non-standard lender. It

There were a lot of lenders like this if you borrowed 1,500 dollars from them, they cut 450 dollars for interest, giving you only 1,050 dollars. When it was time to repay them, one might have to pay more than 1,500 dollars, so this would be a bottomless pit. Furthermore, they claimed that one could get a loan without a mortgage, but was it really possible? Case in point, the thug was telling Zenya right now, "There's no way without a mortgage. How could there be a loan without a mortgage in the world? That's unrealistic. Besides, you want 7,500 dollars. "But since it's for such a touching cause and you're doing it to save your mother, I can think of something for you." Naïve Zenya was incredibly grateful when she heard that and thanked the thug profusely, but the latter had only kept his eyes on her voluptuous figure lecherously all this while. "Okay, come with me inside to take a few nudes. You don't have to be shy either. It's just one way for us to make sure you'll repay the loan. As long as you return it on time, nothing will happen..." While the thug spoke, Zenya kept blushing out of embarrassment and instinctively rejected the suggestion. She had never revealed her body in front of men ever since she had grown up. How could she possibly agree to the thug's request? In spite of this, she hesitated when the thug said that he could not approve the loan without the nudes. Zenya did not want to do something so embarrassing as having nudes taken, but she could not just ignore the fact that her mother was ill. She could not just watch her mother slowly die in the hospital because they were too poor to treat her. Finally, she began crying from anxiety. She honestly did not know what to do. If getting on

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her knees to beg could work, she would have kneeled down a long time ago. It was apparent that the thug did not want that. He wanted to feast his eyes on her sexy body, and it would be best if something more could happen between them.

Just as Zenya was overwrought and the thug was growing thrilled, Javier came in. He wrapped an arm around Zenya's shoulder and left without saying a word, which made the anticipating thug furious.

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"Who the f\*ck are you? How dare you treat my client like this?!" "Who am I? I'm your mother's lover!"

## The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 698 ReadOnline

Chapter 698 Your Reparation Is in Order What Javier said pushed the thug's buttons. That little sweetheart had been so close, only to be snatched from his arms while he looked like a sucker who had just been taken advantage of! It made him livid.

He swiped a baseball bat from below the table and stormed toward Javier, raising the service end of the stick against his face. "You f\*cking pr\*ck! Unless you plan to die today, p\*ss off!" he barked. "This ain't your mother's place! Pick somewhere else to keep clowning!"

Zenya pulled herself away from the safety of Javier's arms and shoved him. "This doesn't concern you! Go! You're only p\*ssing them off, and that's a bad idea."

Zenya's intention was a noble one. She was worried about Javier's safety, and offending these thugs would endanger him unnecessarily. But her concern also meant that she underestimated Javier's ability to defend himself, so he returned her goodwill by pulling her aside. Javier then stepped forward and snatched the baseball bat out of the thug's hand before punching the latter's face with his right hand. It was a peal as loud as thunder. The thug staggered, his head spinning and his body swirling for two or three seconds before he got his bearings. The first thing he noticed was the baseball bat in Javier's hand, which was now aiming at his nose, and whatever rant he had been about to go on went straight back into his gut. The last thing he wanted was a swing of that bat against his nose.

Three or four more members of his gang rushed toward them, but Javier stopped them by pointing the bat at them.

"I don't wanna hit any of you today because my girl's watching, but if you find this very much a bruise to your ego, then go ahead and call Vernon Lucas. Tell him to take his up with Javier Kersey," he announced. He was moderately soft-spoken, but his severe tone was more than adequate proof that he was not horsing around. "For now, though? If even one of you makes a stupid move, don't blame me for what comes next."

The bunch of them didn't move, let alone stop Javier and Zenya from leaving. The latter dropped the bat and placed his arms around her waist as they strode away.

It was a rather intimate move—one that left Zenya flustered. At the same time, she felt safe and secure in a way she had never felt before. After drifting in an unkind sea with nothing but a single plank to support her for dear life, she had finally found sanctuary on a safe, sturdy ship. Just recalling the way he had called her "my girl" solidified that sense of security, even though it also made her feel incredibly flustered.

Once they were out of the confines of this farcical shop, Zenya struggled out of Javier's arms,

kindness, b-b-but I—".

Javier did not wait for her to finish. "I know all about your mother's illness. I can help pay her bills. Come on, we gotta get to the hospital."

"What?!" Zenya stared at him, nonplussed and unsure how Javier had managed to discover all

that. The strangest surprise was his offer to foot the bill. Javier had always been pretty broke himself, so what made him think he could afford the bill?

