

The Ace at the Apex

Chapter 270 Can't Pick It Up

Before Javier left work in the evening, he managed to get Graham's address. After leaving the restaurant, he took a taxi and headed over.

The neighborhood where Graham lived looked quite old. It had rough gravel concrete walls, run-down storefronts, potholes, and piles of trash.

People who could afford it had all moved out. Those who stayed were either the elderly, poor families waiting for the place to be demolished or tenants. Graham Rowland fell into the last category.

When Graham opened the door and saw Javier, he frowned. "What are you doing here?"

Javier put all his fingers up and said, "I'm a guest, and I came empty-handed. Aren't you going to let me in?"

Graham was rendered speechless. He had no choice but to turn around and go back into the house. If Javier had come bearing gifts, he wouldn't have let him in.

He refused to accept any gifts when he was the factory manager. Obviously, he would never do it now. either.

Javier realized that Graham's house was indeed quite simple upon entering the house. Even the TV was one of those big, bulky ones.

It had two bedrooms-one for the couple and the other for their son, who was still in high school.

His son was probably still studying at school and hadn't come home. Meanwhile, Graham's ill wife could occasionally be heard coughing from the bedroom as she lay in bed.

She sounded very ill, so ill that she did not even have the strength to cough.

Javier went to say hello to Graham's wife. After having a brief chat, he returned to the living room.

"Rowland, you're so stubborn. Your wife is so ill, can't you just compromise?"

Graham glared at him. "How should I compromise? Am I supposed to be complicit with them? Take money from people and let them order me around? Take company property for personal use? When I was the factory manager, I earned the position with my skills, not by getting involved in those messed-up interpersonal relationships and gifts.

"It is precisely why I despise getting gifts and accepting bribes. I make money with my skills, and it makes me feel secure whenever I spend or save!"

Javier asked, "What about your wife and kid?"

Graham seemed guilt-ridden when Javier mentioned his wife and kid. Still, he replied without hesitation, "They have no choice because they're my family. I know I have a problem. I will never take money from others, and I don't want extra money. I'm capable of going out and getting part-time jobs at night to make a couple of bucks. I'd much rather do that than to take dirty money!"

Javier had a deep admiration for how obstinate Graham was. Though his obstinacy could be a weakness, it showed how noble of a character he was.

Javier thought that if he had to put himself in Graham's shoes, he wouldn't be able to do what Graham did, but that didn't stop him from having a deep admiration for someone like him.

Since he already had a clear picture of Graham's character, he did not dwell further on the topic. He casually steered the topic to Graham's journey in the past because he wanted to find out where he stood in terms of production management.

When Javier brought it up, Graham spoke openly. It felt like he was talking about the best years of his life. Reminiscing the past made him feel immense pride.

"Back then, I was focused on production. Our automobile manufacturing facility had the best quality and production efficiency. Although everyone was tired, our wages were high, and everybody was happy. You know, the entire company agreed that the quality was the best and the production efficiency was at its highest!

"There was an old chairman in the company, and before he retired, he assigned me to prepare a report for the entire company. I was supposed to report on my work experiences so that the company could promote it. But after a new deputy general manager took over, the presentation of the report was canceled. I was told that production was busy and it would be postponed.

"I know for a fact that it wasn't postponed. He was just waiting for me to knock on his door bearing gifts. Hell no, I'd never do that. Why should I?"

Just as he expected, Graham had fallen into a bottomless pit and started getting demoted, one level at a time. All because he had chosen not to go.

It felt like someone was purposely picking on him until he apologized.

Would a demotion be enough? If it wasn't, how about another demotion? How about now? He would get yet another demotion if he still refused to give in.

Graham had been demoted to a shift manager, but he still refused to give in. He had always lived by the principle that he would make a living for himself with his skills, not his connections!

Javier learned a lot for the past 30 minutes that Graham had been talking.

Old Man Rowland was indeed an old skilled worker. He had worked his way up, step by step, all the way from the grassroots level. He knew practically anything and everything about the production, from the factory's electrical power, equipment maintenance, planned production to all the miscellaneous things.

"My level of education isn't high, but I've started working here since I was 16, and it's going to be my 30th year this year. I know every corner of the factory like the back of my hand. How do I describe it? Like I'm in my element? Something like that." 1

"Anyway, that's how I felt during the two years when I was the factory manager. I felt like everything was going smoothly."

Javier nodded and genuinely believed him.

He said solemnly, "Given your skills, you're certainly good enough to be a production manager. You can just focus on managing production."

Graham nodded seriously. "I know, I feel the same way. But I won't be able to do it if I have to work with an assistant production manager. I'm confident in controlling production and improving quality, but I have terrible interpersonal skills. I guess it's my emotional intelligence.

"Nevertheless, I can never understand why it is so difficult to just do honest work. Isn't that what we're supposed to do? I don't know if society is messed up or I am."

Javier shook his head with a smile and did not say anything.

The rights or wrongs of the society were something that economists and sociologists would often argue about. He could not really say much about it.

But he could certainly talk about Graham. In fact, he could even change his life.

When the car that he had been researching got put into production, Graham would be the production manager. He just had to be the production manager!

Graham's wife started coughing again in the bedroom, and it sounded serious. Graham hurried over to take care of her.

Javier saw it as an excuse to leave the Rowlands' house. He left after telling Graham's wife to take care.

He asked about her condition and found out that she was not seriously ill. She simply did not get enough treatments all year round, and they had no money for surgery.

After leaving the house, Javier secretly hatched a plan. He thought about treating Graham's wife's illness first.

As he was hatching his plan while walking down the street after leaving the neighborhood, a group of high school students caught his attention.

The high school students were clearly divided into two groups. There were five of them in one group, while the other only had one.

At that moment, five of the students surrounded that one student and were mocking him.

"Noah, you're a piece of trash. You're just like your father, Graham Rowland!"

"That's right. What else do you know other than studying? Nothing. Do you know anything about League of Legends and PUBG?"

"He knows nothing. He's probably the only person in our school who doesn't have a cell phone. He doesn't even have one of those old cell phones that can only make phone calls. Do you think he'd know all that? All he knows is to snitch on us and tell the teacher that we're playing games on our phones during class!"

As the group of students mocked him, Noah explained, “We’re about to take our SAT soon. Can you guys just grow up already? You can play with your cell phone anytime. You can play all you want when we’re done with our SAT. Can’t you guys focus on your studies now? 1

“The SAT is going to be a crucial turning point in our lives. As your class president, I’m responsible for you guys too!” Noah seemed to be a good kid, and Javier felt genuinely happy for Graham. Naturally, he would never just sit and watch as Graham’s kid got bullied!

Chapter 271 Castle In The Sky

Noah felt extremely helpless. He came from a poor family, but it did not demoralize life for him. Instead, he was hoping to find a way out by studying.

When his father held his head high despite being oppressed over and over again, it gave him a solid and righteous outlook on life.

Therefore, he had always been more mature than his peers, both in studies and in life.

He tried to persuade his peers, but no one paid him any attention. On the contrary, they became even wilder. They would disturb the other students while they studied, so he had gone to see the teacher out of desperation.

However, he did not expect to meet a group of his classmates seeking revenge when he was on his way home from school.

After trying his best to advise his classmates, they said to him, “Way out? We don’t need to find a way out. We can just pay our way into a university and get a degree. By the time we enter the factory, our parents will have plans for us.

