

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 746 ReadOnline

Chapter 746 A Toast to You Before Javier could say anything, a thought entered Bella's sheepish mind. 'Wait a sec-how could Grace betray my secret?!

It was a terrible thought...Mortifying, even! It was a testament to how close these two were. Grace would not have told Javier had they not been intimate with each other. But that also meant Javier was already seeing her while he was actively wooing Bella!

His audacity p*ssed Bella off a little. They were cousins! How could he even think this was okay?!

Javier saw the indignant flash in her eyes and knew what was going through her mind. He lowered his head and leaned close to her ear.

When he whispered, Bella's cheeks burned intensely and her breath hitched.

Javier had just told her all about the intimate things he had done with Grace-without a shred of reservation or euphemism!

This embarrassed Bella greatly.

"And that's why Grace has no secrets. 'Cause I've found out all of them," he finished. "But you? You're still a mystery. I'm curious about your scent. I wonder, how delicious are you?"

Bella's embarrassment could burn her to ashes. She rose to leave his room, but Javier was not the type of man to let a woman go even if she wanted to. He immediately shoved her against the bed.

Bella would have screamed if Kellyanne was not downstairs, but letting her mother see her like this would embarrass her to death, so she kept quiet. Nonetheless, she was gravely mortified and disconcerted by her plight. She was hapless,

Half an hour later, Javier let her go.

Bella was devoid of strength to the point of fatigue. He had not penetrated her with the tool between his legs, sure, but he had done everything else to her...

It was an odd moment, but Javier suddenly asked, "So...who was it on the phone? You seemed upset after answering."

Bella was eager to pound on any opening that could help her move on from this discomfort. Leaping to her feet to get dressed, she explained the content of the call.

The revelation that someone was abusing their position as a customer to woo Bella prompted Javier to act. He picked up Bella's phone and said, "You know what? Invite him to a meal. A hearty little lunch between him, you...and me, of course. I wanna see the motherf*cker who's trying to steal my girl with my own eyes!"

Bella had wanted to retaliate by saying 'Who says I'm your girl?' at first, but the reality of the incident between them just minutes ago stopped her. Besides, she was curious about the

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extent of Javier's powers, and this might be a good chance to witness it. In the end, she called Rowan Kerr and invited him to lunch.

"Whoa, whoa! Isn't this rare? A meal with Miss Greene?! Wouldn't miss it for the world, ma'am. You can count on me being there!"

When the call was over, Javier told Bella to get changed, look the part a little, and follow him to his car. On the way, Javier suddenly asked, "So, dear Bell. How do you feel about my first class service?"

Bella's blush-something that had taken her great effort to banish-returned in an instant. She scowled at him ruefully and said nothing. How could he expect her to answer that? Her thoughts were private! They were... Well, her secrets! Very embarrassing secrets, at that! Javier did not continue teasing her. Instead, he beckoned for Bella to follow him to the restaurant where they would be meeting Rowan. He was to appear under the guise of the Coo this time.

Rowan, as it turned out, had not shown up alone. Already waiting with him was Joey Schitt, who represented the rival modeling company. It seemed obvious that his presence had been requested by Rowan.

The two of them watched Bella and Javier banter from a distance. Rowan leaned toward Joey, remarking, "Would you look at that sex bomb, Mr. Schitt? What a babe. What do you think she's gonna do when she's drunk? You think we'll get to witness her fling her dress like a topless dancing cowgirl?". Joey laughed. "That's not even subtle, Mr. Kerr! But I hear you loud and clear. All we need to do is get that dumb*ss COO sh*tfaced, and then it'll be the two of us versus little Bella Greene. No point in leaving before seeing her performance!"

As the men talked, Javier told Bella, "Don't have a single sip. I'll be the one drinking, and you'll try to stop me."

Bella could easily guess Rowan and Joey's intentions, so she knew she had to protect herself. But what Javier was suggesting might put him at risk too, which concerned her very much." You know what? I changed my mind. Let's just give up on this one, okay? I'd rather suffer a financial loss than see your health suffer, you know? It's just not worth it."

Javier smiled. "Don't worry. I only make plans I know I can weather through. It's my duty to protect you from any harm my plan might bring-and I know I'm capable of protecting you." He sounded so casual, and yet Bella found his assurance deeply relieving. Her chest felt warm, but not all of her anxiety was quelled. She had heard about Rowan and Joey being liquor heavyweights before...

Could Javier really fight those two in a battle of booze?

When they entered the restaurant's private VIP room, the small talk began. Neither Rowan nor Joey showed any malicious intent initially, but their façade cracked the moment the glasses were filled. As Rowan ogled at Bella lustfully, Joey raised his glass, tipping it slightly toward

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Javier. "This is our first meeting right, Mr. Kersey? A joyous occasion like this is a cause for celebration! Here, a toast to a good beginning!"

Javier waved. "Oh, I'm sorry, but I really shouldn't. I can't hold my liquor." He declined. Bella jumped in on cue. "Please, Mr. Schitt. He gets tipsy way too easily. He really can't drink..."

Joey was overjoyed. All it would take was a bottle or so to knock out this lightweight! Javier was going down-preferably literally under the table, where he would pass out!

"Oh, but I insist! We're grown adults celebrating a moment, right? You can't commemorate anything without booze. Unless, of course, you think I'm not good enough to be your drinking partner," Joey replied coyly. "C'mon, Mr. Kersey. Man up! Practically all self-respecting men drink," Rowan chimed in. "It wouldn't be appropriate to have Miss Greene do a man's job, right? You wouldn't put her in that spot, would ya?"

A combination of peer pressure and coercion later, Javier found himself succumbing to their insistence despite his "reservations." He grimaced and relented. "Fine. I guess I'll have one go. Just one, that's it!"

He pursed his lips against the brim of his glass as though the wine was poison. He finished it

in one gulp, which elicited a fake compliment from Joey, who secretly smirked to himself.

Rowan then made his move. Raising his glass, he declared, "Please, allow me too! A toast to you, Mr. Kersey, from old Rowan Kerr!"

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Chapter 747 I'll Take Good Care of You...

Javier grimaced and waved hurriedly. "No, I can't. I really shouldn't! I can feel the liquor burning my guts!" Rowan furrowed his eyebrows. "So you're willing to compromise for Mr. Schitt's sake, but not for me? That's favoritism, Mr. Kersey! How disrespectful!"

Bella tried to intervene. "Mr. Kerr, please! He means nothing like that. Mr. Kersey's just not that good at drinking, so it'd really be best if we..."

It did not work. Bella's attempts at dissuasion and Javier's evasion could rescue the latter from Rowan's dogged insistence. In the end, Javier complied under pressure and clinked the edge of his glass against Rowan's before finishing his drink in one go.

Within the span of five minutes, 250ml of wine was gone. They had been drinking nonstop. Wiser drinkers would have known it was time to rest and slow down by this point. Joey, though, was so impatient to knock out Javier that he was hardly going to give the latter any breathing space. "Another one, Mr. Kersey!"

Three more glasses were proposed by Rowan and Joey each. It was too much for a short span of minutes, but Javier managed to outdo both of them by having six glasses by that point...all without showing any sign of being hammered.

Joey began to muse. "We've both drunk 500ml each, man, but this guy's finished one liter on his own! How the hell is he still standing?"