Zenya was skeptical, but Javier led her into a cab and headed with her to the hospital. All that was left for her to do was hope against hope that Javier meant what he had said.

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Meanwhile, the thug who had suffered a blow square on the face made contact with Vernon, who reacted with a volcanic eruption of his own. "Do any of you pig heads know who the f\*ck you dumb\*sSES tried to threaten?! What are you doing? Do you wanna go out with a bang?!" he bristled. "Do any of you sh\*theads know how hard I've worked on being chummy with that guy? You geniuses just had to offend him as though y'all are trying to murder me!". Vernon snarled at his underling for a good few minutes before slamming the phone down with all the strength of his rage. Just the previous day, he had told Javier that he could always visit any shop displaying the sign of a mountain—which was really an inverted "V"—should he need Vernon's help. It was a handy identifier shared by every shop he owned, as the mountain was just the stylized initial of his name. It was this little sign that made Javier tell the thugs to call their boss. He would have crippled these arrogant b\*stards right there and then otherwise. Zenya thought Javier was just bluffing even after they arrived at the hospital, but all that doubt was put to rest when Javier handed over 15,000 dollars for the bill. It was more than the 7,500-dollar loan Zenya had been aiming to get. She considered Javier as he paid the bill, her words failing to express how she felt. Her gratitude was immense, as were it not for Javier, she might have been forced to stand naked, forced into humiliating poses against her will in front of a camera.

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Regardless, she had no clue where Javier had gotten his money either. The man used to be on the lower end of the financial spectrum himself, after all... While she was lost in thought, Javier suddenly smiled at her. "Go, get your mom's operation in order! You don't have to worry about anything else-I've got your six!"

'I've got your six.

Her heart swelled. She would not mistake this for a budding crush on him, but she enjoyed the warmth in her chest all the same. It made her like Javier quite a lot.

He was right about one thing, though. What was most important to her right now was her mother's operation. She nodded, thanked him, and scrambled into the elevator.

Javier watched the doors close, left the hospital, and returned to campus. A busy morning made for a pretty hungry Javier, and since it was lunchtime, he decided to stop by one of the restaurants close to the university.

As soon as he entered it, he found Cher Cortez eating alone in a corner. He quickly brought his food to her table and sat across from her, causing the young woman to look up. The sight of Javier's face looming nearby made her cheeks turn a faint shade of pink. Despite her conscious effort, she could not banish the memory of her night with Javier, even though they had never really gotten to fourth base. This was enough to embarrass her.

Tay Yes Reparation is in order

Javier noticed her blushing and teased her. "What? Thinking about last night again?" Cher reeled in intense embarrassment. Her tongue tripped over itself and quit trying to speak.

God, she just wanted to leave. She was about to get to her feet when Javier stopped her.

## **The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 699 ReadOnline**

Chapter 699 A Tad Different From How He Had Imagined It Cher was not going to let him do her again, but unfortunately, she hardly had a say in this. Javier led her to the woods near the campus, and the rest can be predicted even by the least imaginative adult...

There was little conversation after it was over. Cher took about three minutes to rest and struggled out of Javier's arms, scowling. She tried to leave even before the reddish afterglow had faded from her countenance, but alas, her body was not as cooperative as she would have hoped. Her gait was an unsteady stagger, and her movements were



jerky. It was pretty hard to see Cher now and imagine the same woman who was famous for the graceful spring in her step. Javier rose and caught up with her. He held her by the arm, stating, "This way, it will look like you sprained your ankle." Cher realized belatedly that her gait was a little unbecoming-especially to an observer who knew about these things. Left with very little choice, she let Javier help her keep up the pretense. They bumped into Megara Galloway as soon as they stepped inside the tutors' building. Seeing Javier helping Cher limp toward her office caused a tenebrous shadow to take over Megara's countenance. It was noticing the telltale ruddiness and glow on her cheeks, however, that clued Megara in on what exactly had happened between those two.

She was infuriated. Cher was supposed to be her equal when it came to beauty-no more or less beautiful than her. The two of them were supposed to be equally worthy of being the most beautiful female lecturer on campus! And now, even before a pronouncement, her rival had managed to steal Javier from her! How could she?!

The unsuspecting Cher greeted her, but Megara spurned her without so much as a glance as she rushed past them, her footsteps forceful.

Cher stiffened. "What was that? It's like she's got an issue with me..."

Javier flashed her a smile. "It's nothing. Don't take it to heart-especially when you could instead think of the fact that we're gonna spend tonight together!"

