

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 701 ReadOnline

Chapter 701 What, You Think You're Some Hot Sh*t? Just as Javier was about to introduce his knuckles to the barking dog, Zenya appeared.

Not keen on causing unnecessary trouble, he ended up stopping himself. Charlie, for his part, saw this as a sign of Javier's cowardice. Pleased, he sprung toward the campus field as though he had already carried the day. Javier leered at the young man's back and scoffed before turning his attention to Zenya. "How did the operation go?"

She nodded happily. "It was a great success! The doctor told me that her illness is most likely never coming back. She's basically cured!"

That was genuinely great news. Javier could not help being happy for her. She blushed. "It's all thanks to you. If it weren't for you, I..." she began.

Javier waved. 'Twas hardly a problem for him. It had been as easy as holding the door open for someone else.

Zenya, of course, thought differently. For one, had Javier not appeared, she would have been stuck in a quandary she was not sure how to get out of. She had been so close to being coerced into posing nude for photos! Just thinking about it terrified her. She was lucky that Javier had appeared before it had all gone south, as she could not imagine how else it would have gone down for her otherwise.

They talked for a bit while slowly making their way to the field, which was now crowded with students enjoying their preferred sport. Harley Merritt was among them, though Javier quickly recognized someone else nearby. Charlie Larson-the same guy who had tried to cause trouble just moments before. And now, he was bumping into him again. It really was a small world, after all.

"Oh, I almost forgot! I'm gonna have to update my absentee leave in advance to keep my mom's company for two days. Sorry, gotta go!" Zenya exclaimed before she thanked him one last time and dashed away in a hurry. Javier did not try to keep her. He bade her farewell, setting his sights back on the field. On the basketball court, Charlie was holding the ball in his arms while he shoved, rammed, and bulldozed over everyone who got in his way as though he was playing football. Who even played like that? Running around like a bull with the ball in his arms, colliding with other players, and stomping on them while they were down... Seriously, what kind of version of basketball was this? If this buffoon had a racket with him, he might even have started swinging it as though this was ping-pong! Harley could not take it anymore. He stepped forward and objected. "Hey, Charlie, my man? That's not how you play, man. You can't just hog the ball like that,"

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“F*ck what you think, loser! Who the f*ck are you to stop me, huh? This is how I’ve always played basketball!” Charlie snarled. “Tell you what, I’ve never lost a single game throughout my life. I’m number one, and no one-I repeat, no one-has ever kept up with me!”

Yep. So what if Charlie played basketball as though it was football in all but name? Who was going to stop him? He was chummy with gangsters too, so in his mind, that made him the baddest mother*cker on this side of the world. Had he wanted, he could even have shouted that he was “the honored one between heaven and earth” without a shred of irony!

Harley was about to argue, when Charlie smacked his hand across his face. “Hey, smart*ss! I’m here to play ball, not chit-chat with you like a bunch of bored housewives. You talk sh*t about the way I play again and I’ll get my friends to tear those luscious lips off your mouth.”

He was savage, draconian, and intimidating-just as Charlie had always been. No one ever dared to offend him, but Javier was not scared of him at all. Shouting from the sidelines, he told Harley, “Slap his *ss back!” Harley turned toward Javier quickly. He stammered, “B-B-But…”

He could not do it. He feared whatever payback Charlie might throw at him.

Javier was speechless. He had not expected Harley to be such a big wuss! But then again, he could hardly blame Harley. Just because Javier was a fearless, tough guy, it did not mean everyone else would be as fearless as he was.

There would always be some people who were equally bold, though. Charlie himself was one, for example. Satisfied with the way he had handled Harley’s protest, the bully turned to Javier. “And that’s why they say you should never leave a son of a b*tch alone after they disrespect you. ‘Cause, man, it just encourages them to be a disrespectful little puppy, doesn’t it? Trying to talk someone into punching me, are you? Sounds like a little puppy’s thinking he’s an alpha wolf now!”

gnashing its teeth. But as soon as Javier approached him, Charlie started covering his face with his hands. His bark had turned into a whimper.

