

The Ace at the Apex

Chapter 210 Genuinely Regretting This

Javier let Jean-Eric go without teaching him a lesson. After all, he did not need to.

Those trust fund kids Jean-Eric had conned would rise to the occasion nicely. Oh, they would give him the lesson of his life, alright.

Gigi managed to recover from her one-punch knockout too. Seeing Javier immediately made her feel panic mixed with an undercurrent of embarrassment, and suddenly, she was not sure how to act at all. She had only said yes to Jean-Eric's offer to take the pink pill "to chill" because of the mounting pressure she had been feeling in her life lately.

"I didn't know it was a hard drug... Honest! I was just...I just really needed to relax. I didn't mean to,"

Javier waved and cut her explanation short. Not interested, and not necessary.

"Even if you knew it was a hard drug and took it anyway, it wouldn't bother me. You can die for all I care. All I'm asking is that you don't die in my bar. That would be the nicest thing you could do for me."

Gigi felt even more embarrassed and somewhat crestfallen. Now, she knew for sure she was never going to get any help from Javier ...ever. Stricken, she left and said goodbye, clambering toward the exit because she was too embarrassed to stay there.

Then, Herschel suddenly leaned toward Javier, looking like he had something to say that he could not split out..

Javier followed Herschel's line of sight, saw Gigi's retreating back, and immediately understood what was on his bodyguard's mind. "Fine, fine. She isn't rotten to her core, I guess. Go for it."

His friend immediately gave him a wide, grateful grin and thanked Javier multiple times before springing after Gigi.

It would not take a genius to know Herschel was very interested in her. Now, Javier himself did not like Gigione bit, but it did not mean someone else had to share his opinion. Besides, objectively speaking, Gigi was quite the looker. Young. Cute.

Luca sidled up to Javier, looking self-conscious and unsure what to say. "Javier, bro, L..."

Javier shot him a look. "They say it takes a fall to learn how to walk, but I'm not sure if that's always true. You can stay-if you think this saying isn't pure bull."

Luca understood his implication immediately and replied, "Don't worry, man. I know for sure I ain't never gonna forget this lesson!"

Javier hummed and said nothing.

While the men had been occupied, Edelgard had been sitting quietly by herself in the corner of the couch, her eyes nailed on Javier the whole time.

She felt quite forlorn. The only time Javier paid her any attention was when it concerned business. Apart from that, he would not even spare her a glance. It was especially upsetting because Edelgard had been fantasizing about the meeting, wondering if Javier would cop a feel sneakily, if Luca would notice, and what to do when it happened. .

It turned out she had a wild imagination. Since declaring her decision to be with Luca, Javier had lost any desire to feel her up. It was not that he had gotten bored of her body. He simply respected Edelgard's wishes.

In all fairness, she had no one to blame for her sadness other than herself. She had asked for it the moment she had made her choice-it was a logical consequence of her decision.

Edelgard left with the companions Luca had arranged for her. Gigi left with Herschel himself. By the time Chad was ready to leave, Javier looked at him and asked, "Everyone before us left with company, so may I have the honor of leaving with you?"

Chad swung his hands, waving at him hurriedly. "Nope, that won't be necessary. I contacted a call girl for the night, and that's really all I need. Thanks for your, uh, love, Boss!"

He sprinted away, looking appalled, while Javier chuckled to himself with his hands tucked in his pockets. He strolled leisurely, allowing the night breeze to billow all around him. It felt as cool as autumn nights.

He returned to Saoirse's residence and knocked on the door. The mistress of the house opened it, and after Javier entered, she handed him a script straight away. "Just got this one earlier tonight. I read it once and thought it was pretty good. You give it a try."

Javier sat next to her on the couch and took the script.

Her assessment was right. The end-product was a gripping story pulsating with an emotional punch. No one would see the twist at the end coming, and the viewers were virtually guaranteed to experience a catharsis even if it was one of the resign-yourself-to fate variety

"Brilliant!" Javier complimented the script as he shut the document. Had the night been any younger, he would have sent this script straight to Mr. Gander's doorstep.

Saoirse bent to pick up a lone scrap of paper and tossed it into a wastepaper bin nearby. While she lowered herself, though, Javier could see her assets through her loose shirt.

A flame shot up from his crotch. He had been staying at Saoirse's place for days now, and yet he had never once felt her skin against his own. Denying such an experience had made Javier a little hungry, and now, seeing the contours of her femininity had made controlling his carnal desire even harder.

"I gotta ask, ma'am. You haven't seen a man in years, have you? Don't you ever get itchy down there?"

Saoirse's cheeks bumt bright pink. "You..! Don't you ever say something so...preposterous again! Or else I'll kick you out of my house!" she bristled.

She got to her feet then, ready to leave. Unfortunately, Javier grabbed hold of her arm, and a second later, she heard him whisper," You know I can help scratch that itch for you."

Saoirse's face had intensified, turning a shade of beet-red. Incensed, she said, "God-f*cking-damn it, Javier Kersey! If you're gonna keep acting like a b*stard, then I'm gonna quit working for your company for real! You hear me? Get out of my house!"

She was done giving Javier a chance, and that included letting him stay at her place.

Javier's response was helpless. "Alright, alright! I'll give you time to mule over my offer."

He stood and started walking toward his room, Saoirse's order dismissed. He had not taken it seriously at all. But two steps later, the older woman reiterated her point more forcefully. "I said-leave! Leave and don't stay here a second longer!"

Her intention to show Javier the door was genuine.

It was some of worry-worry that any extra second she spent with Javier would cause her to do something irreversible and unsalvageable. It might put her up on tabloid headlines, the kind that would call her an older woman who seduced younger men, like she had a reverse Oedipus complex of some kind. The infamy and humiliation would kill her if that happened, and Javier's reputation would be gravely affected too.

Javier stopped walking and turned to face her. "Wait. You mean it?"

She trained her finger on the front door wordlessly "Okay. I hope you don't regret not having these rock-hard abs to cry on before you sleep!"

After saying that, he stuck his hands into his pockets and left cavalierly.

Saoirse waited for the door to close before she swept her table lamp aside in a rage. She pulled out her books and trawled them to the floor in a racket. An emotional uproar had seized her, and rage and exasperation were animating her tantrum.

"You brain-dead moron, Saoirse! Why the f*ck did you kick him out?! You're into him and you know it! So what the hell, you stupid woman?!" She fumed, stomping her foot before finally throwing herself on the couch and curling her legs in, tears spilling from her eyes.

"Now you've done it-you angered him and made him walk out. You happy now, dumb*ss?"

Her regret multiplied. It shot up from her heart to her head, almost as if to create a thick, depressed shadow over her crown.

God, she genuinely regretted her actions. What if she'd accepted her desire and offered herself to him? She would not have felt this morose now, would she?

Hell, she might even have felt satisfied. Or blissful.

Saoirse could not help but extend a finger toward her phone. It dropped into her palm, and she called Javier.

Chapter 211 Getting More and More Brazen

Javier's phone never did ring. He thought Saoirse would call, but she never did.

Of course, he was not so hubristic as to think he was an omnipotent god who could control what everyone thought. When he realized he had predicted her behavior wrong, he shrugged it off and stayed in a hotel nearby.

He took a shower, read the script again, and went to sleep.

Meanwhile, Saoirse was rolling in her bed, feeling distressed. She forgot how many times she picked up her phone and put it back down. She never mustered enough courage to go through with it and call him.

The next day at noon, Javier woke up. After washing up, he called Mr. Gander, thinking he could send his script over to the man if he were at home. To his surprise, the director was staying in a hotel instead.

Javier went to the address and found the hotel. Mr. Gander was resting in bed, his housekeeper standing by to serve him. "What happened, Mr. Gander? Why are you here?"

Javier wondered if the older man had realized Javier had been banging his wife. Maybe he had stormed out of his house?

Mr. Gander waited until the housekeeper left before finally confiding in him in an undertone. "Dr. Tungsik just operated on me and told me that, for the time being, I should definitely not lust after anyone...or, God forbid, act on those impulses! Might make my post surgical wound tear, you know? I could get hurt, or worse... infected!

