

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 726 ReadOnline

Chapter 726 The Value of a Best Friend The strange film title frightened both Genevieve and Fiona. Fiona, in particular, asked reflexively, "It's an X-rated film?!" Herschel chuckled. "How could we make an X-rated one right away? We'll start with an R rated one!"

The answer scared both Genevieve and Fiona. They were not naïve girls, so they knew the difference between an X-rated and an R-rated film. However, they could not accept making even an R-rated film. It was not like they were so broke that they could not afford to eat. Who would want to star in something like that?

Realizing that this could very well be revenge, Genevieve and Fiona attempted to escape. At that moment, ten men appeared and rushed into the warehouse before shutting the door tightly.

What happened could no longer be seen, but one could hear Genevieve and Fiona shrieking and yelling like two little lambs as the wolves punched on them after hollering, "Get to work!"

Vaguely, one could even hear the sound of clothes being torn apart...

At the same time, Javier took Harley to a famous restaurant for dinner. Harley seemed a little anxious and was clearly still worried about Genevieve's mother being ill. When he could not help asking Javier again how long he should be waiting, Javier pulled out his phone and sent Harley a few photos.

Harley's expression darkened as though he had been beaten up after he saw the photos on the phone. He grabbed a bottle of liquor and gulped down half of it with eyes that spat fire.

One of the photos he saw was the death certificate stamped with the relevant bureau's certification. It was clearly stated that Genevieve's mother had passed away three years ago, yet the girl had shamelessly sobbed about her mother being seriously ill in the hospital and needing to be treated just yesterday afternoon, hoping that Harley would borrow some money from Javier.

Harley finally understood that Genevieve had been making a fool out of him to get Javier's money. If the girl harbored even the slightest hint of feelings for him, she would not have done something like this. It was apparent that Genevieve was treating him as a fool and did not like him at all. He was just a way to kill time for her.

"Bro, I'm sorry. I didn't know..." Harley was going to say more, but Javier waved a hand to stop him.

“No need for that between us. I just ran into Genevieve and Fiona shopping together last night, so I suspected it and asked someone to find out about it.”

Realization struck Harley then. That was why Javier had investigated Genevieve out of the blue!

“Why did you still give me the money when you already suspected her?”

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“Because I had to make you understand that I don’t care about the money. I just don’t want you to be deceived.”

Harley was quite moved when Javier said that. Based on the latter’s status and wealth, he did not even have to care about what Harley thought. He could totally do whatever he wanted, but he cared. This meant that he considered Harley a friend. Harley, who saw himself as an average Joe, was touched. He filled up their glasses and clinked his against Javier’s before he emptied it. “Having a bro like you in my life is worth it!” Harley had spoken the most tonight. Although Genevieve’s lie had disgruntled him, he was happy about Javier’s sincerity. He thought that having a true friend like him was more than he had bargained for.

As for Genevieve..she could piss off wherever she liked. Since she was not treating Harley like a decent person, why should Harley be nice to her? Harley had a lot of fun tonight because Javier made an arrangement after they left the restaurant. Two dainty queens working for their business were booked to serve Harley, who was still a virgin. How could he possibly not enjoy himself?

While he was delirious from pleasure and fun, Genevieve and Fiona, who were in the warehouse, also reached the peak of pleasure. However, this pleasure was not intentional but forced by a rotation of ten men. The men got to rest but they did not, so they could hardly take it. They yelped and cried in pain for a long time, but no one went easy on them.

It all ended only when it was around six in the morning. Herschel took a glance at the recording “Mm, not bad. This film is about ten hours long. It’ll surely make the two of you famous around the country.”

Genevieve and Fiona, who were lying limply on the ground, struggled to get up upon hearing what Herschel had said. They could care less about the filth on them as they pleased Herschel, hoping he would let them go. “Let you go? Sure, since you’re begging me, I’ll let you both go. “But from this day onward, you’ll work as escorts at Skyline Bar. We’ll talk about it in a year. I’ll give you the tape if you keep up your performance for a year. If you don’t listen, I’ll hand the tape out at once.

“If your parents and family see it, it will not be my fault!”

Skyline Bar was a local bar famous for the hanky-panky business happening behind the curtain. It was Vernon’s place, but Kira had shares too.

As party girls, Genevieve and Fiona had heard about the bar before and panicked upon hearing what Herschel said.

“Please, I beg you. You can ask me for anything. I can pleasure you right now too. Don’t make

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me go to the bar, please...”

“Me too. I can let you have your way with me now any way you want. Just don’t send me there!” Holding on to their dignity was the last thing on Genevieve and Fiona’s minds. They were naked and soiled as they crawled toward Herschel and begged him for mercy, but the man scoffed at them.

“Don’t you two know how soiled you are, hmm? “I don’t even want to f*ck you to begin with, and you’re trying to seduce me right now, when you look thoroughly f*cked. Aren’t you two a little too silly? Come on, the patrons might not even want you when you’re sent to the bar! “Who knows, tonight might be the time you two feel the most pleasure in your life...” Herschel was merciless with his words as he exposed the girls. The girls actually had to have an ugly side to them for them to be exposed, but they actually did have one. Hence, they could only agree quietly and tear up upon hearing Herschel’s threat.

After Herschel and the men left, Genevieve and Fiona redressed and cried. While Genevieve put on her clothes, she complained. “It’s all your fault. If you hadn’t come up with this stupid idea, would we have offended Xavier and ended up being so pathetic?” Fiona stayed silent. Her intention had been to con Javier out of his money through Genevieve and get on the man’s good side by exposing her. She wanted to betray her best friend to achieve her goal of bootlicking Javier, but she had not expected things to end up like this.

It did not matter as long as she moved away and no one knew where she went. She had already made her decision. When she went home, she would get her father to utilize his connections and transfer her to another campus and city, even to another state. This way, no one would know about her past -especially about what had happened tonight. As for her best friend, Fiona...Pft, best friends were used for comparisons and were thrown under the bus!

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Chapter 727 Mr. Reaper Only Reaps Lives When the girls left the warehouse and walked along the road, it took them some time before they finally came across a cab.

After sending Genevieve back to the campus, Fiona told her, "I'll come meet you at night. We'll be each other's pillar of support..."

She sounded caring, but Fiona scowled the moment the cab door closed.

Best friends? F*ck her. All Fiona cared about was herself. Genevieve could die if she wanted to.

Genevieve apparently thought the same way. Since it was still early, she cleaned herself up and waited at the campus gate. She had even gone to buy some baked goods as she waited for Harley.

She had thought it through. When Harley came, she would apologize to him properly and ask him to ask Javier for a favor. She believed that a fool like Harley would buy any lie she made up. After about half an hour, Genevieve managed to see Harley. She hurried over and passed the baked goods to him. "Dear, I bought you breakfast. You..." Before she could finish her sweet message, Harley took the baked goods and slammed them on her head. Genevieve was befuddled, as she did not understand what was happening.

Harley huffed, "It's been three years since your mother passed on. How is she ill now? Did she crawl out of her grave to look for you again?!"

Genevieve was dumbstruck. She had no idea how Harley had found out the truth. Meanwhile, he turned and left, ignoring her when she tried to plead with him. She hurried after him and pestered him, hoping he would forgive her this once.