Javier had come with a brick he had picked up from the sidewalk and clubbed Charlie’s face with it. He stopped only when blood covered his entire face.

“Feel better now?”

Charlie said nothing. He could not say anything, as some of his teeth had come out.

Javier snickered and kicked him out of the court. He then made his way to a slack-jawed Harley, tutting, "God, you should have manned up, Harley! He's a piece of trash. If you don't like him, beat his *ss! If whatever happens next is out of your league, you always have me!"

Charlie did not wait for Javier to finish his lecture before he snarled in humiliated fury, "You think you're some hot sh*t, huh? Just you f*cking wait! I'm gonna get my bros over here, and we're gonna f*ck you up bad!"

THIN, YOu Te Some Hot

box, huh?"

He bent as though he was about to pick his brick up again. Charlie leaped to his feet and scrambled to safety without a single word. He was not going to take another beating!

Now that this small fry had hightailed it from the field, Javier clapped the dirt off his hands and turned back to Harley. "Hey, you heard what I said?"

The young man nodded. "Got it, man. I'll never cower before that b*stard again!" Why would he cower again? He had the Bugatti-owning Javier behind his back! From now on, Harley would always fight back if that piece of trash ever thought he could bully him again. With Javier supporting him, there was nothing to fear! Javier patted Harley's shoulder, chuckling. "Now, there's a man." Everyone else on the field was completely stupefied by Javier's performance. None of them had imagined he would be so capable of ruthless violence. He was such a bad *ss! Beating up Charlie Larson, of all people? Even those lucky enough not to be his course mates had caught wind of his infamy. He was a bully infamous for being chummy with bona fide gangsters and thugs! His connections were what had allowed him to stay at the top and act as though he owned the place.

This did not apply to Javier, though. Charlie who? He was as important as a fart and not worth a glance or a thought. Javier could beat him to a pulp with his eyes closed. Hell, he was even less significant than an ant under his boot. Charlie could summon every gangster he knew to gang up on Javier, and the latter would still find them too lowly to dirty his shoes with their blood. That was how weak all of them were compared to Javier's might. Why would he even care about whatever revenge little Charlie could possibly come up with?

He left campus and waited near the entrance for Cher.

On her part, Cher had deliberately left her office a lot later than she usually did, hoping that she could evade Javier this way. Unfortunately for her, Javier still caught her as she

was about to leave, striding forward from behind before wrapping his arms around her waist. He lowered his lips to her ear and breathed, "I've missed you, ma'am. Miss me?"

Cher's face turned bright pink. Why would he do this right in front of a crowd of students loitering around?! "Oh my god, who the hell is this guy? Are y'all seeing this?! He's flirting with Miss Cortez! Our untouchable diva, Miss Cortez!"

"This guy is invincible! Like, I thought Miss Cortez was married and all that jazz, but her boyfriend turned out to be one of us all along?!"

"What happened to Xavier, man? He's just become so cool lately! He beat up those sh*theads and then conquered our hot lecturer's heart...Oh, supreme leader, teach us thy ways!"

The louder the furor got, the harder Cher blushed. Before she could say anything to stop them, though, Megara Galloway-the other half of the campus' twin primadonnas-arrived.

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 702 ReadOnline

Chapter 702 The Price of Affronting Me Megara's appearance more than ensured that the students' attitude turned from impressed surprise to gross fascination. They wanted to watch the drama unfold between two of the institution's beauty rivals, especially since Cher had been discovered seeing a student. There was no way Megara would pass up the chance to mock Cher for it, if only to show how classier she was.

Reality, however, was at odds with their expectations-both the crowd's and Cher's.

Cher believed Megara was going to eviscerate her too, and yet Megara simply stepped close, leaned forward, planted a kiss on Javier's cheek, and threw her arms around Javier's waist.