Rowan was just as vexed. "Right? Didn't this fella say he can't drink? Honestly, I'm starting to feel a little lightheaded..."

A short discussion later, the two of them decided that Javier's sobriety was simply an illusion. The wine's effect just had not been given the time to show yet, which was no problem. They just had to stick to their plan, force more liquor into that guy, and let time do the trick.

They raised two more glasses, though they had, curiously, started drinking it in sips rather than in one gulp. After all, the last thing these men wanted was to get wasted before Javier did

750ml of wine later, Joey's head was starting to turn foggy. "Goddamn it, Mr. Kersey... You goddamn liar... Said you can't drink, yeah, and yet...you're f*cking sober right now!" he slurred. "Gawwwwd! Can't you just black out already? Kerr wants to see Bella dance topless, okay? We need you to be drunk for that to happen, so get f*cking wasted already, damn it..."

Rowan was losing some of his clarity too, but he was holding himself more steadily than Joey was. At the very least, his mouth was not as revealing. He shot a mean glare at Joey and stepped in to rescue the conversation. "Psssh. Don't listen to a drunkard. He's just horsing around under the influence. Man, just lie down and shut up if you can't hold your liquor! You're embarrassing us..."

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After feigning anger at his companion, he turned to Bella and gave her an apologetic smile." Sorry, Miss Greene. That's just how Mr. Schitt is when he's drunk. His trap starts making up

crap..."

Bella forced a smile despite the flurry of colorful choice words whirling inside her head. Javier suddenly filled Rowan's glass to the brim, rose shakily to his feet, and raised it toward him. "Mr. Kerr, this is some damn fine wine, I'll say! Top-notch! I wanna see Bella dance with her shirt off too! We'll drink to that! I'm gonna get so damn wasted, yee-haw!"

Bella scowled in incredulity. Goddamn it, he was drunk after all! She had to stop him! Javier was stubborn. "Come on, what's wrong with dancing topless every once in a while, huh? You've got nothing to lose! Ugh. What an uptight killjoy!" Bella was enraged. She was beginning to seriously consider leaving these drunkards to their own devices. Rowan, though, was overjoyed. This, right here, was proof of their plan's success. He knew Javier would not yield. See? He was right! He slurped his wine noisily before toasting two more times with Javier. Two glasses later, Rowan was down.

Javier looked over and under the table to no avail. He found a thoroughly wasted Joey, so he pulled the guy up. "Where's Kerr? We gotta look for him!" he blabbered.

Joey's groggy eyes had to fight hard against his eyelids to stay open. He stared unseeingly for a second and then tumbled back down to his sleeping spot under the table. A while later, he chuckled smugly. "Oh, Kersey. F*cking dumbass. Didn't expect to beat us both with booze, did you? And now you're sleeping under the table! You're such a...lightweight..." He climbed over Rowan's passed-out body, snickered to himself again, and then fell asleep. Javier pulled the table cloth away and found the two sleeping as soundly as two very drunk babies.

He took a sip of water and waved at Bella. "Come on, let's go. The dumb*sses are down."

Incredibly, he had lost all signs of his drunken grogginess. It was as if he had not drunk a sip at all. Bella stared at him in disbelief, demanding, "You're sober?"

Javier snorted. "You didn't possibly think I'm as weak as these two, did you?" Bella did some quick calculations. Javier had finished 3 liters of wine without showing any signs of real drunkenness! God, was he even human?! What she did not know was that Javier had help. Specifically, he had his handy sober pill. Quite a man's best friend, this was!

That night, Rowan and Joey left the establishment by getting the dubious "kicked out by restaurant employees" treatment. The two had gotten so drunk that they took their clothes off, ran to the main hall, and twerked in public. The hotel where the restaurant was located promptly saw its reputation take a hit, so the owner called help from the crime syndicate, which helped him give those two the boot.

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By the time Rowan and Joey were sober, they saw that the internet was filled with footage of them twerking butt-naked. That was embarrassing on its own, but the fact that the cops later detained them on charges of public indecency twisted the knife further. Javier and Bella returned home in one piece, but she could not stop worrying about Javier. She had once read a news article about a man who drank so much that he was found dead the morning after. Then, she had read about this other guy who had vomited so hard after drinking that some of it had gotten stuck in his throat. He had later died from asphyxiation. The more she thought about it, the more afraid she became. By 11 at night, Bella tiptoed inside Javier's room in her nightgown to check on him. He was a horny pr*ck, sure, but he had still helped her... She ambled toward his bed, her movements featherlight. Before she could get a good look, though, she felt a force pulling her onto his bed...

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Chapter 748 A Heart-to-Heart

Bella would never say yes to Javier's advances. In fact, her no was so definite, complete, and unnegotiable that she hurried away from Javier's bedroom in a panic.

She hid under the covers in her room. She tossed, she turned, she tried her damnest, but sleep seemed to evade her. All she could remember was how she had felt when he

had touched her. There were times when she felt the impulse to act, only to stop herself out of bashfulness and shame.

Javier had no problem sleeping, for his part. He was not losing a wink of sleep to impatience or worry-not when he was sure Bella was steadily falling for his unstoppable charm...

The next morning, the two of them left simultaneously after having breakfast. Javier watched Bella's car vanish into the distance, a confident smile hanging on his lips. Her mind would grow more and more restless these days, he was sure. And that restlessness was going to push her into his arms soon...

At school, Javier started searching again to nail any suspect behind the Raiders, but nothing came of it. The only thing that might be a lead was a guy Zenya had mentioned: Raiden Foxx. Okay, so maybe it was not as good a lead as promised. The only thing that could connect this guy to the Raiders was his similar name. There was nothing beyond that.

Zenya had mentioned that he was the professor in charge of the university's outreach program, the one who had recently talked to her about having the theater club staging more shows.

Zenya was, of course, a member of the club. The theater club had always paid for most of their tools, props, and other expenditures out of their own pockets. Since the club was made of university students-a demographic famous for being broke-the club had always needed to perform publicly to earn some extra cash. This reason alone was enough for Zenya to agree.

There was a problem, though. "He's asking for something impossible!" she moaned. "He said the club should stage ten performances because I'm now the president of the student council! What kind of reason is that? How am I supposed to sell seats for that many performances anyway? We're not performing for free, you know! "Theater is not exactly the sort of thing that attracts mainstream appeal, you know. It's almost always meant for senior citizens, Shakespeare buffs, and the occasional hipsters...A performance that asks these people for money? I don't think many of them will agree to part with their money to watch some university students reciting lines off some script written a few hundred years ago. It's always been a struggle to get the seats filled in every single performance-how am I supposed to work a miracle and pull off ten packed performances?" she added. "Raiden's just trying to make things hard for me!"

Javier flashed her a noncommittal smile while Zenya fumed with her lips pursed. What seemed

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to be an issue to the girl was a nothingburger to Javier-except for Raiden's intentions, of course. They were definitely impure, and Javier would bet they had at least 80% to do with Zenya's beauty.

Javier had heard rumors about Raiden's no-good deeds. He was said to enjoy using his position of power to force female students into having sex with him. Nonetheless, Javier was reluctant to care. Her telling him about the qualities of her ideal man had put Javier off quite a bit. Since then, he had been giving a wide berth to the young lady.