“When the time comes, we’ll still be at the same starting line, but the only difference is that we’ll be in leadership positions, while you’ll be working a normal, boring job. To put it bluntly, you’ll be working for us, loser. You’re a piece of trash!”

Noah was indeed a very “mature” child, but his maturity was a result of the ways of life and his parents’ perception of society. From the looks of it, it was very likely that what the high schooler said would become a reality in a few years.

If things panned out just as they had predicted, Noah would end up being their “lackey”, or what they called a salaryman and a loser.

However, Javier was here and clearly wouldn’t let that happen.

When Noah had decided to give up persuading his peers, the group of high school students who came from wealthy families stopped him again.

“Dumbass. Don’t try to run away. Hurry up and go get our cell phones back!”

‘If you can’t get us our phones back, your father is going to lose his job. I’ll get my dad to fire him when I get back home tonight!’

They were vicious and savage. Noah was unsure and did not know how to deal with the viciousness and savageness that came with their privilege. He was feeling a little scared.

His mother was sick, and if his father got fired, he did not know how his family could go on.

Just when Noah became increasingly worried, Javier walked out of a cell phone store by the road with a shopping bag in his hand.

The shopping bag looked ordinary. It was just an ordinary paper bag, but an apple logo was printed on it.

When Javier approached Noah, who seemed lost, he looked at the group of high schoolers with a smile before taking out a brand new 256GMAX and handing it to Noah.

Noah was stunned. He didn't know who Javier was or what he was trying to do.

Javier motioned to him. "Take it."

Noah took it subconsciously. He was still clueless about what Javier was trying to do.

Later, Javier took another brand new 256GMAX out of the bag. He opened it and took out the phone before saying to the high schooler who led the group, "I got this for you on his behalf."

The high schooler was elated. But just as he was about to accept it, Javier threw it right into a foul-smelling drain on the side of the road.

The drain was full of mud, and the stench was putrid. Flies were flying all over the place when the cell phone was thrown into the drain.

Javier looked at the group of high schoolers and said, "If you want it, go down there and get it yourself. If you don't want it, just leave it there. Someone's going to pick it up."

Javier then unwrapped the remaining four 256GMAXs, and as the high schoolers watched in horror, he threw the cell phones into the smelly drain.

He threw the accessories that came with the phones on the ground and lit a cigarette.

"I heard you're all quite wealthy, and all your parents seem to be pretty amazing, so don't pick them up. A cell phone will only cost you thousands of dollars. I believe you're rich enough to leave those cell phones there. Someone else will pick them up, wipe them down, and use them."

Javier then unwrapped the brand new phone in Noah's hand.

Just when everyone thought that another cell phone would be going down the drain, Javier turned on the phone and took Noah's hand to register his fingerprints for him.

"Remember, if you ever see me again, just call me uncle. We just met for the first time, and this is my gift to you. If these little brats dare to pick on you again, I'll get someone to throw all of them headfirst into that smelly drain."

"Uncle?"

The five high school students were stunned, so was Noah. He did not know why he suddenly had a rich uncle appear out of nowhere.

Based on the market price, the six 256GMAX cell phones would probably cost almost 9.5 thousand dollars, and he just threw them away!?

Noah looked at the phone in his hand and did not know what to do.

Javier put his arm around Noah's neck and pulled him aside.

*This phone is a gift for you, so just keep it. You don't need to tell your parents, and you don't need to mention anything about me. They don't know me, and I'm not actually your uncle. I just didn't like those kids, and I wanted to stand up for you."

Noah thought it was odd, but he couldn't think of any other reason.

He glanced at the phone in his hand and quickly returned it to Javier.

"Uncle, I can't keep the phone. I'm really grateful that you're willing to help, but I can't keep it. As for the other cell phones you threw away earlier, I can't afford to pay you back, but I can give you an IOU. My name is Noah Rowland, and I will pay you back someday!"

This child was beyond Javier's expectations. Not only was he not greedy for money, but he was also a responsible young man. 1

Graham certainly raised him right because he was a good kid. He was clearly "someone else's child". 1

Javier liked him very much and repeatedly asked him to keep the phone, but he simply refused to take it.

However, Javier did not take it back either. He changed the subject and motioned Noah to look at his classmates.

At that moment, the five high schoolers were in discussion with their heads down!

"Damn it. When did Noah have such a cool uncle? He threw away phones that cost a total of 8 thousand dollars, and he even gave Noah one."

"Who cares about all that? The main question now is if we should pick them up. Each phone costs over 1.5 thousand dollars." 1

"Of course, I'm picking it up. Will your dad buy you a phone for over 1.5 thousand dollars? My dad certainly won't!"

"No, we can't pick it up now. Noah and his filthy rich uncle are watching us, and they're just waiting to see us embarrass ourselves. We can't pick them up. Let's go down and pick them up when they leave later. We can wipe them down at night, and they're going to be brand new tomorrow. We'll just tell everyone that we bought them. No one's going to know!"

They were smart kids. They had gotten a bargain and wouldn't embarrass themselves.

Apparently, they weren't the only people who had seen Javier throwing away cell phones. The store owner of the cell phone store had witnessed it too!

The cell phone store owner was surely excited to meet such a big customer late at night, and he welcomed him joyfully.

However, he saw the customer throwing the cell phones into a smelly drain shortly after leaving the store.

Damn it. Those were all worth money. It didn't hurt Javier, but his heart ached as he watched it happen.

After Javier left, he was ready to pick up the phones. It was just a smelly drain, and money obviously mattered more!

At this time, Noah's classmates were getting anxious when they realized that their phones might get taken away.

They couldn't care less about their pride anymore. The phones were more important!

Thus, the five of them jumped into the smelly drain without even taking off their shoes. At that moment, flies were everywhere, and the putrid stench filled the air.

Chapter 272 The Biggest Rogue

"Remember the looks on their faces. That's the biggest difference between you and them.

"You have it in you. You'll never have to bow down to anyone or anything. When I threw the cell phones, you gave me your word that you'd pay me back someday. That right there is confidence. You believe that you'll be able to make the money to pay for those phones through hard work. 1

"But they don't. All they do is bow down to anyone and anything because that's the only thing they know how to do. The phone, for instance. The only way for them to get it is by fighting their way into a smelly drain. They're not going to have much of a future."

Javier gave Noah a pat on his shoulder. "Work hard. I know you're going to have a bright future!"

Javier gave him two more pats before he hailed a taxi and left.

When Noah snapped out of his daze, Javier had already left, and he had no way of returning the phone in his hand.

He turned around to look at his classmates that were in the smelly drain. They were good friends, but at that moment, they were all fighting in the mud because they had found one of the phones, and all of them wanted to just take it and get out of the drain.

Neither of them could leave, and they were covered in foul-smelling mud all over their bodies.

It was a wakeup call for Noah. He finally understood Javier's intention of throwing the five cell phones away.

He taught him a life lesson with those phones. Just as Javier had told him before he left-as long as he had it in him, he would never have to bow down to anyone or anything!

It cemented Noah's determination that his future was in his own hands. He ignored his classmates who were still fighting in the smelly drain and walked home with the new cell phone and phone accessories that were on the ground.

He did not care about the chargers and other phone accessories. He only picked them up because he did not want his classmates to have too much fun with their phones.

When Noah got home, he immediately went to Graham. He did not listen to Javier and told Graham about everything that had occurred earlier that night.