The crowd was so shocked that they might as well have turned to stone.

"What. The. Actual. F*ck?! He's hugging Cher from behind, and now Megara's hugging him from the back? The f*ck is this paradise of a sandwich Xavier has found himself in?! What the f*ck! Why the hell is Xavier getting all the ladies?!" "This is illegal! Look at how unfair and wrong this is! Him hugging Cher? Fine. But Megara's married, right? Right?!"

"No way. No f*cking way! How could she throw her arms around this guy if she's married, man? Look at her expression! She's actually trying to gain Xavier's favor! Oh my god, she

looks so thirsty for him! It's like he's possessed both her heart and coochie!"

"Arghhhh! My dream-my dream is crumbling! My dream wives...have both been snatched up by that piece of sh*t! God-f*cking-d*mn it! Sh*t!"

While the students gawked, Cher was just as confused. She had not expected Megara to join in the "fun". It had previously seemed so humiliating and unbecoming, but now?

D*mn, she was quietly gloating! While Javier had offered his arms and put them around her,

superior one of the two, right?

In contrast, Megara's mind was laser-focused on one goal and one goal only: She just wanted Javier to release Cher already. "You are mine, Xavier. You can see her, and I will f*ck you even if I have to share you, but you can't show favoritism!" She urged him under her breath.

Megara's voice was soft, but it was loud enough for Cher to hear. Just like that, Cher's mood

arrangement?! Why are we shar-"

Javier did not let Cher finish. With one arm on both of them, he walked away while the campus 'hottest lecturers were flanking him, leaving a crowd of disappointed, sulking students behind. They exchanged glances with their roommates and grimaced.

Why was Javier the one who had ended up with not one, but two hot madam lecturers, while they had to spend their nights with only their unsexy roommates?! This was so unfair!

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The Price of Affronting Me

Javier did not give a d*mn about whatever grief they were feeling. He just hailed a cab straight back to his residence.

Cher and Megara spent the first few minutes locking eyes with each other, their countenance a strange mix of sheepishness and hostility. Tonight, they were adversaries, bedfellows, and collaborators at the same time. Their beauty was evenly matched, and their sex appeal was tied in intensity.

Javier himself had let go of all manners of restraint-or any article of clothing, for that matter. He scanned the lecturers and asked, "So, who goes first?"

Cher started out coy, but when she noticed how eager Megara was, she pounced. Megara was not going to let her rival win all the glory, so she hungrily lunged and threw herself forward.

It was almost as though every man in the world had died and Javier was the only member of his species left... .

Meanwhile, Charlie Larson had made all the necessary contacts. He had also managed to identify where Javier was staying. Everything was planned out in his mind- Javier was going to get the beating of his life tonight, and he would come out of that experience knowing one thing: He shouldn't mess with Charlie Larson!

After a hefty dinner with his gang members, they took a cab to where Javier was staying. As the car pulled over, Charlie stared up at the light coming from Javier's room upstairs and cackled coldly.

"You've been a f*cking tough guy, haven't you, Xavier? Let's see how tough you are now, you piece of filth!"

He waved and commanded his gang, "Get up there and riot, boys! We're gonna f*ck him up real, real bad!"

They stormed up the stairs in a burst of clamor.

Charlie enjoyed a cigarette downstairs, waiting. A few moments later, he heard the ruckus-a cacophony of pounding fists, smashing objects, and verbal abuse. It was music to his ears, he dared say! This was the sound of his homies cornering that son of a b*tch and mopping the floor with his *ss!

He clenched his fists and chucked his cigarette butt to the ground. "Big f*cking surprise, isn't it, Xavier?! You didn't expect me to have friends in the underworld, did you? Ha! F*ck you. I'm gonna show you the price of affronting Charlie f*cking Larson!"

Snarling, he picked up a wooden club and stormed up the building...only to stop stupefied at the exit of the stairs. All of his homies were lying on the floor like a sea of casualties, their arms broken or their legs dislocated. They looked like a nightmare.