"But how am I supposed to feel nothing when I look at my gorgeous wife? I know we've been a couple for a long time but..I'm cured now, Javier. I feel the lull! So I had to move out of the house and wait until I'm fully recovered before going home."

Mr. Gander was palpably self-conscious as he explained, but he braved through and told Javier the truth simply because the latter already knew about his issue.

Javier perused the housekeeper's "very safe" appearance and immediately understood. Smiling, he replied, "Oh, Right. Riiiiiiight."

He passed the script to the director, whose eyes twinkled at the sight of it. It took him only half an hour to completely finish the script. He then placed it down and raised his thumb, exclaiming, "Brilliant! Pure brilliance! A very engrossing story that is bound to keep everyone immersed! A good script is like a window, boy-it allows you a peek into a brand-new world out there. And this script gave me that vibe!"

Great. Saoirse, Javier, and Mr. Gander had all given the script their seal of approval. The three of them had different tastes and preferences, and yet all three had agreed on its storytelling excellence. That had to be a very telling sign of approval.

Mr. Gander grazed the cover of the story with his thumb, his expression enraptured, as if he was tracing circles on his lover's supple skin. He really liked the script.

"You mentioned Edelgard Weiss, yes? She's one of the actresses on my radar. Brilliant gal, excellent actress given her youth. She has real talent! There's no questioning her abilities, that's for sure. What's better, she looks the part and she's the age of the daughter character. Let's cast her as the daughter, then! Please do tell her about it!"

“It’s already done, Mr. Gander. She’s free to take the role anytime. All she needs is adequate notice. The hardest decision is the male lead. We need someone who looks that age, carries himself with the same air and vibe, and has the acting chops to show.”

Mr. Gander nodded solemnly. He started brainstorming names until, finally, he slapped his thigh and cried out, “Oh, I know just the man for the job! What do you think of Cillian Nolan?”

Cillian Nolan—a veteran film virtuoso. A first-class actor from the National Academy of Film. A man in his sixties who had conquered the hearts of moviegoers and TV aficionados since the nineties through nothing but sheer talent in every movie and drama he took part in.

He might have eased his way out of acting two years ago, but that did not mean he had lost his artistic prowess. Cillian would always command praise when he showed up.

Javier nodded. “That’s the best guy we have, I agree. Honestly, he’s the name that popped into my mind while I was reading the script too. But we aren’t acquaintances, Mr. Gander. And he... Well, he hasn’t been acting for two years now.”

The director waved. “Nah, this is no problem. You’re not a friend of his, but Dana sure is! She used to be his student, you know, and they’ve kept an amicable relationship with one another until now. Just bring the script and Dana with you when you see him and this problem will not exist anymore.”

Who knew their good relationship was founded on something so strong? Javier quickly thanked Mr. Gander.

“No, no. I should be the one thanking you,” the director replied modestly. “I wouldn’t be able to enjoy what nature offers us men if it weren’t for you.”

He was a little too embarrassed to say anything more explicit than that, but Javier understood him perfectly. Their eyes met, and no one said anything else.

The two of them discussed the script’s details for a while longer and Javier left after that. The original copy was left with Mr. Gander for him to do his job, while Javier took the other copy and went to Dana’s home.

The woman in question was even more beautiful than she had already been. She was wearing a white camisole, a mini skirt, and translucent tights today, which only accentuated her graceful countenance. It was why, as soon as the door opened, Javier felt a rush of aroused passion.

Dana was hardly given the time to say anything. Javier pressed his lips against hers instantly. The door closed, hiding the two people tonguing each other as they walked to her bedroom.

“You bad, bad boy. You keep doing this whenever you’re here without caring if Mr. Gander is even at home. You just keep getting more and more brazen, don’t you?”

“And what about you? Are you getting prettier and prettier? Sexier and sexier too. Am I wrong?”

Dana blushed a little. Javier had gone straight to the very thing she was worried about, even if she expressed confusion over her own attitude. All Dana knew was that she had the urge to doll herself up and conceal her real age to the best of her abilities.

A woman dressed to impress, they said. Well, maybe there was some truth to the tired old cliché, after all.

Just as Dana was about to get changed in her room, Javier hugged her from behind.

“Dani, dear, I love it when you put on those Victorian cosplay clothes. Can you put on a corset and a choker next time? Let me get a taste of what’s hidden under all those Victorian petticoats and garters, hmm?” 1

Dana felt sheepishness crawling all over her heart. He just had to be so kinky even when he spoke...

And yet, she nodded anyway. She was starting to wonder if she was losing control over her own mind.

Javier teased her a little longer before going back to the real reason he was there and telling Dana all about meeting Cillian.

“Sure, that’s not a problem at all! Mr. Nolan has always mentioned that not winning a foreign award is the biggest regret in his entire career,” she remarked. “Since we’re doing this for the Osborn and making our country proud, I know he won’t refuse the role. I’ll call him right now and notify him of our arrival!”

She quickly got up and went even further inside her bedroom, both to look for her phone and get changed. A while later, she returned with a new getup.

She had donned a black, tight dress with straps crossing over her back, each of them studded with silver rhinestones. Her fair, long legs were wrapped in silky black stockings, which once again emphasized her beauty and sexiness. “Come on. Mr. Nolan said he’s gonna wait for us at his home in Ferris Sky. He’s pretty interested in the script too. Let’s go.” Javier got up and left with Dana.

Chapter 212 An Unexpected Twist

The car zipped through the asphalt, the driver and passenger occasionally engaging in light, but no less sensual, teasing. Nothing serious came out of it, though—certainly not any passionate grinding.

The drive from Medb to Ferris Sky was not a long one, but locating Cillian’s house took a lot more time than one would expect. Before standing before his entrance, Javier could not believe why a renowned artistic virtuoso like Cillian Nolan would live in that modest neighborhood built about a decade ago. It was such a run-of-the-mill place that there was virtually nothing too different

from a normal person’s residence.

When they had to stop and ask a few senior citizens hanging out at the lobby to double-confirm Cillian’s address, the crowd answered in a tone not unlike that of a person talking about their common neighbor.

As Javier climbed the stairs with Dana, he could not resist asking, “Mr. Nolan has earned quite the fortune, right?”

Dana thought for a moment. “Well, he’s doing pretty well if you compare him to the amount of money normal folks make. He’s paid about 15,000 for his appearance in a single episode, for example. But I guess he isn’t making impressive money if we compare him to celebrities with a lot of fans and whatnot.”

Javier could not believe it. A veteran artist was getting that egregiously low amount of money for his sheer talent? In comparison, many popular celebrities billed 110,000 to 130,000 dollars for the equivalent amount of work, and that was just the maximum amount they could ask for by law.

“Mr. Nolan has rarely joined any productions in the past two years and he’s adamant about never taking on any advertisements or becoming a product spokesperson. He only ever took one advertising job in his life, and he regrets that decision even now. Honestly, the rest of us are just incomparable to him, you know?”

even now.

Javier understood Cillian’s frustration and rationale, which was why he was even more impressed by his moral fiber. While everyone had descended into brutal feuds with one another over some advertising rights, Cillian had rejected all similar offers no matter how handsomely he would have been paid. Cillian simply could not bear lulling anyone into buying anything not worth the price just because the advertisement made him look like he endorsed it.

That alone had put so many other film stars-and their almost vulture-like compulsion to accept any advertising offers that came their way-to shame.

The duo entered the actor’s home and was promptly greeted by the old man’s son and daughter-in-law. They were warm and cordial, a far cry from the icy reception many celebrity families tended to treat them to.

Unfortunately, this reception lasted only until Javier and Dana mentioned their motive. Their warmth and amicable attitude took a sharp dive after that, which shocked Javier even more. Most people would have been even more excited and would have started gushing over a person who had come to their doorstep with a lucrative offer.

The son and daughter-in-law did not behave like that. Suddenly, their warmth became mechanical and stilted, as if they were just trying to be nice rather than being sincere. Javier could tell that they were only smiling out of decorum.

It was an incredulous thing to believe-and one that deeply mystified him. But it did not seem like a good time to ask why.

A while later, the actor strode out of the house.

Javier was surprised to see him wearing a down jacket this time of the year. He did not look too healthy either, judging from the slightly ashen countenance reminiscent of someone who had been locked indoors for so long that he had not basked in the sun for ages.