Graham asked about his clothes and appearance. From the time and characteristics, he could tell that it was Javier who had helped his son. However, he found it a little odd. Was Javier actually a worker in the factory?

He had been working in the factory for 25 years, but he had never seen any worker that was careless with money. He could tell that

Javier was not working for the money. What was he working for?

"Dad, do you know that man? If you do, help return this phone to him!"

Noah handed the cell phone to Graham. Although his eyes were filled with reluctance, he did not hesitate.

Graham was about to reach out his hand, but when he saw the reluctance in his son's gaze, he felt a wave of bitterness in his heart

As parents, nothing hurt more than not being able to give their children what they wanted. So that night, Graham decided to make an exception

"Son, keep the phone. You've always been a good kid, and you'll be taking the SAT soon. You'll then head to college. You're going to need a cell phone anyway. I'm going to pay the man back for the phone."

"But Dad, we don't have the money--"

Graham stopped Noah from speaking further and forced him back to his room to study.

After Noah's door was shut, Graham couldn't stop himself from crying.

His persistence over the years had left his wife ill in bed with no money for treatment, and his child mocked and ridiculed.

He felt like he couldn't hold on much longer, and maybe it was time for time to accept reality.

He certainly had the determination, but if he kept holding on to his principles, his wife and child would suffer...

When Graham went to work the next day, he brought 1.5 thousand dollars with him. He had woken up early that day to withdraw the money from an ATM and wrapped the bills in a newspaper.

When he saw Javier, he pulled him aside.

When Javier realized that Graham was going to pay him for the phone, he waved his hand and said, "Save it. It's a gift for him for being a good kid, not you. Why are you paying me? Now hurry up and put that away."

Graham refused and insisted on paying Javier. Once again, he threatened to send Javier away.

Javier laughed. "Rowland, do you think I care about this job if I can just throw 9.5 thousand dollars away?"

Graham was rendered speechless. He was right. Javier surely didn't look like he came here to work. It felt more like a vacation.

Graham was curious and asked Javier, "Then what the hell are you doing here?"

Javier replied, "If I told you that I'm here to talk business with your company and I want to learn about the equipment, would you believe me?"

Graham nodded without hesitation. "I would. Though you're very young, I can see from the way you carry yourself that you're different. You have a way of looking at things and handling problems. This could only mean one thing, you have your eyes set on bigger things."

Javier was impressed. Graham's analysis actually made perfect sense.

But he joked, "Are you buttering me up?"

Graham sneered. "If I really wanted to do that, I wouldn't do it with you. I'd do that at the company!"

Even though the thought of giving in had crossed Graham's mind last night, he held back.

His son was about to take the SAT and go to college. When his son graduated from college, it would ease the burden on his family.

Everything was moving in the right direction and for the better.

Since he had overcome some of the most challenging moments in his life, there was no reason for him to give in and surrender to reality at this point in time.

They chatted a little bit more before Javier told Graham about his plan. "I want to sign an agreement with your company to work on an affiliate product, which means that the cars I produce will be under a sub-brand of the group. They'll provide all services, including production, management, as well as 4S shop sales and after-sales. Part of the revenue will then go to them.

"When the time comes, I'll need a manager like you to control the production and quality for me."

Graham was stunned. If what Javier said was true, that would make him a production manager.

He had no doubt that Javier was telling the truth because he knew Javier was different after spending one day with him.

He was willing to trust him, so he opened up about the plan.

“I understand what you mean, and I’m willing to take this opportunity but under one condition. I’m not going to change. I’m terrible at interpersonal relationships, and I’m not good at dealing with people. I’m also brutally honest and stubborn. I-”

Before Graham could finish, Javier waved his hand. “I don’t care about any of that. All I need is quality. I want to make cars of the finest quality, and that’s the only thing I need. Do you think you can do that for me?”

Of course, Graham could do it. He had complete confidence in making sure the production and quality were at their best. Not only could he manage it, but he could also guarantee that it would work!

After deciding on some of the plan’s details, Graham suddenly smiled and said, “Why do I suddenly feel like an idiot? You started talking about this castle in the air, and I actually started talking about this castle too.”

Javier smiled and stood up. “Rowland, I’m not just talking about this castle in the air. I’m giving it to you. It’s way bigger than you think!”

Chapter 273 He Has To Go

In the next two days, Javier had the chance to see various pieces of production equipment and assembly lines with Graham’s help. He even had the opportunity to look at the production line of the Audi facility plant next door.

Graham used to be a factory manager, so even though he was not good at interpersonal relationships, many of the workers that he used to lead were good at it. Many of them were doing well.

Although it was unlikely for him to get a promotion, it certainly wouldn’t be a problem for him just to visit and look around.

That day, when Graham was showing Javier around during his free time, he bumped into the leader of his company.

His heart skipped a beat because they were not at the production line of their own factory, and the leader knew him.

He was flustered. The most beautiful and youngest Vice GM in the group, Quinna Aurum, suddenly said, “Why are you here!?”

She could not hide the shock on her delicate face.

Graham said awkwardly, “Miss Aurum, I-”

Before Graham could continue, Quinna pushed him aside. “I’m asking him, not you.”

She continued to stare at Javier and asked in astonishment, “How did you end up becoming a worker in a factory?”

Graham was stunned. He thought Quinna was talking to him, but she was actually talking to Javier.

Javier had a smile on his face. “I told you we’d meet again.”

Quinna did not say anything. She was trying to process what Javier really meant.

Javier did not say anything either. He simply stared at Quinna with a smile as he admired her gorgeous face.

Graham broke the silence and said, "Miss Aurum, do you guys know each other?"

Quinna suddenly realized that the awkward silence between her and Javier was a little odd, so she replied, "We don't know each other very well, but we've met somewhere before."

Quinna then made up some excuse and beckoned to Javier. "Come. There's something I need to talk to you about."

Since it was directed at Javier, Graham obviously did not tag along.

Javier followed behind Quinna as they walked toward the office in the distance.

They finally arrived at the office, and Quinna pushed open the door of the guest lounge on the first floor.

She motioned Javier to have a seat and asked, "Mr. Kersey, why are you at the facility plant of our company? Is there something I should know?"

Javier replied, "Of course not. The answer couldn't be any more obvious. I wanted to see you, so I came. This is the only place where I get to see you every day. I can see the gorgeous Miss Aurum that I think about all day, every day."

Quinna smiled, but it didn't look very genuine. "Mr. Kersey, you're really funny."

Javier took out a cigarette and made eye contact with Quinna. She said, "Go ahead."

Javier lit his cigarette and took a puff before talking to Quinna under the bluish smoke.

"This is the third time you've told me that, but I rarely ever make any jokes. I'm telling you the truth. You walked right into my heart the moment I first saw you."

Quinna touched Javier's cigarette box. She then took one stick out and lit it.

"Mr. Kersey, it's no fun if you keep talking like this. What if you talk your way out of employment?"

Javier laughed and looked at Quinna with a smug smile on his face. "Miss Aurum, are you threatening me?"

Quinna spread her hands and looked all innocent. "No, it's not. How could I threaten our client? I'm just restructuring the company. It only involves one person, but it's fine as long as I'm making the decision."

She was dominant. It was as if she was blatantly telling Javier that she could make anyone leave if she wanted to.