But then again, watching the same girl ranting to him so forlornly convinced him that he should maybe lend her a hand. "Fine, fine. I'll help you. Don't fret," he said.

The frown on Zenya's face still did not fade. She laid her head on the table, murmuring, "I appreciate the sentiment, but we're small people, Xavier. There's no way we can manage to secure ten different locations when the turnout rate of just one performance is abysmal. God! I swear that Raiden's doing this on purpose. He just wants to see me make a fool of myself!"

Zenya had a point. Too bad her point was moot because she underestimated Javier's immense power.

Nevertheless, he was not the type to verbally pore over the details of his plan. Instead of telling Zenya, he called Grace right away and ordered her to secure ten locations for the theater club's performances. Considering how many malls Parrson Group owned, it would be no problem at all. In fact, Grace got the job done before their afternoon lecture even began.

Before the good news got out, though, Raiden himself showed up. Tellingly, he wasted no time placing his hand on Zenya's shoulder and crooning, "My dear Turing! How did it go? I really hope you won't disappoint me. Consider it a field exercise, okay? A trial of leadership to train yourself. I have high hopes for you, Turing, and that is why it's all the more important that you overcome this challenge..."

Despite his effort to project the facade of a concerned mentor, Raider's finger was strumming Zenya's bra through her shirt. His nail traced the strap before yanking it every once in a while, causing an alternating motion of yanking and releasing it. This had an effect on Zenya's breasts that was deeply uncomfortable, and worst of all, Raider's eyes showed it all. He was doing it on purpose, not even trying to mask the lust in his stare. Zenya felt scorned and violated. Seething, she slapped his hand away, her cheeks red. "Let go of me! For your information, I did it!"

Raiden was a little stunned. It was supposed to be an impossible mission! How had the girl managed to do it? It had been his tried-and-true method to force female students into a bind. No one had ever managed to do it before, so who the hell was Zenya to claim she had done it?!

“Turing, listen to me. It’s okay to fail at completing what you’re told to do. What is not okay, however, is to fail and then lie about being successful! It’s disgusting and unbecoming of you to do that, Turing, and I don’t want to see you stoop so low,” Raider rebutted with a frown.” You know what? You should come to my office so we can discuss the ways to get the shows out and get the seats filled. A heart-to-heart, if you will.”

Chapter 748 A Heart-to-Heart

A heart-to-heart? More like a chest-to-breast! Sure, the truth sounded a lot crasser and not the least bit poetic, but what Raiden coveted was nothing poetic anyway.

Zenya wasted no time raining on his parade. She described successfully gaining Parsson Group’s support, a feat that stupefied Raiden as soon as he realized she was telling the truth. Again, it was supposed to be impossible!

Okay. Fine! This was but a minor setback. Raiden had more plans up his sleeve. “Okay. Then we’ll talk about the details of the performance in my office,” he suggested. He would use any excuse he could come up with if it meant Zenya would turn up in his office today. He was obviously banking on the privacy of his office to sate his desire for the girl...

There was no way he could have his wish fulfilled, though. Zenya was against it, and more importantly, Javier was against it even more. Who did this old f*ck think he was to take a bite out of a fresh, untouched apple before Big Man Javier?! “Sir,” he said. “You dropped your wallet.” Raiden reflexively bent to pick it up. As he searched, he asked, “Where?”

Javier raised his leg and stomped on Raiden’s backside, making him lurch forward and eat dirt. “You disgusting dog! Try coming up with any horny schemes to trick Zenya again and I’ll f*cking kill you!”

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 749 ReadOnline

Chapter 749 I’ll Destroy You Both Having his *ss handed in public made Raiden a very angry man. Who did this student think he was to lay his hand on his lecturer like that? This was an act of disrespect, pure and simple!

Of course, Javier had always been that guy. Raiden was hardly an educator in even the most charitable sense of the word! He was just a parvenu at best; a sh*tty parvenu. A teacher teaches and an educator educates, both by spreading knowledge and exhibiting exemplary behavior. And then there was Raiden Foxx, whose only motive was to take advantage of the young women under him. How could that make him a lecturer?

Javier rubbed his knuckles to prepare them for Raiden's face. Raiden clapped the dust of his hands to ready his palm for Javier's cheek

Suddenly, Megara Galloway strode past the room. Catching the prelude of a fight out of her periphery vision, she frowned and stepped inside. "What is the meaning of this? A lecturer and an undergrad brawling on campus? This isn't a bar fight! Have some class!" Megara was a senior lecturer occupying a position above Raiden, so she conferred more authority than all of his put together. But more importantly, her sexy, alluring beauty was the only merit that mattered to Raiden. Her arrival immediately exorcized the rage out of his features. Now beaming, he called out, "Oh, my dear Meg! It's such a pleasure to se-

He did not even make it far into his greeting when Megara snapped, "I have an actual name, Foxx!"

Being put back in his place was rather embarrassing, but he did not dare lash out at her. Instead, he chuckled awkwardly and referred to Megara properly before launching into a long winded, exaggerated tirade about Javier's sins. Based on his language, one would have thought he was describing Satan in his days as a university student!

Megara seemed enraged by Raiden's account. Training an accusatory finger on Javier, she ordered, "You are coming to my office, right now! You have a lot to answer for, young man!"

She dragged Javier out of the classroom by his arm. Raiden watched the two leaving with a smug smile. "Ha, in his f*cking face! He keeps swaggering as though he can just disrespect anyone he likes! Ha, you young people always need to be put back in your place!"

While Raiden patted himself on the back, Zenya looked at the two silhouettes worriedly. She hoped Javier got off more lightly than Megara had made it sound...

Unbeknownst to both Raiden and Zenya, the sexy dominatrix immediately mellowed out to a meek, clingy sex bomb as soon as they were in the private confines of her office. "Naughty, naughty, naughty! Have you been hiding from me?" She protested in coy rage.

"What makes you say that?"

"Because I haven't seen you in forever? Xavier, you don't even go home anymore. And you

have never invited me to your home either. For the record, I asked Cher about this, and she told me you two split up. And that's just the thing-you aren't seeing her and yet you don't care to talk to me about this! It's like. You're seeing another woman, huh? Is it Zenya Turing?!

“Okay, so I don’t mind you two sleeping together, Xavier, but you can’t ignore me like that! Please don’t ignore me like that!” She pleaded. “I can’t sleep at night. All I think of is you. I just wanna be with you...”

Megara had given her meekest, sweetest, most please-daddy-please coquettish performance, Javier lifted her and placed her on his lap, their eyes meeting. “Which part of me do you miss?”

Megara’s cheeks flushed. She had an answer, but she was too sheepish to say it aloud...

Javier wanted to hear it, though. No, he insisted!

Megara braved the flames in her cheeks and admitted with difficulty, “L...I...I miss...Oh god, I miss every part of you! Must you make me say it?!” She exhaled, her mind feeling a little frazzled. How could he expect her to say these things?! Her fair fingers reached forward and began to madly trace her hand all over his body. She pressed her wet, eager lips against him-anywhere on him-and let go of whatever shackles she had around her lust.

By this point, Raiden had left the classroom. He wanted to bring Zenya back to his office, but on second thought, he decided against it. Megara had just seen him at the cusp of a brawl with his student, after all. If he brought Zenya to his office and got caught by Megara again, well...

