

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 615 ReadOnline

Chapter 615 It's Kind of Worrying In the end, Javier did not lay a finger on Sofia and merely adjusted the temperature warmer. It was not that he had no ulterior thoughts about her. Quite the contrary, he was feeling the urge very much right now.

However, the consequences of sleeping with a drunk woman were troublesome. If it were not reported to the police, he would have to provide various explanations and coax and sort out the relationship. If it were reported to the police, it would be much simpler since the busy party would be the police, as he only had to be put behind bars.

Although both methods would not actually cause Javier practical troubles, they would still waste a lot of time—and he was pressed for time, hoping he could split a day into two. He could not afford to spend time on such triviality, so he could only forbear it with his willpower.

He managed to withstand it, but the night was a long one. As he tossed and turned in bed, all he could think of was Sofia...

Javier woke up the next morning—woken up by screams from the outside, to be exact.

Needless to say, Sofia must have screamed when she saw what her clothes looked like.

As expected, Javier saw Sofia hugging her knees as she curled up in the corner of the couch like a frightened bunny when he stepped out of his bedroom. He asked weakly, "Would you believe me if I say I didn't do anything last night?"

Sofia shook her head fervently, her long hair flying, but she nodded with equal force the next moment. Obviously, she could tell from how her body was feeling that they really had not done anything—unless Javier...was too fast. Javier pulled out his phone, causing Sofia to pull her clothes tighter around herself and question him about what he wanted to do. The man played a clip and placed the phone on the table before her.

"Have a look yourself!"

As Javier left to wash up in the bathroom, Sofia watched the video clip in the living room. She immediately recalled what happened last night as she watched how embarrassing she had behaved. Javier had helped her wash her clothes and placed her on the couch. Anything that happened after that, it was all her own doing.

Recalling all these, Sofia was utterly embarrassed. As a married woman, it was a shame that she had taken off her clothes like that in front of another man. It was fortunate that Javier was a gentleman and did not do anything to her. She was

immensely grateful for that. If they had done something, she would not know how to face her husband.

When Javier came out of the bathroom, Sofia was already dressed as she thanked him profusely. Whether it was for Javier helping her back or for him not taking advantage of her, she had no idea. It was simply embarrassing, so much so that she left hastily without even bidding goodbye

After Sofia left, Javier went through a quick routine and had breakfast outside before heading

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to the sales office.

From today onward, he was the manager of this sales office. He needed to have a new look. First things first, it seemed out of place for him to take the bus to and back from work. He went to a secondhand car dealership at noon and bought a secondhand Buick Regal to save time.

It was not a luxury car, but it sufficed as transportation. Besides, Javier did not need a luxury car for a front.

The following week, his days passed peacefully. Nothing much was different other than a slightly faster tempo in life. His coworkers under him, however, were suffering as they had a lot of complaints about him for making them work overtime.

When the grumbles resulted in higher sales and growth in commission, though, all of them wore big smiles. The reality proved that people were not scared of working overtime. What they were scared of was not having a corresponding return for working overtime. When there was an adequate temptation of return, so what if they had to work overtime? As long as it did not get in the way of their meals and sleep, they did not mind doing it as nobody would complain about making too much money!

In the same week, Javier did not see Sofia again. It seemed that Sofia minded what had happened that night and was far too embarrassed to appear before him again-until this afternoon. The woman had driven to the sales office to meet Javier.

Javier was happy to put away the documents he was going through upon meeting the old friend and joked with her. "What's up? Are you staying over tonight to test me again?" Sofia was flustered immediately. "Nonsense!" She glared at Javier and talked about what she had come for. "Tucker Goldwater from the marketing office is going to set you up as an example to promote you to all the salespeople in the company and encourage everyone to learn from you. You need to get ready now and meet Mr. Goldwater to receive some advice from the superior." Javier understood what it meant by "receive some advice from the superior". Frankly, it was the superior meeting you for

a chat and judging if you had potential. If you had, they would make you an example for everyone else to learn from. If you had not, then all was forgotten. Javier initially did not want to be involved with such things, but he gave it a thought and found that being an example was an achievement too! Since he wanted to climb up the corporate ladder faster, an achievement like this could not be avoided. Thus, he agreed easily. As for what Sofia mentioned about getting prepared, he did not need that. While he could not bluff his way through, he talked a lot during Reivaj Group meetings. He had come up with those a lot, whether it was formal, b*llsh*t, motivating, or inciting speech. Did he still need to prepare himself? Not at all!

After ushering Sofia and letting the others in the office know, Javier drove to the marketing office with the former. He met Tucker in the marketing office about 20 minutes later.

Sofia had briefed him about Tucker on their way there. The man's last name was Goldwater, but he was a man of virtue with his priorities set straight for the company. That was not to say

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that he was pedantic and conservative. It was just that his decisions were made from the point of the company's benefit.

With that in mind, Javier talked to Tucker in the office. The latter asked him about things like opinions and mindset in work, then talked about experiences in sales. Javier was able to answer everything smoothly like he had memorized it from a script.

Despite that, Tucker was well aware that it was impossible for Javier to be prepared beforehand since he had only thought of meeting him this afternoon. All these could only mean that Javier was truly informed and knowledgeable.

"Nice. Not bad, young man. You're very motivated and spurred. The company needs talents like you!"

After an elaborate praise, Tucker asked Javier to go back and make his preparation. Javier did not leave but took the opportunity of it being after work hours to invite Tucker and Sofia for a meal.

His reasoning was impeccable. He was taking the chance to thank both his superiors for training him and to ask them for some work advice. The matter flowed without a hitch when the meal was tied to work.

Tucker agreed easily. Since her boss had agreed, Sofia, as his subordinate, had no reason to reject.

That night, three of them showed up at the restaurant. The meal was for a good reason, and the conversation was easygoing, so the trio was happy while they walked to the restaurant.

Despite that, Sofia had been worried since she was seated. Would she have too much to drink again tonight? The first time she had, she had stayed at Javier's place. The second time, she had taken off her own clothes until she was left with her undergarments. If she got drunk the third time tonight...would her body welcome the touch of the second man in her life?

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Chapter 616 These Troublemakers The reality proved that Sofia had overthought. Javier and Tucker were both gentlemen at the table. No one forced her to drink.

It was just that Javier drank quite a lot and was rather tipsy tonight since he did not have a high alcohol tolerance to begin with, and had no more medication in his pocket to help him now.

Tucker was also tipsy and found a driver to drive him back Sofia took the initiative to send Javier home since he had taken care of her so many times. She was worried about his safety. Fortunately for her, she had peace of mind as Javier was unlike her, who threw up everywhere when she was drunk

When she helped Javier to bed and was about to leave to fetch him some water, he hugged her. Sofia had a great figure, but she was on the petite side, so she was pinned against the bed directly, unable to fight against Javier's powerful pull.

In the next instant, Javier pushed his head forward and kissed her cherry lips fiercely. Sofia could not even reject him when he was pressing kisses so urgently. She could not fight back even when she wanted to.

When she was panicking in embarrassment, Javier relented and buried his head against her chest.

"Jade, you have no idea how hard I'm holding back. I wanted to sleep with Sofia several times now, but I couldn't do it. I couldn't take advantage of her when she's drunk..."

Sofia, initially caught between awkwardness and shyness because of Javier, was suddenly placated when she heard what he said. Some people were honest drunks, and this was Sofia's first time witnessing one.

She blushed when she heard him, but it was not from being abashed. It was... She could not pinpoint what it was, but she did not hate it. She quite liked it, actually.

After some hesitation, she extended a fair hand and rubbed Javier's head gently. Sofia could not tell if she liked him or if this was a betrayal to her husband, but she wanted to take a good look at this man. He was not handsome but gave her a sense of security.

It was just that...When Javier's warm puffs of breath enveloped her, she found it hard to resist.

"Javier, Javier, wake up. Stop it, I'm not your Jade. Don't be like this..."