What really made this the stuff of nightmares, though, was the fact that it was all the doing of one man: Javier's tagalong kid who doubled as his secret bodyguard, Herschel Lord.

Chapter 2 in Price of Attronting Me

Herschel's eyes bounced back from the floor and zeroed in on Charlie. "Oh, so you're the leader, eh? Over here, bud. I have something to tell you." No one with half a brain would do that, so Charlie was certainly not going to listen to whatever the hell this guy

was about to say. The only thing he wanted to do was run, and no one was going to stop him! He threw the club and immediately hightailed it out of there at the speed of Usain Bolt. Unfortunately for him, he was still slower than Herschel's reflexes...

Herschel grabbed an abandoned 50cc bike and hurled it at his prey. Three hundred pounds of steel crashed down on Charlie from above, and before he knew it, he heard a snap.

By the time he finally registered what had happened, his legs had gone under. Agony surged from his damaged calves and attacked his senses. Charlie's mouth opened, and a scream was ready to escape. Before he managed to yowl, though, Herschel shoved one end of his wooden club into his mouth.

"You know what your problem is? You could have tried terrorizing literally anyone else under the sun, but no! You just had to target my boss. Someone needs to knock some sense into your head-literally-or you'll never know just how insignificant and powerless you really are. Some people are so powerful that even if you get help from all the baseborn lowlifes you know, your *sses will still be the ones on the floor..."

Dont You Worry,Kra

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 703 ReadOnline

Chapter 703 Don't You Worry, Kira Javier had the time of his life that night. Megara and Cher both, who were intoxicated and satisfied, would agree. The three of them lay on Javier's comfy king-sized bed, feeling the most content they had ever been.

Charlie Larson and his vindictive crusade against Javier had gone great too. At least only his legs were broken, and not irreparably so. It was a painful lesson at most, but nothing an orthopedic cast and three months' worth of bedrest could not fix. Charlie was just a kid, after all. That was enough reason for Herschel to show some mercy.

Of course, Charlie himself found this a lot less merciful. It only cemented how much he hated Javier for setting up this trap to harm and damage him.

While lying on a hospital bed, Charlie turned to his father's girlfriend, Kira Yorke. "I don't care! You're gonna help me pay him back, or I'll tell my dad you don't care about me and let other people beat me up!" Kira used to be in a gang herself, and the expansive tattoos stretching from her left arm all the way to her back were a dead giveaway. She was wearing a pink form-fitting sleeveless t-shirt today, and her ample bosom pressed against the fabric to form a seductive curve.

Kira took a deep breath. This trouble-seeking punk always put her in the tightest spot with his misadventures, and a whole world of drama kept trailing behind him.

Unfortunately, Kira had to gain the young man's favor, so she nodded. "Don't worry, I'll handle it as soon as possible."

She spoke as though she was one of this little brat's underlings instead of his senior! Oh, the things she had to suffer for love! And what a passionate love it was-Kira had no choice but to serve Charlie only because she had fallen in love with his father's bad boy vibe. That sort of devotion entailed loving his less-than-lovable son as though he was her own, though, because Kira had no other choice. Charlie was her beloved Zodiac's precious little baby! She had to serve him, especially since Zodiac would ask her about his son every two to three days. She tried her best to console Charlie. After promising the kid an 8,000-dollar allowance, she left his room and the building. She stopped at the base of the hospital and furiously yanked out a cigarette, her rage only growing with every puff. Who the f*ck was the motherf*cker f*cking up Charlie this bad?! Now, she was forced to get

involved in this stupid ruckus!

Kira waved, and one of her lackeys answered. "I want the identity of the prep found and confirmed. I want his lackeys' identities confirmed too. Every detail, every layer of their background must be in my hands. Tomorrow, I want those motherf*ckers captured, and I'm gonna personally wrangle them with my own hands."