His hunger could wait. He could just put his plan off for a few more days before he had little Zenya in his office. Successful men knew the value of patience!

Still, if there was one person he could not easily forgive, that would be Javier. That punk! He was going to visit Megara’s office and see how hard she screwed that piece of sh*t with his own eyes. Oh, the thought of seeing Javier’s nose broken, his eyes black, and his lips bleeding as though a rabid raccoon had given him facial surgery!

He headed straight to Megara’s office. He got as close as a few inches away from the door when he heard sounds coming from within.

He recognized those sounds. He could also tell that Megara was making them

Holy sh*t. Megara Galloway was moaning and yelping

Raiden was dumbfounded. Why the hell was she...? No, seriously, she was supposed to be teaching Javier a lesson! She was supposed to be screwing him for being a piece of sh*t! So why, in the name of all things holy, did it sound like he was screwing her?!

His heart raced. Raiden tiptoed to the window and quietly poked his head out to take a peek inside. The curtains were drawn, but there was a crack wide enough for a dedicated peeping tom to see something

And see, he did. The sigh made his blood boil – Javier was f*cking Megara! He was screwing her instead of the other way around! For f*ck's sake, that *sshole was screwing his super hot lecturer!

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"You lying c*nt! You acted like you were gonna punish him, while you're actually letting him screw you?! God!" He fumed, his rage bitter with jealousy. He had always wanted to get up her skirt, but as it turned out, this disrespectful motherf*cker had gotten to her first!

Envy and fury made for an emboldening combo. Quietly, he fished out his phone and began to film the two of them in action. Though a few "key areas" were hidden conveniently by the curtain, their faces were clearly caught on camera. Any common viewer would understand what these two were doing right off the bat!

Satisfied, Raiden tucked his phone back into his pocket and left. He returned to his office, booted up his computer, and uploaded the video online with a smile that was both malicious and smug. He had his mind all made up-if he could not get what he wanted, then nobody could.

Javier had gotten it, though. All that was left for him to do was suffer the consequences.

"You two really wanna be together, don't you? Fine! I'll make your wish come true. You're a dog and his b*tch, so prepare to be seen together all around the campus!"

Raiden uploaded the video to the university's social site. Under his purposeful guidance, a storm began to brew. As he watched new comments piling up under the video, he cracked a smirk.

"You two are done for, *sshholes. I always destroy anything I cannot get!"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 750 ReadOnline

Chapter 750 Severing Ties More than two hours later, Javier and Megara finally stopped. It was two hours of paradise to her. The pleasure she had drawn out of the experience was indescribable.

They were engaging in some post-sex teasing for a bit when Javier's phone rang. He picked it up and heard Harley's panicked voice. "Bro, are you still in Miss Galloway's office? Get out of there, man! Now! You've gone viral!"

Javier was confused at first, but once he asked and received an answer, his mood soured. Frustrated, he hung up and told Megara, "Go home. I'll handle this."

She had overheard the conversation too and was stunned as the reality of it sank in. Megara had believed that their secret was foolproof. She had allowed herself to think that no one would ever find out about whatever was going on between them. And yet, someone had filmed their activity clandestinely and uploaded it for the viewing pleasure of the campus. Everyone in this university knew. Everyone!

Megara was mortified. Now that everyone knew about this...God, it would be only a matter of time before the secret became public. How was she going to face her husband then?!

Just the thought was enough to break the dams in her eyes. Any lingering shred of feel-good glow she had was gone. "W-What am I gonna do?" She wailed. "How am I supposed to teach from now on? How should I face my colleagues, my family, and...and...and..."

Tears rolled off Megara's cheeks. Javier rubbed her head, comforting her. "Believe me, it's gonna be alright. I'll handle this without a problem. Just go home for now, okay?" After persuading Megara to leave the campus, Javier got out of the office and saw a huge crowd of curious, nosy students. They had gathered outside her office just to see if they could catch a glimpse of the rumored action. When they saw Javier exiting the office, they knew the show was over...and almost audibly groaned. Still, the looks they shot him were palpably jealous. They had long heard rumors of Javier's conquests, but those were supposed to be just baseless campus legends. Now, it seemed that it was all real, after all!

Javier was literally the coolest student ever! Everyone knew how aloof Megara Galloway was. She was the ice queen, and yet in the video, she was gyrating below Javier...She was meek and submissive. Her moans were as pleasing as the notes of a secret song, her expression during her climax so seductive that the viewers drooled all over their phones. As one student boldly put it: "If having sex with Megara could kill me, then dig me a grave, guys!"

Sure, they sounded like the words of a simp. But then again, this only proved just how seductive, sexy, and bewitching she was.

Once Javier returned to class, he faced another kind of reaction-one of disgust and accusations. Most of it came from his female peers, as most of the males were too busy being

jealous of where Javier's penis had gotten. The women, however, found both Javier and Megara deplorable.

One of the most incensed people turned out to be Zenya Turing herself. She marched toward him, raised her hand, and decked it across the cheek. "How could you be so despicable?! Doing it with a married lecturer?! I'm ashamed of being in the same space as you! You're an example of moral failure. God, you're repugnant!"

She turned and stormed away after establishing publicly that she no longer considered herself acquainted with Javier.

Her thought process-and motive-was clear. There were stakes in her life now, and she was not going to let her association with Javier taint her future. She was now the student body president. Her mom's hospitalization was a done deal. She had completed the impossible mission of securing ten different locations for the theater club, so her reputation was rising.

Harley, however, thought differently. Zenya's decision infuriated him. "No, Zenya Turing. You got this backward. Instead of asking Javier, you should ask yourself: How could you?!" He was fuming. "How did you get your position as president, huh? Who paid for your mother's bills? Who helped you make your performance possible?!" Before Harley could finish denouncing Zenya, Javier pulled him aside. Personally, Javier thought little of it. Zenya could sever her ties with him for all he cared. She was just a lowly university student in the end...

That was, of course, until he heard Zenya's rebuttal.

"For your information, Harley, I got my job through merits of my own. My mom's bill was footed by benefactors from Parrson Group, so none of those things had anything to do with Javier! The only thing he was even remotely involved in helping me with was the performance. But then again, all he did was tell me that Parrson Group was looking for performers to grace their malls and establishments! At most, he was just a messenger!

"So who was the one who helped me with securing locations for our performance? Well, it was Parrson! It did not have a single damn thing to do with Javier!" she finished.

Javier had always regarded Zenya as a kindhearted young woman. She was really, which was why he had been so willing to help her.

So what had happened to that girl? Where had this side of Zenya Turing come from? Was it an effect of becoming president? Was this another example of corruption caused by power?

He had heard stories of students buying meals and giving gifts to Zenya since she had gotten her new job so she would favor them.

The rumors, of course, were true. Zenya was happy to accept bribes. Just the position of Vice President alone had cost about 3,000 dollars. It was fascinating in a morbid way to watch how being student president was enough to make someone's ugly side rear its head.

Power corrupts, does it not?

Zenya turned away from Javier smugly as though she was a principled moralist taking a stance against depravity. She had forgotten how she had ranted about her "impossible mission" before Javier just hours ago. It was the attitude of an ingrate—and it p*ssed Harley off. He was about to pop off again when Javier stopped him. "What would you do if you were me?"