The other students who were looking on could not take it. "Why don't you know how to appreciate a pretty girl like her, huh?" "Right? Even the internet says that god will forgive a pretty girl who's made a mistake."

"I think he's just a douchebag. Look at him letting his beloved woman beg him. If it were me, I'd pamper her in any way I could..."

All of them commented and accused Harley, which angered him and made him blurt out what Genevieve had done.

"Would you guys use your late mother to make up a lie?! "You fools don't even know what happened, yet you're pointing fingers at me. Do you even feel shame?!"

The students were stunned when Harley snapped back at them and fell silent. They would not have commented if they had known what Genevieve had done. How could there be such an awful girl in the world?

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“F*ck, I wouldn’t have said so much if I’d known. That b*tch!” “She’s absolute scum for using her deceased mother to con someone!”

All sorts of lambasting greeted Genevieve and embarrassed her. At the same time, she was now aware that it was no longer possible for her to beg Harley. What she could do now was go to Javier and beg him to forgive her.

In spite of this, Genevieve spent the whole day waiting on campus and still did not see Javier. He was not around. She gave up hope at around five in the evening and could only call Fiona, who had similarly disappeared the whole day.

There was nothing that Genevieve wished for now. She just thought that she and Fiona could stay together and look out for each other.

In reality, though, Fiona did not even pick up her call. When Genevieve called her home, she was informed that Fiona had transferred schools. That stupefied Genevieve. It was only then that she realized that she had been the silliest one when she had assumed everyone to be a fool all this while. Everyone was smarter than her, and she was the only one to pay the price for her mistake...

Genevieve headed to the bar glumly. No matter how reluctant she was, she could only accept her fate.

As for Fiona, things were not actually better for her. She thought that she could escape the disaster, but that was not what happened to her. While she was on the way out of the state, Herschel stopped her car and abducted her.

He did not hurt her this time but dragged her all the way to an impoverished mountainous village.

It was when Fiona arrived at that village that she discovered that it did not even have an electrical supply and some people were asking if the world war had ended. It was practically an incredibly backward, isolated village. Fiona did not even know a place like this still existed.

It was not important anyway. The point was, the village was going extinct. There were only 50 men left without a single woman, so the men’s eyes glowed brighter than a wolf’s at night when they saw Fiona.

“You’ll stay in this village from now on and contribute to its procreation!” Herschel said before he left.

Fiona broke into tears right away, “No, please take me away. I’ll be an escort. I promise I’ll be good and I won’t try to escape anymore. I promise.”

Fiona made all the promises in the world, but Herschel apparently did not need that. He had told them in the morning not to try anything, but Fiona obviously had not taken his advice and had even tried to run away. This left them no room for negotiation.

“Stay here and breed. Contribute to the village!” 1

All the men in the village pounced on Fiona in excitement, circling her as though she was a

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lost sheep. She could not even be heard begging. All that could be heard were screeches and yelps. It seemed that the over 50 bachelors were not being gentle at all... Herschel had dealt with both Genevieve and Fiona. When Javier heard about his solution, he only nodded without saying much. He had left the matter to Herschel, and this was punishment anyway, so the severity of it did not matter.

One had to pay for the price of one’s mistakes. It would not be fair if one did not have to recompense for their wrongdoing. After dismissing Herschel, Javier spent some time working in the office before he left as well. Just as he started driving along the road, a truck suddenly came from the opposite side and sped toward him.

Javier tried to avoid the truck to no avail. He was to be rammed into a corner when he opened the car door and sprinted out. The moment he darted out of his car, the truck collided with the car with a loud bang. As expected, the car was completely squashed until the front sank into itself. If he had reacted just half a beat slower... Javier Kersey would no longer have existed in this world. All that would be left of him was some pulp. Standing up, Javier took a deep breath and lit a cigarette to recompose himself. He was not panicked as he waited on the side. He wanted to see if the damned driver would dare get out of his truck.

As long as the guy dared to leave the truck, he was going to make sure he paid the price today. Javier would make the driver realize that Mr. Reaper was there to reap lives with his scythe!

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Theres No Use Crying Over Spilled Milk

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 728 ReadOnline

Chapter 728 There's No Use Crying Over Spilled Milk The truck driver was fine. When he came out of his truck, he swiped his forehead and tried to flee.

There was an old man riding a bicycle and pulling along a cart of steel bars and a large hammer. Javier grabbed the hammer in passing and went over quietly before he swung the hammer down on the driver's back.

The driver, who wanted to flee, collapsed on the ground right away, and Javier dragged him off to the side. He swung the hammer up again, aiming for the driver's head.

"You only have one chance to say the truth. Tell me, who sent you to kill me?" "I just accidentally... With a swoosh, the hammer moved down toward the truck driver, producing fluttering wind. "It was Freddy! It was Freddy Russo!"

The truck driver yelped in fear as he screwed his eyes shut.

Bang! The hammer landed right next to the driver's ear and only caused some stray gravel to graze his face. If this had been a blow on his head, he was sure his head would have split apart and blood would have splattered around on the spot.

Javier did not kill him now that he had found out who the culprit was. However, a mistake had to be punished. The hammer greeted the driver's right ankle right after that. Since he had stepped on the accelerator with his right foot just now, his right foot would have to pay the price. Tossing the hammer, Javier went around the scene of the accident and hailed a cab to get to Freddy's place directly.

By the time he got there, Herschel, who had received instructions earlier, had rushed there as well. Herschel retrieved a submachine gun from his trunk after Javier got out of the cab. This was his hobby. He loved keeping a gun in his trunk.

Javier walked ahead while Herschel stayed behind him, holding the submachine gun.

There were over ten bodyguards at Freddy's residence, and they all charged over at that moment. They could not believe that someone would actually hold a gun, especially in Mr. Russo's place, in broad daylight, so they assumed it was a fake gun.

When the seven to eight people who rushed forward fell to the floor amidst the fired shots, the rest of the bodyguards fell down on their knees and shook like a leaf.

Javier and Herschel ignored them and went straight into Freddy's home.

The man was currently getting it on with his wife. It had been some time since they had gotten intimate, and he was sure his wife was longing for it! The two of them had just gotten past the

There's No Use Crying Over Spilled Milk

foreplay and had yet to start doing anything when Herschel kicked the door open. Freddy was furious. "F*ck, who dares..."

He shut up when he saw the submachine gun in Herschel's hands. His wife, however, sat up from the bed, fuming. She really wanted to see who this blind b*stard was.

"Can't you see that I'm busy? Which mother*cker is it..."

Both of them paused mid-sentence. It was not that they did not want to finish their sentences, but they dared not to.

Freddy was well aware that something must have happened to the person he had ordered when he saw the submachine gun in Herschel's hands. He forced a smile and asked, "Mr. Kersey, what's the meaning of this? Is there some sort of misunderstanding?" When Javier extended his arm, Herschel passed the submachine gun to him. Javier went up to Freddy, aimed the gun at his groin, and fired two shots.

Freddy fell to his knees with a howl right away, his hands flying to his crotch in excruciation. He had not expected that he would lose his manliness today. It was even more unexpected that Javier would open fire-at his crotch, no less-without saying anything. Freddy's wife, on the other hand, yelped and cried out in fear before she threatened them." You're asking to die. I have family working with the police. I'll make sure you scumbags are caught!"