At that moment, Kira Yorke seemed to regain her old gangster charm...

There were no classes in the morning, so Javier took advantage of it and slept all the way until noon. By the time he was up, Megara and Cher had both left to go to campus. As lecturers, they

Cater 703 Don't You Worry, Kira

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had a more rigid timetable to follow. The two of them had gone from bitter rivals to besties. Gone were the days when they had seemed to hate each other's guts. Now, they acted as though they had always been sisters, and it was all thanks to Javier's incredibly sustained, laser-focused teaching. In fact, he had taught them so well that just the thought of last night made the two teachers wet.

"Oh my god, I didn't even know you could get wet belatedly! I thought it was over last night, but here it is again..."

"If it's any consolation, I'm in the same boat. Come on, we gotta change into a new set of clothes. Can't teach in this state, can we?" While Megara tugged Cher toward the tutors' quarters, Javier had just finished washing up. He headed out of the house and began his day by getting brunch. En route, Herschel informed Javier, "Charlie Larson and his ragtag band came to look for you last night."

“And?”

“Broke both of his legs and sent him straight to the hospital. He ain’t coming to bug you for three months at least.”

Javier hummed noncommittally. There was not much to add to the conversation. At the end of the day, it was a stupid dispute with a brat. There was no need to punish him that hard. As long as the brat learned something valuable, that was all there was to it.

Unfortunately for Javier, he was not rewarded in kind. While he was enjoying his meal with Herschel, two vans appeared out of nowhere, and a dozen of big, muscular young men barged out of the vehicles and surrounded them. From the looks of it, they were there to take them

Javier turned to Herschel. “You done with your brunch?”

“Yep.”

“Let’s go. Better not do business in a restaurant.”

Herschel understood what he meant. There were other patrons in the restaurant, and any of

complicated than they wanted.

Sure, they could also finish off this ragtag band with a call to the right person, but they could tackle this without doing that anyway, so why bother?

Javier and Herschel allowed themselves to be taken away into separate vans, which proceeded to speed toward an abandoned warehouse somewhere rural. Herschel’s van went first, so when Javier’s crew looked ahead and saw that Herschel’s van seemed to be rocking, one of them asked, “Uh, what’s up with them?”

“Don’t know, man. Lord knows what they’re doing.”

Javier knew, though. Herschel must have begun beating the crap out of his captors, and as an unruly passenger himself, Javier threw the first punch.

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A few moments later, all six of his captors, including the driver, had blacked out.

Herschel had been the first to act, but Javier was the one to disembark first. He had lit a cigarette by the time Herschel finally got out of his van.

Surprised to see Javier smoking outside, he froze. “Wow, Boss, you finished fast!”

Herschel had acted first as soon as the van had stopped driving, and yet Javier had finished knocking his captors out first. This proved conclusively that Javier's fighting power capped Herschel's, even if the latter was reluctant to admit it. Alas, how could he possibly deny facts?

Javier, of course, cared very little about this silly competition. He pointed at the vans and ordered, "Tie them up."

Herschel understood and immediately went to work. Calling the gang "depressed" would be an understatement. They were there to abduct these two, and yet they had ended up being the hostages. Even more humiliatingly, they had been beaten up by the outnumbered duo! If anyone in the underworld ever caught wind of this... they would sooner go straight than endure being the butt of their jokes! With a cigarette still in his mouth, Javier went into the warehouse. No one was home, so Herschel asked one of them about it.

It turned out that they had been ordered to abduct them both and wait for their boss, Kira, to come to them shortly afterward. She was the one who was going to take care of Javier and Herschel.

Javier had no idea who Kira was, so he called Vernon.

"Kira Yorke? Oh, that's an old-timer. Used to prowl the streets like a little miss mafia too before she became Zodiac's b*tch. She's gone straight, though, last I checked. Zodiac now operates some kind of fishy construction work while leaving Kira with his little pup."