Nevertheless, the older man appeared to be in good spirits and filled with brio. He beckoned for Dana and Javier to take a seat while he fetched a nondescript stool for himself.

It was hard to imagine this was the home of an artistic film legend.

“So, I heard from Dana that you’re hoping to make a movie that will win the Osborn Award. I hope you’re not after the box office. Are you?” Cillian cut straight to the chase with a smile.

Javier laughed and shook his head. "No way, sir. I wouldn't dare squander legendary actors like that. Besides, if the box office was what I'm coveting, then I shouldn't have thought of you for the job, right? You're not exactly bait for a tremendous amount of money."

Cillian chortled heartily, though his mirth was quickly cut short by a coughing fit. His son, looking really concerned, stepped forward, but Cillian waved and stopped him. "I'm fine! I'm fine..."

He extended a hand in Javier's direction. "Let me take a look at your script."

Now that was the hallmark of a true maestro. Everyone else focused on money, and yet a true artist looked at the script at the first opportunity they got. A good script would render the payment question a non-issue.

This was a stark contrast to many modern-day actors and actresses, who cared much more about how much money they'd be making over how good the story was going to be.

Cillian took the script and his reading glasses from his daughter-in-law. Dabbing his finger on his tongue, he began to read the script page by page.

Time crawled in silence. He said nothing, and Javier and Dana were not inclined to speak lest they disturbed him. Even his son and daughter-in-law waited wordlessly.

Half an hour passed. Then, he finally reached the last page.

Suddenly, he slapped the table with resounding force. "I've been waiting all my life for a script that would move my heart, and now ...it's finally here! I've finally found the script I was waiting for! This is immaculate. The script is beautiful, and Old Man Ackerman's life is the stuff that can move mountains to tears. Whoever wrote this is very, very good. This is it-I've been waiting for a story that can grip and steal the audience's hearts, and this is it! I'm taking the role! There's no way I'd pass this up!"

Cillian was the most animated he had ever been. He was oozing with unbridled passion, much like a kid whose greatest wish had just been fulfilled. The only reason he had not leaped into the air and begun dancing around was because he was too frail to do that.

Javier felt his heart-which had been hanging by a thread-land softly back in his chest. He had started to feel worried that Cillian might reject the role after hearing no remarks throughout the reading process. Heck, Javier had even been contemplating asking Cillian if he saw anything wrong with the story upfront!

The veteran actor's reaction all but assuaged his trepidation.

They had a renowned director, a brilliant scriptwriter, and peerless actors and actresses. The main ingredients necessary for a successful story were there. Sure, a cinematographer and some more people were also pretty central to the production, but those were second to the bedrock of a good film.

The movie had a solid footing already.

Javier was about to move on and negotiate his pay when the son spoke up. "You can't do this, Dad! You know you're in no shape to take on more work!"

“He’s right. We don’t lack money, right? We’re both breadwinners,” his daughter-in-law chimed in. “We don’t need to live in excess to live comfortably, do we?”

Cillian waved dismissively. “Bah, this has nothing to do with how much I’m gonna earn. You two know me-avarice is no trait of mine. If it were, we’d be living in a posh mansion instead of having the two of you squat in my old, unimpressive apartment!

“I just love the script. Genuinely and truly. It moved me, understand? My biggest wish has always been to act in a brilliant story. To represent our country at an international film award ceremony of any kind so that the rest of the world will know that we Chinese can make good movies too!”

Cillian was very passionate as he spoke. It was palpable just how much he wanted to take part in the production.

Despite his earnestness, his son continued to stop him. It got to the point when the young man got down on his knees, his eyes misty as he begged him. “Please, Dad! Why won’t you listen? The doctor told you your body is in no condition to work anymore... You might be in critical danger at any time!”

Javier and Dana felt their heart skip a beat. They exchanged a shocked glance.

It was Javier who asked. It took quite some insistent prodding before the young man finally told the truth.

Cillian Nolan’s days were numbered. The last time they had gone to see a doctor, the prognosis had been rather pessimistic-he was in the last stages of cancer.

Even his doctor had advised him against getting treatment. Instead, they’d told the old man to take care of himself to the best of his abilities. The best way forward for him would be to live his last days with the least amount of pain and the most amount of happiness.

No wonder Mr. Nolan’s son and daughter-in-law had acted so apprehensively the moment they had found out about his intention to get Cillian to act in his movie.

Had he been in their shoes, Javier would have been just as icy.

He felt someone nudge his elbow. When he turned around, Javier’s eyes met Dana’s pleading gaze.

He understood her. She was hoping he could help her beloved teacher by getting some international doctors to treat Cillian’s

disease, as well as putting him in a state-of-the-art hospital.

Javier shook his head helplessly. Not even the best doctors abroad could work miracles when there was no possibility of recovery, nor could the best medical advancements bring one back from the dead.

The last stage of cancer was simply unsolvable, unsalvageable. Human resources alone could not do anything.

This was why Javier could not help Cillian in any way, even if his heart was more than willing. At most, he could prolong the old man’s life as much as possible.

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Nolan. I didn’t know about your condition beforehand. Had I known...I would have never come to you about this. It’s regrettable, but I think it’s best if we cast this aside for now. We would rather see you take care of yourself, alright?”

“I’ll look up the best doctors abroad and make arrangements for your treatment. When you’ve fully recovered, we’ll start shooting the movie. Sounds good? Don’t worry, Mr. Nolan. I’ll save this story for you. I will...”

Chapter 213 The Lifetime Achievement Award

Javier was honestly worried about Cillian’s health. He could try to get the Osborn anytime, but Cillian would be gone for good if he died. Nevertheless, Cillian begged to differ.

“I don’t care about this at all. I’ll have to die sooner or later, so dragging my life out for a few more years will make no difference. This is the only dream I have left in my life now. Since heaven made it happen, this is like fulfilling my dream for me. I have to grab onto this chance. There’s no way I’ll let it go.

“So consider this a plea. I don’t need to be paid. I could even pay to join the shooting. Give the script to me. Let me act in this movie, okay?”

Javier had no way of describing his internal turmoil. He truly had mixed feelings right now. He had complicated emotions, as he wanted to fulfill Cillian’s wish but he had to be held accountable for the latter’s life. Besides, he was not Cillian’s son—he could not make such a decision on his behalf.

He was sad. This had originally been quite the happy occasion. If Cillian had been healthy and fine, it would have been such a joyous thing. Everyone would definitely have been beaming from ear to ear. But now...

Cillian was still pleading, hoping to act in the film. His son was breaking down in tears on the side, and so was his daughter-in-law.

Dana wiped her tears with the back of her hand and told Javier, “Let him do it!”

Cillian’s son nodded after her. “Dad, you h-have my support.”

Upon receiving everyone’s support, Cillian rejoiced and hugged the script tightly in his embrace as though it was a gem.

This was what a true actor was like. He would give up on the rest of his life for a brilliant script. He would give up on payment for such a script. In comparison, other actors seemed to fail, regardless of whether they were talented or popular.

They had lunch at Cillian’s place at noon, and Chad rushed over in the afternoon. He did not bring the employment contract but an honorary certificate—one that was given out by Reivaj Media. It was a Lifetime Achievement Award for performers.

Perhaps this award was not as honorable, as it was given out by Reivaj Media itself and was not recognized by others, but the reward was astonishing. Not only were Cillian and his family surprised, but Dana was too. The reward was 12 million dollars.

When the check worth 12 million dollars after tax was placed on the table, Cillian waved his hands.

“No, no, I can’t accept this. I’m just doing my duty. I have no right to take this money.”

“People say that doing one’s best to do one’s duty is something respectable. Mr. Nolan, you’re such a person. Please accept the money. And you mustn’t donate it in any way.

“Otherwise, our company reserves the right to end its contract with you. I hope you understand.”

The sum of money was Javier’s gift to Cillian and his family. He did not want the man to donate it or use it for something else.

It was at Javier’s insistence that Cillian accepted the money.

After bidding Cillian goodbye, Javier went downstairs with Cillian’s son, who saw him off.