Cher shot him a sheepish glare and did not continue the conversation.

After helping her back into her office, Javier washed his face in the gentlemen's bathroom. He was about to leave the building and return to his class when Megara called out his name while he was on his way out. "Mr. Carsey! My office, now!"

Javier almost laughed out loud. Just look at the simmering resentment and reluctance on Megara's face! Now, if that was not a jealous expression, he had no idea what was!

He obeyed-almost too excitedly-and went into Megara's office. Finally! Time to see how she looked when she was jealous!

She shut the door.

A Tad C.fferent From How He Had Imagined It

Javier waited for the incoming tirade of indignance-until Megara suddenly dove into his arms.

"Javier, you can't possibly want to kick me away already, right? You promised me that we'd be together for a long time! The only time when I couldn't be with you was last

night—the only time! Did you really have to go to Cher already?!” she moaned. “You can’t do this to me, okay? I’m begging you...Don’t leave me like that, okay?”

Javier was stunned. This was a tad different from what he had imagined! “Whoa. Are you... smitten with me already?”

She buried her head in Javier’s chest: “No, no. Not like...that. I’m just addicted...to your body...”

Megara tried her best to be less explicit for her own sake, and yet her cheeks were completely scarlet. It was obvious – Javier had conquered her. Her mind had been corroded by his poison, just like Cher’s had.

F\*ck. This was gratifying! It felt like a huge achievement to him. Look at her! Look at this fine, seductive specimen of a tutor! How many red-blooded men turned their heads and widened their eyes whenever she entered their field of vision, their hearts uncontrollably coveting her while their minds automatically concocted fantasies?

And this same woman...bore the same tremendous desire for Javier himself! But Javier wanted more than this. He wanted to have Megara cuddling in his left arm and Cher nestling in his right. Hell, he wanted to prowl the campus like this and watch those horny b\* stards die out of thirst!

Javier tipped Megara’s chin up and gazed at her beautiful features. “Then tonight, you should join me and Cher. Let’s spend the night together...You up?” Megara stared at him, feeling stunned.

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## **The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 700 ReadOnline**

Chapter 700 Bored of Living, Are We? Megara was not a big fan of the proposal. “Why the hell would I possibly want that?” she protested. “I don’t wanna share you with her! No, I want-”

“To be the only one with a say in this?” Javier cut her off.

Megara faltered. Admittedly, she was hardly the one to call the shots. It was just that the thought of sharing her source of pleasure with Cher, of all people, rubbed her the wrong way. The problem here, of course, was that she was the conquered rather than the conqueror. Her disadvantageous position in this dynamic was what was causing this dilemma. Javier patted her back “Don’t worry, you have all the time in the world to consider my proposal...until tonight, that is. If you like what you heard, then be there tonight. Otherwise, get off my lap.” The last time they had negotiated, Javier had been

the one pleading with Megara to do something for him. How the tables had turned! She was the one on her knees now. It was a humiliating change, but then again, shame became trifling compared to the immense satisfaction this man could bring her. After Javier left, Megara fell on her chair with her hands supporting her chin. She was hesitant as she kept vacillating between her options. Meanwhile, over an hour ticked by.

She hung her head and slapped herself. “Urgh! It’s all because your d\*mn coochie is too horny for him! Gawd, I’m almost disappointed in my own lack of restraint..”

As Megara wallowed in the angst caused by her weak will, Javier was sleeping through his class. Considering the battle ahead of him tonight, he had to muster all the strength he could ever need!

His nap was interrupted by a series of vibrations. Eyes snapping open, he checked his phone.

It was a call from Parrson Mall’s newly-appointed general manager, Derek Goodwin. Javier left the room and picked his phone up just as Derek said, “Something bad happened, sir.” Javier furrowed his eyebrows. What kind of apocalyptic event could have possibly befallen a puny little mall like this one to make Derek think it warranted contacting Javier, the chairman of the mall?

“Get to it,” he snapped. His impatience was palpable enough that Derek recounted his problem posthaste. It was about his business rival, Freddy Russo, whose venture competed against Derek’s Parrson Mall. While their previous competition had strictly stayed within the legitimate confines of business practices, Freddy had stooped to a new low today.

He had released some snakes in Derek’s mall.

The shoppers and patrons had naturally found the ordeal terrifying. They had fled the building, and no one had dared enter the mall after that.

Bored of Living, Are We?

Derek even explained to Javier who Freddy was supposed to be. “This Russo guy used to be a local ne’er-do-well!” he said. “He got lucky by sponsoring the right projects, and then money started flowing into his wallet. He built his own shopping mall and became our biggest competitor ever since.”