He hastily added, "What, Kira's giving you trouble, boss? Don't worry. Just give me the order. I'll make a call and that woman will be on her knees begging to please you."

Javier snorted. "I wouldn't need to call you if that's what I was trying to do."

Vernon quickly backpedaled. "Oh, sh*t! I mean, uh, that was a gaffe! Please don't be mad at my stupid gaffe, Mr. Kersey..."

Javier was not interested in his apology. Instead, his interest in this mysterious Kira Yorke, who clearly commanded enough authority and power to order a dozen gangsters to break Javier's spine, grew even more.

About five minutes later, a luxury minivan materialized from afar. It stopped, and a woman wearing a white sleeveless crop top emerged. Tattoos covered her arm, which was no doubt her way of flashing her identity.

She lit a cigarette and got straight to the chase, asking Javier, "Got that Carsey motherf*cker?" Javier almost laughed. This chick had so many underlings that she could not even tell he was

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ater 703 Don't You Worry, Kara

not one of them!

"Oh, he's inside, alright. Don't you worry, Kira...We tied him up like a piñata!"

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Chapter 704 You P*ssed Off Someone You Shouldn't Have

Herschel helped open the door to the warehouse, and Kira strode right in. It was dark inside, so her eyes took some time to get used to it before noticing that there was no one there.

Javier entered soon after her, and Herschel slammed the door behind him with a loud sound.

Kira jumped. "W-What was that? What the hell?! Open the door! Open-the-door!" she

No one responded. Not even the driver who had brought her there made a peep. It was obvious that Herschel had taken care of the driver.

Javier did not plan to stop Kira. He found a comfortable spot in the warehouse and watched her frantically trying to find a way out with a smile. She was admittedly a beauty to behold-a woman with a fair complexion, gorgeous features, and plenty of sex appeal without even trying Javier admired her quietly as she galumphed around the warehouse, sometimes pounding the door, sometimes looking for a window. There were a few around them, but they were all four meters above the ground, and there was no ladder. Kira had no way up.

Javier lit a cigarette in silence. He puffed, considering Kira, who was scrambling for an exit. It took her more than ten minutes to finally resign silently before turning back to Javier.

She scanned him intently, wondering which one of her underlings was this punk. Tried as she might, though, she could not recognize Javier. A new-and even more mortifying-thought dawned on her. "Holy sh*t. You can't be that Xavier Carsey who broke Charlie's legs, right?" Kira's assumption was far from baseless. Herschel could triumph in a six-against-one melee easily-a feat Charlie's failure to pay him back had proven. It was not a big leap to imagine the same guy defeating a dozen of her underlings, so all leads and signs considered, she was pretty sure this unknown young man was her target.

Javier gave Kira credit for using her brain even if intelligence-as high as the level of Sherlock Holmes' intellect-was useless now. He remained in his seat on the side, flicking the ashes off

Kira took a deep breath in an effort to calm herself. Just because she had gotten the identity of her enemy right did not necessarily mean this was a win for her. They were locked in an abandoned building-just a red-blooded man and a woman with nowhere else to go. What could result from this? Kira was smart enough to know. "About Charlie Larson..." She began. "I need an explanation."

Javier laughed. "This is it? That's your plan to get out of this? You want me to fib some silly explanation so you can agree to disagree, make me think you're abandoning your hostility, then once the tension goes down, I'll let you leave in one piece? Is that your plan?"

Chapter 704 You Dissed Off Someone You Shouldn't Have

Kira had not expected Javier to see right through her plan. Her plan was to get out of there, and then get back at Javier one more time. Unfortunately, it seemed that she had counted the chickens before the eggs had hatched. Javier had already gotten a whiff of what she was cooking.

She thus switched tactics. "I know what you want. You men love pretty little things. Even if that love is shallow, it's the thrill of possession that excites you, right? It's the nature of men and your banal lust for conquest.