Javier told him, “Bro, don’t worry. I’ll contact the best team abroad and have it join the production team and handle your father’s treatment. I’ll make overseas contacts for his next treatment plan as well. You don’t have to worry about it.”

Cillian’s son looked incredibly grateful. The 12 million dollars Javier had given them had nearly knocked him out. He knew that his father was not worth that much no matter how much he could be paid. This was solely a personal gesture on Javier’s part.

Hence, he had no idea what to say in answer to Javier’s kindness and could only hug him to express his emotions.

When they got in the car, Dana drove and Javier called Ciara. He did not have enough time to contact the professional medical – team, but Ciara did. She also had enough influence, so it was more than appropriate to leave this to Ciara. He was confident that she would handle it well too.

After this phone call, Chad, who was in another car, called Javier.

“Mr. Kersey, the point of contact has been accepted by Lloyd’s company and the press conference will take place tonight. It’ll be held in Seven Stars, and Lloyd will be attending. Are we going?”

Javier had not wanted to go at first and had been planning to have Chad go and wreck the conference with the bomb. But after contemplating it, he told the latter, “Yes, we’ll go after returning to Medb. Prepare the info in advance.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Kersey. The info is in the laptop I carry around. It can be printed anytime.”

Javier was always reassured by Chad’s way of doing things. He was far more reliable than that cowardly Luca.

After hanging up, Javier told Dana, who was driving, “I’ll drive. It isn’t convenient for you when you’re wearing heels.”

Dana, who was wearing a pair of sunglasses, turned to him with a smile. “No worries, we’re on cruise control.”

The rays of the setting sun that spilled on Dana’s pretty face made her glow. Her oversized sunglasses, especially, added a sense of enigma to her and made her brim with seduction

Unable to help himself, Javier leaned forward and kissed her cheek.

“You’re so beautiful. I’m afraid I won’t let you leave me if I spend more time with you.”

Dana was abashed. She knew that Javier was speaking the truth and she felt the same. She was scared that she would not care whether her husband recovered or not if she spent more time with Javier.

She had started betraying her husband physically but she felt like she was going to do it emotionally now too.

Luckily, Javier only grabbed her hand and rubbed it softly without saying anything else.

Dana took a deep breath as she drove on the highway. She wondered how nice it would be if the sunset lingered and the highway did not end...

Upon returning to Medb, Javier parted ways with Dana and got in the car rented by Chad. The two of them sped along their way and arrived at the Seven Stars Hotel.

There was still half an hour to go before the press conference, so both men had a meal first. It was only after feeding themselves that they went to the press conference venue.

Reporters from different publishing houses were already there, while Lloyd’s staff was about done setting up. Not too long after Javier and Chad sat down, the press conference officially started.

After a few words from the emcee to warm the crowd up, four celebrities with a large fan base, two guys and two girls, made an appearance.

Cheers erupted from the venue, sounding more hysterical than they probably would if the spectators’ parents died. All of them were waving LED boards saying “We love you”, “You’re the best”, and whatnot.

It was hard to understand what these fools, who kept posting “My wife is the prettiest” or “My husband is the most handsome” on their social media accounts, were thinking. Of course, they could also have been hired by Lloyd to pump up the atr Chad chuckled from the side. “Let’s see if they’ll shout and cheer so happily when all the sh*t about their ‘idols’ gets exposed later!”

Chapter 214 Accepting It Completely

Lloyd had not wanted to attend the press conference but he came after mulling it over. The reason was none other than his wish to show up in front of the cameras and relay a message to Javier: Perhaps Javier could squash him easily on many levels, but Lloyd still had the final say in show business!

Representing his company, Lloyd picked up the pen to sign his name on the contract while the four popular celebrities signed theirs respectively. From then on, their management company would be working under Lloyd’s media company.

After a round of applause and cheers, the four popular celebrities went up on stage to perform respectively, singing and dancing. Although they did a bad job at both, everything else was fine. That did not stop the atmosphere from being merry.

Chad opened a folder to retrieve some documents and got up with the intention of making the press conference merrier, but Javier stopped him. While Chad was confused, Javier took the documents from him and got up to look at Lloyd, who was on the stage.

The moment Javier got up, Lloyd noticed him as well. There was no gloating, as Lloyd had not practiced. Besides, he dared not gloat after seeing what Javier had in his hand. Obviously, the latter would not be coming to meet him with a bunch of wastepaper, so what he was holding must be something that would put Lloyd down.

Based on what Lloyd knew about Javier, Lloyd's company might be in huge trouble if that happened, worse even than him losing tens of millions of dollars previously.

Therefore, when Javier waved the documents to gesture to him to talk, he got up to leave with a smile without any hesitation.

Lloyd asked his staff to clear all unnecessary people out of the resting room next to the press conference, leaving him and Javier alone.

After getting seated on the bench, Javier pulled out a cigarette and lit it before gesturing for Lloyd to do the same. The latter shook his head, refusing the cigarette, but took the documents Javier later tossed to him.

Popular male celebrity A had been taken in by the police for molesting his female schoolmate. His deeds had been whitewashed after that, but the record could not simply be removed just because he was rich. Hence, popular male celebrity A was done for.

Popular male celebrity B had paid someone to take a high school test for him and had a physical conflict with someone from the education department that had caused them to be hospitalized. The incident had not been reported to the police, but there was a live recording of it. Hence, popular male celebrity B was done for.

Popular female celebrity A had been an escort, and a certain production team had spotted her while she had been working away from home. She had then proceeded to sleep her way into becoming a leading character and acquiring her current fame. A lot of insiders could prove what she had done, as her skills could not be underestimated due to her age. Hence, popular female celebrity A was done for.

Popular female celebrity B was a good student and a goody-two-shoes. She had not done anything wrong, but her face was fake. Regular photos and ID photos of her before the plastic surgery had been exposed, and she looked like she could scare away the audience if she took on an ugly role. Hence, popular female celebrity B was done for.

Lloyd had signed a contract with a total of four people today, but all four of them had had dirt dug up on them. There was also a lot of press present right now, so if Javier publicized this dirt, although Lloyd could care less about the four celebrities being doomed, his company would be actually ruined, as its reputation would suffer.

Not only would others suspect the company's standards and taste when it came to talent acquisition, but they would be skeptical if the company's current actors had a dirty past. They might even see the company as a camp for problematic celebrities.

Once some media added fuel to the fire, Lloyd's company would be thoroughly doomed. Its share price would plummet without any hope of going up again. Who knew how many people would go down with his company?

Javier took a puff of his cigarette and told Lloyd, "My original plan was to send these out and knock you down directly, but I relented after thinking about it. You're capable at what you do. It will not be worth it if I squash you out of the blue."

Javier sounded superior as he spoke, as though he was talking down to Lloyd from the clouds. In spite of this, the latter was not upset in the slightest, as he knew what Javier said was the truth and he wanted to know what else Javier wanted to do.

When he brought this question up, though, Javier spoke about something else. He spoke about screenwriter Daniel, who had taken the initiative to stay in a mental hospital to experience life there and produce a good script, only to turn into a psychiatric patient ultimately

He spoke about actor Cillian, who could forgo the last part of his life just to bring a good script to life.

"I don't love films, so I'm not as passionate about them as they are. What I want is simple. I just want to shoot a good film-one that could represent our country at the Osborn Awards.

"I don't care about the box office or the cost. I only care about whether this film could win the foreigners over and make me feel better. That way, I won't feel guilty when I remember Daniel or Cillian but I'll happily tell them that we won."

What Javier said moved Lloyd's heart. He had thought that Javier had come for his money and the market, but he actually had not. He just wanted to shoot a good film, one that could win an Osborn. That was all.

Lloyd had not accepted the cigarette that Javier had offered earlier, but he asked for one now and took a seat next to Javier.

"I understand what you mean. Don't worry, I wouldn't sabotage something like this. Even if this hadn't happened tonight, I wouldn't have. I'm a businessman, yes, but I'm first and foremost a Chinese and then a filmmaker. These two identities are enough to keep m

e from sabotaging this endeavor.

"I can work with you too, share all shooting resources, publicity resources, and anything else your company needs that we have without any cost or repayment agreement."

Javier put out a hand, and Lloyd did not hesitate to shake it.