Scumbags? Javier chuckled when he heard the word. Scumbags? Freddy was no scumbag despite killing someone. She was no scumbag despite using her family connections to help Freddy with his illegal affairs. Yet he was a scumbag for taking revenge?

There was no way this made sense.

Hence, Javier approached Freddy's wife and perched the heated gunpoint of the submachine gun against her chest. The woman yowled from the burn and tried to pry the gun away, causing her hands to get burned instead. She felt like her chest was being cooked.

"Open up and show me," Javier told her.

Hurting and held at gunpoint, Freddy's wife did not dare resist or act brazen, so she could only open her mouth.

However, Javier spoke up instantly. "Not this mouth."

Freddy's wife flushed right away. Freddy had been her man her entire life, so she had never been with another person. She could not accept that Javier was teasing her so lewdly right now.

She was not the only one. Freddy could not accept it either. When he heard what Javier said, he threw himself at the latter in rage. Freddy used to be in gangs after all. He did not lack courage. It was just that his mind seemed to have stopped working

As a result, Javier shifted the gun and aimed it at Freddy's thigh. As shots were fired, Freddy

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fell to the floor, not getting up this time. Javier incapacitated the man's arms and leg after that.

Freddy, who had been rather bold, now lay limply on the floor like a dead dog. His wife, who had also been rather bold, was baffled. At that moment, she realized that Javier was not there to scare them. He was really there for revenge, and he was being very aggressive about it!

Freddy could not even compare to his fierceness. Perhaps, Freddy did not even deserve to be compared to him! Raising the submachine gun, Javier aimed at Freddy's head. Then, the man's wife spoke up. "I'll open up, I'll open up. Let him go. I'll open up. I'll do everything you ask for. I can do anything you want. Just please let him go." Javier chuckled upon hearing that. – "Freddy's life isn't worth much based on what you said, is it? One f*ck with you and he'll be

pardoned... "Are you worth that much? Are you made of gold, or do you perhaps have diamonds studded on you?" Freddy's wife was red in the face. She did not know how to answer, so she parted her legs, giving in to Javier's earlier request.

Javier looked at the woman. She looked decent, and her figure was okay, so he glanced at Herschel. The latter nodded. It was obvious that he found Freddy's wife decent as well.

Javier then tossed the submachine gun on the table beside them and left the bedroom. "Finish the job. I'll make arrangements to take care of the remaining matters." "Thank you, boss!" Herschel, who was thrilled, pounced on Freddy's wife right in front of the man. Freddy wanted to fight and did his best as he lay on the floor, but he could do nothing when his limbs were crippled. "Javier, Javier Kersey, you f*cking b*stard! You mother*cker..." Freddy shouted insults, but there was no response. Instead, he was greeted by his wife's pained and satisfied sounds, feeling regret rushing through him. If only he had held his rage back and not taken revenge on Javier after the latter had

come to him last time, if only he had not provoked Javier from the beginning...However, there was no use crying over spilled milk now!

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 729 ReadOnline

Chapter 729 Father and Son, Hand in Hand Javier got into his Mercedes-Benz G500 after leaving Freddy's place and drove on the road merrily. His car had been wrecked by Freddy previously, and he needed a vehicle to move around, so this G500 was selected.

While he was driving, he pulled some strings and called to get relevant personnel to take care of what had happened today. After all, a shooting was not something petty, so it needed to be handled thoroughly.

There was nothing special about it to Javier, though. He did not have to be magnanimous when this man wanted his life.

Later in the afternoon, Javier went back to the company. Just as he went up the building, Herschel called him.

"There's been an explosion caused by a gas leak, but Freddy Russo's wife wasn't killed. "Don't worry, boss. I'll handle her properly. She won't get a chance to talk." It was Herschel's business how he wanted to play this game. After all, he had not had enough fun. Javier did not care. He only had one warning for Herschel — "Don't cause me trouble."

"Got it. Don't worry, boss!"

Javier returned to his office after ending the call with Herschel, but before he even reached the door, he could not help having some thoughts when he saw Grace sitting in her chair and working in concentration.

Since the idea popped up in his mind, it was inevitable that he would have to do something about it...

Javier took Grace home after he had supper with her. He did not go back to his place afterward. Instead, he went to Kira's.

Charlie had gone home now and was still acting like a boss there. It was too bad that Kira no longer paid him any attention. She had already turned her back to Zac, so why would she care about his son?

When Charlie had called her a wh*re out of anger just now, Kira had repaid him with over ten slaps. Charlie shut up after that, realizing that Kira was no longer the pushover

who used to put up with him. He did not understand how things had turned out like this. Then, someone knocked on the door and entered directly.

Charlie was furious when he saw Javier and Kira kissing right in front of him.

“You’re f*cking cheating on my dad. You b*tch, I knew you were nothing but a wh*re!”

While Charlie ran his mouth, Javier stopped kissing Kira and kept her in his arms as he told Charlie, “Since we’re classmates, I suggest you shut your mouth, or you won’t have it easy for the rest of your life.”

When There’s Trouble. Handle it

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 730 ReadOnline

Chapter 730 When There’s Trouble, Handle it A while later, Herschel arrived at Charlie’s residence and hauled the b*stard right out of there. Kira gawked, feeling stupefied. She had not expected Javier’s underling to be someone so highly effective and efficient. They were both so quick at their job that they did not even pause to think about what was next for her.

“I’m sorry! Pleaseeeeeee...Put me down and let me go! I won’t do it again

”

Charlie’s howl faded into the distance. Kira then turned to Javier, looking bemused. “What now? What about me?”

Javier met her eyes. “What do you think?”

Kira had no idea. She knew she was unworthy of becoming Javier’s girlfriend. In other words, she had now been emancipated. “I can be your sex toy,” she said. “Anytime you’re itching for me, I’ll come to you as soon as I can. Anytime you don’t wanna see my face, I won’t appear within a mile’s radius. I mean it.”

Javier liked how self-aware she was, though her answer made him chuckle. “That’s quite the hyperbole there. You can always give me a call whenever you have a problem you need to solve. I don’t just mean problems in your life-I also mean problems regarding things that are even more banal than that.”

Kira’s cheeks flushed pink, but she was secretly super happy. Although she was unworthy to rise to the rank of his girlfriends, he was at least not going to make her his sex slave. Being allowed to call him anytime she wanted was a most honorable privilege.

Just look at how easily Javier spent hundreds of millions of dollars. No common person could possibly do it, so Javier could not possibly be normal...

Kira's thoughts had to be cut short. Javier had laid down on the couch, beckoning to her to sit on his face. What followed was so predictable that Kira could see it coming even with her eyes closed.

Javier and Kira enjoyed themselves very much that night.

He thought about sleeping in Zodiac's house, with Zodiac's wife, while Zodiac himself was being forcefully taken away by Herschel's men. Did this make Javier a big meanie?

He woke up late the next morning and asked the very sexy Kira next to him, "Am I a meanie? I screwed you inside out while I screwed Zodiac through my men. He must be really p*ssed at me, huh?"

"Believe it or not, neither of those things is what's gonna push his buttons," she replied. "It's the fact that he doesn't even know who you are despite being so royally screwed."

Javier nodded in assent. "Wow. I'm a bad, bad guy."

Kira laughed. She rolled and threw herself at him, breathing, "I'm crazy about bad, bad guys."