Javier would not have had to wash Sofia's clothes that night if a drunk person could sober up just from being called. Hence, Sofia only managed to get out of bed when Javier made a turn after trapping her in his arms for a little over an hour. Sofia did not leave that night, sleeping once again on Javier's couch. She did not have a good night's sleep, however, as her mind was filled with Javier and the constant wash of urges from earlier. If she had not been determined not to wrong her husband, she might have given in...

The next morning when Javier woke up, he massaged his slightly throbbing forehead. As he

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stepped out of his bedroom, he was greeted with breakfast on the table and a note beside it.

'You drank too much last night, and I sent you back. I've made breakfast for you. I'm leaving first.'

There was no name signing off, but there was no second person except Sofia, judging by the pretty handwriting.

"What a domestic woman," Javier murmured and went to wash up before he had his breakfast. It tasted great and was smooth on the palate. Javier could not help considering if he wanted to distract himself and woo Sofia.

She would be of good use for night and day and fitted the bill as a helper. He could take her anywhere. Of course, this was only Javier letting his imagination run free while he ate. He was not about to execute it as part of his plan.

In the following days, Javier's name appeared on the internal publication of Maple Court. He was showered with praises and approvals as the company asked for its 70 thousand and more

employees to see him as an example.

It caused a lot of people to wonder if Reivaj Group's boss was about to go into a new venture. After all, the name Javier was super popular right now, and everyone mulled over it. It was until they saw the photo on the prints that they were relieved when they realized that he was not the same person as Reivaj Group's boss. Nonetheless, a new saying circulated within the company now-people with the name Javier were all capable ones...

After giving a talk as the model employee, Javier successfully transferred to the marketing office from his position as the sales office manager, leveraging on his friendly relationship with Tucker. In Tucker's words during the meeting, he said, "We shouldn't keep a talent like this within a mere sales office!"

Tucker was not just running his mouth and appointed a new task to Javier-one that was unprecedented. He was assigned to be the speaker of the training program for sales office managers! What would he be speaking about? He was to share with the managers his principle for sales and how his sales office managed to achieve top sales in the company without a manager there while he was doing these talks.

It was not an actual position of authority, but there would be surprising benefits if Javier managed to accomplish something out of it. Thus, he accepted it.

In spite of it, people did not seem quite pleased on his first day of work!

"Why should we listen to you? It's just a stroke of luck that you managed to sell 68 units, but now we need to listen to you? Pft!"

"We're not hearing you talk about this. Who among us didn't start off as a salesperson? We're far more experienced than you are." "Why don't we play cards or poker? Let's take this time to relax ourselves." No one regarded Javier, ignoring him like he was just a decoration in the room. Lou, who had also joined the training program, especially, was deeply disgruntled and disapproving of Javier.

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Why? Javier had only been a worker under him back then, yet he was now a speaker. How was Lou supposed to live with that? The attitude of those present upset Sofia, who was in charge of organizing, and she wanted to report it to Tucker at once. She believed that Tucker would reprimand them when he found out about it.

Javier stopped her from doing it, though. "No need. Let's just do what the superior asks of us. If we went to the superior for everything, he could just do it on his own. Why would he need us to work for him?"

Sofia was taken aback, obviously not having thought of it and not expecting Javier to have such an intelligent realization. She had to admit that Javier made sense. She just could not figure out how to go about it.

Those sitting down there were a bunch of troublemakers who refused to bow down to anyone. How were they supposed to make them listen obediently?

Javier waved with a chuckle and left with Sofia. It was far too simple to make these guys listen

-as long as they were given enough temptation.

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Chapter 617 Everyone's Slacking On The first day of the program, Javier let the group slack. They could do whatever they wanted, and he did not care about them at all. Everyone thought that Javier had left out of anger and was quite happy about it, enjoying themselves even more as they fooled around.

Lou was happy as well, but he had another scheme up his sleeve. There was no way he was accepting his fate with Javier overriding him when the latter started off under him. His lover, Leila, was repeatedly annoyed by Javier as well, so he was going to avenge her. The next morning, Lou slipped off to Tucker's office when he saw that Javier was letting them slack again.

It was a coincidence that Herschel came to the room when Lou was out to go to Tucker. Initially, no one paid attention to this young man who came in, but the entire room went silent when he declared his identity.

The identity Herschel had announced was... "I'm Herschel Lord from Reivaj Group. May I know who Mr. Javier Kersey is?"

No one spoke, having no idea why someone from Reivaj Group would look for Javier. There was the case of sharing the same name, but this Javier was not their chairman. Was their chairman here to force Javier to change his name?

While everyone was confused, someone asked, "Mr. Lord, why are you looking for Javier?"

Herschel, dressed in a shirt and dress pants, opened the folder in his hand and showed it to the room.

"This is the employment letter from Reivaj Group. We heard that Mr. Javier Kersey is skilled in sales, so our company would like to recruit him with an annual remuneration of 800 thousand dollars. Could someone please relay the message to him?"

The group was stunned when they heard that Reivaj Group was recruiting Javier with an offer of 800 thousand dollars yearly salary. They were baffled and skeptical. Someone had even gone up to check and found that the employment letter was real.

They broke out in discussion at once, talking among themselves noisily.

“Oh my God! It’s really a yearly salary package of 800 thousand dollars. Is Reivaj Group out of its mind?”

“You’re the one out of your mind! Reivaj Group is growing so rapidly, becoming the ace in whichever field it ventures into. How could a company like this lose its mind? They must’ve caught on with Javier’s skills in sales.”

“I heard that Reivaj Hospital ventures into property as well. Is Reivaj Group headhunting to step into the property field!” “Looks like Javier’s really capable. Why else would Reivaj Group hire him with 800 thousand dollars...”

They talked nonstop, bickering and commenting about Javier.

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Someone stood up swiftly to run outside with a clear intention, to find Javier. There was no fault in telling Javier the news first and getting on his good side before everyone else. When Javier jumped ship to Reivaj Group in the future, the guy would have a backup plan saved. Who knew? He might have to ask Javier for a favor one day!

The person managed to catch Javier a while later, and the latter met Herschel.

Javier and Herschel put up an act on stage, with Herschel expressing Reivaj Group’s sincerity and asking Javier to join repeatedly. Javier rejected Herschel and Reivaj Group’s kind intentions.

“Thank you for your offer and the trip you have to make. I’m not leaving Maple Court.

“It’s this company that’s trained me and its culture that shaped me. I won’t betray it over 800 thousand dollars of annual remuneration.

“Mr. Lord, please head back. I do not need to consider this any longer.”

Herschel made his plea several times and stated that they could still negotiate the salary offer.

It astonished everyone else as there was still room for negotiation despite it being 800 thousand dollars already. Reivaj Group must really appreciate talented people. If it had been them, they would have agreed to it without any hesitation.

Javier was not them, though, so he rejected the offer grimly. Herschel, who showed sincere effort to headhunt Javier, could only leave “helplessly” when it was futile.

After Herschel left, Javier looked at the men sitting below the stage. “Go on and slack. Carry on with your card games and poker. Keep yourselves occupied. It’s best for us to kill time slowly like this.”

Someone panicked at what he said. “No, no, Mr. Kersey. We’re wrong. We didn’t have the right attitude previously. Please, start your speech and teach us your ways!” The people around him began to echo his sentiment and admitted their fault, vowing to pay attention and listen to Javier seriously from now on. Watching the deceived sales office managers, Javier feigned regret and sorrow as he reprimanded them before he agreed to their pleas and began to talk about sales-related matters.

His speech was, of course, empty and highfalutin. The men found it deep, like it made sense and was profound, but they were unable to figure it out. They thus thought that Javier must really be skilled, or they would not have been unable to understand what he said!

While the managers listened to Javier attentively, Lou was telling on Javier in Tucker’s office.

“Mr. Goldwater, Javier is horrible. He doesn’t teach us anything. We’re all looking forward to him passing us some knowledge, but he doesn’t care. He ignores all of us.

“I think he just doesn’t want to share his experience with us. He’s protesting and expressing his dissatisfaction over the company’s arrangement!”

Lou’s various complaints and accusations knitted Tucker’s brows together.