Javier looked helpless. "Then I guess I'll have to go online and slander your company on the internet as an L5 car owner. I'll then spend tens of thousands of dollars to pay a bunch of keyboard warriors to write negative comments about the car. I'm the car owner, and I have a say. Actually, I think people would care more about what car owners have to say rather than the manufacturer. Oh, what a bummer!"

Quinna was dumbfounded. She never expected Javier to be acting like a rogue and deliberately threatening using his car, the L5.

She thought about it, and indeed, the sales were not high, to begin with, as it was still just a symbol of status.

PM

If the name of their company got slandered by a bunch of paid haters, things would certainly take a turn for the worst. It did not matter how reputable the company was. It would only take a single negative remark to destroy everything.

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All Quinna could say to Javier was, “You’re so shameless!”

Javier had a humble smile on his face. “Thanks for the compliment. I didn’t deserve it.” 1

Quinna was helpless. She never imagined that someone like Javier, who could afford the L5, would be so brazen and shameless.

They smoked in silence for a while as they looked into each other’s eyes. Quinna asked, “Mr. Kersey, tell me. Why did you, a distinguished L5 car owner, come to our company and work as an average blue-collar worker?”

Javier put out his cigarette and replied seriously, “I found out that the air valve cap on my car wheel was missing. I wanted to get a n original one, so I came to your group in hopes that I could steal one home. Alas, before I could even steal anything, the wise Miss Aurum saw right through my plan. My plan failed!” +1-

FM

Quinna was a master’s degree holder in management, but Javier made her feel like leaving her degree behind and choosing violence instead.

She was so irritated she wanted to just smash Javier to death with the large glass ashtray on the table.

The tires were perfectly fine, but he was talking about the wheels and air valve caps. He was obviously talking crap! 1

Quinna did everything she could to hold back her anger as Javier was clearly testing her patience. She asked solemnly, “Mr. Kersey, I’m being very serious right now. Tell me why.”

Chapter 274 I’m Going To Strangle You To Death

Javier clearly knew what Quinna was talking about. He answered in a solemn tone, “If you really want to know, buy me dinner tonight. I’ll tell you if you take me out to dinner.”

Quinna had completely given up. She had never met anyone as brazen as Javier. She did not know how to deal with a rogue like him.

She stopped asking. After putting out the cigarette, she got up and went to open the door of the guest lounge to send him off.

As she was walking past Javier, she accidentally tripped over a chair. She lost her balance and fell forward.

She was about to hit the floor when Javier quickly got up and grabbed her from behind.

Quinna felt extremely embarrassed and was paralyzed with shame.

She had had a few relationships over the years, but she would never let any man touch her body because she was so beautiful. She did not know if those men truly liked her or just liked her face and body.

Who would have thought that Javier would have his hands on her? It happened in such a magical way. 1

However, she immediately freed herself from Javier's embrace.

Quinna yelled at him, embarrassed, "Javier Kersey! You're such a jerk!"

Javier felt like a victim. "What does this have to do with me? I'm being wronged here. You suddenly got up to leave earlier, and you tripped over something. If I didn't grab you, you probably would've lost your front teeth.

"Besides, everything happened in a split second, and I reached out to grab you without thinking where I should grab. I hugged you from behind. Even if I did it on purpose, I wouldn't be able to see where I was holding anyway.

"Also, when I was holding you and was about to let go, you were struggling to break free, and your button got stuck on my finger. The button broke, but it's not my fault. You can't blame me for having fingers, can you? Are you going to ask me to break all my fingers before saving you?"

Quinna was enraged and embarrassed as she covered her shirt. The more she thought about it, she realized it had nothing to do with Javier indeed.

From the very beginning, it was her action that brought this beautiful misunderstanding upon herself. Javier had not plotted anything against her.

Quinna stopped talking. She covered her shirt and stepped aside. She blushed and said to Javier, "Get out."

'Fine, I'll go out. I don't know if I'll do anything to her if I don't.'

But just as he was making his way to the door, Quinna suddenly stopped him. "Stop right there!"

Javier turned his head and looked at her. "What?"

She had her arms wrapped right in front of her chest and was all covered up.

Quinna said bluntly, "Take off your clothes!"

Javier was stunned. It took him a couple of seconds before he said, "Miss Aurum, is this a good idea?"

Quinna's face flushed with shyness. She said in a hurry, "Take them off right now. Stop blabbering around!"

She seemed to be in a rush and even had a little bit of an accent coming out.

Javier had no choice. He reached out to unbuckle his belt and said, "Quinna, I don't know what to say about you. You're a Vice GM, but your patience is paper-thin. You know, you need foreplay and the right emotions to get into it. Besides, we're at the office. It's inappropriate."

Even though Javier said so, he wasted no time unbuckling his belt. His hand was already on his zipper.

Javier pretended to be shocked. "Hey, why are you calling me a jerk? You asked me to take them off."

Quinna replied shyly, "I asked you to take off your work shirt for me. How am I supposed to go out like this!?"

Javier grunted, and Quinna felt so ashamed.

If she could use her hands to cover her ears, she would gladly do so because she did not want to hear what Javier had to say. Unfortunately, letting go of her hands would expose herself.

After putting his belt back on, Javier threw the work shirt he took off earlier toward Quinna.

Quinna was expecting to smell a strong sweat odor, but she did not.

In fact, there was a faint fragrance of jasmine, and it was pleasantly comforting. Somehow, she had a feeling that the shirt was very clean. She no longer had to worry about hygiene issues that she was worried about before.

Javier was shirtless after taking off his work shirt.

He looked down at his body and asked, "It's inappropriate for me to go out half-naked too. Why don't you lend me your bra? I should at least cover up-" 1

Quinna did not want to lend it. She blushed and stomped her feet as she yelled at Javier, "Whatever! You'll get a 30 dollar fine for not wearing work attire. You deserve it. You have the money anyway!"

She chased him out and slammed the door shut.

Javier was rendered speechless. "Quinna, you're so mean. You can't just ditch me like that. That's irresponsible."

The loud bang' on the door made it clear that Quinna was furious at this moment...

Quinna took off her shirt and her fitting black undershirt back into the room. She was blushing as she finally put on Javier's work shirt.

When she was going to button up the work shirt she had just put on, Quinna suddenly noticed a lustful-looking face right outside the window

She immediately freaked out. "Javier, what are you doing outside the window!? You jerk!" 1

She was embarrassed and flustered. Quinna quickly hid in a corner as she buttoned her work shirt.

At that moment, Quinna was utterly ashamed and angry. She wasn't just angry at Javier but also at herself.

She was mortified. Quinna had thought she was in her own office, so she had changed without closing the curtains.

Her office was on the seventh floor, so it was not a problem if the curtains were left open. No one could see her anyway

However, they were on the first floor, and Javier had seen everything through the window. It was extremely embarrassing and humiliating.

When Quinna recalled how Javier had asked to borrow her bra, she imagined it in her head. She thought it was so hilarious she burst out laughing. 1 But a second later, Quinna was feeling embarrassed again. "That jerk. He has to go. He's driving me crazy..."

Chapter 275 The Kid's Insolent

Graham began mulling after Javier left. The more he thought about it, the more he felt that Javier and Quinna must have known each other. It was not as simple as they seemed on the outside. If they had met before outside, why did they have to talk in the office? There was obviously something they did not want outsiders eavesdropping on them.

Regardless, Graham thought that it was a good thing. Javier knowing Quinna only affirmed his decision of trusting Javier was correct. As he contemplated, he thought that he could provide his wife the treatment needed to fully heal her when he got promoted as the head of the factory, and his salary would increase in the future.