Javier did not insist on winning this match with Lloyd. If he had, the latter would have been doomed. What Javier talked about was the greater good, so Lloyd bought it. He accepted the notion completely. He was further impressed by Javier, especially because he was unable to do this.

"If Chinese filmmakers were like you, we'd have a significant influence in the world by now."

Upon hearing Lloyd's compliment, Javier replied, "No need to flatter me. It won't change my resolution to acquire your company."

Lloyd paused for a beat before smiling. "You're very ambitious."

"I've already set up a media company. It'd be a waste of my effort if I didn't make it the biggest and the strongest in the country now, wouldn't it?" Javier answered.

Lloyd was silent for a moment before he said, "I don't know if you've heard of an adjective that was used when I was younger. It meant that you're cool, but our term was more reserved. We usually said you're rad!"

Javier pursed his lips. "That's because you got to know me late. If you had met me earlier, you'd have realized that I've been rad for the past 20 years!"

Lloyd was amused. "What a show-off!"

Javier did not continue discussing the topic. He put out his cigarette on the floor and asked, "Want a drink?"

"Sure." Lloyd nodded.

Hence, the two supposed enemies shared a table and had a good drink that night, so much so that the first thing Javier saw when he woke up the next morning was Lloyd's face. Shocked, he quickly looked down to check on his pants. Thankfully, they were still on him...

Chapter 215 Can't Drag It Out Any Longer

Lloyd did not want his years of effort to be gone just like this, but he could guess that Javier had a lot of money and tactics to knock him down and drag him into Reivaj Media like a dead dog. Therefore, Lloyd, who did not want his company to be acquired yet and was unable to resist it, chose to drag it out. Javier was not in a hurry either, as his current priority was shooting the film smoothly and sending it to the Osborn Awards.

Luckily, things went smoothly after that. The medical team came and joined the production team to keep Cillian's treatment going. Mr. Gander kept his eyes on the production team as well, fighting on the frontline with everyone else.

With Lloyd's cooperation, the shooting venue and resources were obtained without much effort. When the publicity department went all out, all the relevant bureaucratic departments took notice of this film, which wanted no entertainment value or money but to win an Osborn, and gave the green light, showing their support after the film passed the assessment.

Basically, everything was progressing rapidly and smoothly.

The only thing that remained stagnant was the problem between Saoirse and Javier. Since being kicked out last time, Javier had not taken the initiative to contact Saoirse. He could work hard, but it would be futile if Saoirse was unable to break her own barrier.

It was not until Javier was about to leave Medb that the two of them met again.

During dinner, Javier asked Saoirse, "Are you done considering it?"

Saoirse was quiet for a bit before finally nodding. "Yes. I'll just work for you."

“Alright, then.” Javier nodded.

This was Saiorse’s final decision, so he said nothing more about it. The two of them had their last meal in Medb during the time that followed. Before they parted, Javier hugged Saoirse.

While she was still enjoying the warm embrace, Javier let her go and turned to leave. It left the woman’s heart feeling chilly, as she knew that Javier would not be turning around for her again after this. She wanted to call for him but did not find the courage to do so ultimately and could only stand at the hotel entrance dumbly. ;

Next time, Javier would only welcome her as Reivaj Media’s boss-nothing else.

Javier went to the bar and met Luca and Edelgard. After having a short chat with them, he bid them goodbye.

Watching Javier’s retreating back, Edelgard looked at Luca, who was next to her, before hanging her head and letting her long hair cover her face. She did not know if she had made the wrong choice...or not...

After bidding goodbye to everyone he needed to, what was left was only the issue of spending the night there. Javier did not enjoy taking a redeye flight if he had nothing urgent to attend to. Besides, he had someone in mind, as there was a person who had yet to fulfill a promise made.

When he went to Dana’s house, the latter was already wearing a period costume with a pair of fluttering white robes. She looked as enchanting as when Javier had seen her on television in the past, and time had only added more flavor and sensuality to her.

Like a king, Javier sat on the couch and enjoyed watching Dana dance for him in the living room. Her dance was beautiful, as her figure was slender and her face was alluring. Javier did not mind becoming a tyrannical king tonight.

When Dana finished her dance, Javier picked her up and placed her on the couch. A moment later, sounds that were prettier and more tempting than the dance bloomed during the night ritual...

The next morning, when Javier left, Dana drove him to the airport, remaining silent the entire way there. Honestly, she was reluctant to part. She did not want Javier to leave.

Javier felt a little reluctant as well. “Wait for me to come again. Or come to me if you have time. You’re a famous actor, so you should sign a contract with Reivaj Media. It’ll also be more sincere to sign the contract face to face.”

It was honestly brilliant reasoning, so Dana agreed easily. “Sure!”

Before getting out of the car and leaving, Javier shared a passionate kiss and made out with Dana. As a public figure, it was inconvenient for Dana to leave the car, so she stayed inside and watched, only reeling her gaze back longingly after watching Javier enter the hall...

When Javier entered the airport, he saw Running Man and GTR, who had been waiting, but did not see Herschel. Therefore, he asked, “Where’s Herschel?”

Running Man pointed some distance away, and when Javier trailed after his gaze, he saw Herschel and Gigi being affectionate and intimate with each other. That surprised Javier. It seemed that Herschel had hooked up with Gigi secretly, while he'd wondered

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Chapter 215 Can't Drag It Out Any Longer

why he had not seen the man during this period of time.

The dude sure acted fast. Javier was relieved that he was not interested in Gigi, or Herschel would have gotten to her first.

After a long time of acting lovey-dovey, Herschel finally approached Javier. While he chuckled awkwardly, Javier thwacked his head. "Did you disclose your identity?"

"I said I'm a bodyguard but nothing more. I did not even mention Hyliveskia."

Javier asked, "Why didn't you tell her then? You command over 3,000 people. You're almost like a general. Isn't that cool?"

Herschel replied seriously, "Our commander prohibits it. He'll slap my head again if I disclose it!"

Javier nodded. "Good move. That's all!"

Herschel sighed in relief. He knew that Javier held no interest in Gigi and would not mind this. However, the back of his head was thwacked again just as he turned around with a grin. Herschel was flummoxed.

"No, wait. Boss, why are you hitting me again?"

"It felt quite nice. I couldn't help trying it again," Javier answered.

Running Man and GTR guffawed before they pounced to slap the back of Herschel's head as well.

As the handful of them played around in the airport, they looked like best bros-nothing like an employer and his bodyguards.

It was not until they boarded the plane that Javier looked out the window and reeled in his thoughts, missing a certain someone wholeheartedly.

"My beautiful Jade, wait for me. I'm going to devour you tonight..."

At the same time, Lloyd was in huge trouble.

"Mr. Kersey, our company is being financially attacked. It's been discovered that a media corporation jointly set up by two internet companies launched the attack. It doesn't look good at all right now!" 1 Lloyd had wanted to drag it out for as long as he could, but from the look of things, he could not drag it out any longer.

Chapter 216 Not Quite Nice Jade had been so distracted recently that she was not even as invested in her work anymore, Even though she was still busy all day long, she didn't even know what she was so busy doing Javier had not called her for three consecutive days. She had received a call a day previously, so this unsettled her, as she wondered if her husband, who rarely settled, was thoroughly captivated by

some vixen and had long forgotten about her. While she thought about it, there was a knock on her door Jade quickly tucked her thoughts away and smoothed her hair before saying, "Come in." She lowered her head and signed a document with a pen, asking without looking up, "Yes?" There was no reply. Instead, the newcomer walked closer to her directly.

Jade frowned, wanting to see who was brazen enough to barge in and walk all the way up to her without saying a word, but her cherry lips were kissed once she looked up. She panicked immediately and grabbed her pen to attack the person. She did not care who it was or if she had to pay the price of attacking them after poking them. She was not letting a man who was not Javier touch her.

As she hurled the pen down, however, her wrist was caught. Then, a handsome face filled with longing and an infuriating grin met her eyes. "Jade, did you miss me?"

