

## The Ace at the Apex

Chapter 190 The Watermelon Tree God Meanwhile, Saiorse did resign very decisively.

When she left, she brought her female secretary along with her. Her reasoning, however, was very simple. "I need someone to take care of my personal belongings!"

However, Javier still believed that Saiorse felt comfortable with this secretary.

After leaving Skyward Group's office, Saiorse drove her Maserati Quattroporte with Javier in the passenger's seat and left.

During their journey, she asked, "You're a boss in your own rights since you're able to fork out \$300,000,000 so easily, so why would you still have to hitch a ride? Are you not worried that you might end up embarrassing yourself in this prosperous city of Medb?"

Javier chuckled and said, "What's there to be embarrassed about? I prefer to have more depth. Those with depth will naturally be able to garner respect. On the contrary, those without depth would have to rely on these to make themselves look better!"

Saiorse asked, "For example...Me?" Javier asked in return, "Do you not have depth?" Saiorse lowered her head to look at her chest. "It's rather deep, so you're probably not referring to me." Javier nodded seriously, "It is indeed pretty deep."

Saiorse revealed a smile, but there seemed to be something sinister about it. Thus, Javier hurriedly switched topics and asked where they were headed.

"We need to find a script first. I know a guy who went on to experience life just so that he could write his script, so I believe he should be done with it by now. He and I are rather well acquainted, so let's try and fight for the rights to get his script."

As expected of the woman who knows the industry inside out. I don't even know who the scriptwriter is, yet she already knows where the script is located.

'Professionals of a particular field are very good at what they do.'

The car sped on until they finally arrived at the entrance of Armitage Hospital. After he got out of the car, Javier asked, "Has the scriptwriter been hospitalized?"

Saiorse replied, "Nope, he's in the hospital to experience life so that he can write his script."

Javier was surprised. 'As expected of scriptwriters. No wonder those who can write decent scripts are ones who have experienced life personally in comparison to those who just remain at home and use their imagination.'

Saiorse headed to the hospital's entrance to register herself, while Javier went to the mini market next door to buy a pack of cigarettes.

With the pack of cigarettes at hand, Javier saw an old security guard standing in front of the driver's door when he returned.

The old man seemed to be in his early 50s and was standing there unwavering like a huge pine tree.

His standing posture was ideal, with his eyes filled with energy. One look at him, and it was obvious to see that this old man had been professionally trained.

Thinking that their car might have been parked at a non-parking area, Javier went up and handed a cigarette.

"I'm sorry, it looks like I've parked my car at the wrong spot. I'll have it moved somewhere else right away, so I'm sorry if I've caused you any trouble."

Javier was very polite, extremely polite, in fact.

However, the old security guard remained silent. He did not even receive the cigarette, so it would

seem as though he had directly ignored Javier. On top of that, the security guard was expressionless, but his eyes were strong and firm, which seemed as though he was going through a flag-raising ceremony. Javier turned his head and looked toward the direction the security guard was looking at, but he could not find anything worth attracting his attention.

Thus, Javier wondered if he was there to collect parking fees instead. Probingly, he asked, "Is the parking fee...30 cents?"

The old security guard still remained silent, and his feet seemed to be rooted to the ground as he just stood there as still as a tree.

Javier was now completely dumbfounded and mesmerized, failing to understand what the old security guard wanted. After pondering, Javier directly opened the car door and sat inside. "Are you not going to say anything? If you aren't, I'm just going to leave the car here, okay? This car's awesome. It will be parked here for around 80 years like an ancient tree up in the mountains. Once it gets parked here, it's going to be rooted to this place, never to be moved again." Javier deliberately said all that to try and bait the old security guard into talking to him, but he still remained silent.

It was like someone had frozen him solid and placed him there. Javier tried to provoke him one more time, but the old security guard just stood there like a statue, not uttering a single word, nor budging a single inch. Javier was now rendered speechless. "Are you mentally unsound? Why won't you say anything even when you're standing in front of a car?" Right as Javier was about to close the door and have a smoke as he waited, the old security guard suddenly turned around and said, "You're the mentally unsound one! I'm a tree, so have you ever seen a tree that can talk!?"