It was then his wife called him. "Dear, someone came and sent us 30 thousand dollars, saying that Mr. Kersey sent him for it and that it's for my surgery. I didn't dare accept the money, but the man left after leaving the money and wishing me a smooth recovery.

"Who's...Mr. Kersey?"

Graham was moved. Who else could Mr. Kersey be? Who else could send money to treat his wife without leaving behind a name? It had to be Javier.

Graham had just been thinking about saving his salary to treat his wife, and Javier had already sent someone to send them the money without saying anything. Whether they accepted his kind gesture or not, Graham was very grateful to Javier.

Graham hung up after asking his wife to put the money away safely and saying they would talk when he went home at night.

Just as he did, he saw Javier coming back...with a bare upper body. It made Graham, who intended to bring up the 30 thousand dollars once they met, chuck the matter off the back of his mind.

"No, wait, where did your clothes go?"

Javier sighed weakly and waved, gesturing for Graham to leave and go toward their workspace.

“Don’t remind me. Quinna complimented me on my physique once we met and insisted I take off my clothes so she could see my strong muscles. Not only was she looking, but she also groped my chest and abs. I can’t allow that. We go by the rules. She’s a superior, but I can’t let her take advantage of me. Thus, I ran back claiming that I still have to work.” 1

“Yeah, right!” Graham willed his eyes helplessly.

—

Since Javier was not disclosing the truth, Graham stopped questioning him. He was not a gossip anyway.

He then brought up the 30 thousand dollars. “Mr. Kersey, the 30 thousand dollars,”

Before Graham finished, Javier waved dismissively. “Take it as a loan or a gift, whatever floats your boat. Just take the money and treat your wife when her illness is not yet serious and can recover with surgery.

“There’s no such thing as bribery between us, so you don’t have to overthink it. It’ll be too late for you to regret it if you refuse this 30 thousand dollars and your wife’s illness grows severe.”

What Javier said made sense and left Graham no room for refusal. After considering it, he nodded formally. “All right. I’ll take it and write you an IOU after this.”

Javier was amused. “You and Noah are really father and son. He wrote me a note of owing me money, and now you too.”

There was something Javier wanted to say but ultimately found it too much. ‘I have more checks than the debt notes that I have no place to keep them.’ Thinking it would be too arrogant and boastful, he decided that it was inappropriate and swallowed the words.

As they chatted and went to their workspace, someone from the factory’s supervising department stopped Javier not too long after that.

“Show me your work pass. Why aren’t you in your uniform?!”

There was no way Javier would want to be fined 30 dollars. He showed his work pass and told the man, “I met Miss Aurum just now, and she asked me to love the factory like it’s my home, and I should work passionately. She asked me to bare my upper body and work with all my might. 1

“I thought that Miss Aurum was right, so I took off my shirt. If you don’t believe me, you can verify it with Miss Aurum. She’s in her office now. I just came from there.”

The supervising department worker who had a red sleeve band was baffled. He thought that Javier’s excuse was ridiculous, but with Miss Aurum mentioned, he dared not make a rash decision. As such, he decided to ask about it after some hesitation,

Sending Javier and Graham off, he came to the office and knocked at Quinna’s door. The latter had just gone back to her office and had not even gotten seated for long, thinking about how roguish Javier was when her door was knocked.

Quinna hid her tom undershirt, took a deep breath, and said, “Come in.”

The supervising department worker came in and told Quinna, "Miss Aurum, I met a person when I was patrolling just now."

When Quinna learned that Javier was caught with a bare upper body, she was secretly delighted and thought he deserved it. Unfortunately, she was instantly angered after hearing the man's excuse.

She really wanted to expose Javier's lie, but it would not just be not wearing his uniform then. He would also be relaying a fake instruction. That might cause him to get picked on at work.

It was not like Quinna minded that, but if she offended Javier too much, that guy would actually spread slandering comments about L5 online.

Therefore, Quinna could only answer despite her disgruntlement, "Yes, what he said is true. I encouraged him to do it."

The worker nodded and took mental note of Javier, thinking that he should be careful around the latter as he must be related to the higher-ups. It was then the worker realized that Quinna's uniform seemed to be much larger.

The shoulder part of her uniform was incredibly wide, and the shirt was almost covering her bottom. Connecting the new knowledge to Javier's bare upper body...the worker was shocked, thinking that he was doomed. He had accidentally poked his nose into his superior's privacy!

Javier and Miss Aurum must have some secret affairs, and both of them had taken the wrong shirt. Javier had gone without a shirt, realizing that Quinna's one was too small, while Quinna could only wear his shirt despite it being much too big, not like she could go naked.

The worker got up hastily with the realization, paling a little.

"U-uh, Miss Aurum, I'll be t-taking my leave then."

Quinna was struck with realization as she watched the worker leave in haste and recalled that he was looking at her shirt. She was aware that the worker must have misunderstood something, thus his panic.

This wronged Quinna. Nothing had happened between her and Javier, yet they were now being paired into some scandalous lovers. What would she do if word got out?

It prompted her to say quickly, "Don't go yet. You came just at the right time. Go find out who's in charge of distributing the new uniforms. The person is too careless. I was thinking that I should try it on since I'll be attending an event, but the shirt turned out to be so large. Find it out!"

The worker agreed hastily and left Quinna's office.

The woman was powerless. She did not know if the reason was convincing or not, but there was nothing she could do except her best. This attempt was still better than just admitting without doing anything. Any attempt would mean a chance.

As for the person in charge of distributing the uniforms, that was an unlucky person, but it was nothing compared to her reputation. If the rumor did spread...

The more Quinna thought about it, the more embarrassed she felt and the angrier she grew. She lifted her fair dainty hands and gnashed her teeth with a blush before acting like she was choking someone in the air. "Stupid Javier, you idiot! I wish I could choke you alive!"

Chapter 276 Why Is It You?

Javier met Trevor at the hotel they had agreed on after work at night. While they had dinner, Trevor reported the recent work status and told Javier, "The man wants to talk to you face to face tonight. I'm guessing that there's an 80% chance of success, or else he wouldn't have asked to meet."

Javier nodded and agreed easily. After all, he was the actual boss. He would have to show up to make decisions.

After dinner, Javier had wanted to visit a gift shop to buy some health supplements or care package for Trevor's ex-chairman. It did not matter what the gift was, it was the gesture.

Trevor rejected, however. "He doesn't accept gifts. He wouldn't even agree to have a meal together tonight when I invited him."

No wonder. Javier had been complaining inwardly that Trevor was too pedantic and tactless that he did not know to ask the man out to a meal for the negotiation. It now seemed that he had misplaced the blame on Trevor. It was the old man who was too upright

It was not a bad thing. Javier was doing something upright, so there was no fear of meeting someone with integrity. They might even be more efficient this way.

Javier then made his way to the old man's home with Trevor. When they came to the residential area, Javier met an old man who was taking a walk.

The old man looked close to being 70 years old with a head of white hair, but he seemed high in spirits as he walked and exercised.

It was then Trevor spoke up in a whisper, "What a coincidence to run into him here."

Javier understood instantly that it was the man's ex-chairman. As expected, Trevor went to greet him warmly, "Sir, you wouldn't have come out specifically to welcome us, would you?"