Harley did not hesitate. "I'd remove her from her position, kick her mother out of the hospital she's currently staying in, cancel every performance deal I've helped her make, and then air her crap out in public!" he replied. "I'd make sure her fall from grace was a goddamn plunge! Hell, I hope she lands with her face first, so she'll suffer the way an ungrateful wrench should!"

Harley's proposed punishment was surprisingly cruel, but Javier thought it was not too bad. The moment he stepped out of the classroom, he did exactly what Harley had suggested and made the necessary arrangements.

The result of Javier's retaliation was evident within half an hour. First, Cher Cortez strode into the room to announce that Zenya had been fired.

The soon-to-be ex-president was alarmed. She had only been president for a few days! How could she be fired just like that?! "You can't do that to me, Miss Cortez! I didn't do anything wrong! Why am I fired?!" Cher shot her a glance and showed the evidence she had collected in front of the crowd. It contained receipts of the bribery she had received. From cash to food, everything had been recorded. All of those students had also, consequently, become members of the student body. Cher fixed Zenya with a hard look after reading her crimes aloud. "The way you've done things, Turing, it seems that the only criterion that matters to you is how much people are willing to bribe you. Am I right?"

Zenya was stunned,

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Chapter 751 If Only I'd Met You Sooner

Zenya could claim that getting fired from her job as student president was at least reasonable. The university had picked this exact moment to run an investigation, and incriminating evidence had cropped up.

Except the news of her mother being kicked out of the hospital could not possibly be right. Parrson Group, which was supposed to pay for her mother's bills, suddenly withdrew all their support for no discernable reason.

No, there was no reason. There was no reason because paying the bill had been voluntary on their part too-basically no different from a corporation's whim to help. There was no law or contract mandating their support, so there was no penalty for withdrawing it either. It was nobody's business.

Zenya was shocked witless. She quickly called her contact in Parrson Group to get an answer. Her call never reached them because they had blacklisted her.

Then, her landlord called her. He told her that the price of her rent had just risen, and the terms of renting had changed. She had to pay six months' rent in advance. If that was too much for her, the landlord said, then she could always just move out.

When sorrow comes, it never comes alone. Following Zenya's forced resignation, the university made an official statement, ordering Zenya to return all the bribes. They also encouraged other students to snitch on her conduct. If there was anything she had done wrong, they were urged to put it on her record.

That personal record held a lot of stakes for a person. It was enough to taint the owner's slate for the rest of her life. Zenya could literally work hard for the rest of her life, and no one would ever want to give her a second chance and work with her anymore. A thief who served her sentence would still be regarded with suspicion even if she supposedly changed for the better.

Zenya was done for. She sank onto the bench, her mind frazzled. How could something that had seemed so bright and nice get pulled by the seams all of a sudden? Why was everything coming apart?

Harley appeared before her and snarled, "Ha! Serves you right! Don't you know how great my bro was to you? You must have nothing inside your skull to be this stupid. Why would Parrson Group help you so much? Why would they even care about being your benefactor? Why did you become the student body president out of the blue, huh? How stupid are you? Or maybe all of your brain cells died this morning? Wow, so you're shaking now. Then why the hell did you act like a b*tch just now, huh? You really thought severing your friendship with Javier would put you in a better spot than you really deserve, did you? Ha, serves you right, dumb b*tch!"

Even skewering Zenya did not relieve all his rage. Harley marched away from the persona non grata after his tirade, but a few steps later, he felt one last burst of rage come out of him in the form of spit. "Goddamn stupid!"

Zenya finally understood where all of her good fortune had come from. It had not been a stroke of reasonless generosity. It had been, instead, aid from the shadows.

From Javier, basically

Now, though, her actions had offended him. She had been so focused on being the good girl

with no negative association that she had jumped the gun and shunned Javier out of her social circle. What she did not know was that the only reason she had even been fortunate was because of him.

Regret wracked Zenya's mind. She wanted to kick herself for screwing up this hard, but instead, all she could do was cry. Had she known, she would have never stopped being Javier's friend.

Tearfully, she decided to look for Javier and apologize, but Javier had left campus by that point to see Megara at her place.

En route to his destination, he ordered his people to launch an investigation into the whistleblower. The culprit's identity became clear soon enough: Raiden Foxx.

"You're gonna collect every single video of us circulating on campus and social media. I want all of them destroyed without exception-not a single one of them should ever see the light of day in the general public," he said, ordering Herschel through the phone. "And I want Raiden's address tonight. Time to pay him a little visit for all the good work he did..."

Then, Javier arrived at Megara's residence. He climbed the stairs, knocked, and opened the door. He was promptly greeted by a tearful Megara, who dove straight into his arms. "Oh God, Xavier! What should I do now?! What if my family and husband... What if they heard of this a-a -and..."

She faltered into a hapless sob. Just the thought of the ramifications terrified her. Javier caressed her back gently. "Do you regret being with me, Megara?"

"Of course I do! I regret it so much! God, if I knew this was gonna happen, I would have sat my horny *ss down, calmed my impatient tits, and waited until it was night for us to f*ck!" Megara's regret was... not the same brand of regret Javier had in mind, but it was still a better reaction than Zenya's. From the sounds of it, Megara regretted having sex with him in a less secured location-but not deciding to be with him.

Her attitude could not be more different from Zenya's attitude. Zenya had hardly known what had really gone down when she had decided to dispel any association she had with Javier—an act that had proven to Javier who was the superior mate for him.

He kissed Megara and placed her on his lap, his arms snaking around her sexy waist. "Don't worry. I've arranged for some of my underlings to handle this. Not a single video is gonna be leaked to the public, so your family and husband will never know this. But before that happens, I need to come clean about something..."

"I'm not Xavier Carsey. My real name is Javier Kersey, and I'm the chairman of Parrson Group."

"Sorry, but what?!" Megara cried out despite herself. This was the first time he had ever told her his real identity. She had always known the guy was rich, but not chairman-of-Parrson Group rich!

In truth, though, surprise was all she felt. She had no problem accepting a small sum of bribery every now and then, but a man with a fat bank account? That was a little too much even for her. Besides, she liked Javier's personality rather than his wealth, so all his confession elicited was genuine shock.

"I won't marry you, Megara, and I'm sure you've always suspected this. But I'd love to have

you as my partner. I can provide you with niches, luxury, and life's greatest splendor. Things you've never even imagined before You'll —"

"That's not possible."

She had not even let him finish

Javier was baffled His proposal was sincere, his sentiment guileless, and yet Megara had rejected what he offered.

"I'm married to a good man. A very, very good man who treats me better than you do. Sure, he can't provide me with luxury and riches. When we go to town, he can't take me to heaven the way you do. But he's my husband His hands are thick with calluses because he loves me," she explained. The reason I used to accept bribery from my students is because I saw them as viable sources of additional income for our lives. I want to relieve as much of the burden on his shoulders as I can. He works so hard out there, putting his life on the line whenever he's out at sea. I can't, and I won't, give my man up for anything!

"If word of my affair never reaches his ears, then it'll all be for the best. Because I want to and I'll gladly-stay with him forever and ever and ever, by his side, till death do us apart."