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From Tucker’s impression of Javier, the latter did not seem like someone like that, but Lou was being so vehement about it. Upon carefully considering it, Tucker decided to have a look himself.

“Mr. Goldwater, I’ll lead the way. You need to see how they’re slacking, and Javier doesn’t even care...”

As Lou slandered Javier on the way, he brought Tucker to the room. They met Sofia during the trip where the latter was about to tell Tucker about the visitor from Reivaj Group, but Lou stopped her quickly. “Don’t plead the case for Javier. You guys are on the same side.” Sofia was bewildered. She didn’t even know what was happening. How did she end up on the same side as Javier? More like, what was she doing being on the

same side with Javier? Lou did not spare her a chance to speak as he led Tucker to the lecture room, Sofia followed them in haste. The three of them arrived at the door shortly.

Lou was worried that Sofia would inform Javier, so he shoved the door open abruptly and told Tucker, “Mr. Goldwater, take a look See, they’re all — ”

Lou stopped talking. No one shut him up. He was the one who clamped his mouth shut because he was surprised to see that Javier was looking at him from where he was standing on the stage while everyone else, too, stared at him from where they sat obediently below the stage Lou was flummoxed. This was not right. It was not like this when he left earlier! On the side, Tucker looked furious as he glared at Lou. “This is what you mean by everyone’s slacking!?”

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Chapter 618 The Answer between A Rock and A Hard Place Tucker’s incessant questioning got Lou in the tongue. He was adamant that the account he witnessed was nothing like that. He was being framed! “Mr. Goldwater, please! It isn’t like that at all! I mean it! Please, m-maybe you can ask everyone around about what happened if you don’t believe me!”

Tucker ignored him as the man in the room spoke. “Mr. Goldwater, Reivaj Group’s rep came to see us.” He described everything Herschel had done since his arrival in unsparingly vivid details, not skimping on minutia such as the price. It baffled Lou while Goldwater looked on, stunned. The others in the crowd voiced their assent as soon as the man finished, vouching for how strongly Javier had voiced his rejection. “Mr. Kersey is an exceptionally talented person, and there’s more proof to it than how much money Reivaj Group is willing to shell out for him. Heck, we realize that since listening to his immaculate theories!” “Exactly! We love hearing his talks, don’t we, folks? It’s so profound and enlightening.”

“Mr. Kersey is talented, loyal, and is unequivocally the best guy we have on Mr. Goldwater’s team! We should all learn from his examples, right folks?”

It was a tidal shower of praises, and the only person drowning in it, bamboozled, was Lou. That was not at all what he had heard when he left! Everyone had been vocal about how little they cared for Javier, and now, it was like he had stumbled upon a Javier fan club where everyone was a Kersey simp showering only praises. What happened? Tucker ignored Lou and his dumbfounded expression. He clapped his hands hard. “Javier Kersey, a man of unflinching fealty! A pillar of loyalty!” he exclaimed. “Splendid work, you! You did not betray all the care and dedication our company has invested in you. You withstood temptation! For a man of your exceptional loyalty, the group can only reward you justly. What our company needs the most are talented people who are stalwartly for the company, and that, dear Javier, is what I’m

going to tell the management at the top!" Tucker began praising Javier like no tomorrow. It felt like a barrage of attacks against Lou, punching him out so much he was dazed, confused, and almost couldn't bring himself back to his own senses. And the listeners below the stage! They picked up where Tucker left off in his compliments and heaped even more praises like a bunch of bootlickers. And the more they did that, the worse it made Lou's optics look. It painted Lou as the green eyed monster among a group of motivated upstarts earnest in their improvement—a picture that irritated Tucker more and more. "That reminds me, Lou. What are you trying to do by slandering Kersey like that, hmm? What exactly are you trying to achieve?" Tucker demanded to the man's dismay. "Nothing! I wasn't slandering him, Mr. Goldwater! This was what they were saying yesterday!" As soon as the crowd heard him mention yesterday, a furor broke out.

"Lou, we had been nothing if not attentive to his talk yesterday! The only one who's acting like an *ss to him was you because you think he's below you!"

"And now you're b*tching about Javier to Mr. Goldwater and making up sh*ts about him? Bless your black heart, Lou! That's just despicable. Disgraceful. I smell jealousy!"

Sofia understood what Lou was trying to do, so she threw her hat into the ring. "Mr. Goldwater, if I'm not mistaken, Lou shares a relationship of dubious nature with Leila Lockwood, a property agent..."

She began recounting Leila's affair to Tucker, mentioning Leila's slanders against the company. "I think it begs no doubt that Lou wants to sling mud against Javier because he is just that: a vindictive, jealous little man!"

Lou's eyes widened in shock. "What the— Are you kidding me? That's not my intention at all! I didn't!"

His denial was a bad move because someone from the crowd provided a testimony. "I can prove that this is exactly what he's doing, sir! Lou has talked to us about what he's planning to do and then told us to harass the female agent, too!"

Lou was alarmed. Why were his former partners suddenly turning against him now? He explained in his panic, "No, Mr. Goldwater, you need to listen to me. Sure, I had a little fling with Leila the last time, but that's completely personal! I—" "Sh*t up! I heard enough from a godd*mn sloth who doesn't have the energy to work because he spends it all on trying to ostracize someone who's superior to him in every way!" Tucker bristled before waving hard on Lou's face. "You know what? Our company can do without a subversive, malicious agent like you, so get out! You're fired!" 1 Tucker was the chief executive of the marketing company, and property sales management was under his direct jurisdiction. Thus, his words decided the life and death of Lou's career in the company. Tucker effectively sentencing Lou to exile stunned the latter – he was fired. It did not matter if he found it fair. He had lost even the ground to fight for himself.

While he meted out heavy-handed judgment to Lou, Tucker continued to shower Javier with

compliments. Even Javier was starting to feel embarrassed by it, though it did not stop Tucker. While everyone watched, he made a pledge to reward Javier and not turn a blind eye against a man who had both loyalty and skills. As Tucker called it: "We have a godsend here!" After the lecture was over, the managers invited Javier to have dinner with them. Sofia, too, was invited for being the one organizing the entire event.

While they enjoyed themselves, a few of them tried to get Sofia to indulge in liquor. The intention was predictable-she was beautiful enough that any red-blooded man would have taken an interest in her. After Javier told them she could not, however, everyone in attendance eased off their attempts almost as though coming together with a common understanding. It embarrassed Sofia a little. She knew what was most likely brewing in their heads. They must have thought that she and Javier were more than friends... She could not blame him, though. Javier was only helping her out of the goodness of his heart. It turned out to be a night of moderation. There was enough alcohol to liven things up but not

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enough to sour it. When it was over, Sofia and Javier had a walk outside as they enjoyed the night's cool breeze.

For the record, Javier did not offer himself to be Sofia's companion; she did. He had originally wanted to go home by hailing a cab, but Sofia was worried for him since he drank quite a bit enough to be tipsy. She wanted to keep an eye on him and walked him home, even if Javier did not actually need it. Herschel had brought the necessary medication when he arrived.

The amount he drank tonight? No cause for concern.

They talked as they walked until they reached Sofia's humble little apartment unit. As they stood outside its entrance door, Sofia could not help but feel a tinge of bashfulness.

Should she invite him upstairs? He had walked with her all the way. It would seem unkind not to invite him inside. But if she let him in, well...What would it look like? That a married woman invited a young man into her place, alone? Unable to make a choice, Sofia felt as though her feet were chained into place while she vacillated between choices.

Just when she was trapped by her options and the consequences saddled with each of them, Javier made the choice for her.

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Chapter 619 I'm Scared "I'm going home. See you tomorrow." Javier turned around with a nod and a wave and left. He never wanted to be invited upstairs. He was only with her till her door because the lights in the neighborhood were dark, and he worried for her safety.

Sofia gawked at his retreating figure vanishing into the distance, nonplussed. She had been in the middle of an internal debate about what to do, yet this fellow closed it by turning away and bidding farewell.

Honestly? She was a little bummed out. She really saw something that was not there, huh?