When There's Trouble, Handle it

The lecherous look in her eyes and the lust in her breath...were both sweet and intoxicating. The moan she emitted a second later was even sweeter.

Javier had no class that morning, so he stayed at her home the entire day, and Kira served him lunch she personally prepared. It was fine, though one might have hoped her culinary skills would match her beauty. Luckily for them, Javier was not the type to care about food. As long as it filled his stomach, it was fine!

He chatted with Kira for a bit after that and then drove to campus.

Meanwhile, Zodiac found himself shoved into a luxury van.

Bemused, he had been wondering if he had somehow offended someone important. Why else would he end up like this, bound and shoved into an unknown car?

Zodiac never got an answer, though seeing his son with him reinforced his surprise. He quickly asked Charlie about it, but the young man stammered and mumbled unintelligible words through his teeth.

Following Javier's orders, Herschel told Zodiac everything that had happened.

Learning the extent of the bane Charlie's pigheadedness had invited to the point that he, who was supposed to be uninvolved, had been dragged into it-immediately made Zodiac's blood boil. His eyes widened in rage, and his face twisted with intensity.

He knew it. The person behind his capture would have never picked a fight with him without a reason.

Charlie's face was instantly brutalized by his father's incessant, whip-like slaps. "You f*cking waste of space! How did any of my sperm turn into a sh*tty trouble-making loser like you?! You are f*cking doing me in!" A round of parental violence later, Zodiac turned to Herschel. He would not admit it, but if he could, he would confess that the person he loathed the most was not his son at all. It was Javier, the piece of sh*t who had stolen both his house and his woman. Still, Zodiac harbored no illusions concerning his current state. His priority now was leaving that place in one piece. Revenge could come later.

Thus, he thought for a moment.

"Listen, my man. You know, we don't actually share enmity with one another, do we?" Zodiac said to Herschel. "You're just carrying out orders in exchange for cash, man. I know, brother. That's why I think we can get out of this in a mutually beneficial way. I'll give you 1.5 million to let us go. I promise you, you'll never see us again. We'll disappear, go somewhere we're completely unheard of, and live invisibly, as though we never existed. How's that sound?"

Herschel waved his Bugatti car keys. "1.5 million is too little, wouldn't you agree?"

Zodiac was no car person, so the question evaded him. Charlie, though, knew what he meant. Quaking, he clarified for his father. This car is worth more than 3 million before any specifications."

SEE when neres Trouble, Handle it

Zodiac was stunned. His net worth was only about 10 million. In contrast, this underling drove a car worth 3 mil. Offering a bribe of 1.5 million to someone like that was like telling a joke and being the punchline! Regardless, Zodiac was not content being a sitting duck either. He kept upping the offer until he finally reached 7 million dollars. He was about to add more when Herschel waved and stopped him. "Please. My boss could give me an allowance of a hundred million if I asked. Any amount you have is like a beggar's money. P*ss off, man. "Besides, even if my boss didn't pay me a dime, I wouldn't betray him. So there, save your breath and just stop. You'd actually elicit more of a reaction if the two of you literally kissed each other's *ss. Maybe then you'd be too occupied to go looking for trouble." Herschel got out of the car on that high note and dismissed the men just like that.

Zodiac slumped against his seat, feeling stunned. He had been hoping to pay Javier back in kind, but now, he saw how impossible that was. His attention was turned to Charlie, and his blood boiled.

He raised his foot and kicked him hard, shrieking, "If it weren't for you, you bratty piece of sh*t, I wouldn't be this f*cked! You! Why the f*ck didn't I just leave you on the f*cking street to die?! Why the f*ck are you even my son?!" Nobody knew why. Javier certainly did not care why either. All he knew was that if someone posed a problem to him, he would deal with them.

The same philosophy could be applied to the guy standing before him.

"So you're that Xavier, right? Surprise, surprise... You're just a punk-*ss brat! But boy, you think you're some hot sh*t because you seduced my mate's woman, don't you? Is that a death wish or a cry for help?"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 731 ReadOnline

Chapter 731 Don't Like How This Ended? Come Try Me Again Javier had no idea who his unofficial greeter standing by the gate was. Judging from the way he stood, though, he might be an experienced fighter.

That was the thing that stuck out like a sore thumb to him. Which one of his many, many women had a guy who seemed like a trained fighter?

Javier did not have to wait long. The man wasted no time making a grand introduction with no reservations for his identity. "I'm Guy Metz! That guy in prison whose wife you brazenly slept with? That's right, punk-Logan Armstrong is my bro! You slept with his wife? You got a death wish, buddy?"

"Let me be frank with you, twerp. You're lucky you were born in modern times, because if we were back in the good old days, I'd execute you myself. You'd taste my ax as though it's the last meal you'd ever have!" he snarled. "If anything gives me eye cancer, it's wealthy pigs like you. Y'all are like a dog's breakfast after a night of sitting in its gut. I wouldn't even think of dirtying my shoes with the likes of you normally. But since a piece of sh*t like you is actually seducing my bro's wife, you leave me no choice!"

This Guy Metz fellow sure had a whole speech prepared. He had been blabbering since he'd appeared nonstop. Javier watched the man's mouth flapping open once more and cut him short. "Doesn't your mouth get tired from yammering that much?"

Guy was miffed. He had come here to avenge his mate-not to stand and get dissed by some brat! Clenching his fists in rage, he bristled, "Fine, then! I'll let my knuckles do all

the talking from now on-the same knuckles who made Guy Metz the indisputable boxing champion of all six states of East China! Get a mouthful of this!"

He raised his fists and assumed a stance before his entire bravado crumbled, his knees buckling to cover his manhood. His hands had moved to cover it too.

Javier had struck the spot between his legs with a swing of his leg while the man was busy assuming his stance. Since Javier had put all of his strength into the hit, Guy almost fainted from the jolt of agony erupting from below. Guy was bathing in cold sweat as Javier lit a cigarette and blew a mouthful of smoke in his direction. "That's it, Mr. Champion-Boxer-of-All-Six-East-Chinean-States? You're a joke. Can't even dodge literally the first kick I threw! How the hell did you even win your matches? Or is the name of your backwater town 'All Six States of East China'?"

Javier's putdown rubbed salt on Guy's wound. Rage then bubbled inside of him. In all of his boxing matches, the fight only began when the bell rang. No one was ever dishonorable enough to deal a sneak attack before the fight was meant to begin. Hell, there were rules in the ring, and kicking someone's groin was a cheap shot below the belt. Literally! Pleased with the way he mocked him, Javier flicked his finger against Guy's forehead and turned away with his hands stuck in his pockets.

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Guy was infuriated. He would have never let Javier leave if his groin was not screaming in pain and his legs were not threatening to stop working altogether. "You f*cking twerp! You wait just you wait! I'll teach you a lesson with my bare knuckles!"

Guy's jeremiad raged on. Javier was too cool to care for any of that, though, so he did not even turn back to spare him a look. It was all so useless and stupid. The way Javier saw it, this Guy Metz was one of those typical fighting dumb*sses who were only good at fighting in a ring. All that boxing must have damaged the critical thinking part of his brain, and someone else had taken advantage of his guilelessness. Javier could easily picture Guy visiting Cher's husband in prison, where the latter had then told him about Javier and Cher. As a simpleton who thought being good at fighting automatically made him a hero, he simply had to avenge his mate's honor.