What a shocking revelation! The old security guard could talk! Meanwhile, Javier was completely dumbfounded. 'W-What...What did he just say?'. Javier then noticed the fine print next to Armitage Hospital that said "Mental Institution" by accident and suddenly realized what was happening. 'What the f\*ck? This guy's a loony!?'

Chapter 190 The Watermelon Tree God

Javier looked at the old security guard and suddenly noticed the women's slippers he was wearing. Plus, there was even a robotic cat printed on it.

'Oh my God! This fellow is a patient from the hospital, isn't he?' When he realized who the old security guard was, the latter suddenly started yelling. "You even mumbled all sorts of stuff to a tree continuously like an idiot, you crazy man! You should hurry up and get yourself treated instead of being a hindrance to society's safety. Now shoo!"

Javier was dumbfounded after being scolded by the old security guard. It took him a while before he could regain his senses. 'Did a mental patient scorn me!?' Just as Javier felt his intelligence being mercilessly suppressed, three doctors in large white robes ran out.

After that, two of the doctors grabbed the old security guard by his arms and forcefully dragged him back inside.

The remaining doctor was very apologetic as he said, "I'm sorry for the inconvenience caused. It's our fault that our patient managed to run out here because of our momentary negligence. I hope he hasn't caused you any trouble." After apologizing in a hurry, the doctor urged the other two to send the old security guard inside.

The old security guard was now furious as he yelled at the three doctors in an upright tone, "You b\*stards! I'm a watermelon tree from Mount Melons! I've been sent here on Earth to rid this place of all demons! Mankind's safety relies solely on me, so how dare you mortals lay your hands on me?"

"Seeing that this is your first time offending me, I shall forgive your sins, so hurry up and let me go! I've

still got to save humanity!”

As the old man mumbled away, the doctors nodded continuously. “Sure, sure...We know that you’re the Watermelon Tree God. There’s also the Melon Tree God and the Pumpkin Tree God. The three of you will be able to unleash great power when brought together...”. Thanks to the three doctors, the old security guard was finally coerced to head back inside. Meanwhile, Javier sat inside the car and gained a whole new experience.

‘A watermelon tree, eh? Looks like even the real Gods have no idea that watermelons can grow on trees now. Could it be a watermelon monster, perhaps?’ Just as Javier was exclaiming how mental patients had infinite imagination powers, Saiorse returned to the car.

When she saw the old security guard being taken away, she asked in surprise. “Huh? Why is Old Man Ackerman being taken away? Hurry up and stop them! He’s the one we’re supposed to be collecting the script from! Quickly, stop them!” Javier was stunned, ‘What the f\*ck? Are you seriously telling me that the Watermelon Tree God is our scriptwriter!?! Chapter 191 An Unforeseen Situation

Javier had to tip his hat to Saiorse. The person that she called a famous scriptwriter was...a lunatic?

When he raised the question, Saiorse shook her head in response. “No, I’ve already told you. He’s just experiencing life. He has written many famous books before.”

Saiorse then proceeded to give a few examples. She even took out her phone and searched through the online Encyclopaedia for his information to show Javier. Javier glanced through it and thought, ‘Heavens! This fellow is amazing!’ If this was back in ancient times, this man would definitely have made it as one of the literature world’s big names. It was really rare to see someone willing to experience life like this. He was probably one of the rare few who would actually go to such extents in the entire world. When Saiorse added that this person had spent four to five years of his life in a mental hospital to gain experience, Javier could not help but exclaim, “Do you think he could have become mentally ill from this?”

“What nonsense are you talking about? Didn’t you read the Encyclopedia just now?”

Saiorse ignored Javier upon saying that and continued chasing after Old Man Ackerman.

Javier dared not delay any further either. He quickly locked the door and followed swiftly. After finally catching up, Saiorse stopped the doctor in his tracks and said aloud to Old Man Ackerman, “Old Man Ackerman, it’s me, Saiorse.”

Seeing this, the doctor became anxious. “Where did you come from? What’s with this crazed ambush? Quickly, quickly! Take her back to the ward together with this one. Tsk, the hospital is really slacking off in regards to security.” Seeing a male doctor rushing toward her, Saiorse panicked. “I’m not mentally ill. I’m not!”

The doctor nodded profusely, “There, there. Every one of them says the same thing. Don’t worry. You’ll get better as soon as we treat you.”