Javier was a little gutted, though her reply also showed him just how good of a woman Megara was. A woman like that deserved to be treated like treasure.

And he would do it too. He would eagerly treat her the way she deserved. But she did not want any of that from him after all.

There really was not much to say after that. Javier fished out his phone and transferred 750,000 dollars to her, saying, "I'll make sure you get a new teaching position in a new university. I'll also make up news about you winning some kind of lottery. That way, your innocence will more or less be secured. The money will help relieve your husband's struggle a little too. At least he won't have to risk his life at sea as often as he does now. You'll feel much more at peace.

"I wish you all the best in life, Megara. All the happiness in the world."

There was no explicit mention of a break-up, but both of them knew this was it. Megara accepted her fate. It was what she wished, even if she did not want that 750,000-dollar parting gift. It was too much for her.

Of course, whether she wanted to keep the money was not up for debate. Javier made it very clear when he added, "If you refuse to accept this, then I'll send our video to your husband so he will divorce you. Then, I'll be able to make you my partner, just like I really wanted!"

It was the most harmless threat ever. What it really showed was the sincerity of his feelings for her, which were so genuine that they moved her to tears.

"Oh God, Javier Kersey...I'm sorry. I'm sorry that we didn't meet sooner..."

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Chapter 752 You Were Cruel First

Megara was a good woman. Javier was happy that she could have happiness. However, he was no longer happy after he left Megara's place because he recalled Raiden. He was disgruntled once he remembered that Raiden had actually dared stab him in the back.

Once Herschel came back with an address, Javier drove there right away. Herschel had picked a good spot this time. It was an abandoned crematorium. Since it had only been days after the move, the incinerator and everything else were still available.

Javier found Raiden, who was tied on the incinerator stretcher, soon after he entered. The man was scared witless. Fear had taken over his expression, as he had not

expected to end up like this just because he had exposed Javier and Megara's video to vent his resentment.

Raiden's heart lurched in fear, and he could barely speak due to how shaky he was. He knew what a crematorium looked like, as well as the function of the incinerator, so he begged Herschel to let him go in a quivering voice. It seemed that he had been begged based on how hoarse he sounded.

Herschel did not regard Raiden, though. Anyone who dared offend their boss would never meet a good end. What was more, Raiden had crossed the line this time, as he had exposed Javier's video. It was fortunate that there was a face mask, or that would have been utterly embarrassing

Hence, Raiden's punishment would not be as simple as a beating.

That was exactly what happened. When Javier arrived, Raiden's legs were barely holding him up. That's how much he was shaking when he saw Herschel instructing his men to pour gasoline in the incinerator. They could light the incinerator up once he was pushed in later. Raiden begged and pleaded in his hoarse voice once he saw Javier, as if the latter was his savior. "Javier, Javier, I'm your lecturer. Please let me go this once since we have a teacher-student bond!"

Javier scoffed and asked Raiden after he lit a cigarette, "Did you think of what would happen to me and Megara when you published the video? You didn't, did you? In that case, why are you begging me to let you go now?" Although the incident had not really affected Javier and Megara, that was because Javier was capable and able to control the severity of the damage. It was just like someone not dying after being beheaded only because they were a mutant. It had nothing to do with whether the executor was at fault or not. Could Raiden be dismissed and saved from this punishment just because there had been no significant consequences? How was that possible?!

Javier's rejection scared Raiden into crying, and he begged Javier with a wail.

"I was wrong, I was really wrong. Let me go. Beat me up or insult me, just please, please don't kill me. The police will catch you and sentence you if you kill me. It won't benefit you to waste your life on me. Let me go..."

Raiden's pleas were interlaced with threats. The smirk on Javier's face grew colder in intention.

"Alright. Since you want to die faster, I'll grant your wish.

Javier snapped his fingers and Herschel pushed Raiden into the incinerator. When the former turned to leave, Herschel pressed the button to start the furnace.

The next moment, the wails and shrieks of an animal being slaughtered rang from inside the incinerator. The sounds grew louder and louder before gradually weakening into silence.

Five minutes later, Herschel turned off the incinerator. He came out of the crematorium while Javier smoked at the door. He informed Javier that the video recording had been taken care of and nothing would be leaked, prompting the latter to nod.

Javier was not concerned to know how Herschel had done it. He had always cared only about the result. Herschel was quick and efficient, so he was happy about it.

Javier and Herschel left in their own cars after Javier gave Herschel some other instructions, As for Raiden...he had ceased to exist in this world. There was a pile of ashes left that seemed to be him, though.

Javier was about to go to the principal's office upon returning to campus to handle Megara's transfer, but before he went to see the principal, Zenya stopped him.

"Xavier, Xavier, I was wrong, Please, I beg you, forgive me, okay?"

"I can be with you. I'm willing to be with you, and I don't mind how many women you have on the side. As long as you remember that you have me at home, I really don't mind."

Listen to her. That was a lot to ask for. She wanted the throne of the first wife the moment they got together. Javier did not even understand where she got her confidence. Was it because she was pretty? Or because she was hot? Did that mean she could make bold requests like this? Either way, Javier did not find it appropriate.

He asked calmly a moment later, "Zenya Turing, on what grounds do you think you could ask for that?"

Zenya was still anxious and froze abruptly, not understanding what Javier meant.

Javier added, "On what grounds do you think that you could make such a request just because you're with me?"

"You're pretty and hot, but there are people out there who are prettier and hotter than you. You think you could sell for a good price just because of this? That's naive of you,

"You say you can be with me and are willing to be with me have you considered if I'm willing? Have you thought of what you have to do to be with me? Can you use your head and think for a second? You're not the one who's too good for me. I'm the one who's too good for

you!

“Zenya, oh Zenya, you’re still thinking about being my main lover. Funnily enough, you won’t even get a place!

Javier left with both hands in his pockets after saying that, not caring what Zenya would think of him.

It was only then that Zenya understood her status based on Javier’s words. Like the latter had said, she was not too good for him he was the one who was too good for her.

She had still thought that Javier would happily go along with it when she agreed to be with

him, but Javier’s current attitude made her fully realize that she had been overthinking...

Upon figuring this out, Zenya went after Javier frantically. “Xavier, Xavier, listen to me. I was wrong, I was really wrong. I’m willing to be your lover, and I’ll do anything you want. I’ll be fine even if you want to f*ck me right now. Just please don’t ignore me.”

Javier snorted, wondering who it was that had huffed about cutting ties with him after that slap in the classroom previously. Was she dropping the holier-than-thou act now? What had she been doing earlier then?

Javier ignored her. For lack of any better words, she did not even qualify to be his wh*re now.

“P*ss off to wherever you like. Stop pestering me. We have nothing to do with each other.” The kind Zenya back at the beginning was long dead. The one remaining now was just a walking husk of her, and Javier had no feelings for this husk. However, while he had no thoughts for her, Zenya’s grew and crossed the line. After her insistent pleas fell on deaf ears, she lashed out. “Xavier Carsey, you were cruel first, so don’t blame me for this!

“I still have a secret copy of you and Megara’s recording. I’ll expose it if you don’t agree to my

request!”

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Chapter 753 The Punishment for Being Brazen

Javier had never let anyone threaten him simply because he did not like threats. He believed that the same applied to everyone else. That was why he halted and turned to look at Zenya with a chuckle when he heard her threat.