The old man chuckled. "I guess. It's a habit to come down for a walk after dinner, and I was worried that I wouldn't be home when you guys came, so I waited around here."

After exchanging pleasantries, Trevor introduced the old man to Javier.

"Simon Aurum, ex-chairman of the company. I used to work under him."

Another Aurum... It seemed that people in this area shared similar last names.

Without dwelling too much on it since the old man was still there, Javier went up to him to greet him.

After Trevor introduced Javier as well, Simon scrutinized Javier with ruminations.

"Mr. Kersey, what a young and promising young man. I wouldn't dare imagine!"

Javier understood what the old man meant. The latter meant to say he would not dare imagine a young man like him was playing the fool or something else, but Javier did not mind him, replying with a chortle, "You flatter me. I'm lucky to have the support of my family and thought to make something out of it."

It was rare for Simon to meet a frank young man like Javier, so his impression toward the latter improved slightly-it was less mocking

They did not go into the residence after that, though, as Simon chatted with Javier at the door.

"I more or less know about you intending to manufacture hydrogen-fueled cars, but what I don't understand is that there are plenty of car manufacturers around. Why must you pick us, Mr. Kersey?"

"Because you guys are a disappointment," Javier answered,

Trevor felt his heart lurching from Javier's words. This was no negotiation. He was picking a fight here.

Simon lost his pleasant face upon hearing what Javier said. "It seems like you've decided to give us a hand then, Mr. Kersey?"

Javier replied, "I wouldn't call it giving you guys a hand. It's just a win-win situation. We share profits and help each other out."

Simon snorted. "That's a lofty thing to say. Mr. Kersey, you're young, but you're already making big promises."

Javier laughed. "You might as well call me insolent!"

Simon said nothing, silently agreeing to it.

Despite that, Javier did not want him to stay silent, so he continued. "But I've always thought that one's insolence has to be supported. I have the hydrogen fuel propulsion system, which is my basis for being insolent. I also have an abundant research fund and professional researchers, so those are also what support me.

"You asked me why I picked you guys just now, and I told you the reason-because you guys are a disappointment. It's not from me. It's what countless netizens and people out there say.

"I'm only in my early twenties this year, but even I have heard of your company's brand. Suffice to say, the brand influence is there. But your products during recent years are hardly convincing, and you guys don't deserve the title of the nation's pride.

"I believe I don't have to specify how many cars your company has produced and what models have they imitated during these years. Change the logo, and it's a Toyota. Swap that logo, and it's Audi 100. Do it again, and it's Rolls-Royce. This is what you call the nation's pride?

"It's just these two years that you've been producing more cars. Call it being fruitful from your previous technology acquired if you like. But I want to ask which year your company started and which year all the other local brands started.

“I’d also like to ask how many brands have worked together with your company. Mazda, Volkswagen, Toyota, Audi... You should’ve mastered whatever you’re learning, even if the learning had only begun during the partnership. You don’t even have to do any

research. But what have your company produced, and what do you have to be proud of?

“I’m insolent because I have the most advanced propulsion system technology in the world. But what makes you so proud? Is it your age like your company? In that case, the old tree in our town should feel prouder. It’s centuries old.”

Javier was direct and bombarded Simon immensely.

The company did research some new things, but there was no doubt that they had failed in car manufacturing. The market did not care that a chef who knew how to play a game was a good tailor-if one was a chef, they had to cook skillfully. If one played a game, they needed to win. If one were a tailor, they had to make fitting clothes. No matter how well a tailor cooked, that was not part of his job!

Trevor felt bad when he saw Simon at a loss for words. His boss was amazing, berating the other party mercilessly when he was supposed to meet for a business deal. There were no qualms given in Javier’s scorn. Whatever would come out of this business negotiation?

Javier was Trevor’s boss, after all, so he quickly shot the former a look.’

Javier ignored him and continued. “To be honest, I don’t lack the funds or a partner to manufacture cars. Give me five years, and I’ll be able to beat you guys in the automobile industry and snatch your partnerships.

“I come to your company because one, I’m pressed for time. I don’t want to wait for so long. And two, because I’m a Chinese. I don’t want to work with other businesses, not even other local automobile companies. I want to recover your company’s place as the nation’s pride.

“I want it to soar and let the world know. I want its presence in every corner of the world, and the answer ‘this is a Chinese car’ to be spoken when foreign drivers ask about which country the car comes from!”

Javier was prideful. It was not just in his ways of doing things. Simon thought that he was truly arrogant. If insolence were to be colored in red, Javier would have been bright, scarlet, and borderless!

It turned out that Simon liked this attitude-because Javier was not prideful as a person, he was crazy about Chinese car manufacturers

With the propulsion system that Javier had now, he could make perfect hydrogen vehicles that were even more advanced, more user-friendly, used less energy, and had less production cost than Yuzuia and Sammius.

How could Javier not feel arrogant over such a brilliant car? As a Chinese car manufacturer, how could Simon possibly stop such superiority? “You insolent kid, I love it. Come on, we’ll talk at home!”

Chapter 277 This Is Not for Sale

Simon was happy. He had been under the impression that Javier was here to make money, but it was obviously not the case now. No profit maker would speak like that. Only people who wholeheartedly wanted to manufacture good cars talked like this.

Hence, he was currently overjoyed despite being bombarded and berated just now.

Simon headed inside the complex, pulling Javier along and ignoring Trevor. The latter was flummoxed, not expecting the superior he had had to act cautiously and reverently around to be lambasted by Javier. More importantly, Javier became the good guy even then. Yet, an obedient guy like him was ignored. It exasperated him.

Nevertheless, Javier's words made blood rush within him and energized him so much that he felt proud of being a Chinese car manufacturer. It felt like the car was already made.

Watching Javier's retreating back, Trevor felt that working for such a fantastic boss was motivating. It was like he had boundless energy that he did not mind even if he died of exhaustion from work!

The reality was that Javier felt cold sweat running down his back. He was taking his chances just now since it would be useless to talk about patriotism to an old veteran who had been in business for years.

Business people only believed in profits, but there was a type of business people who did not just believe in profits—they believed in passion. Simon was someone like that. Even when he was already retired, he was thinking about how to develop and prosper the country's automobile industry. After all, he was in said industry.

This was what Javier betted on. That was why he had plucked the courage to stab Simon where it mattered and made things clear to him in such an unusual method.

What happened was that Javier had done it right—direct and effective despite the risky process.

Simon pulled Javier's hand ecstatically as he weaved through the greenery landscape and went home. When he opened the door, he told Javier, "I've retired now, so I don't have a say anymore, but I found you guys the current person in charge who'll have enough say to talk about this to you. Of course, this is a personal talk tonight, nothing to do with the company."

This was already great. It delighted Javier. They had come to Simon hoping that he would pull some strings for them.

"Thank you, sir. You'll definitely take the credit where it counts in the future! You made the good judgment after all."

"No need, no need!"

Simon waved to refuse, but his grin was wide.

It was said that a man of good judgment was rare. If he could still be a man of good judgment after his retirement, it would be amazing. More so if the new car was as powerful as expected. He, as the man of good judgment, would be documented in the history of China's automobile industry!

Happily, Simon opened the door to his house and welcomed Javier in. It was just that the latter spotted a pair of black heels with a familiar pattern on the floor once he entered.

The next moment, an even more familiar voice asked, “Dad, who are you talking to?”