If it were not for Javier’s presence, Saiorse might not have been able to escape, and her name would have ceased to exist in the entertainment industry,

As soon as her identity was proven, the doctor sincerely apologized over and over. Saiorse calmed herself and looked at Old Man Ackerman. “Old Man Ackerman, I’m Saiorse Rand. What happened to you?”

After a tirade of questioning from Saiorse, Old Man Ackerman’s unfocused eyes finally regained their luster.

“Ah, you bold vixen! How dare you seduce my master! I’ll make you eat the soles of my shoe!

Old Man Ackerman took off his pink slipper that had robot cat prints on it upon saying that and lifted it

in an attempt to hit Saiorse,

If the doctor had not been quick to pull Old Man Ackerman back, and without Javier's timely

Chapter 191 An Unforeseen Situation

protection, Saiorse would have been slapped brutally by the slipper.

As she looked on at Old Man Ackerman being forcibly taken away, Saiorse was dumbfounded."

Something's not right. He wasn't like this before. What in the world happened to him?"

As she mumbled, Saiorse chased after Old Man Ackerman and stopped one of the doctors.

Under her persistent questioning, the doctor finally revealed the truth. "He was indeed a scriptwriter in the past and came here to experience life in the mental hospital. We all know him and admire him.

However, his family met with an accident one day. He couldn't take the blow and turned into this. His condition fluctuates from time to time.

"Previously, he would be mentally stable up to three to five times a week, but now, it's been a month, and he has yet to regain his sanity. I'm afraid it will be very difficult for him ever to regain his sanity again."

Saiorse was lost in thought, and it was only after the doctor left that she finally realized that something big had happened. 'No wonder! No wonder a good scriptwriter such as Old Man Ackerman suddenly turned out this way!' Turning around, Saiorse looked at Javier with eyes full of embarrassment. "Javier, I'm sorry. I didn't know this would happen." Javier, on the other hand, expressed his indifference. "Let's go check on him. It doesn't matter if he has a script or not. He's considered an old friend, so we should try our best to take care of his needs. His family has already passed away. He is all alone in this world. I don't think he even has the money to pay for his hospital fees. Otherwise, the hospital wouldn't have been so lax with his safety and security. Imagine, they even let him wander around without any supervision!"

It was no longer important whether he had a script or not. The bottom line was that no one would believe that a mental patient could ever come up with a good script. Saiorse understood this as well.

That was why Javier's actions left her with a good impression of him.

The two of them walked together into the hospital. Along the way, they saw patients "slaying demons and devils", as well as patients who imagined themselves as big tigers.

The most terrifying ones were those who stood at the side without moving, merely baring their teeth at them and laughing. They looked as terrifying as ghosts. Saiorse felt terrified, and she subconsciously held Javier's arm tighter. She probably did not notice herself doing this because Javier's arm was just right in front of her, and they were standing so close to each other. Coming to a stand outside the treatment room, Javier and Saiorse looked at Old Man Ackerman, who had been given a sedative. An

indescribable feeling surged through their hearts, Neither one of them was thinking about the script. They were both consumed by the thought of life and how life beat one down. Suddenly, Saiorse suggested, "Let's find someone to write a biopic for Old Man Ackerman. It's realistic and has a story to it. We can add some artistic embellishment to it to make it relatable to readers on a humane level.

Moreover, Old Man Ackerman's story is full of unexpected twists and turns."

Moreover, Old Man Ackerman's story is full of unexpected twists and turns."

Moreover, Old Man Ackerman's story is full of unexpected twists and turns."

Moreover, Old Man Ackerman's story is full of unexpected twists and turns."

Chapter 191 An Unforeseen Situation

Javier's eyes lit up for a moment before dimming down.

"It's a pity that we don't have the final say in the Osborns. This is not what they want. What they want is an omniscient view of the world, like something from the perspective of the Sammius. Something with a more superior stance and a feeling that they're different from the rest of the world."

"We'll get someone to write the script in this way. We can make the arrangements when we get back to

the office later!” Saiorse responded. She was so swept up in her emotions for a moment that she overlooked the fact that the script was supposed to be submitted for the Osborns.

Just as the two of them were conversing, the doctor walked out of the ward. His eyes were filled with surprise.

“Oh, you’re both here! Old Man Ackerman’s mental condition just stabilized. Hurry up and head inside!” This was a big surprise. No one had expected Old Man Ackerman to regain his sanity, especially not in the presence of Javier and Saiorse.