While Sofia puzzled over her insignificant speculations, Lou was hiding in the shadow at the far end of the corridor. He was livid and clenched his jaw, his teeth grinding against themselves.

He had given today's incident a whole day's thought.

He was sure that Sofia had orchestrated it. How else could it be explained why Javier, a complete nobody with no close ties or connections within the office, managed to garner so much support? It must have been Sofia. She must have helped. While Lou had been on his way to bring Tucker into the conference room, she had hurriedly outpaced him. She wanted to puff Javier up for their boss, did she not?

It was the incision angle Lou chose to fixate upon before it turned into outright conspiratorial stubbornness. He was sure Sofia was pulling the strings behind their backs by this point. Lou had been lying in wait in the shadows of her apartment corridor to take revenge. He had thought of everything—a full-head mask to obscure his face, gloves to mask his prints, everything that could stop anyone from identifying him and turning him to the heat.

It had taken Lou about half a package of cigarettes before Sofia was finally climbing the stairs to her unit on the fourth floor—the highest floor in the building. It was the perfect spot for a creepy stalker staking out without being seen. Sofia appeared. She reached out to the knob, but Lou lunged out of the shadows, giving her no chance to react. He shoved her against the door, twisting her arms behind her back, his fingers clawing toward her face to cup it around her mouth to stop her screaming. Sofia tried. She yelled at the top of her lungs in panic, but Lou's fingers closed around her lips like vines. All her voice amounted to was no better than a whimper.

Javier had only bought a packet of cigarettes in the apartment's convenience store when it happened. He took a stick out and lit it from his spot at the base of the building, tipping his head toward the fourth floor.

Did he nurse any desire against Sofia just now? Hell yeah, he did. There was no way he did not

— not when the woman presented was that alluring. It was why he had little flutters of hesitation when he decided to leave. He had flirted with the idea of going inside her room for a 'chat.' He had only stopped that thought because his mind drifted away to more important

matters

He considered the floor from below and heaved a long sigh. He then shook his head and turned away.

He only took a few steps away when he froze. Something dawned on him, and he turned around and sprung toward and up the stairs.

By the time he reached the fourth floor, Sofia had been forcefully shoved into the living room. Her skirt was already drawn away from her waist.

Had Javier been a millisecond slower, the door would have shut into its frame, tight. He grabbed the edge just in time and yanked it open, exposing a masked man who froze.

One second of his bewilderment was all it took for Javier to sweep the man across the floor with a mighty kick. Another second later, Sofia threw herself into the arms of her rescuer not out of Javier's seduction or anything of the like, but because she was terrified. Only Javier gave her a sense of safety.

Sofia ended up becoming the load that stopped Javier from finishing the masked assailant off. The attacker ran away, though not without allowing Javier a glimpse of the keys hanging on his belt.

Nothing interesting could possibly come from a bunch of nondescript keys, but one of them had a distinct enough feature. A toy keychain could be found attached to it.

Javier remembered the keychain well enough. He had seen it and wondered why a grown man like Lou would have a toy keychain on his keys. It had been a trivial, passing remark back then, but now, it was literally the key to identifying the masked man's identity.

Javier shut the door after Lou escaped, but the young woman remained in his arms even then.

Sofia's face was deathly pale. She was petrified and at a loss of what to do. The only thing that could make her feel the safest was Javier's broad, sturdy chest...

She pulled away from him, her cheeks rosy, pink in embarrassment.

Javier was just as embarrassed. "Uh, I didn't mean to do this. I mean, it was, uh, automatic?" Sofia believed him. It had to be automatic when she could feel it pronging against her.

She hurried into another room to get changed. When she reappeared, an air of sheepishness had followed. The embarrassment she felt still lingered, but she was grateful for his opportune rescue all the same. "How did you...No, why did you come back? How did you know I was in danger?" she asked. "I ran out of cigarettes, so I went to the convenience store to buy a packet. I looked up to the floor where your room's at, and the light wasn't on. The corridor light never went out, though, and I thought I saw shadows flickering. I just had the feeling you're in danger," Javier replied, "I thought it was another one of those muggers in the middle of a home invasion. Didn't think it was gonna be Lou."

Sofia froze. "Lou? You're telling me the guy who tried to assault me was Lou!?"

Javier nodded and informed her of his observation about the keychain.

Sofia listened and realized he was right. She quietly marveled at how meticulous his observation was, and even a tinge of embarrassment resurfaced. Javier paid attention to her unit from downstairs. No man would have done that for no reason.

Unless, of course, a man who had taken an interest in her. Had he?

Sofia felt even more embarrassed. She had no clue how to face Javier in the most unobjectionable way. There had been so many moments of sexual tension between them already, and now, he had saved her twice, once from underneath the wheels and now from Lou. With experiences like these, it was impossible for her not to nurture a quiet liking for him.

But she was married to a loving husband. She could not stomach the thought of hurting him any more than she could suffer the thought of hurting Javier.

Then she caught herself and wondered if she was overthinking. It was no use—her mind was a knot of knots. She was hapless about getting them sorted out. While she was in the middle of her confusion, Javier suddenly announced, "We're done here, right? I should be going." He turned away and started toward the door. Sofia panicked, lurched to grab him by his arm, and exclaimed, "No, wait!" She miscalculated her force. With her strength, Javier turned, stumbling, and the two collided with their arms around each other.

She was back into his sturdy chest's warm, safe domain again. Her heart was pounding like a drum. It was too intimate, and she had no idea what to do now.

She had only her most intuitive explanation. "I'm scared to be alone. Can you please...keep me company tonight?"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 620 ReadOnline

Chapter 620 Chutzpah Sofia's cheeks turned hot pink as soon as she finished. She realized her wording could cause quite a misunderstanding... "I mean, I'm literally scared. Literally!" she hurriedly added. "That's what I meant when I asked you not to leave me tonight. I don't, um, I don't mean that as, uh, an invitation to sex."

The more she tried to clarify herself, the more flushed her cheeks were. She was inching closer and closer to outright inability to explain herself,

Luckily for her, Javier understood. "You're worried that Lou's gonna come back and continue his vile, vindictive assault, aren't you? So you want me to stay and keep an eye out for you. Doesn't mean it as a ploy to seduce me for sex. That what you're saying?" Sofia bobbed her head, her blushing cheeks rattling with the movement. "R-Right! That's exactly what I was thinking!"

Javier hummed. As he considered the young woman retreating away from his arms, he wondered aloud, "And you're not worried that I might coerce you into it while I'm here, because?"

Sofia hung her head to prevent Javier from noticing the rising heat on her cheeks. "B-Because, I think, y-you're a good man." And that was all it could take to stop Javier at bay, was it?

Of course, in Sofia's defense, there were ample reasons for her to believe such a thing. Javier has had many opportunities to violate her, and yet he never took advantage of any of them. The way Sofia saw it, Javier might not be the most good-looking man out there, but he certainly was a classy man. He was brave, smart, and a gentleman.

Had she not been married, Sofia would honestly have no idea if she could make an unhesitant choice between her husband and Javier. But now, well...

Instead of giving Sofia more moments to languid in sheepish awkwardness, Javier quickly agreed to stay for the night. To make things better, he was just as gentlemanly and respectful as Sofia had made him out to be-he spent the night on her couch in the living room. Then, in the middle of her sleep, Sofia remembered that she had left some of her unwashed private articles in the same bathroom Javier had been using. And yet, he never moved them even once. It was easy to see just how respectful Javier was

throughout his stay. It was a relief to have him there. Still, somewhere in the back of her mind Sofia wondered if it also meant she was not all that irresistibly charming after all. Everything went swimmingly after that. Javier no longer stayed with her, but they never really lost touch since they continued to meet each other in the office.

As for Lou himself? Javier couldn't care less. He had disappeared overnight along with Leila Lockwood. Some said the two of them had eloped, while others claimed they had gone abroad, traveling as tourists. Only Javier knew that the couple had a one-way ticket to the afterlife,

their bodies buried together,

Herschel was the one who had had to wipe his hands, but he did it because his boss had told him to. Javier would never allow anyone to get in his way. If Lou had the courage to attack Sofia out of vengeance, he would do the same to Javier one day.