“Zenya Turing, do you know that you’re courting death?”

Zenya was a little scared, as this was her first time seeing Javier smirk like this. However, she could care less when a wealthy and comfortable future was on the line.

Bracing herself, Zenya told Javier, “Cut the crap. Either agree to be with me and let me share your assets, or I’ll publish the video online and expose you and Megara!”

“Don’t think I don’t know that you secretly sent someone to erase the video. But it’s useless. I saved a copy a long time ago. If you know what’s good for you, you’ll be fine. But if you don’t, I’ll expose and ruin both you and Megara!”

These were threats fueled by greed. Zenya was resorting to all kinds of crooked tactics.

Javier kept both his hands in his pockets as he looked at Zenya. “Do you know that if it weren’t for your ill mother, you’d have been doomed by now? You should thank your mother for giving you a second life.”

“F*ck you, I don’t want to hear any more crap from you. I just want to know if you’re giving me your assets or not!”

Zenya was growing more brazen. It was as if one video recording had already given her the endless confidence to dare raise her voice at Javier. She was acting like a tigress just so she could get some wealth.

Javier nodded lightly after a moment of silence. “Sure. I’ll take you to complete the procedure after class. I need to go to the principal for now. If you can’t wait, expose the video. I don’t

care.”

Javier headed to the principal’s office after that. Megara’s transfer was still waiting for him! As for Zenya, hah...

Zenya heaved a long sigh as she watched Javier walk to the principal’s office. She knew that he would give in.

“You don’t stand a chance against me! Who do you think you are? You’re just a rich heir!”

Zenya assumed that Javier was most likely the son of some higher-up in Parrson Group. She did not think that he could have any other possible identity since he was a student like her.

At the same time, she was happy about her bold request. It was because she’d had the courage to ask for it that she had successfully gotten herself a future affluent status and

half of Javier's assets. From now on, she could carry a Louis Vuitton purse and drive a Maserati, indulging completely in high society.

"It's not actually a loss for you to be with me either. At least I saved my first time for you. That's a steal!"

While Zenya rejoiced, Javier went into the principal's office. By the time he took care of Megara's case, more than half an hour had passed and classes were almost over. He made his

way to the exit after he left the principal's office.

Zenya was already waiting at the campus gate and moved to hook her arm around Javier's when she saw him come out. Her intention was clear. Javier was hers, and no one was allowed to fight for him with her-not that she would let Javier get away.

The intimate action baffled the other students. They had thought that Javier was seriously impressive for sleeping with Megara, but Zenya was into him too. It was impressive, especially after the previous incident with Megara. Zenya was going against the trend, wow!

Despite that, the students were more impressed with Javier. He had women left and right, and all of them were beautiful. They were jealous of him and his luck.

Zenya was thrilled that everyone was looking at them. She was delighted that she had finally and successfully hooked arms with Javier. This meant that she was now Javier's woman.

When she reached the Mercedes-Benz SUV that Javier had snatched from Freddy, she got even more excited. This was a car worth hundreds of thousands dollars, and she would be the owner of this luxury car from that day onward.

She told Javier once she got in the car, "Teach me how to drive. I'm driving this car to campus tomorrow!"

Zenya's tone was commanding. There was no room for discussion, as she thought that there was no need for her to discuss it with Javier.

Javier agreed with a nod and a smile. "Sure, but there are a lot of cars on the road now. Let's go somewhere less congested."

Zenya was satisfied with Javier's obedience, as this was the attitude she was after.

Zenya hummed a tune triumphantly on the way, enjoying the luxury car ride and looking forward to her pleasant future-until she was driven to a crematorium.

One man had already been sent in earlier, so it would not make much of a difference to put in one more person. Herschel, who had received Javier's instructions, was already waiting there.

Once Zenya realized that they were in an abandoned crematorium, she was frightened. She immediately scolded Javier. "B*stard, why did you drive me here? You brainless piece of sh*t,

you_ "

While she was still hollering, Javier kicked her directly out of the car.

Herschel, who was waiting aside, walked over and grabbed Zenya's hair before dragging her to the incinerator as though he was dragging a dog.

Javier's kick and Herschel's rough yank of her hair terrified Zenya. Scared, she realized that she would not meet a good end today.

A moment later, she asked Javier shakily, "What do you want? What do you all want? Let me

go!"

Javier was not bothered by her, while Herschel asked, "Boss, same treatment as Raiden?"

"No way. She's so brazen and proud of her face and figure. I believe that she wouldn't be as arrogant after having both destroyed," Javier replied.

Herschel nodded. "Understood. But boss, she – "

There was no way Javier would not understand what Herschel was thinking. "Feel free." Delighted, Herschel thanked him profusely before he pounced on Zenya, whose relief lasted barely a moment, with a menacing smirk. "No-no!"

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Chapter 754 The Scariest Punishment In reality, Javier found that death was, many a times, not the scariest thing. What was worse was losing everything.

Just like when Zenya woke up the next day and felt like she had become a completely different person. Her pretty face had been ruined, and her voluptuous figure was gone-all because of a fire in the crematorium, where gasoline had been splashed on her before she had been lit ablaze.

She had thought that she was going to die, but she had suddenly been freed and the fire had been put out with soil. That was why when she had woken up and seen herself, her skin was festered and her breasts were gone. She looked like a monster.

“No, this isn’t me. This absolutely isn’t me. This isn’t me at all!” Zenya wailed, refusing to believe that she looked like this.

She ran and flagged cars by the side of the road, but no car dared to stop, as the drivers thought that she was a monster. Finally, a police car stopped and let her in kindly to take her to the hospital.

On the way there, Zenya told the police officer resentfully that Javier and another man had done this to her and that they had been trying to kill her.

As law enforcers, the police officers took the matter seriously, so they used their recorders and took Zenya’s statement after driving her to the hospital. They took down Zenya’s name, ID, address, what she had gone through, and all the relevant details. The criminal department then sent several officers to detain Javier on campus, but he was not there. After going through the surveillance cameras, they then discovered that he was in the same hospital as Zenya by following his car’s driving record. Javier was currently visiting Zenya’s mother, Cindy Langley. “Don’t worry, Madam Langley. We’ll definitely cure you.” Cindy nodded fervently. “Thank you, thank you. You’re such a kind soul!”

While she spoke, the police came in and pinned Javier against the wall directly, cuffing both his hands up. “Xavier Carsey, is it? You were allegedly involved in arson and injuring someone. You’re under arrest!”

Javier looked wronged. “What have I done to get arrested? You’ve got to at least let me know what kind of crime I committed!”

One of the police officers had picked up Zenya on the way, so he snapped angrily, “Don’t you know what you did to Zenya Turing? You burned her face and mutilated her body! Haven’t you got the slightest idea?!”

Cindy panicked immediately. “My daughter! What happened to my daughter?!”

The police officer was surprised, not expecting that she would actually be Zenya’s mother. After asking her and finding out, he grew angrier. “You injured Zenya Turing to this point and came to see her mother, acting like a good man? Do you still have a conscience? You scumbag,

you’re worse than...”

While the police officer lashed out, the door of the hospital ward opened and in came “Zenya”. She looked at the room full of police officers and asked in astonishment, “Mom, why are there so many police officers? What have you done?”