The two of them quickly entered the ward. They were greeted by Old Man Ackerman, who immediately called out, “Saiorse.” Saiorse quickly stepped forward and held Old Man Ackerman’s hands. “Old Man Ackerman.”

“Sigh!”

Old Man Ackerman seemed to have a lot to say, but in the end, it condensed into a deep sigh. “After I finished writing the script, I was afraid that I would destroy it, so I posted it to a house I had bought some time back. I bought that house intending to gift it to my love during our wedding anniversary. Who knew...” Old Man Ackerman then burst into tears. He cried like a baby his mother had abandoned. He looked extremely pitiful. But a few minutes later, he suddenly laughed. “I’m a Watermelon Tree God! Die, demon!” Chapter 192 I Did It on Purpose

Old Man Ackerman’s sanity did not last for very long. In fact, every time he regained it, the duration would be shorter and shorter. This time, it lasted less than ten minutes.

The doctor said that there was no way to treat it with regards to this. His situation could not be treated with external help or treatment. It was solely caused by Old Man Ackerman’s mental block that he had inflicted upon himself. He could not bear the pain of his family’s passing, so his brain had built up a safe space within itself out of extreme self-protection—a fictional world of sorts. In that fictional world, old Man Ackerman was the Watermelon Tree God. He could never feel any pain, and he would always be happy.

The doctor said, “From our point of view, indeed, he looks pitiful. But from his point of view, he has achieved happiness. At least, he doesn’t have to suffer the sorrow of his family dying anymore.” Before leaving the hospital, Javier paid a substantial amount in medical fees to ensure that Old Man Ackerman would get proper care and treatment. Although Javier had thought of sending Old Man Ackerman to a more developed foreign country to treat his mental illness, he decided against it in the end because he agreed with the doctor. Perhaps, not forcing treatment upon Old Man Ackerman was an act of kindness to the poor man.

As they drove away from the hospital, Javier and Saiorse went to the house that Old Man Ackerman had mentioned. Upon arriving at the house, they found the key to the door exactly as Old Man Ackerman had told them. Javier opened the door and retrieved the dust-covered parcel on the floor.

Fortunately, the script was covered in a plastic bag, so it was not damaged by any source of dampness that might have been around it. It was also comforting to know that the house itself was not that humid.

After locking the door behind them, Javier and Saiorse returned to the car. They sat there for half an hour before they finished reading the script. The script did not mention anything about mental illness, but it did tell a story about a motivated and mentally challenged child, very much like Forrest Gump.

Saiorse did not know why Old Man Ackerman had chosen to write about this, but she believed that he had his reasons for doing so. However, given his current condition, she could not ask him about it. The script was really well-written. Anyone who read it would certainly like it. However, Javier and Saiorse were not that interested.

Javier said, "I still want to film Old Man Ackerman's story. I would very much like to share our family tradition and our country's culture with the rest of the world. Old Man Ackerman's real life story truly touches me. And I believe his story will portray that in a perfect way." Saiorse nodded solemnly. "I think so too. We should save this script here for future films. The Osborns have seen the story of Forrest Gump, but they've yet to see the story of someone like Old Man Ackerman. He deserves to be remembered in this world forever."

The two of them agreed and quickly decided to use Old Man Ackerman's real-life story for the script they would submit for the Osborns. However, they faced an immediate challenge, which was to find a famous screenwriter who could per Old Man Ackerman's story into an amazing script.

Chapter 1921 Didlton Purpose

In terms of overall perspective, women might not be as good as men, but in terms of writing about human nature and feelings, the two of them were more inclined toward a female screenwriter. However, they were definitely not looking for the type of screenwriters who wrote dramatic, sappy, love stories. They both agreed that those types of screenwriters were worthless.

"Don't worry, I have a screenwriter friend. Although she's not an A-list screenwriter, she has always insisted on writing touching stories that can touch viewers' hearts and souls. Furthermore, every character in her stories is believable, relatable, and soulful.

"I once advised her to give up on screenwriting and try business scriptwriting instead, but she didn't even bother to do that. I think it's a good thing she rejected me back then. Otherwise, I really wouldn't know who to look for today."

After Saiorse finished speaking, she took out her phone and made a call to set an appointment for that very night.