Javier was not afraid of whatever that b*stard could pull out, but it would still be plenty annoying to have a guy like that try multiple times. The easiest way to stop that from happening, naturally, was murder,

As for the promise Tucker Goldwater made earlier? He had hardly put his grand proclamation to work yet. It was only after the property managers had "graduated" from Javier's course that Tucker finally put money where his mouth was. He named Javier out of the crowd during the company's executive meeting and made his big announcement.

"From today on, say hello to our newest deputy sales director, Mr. Javier Kersey! Please, give him a round of applause!"

Javier had begun his career and earned his popularity through sales. It was only right and within his expertise to promote him to a position of power within the same domain. Nonetheless, it did not mean the decision itself was popular or accepted—he had only joined their company for a few days, yet he was already taking up a position this high up among the executives?

There were only going to be dissents, and the loudest ones would naturally come from those who had coveted the position for a while. Judd Kernpfer was one such man.

"I'm not convinced, Mr. Goldwater," he protested hotly. "On what basis does Kersey have to take on a role like that? He had only joined us for a few days. How much is that against years

of service from the rest of us? The fact that a newcomer became the deputy director over old-timers like us is an affront to the promotion system and culture our company has been adhering to this whole time!

“If you can’t convince us that this is a reasonable call, then I’ll bring this up to the big suits in HO!”

Judd Kempfer, a deputy director in his own right, had always butted heads with Tucker. The latter could never do anything about him because Judd was protected by his connections with the people in HQ, Combining the fact that Judd had been vying to be the deputy sales director

– which would grant him more power-only made his strong objection predicta

Tucker, however, reacted to his outrage with cold eyes. He studied the crowd. “And do any of you have any hot takes?” They did. They started talking and letting their opinions known. It was undeniable just how fast-tracked Javier’s ascension within the company hierarchy was-it was nothing shy of rocket speed. From a salesperson to a manager to a lecturer, everything had been going by at breakneck speed. One would expect Javier to hold a position with more substance after that, but deputy director of sales?

It was not a giant leap to doubt Tucker’s motive. Was the man abusing the power he had by instituting his own network of loyalists in positions of power? Tucker could hear the implication through their dissent. He waited until they had all finished

before asking, “Be frank with me. Are you people suggesting that what I’m doing is an abuse of power? That I’m creating an in group of people loyal to me in these positions?”

The rest of the room certainly thought so, but it did not mean they wanted to say it aloud. They just shut their mouths and let the question hang except Judd, who had always clashed with Tucker, “Maybe you should look inside your soul and ask yourself if that’s true, Mr. Goldwater!

His chutzpah enraged Tucker. He slapped his desk, bellowing, “The audacity!”

Judd had even more of that where it came from because he one-upped Tucker’s slap with a fist on the table. “You, talking to me about audacity!? You don’t even know what the word means! You’re abusing your power for personal gains, and you flaunt it like a pageant queen!”

Tucker was infuriated and waved at his secretary. “You think that’s true, huh? You think I’ve been plating loyalists using my power? I’ll show you, I’ll show all of you how wrong that statement is!”

Judd scoffed and turned his head away. He would not even side-eye him.

Tucker’s secretary brought a pile of documents and set it down on the table for everyone to read. Those who lunged at the opportunity quickly lowered their heads and sank into palpable silence, a strange consequence that piqued Judd’s interest. He waited until the document was passed to him and took a glance out of curiosity.

He looked up with an overcast shadowing his mien. He was silent,

Tucker stood. "It wasn't my decision to appoint him our deputy sales director, Judd. It was the HQ's! If you think there's an element of abuse of power, then that abuse doesn't come from me. It came from our bosses. Nothing to do with me!

"Outraged by the 'flagrant misuse of power', Judd? Then take it up to the group! Go tell the higher-ups and bigshots that they're abusing their power! I'll be here cheering for you!

Judd had not expected the appointment to have come from the top. The knowledge all but rendered his objection useless. All there was left of him to do was to sh*t up and take it. Tucker sneered and dismissed him. Then, in the name of the headquarters, he formally appointed Javier as their deputy sales director with no objection. No one had dared to object, after all, and the only course of action they could do was give applause. Judd was the only one who remained indifferent to Javier. He sulked in his seat, seething quietly. When the meeting was over, he was the first to get up and leave. As he passed Javier by, he shot a glare at the latter, daggers in his eyes, like a snake waiting for its time to strike. He knew very well that his strong worded objection had painted him firmly as Javier's enemy. He also believed that Tucker and Javier were on the same side, which left him even less reason to show Javier anything more than hostility. The disgust and despise on his face said what his clenched lips had not.

I'm gonna end you, s*cker. Just you wait!

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 621 ReadOnline

Chapter 621 And Whose Problem is That? Javier himself had no idea he was going to spring so far to the top that he would land on his cushy position. On the surface, the fact that a newbie had catapulted to such a role defied any logic and reason, but there were many factors that made it understandable.

For starters, Tucker needed a loyalist. There was also the fact that Reivaj Group had spent an obscene amount of money in an attempt to poach Javier. Then, there was Javier's exceptional abilities and loyalty, his cordial relationship with the sales managers, and much more. All these factors seemed to justify why he should be where he was.

It did not mean it was any less of a surprise to the rest of the company. Even Sofia was shocked. Now that she was in Javier's office, she was staring at him in confusion. "I remember walking into the sales department and telling you people that if any one of you ever became my boss, I'd congratulate them for real. But becoming my boss so soon? That's just too fast, isn't it?"

She found Javier's meteoric rise in hierarchy too incredulous to believe. She could not even imagine it happening. For context, Sofia would sooner imagine having sex with Javier. It was impossible, but it could happen. Javier leaned against his office chair and flashed her a smile. "You ready to congratulate me?"

"I mean, sure, but..." She faltered. It was hard for Sofia to register what had happened, though luckily for her, Javier was not making her do that soon anyway.

He flipped through the documents on his desk before adding, "Come work for me as my secretary. How about that?"

Sofia was stunned. She had guessed there would be some form of grateful compensation once Javier was in a position of power, but she had not expected it to be a job promotion. Being the deputy sales director's secretary might not seem like a change compared to where she was now, but the devil was in the details. No one could have thought the driver of a powerful leader would be a powerful position to be in, but in reality, the driver possessed more power than his role would have one believe.

Besides, becoming his secretary would mean more chances for promotions in the future.

The offer sounded great, but Sofia was a little bemused. Was Javier's intention to have her work as his secretary possibly rooted in the untold side of boss-secretary dynamics? Javier understood her hesitance and concern, so he added an explicit disclaimer. "C'mon. I'm asking because you're capable and we know each other well. It's not because of anything below the belt, I promise you."

Sofia sighed in relief. It was exactly what had worried her-Javier using their new working relationship to foster some nebulous, dubious relationship with her. Now that she had confirmation that it would not happen, she nodded at Javier and agreed to be his new secretary.

"I'll swing by my new department and say hi later. But you? You can take the rest of the day off. When you're done with whatever you're doing right now, take a break!"

He sent her on her way and brushed up on his office work. Then, Chad called, informing him, "Boss, breaking news on the market. It's the Raiders."

Javier's eyes glinted before he masked the glint behind indifference. "Leave it be for the time being. We'll stay on guard, follow their moves from a wide berth, and collect clues. For now, I'm not gonna face them head-on just yet."

After a long, long period of lost trails, the last thing Javier wanted was to lose their new lead like last time. Besides, if Kaiser thought he was still too weak and inexperienced to handle them, then fine. Javier would focus on improving himself first. When they

collected enough clues and when he was more ready, he could have all the time in the world to fix the Raiders a good one.

After a few words to Chad about running Reivaj Group in his absence, Javier hung up. At exactly the same moment, Judd called his older brother, Jayden Kempfer, who worked at HQ.