Unfortunately for Guy, the enemy he was facing was no ordinary man he had ever met before. Javier had always been too cool for rules! And now, there was no doubt that Guy's hurting balls were a testament to how above-the-rules Javier was.

Back in class, Javier was about to begin his lesson when his phone suddenly rang. It was Grace Jones.

"Back to ask for more so soon? I remember you telling me to stop and show mercy last night pretty loudly, though. Or have you gotten addicted to my services?"

Grace was embarrassed. "What are you on about, sir? I'm calling you to talk about one of our latest PR activities, okay? You know, the fashion show? You've been asked to handle this personally, right?"

Javier knew what she was talking about. He was the one who had told the company to leave the selection of the modeling company to him. "Sure. Set up a time for me. I'll be in my office some time around late afternoon."

Grace then reminded him of the welcome party being hosted tonight-an event that would have been pushed to the back of Javier's skull had she not reminded him.

"Right, right. I got it. I will leave the selection of my outfit in your capable hands."

With that order, Javier hung up and began his lesson, even though he knew he was not there to learn about history or whatever was in those pages. He was there on an undercover mission to find one of the Raiders. It did not matter how hard he searched or how wide he cast his net. That mysterious member simply refused to leave any leads or clues. This lack of a result was pretty dispiriting. Since the member's identity was still a mystery, Javier would be stuck cosplaying as a student forever, right?

Javier ruminated on it all afternoon. When his class was over and he was about to leave, Cher suddenly appeared and stood in his way.

"Guy Metz is a real boxing pro," she said. "Be careful."

Javier waved her away. He was sure he could kick Guy's loins for the second time if he wanted

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1. Still, he was happy to accept Cher's concern, and he showed his gratitude by running his hands over her body. "I'm a real pro at something else. You know what I mean," he teased. "So maybe you should be careful!" She glared at him. "You're unbelievable." The glare she gave him was so seductive! If he had the luxury of time on his side, Javier would love to hoist her up in his arms and enter the young woman right now while he admired the look on her face. Just the thought excited him!

Alas, he did not have the time. He had a lot on his plate that afternoon, so he had to delay this until later at night. "You are coming to my house tonight. Tonight, I'm f*cking you, Miss Cortez."

He was so direct about his want that Cher felt her cheeks burning. Javier always made it a point to address her like a student would a teacher before these heart-throbbing, teasing remarks! It really embarrassed her, even though she was very excited about tonight. Javier left Cher's office and went straight to the gate. What he did not expect

was to see Guy Metz waiting for him right outside. This time, Guy looked infuriated and pumped up right from the bat, his legs shutting tight in an obvious attempt to prevent having his nuts attacked

again.

“Listen, Xavier twerp. I swear I’ll knock the living daylight out of you today so you’ll finally understand what it means to face-the-boxing-champion!” he announced. Javier stared at him. Guy glared back. His eyes were filled with pugnacity, and he did not show the slightest aversion to his enemy’s stare.

Then, Javier cried, “Help! Officer, someone’s trying to beat me up!”

Guy was stunned. He was looking for an officer? What was this-his inner child showing up at the height of his fear? He turned, baffled, to see where a cop might be, but there was none.

Oh, sh*t. Guy knew what was coming next and tried to avoid it. Unfortunately, the same excruciating agony seized him between his legs just in time. His legs practically quaked. “F* ck! F*ck, f*ck, f*ck! You f*cking dishonorable twerp!” Guy would have hurled more insults had the pain in his nuts not gotten to his ability to speak! But as beads of cold sweat rolled down his forehead like a drizzle, it was obvious just how much torment he was going through. Javier flicked Guy’s forehead loudly. “On the other hand, I swear you’ll keep having your balls damaged every time you try me. Don’t believe me? Bring it on!”

With that, Javier whistled smugly and turned away, leaving Guy, whose rage and pain made him look almost blue.

What the f*ck, man? Not even a pair of steel balls would be able to weather being kicked twice in a day!

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 732 ReadOnline

Chapter 732 The Young, Dashing, Accomplished Chairman Javier rushed to the company as soon as he left the campus. It was noon, so he invited Grace to have lunch with him.

The young woman said yes this time based on one single fact: Javier had a packed schedule awaiting him after that afternoon, so he could not possibly find the time for another one of his sexual advances. Unfortunately for her, even while they were in the restaurant’s private VIP room, waiting for the food to be served, Javier reached under the table, opened her legs wide, and enjoyed his alternative appetizer.

It lasted only a few minutes, but it was enough to make her wash over with shame. Panicking, she cried, "What are you even doing, Mr. Kersey?! Why do you keep...doing this? It's not sanitary!" "Then improve your vaginal hygiene, okay? Besides, I personally think it's pretty palatable." The embarrassment Grace felt could incinerate her right there and then. Thanks to her boss, a few clean pairs of underwear had become part of her handbag's arsenal nowadays. She could not possibly get by with just the one she put on before she went to work. To her relief, Javier did not do anything worse after that. Their lunch was normal, with him giving orders to Grace between bites. When the meal was over and their agenda had been discussed, Javier and Grace got up and left to head to their destination.

They got out of the car and stood outside the entrance. Then, suddenly, a white Ferrari tore through the road leading to the building before whirring to a stop. A young man disembarked, his voice loud as he greeted Grace. "Hey there, beautiful! I didn't even know a premium sweetheart like you was available here!"

Javier turned toward the voice. The young man sprung toward Grace and dismissed Javier altogether, extending his hand for the young woman to shake. "Hi, I'm Vic Bate, son of one Randall Bate. My pa is an investor of Parrson Group," he said. "What's your name, beautiful?"

Grace disliked people like him. She disliked wealthy show-offs. Javier was wealthy too, yes, and he liked to use her in ways that embarrassed her so much she could die, but Javier was different. He was reliable, stable, and he never bullied any common folk in contempt. He was like those other people too. She had seen it that one time by accident, when Javier had helped the cleaning lady empty the trash.

No one else had been around at the time, and she had only seen it because she had raised her head at the right time. Therefore, she believed it was proof of Javier's decency. It was the kind of premium decency that people like Vic Bate could never possibly match.

Seeing Grace ignoring him before sidling closer to Javier predictably irritated him. Scanning him coldly, he asked, "And who the hell are you? Some greenhorn?"

Javier rarely showed up in person. Even if he did, he was regularly cooped up in his office, so not a lot of people knew him.

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Vic was one of those who did not know him. Either way, being the son of a rich investor had granted him an inflated sense of pomp and prestige, so he hardly saw any reason to respect Javier.

Javier leered at Vic and his puffed-up chest for a second before dismissing him completely. He snaked his arm around Grace's hourglass waist and started toward the main door. Vic was a small fry; he did not deserve wasting even a second of Javier's precious time.

The small fry himself had limited awareness of his unimportance. To him, Javier's flat-out dismissal was fuel on his growing flames. "Why, you arrogant b*stard! You think you're some hot sh*t, don't you? No one in Parrson has ever dared act like I'm not worth their time, yet you've decided I'm invisible to you already? Where is this cockiness coming from? Fancy yourself the son of God? I never understood how idiots with zero self-awareness like you ever got into this company. I'm gonna have to grill HR for this gross oversight. They should have at least given mugshots of grunts like you to us higher-up members so we can decide who deserves to be let in!"