When the call ended, Saiorse said to Javier, "She's already having dinner outside, so let's find a place to eat something first. After we're done eating, I'll go meet up with her. In the meantime, you'll have to find something else to do. She has never taken a meeting with a guy when it comes to discussing screenwriting matters." Undeniably, that was a pretty weird habit. However, it was not uncommon for people with real caliber and skills to have strange habits. Of course, that brought to mind a certain female celebrity who liked eating fingernails. They both proceeded to drive to a nearby hotel. On the way, Saiorse shared a little knowledge about movie making with Javier. "Different directors have different scripts to film. Actors are versatile and can take on different roles in different films, but I've never seen a director who can take on extremely different genres. I've seen quite a few directors whose careers ended after attempting to switch to a different genre. That being said, we have to find a director who's good at capturing the essence of emotions and the human spirit."

What Saiorse said made sense. They would need to find a suitable director for this film, but who could live up to this task?

Suddenly, with the charisma of a top movie star, Saiorse said, "Don't worry, leave it up to me. I'll find a good director." With Saiorse taking the lead to hook them up with a suitable screenwriter and a famous director, it definitely made life easier for Javier since Saiorse was extremely familiar with all the stages involved in film production. It seemed as if there was not anything else Javier could do to contribute to the film production, especially when Saiorse daringly said, "From now on, there are only two things for you to do. One is to invest your money, and the other is to collect the profits."

How domineering. Not many in the film industry would have the gall to talk like this. 1. There was once a famous director who had said something similar in public. Later on, his box office earnings were so bad that he resorted to publicly criticizing the audience. He blamed the quality

of the audience and that they could not understand the high level of art portrayed in his film. It was such a shameless thing to do, considering that he would not have a job without

Chapter 1921 Did It on Purpose

an audience in the first place!

Thus, when he encountered Javier, who happened to be at the age where one was constantly filled with arrogance, the director mysteriously lost all filmmaking opportunities.

'Hmph! You think you're all that, huh? Since you believe that the audience from foreign countries is of higher standards and will appreciate your work better, go ahead and seek them out! Let's see if they acknowledge your work!' As they talked about what happened back then, Saiorse smiled too. "You're quite the character! Even before they have a chance to meet you, you've already struck them out!"

Javier became more and more excited as he chatted. He was excitedly flinging his hands around as they sat at the table. "Nah, I'm just making use of my influence to get things done!" In his excitement, he struck the chopsticks that were in Saiorse's hand. They flew out and hit Saiorse in the chest. Looking down at the spot where her clothes were now soiled, Saiorse moaned in pain.

Her moaning was just like in a movie, subconsciously making Javier blush. "Javy, are you looking for a beating? How dare you take advantage of your aunt!?" Javier felt very awkward. "I didn't do this on purpose." Saiorse retorted upon hearing this, "If not this, then what did you do on purpose?" Javier begged for forgiveness over and over, but Saiorse would not let the matter go. To make matters "worse" for him, she was beautiful and had such a good figure. Her moan from a moment ago had caused Javier's heart to swell. Thus, he was unable to restrain himself.

He reached out and lifted Saiorse's chin. Then, he pressed his finger against her red lips. She felt a jolt of electricity course through her being. She had lived for 32 years. No one else had ever made her feel this way other than Javier. "Well, Aunt, this...is on purpose." His words made Saiorse embarrassed and frustrated at the same time. "Are you flirting with your aunt on purpose?"

Javier then decided to push further. Still clasping Saiorse's chin, he got up, leaned forward, and kissed Saiorse on her red lips. Then, he stuck out his tongue.

When Saiorse felt Javier's tongue ravaging her, her face turned red from embarrassment, and she quickly struggled to retreat. After escaping from Javier's clutches, she blushed and reprimanded him, "Javier Kersey! I am your mother's göd-sister! Your aunt!" Javier became increasingly presumptuous. "Very well, Aunt, but I still want you!" The mental defense that Saiorse had put up around her was shattered by a single sentence from Javier, leaving her heart in chaos beyond belief. **Chapter 193**

### **Another Bad News**

Looking at Javier's familiar yet unfamiliar face, Saiorse felt a little confused.