Jade waved her fists in a huff when she saw that it was Javier, who had returned. "You're so annoying! Why did you approach me without making a sound? I thought it was someone else. You're horrible!" Javier hugged Jade from the back and asked, "Am I so horrible that I annoy you so much?" "Mm!" Jade nodded hard. Javier asked, "Really?" Jade did not nod this time, nor was her tone as assertive. Instead, she seemed a little pitiful, unlike the dominance she had shown before. "I was faking it. I was wondering what kind of woman has you wrapped around her finger and has made you forget me and not even want to call me anymore."

Jade was acting very much like a docile woman who had been wholeheartedly waiting for her husband to come home. The more she acted like that, the more Javier liked it.

He hugged her tight. "How's that possible? I wouldn't forget you even if I forgot my own name. I'm hoping you'll spend the rest of my life with me. You've got to massage me, give me a bath, clean my earwax, cut my nails..." Javier went on, but Jade objected. "On what grounds? Why should I be servicing you? I'm not a maid. Tell me how you're servicing me then?"

Jade was red from embarrassment as she punched Javier again. However, she did not use any strength, worried that she would hurt the man.

Feeling Jade's emotions for him, Javier found it lacking no matter how much he pampered her. Landing a loud smooch on her supple cheek, he pulled out what looked like a regular jewelry box that didn't seem too fancy.

He passed the box to Jade and told her, "This is my present for you. Have a look."

Jade accepted it before putting it in her purse properly and saying with a girly pout, "I don't want to look at it in the office. My husband gave this to me. I have to go home to peek at it."

Javier did not know the difference between looking at a gift in the office and at home or why she had to peek at it. It was not like it was a glow-in-the-dark watch and one had to be under the covers to see it carefully.

A short chat later, Javier received a call from Chad. The latter was still managing the acquisition of Lloyd's company in Medb, so he had not come back with him.

"What's up, Chad?"

"Mr. Kersey, it's about Lloyd. He got targeted by two internet film corporations and he's almost down by now. Their company matters are all over the net right now as well, including some truths and half-lies. They're circulating like a storm."

Since Chad had made a call so frantically, the matter could not be simple. Lloyd must really have run into huge trouble. The thing was, this was Lloyd's trouble-not Javier's trouble.

Lloyd was having fun dragging the acquisition out, was he not? He did not want to bow down, so he could continue being a proud peacock then! See if he would still be as proud when someone sliced his

neck one day!

"It's fine. You come back too, Chad. Let him struggle alone over there. He'll call me when he decides to bow down."

Chad thought about it on the other end of the line. It was true. This was huge trouble for Lloyd, but it was not an issue for Javier. An issue was never an issue for Javier if it could be solved with money. That was what the trouble that Chad had encountered was about. It was a financial attack, which translated to having no money. It was unheard of for anyone who had only 1,500 dollars to attack someone in the finance market. It had always been the financial tycoons and magnates who bullied the weaker people with their wealth.

Hence, Javier was not worried about this at all. He would wait until Lloyd got through his mental barrier and accepted that he would become an employee.

Hanging up, Javier continued being lovey-dovey with Jade. He wanted to relish in Jade's delicate body in the office, but she was on her period. Speechless, Javier wanted to say something, but his phone rang again.

He took a glance at it and answered it. "Mr. Young, did you miss me so much that you called me as soon as I said goodbye to you?"

Lloyd rolled his eyes helplessly. "Stop pretending. Do you have no idea what happened to my company? Let's hurry up and talk seriously. I'm not dragging it out anymore, and you should cut the crap too. Acquire it now. Otherwise, when the share price drops all the way and I lose all my money and declare bankruptcy, you won't be able to acquire it anymore."

Look at that. The man was asking for a favor as though he was asking for a debt to be paid. That was not a decent attitude. Hence, Javier told him, "It's fine. You can die first. When you're dead. I'll squash the other two narties and everything will be mine I'll get three companies for the price of one. How nice!" Lloyd was flummoxed. "Mr. Kersey, that's not quite nice!" Javier answered, "I think..it is."

Chapter 217 The More, the Better Lloyd had another solution. After so many years in show business, he had enough tactics to handle the joint efforts of his two enemies. It was just that it was not quite worth it given the time and capital required. On the contrary, Javier acquiring his company would be the most financially sound plan.

For example, his ten dollars would become nine dollars after this fight, and said fight would take a long time. If he gave up fighting and sold the company to Javier directly, he'd have eight dollars that he could cash immediately and he'd toss this trouble over to Javier.

Although selling his company would make him lose some money, he could totally utilize the time he'd save to make that money 11 or even 12 dollars.

A smart person would choose to sell. Besides, he knew that he was unable to fight Javier. He just had not expected Javier to suddenly not want to acquire the company.

After his initial surprise, Lloyd understood. It was not that Javier really did not want to acquire his company, but he was choosing to make him bow down first. After all the years he had spent in the business world, the thing that Lloyd could not get used to the most was bowing down, nor had he made a habit of it.

Therefore, he hung up on Javier without a word. Javier put his phone in his pocket with a chortle, no longer caring about Lloyd's situation. It was fine. As long as the latter could fight, he could do whatever he wanted. It was not like this concerned Javier...

For three days, Lloyd did not call Javier again, but his situation was rather tense. Once the share market

opened, the price dropped. His assets were declining as well, while the shareholders lambasted him online. He could not help it. He had not set them up, but they had to take the brunt of the situation. Seven more days passed, and things seemed to pause. There was even a small degree of a rebound. Javier was not clear about the particulars, as he was not paying attention to the entire case. His focus was only one-sided. He wanted to see when Lloyd would fail to hold it together. "But it seems like he's not bowing down, huh." When Chad, who had returned from Medb, told Javier about it, the latter waved with a smile.

"Impossible. He'll bow down."

Chad's eyes glowed, as he understood what Javier meant. "You mean that since the straw that can break the camel's back isn't heavy enough, we'll lend them a hand, Mr. Kersey?" Javier beamed and did not deny it. "We have to make him bow. No way will he get to refuse. He's a good camel. Look how hard he's worked for us. We can't just let him get in trouble over nothing and then run away, dusting his *ss. It simply doesn't make sense."

Javier's grin unnerved Chad. He knew that his boss was not the kind of man who was done after a provocation. The film was one thing, and this was another. After all, Lloyd was only returning the favor Javier had done him by not sabotaging him with those four problematic celebrities previously. Now that they were talking about the acquisition, it was another business deal altogether. As they were talking, Lloyd called. Once the line was connected, there was not even a greeting. Lloyd asked directly, "Are you in the office?"

The question sounded strange. "Will you appear right before me if I am?"

As reality proved, yes, he would. In less than five minutes, Lloyd came to Javier's office, knocking and entering while the latter was having coffee with Chad. Javier was stunned. "You really came?"

Lloyd looked at Javier, then at Chad, before redirecting his gaze back to Javier. "What else could I do? You think I couldn't guess that you're going to take advantage of the situation and add fuel to the fire so you'll burn me alive?"

Hah, this was Lloyd Young, everybody. He was certainly pretty good at foreseeing things.

If they were not in his own office, Javier would have suspected that Lloyd had wiretapped him just now. Putting his cup down, Javier gestured for Lloyd to sit and said, "Alright then. We'll be direct. Tell me what the plan is!"

Lloyd was frank as well. "Full acquisition based on the current share price, and the company will join Reivaj Media. My company will keep its name, but the shares and the person legally in charge will both change. You'll be the big boss, and I will work for you."

That was truly quite frank. Javier had thought that Lloyd would at least keep some shares to himself, but the latter was selling them all. As for the company name, there was a reason it should be kept. Given how volatile the share market was, a change of the company name could easily trigger a misunderstanding. The easiest way to understand was by asking: Who would change their company name if the company was doing fine? Javier knocked on the table twice, contemplating it a little before telling Lloyd, "Reivaj Media cannot merge with your company. We walk on two legs, both legs out in the open. And these two legs are mine, get it?" Lloyd thought about it and replied instantly, "You devious man." On the outside, Lloyd's company would still stand alone, and Reivaj Media would have nothing to do with it. In reality, they'd be an alliance that shared all resources. This way, Lloyd's company would be the one under attack, while Reivaj Media would get to reap all the benefits. If this was not an acquisition, Lloyd would have been opposed to it. Why would he get beaten up so others could reap the benefits? After the acquisition, though, Javier would be getting hit on his left hand while raking in profit

with his right hand. It would have nothing to do with Lloyd.