Cindy waved her hand in surprise at the sight of “Zenya” to get the latter to approach her. When “Zenya” went up to her, she checked her from head to toe and observed her closely. In the end, Cindy asked the police officers, “Have you guys made a mistake? My daughter’s right here, and she’s not hurt at all...”

“Zenya” asked, looking startled, “Hurt how? Who hurt me?”

The police officers were baffled. If this was Zenya Turing, then who was the burned woman who had reported this to the police from the hospital bed?

The police officer who had picked up Zenya went up to this “Zenya”.

“You’re Zenya Turing?”

“Zenya” nodded and pulled her ID from her purse to give it to the officer. “Yeah, I am. Is there an issue? This is so strange!”

The officer looked at the ID. Lo and behold, this was Zenya Turing. Who was the burned woman then?

Since the person reporting this had made a mistake, the allegation that Javier had hurt someone failed to hold up, so the police let him go. They apologized and went back to Zenya’s ward.

Zenya was slathered in medicine from head to toe. She could not be dressed in bandages yet, as they would stick to her skin. Hence, the room of police officers faced a naked Zenya. However, Zenya did not stir any desire in them now, as she was so burned that she barely looked like anything.

When the police officers relayed what had happened in Cindy’s ward, Zenya grew distressed.

“Impossible! That’s impossible! That’s not me. I’m the real Zenya Turing! That’s me!”

Zenya was vehement and insisted on taking a look herself. The police officers were unable to stop her, so they could only take her there.

Once they stepped inside, Cindy was shocked. “Who’s this horrible-looking person?!”

Zenya fumed upon hearing her mother’s words. “Mom, I’m Zenya! I am Zenya!

Cindy was frightened and hid behind the police. "Officer, is this person crazy? How could she be my daughter? You saw her just now. My daughter's here in the hospital and she doesn't speak hoarsely like this woman does."

Zenya's husky voice was a result of the fire. Her voice had changed because of the burns. Now that her face had been burned beyond recognition, she did not look exactly like a person.

Cindy was sure that this was not her daughter. Her daughter had just gone to the restroom!

Soon enough, "Zenya" came back with Javier. She was also startled when she saw the actual Zenya, who was now burned. "Why did you guys get this ghost here? What are you trying to

do?!"

"enya" was shocked, while the real Zenya was terrified. The latter was so anxious that she had a panic attack, unable to understand how there could be another her in this world.

This is impossible. She's an impersonator. I'm the real Zenya Turing, I'm the real one!"

Zenya fainted and landed on the floor after a shriek and was brought away by the police.

The police later concluded that she must either be a homeless person or a lunatic who had picked up Zenya's lost ID previously, then assumed Zenya's identity, burning herself when she had played with fire in the crematorium.

As for the real Zenya, the girl was in the hospital taking care of her mother. It was as real as it could get!

The incident slowly came to a close, but the streets now gained a homeless victim who mumbled about being the real Zenya and said the other Zenya was a fake one impersonating her.

What she said was true. "Zenya" was only an impersonator wearing a mask provided by Javier. The man had also given her 300,000 dollars for that and would give her another 450,000 dollars, as well as her freedom, so long as she took care of Cindy until the latter passed away.

It was a lucrative contract, and she had been recruited by Herschel's underling, so it was absolutely foolproof.

Since then, everything that belonged to Zenya Turing had become a possession of this "Zenya".

The real one was now a homeless person. She occasionally thought that if she had not chosen to draw the line when Javier had gotten in trouble, if she had not threatened him with the video, if she had not been greedy enough to ask for half of his assets, if she had not ordered him around

If all of that had not happened, would she be leading a good life today? She thought that would definitely be true. However, she was the one sowing the seeds of all the punishment and suffering she was going through right now!

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The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 755 ReadOnline

Chapter 755 Reality Isn't Like One Imagines The incident with Zenya came to a full end, and Javier's life began to go back to normal when Megara was transferred away. Although he would meet Cher from time to time on campus, they interacted like a usual teacher and student. There was no unusual contact, nor the type of intimate relationship they used to share.

It was alright. Cher found it fine, and Javier thought that was enough too.

Javier no longer picked anyone up on campus, as he focused on finding clues about the Raider member. Of all the vague clues and subtle hints, he actually managed to cling onto the slightest clue and discovered a hint of an idea. Before he could pull on the string harder, though, he received a call from Jade – an important

one.

"Honey, I'm pregnant!" Goodness, this was incredible news! Javier had been wondering why no one had gotten pregnant when he slept around so much. Sometimes, he'd even wondered if the quality of his sperm was the problem and had considered having a checkup at the hospital.

It was unexpected that this good news had arrived first. When he counted the days, he realized he had sowed his seed before leaving Jade last time. His seed had finally flourished.

Javier flew over to meet Jade the moment he received the good news. Jade was only two months along, so it was not yet visible and she still looked slender and captivating – so much so that Javier wanted to show her how much he loved her when he saw her.

However, Jade was currently pregnant, and he dared not lay a finger on her. He wrapped Jade in his arms happily, too scared to hug her too tightly, and kissed her with fervor.

“Darling, you’re the greatest!”

Jade was happy that Javier was happy. Her biggest wish had been to reap the fruit of their loving union, and it had come true now. She was in bliss.

After spending half an hour with Jade, Javier passed every issue of the company to Chad. “Hey, I’m fine. It’s only been two months. I can still work. This doesn’t affect anything.”

“No way, you have to be protected now. You’re even more precious than an endangered

species!”

Jade wanted to work, but Javier did not allow it. He even called the private jet that night to take Jade to the island right away.

When Zephiel found out that Jade was pregnant, he was overjoyed and he kept repeating how great it was. “Great, great. Ah, the Kerseys will finally have an heir. I’m going to meet my great-grandson!” Seeing the Kersey family leader expressing his emotions so openly was rare. Javier commented from the side, “Don’t be so happy. It might be a great-granddaughter.”

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Zephiel huffed, “Even better. I’d like a great-granddaughter even more. She’ll be much better than you brat. She’ll save me lots of worry!” It was evident that Zephiel was genuinely happy, as he later summoned the private doctors on the island, as well as experienced nannies. There were seven to eight people around Jade, which made her feel embarrassed.

“Grandpa, I’m not that delicate, 1 –”

“No, you’re the most delicate now. If I was not this old, I’d guard you myself!”

Zephiel did not sound composed, like a normal grandfather, at the moment, but this fully showcased how happy he was...

For the next half of the month, Javier did not go anywhere. He stayed on the island and kept Jade company.

Ciara came back as well, ecstatic that Jade was pregnant. She spent time with Jade too and did not even fight with her over their man. When Javier sometimes wanted to get it on with her at night when he could not hold it in, she refused insistently, saying that she had to watch out for Jade's mood.

Javier was actually jealous of the women's closeness.

Ultimately, work was still work. Javier could not keep staying on the island, and Jade expressed the same opinion. "Honey, get back to work. I'm fine. There are so many people keeping me company!" Since Jade had said so, Javier could only nod and leave the next day after spending the night with her.

He was going to be a father. Just the thought of it pumped him up, and he felt energized. That energy kept him going, especially when he met Bella, who was seeing her friend off at the airport.