“Haha, I brought a talented young man home for you, for matchmaking. But I’m not matchmaking the two of you but your companies!”

Simon spoke excitedly, but Javier was not in the state of mind to listen. He wondered why the voice sounded so much like Quinna’s.

When the sound of slippers on the floor rang, Javier saw who it was. She wore shorts that showed off her fair, long legs and an oversized t-shirt with a sheep printed on it that barely did anything to conceal her hot figure. Her pretty face, especially, looked unusually charismatic with the pair of eyeglasses.

Who else could it be if not Quinna?

Javier was stunned, so was Quinna before both of them exclaimed in unison, “Why is it you?”

Simon, who had been excited, paused at that. “You two know each other?”

Quinna thought that they did not just know each other. He had even taken advantage of her this afternoon! Once she thought of the incident this afternoon, she was embarrassed. There was no way she would say it out loud. It would be utterly embarrassing!

Luckily, Javier explained in time, “I collected an L5 previously, and Miss Aurum was the one who handled it.”

Quinna went along with the reason quickly. “Yes, that’s it.”

What she did not say was that that could only be it. Anything else must not be mentioned.

Realization struck Simon then. “I see. That’s pretty fateful. Come on, have a seat!”

Simon then whispered at Quinna harshly, “We have a guest. It’s impolite for you to be dressed like this.”

Quinna was rendered speechless before grumbling under her breath as she went back to her room to get changed, “Not like you told me we’re having guests!”

Javier was then aware that this must have been a spontaneous invitation by Simon as he had purposely waited at the front of the residential area. They would just talk there if the negotiation did not go well or went mediocly. There was no need to invite him home.

What happened tonight was that Simon’s interest had been piqued during the talk, and the man had brought him home in excitement.

“Come, come. Here, have a seat. Trevor, go get tea.”

Trevor was rendered speechless as well. He was a guest too. When did he become a server?

On the other hand, Javier was asked to sit on the couch by Simon and was asked about his job.

“It’s a little of everything for now. Reivaj Group currently has the company itself, Reivaj Media, and we’re getting ready to set up Reivaj Automobile. The CEO’s the one you asked to make tea.”

While Javier spoke, Trevor felt his heart thump. He thought that Javier had recruited him to strategize, an adviser more or less. He probably looked like he had a high status, but he would not have any power. After all, authority was something better grasped in the hands of Javier's own people.

Hence, Trevor was not hoping to become a person in charge, only for Javier's conversation with Simon tonight to surprise him.

An adviser gave advice, but it was up to others whether that advice was taken. Things were different if he had a say. He would get to decide his way. Behind such authority was trust. It moved Trevor and made him emotional.

He thought that he must produce the car that was named Chinese since Javier trusted him so much.

Trevor was not the only one who was shocked by what Javier said. Quinna, who had changed and come out, was as well.

"Reivaj Group that sealed a commercial deal with our company previously is under you? Then Jade and Chad are?"

Javier did not hide anything. "Jade's my fiancée and the deputy general manager of the company. Chad is the second deputy general manager of the company and Reivaj Group's CEO."

Quinna had met Jade when she came here on a business trip to talk about signing the commercial contract. The latter was a beautiful woman. It made Quinna, who rarely felt threatened in terms of looks, feel exactly that. Jade was smart and brilliant at work too. She was an impressive woman.

Chad was even more so. Quinna had heard about this person when she was still in a foreign company. Because of this, she had decided to authorize Reivaj Group for the commercial.

Reivaj Media was outstanding as well. Quinna had watched the film Ackerman that was recently screened in the cinema three times, and she was touched each time she watched it.

It had never crossed Quinna's mind that the boss of Reivaj Group was Javier. It seemed that this guy was not just roguish but also quite capable!

Chapter 278 The Amazing Mr. Kersey

Quinna wore a pair of suit pants and a blouse when she came out of the room. The only thing on her that did not change was the black-framed glasses that reflected a feminine charm.

"Dad, we'll go talk in the study."

Quinna took Javier to the study after informing Simon, and the server, Trevor, was finally qualified to sit down. What a way of becoming a guest.

Quinna closed the door of the study once they got in and frantically opened the window.

"Look at how anxious you are. I'd have thought you'd jump off the building if there wasn't an anti-theft window outside."

That made Quinna glare at Javier directly. She even robbed him, asking him for cigarettes.

“My dad doesn’t allow me to smoke. Since you’re here tonight, I’ll just say that you’re the one who smoked. You’ve got to be my scapegoat.”

Javier was rendered speechless. His cigarettes were robbed, and he had to become a scapegoat.

After the two of them lit up a cigarette each, Quinna enjoyed her puffs of smoke, looking like she had quite the addiction. It was only then she looked at Javier through her glasses. “You have a fiancée, and you flirted with me?”

“My fiancée allows it.” Javier cracked a grin at Quinna’s gorgeous face.

It prompted a scoff from the woman. “What a bluff... All right, I’ll cut the crap. Let’s talk business.”

Javier replied, “You’ve been the one chatting. I wanted to talk about work.”

Quinna wished she had a knife so she could stab this infuriating rogue to death. She threatened, “Do you still want a partnership? Be nice to me if you want it!”

Javier was amused. He then pushed the proposal and relevant documents about the propulsion system’s experiment log he had brought along to Quinna, who was across the table.

“Here, have a look first. You can blackmail me after that.”

Quinna ignored Javier but sorted through the documents he passed her and ultimately made her pick on the experiment log of the propulsion system and the reports in affirming and acknowledging the system’s feasibility from relevant departments.

These were the main aspects. She had to understand what Javier had researched and if it was reliable.

Initially, she did not mind it too much, but she gradually saw it. Toward the end, excitement colored her face as she read, and her eyes nearly spouted fire.

After going through the documents, Quinna looked at Javier, her gaze filled with surprise. Gone was her earlier sense of superiority.

“This propulsion system of yours is amazing. The design is comprehensive as well. We’ve considered this hydrogen fuel when we were researching green energy, but due to the scarcity of hydrogen fuel stations and the less than perfect hydrogen fuel system in the market, we gave up on it.

“It’s a surprise that you could produce something this brilliant. Right, how much do you plan to sell it for?”

“Sell?” Javier chuckled and waved his hands. “This is not for sale. And you aren’t necessarily richer than I am.”

Quinna was not about to dwell on who was richer and assumed that a private business could hardly be richer than a family business as there was the matter of background. She asked directly, “Then what do you want to do? Set up an automobile business and work with us?”

Javier nodded as the woman guessed it right on point. “Your production line and all the workshops under your company for sales and maintenance, but the brand and technology are both mine. We’ll share the profit.”

Javier had thought about it. Their company background was honestly impressive. They worked with Volkswagen, Toyota, Audi, and Mazda, as well as several local brands. The network of workshops under them was comprehensive and sufficed for his new car's sales and maintenance of adding solid hydrogen.

Quinna was not in a hurry to discuss profit-sharing from the sales upon finding out Javier's idea but asked, "Then why aren't you doing it yourself or working with other companies? Why us?"

Javier had already explained this before and did not want to repeat himself. "I've explained this to Mr. Daddy-in-law, and I don't plan to say it again. It's clear enough that he spontaneously decided to bring me to meet you."

Quinna nodded. True, she was more aware than others of what kind of person her father was. Javier having earned her father's approval meant that she did not have to ask about his reason, but...

"What do you mean daddy-in-law?"