What was familiar was his appearance, Saiorse, who was only eight years older than him, had watched him grow up. He had always been a handsome one. What she was unfamiliar with was Javier's demeanor. He was no longer the little kid that she had bullied back then.

Additionally, she realized that Javier's brash words earlier were not a joke. He really yearned to be in a romantic relationship with her. This Clustered Saiorse. She could not help thinking that her previous actions were akin to playing with fire. Now, it was finally burning her.

However, this burning sensation made her feel very confused. She did not know how to react. When it came to other men, the most she could do was admire them. Only when she was in front of Javier would she feel as though she was family. But now, he was acting this way toward her. He had even brazenly told her that he wanted to be with her!

"1-I need to go to the washroom."

Saiorse, who had always had the upper hand between the two, felt defeated today. And in the worst way possible. She knew that she would never dare provoke Javier ever again. She was afraid that she would let her god-sister down and end up entangled with her nephew.

Hiding in the bathroom, Saiorse splashed her face with cold water. She felt hot. Even though she had splashed her face with cold water, she still felt very hot. Her heart was beating rapidly as if she had stolen something. She was nervous and a little excited at the same time. She was surprised to find that she was not offended by Javier's flirtatious words at all. If another man were to say those same words to her, no matter who it was, she would have instantly turned them down by mentioning she had a son. However, when Javier confessed to her, she had completely forgotten about her usual go-to response. Meanwhile, Javier was quietly waiting at the dining table. He had lost control earlier. In a moment of impulse, he actually uttered those words to his Aunt Saiorse. However, the moment had passed and he had now gathered his courage. Since those were his true feelings, he decided there was nothing he could not say. In any case, he had already said it. He had given Luca Pangani the nickname "Cowardly Luca." So, of course, he would not want to have to call himself "Cowardly Javier."

Hence, after Saiorse returned, he took the initiative and asked, "Aunt, well, what do you think?" "Huh?" Even Saiorse was confused. She did not expect Javier to continue pursuing the matter. She replied in a panicked tone, "I.....No more nonsense from you! Quick, eat up! I've had my fill, so I'll go get the script first."

Hearing Saiorse's flustered words, the corners of Javier's mouth curled up slightly, revealing a satisfied smile. He knew that Saiorse was a paper tiger. Now that her disguise had been exposed, he was thinking what other parts of her he could expose...

While Javier was enjoying his dinner at the restaurant, Lloyd Young was having dinner at home. He was sitting in a stiff and upright manner at the dining table. There was a bowl of mushroom soup and a plate of pasta in front of him. These simple dishes would cost 110 more than 8 dollars if one were to buy them from a random roadside restaurant. It did not match his status:

Nevertheless, he ate slowly and elegantly. He was also dressed neatly and there was not a single wrinkle on his white shirt. His secretary was standing beside him and was providing him reports.

"Big Bang has been leaked. Clips of the movie were found online."

Lloyd Young did not reply and continued to eat his food. The secretary seemed to be used to his unperturbed attitude. Without saying anything else, he opened his laptop, placed it on the table, and played the video.

The video was made by netizens and had very simple texts on it, but it was clear enough.

"According to sources, the movie's funding came from a certain platform's P2P management.

"Before the movie was shot, Party B, the wealth management platform, had already swindled a huge sum of money from Party A, which is also the platform's client. After that, Party B used this money to invest in a film company that operates the movie, and it was also Party C. "The third party, Party C, was in charge of creating the dual contract. One of the contracts is for the public, while the other is for private dealings. This way, they managed to evade taxes while laundering the money that Party B swindled from Party A. All the money went to Party B and Party C's pockets.

"As for the box office performance of this movie, it doesn't matter at all. Party B and Party C have already swindled all of Party A's money. If the box office sales are good enough, Party C might reap even more. Please note that there 'might' be a possibility of the box office sales doing well. It is, of course, yet to be determined.

"If the box office earnings aren't good, and based on the pirated version that has been released



overseas, one can tell that it's a super lousy film, then Party C as the platform investor will clock in loses..."

At the end of the video, the secretary proceeded to flip through the reports in his hands as he continued reporting to Llyod. "By the end of this afternoon, our stock prices started to show a downward trend, and it's a really steep decline. The market has closed so there are no further updates tonight, but the numbers will plunge tomorrow, and it might even show signs of falling.