"Unfortunately, I can confidently tell you that I'm not the kind of woman you think I am. But if that's what you want, I can get even prettier prizes for you. None of them will be inferior. They will definitely be sexier than me too," she said. "I can even stay here and wait until you're done. This way, you won't have to worry about any dangers while you're in the middle of it."

Javier shot her a side glance. "You're such a clever dear! Pretending to solicit some call girls for my benefit while secretly sending your location to your reinforcements so the cavalry will rescue you and destroy me. You're the one who won't have to worry about any danger!

"So here's my question: How did a clever bird like you end up in a cage like this? I didn't do my worse when I f*cked up Charlie back there, so you people thought it was because I was scared. Wrong, dear," he said. "I just didn't wanna waste my time on you small fries, which begets the question: Why are you people so thirsty for my attention?" Kira fell silent. Javier was right-completely and irrevocably correct on all fronts. So right that she had no counterargument, so she chose to stay silent.

It was the type of silence borne from having no retort, though, and she did not intend to let it mutate into a silence of resignation to her fate. Fear was creeping up on her, and along with it came a hint of panic and impatience.

“Fine. Let me be frank with you then! I’m not just any woman you can offend. I’m Zac ‘Zodiac’ Larson’s sweetheart, and there’s no one in this city who doesn’t know him. Sure, Zodiac has stopped involving himself in the underworld, but his power and gang remain as strong as ever. His influence hasn’t suffered a bit!” Kira snapped. “You lay a f*cking hand on me, and I can guarantee you’ll have that entire arm chopped off and turned into food for the dogs!”

Kira’s intimidation tactic was well-practiced. She had the look, the force in her bearing, and the tattoos. But Javier answered her with a question that seemed almost random and non sequitur

“How are you so sure that he won’t feed me to something nobler? I don’t know, maybe a lion?”

Kira was a little taken aback by his retort. It sounded so outre—until she understood the subtext. His retort was not the answer; Javier’s attitude was. Even as Kira dangled a threat over Javier’s head, he cared so little that he could entertain the whimsical idea of being food for cooler beasts than dogs.

It was this cavalier indifference that disconcerted Kira the most. It meant that her beloved

Chapte: 704 You Passed Off Someone You Shouldn’t Have

Zodiac might not be able to protect her based on his influence. He might not be able to even if he were here in person. She backpedaled a little, taking two steps back and taking a deep breath to calm her fraying nerves. “Okay, fine. Then what do you want me to do so you’ll let me go?” “That’s impossible, I’m afraid. The moment you decided to attack me was the moment your fate was sealed. Seriously, even Vernon wags his tail when he sees me. Of course he would, considering that I’ve placed his neck under a blade before. Do you think someone like me will let you go?” Kira felt her heart racing. She knew who Vernon Lucas was. He was the other kingpin in the area, someone not even Zodiac wanted to cross during the latter’s reign. To think someone like this could possibly follow this little brat around like a dog was just ludicrous. F*ck, this had to be a bluff, right?

Regardless of whether Kira believed him or not, Javier did not care. He did not need to prove himself. Whether he was bluffing or was an actual bad*ss motherf*cker would soon be revealed to her. It was just a matter of time. Why waste his breath on an explanation? He was just about to say something when his phone rang. It was a call from Derek Goodwin. “Mr. Kersey, I got Freddy Russo like a bear in a trap. He lost 3 mil out of it, and now he wants to see you. Says he wants to talk...Have a peace talk,

specifically,” he reported. Could anything be more obvious than labeling parley as “peace talk”? It was a loser’s full blown appeal for negotiation! Javier’s answer was just as simple. “Tell him to p*ss off. Who the f*ck does Freddy think he is? He doesn’t even deserve a seat at my table!”

Kira’s eyes widened. Freddy Russo was no ordinary guy-he was one of the most powerful figures in the area! And Javier did not even think he was important enough to talk to him! For once in her life, Kira regretted her choice. She regretted p*ssing off someone she really should not have.