After mulling over it, Lloyd agreed.

Now that a general consensus had been reached, both of them discussed the details and Chad want to get someone to prepare the contract. Meanwhile, Javier took Lloyd to Mary Jane, who was in her CFO office

Javier grinned servilely and went behind Mary Jane to massage her shoulders once he entered her office. "Mary Jane..."

No pleasantries were exchanged before Mary Jane replied, "Your massage doesn't feel good at all quit it and spill."

Javier pulled back his hands with an awkward smile and turned to look at Lloyd. "How much are those two attacking you with?"

Javier spoke like a thug, but Lloyd understood what he meant. "1.1 billion dollars." "Tsk, that's a lot!" Javier exclaimed before he asked, "Mary Jane, this is the boss behind the series you're watching. The one who's been under attack recently."

Mary Jane nodded and continued watching her series. "This one wasn't shot very well, eh? The plot is getting cliché."

Lloyd was speechless. He was speaking about the share market, but Mary Jane was talking about the drama series,

Obviously, Javier had already gotten used to Mary Jane's way of dealing with things, so he remained indifferent and told her, "His company will be ours next. You can make him film whatever you want to watch, but there's a catch. He's all bruised and swollen from the attack now. You've got to find a place for him." Mary Jane glanced at Lloyd with a grin and agreed heartily. "Sure, no problem." Javier knew that she would not refuse, so he asked, "How much do you need?"

"The more, the better," Mary Jane answered.

Ah, the more, the better, yes. Nevertheless, Javier was afraid that the old fox would call him if he pulled too much money, so he offered thriftily, "We'll make do with 8 billion dollars for now then!"

Chapter 218 All Things Return to Their Roots Someday Lloyd was so shocked that he almost dropped to his knees

8.8 billion dollars? I knew that Javier was a rich man right from the moment he said he was going to spend 300 million dollars on Reivai Media

'But I only estimated that he'd be able to mobilize around 1.2 billion dollars at most. Combined with his company's original capital, it should be sufficient to handle the stock exchange snipe. After all, the two companies aren't focused on the media industry, so there's no way he would be able to obtain even more capital.

I would never have thought that Javier would say he's going to spend 8 billion dollars right out of the gate. Plus, he made it seem like he's being rather stingy about it.

Just imagine what he'd give if he wasn't being stingy...How much more than 8 billion dollars would he have offered?!

Lloyd thought that it all seemed too far-fetched and surreal to him. In fact, he could not help but suspect Javier was actually just bluffing.

However, when he saw Mary Jane nod her head in all seriousness, he knew that everything was happening for real... Javier really was that extravagant!

In hindsight, the net worth of the richest man in the country was approximately 32 million dollars. Plus, that amount included his company's shares. 1

Thus, it was not a simple task for anyone to fork out 8 billion dollars. After all, it was not something as simple as them taking out their stocks in exchange for cash. Thus, it was only at that moment that Lloyd realized just how powerful and out of his league Javier was.

On top of that, he could not help but recall what the people within his circle had mentioned about a major family hiding from plain sight.

In fact, Lloyd was willing to bet that Javier was a member of this major family. "The fact that he was able to recruit Chad, Mary Jane, and Saoirse so easily is proof enough that Javier is an extremely capable person!"

At that thought, the minor unhappiness Lloyd felt for Javier was gone with the wind.

'It wouldn't be embarrassing to work for a family like his at all!'

This was the same as in ancient history, when subjects would very naturally choose to submit themselves to an emperor.

Those who refused to submit... Well, their heads were sure going to roll! When they left Mary Jane's office, they coincidentally came across Jade, who was leaving hers. Lloyd had already gone through Jade's profile while looking into Reivaj Group previously, but now that he was seeing her in person, his eyes sparkled uncontrollably.

Jade then approached them, and Javier introduced her to Lloyd.

Jade extended her hand instinctively. "Hello there, Mr. Young, Javier has been thinking about you a great deal recently. He kept wondering when the brilliant Lloyd Young would agree to come to our place to see the sights. I'm so happy to see that we finally managed to welcome you here as a guest." Lloyd shook Jade's hand and then looked at Javier with a bitter smile.

"That's not true at all. Mr. Javier doesn't think of me as a brilliant person. In fact, he thinks of me as a mule and he's asking me to do his bidding. I hurried all the way here the minute heard that something was up."

Jade smiled. "You really do know how to crack a joke, Mr. Young, Javier doesn't think of you as a mule at all. If he really did, you wouldn't have the time to even come here to see him. Just the fact that he asked you to come here today proves that you're a very brilliant, talented man, does it not?"

Lloyd had never interacted with Jade before and merely thought that she had been able to become the chairman purely because she was Javier's woman.

However, now that he'd had the chance to speak with her, he no longer thought of her that way.

Instead, he thought that Jade was a very cunning woman who had a way with words. 'She's the kind of person you could very gently try to nudge into being your friend, but once you nudge her too hard and get on her bad side, there'll be a bloody massacre for sure.'

Lloyd silently took a step back when he looked at Jade and Javier. "No wonder you two are together.

You're both such capable people." Javier smiled. "Surely you jest, Mr. Young. We're merely two people from the countryside trying to make an honest living here. We're very sincere and honest people. This I can assure you of!"

Lloyd pouted his lips. "Nonsense! I haven't met a single person even more dishonest than yourself..."

After half a month, Lloyd's company was truly peaceful once again.

Originally, the two companies coming after Lloyd's company were aggressively rendered unable to retrieve their capital, even though they wanted to, when they were suddenly severely blocked from behind. As a result, they both started panicking. They had thought they could swiftly defeat Lloyd, but he ended up being much more resilient than they had expected.

On the other hand, they thought they could retreat, but Lloyd kept hounding them as they tried. Lloyd had reached a certain point, so he was not going to allow his enemies to leave even though he knew there was a chance he was not going to be able to defeat them.

In combination with the 60 million dollars Lloyd had taken from his enemies, the entire ordeal came to an end when the two of them ended up having 450 million dollars forcefully ripped away from their hands.

Now, Lloyd, who had submitted himself to Javier's leadership, could not help but praise Mary Jane for her tactics when he saw the results.

At the same time, he was extremely thankful that he had not carried on being Javier's enemy, or he would definitely have been massacred until there had been nothing left of him.

Javier's subordinates are just like him. They're sneaky and scheming at everything they do. I can't help but feel sorry for anyone foolish enough to run into them and make them their enemy. It will definitely be a huge headache for them,

'On the other hand, I don't need to suffer through such a headache anymore since I'm one of his allies now!

'With such an aggressive ally on my side, I'll be able to do anything
ny side, I'll be able to do anything i want and succeed effortlessly!'

As a result, Lloyd felt very happy with himself. All he had to sacrifice in return was his title as the owner of the company, but he was still the one in charge.

Most importantly, he now had a whole future ahead of him, as Chad had answered his question when the former had ended up drunk during the time Lloyd was his guest,

Lloyd had indirectly asked Chad why he did not intend on founding his own company.

Chad had very loudly replied that Lloyd knew nothing and that he was going to be riding on the emperor's coattails.

At the time, Lloyd had not understood for the life of him what Chad had meant, but he then understood that Chad wanted to become a subordinate of the most powerful person.

Since there were no more emperors during that era, the most logical explanation Lloyd could think of was that...Chad was referring to the head of a major family.

'I want to ride on the emperor's coattails as well...'. Thus, Lloyd's company issue was resolved, and it became one of the subsidiaries under Reivaj Group. Meanwhile, Reivaj Media grew at lightspeed after the management of the company was handed to Saoirse.

With these two companies growing autonomously, Javier's involvement in the media industry grew by leaps and bounds.

On the other hand, Mr. Gander's filming process was going smoothly, and he'd almost completed his filming schedule within a mere two months.

When filming was over, they still needed some time to complete the post-production and editing work. However, this was undoubtedly good news for Javier. Thus, on the very day filming was finished, Javier took a plane to meet the production crew.

Everyone seemed rather happy, including Mr. Nolan, who seemed to be in much better shape than before.