“Jay, what the hell is up with Tucker’s faction? And who the hell is this Javier who came out of nowhere? I thought you told me Sucker Tucker’s days were numbered, man! But now this Javier fella just came out of left field and basically stood by him. How am I supposed to exert my dominance, man?” Jayden himself was the secretary of one of the HQ’s executives, which made him appear to be on the same level as Judd, even though he was wielding a lot more substantive power. “What’s the hurry? Take it easy, alright? Just because you’ve got something doesn’t mean you’ve earned a good thing. And just because you let something slip by, it doesn’t mean you’ve lost a good game either,” he replied, laughing. “So you lost your position as the deputy sales director. What happens when there’s a problem with sales figures? Well, it won’t be your fault now, will it? The buck stops at Javier and Tucker. And you know what accountability means!”

Judd smiled. He got what his brother was saying. “Ah, roger that, Jay. Don’t worry, I’m gonna make that happen.” He hung up and began musing on what to do. A while later, a wide, malicious grin appeared on his face. “Let’s see how long you can stay on as deputy director, Javier Kersey!”

While Judd was planning a scheme, Javier went to meet Tucker in his office. After expressing his gratitude to him, he sat down for tea, accepting Tucker’s invitation, and the latter began filling him in on his new job.

“Frankly, I’m against having you in this position, Javier. It’s just not a good time,” Tucker said. “A new goal for sales just came down from the top. They want us to reach 60% of where we’re currently at in the Northgard region within three months.”

Javier had read his material, so he knew that that 60% sales figure did not mean money but backlog. Real estate was not doing well at the moment, and that dip had extended even to Maple Court. The nation’s leading real estate company itself had built up a sizable housing backlog

It would have been fine if the properties were common houses. They could have worked together with local municipalities on their city renovation projects. They could have demolished buildings, built new ones in their place, and relocated previous residents and tenants to the new ones. The residents could have bought more land, invested, or transferred

Problem is that?

ownership to others. All their problems would more or less have been alleviated.

The issue here was that Maple Court only sold high-end luxury homes, which meant that it was impractical to sell them that way. In other words, it was a challenge to clear out 60% of their backlog within three months like that.

Tucker lit a cigarette for Javier before lighting one for himself. As he puffed on it, he recounted something, taking what sounded like a detour. "I was in the army in my youth, you know. I had a comrade in my troop whose name was Perry De Peterbus. We were the top of our class, we got assigned to the same company, and we became brothers-in-arms. We were both the cream of the crop too, so we were naturally rivals. He broke records during assault courses. I broke records in FTX. Neither of us had the upper hand against one another.

"Then, one day, we received a special mission. After rounds of exacting selection, I got to execute it. I was d*mn elated, but when I read what it was that I had to do, I quit. Now, that mission is classified, so I won't tell you what it was about, but I can tell you this: Nobody could have possibly come out of that mission alive. There was no team, no support. Only yourself.

"Perry took the mission, though. Took him half a year to finish it and he came back lame' cause he lost a leg to complete it. Now, no one respected him more than I did. He was my rival, after all. But I was bemused. What the hell was he after? That was a suicide mission! He could have lost his life to it! I asked him why he had done it. For what?

"Here's how he answered me: Our superiors give us missions and the general goals we have to accomplish. But the details of the execution? Now, those are up to us. What our boss tells us is what the end is. The means, though... Those are up to us." Tucker took a deep breath and exhaled his smoke, telling the moral of his story. "And that's when I realized I was wrong when I thought giving up the mission was right. It was the wrong decision. So maybe our enemy had come to attack us. There are a hundred of them, and only one me. Looks like suicide, doesn't it? But it doesn't mean I should give up."

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 622 ReadOnline

Chapter 622 I Don't Fight for Trash Tucker turned to look at Javier expectantly. "You're a smart man, aren't you? I'm sure you already get what I mean."

Javier nodded. Of course he did. Tucker was telling him to muster his courage and take up the challenge, make a grand work of it to the best of his abilities, and earn praise through it. He was reassuring Javier not to be scared of the 60% mark their higher-ups wanted.

Tucker was right about one thing. Javier was not scared at all. In fact, he was quite pumped up for the task. Getting the sales figure to 60% within three months in the Northgard region? It might be a big boss fight to everyone else, but to Javier? Piece of cake! "Don't you worry, Mr. Goldwater. I'll come up with something." With information supplied by the elite Kersey family, Javier had more than enough reasons to believe he could do what he was supposed to do.

Tucker admired the young man's boldness and was vocal about it. Still, to himself, he was more than ready to lean on his Plan B. After Javier did his best and failed their goal, he would

appeal to the higher-ups in HQ about letting Javier remain in his new job. It sounded untransparent, but Tucker did not mean it as a conspiracy. He simply had little reason to believe Javier would achieve what their bosses wanted them to do. How was anyone supposed to reach that 60% target within three short months? HQ was just asking for the impossible, were they not? Honestly, these big suits' thinking vexed him. Regardless, Tucker was just their underling, and so the only course of action he had was to obey. It would still be a victory of some kind if he could protect Javier from the worst of the eventual backlash. A little failure in one's assignment could be a helpful thing for their growth, right?

As soon as he left the office, Javier contacted Chad to have him immediately mobilize the Kersey family's insane resources and connections. The goal was to gather every piece of information regarding all Maple Court properties within the Northgard region. After that, Javier went to read up on the materials his own company had given him. Half an hour of calculation and analysis later, he found out that there were about 12,000 houses in the backlog waiting to be sold. 60% of that would be 7,200 units. Divide those by three months, and Javier would have to clear off 2,400 units per month, with more or less 80 units per day. That was no small number. After tallying all of the units' prices, one would realize that it meant raking in more than 15 million dollars a day!

It was all the more reason why Javier could not afford to be cavalier. Time was of the essence here, and he needed to utilize it to complete his mission. For the time being, Chad had yet to buzz him with information, so Javier could not come up with strategies tailored-made for his targets.

All he could do for now was to wait.

All Star Trash

Little did he know that his patience was rewarded with a call not from Chad but from Sofia." Hey, will you drink with me after work later this evening?"

Javier was bewildered. Sofia...drinking? She had basically been traumatized into not touching booze with a ten-foot pole from the last time! Why would someone like that suddenly invite him to drink?

Her tone was even more worrisome. She sounded upset.

Javier instinctively asked her if something had happened, but the only answer Sofia gave was silence...and a call cut short.

So...A call with no discernable beginning or end. Javier was completely flummoxed. When work was over, he tried calling Sofia again. No one picked up, so he drove straight to her home.

Javier knocked twice, and just when he was sure no one was at home and was about to turn away, the door opened.

Sofia was...strangely sexy. It was like that night all over again, when she had showered after her drunken evening, casting her blouse and mini-skirt away while leaving only her black, half-transparent pantyhose and her lingerie intact.

She was wearing her hair down, too. The long strands of disheveled hair billowed in beautiful chaos. She was seductive in her languid, inviting bearing. One look was all it took for Javier to feel flames in his loins.

At the next second, though, Sofia turned her back against him and sat on the couch with no care in the world. Javier was honestly taken aback; what was she going through? Judging from her attitude, one would have suspected that she was just an animated doll going through the motions while her soul had ejected from its driver's seat

Nonetheless, he stepped into the house and closed the door. Javier immediately noticed toppled beer bottles rolling all over the floor. Some of them were not even completely emptied, but Sofia cracked a new one while watching it drift away from her vicinity. She was so demoralized that she did not even want to pick up a bottle. Javier's curiosity was growing even stronger, so he asked, "What happened, Sofia? Got into trouble of some kind? You know I can help."

Sofia scoffed, threw her head back, and stuffed the beer bottle into her mouth. Turning to him, she intoned, "Sure! How about you help fill up my empty, lonely husk, hmm?"

It was supposed to sound like a tease, and yet nothing in it roused an ounce of desire in him. Javier ignored her retort altogether and asked again, and this time, Sofia unlocked her phone and tossed it to him.

Javier caught it in midair and looked. It was a conversation on Whatsapp with a video snuck in somewhere in the middle. He pressed play, and a couple leaped into the screen.