Vic's arrogance was so overt that Javier had no choice but to teach him a lesson lest the small fry's distorted self-perception continued. "So, Vic Bate, right?"

"Excuse me? Since when have I given you permission to call me by my name?" he thundered. "Let me tell you something. If you wanna steer clear of my wrath, you better not p*ss me off. You can start by calling me Master Bate."

Master Bate? This guy? Not even Renly White had the audacity to refer to himself like that. But this nobody thought he deserved to be treated like a prince!

"Wooooow. 'Master.' Sounds like you wanna live the life of a b*tchy princess to me. Okay, then. As you wish," Javier replied flatly before he beckoned to Grace to follow him, ignoring Vic completely once more.

Funnily enough, Vic stopped him for the third time that day, shrieking, "How dare you disrespect me! So help me God, I'm gonna-"

Javier's impatience had reached a breaking point. Who the f*ck was this guy and what the f*ck was wrong with his brain? Getting in his way three times in a row? What was this, some kind of death wish?

He grabbed Vic by his neck, clenched his right hand into a fist, and began to pommel him with a barrage of punches. Then, finally, he shoved the guy's head onto the PVC glass hard. It did not shatter, but Vic's head was a lot less sturdy. He slumped against the glass, blacking out.

"Who the f*ck was this about? A dumb*ss who doesn't know when to appreciate someone's politeness and leave!" Javier sneered. He left Vic where he was and finally went upstairs to his office with Grace.

Work quickly occupied his mind as soon as he entered the workplace. Grace found it all too easy to push everything about Vic Bate to the back of her head too. So what if he

was the son of some investor? The guy who was sitting on that chair was the chairman himself! Grace might

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not have acclimated herself to every single detail of Reivaj' bureaucracy, but she was pretty sure a chairman was more powerful than an investor.

Later that afternoon, after being rescued and nursed back to consciousness, Vic threw a hissy fit so big that it could tear Parrson's office in half. He had never seen someone so lacking in deference that he thought it was okay for him to sock his better in the face right at the front door! Some gigantic pair this greenhorn had-so gigantic that Vic vowed he was going to break them, dull Javier's spirit, and annihilate him! Of course, that was what he screamed about in his office. He never quite got to know who Grace or Javier were. A visit to the security room had yielded no clues, because it was under maintenance today. The cameras had not been working.

This turn of events miffed Vic. The only chance he had left was to wait for the welcome party tonight. He was sure that that offending piece of filth would appear with Grace at the party thrown for the new chairman. This way, he would be able to identify his offender. Then, it would be payback time! "Ha! Just you wait! I'm gonna screw you tonight! While Vic eagerly anticipated the evening, Javier-the offender in question-could not care less. It was just a welcoming party, after all. There was nothing remotely worth his interest in that.

What he was more interested in was the boss of the modeling company who would be working with them.

His guest had not been tardy at all. Ten minutes before their scheduled meeting at 2 p.m, she arrived. It was an opportune time to appear too, because it showed sincerity without appearing ingratiating.

At least, that was what Bella Greene thought.

A secretary led the way to Javier's office, where Bella finally met her business partner. What surprised her was the chairman's youth. Javier was only in his twenties. According to her own research, the chairman was someone pretty young, but she had thought that meant someone in his thirties. Javier's youth really shocked her! In fact, the first thing she did was stop in shock in her tracks, feeling a little confused. Javier raised his head, glanced at Bella, and turned back to his document to pen his signature. "Am I too young to be your business partner? If yes, you may leave. I won't try to keep you." Javier's cool, calm, and collected remark drew Bella out of her shock. She smiled, hurrying toward Javier and extending her fair, supple hand.

"Quite the contrary, sir. You're as young as you are dashing and accomplished."

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 733 ReadOnline

Chapter 733 And Now, We Welcome-the Chairman! Admittedly, Bella Greene was an exceptionally beautiful woman who could make people stop what they were doing and stare in a trance. Then, they would notice her hot figure and be even more amazed. As the CEO of a modeling company, it only made sense that she had some of the greatest looks and shapes.

Judging by how she was handling their talk, Bella was no slouch in diplomatic work either. Everything, down to her manner of speech, showed great skills.

Javier put down his pen after signing the paper and held her hand for a shake. "You flatter me, Miss Greene. Please take a seat."

Both of them made themselves comfortable while Grace left to prepare some refreshments. While they waited, Javier and Bella began to talk. It was the first time the latter ever talked to her, but by God, he was amazing. Everything he said made 100% sense in accuracy and meaning, and the manner he projected reminded her of respectable leadership.

His spectacular excellence was evident in the shock Bella freely displayed. She was completely taken by the ingenious dream Javier's amazing speech had weaved, her imagination automatically manifesting the scenes the way he described them until a complete picture of the fashion show took form.

So powerful! So haute! So amazing! She turned to Grace. "Gracey, your boss is soooooo amazing!"

"Gracey?" Javier parroted, looking mildly shocked. It sounded as though these two actually knew each other.

It was true. Grace quickly explained, "Um, this...is my cousin."

Javier reeled back in realization. "Interesting referral choice, Grace. You clearly didn't pass up a chance to recommend your cousin when I needed a modeling company. I consider this a display of confidence?"

A look of embarrassment shadowed Grace's complexion. It was, admittedly, exactly what she had thought. "I'm sorry, Mr. Kersey. I'll admit there was a little bit of self-promoting to this, but I can vouch for my cousin's quality. She's the best in town-"

Javier smiled and waved her explanation away. "No need to clarify; I was just saying. I trust you, and you should trust me too. If Miss Greene's company fails to meet my expectations, I won't work with her, that's all."

Javier's remark sounded casual and unassuming, but Bella thought it was the coolest and most amazing answer ever. He simultaneously alleviated Grace's worries while reminding her that she should only care about quality over who was behind it. Of course, that would work to Bella's favor, because her company was a legitimate, quality modeling company and not some sham front for call girls.

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Javier and Bella talked a lot more, and then Bella left.

He was looking for prospective business partners, so he had to talk to more than one option. While he interviewed others, Bella started chatting with Grace. "Your chairman is sooooo cool and amazing, Gracey! He looks like he's in his 20s, but he talks and acts with wisdom beyond his years!"

"Oh yes, our chairman is really amazing and ingenious. There is nothing he cannot do. Even the general manager, Derek Goodwin, is very impressed with him." Bella had heard of Derek Goodwin. He was known for being an amazingly hard worker. Anyone who could impress Derek had to be someone extraordinary, someone who was above common

folks.

"That's good to hear. You should give your all when working for him too. I personally think well of your boss. He's not impatient, he's not arrogant, and he's a good leader. If possible, I'd love to have him as my cousin-in-law!" Bella said. "I mean, are you done being a virgin? You're a 23-year-old woman with zero experience in bed. Aren't you embarrassed?"

Grace's cheeks burned pink. She glared at Bella wordlessly and went upstairs, walking back to her office. As the chairman's secretary, she still had to work!

Javier exhausted his afternoon seeing every representative of the shortlisted modeling companies. After thorough consideration, he decided that Bella's company was the most competent and delivered his verdict. He informed Grace of his decision while the latter passed him the white tuxedo he was to wear for the upcoming banquet.

"Mr. Kersey, this is the custom-made suit I ordered for you. If it doesn't fit, say the word and I'll have it altered.