Mr. Gander kept paying him compliments. "Mr. Nolan has been working extremely well over
There were so many lines to go through, but he never once cut them out during the entire filming process and he kept going through them day and night. In fact, there were many scenes that would have made the cut anyway, but he insisted on repeating them a few more times so we could select the best

take for the final cut.”

Cillian’s professionalism and dedication to his craft had infected the entire production crew.

The fact that he was able to be so focused on filming despite the severity of his health condition gave others no excuse to try and catch a break.

Javier wanted to personally meet Cillian, the biggest contributor and the pillar of support leading to the success of the production crew.

However, when he voiced his intention, he was told that Cillian had already returned to Ferris Sky as soon as filming was finished.

Javier was slightly stunned and suddenly had a slightly bad premonition.

As the saying goes, all things return to their roots in the end. So, if Cillian was in a hurry to return to his hometown, it probably only meant that he wished to be with his family more often. Nothing else.

However, the bad premonition that Javier had very soon came to pass.

During the dinner party they had to celebrate the completion of the filming process, Javier had just raised his glass to thank everyone for their hard work when his cell phone suddenly rang. Dana’s sobbing voice came from the other end of the line. “Cillian’s gone...” 1

The glass in Javier’s hand instantly fell to the ground when he heard about the passing of that brilliant old man...

Chapter 219 The Perfect Actor The day Cillian passed away, he had rushed back home through the night after he was done filming. Then, after he said a few words to his son and his daughter-in-law, he claimed that he was very tired and wanted to rest for a while.

However, this was a nap Cillian was never going to wake up from.

Even though there was a team of medical professionals with him, they still could not resuscitate the old man and pull him from the grasp of the Grim Reaper himself. Cillian’s son had already been prepared for this long ago. Before Cillian’s passing, the doctor had already advised his son that the old man might leave at any given moment... Cillian’s wake was held on the third day of his passing, and Javier, Lloyd, Mr. Gander, and the rest rushed over.

There were many movie celebrities on the scene, but most of them were older, veteran actors and actresses who were extremely saddened by the old man’s passing.

Flowers filled the venue of his wake, sent by the country’s filmography organization, the air force, and many others who wanted to pay their condolences. Cillian had not lived a wealthy life in the past, and now that he had passed, it brought great sadness to the people around him, which was obvious on the faces of the people who attended his wake.

Clearly, everyone loved this old man very much.

Later on, the Red Cross Association arrived as well. Aside from bringing some flowers, they brought a donation certificate with them as well. In the end, the 12 million dollars that Javier had given Cillian had still been donated. Cillian’s son told Javier, “Dad told me that the money would be put to much better use by building a few more schools for children rather than building our own personal wealth.”

According to the agreement, if Cillian donated the money, Javier would stop the filming process entirely. Thus, the old man had deliberately waited for filming to be over before donating the money. This way, Javier would not be able to stop the filming process even if he wanted to. Javier looked at the old man’s smiling black-and-white picture and could not find the right words to say.

After pondering it for a moment, Javier thought that only the title “The Perfect Actor” would be appropriate to describe the old man.

It was not just his acting skills that had been perfect, but his professionalism and kindness as well.

After the funeral ended, Javier met up with Cillian's son.

"I heard that you and your wife are translators for Foreign Affairs and that your son just got into a boarding school overseas. How about this? I'll help you two find a job overseas for your sake and your son's."

Cillian's son refused to accept Javier's offer no matter what but gave in to his kind offer in the end when Javier brought up the 12 million dollars, Cillian's family were not greedy people. All they wanted was to be able to live their lives in peace and without regrets.

Before he left, Javier asked, "Could you sell me this old house if you do decide to do so? Otherwise, could you leave me a set of keys? I'd like to come by and have a chat with the old man whenever I get the chance."

Cillian's son shook his head. "I'm not going to sell the house because of sentimental reasons, but I can give you a set of keys..."

That night, when Javier took a plane back home, he was in a very bad mood.

He'd originally thought that he would be able to make a name for himself globally after producing a decent film.

Then, he was going to show this recognition to Cillian and tell him that all their perseverance had been worth it and that it had all paid off.

However, the old man had ended up leaving the world behind before the post-production process was even completed.

This left Javier feeling very disappointed and hollow.

Jade found out what had happened, so she could understand Javier's mood.

She gently burrowed into Javier's embrace and hugged him. "You'll be able to give Mr. Nolan some peace after you win the prize."

Javier merely acknowledged this and said nothing else. He just hugged Jade tightly.

Right at that moment, his cell phone rang.

At first, Javier did not want to answer his phone, but when Jade took a look at the incoming caller ID for him, she said, "It's Ciara."

Javier could get away with refusing to answer anyone's call, but not Ciara's. God knew what sort of trouble she'd gotten into again that had caused her to feel aggrieved.

When he answered the phone, Ciara's voice came from the other end of the line. "It's going to be Christmas soon. Are you coming home?"

Javier, who had initially thought Ciara had gotten into some sort of trouble, replied, "No, I'm quite busy with work right now."

Ciara answered with an "Oh" and sounded slightly disappointed. Thus, Javier very quickly added, "I'll be home soon, probably in two months." It was only at this point that Ciara returned to being the joyous girl she normally was. Then, she began to chat about what had happened in their family. "Uncle Arthur and Aunt Marjorie have filed for divorce. Zephiel's going to be following Aunt Marjorie, but I don't know where to. Neither Uncle Arthur, nor Grandpa seem to be bothered by this, which is so weird."

This was a little strange indeed. After all, Zephiel was a member of the Kerseys, so how could Marjorie be allowed to take him 21121? 1

It would have been understandable if Arthur did not wish to ask about it, but for the old fox to not seem to care? That was very strange...

In fact, Ciara was mumbling away as she said, "As much as I despise Zephiel, he's still a descendant of our family at the end of the day!"

Javier chuckled. "The fact that the old fox doesn't seem to be bothered might mean that there's something we don't know about this."

Ciara asked, "What do you mean? I don't understand you."

Javier replied, "Nothing, I was just making random guesses."

Then, Javier and Ciara had a casual chat before they both hung up. Now, lying in bed, Jade lay in front of Javier and poked his chest.

"Judging by Ciara's tone, she doesn't seem to just be your little sister...She's not your biological sister, is she?"

'Err... How is this woman's sixth sense so powerful?! I didn't say anything at all, yet she's able to tell so much?'

However, Javier thought that there was no need for him to hide this, as it was a secret that was going to be revealed someday. Thus, he told Jade, "No, she's not. I thought she was initially, but I later realized that she isn't even my stepsister." Jade then intimately lowered her head against Javier's chest. "Which is why the big bad wolf ended up taking her away first, right?" "How in the world did she come to this conclusion?! There was nothing that could possibly have led her to this conclusion at all!"

When Javier asked about this in surprise, Jade said, "How could I not tell? Ciara was being coquettish in front of you, but she didn't dare push it too far out of fear that you might get angry at her. Women like her, who are conflicted about wanting to show you their cute side yet afraid of getting scolded, clearly show that you've done it, but your relationship hasn't stabilized yet. Am I wrong? You can't lie about this to a woman's sixth sense."

Javier only felt fascinated by Jade's ability to analyze so many things solely through Ciara's tone. Most importantly, Jade had analyzed it all correctly!

Thankfully, Javier had not chosen to lie to Jade, or he would have had to suffer through a huge amount of awkwardness by having his lies exposed! Just as he was pondering this, Jade suddenly lowered her head and fiercely bit Javier's lips. That was a bite, not a kiss, and it made Javier clench his teeth in pain. However, Jade very quickly released him and extended her hand to wipe his lips, feeling heartbroken. Her mouth said otherwise, though. "Serves you right for falling for a woman whenever you meet them and making me feel jealous. Worst of all, there's nothing I can do about it. If only you were a little uglier...of course, it'd be best if you were a really ugly man so that nobody would try to take you away from me."

Javier could not help but feel elated at that point. "Would you still want me if I was hideous, though?"

Jade thought about it. "Forget it, I'd prefer if you were just a little uglier. It wouldn't be nice if you were hideous and I had to puke every time I saw you."