One did not need to take a long, hard look to know that the video was not safe for work. But it was not the s*x aspect that was the point. It was the pillow talk between the two. It was all the answer Javier needed.

“So, what do you think, baby doll?” “You sent me to heaven! My turn to ask you now. Who’s prettier, your wife, Sofia, or me?” “Babe, you don’t even have to ask. It’s you all the way. Every nook and cranny and curves and holes...”

The rest of the conversation was a straight fall into R-18 territory, but Javier heard enough to establish context anyway. He stopped the video and found two voice notes below it. One was from the person Sofia was talking to, and the other was from Sofia herself.

“Your husband is mine, darling. Time to move out, babe. File for divorce on your way out! Only a b*tch ruins someone else’s happiness,” said the sender. “Go ahead, pick up the trash,” Sofia had replied. “I don’t fight for trash.” There was a noticeable gap of half an hour between the sender’s message and Sofia’s reply.

She had struggled. And now, judging from her state, Javier knew that Sofia was far from the composed affectation she assumed in her Whatsapp conversation. He set the phone down wordlessly, took his seat on the couch, and stared at Sofia as she drank in silence.

She was prepared for Javier’s attempt to snatch the bottle off her hand and had prepared to stop him from that.

The occasion never arose. Javier never tried to stop her. He quietly enabled Sofia to numb her pain through alcohol. It worked in the end. She managed to numb herself so much her tongue loosened. She cried, laughed, cried, and laughed again as she rambled about her past with her husband. She talked about the homewrecker, who had been her closest friend. They had been close since they were schoolchildren, their relationship withstanding the trials of time even after they grew up.

Her ex-bestie had been married at one point, but it was an unhappy one that ended in a divorce. Sofia felt for her and cared for her very much, so she had invited the woman to her home many times. It was how her husband had gotten to know that woman.

Sofia had nothing against it. How was she supposed to get mad at people being friends just because they were of different genders? Friendship blossomed all the time, all over the world.

All that goodwill was thrown out of the window with the reveal. It proved how unnatural it was for opposite genders to be close friends. Sometimes, that closeness translated to intimacy and beyond.

Sofia’s eyes were misty and glassy. She lurched, wobbling on her feet, to come closer to where Javier was. She did not even wait for him to react when she spread her legs wide and sat on his thighs. Then she pushed him to the couch, her scarlet lips looming over Javier’s own. “I’m now a free woman,” Sofia breathed into his ear, “I can do

whatever I like. Nothing can stop me. And I can be...with whoever I wanna be with!" She pressed her lips against Javier's with the force of a storm.

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 623 ReadOnline

Chapter 623 I Don't Need Anything Else Javier had had s*x with plenty of women, but a drunk one? There was no precedent. He had always believed that the best climaxes were reached only when people had s*x in sobriety.

Of course, that was not his argument against scr*wing Sofia today. For her, the biggest objection was her state. She was a drunken, depressed mess, and he would not want to take advantage, gratify himself, and then leave her back where she was. Sofia might regret this once she was sober.

More importantly than how regretful the woman would feel, though, was the woman's opinion on relationships. She was faithful to a fault. Having s*x with her would likely motivate her to pursue marriage with him, and that was not what Javier would want.

In this case, it would be better to wait until Sofia woke up and was sober.

Finding consolation to be a waste of time, Javier karate-chopped Sofia on the neck. She blacked out, and he carried her to her bedroom, laid her down, and returned to the living room. He even had the mood to order some takeout at Sofia's address because he had not had his dinner yet.

Around 9:00 p.m., while Javier was reading up his material, the door to her bedroom cracked open. Sofia, whose original colors had returned instead of the beet-red flushes of liquor, walked out in her nightgown. Judging from her mannerism, she had evidently turned sober.

The sheepishness in her tone verified it.

"Sorry. I might have drunk a little too much just now." She huffed.

Javier tucked his data back in and turned to Sofia. "Do you still remember the things you asked about while you were drunk?"

Her cheeks burned a scarlet shade. She remembered everything.

Javier flashed a smile wordlessly. He tidied his documents and rose. "Take an early rest. I'll be going." He passed Sofia by on his way to go, and the young woman suddenly tugged on his arm. "I'm not in my happiest mood, Javier. Can't you...Can't you stay? For me?" "Gee, what will we do to pass the time?" Javier replied mischievously.

He expected her cheeks to flush as she stammered and stuttered her way out of explaining why her intention was innocent.

“Anything you like.” This was a quiet but no less surprising reply.

There was no mistaking her. When a woman framed her words like that to a man, her intention was pretty much clear-cut.

“I don’t have any reason to feel ashamed anymore,” she added. “So what if we had s*x? No one has the right to point fingers at me. I consent to it, and I’m not tied down by stupid moralistic conscience anymore...”

There was more to her musing, but Javier understood the one thing that was undergirding her

Need Anything to

decision-revenge.

She wanted to get back at her husband and his affair. So suddenly, she gave in to abandon.

“What exactly do you want me to do if I stay?” Javier asked again.

Sofia thought for a moment and shook her head. “I don’t know. But I know I won’t spend the night alone.”

Javier understood the implications. If he chose to leave, she would have no choice but to go out for a companion. Some people just could not bear to lick their wounds alone and in secret. They would rather go out with someone, anyone if it meant staving off crushing loneliness. Now, the desire for companionship over hurt did not necessarily involve s*x. Sometimes, all one needed was a friend in a stranger.

Javier decided to stay. Sofia was going through a terrible turmoil right now. Letting her prowl the streets in this state would be akin to letting people paint a target on her for exploitation. They sat next to each other on the couch, Sofia’s head leaning against Javier’s shoulder wordlessly. Javier was all she had for support for now. He was the only source of comfort. A long while later, she broke the silence she had imposed. “You always have had the chance to take me up, and I can tell you’ve always got that thought in you. So why didn’t you?”

After all that had happened, Sofia thought it was long past the time to feel too timid to say what she thought aloud.

Javier chose candor over making up excuses. “I don’t want trouble.”

Sofia chewed his reply in her mind for a while and understood him. "You're worried that I'll keep coming back to you and disrupt your life."

He nodded. "The wording is a little harsher than I'd put it, but you got the basics down pat."

A mirthless smile shadowed her lips. "Heh. Aren't you a frank one? You don't even mince your words for how I feel."

"I've always been nothing but frank when it comes to relationships and s*x. It's pure pleasure between two consenting adults. No need to sugarcoat that. I'd call that deceit, too. Inappropriate and unnecessary deceit. Truth is a bitter pill to swallow, but it's better than telling a lie that hurts even more."

Javier sounded so casual and unfazed that Sofia's heart sank even deeper. She would admit that he was right—that she liked hearing sweet nothings so much that the truth became hard to swallow.

She turned to meet Javier's face. "I won't trouble you. Right now, all I want is an outlet. No restraints, no control, pure outlet. I don't need you to be gentle to me like I'm a delicate belle. I want it to be wild like a mare!"

Javier refused to meet her eyes. He had a pretty good idea of what was spurring her into her decision.

Sofia was adamant, though. "I'm being earnest, Javier. I'm happy to draft a consent form if

you're worried!"

Javier almost snorted. Did they really need a consent form?

His laugh died in his throat. Sofia had just let her nightgown slip down her skin. Her hands had moved to the clasp behind her back. Her fingers pried it open, and the bra dropped down to the floor and revealed...temptation.

Javier halted her hands. "Are you sure about this? You and I don't have a future."

She nodded unhesitantly. "I don't need a future. I just need to feel good right now." Before she could make any more moves, Javier stopped her again. His hands had reached not to her hands but to his own face this time. Sofia gawked as Javier ripped off a mask of flesh, flummoxed. She could not believe what sounded like the stuff of movies and drama would happen to her—to see him pull out the mask was terrifying. It was as if she was watching a horror movie coming to life. What would come next? A bloody face underneath!?