Now that he had an idea about this little skirmish, Javier could not help but ask aloud, “If you’ve known it was Freddy all along, then what’s stopping you from reporting him to the authorities?”

“The fact that there’s no concrete proof, Mr. Kersey! This is definitely the doing of Freddy’s lackeys, but boy, they insisted that the snakes got out on their own by some

freak accident! I got the cops to interfere, but there was very little they could do other than detain these ne'er do-wells for 'disturbing the local peace and order'..." Derek moaned. "As if this means anything to these louts! They are gangsters, Mr. Kersey. They ain't scared of any kind of detainment. It's part of their lifestyle! Heck, I know for sure that once they get out of their cages, they are just gonna come back and be a menace to Parrson Mall again..."

Derek's rant went on and on, but Javier shut it out as though it was white noise.

If there was something Javier understood, it was that Derek could tackle Freddy without much of a problem within the domain of legality and business. The problem was when things went beyond the law-that was when Derek became a stumbling player in a game where the rules were broken rather than followed.

Therefore, the right person to be deployed in a game of illegality and terrorism was someone who was already used to playing it. As soon as Javier ended the call, he contacted Vernon Lucas and filled him in on the details.

"Don't you worry about that, Mr. Kersey! Bringing this matter to my attention is an acknowledgment and an honor, sir. Listen to me, I won't let you down! From this day onward, nothing's gonna harm Parrson Mall as long as I'm standing!"

Now that was the kind of fervor his underlings should possess! What would be the use of underlings and employees if the chairman had to do everything himself? When that conversation was over, Javier returned to his classroom and went back to sleep.

While he happily slumbered away, Derek was moping to himself. He was stuck in a pickle and he had no way out of it.

He had thought Javier would help and was banking on the chairman to come up with an actual battle plan, a solution, or better yet, appear before Freddy Russo and deal with that b\*stard in person. Who would have thought that all he would get in terms of help would be a noncommittal "Mm-kay" before the call was hung up?

This put Derek in a tight spot. Javier had struck him as someone with moxie and might, the kind of big man who knew actions spoke louder than words. But now?

Sigh. What a letdown.

About half an hour passed. Derek was still unsure of what to do next, when one of his employees suddenly came in with a news report.

"Sir? They are gone. Some new group showed up, but this time... I think they are here to help

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1. I saw another yahoo who seemed to be thinking of kicking up a storm just now, and this new gang just showed him the boot! They keep doing that to any trouble-seekers, but I don't think they are our associates. They seem to be here just to protect us...without asking for anything in return, strangely enough." Derek was baffled. What on Earth was going on here?

The first thing he did was ask the reporting underling about it, but the latter expressed an equal amount of confusion. This puzzled Derek enough that he bolted out of his office. He questioned his strange new guardians, who answered him that they were there under Mr. Kersey's orders. Derek reeled back in realization. "I thought he didn't care at all!" he exclaimed to himself. "Who knew he would handle it so quickly? God, he's invincible!" Derek had believed Javier was a hands-off chairman who cared very little about those working under him, but now, his opinion was going through a thorough revision. Javier was more powerful than Derek's small mind had imagined! What seemed like an unsolvable knot was, in Javier's eyes, something too stupid to crack his head over. It also reminded Derek that he should start trying to solve his problems himself more often. Passing the buck whenever the going got tough would make Derek look incompetent, especially if the issue turned out to be non-existent to the chairman. Showing his incompetence would make keeping his job a lot harder, and soon, he might even kiss his position goodbye.

Derek told his people to treat their new protectors well and returned to his office, the cogs in his mind turning. He should deal a painful blow to Freddy, a death knell that could hurt that son of a b\*tch inside out. Derek might not have been good at beating his enemies in any other domain, but he was a decades-old veteran in the war of business, and that meant something. There was no way a seasoned general like him would lose to a total greenhorn whose longest career was being a street thug! While Derek decided to destroy Freddy to prove his skills to his chairman, Javier had just woken up from his nap. Class was long over, and he had no more classes in the evening. He stretched a little and decided to leave. As he made his way to the exit, he collided with a guy named Charlie Larson. People bumped into others on busy streets frequently enough. It was as trivial as it could get, so Javier hardly paid it any mind.

Unfortunately, Charlie was the type of person to bark. "Are you blind? Been wanting to get in my way, haven't you? Bored of living, are we?" Javier almost laughed. It was as if this little punk was hoping to die right here right now!