Meeting Quinna's hostile gaze, Javier replied with a grin. "Didn't you hear when we came in just now? Father-in-law brought a talented young man home for you. He said he's matchmaking us. We've got to respect his intention."

Quinna glared daggers at Javier. "Shameless."

Other than the honorable comment, she said nothing else. The reason it was "honorable" was that...Javier replied with a "Thank you for the compliment".

It was not every day Quinna got to meet someone so shameless, so she was rather powerless.

The two of them then negotiated about the profit-sharing and relevant issues in the study. When Javier brought up that he wanted 70% of the profit, Quinna was miffed. "This is daylight robbery, okay?"

"The production line, retail channels, and after-sales maintenance are all ours, but profit-manipulating things, like contacting the supplier, go to you, and you're asking for 70% of the profit. Are you kidding?"

"Or do you think that you can hike the car price to an absurd number since you have the technology? In that case, I'll have you know that there's no way. You can stop dreaming. We're lowering our main brand's prices to gain a competitive edge in the market now. How could we-"

Javier shared his point of view before Quinna could finish her opinion.

"Firstly, it's not profit I'm thinking about in having the say in contacting the accessories supplier. It's quality. I don't trust anyone, you included. I don't want the reputation of something I've put effort into producing to be tarnished just because of some cheap, low-quality accessories.

"Secondly, 30% profit isn't little at all. I'm doing this to revive the local goods and flagship brands. This car could become a subsidiary flagship brand under your company. I want to get its name out. I'm patriotic, but you can't use it as your chip to make a profit.

"Lastly, I've never thought of hiking the price. I just want our people to be able to afford good cars and not have to pay a hefty amount driving them. I'm also saving oil and gas for our country. That said, I've thought of selling the cars overseas and pushing them to every corner of the world. If we manage to do that, have you thought about how much 30% of profit would be? "From this perspective, I think 30% is a

lot. Best if it's 20% or even 10%!" Quinna paused for a moment before muttering, "Isn't it better if we manufacture it for you free of charge? To speak of 20% and 10%..."

Chapter 279 How Is She So Good?

Quinna did not say more on the matter of 30% of profit sharing. Her soft protest meant that she was not confident because she knew that others would have been more than happy to oblige with the 30% of profit sharing if Javier went to them with his car.

It was not little at all as hydrogen-fueled vehicles did not need the market evaluable and professional assessment. It was convenient and thrifty. The biggest strength was that the battery would not have to be changed in six years compared to regular vehicles.

Changing the battery would have taken thousands of dollars, and that was the biggest issue with using regular electric vehicles, but that was not required for hydrogen-fueled vehicles. Frankly, its battery storage was a sealed container that was temperature resistant

The biggest possibility was that there would be a leak, but that was fine. Hydrogen would evaporate swiftly, and an electric welder would repair it.

This meant that a hydrogen-fueled car owned three popular factors: propulsion, energy, and convenience. Its exterior, specifications, and other external aspects would be lacking, but those could be manipulated. In other words, it would be fine if one worked with their conscience.

Therefore, 30% of the profit was not little at all. The car also attracted Quinna as she felt that making the brand flagship would make it possible for them to regain their past glory.

She did not agree, however, merely replying with a straight face, "I'll go through these documents tonight and talk to the chairman tomorrow. We'll talk about the rest after this."

Javier had no objection as he talked to Quinna about specific car issues before their conversation ended.

Before they stepped out, Quinna asked Javier, "Why do you have so many ideas and get involved in everything? They're related and connected too. It's a business taboo. Didn't Chad stop you?"

"Why should he when we make money? He's Chad, not Stop," Javier answered.

Quinna cleaned up the ashtray and deadpanned, "That's not very funny."

Her father disallowed her from smoking, so she cleaned up the study room as much as possible after smoking in secret. She could make Javier the scapegoat and say that he was the one smoking, but she would not be able to explain the butts of the cigarette stained with lipstick.

After cleaning up, Quinna put out a dainty hand at Javier. "Whether we successfully work together or not, thank you for choosing u

s."

Quinna looked sincere, so Javier shook hands with her earnestly. It was just that while he held her warm, smooth hand, his gaze landed on her voluptuous body.

"Feels good."

If that were all he said, Quinna would have assumed that he was talking about her hand, but she discovered Javier's heated gaze, so she immediately recalled what had happened in the afternoon and flushed.

She held the folder and hit it instantly against Javier's arm. "You jerk!"

After leaving the study, Javier talked to Simon for some time and brought up Graham in their chat.

"Graham is not bad. He's good in production management, but he lacks a bit of tact. Right, how's he doing now?"

Javier replied, "He's dropped level by level to a shift manager. Any demotion, and he'll probably get kicked out soon."

Simon froze before looking angered. "Absolutely trash! What are the company executives doing demoting an excellent management talent to shift manager? What mistake did he make? Quinna, speak!"

Quinna was a company executive, but she was powerless.

"Dad, I can't help it either. Graham got on Jesse's bad side. What could I do?"

Javier had heard of Jesse Hanson, the company's second in command, who was dropped from the outside. Javier was unsure if the man was capable, but he came from a strong background that the chairman could do nothing against.

Simon seemed to know about this as he hit the couch in rage. "Nonsense, absolute nonsense!"

Javier quickly appeased the old man when he heard the latter coughing in rage. "It's fine. Calm down, sir. Never mind that they don't recognize talent. I do. I've already talked to Graham. He'll be the head of the production plant. He won't be wronged."

Simon felt even more miffed A talented person in his own company was recruited by someone else right in front of him...

After leaving Simon's place, Trevor sighed as he walked with Javier.

"MI. Kersey, you're amazing. You nearly scared me to death when we met Mr. Aurum just now. I thought that this whole thing would foil!"

"No way," Javier replied with a smile before saying, "You don't have to apple-polish me either. It's a fact that you'll be the chairman No one can take it away."

Trevor felt a little awkward when Javier read his mind before he could say anything, but he was moved after that. He thought that trust was rare. Javier had made a good judgment of him and trusted him so much. He did not even know how to express his gratitude for Javier.

Javier told him with a chuckle, "Then manufacture a bunch of good cars for me!"

Trevor hit his chest aloud. "For sure!"

It was domineering, as if the war drum was beaten as a vow to kill the enemy, but the hit was a little too hard because Trevor began to cough after that.

When Javier returned to his hotel at night, he video called Jade. It was impossible to do much, so Javier brought Quinna up after satiating his verbal and visual urge. With a more serious topic in discussion, Jade stopped tempting Javier.

“Quinna Aurum is domineering and smart. This is the impression she left me when we previously discussed working together for the commercial. And I feel that she’s...how do I put this? She’s upright. No hanky-panky.”

Jade had good things to say about Quinna and brought up a few things about her that reflected the latter’s character and style of conduct.

Javier was assured from that, confident that he would succeed based on Quinna’s influence in the company. He was relieved then, waiting for good news in the next few days.

After talking about Quinna, they went back to a less appropriate topic before Javier ended the call.

He thought that he should not have called Jade tonight. He felt worse after the call, mind in the gutter as he tossed about in bed. It would be great if there was a beautiful woman for his perusal right now.

While he pondered, his phone rang. He grabbed and checked it-the screen said, Saiorse Rand.

What was the woman doing, calling him in the middle of the night? Was she calling to tempt him too? He answered the call in confusion and then heard Saiorse’s voice. “I’m here.”