Javier put it on. It fit him nicely. He could see that Grace had put a lot of effort into it. It was very good—a fitting getup for sure. Therefore, he wore it

By the time they had everything handled, almost every guest had arrived. Javier and Grace had come together, which provided ample chances for him to kiss Grace's ruby lips and tease her until her cheeks were visibly blushing.

Vic Bate had been sitting in his corner, his eyes never once leaving those two. He had not forgotten the man who had shaken him out of his senses at all. "F*ck these two-wait till they announce your names. I'll destroy those people!"

He was in the middle of his rant when his father, Randall Bate, approached him. He was an investor, so many attendants had made it a point to greet him wherever he went. Randall himself responded with smiles and a cheery spirit before finally meeting his son and noticing the blue-black splotches all over his face. He felt a pang in his chest and asked, "Who did this to you?" Vic told his father everything, and Randall was incensed. "B*stard! A lowly employee dared go up against their superior and better? Such an ingrate, this man! Where's the head of security? Take that b*stard down and tell him he will answer to me. If he fails to give me a good reason,

Chester 733 And Now, We Welcome the chairman

he'll be fired!"

As an investor, Randall had a magisterial air about him. When the head of security came as told, he harangued the poor fellow before giving his order. "Find the two pr*cks who did this tonight, or you're fired!"

The man was dismayed. He was not the offender, and yet Randall lambasted him as though he were. Besides, Vic had always been an arrogant *sshole begging to be punched. Anyone could be the man who had snapped and done it!

Not that he dared make his opinion known. Resigning himself to his bad luck, the man could only hope he could locate the offender soon enough.

It was at that moment that Derek got up on the stage and broke the ice with an opening speech that lasted about three minutes. Then, he announced, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we welcome the chairman of Parrson Group, Mr. Javier Kersey!"

Javier appeared from the back of the stage to rumbling applause. Vic sank in his chair, looking aghast. He could not believe it. The guy who had offended him today was the new chairman?!

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 734 ReadOnline

Chapter 734 This Is Basically Suicide Vic was too shocked to react. He had not imagined that the guys he had been obsessively looking for as soon as he had returned to his senses would be the new chairman and his secretary. Naturally, this meant he had to abandon his search. Arrogant as he was, Vic was not stupid enough to think knocking on the chairman's door would be a good idea at all.

He would have never realized that the woman he had been flirting with was the chairman's secretary and the chairman was the one who had punched him. Worst of all, he had even paraded around in front of the chairman as though he owned the company, telling him that Vic was the one who called the shots...

Randall elbowed his son. "What are you staring at? Everyone's clapping. You have to clap!" Even if he wanted to, Vic could not bring himself to do it. Feeling disconcerted, he replied, "I found the guy who punched me." Randall stopped clapping. "Who is it?" he bristled. "Tell me and I'll tear him apart!" "It's the chairman."

"Who?"

Randall was shocked. After he had announced his intention to teach his son's offender a lesson, it turned out that the b*stard was their chairman. He was stupefied, as he had never imagined that his brat would manage to offend the chairman of all people.

The lights were bright and colorful as they shone on the red carpet unfurled for the new chairman. Without further ado, Javier stepped onto the stage amid this applause. He took the podium and projected a cool, calm, and collected air as he scanned the crowd below.

He noticed the dumbstruck Randall and Vic slumping against his chair as though his bones had turned into jelly.

After surveying them all, Javier returned to the paper placed on the gift table next to him. It was his prepared speech for the event. He picked it up and tore it to pieces, then tossed it into the air. The pieces floated down like snow in the light.

He looked at the crowd and said, "I just tore the speech prepared for me, but you all know what was in it. Thanks for your support.' 'I hope we'll work together for a brighter tomorrow.

Platitudes like that. I don't like reading speeches, so I'll talk about something else instead. Something that happened this evening around the entrance of the office."

Javier took out a cigarette and lit it. This contradicted public decorum, especially when everyone was watching him, but Javier had always been too cool for rules. He scanned his audience and continued, telling them that Vic had flirted with his secretary earlier and how arrogant he had been.

"I told myself, 'Well, he's a punk. He doesn't know better. I should give him a chance. Then, I realized I can't, because this guy told me Parrson Group was his turf and he's the king of the

place! Wow, what a boasting bad*ss! I'm the chairman and even I wouldn't claim such a thing. This guy, though? He spoke like it was his palace. So cool. So ballsy!"

He threw his half-lit cigarette right at Vic with amazing precision. "So, Master Bate! As the new chairman of Parrson Group, please let me ask you: What were you thinking?"

The embers of the cigarette scorched his forehead and singed a lock of his hair, but Vic said nothing. He simply rose to his feet, cupping his forehead like a student about to be disciplined in public.

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Randall jumped up from his seat. He had not imagined these defiant words of treason had come out of his son's lips. Prior to knowing the identity of the person who had slighted the chairman, Randall had been wondering what kind of insolent, inferior person that guy might be. The fact that it was his son was just... He was enraged. What was this stupid brat thinking?! This was basically suicide! He kicked Vic under the table, signaling for his dumbstruck son to apologize right away. The latter understood and began with a quaking voice. "I'm s-s-s-sorry, Mr. Kersey! I didn't know you were the chairman." "No, Master Bate. You're sorry you were caught saying the things you've always said in front of me. Isn't that right?" Javier sneered, smirking.

Vic opened his mouth to utter an excuse, but Javier did not want to hear it. "Master Bate was truly welcoming. It was the first time we met, and yet he greeted me with this magnificent speech about how he was the master and I should address him as such! So, Master Bate, maybe you'd like to repeat what you told me this evening for the benefit of everyone present?"

Randall felt like crying. This stupid, braindead, arrogant brat was basically suicidal! How could he say something so disrespectful?! He got to his feet. "Mr. Kersey, please! I'm sure he didn't mean this —".

"No?" Javier smirked and snapped his fingers. "Mr. Goodwin, where's the evidence again? The one that turned up after I told you to run a thorough check on every staff member, please. Since the senior makes it sound as though they are just honest, good people, let's call him out on the carpet. Let's see how much he's embezzled from the company all these years!"

Randall turned as white as a sheet. His frame slumped against his chair as his legs lost their strength. He understood what this meant. This newly-elected chairman was brandishing his shiny silver sword...

That night, Javier recited every sin Randall had committed before the crowd. To Derek, this was hardly news. He had investigated Randall before, but no one had supported him because no one had dared raise a finger against him. But today was different. Javier was with him, and his intention to evict Randall Bate was loud and clear.

The accused could try to call on divine intervention and still not save his skin!

Randall fell, his frame collapsing into that of a man marked for execution. He had lost even the strength to beg for mercy. The only thought he had was why. Why did his stupid brat have to

Chapter 734 This Is Basically Suicide

cross Javier of all people?

It was basically an act of suicide! Vic finally understood the gravity of their predicament. His knees buckled, and he started begging Javier for forgiveness. It was a sight to behold. A showboating, bullying *ss and little tyrant-wannabe on his knees, in public, sniveling and begging for mercy! It could even bring a bystander to tears. Vic had simply never expected this to happen. He used to be king, and now his head had been served on a silver platter! Who could have known? "Security? Take these two down. Mr. Goodwin? Bring the evidence to the authorities. Let it be known from this day onward that Parrson Group does not put up with impudent and lawless behavior!"