The truth was far from it. Javier revealed his real face, and it turned out to be a handsome, dashing upgrade from whatever he had looked like seconds before. Even crazier than that, she realized that Javier Kersey was, in fact, the chairman of Reivaj Group himself.

Sofia could feel her mind blowing into bits. No one would believe her. This was nuts! More nuts than actual romance fantasy!

“What? Can’t believe what you’re seeing?” She turned to Javier and his question. She nodded automatically. “There really isn’t anything to disbelieve,” he replied. “I’m still the same Javier Kersey you know.”

He began explaining the motive behind his fake identity, though not without reservation. He claimed he wanted to try his hands on real estate, as he avoided any mention of the whole shebang with the Raiders.

Sofia reeled back in realization. “No wonder Reivaj Group was high-rolling for you to join them that time. You staged it to inflate your profile and worth in the eyes of our company and made those managers yield to you.” Sofia was admittedly smarter than he might have thought, considering how she saw right through his ploy.

“Too true,” he confessed with a nod before adding, “So, do you really want to go through with

this?”

Sofia nodded and shoved him into the couch with the speed of a cheetah. Her hands began feeling him. “The only thing that matters to me tonight is you. I don’t need anything else!”

about My Money Now

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 624 ReadOnline

Chapter 624 You Don’t Worry about My Money Now No trouble ensued. Sofia meant what she said and did the deeds to prove it. Tonight, Javier was hers.

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And she was his. He made her near-hysterical t paradise.

Sofia lay on his chest, nestled between his arms. “Why did you reveal your secret to me? Aren’t you worried that I might wave that knowledge as a threat or latch myself onto you like a shadow so I can get your money?”

Javier smiled. "Does it matter if you threaten me or cling to me when both are for the sake of my money? If you really need some cash, though, just say it. I'll give you as much as you need."

"Are you like, super-rich?" "Oh, girl." He nodded. "I'm f*cking rich."

"But I don't want it!" she exclaimed.

Javier agreed. Sofia was not the type to care for money-he could tell that from the way she interacted with him this whole time. Besides, if she ever did need some cash, he would gladly give it to her. Money had to be the tritest, most worthless thing in life to him. He saw money so many times in a day that it bored him.

Sofia asked him again why the identity reveal. This time, he finally answered, "Because I don't wanna lie to you."

Warmth enveloped her chest. She was moved. Her husband had spent all that effort into deceit, duping her with a web of lies while hooking up with her best friend! While Javier, who had no history with her, cared about her enough to show her only the truth.

Placing them side-by-side, she could not help but like Javier more and more while loathing her husband at an equally rapid pace. The more she dwelled on it, the more furious she became.

She knew she was spent but did not care. She threw herself onto Javier once more, offering her sexy, curvy, seductive figure to his appetite...

The next morning, Javier and Sofia went to work together. The young woman was near fatigued though she really felt spirited-a result that surprised no one. About a good half of the night had been spent on Javier, and that beast had almost sent her to heaven without drawing her back to Earth forever.

She had been married for years by now but never had she ever experienced such sensually cataclysmic madness before this. She loved it.

Javier immediately directed his mind to work. As his new secretary, Sofia took her post outside his office and went about her new business, too. They kept at their job for hours until lunchtime. She stood, ready to invite Javier to join her for lunch.

She found Judd standing in her way, his smirk as irritating as his catcall. "Where are you

y about My Money Now

going, sweetheart? Join me for lunch, beautiful!"

Sofia's first thought was to ignore him altogether, but she thought better of it. Better not make enemies for Javier's sake. "Thanks for the invitation, Mr. Kempfer, but I've got plans."

"Plans? Oh, who cares? Turn that loser down, beautiful. It's not every day you get to have Judd Kempfer buying someone lunch. Nobody with a brain would say no to me!" Judd drawled. "Of course, don't misunderstand me, sweetheart. I'm definitely not being mad at a gorgeous babe like you. I'm mad at whichever idiot who thought it was a good idea to come between us!

"What do you wanna have, hmm? I'm all ears. Do you want luxury, fine-dining, Gordon goddamn-Ramsey? Give me a name, and I'll take you there! That's old Judd's generosity for

you!"

Sofia shook her head and rejected his offer despite his gleeful invitation. It was two times too much. Judd's mood crashed. "You're rejecting me again? What the h*11, Sofia!?"

As in taking a twist on the term "man of action", Judd raised his hand into a pretext of a slap as though barking was not enough. Before he could swing it down, however, Javier bolted out of the office and shielded Sofia with himself. "Gee, Sophia, why turn down his offer?" he chided. "Mr. Kempfer himself had invited you for lunch! You can't possibly say no to that!"

Sofia was a little taken aback. What was Javier angling for again, this time?

Judd, though, thought he understood. He was sure Javier must have already found out about Judd's connection in HQ and realized Judd's boots were something worth licking. Chuckling, he clapped Javier on his shoulder. "Whoa, I didn't expect Mr. Kersey to be the guy who knows how to read the room!" he exclaimed, delighted enough to invite him along. "Well, who am I to deny someone who wants to be my friend, huh? Join us along."

Javier grinned. "Oh God, now that's an honor! Please, after you!"

He clandestinely signaled to Sofia to play along with a nod before turning back to Judd and descending the stairs. She followed

They reached the parking lot. Judd watched Javier and Sofia climb into a Volkswagen Passat and giggled. "Oh my God, Kersey. Oh, no, no, no. This car is dragging your prestige through the mud! How can the deputy sales director of Maple Court drive a horse carriage like this? You can't go around in a Passat! At least get a Mercedes-Benz, BMW, or an Audi!" He clapped on the hood of his Mercedes-Benz E300. "Check out my darling. Big Benz, big space, all comfort!"

"I'm nowhere near your prestige, Mr. Kempfer. Just a sedan's good enough for me."

Judd snickered. God, this fellow had no ambitions, had he? Turning to look at Sofia, he remarked, "Get over here, sweetie. This car's got ample space for you!"

"No, thank you!" Sofia snapped. "I don't know about you, but I'm in good shape. My b*tt isn't so big that it needs that much space!"

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Todd's mood soured. The girth from the waist down had got to be a touchy subject when one's reputation was unwittingly tied to it. Whatever he felt, he did not express it any more than a scoffing 'b*tch' before getting into his own car.

The Passat followed the other on the road until they reached one of the more famous hotels in the area. Judd was the one making orders and selecting wine, and he did so with an excess of commentaries. "This! This dish right here is their specialty. 50 dollars for one, now that's luxury "And this one right here! Those women often told me that it's so nutritious it can keep their skin young and glowing! 40 dollars. Not bad for the buck, huh?

"And this one, too. Oh yeah, now this is a good one..." Judd just kept rambling like a broken radio. It came to a point where Javier had had enough of it. It was high time he knocked Judd down a peg on his perceived upper-class bearing. "With all due respect, Mr. Kempfer, are you ordering for humans or for pets?" Judd froze, first out of confusion of his implication. It slowly dawned on him that Javier was calling him out for being low, and it pissed him off. "Watch your mouth, Kersey. You eat what you are, man. If you think these dishes are too below your standards, be my guest. You pick them. I'll take notes!"

Javier was not going to waste his time sneering at him. He summoned the waiter and proclaimed, "Give me the top ten most expensive items you've got!"

At first, the waiter thought Javier was just a tryhard. His order quickly changed his mind because he naturally knew the top ten by heart. Just the tenth on the list cost 600 dollars! Add all of those before it all together, and they would be looking at 12 thousand dollars for lunch!

12k for a meal? Had this fellow gone mad!?

Judd recovered from his shock and broke out a chortle. "Are you f*cking out of your mind, Kersey? "Top ten most expensive?' God, do you even know how hard it will kill you? Oh my God!" He laughed. "I hope you don't plan on running away and leaving the bill to me once

you're finished!"

Javier would not spare even a glance at someone as baseborn as to find all of this "expensive." Rapping on the table impatiently, he urged the waiter, "Just get them for us already, okay? Don't you worry about how much money I've got. The only thing you should be worried about is if your restaurant has enough ingredients to make them