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 705 ReadOnline

Chapter 705 Shudderingly Beautiful Javier put away his phone after he hung up and smiled at Kira, who was farther away. “It was planned. I purposely made him call now so I could scare you.” Kira chuckled wryly because she knew that it was impossible. Everything had happened spontaneously. How could Javier have arranged for it in advance? It could only be a coincidence

-and only a coincidence like this one would disclose the real facts.

This was a man who disregarded even Freddy, and she had offended him by threatening to incapacitate him, all at her own expense...

Kira was ashamed once she thought of the bluster that had left her mouth just now. She was terrified. She honestly could not understand how that brat Charlie had provoked such an intimidating person or why the guy had only broken Charlie’s legs. The punishment had been honestly quite light-kind, even. Kira finally spoke up after some contemplation.

“Mr. Carsey, I was wrong. I shouldn’t have p*ssed you off. Charlie just got his legs broken. It was already a merciful punishment, a manifestation of your kindness. I shouldn’t have been blindsided into seeking revenge on you, and I regret it immensely now. “If you’re willing to give me a chance, I’d like to have everyone under me serve you and do anything for you.” Upon hearing what Kira had said, Javier asked, “Including sex?”

“Uh...” Kira stammered. Obviously, that was not included, and she did not want to do it either.

Javier then asked, “If that’s not included, why would you say you’d do anything for me, hmm? “Do you think Vernon’s men aren’t adequate or that your handful of lackeys is better?”

“Quit it, Kira. Use your little tricks to fool others. I’m not a three-year-old, and the petty tricks you’re playing now were what I did when I was ten. What’s the point of using these tricks against me?” Kira had wanted to save herself by devoting her loyalty to Javier, but it was no surprise that she had failed again. Like Javier had said, her little trick was almost embarrassing. She honestly did not know what to do now, so she kept standing awkwardly on the spot. She could not escape even if she wanted to, but she did not want to stay either.

who spoke to him about the current matters involving the company.

When she mentioned a business acquisition project, Javier replied, “You can decide when it comes to small matters like this. 450-750 million dollars doesn’t make a difference to us. It’s more important that you don’t wear yourself out.

“You’re my queen. If you were to catch a cold just to save 300 million dollars, I’d rather you

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spend that than fall sick.” Javier’s truthful words warmed Jade’s heart. Even when he was not by her side, she could feel his love for her.

Kira was, once more, thoroughly shocked by what Javier had said. What kind of family was he from that allowed him to spend hundreds of millions of dollars in one single transaction? This barely made sense! He had to be super-rich! She could not help wondering whether Javier was actually lying, but considering the circumstances she was in, she knew that there was no need for him to lie. Kira was alarmed. The more time they spent together, the more she felt that Javier was unpredictably powerful. It was no wonder that he did not even regard Freddy highly. If she had 750-no, if she had 150 million dollars-she would not pay Freddy any mind either! After Javier ended the call, Kira had a new idea. “Is that woman your wife?” “Mm, the registered one.” Javier did not hide the truth. Kira thought about it and asked, “If you’re with me, won’t you feel sorry for her?” Javier was amused but he did not sit around this time. He got up to approach Kira instead. “Aren’t you curious? Sure, I can tell you. My wife’s never stopped me from being with other women because she knows that I’m insatiable. She also knows that no matter who I’m with, she’s the one and only woman in my heart.

“This is how our relationship works, and it’s decided the outcome between me and you. “If you still don’t understand, let me put it this way: Not only will I leave my mark on you, but I’ll leave my mark on your heart too. Unless you’re suffering from dementia or amnesia, you won’t be able to forget me in your life.

“But it’s different for me. I have plenty of women, so I might forget who you are after a month or so. Say, isn’t that upsetting?” Javier reached Kira once he finished speaking.

Kira wanted to turn to avoid him, as she had realized what was about to happen. However, she could not get away at all. She swiftly felt herself being pinned by a pair of strong hands...