For most of the audience, tonight was the first time they ever got to meet their new chairman.

They had not expected him to pull out such a deterrent stunt right off the bat. But the new leader showed no reservations. He had evidence and he had removed the Bates straight away, sending them to prison right there and then. It was frightening for them. Suddenly, it felt as though their necks were on the guillotine. They could not tell when the blade would fall and get stained with their blood.

Fear motivated them to double down on their welcoming spirit. They cheered, clapped, and lavished Javier with praise for his magnificence. Secretly, though, they drew panicked breaths, feeling scared They had mistaken Javier's youth for naivety. What he had done tonight, though, displayed a cold, steely edge instead.

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 735 ReadOnline

Chapter 735 We Shall See How Rich You Really Are The banquet ended, and the Bates were taken away by the cops. As the attendees dispersed, they had lost any mirth they had felt at the beginning and now treated their new chairman with only respect and deference.

Javier returned to his office, where Derek gave him a thumbs-up. "That was incredible, sir! Just like that, you made them all defer to you like loyal subjects!"

While the Bates were the ones being expelled, the entire act doubled as a deterrent for the rest of the company. He was showing his inferiors that he could easily dismiss a powerful investor of the company if he saw fit. What chance did those who had even less power have?

Javier might not care about whatever meager profits Parsson Group could make, but he definitely would not sit on his hands and watch his underlings break the rules. He was sure that after his stunt, these people would learn to behave themselves.

He talked to Derek for a bit longer before leaving the building altogether. He then decided to drive Grace home on his way back. "Anyone home tonight?" he asked while they were on their way. Grace immediately turned bright pink. "My brother! Uh, my brother is," she fibbed hurriedly. Javier hummed noncommittally and said nothing. Perhaps he believed her? They then reached her apartment, where Javier stopped the car, disembarked, and offered to walk her to her unit. Alarmed, Grace cried, "My brother is at home, sir! Please!"

He nodded. "I know. That's why I wanna come. I wanna talk to your brother, see. If he's not around, then I'll just head back to my car."

"Wait, what?" Grace was stunned. Had she known this was his intention from the start, she would have told the truth. But now? Well, she felt curious. Why did he need to see her brother?

"Because I wanna ask him if he's okay with me being his brother-in-law, duh. If he's not okay with it, though, I'll just bribe him into saying yes." Grace was embarrassed. Seriously. What kind of times were they living in? Making someone their in-law just because that guy could force them with money? Most importantly, her brother was not home at all. It had been a lie!

Grace hesitated. She would not go upstairs with him until she finally came clean. "Oh, I misremembered. He's in the hospital with mom."

Of course, the ever-smart Javier had already seen through her paper-thin lie. A wide grin formed on his lips. "Oh, that's even better! That means I can sleep with you tonight."

Grace's nerves were frazzled. That was not what she wanted at all! Just the thing he had done to her earlier today had been almost unbearable. To do that for an entire night? It would be

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painful!

However, things then went differently than what she had expected. While Javier had his arm wrapped around her hourglass waist, someone suddenly shouted from afar, "Hey, what are you doing?! Let Grace go!" Javier froze. He turned around and saw a young man around his age. Grace noticed him too and looked surprised. "Xander? When did you come back? I thought you went to some other city for work!"

Xander Peregrini had been Grace's neighbor since she was just a kid. He had always had a crush on her, though the young woman had never given him even the slightest chance. Still, the kid had never really given up on his dream girl. He always thought of her, even when he was away. It had been his goal to work hard and make as much money as he could so that he would finally have the financial standing to deserve her.

He had managed to make some money, but a fortune? Hardly. At most, he had only managed to earn about 3,000 to 5,000 dollars a year, which was just too meager to mean jack. Then, Lady Luck had given him a hand—he had won 450,000 in a lottery.

He was rich enough now! Therefore, he had hurried back to his old home, ready to face Grace and finally, finally He had not expected the young woman to surprise him before he said anything. Grace had a boyfriend now. Not just a boyfriend—some annoying guy who had his arms around her waist and over her shoulders and whatnot! It pissed Xander off, so he loudly told Javier to let go.

After hearing who Xander was, Javier laughed, looking clearly amused. Instead of letting her go, he tightened his grip around her. "Listen, man. I'm doing this in full transparency, okay? Do I look like I'm harassing her like an *sshole? On what grounds are you demanding that I let

go?»

Xander found himself at a loss for words. He did not really know what to say to that.

Then, he thought about his new financial gains and decided, screw it, he was going to double down even if it made him seem unreasonable. "I don't care, okay? I just want you to let her go at once! B-Before I suffocate you with my wealth!"

Ooh, scary! Javier had never seen a puppy bark before. This little guy thought he could suffocate Javier with his money! "Do you know who I am, buddy? You really think you can do that?"

Xander was enraged. "I don't give a f*ck, man! You can't be richer than I am anyway! I'm warning you—let her go, or I'll use my money! You'll regret this!"

Grace could not take it anymore. What the hell had made Xander come up with this crap?! Javier was the chairman of Parrson Group! He was a billionaire! Xander, on the

other hand? On what grounds was he looking down on Javier, and why would he start this stupid wealth contest?!

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“Stop it, Xander. This is ridiculous. He’s my...He’s my boyfriend, okay? Now, can you leave us alone?” Grace had hoped this would stop Xander from embarrassing himself. She hoped that this would stop him from realizing his inferiority before a titan. It was less about her worry that Javier would beat Xander up or hire some thugs to do it and more about her compassion for a friend. She was worried about how much this competition could hurt Xander, as Javier was too amazing and invincible. The result of this conflict would only hurt Xander’s self-confidence.

The young man himself, however, thought differently. He thought having enough money meant he could do anything he wanted. “Grace, listen to me! I’ve got money now, okay? I’ve got the money! Believe me, I can give you a happy, perfect life! A life better than whatever he’s promised you too! We can start our own business together as a husband-and-wife tag team, and then...” Xander went on and on about his plans for their future. In fact, he even went so far as to tell her how many kids they would have. The more Grace listened, the more stupefied she was. Where the hell had this guy even gotten that much confidence?

She was just about to say something when Xander turned his attention to his rival once more.” You! P*ss off, you! I’ll give you 7,000 bucks if you leave without a fight!” he cried. Xander thought 7,000 dollars was a very generous sum on his part. Unfortunately, it was worth as much as a drop in Javier’s sea of wealth, so he laughed. “That’s peanuts, man. Can you not be a miser and try harder?”

Xander sneered. “What, you mean you want me to give you more? Listen to me, I have more than enough, but I’m not giving you more! Who do you think you are, huh? You think I should give you more just because you managed to con your way into Grace’s heart with sweet nothings, flowery pick-up lines, and whatnot? Over my dead body, pal! You won’t see me do that even in your dreams!”

Xander began to make things up about Javier’s character. He was sure the man had fooled Grace, or she would not have so easily thrown herself into his arms. Sure, Xander had no proof of that, but he had money. He thought that money was all a man needed to show bravado. The man with the most money was always right!

Javier had not planned to give a d*mn about this new guy, but now, he laughed and looked at him. “Oh, you’re very rich, are you? Let’s play a game we rich folks play in our free time then. Let’s see how rich you really are.”

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