"The company's financial department has estimated that due to this negative news, the company has lost at least 11 million dollars. Our biggest loss is estimated to exceed 60 million dollars, including this movie. The subsequent impact on the stock market is still unpredictable."

After putting down the report in his hands, the secretary said to Llyod, "According to our investigation, the first person to expose this incident was Luca Pangani, who is the operator of the bar that was targeted at noon. He is also the son of Easton Group's chairman. "We have reason to suspect that this is an attack planned by the Easton Group." The secretary was still talking when Lloyd Young waved his hand to dismiss his secretary. Then, he continued to eat his food unhurriedly.

After another ten minutes, he finally put down his fork. His plate was squeaky clean without even a single scrap of leftover on it. He wiped his mouth with a tissue, folded it, and threw it into the rubbish bin.

After leisurely drinking a cup of tea, Lloyd tidied his clothes and said with a smile, "Javier Kersey...interesting. To think there's someone capable enough to challenge me. It didn't take long for you to mess with my film company right after I messed with your bar. You've made me lose a few million dollars with just a single piece of news. What a calculated move." Standing in front of the window and looking out at the bustling night scenery, Lloyd Young muttered, "All right, then. Since you asked for it, let's play!" Suddenly, his secretary came rushing in. "Mr. Young, we just received another piece of bad news." **Chapter 194 You'd Better Watch Out**

Lloyd's girlfriend, Carmen Benson, owned a bar that served mainly university students. Her bar could not compare to the one Javier had bought. The place did not even have a resident singer. It was more suitable to call it a leisure pub.

But tonight, after dinner, the police came to seal away the pub and even hauled Carmen away. This was because there was evidence that a customer had been served fake alcohol there. The effect of the alcohol was too strong and had caused the customer's cerebrovascular vessels to explode. The customer had died in the end.

Lloyd knew about this. He also knew that Carmen had not deliberately sold fake alcohol. She had been scammed. Thus he had instructed his men to quietly move the fake alcohol to Javier's bar. He anticipated there would be a few deaths over the next few days. His calculated move was perfectly executed by his men. However, Lloyd never imagined that Javier would have the fake alcohol delivered back to Carmen's pub that very night. The secretary reported that someone had provided footage and other relevant evidence to prove that the fake liquor was sold from Carmen's store. Therefore, the police came knocking at the pub, arrest warrant in hand, instead of coming with requests for Carmen to assist them in the investigation.

The muscles on Lloyd's arms bulged. He gritted his teeth, but eventually slowly relaxed.

After a moment of silence, he instructed his secretary, "Firstly, detain the supplier who sold Carmen the fake liquor. After obtaining concrete evidence, send it to the police station and get a lawyer to bail Carmen out.

"Secondly, help me find out how the footage was leaked. Find out who the traitor is.

“Thirdly, help me investigate Javier, the real owner of the bar that we are dealing with today. I want all the details on him.”

After dismissing his secretary, Lloyd took out a cigarette and lit it up. He had a rule— he would only smoke three cigarettes a day. This rule had lasted for five years. However, today, he had already smoked three cigarettes and was on his fourth.

Within half a day, from noon to 7pm—a mere seven hours—Javier had already cleared up all the problems at his bar. Javier had even managed to throw all of the problems back to Lloyd’s girlfriend.

An even more impressive feat by Javier was that he could quickly create news, using the already flawed dual contract, to cause trouble for Lloyd. Javier had successfully directed the wrath of netizens toward Lloyd’s company, easily causing the company a huge loss of a few million dollars.

If Lloyd had known earlier that the fierce and capable Javier was a capable and scheming businessman, he would not have protected Harold Dunn. It was not that he was afraid. Rather, he did not want to create unnecessary troubles. No one would wish to make enemies for themselves. But now, the enemy had appeared, and this enemy’s combat strength far exceeded his expectations. Lloyd had to stand strong to defeat the enemy or end up being defeated. In short, there was no such thing as begging for

mercy in Lloyd Young’s dictionary.

“Javier, you’re a fierce fighter I have my eyes on you. You better watch your back. Meanwhile, Javier, who had int pot himsel abilindingly huge fanger on his back, was still dating nonchalantly. He was not as tolimestas Iloilo just ate ordinarily. He was neither

After putting down his fork and using a napkin to wipe his month, Javier fucked both hands in his pockets and left the hotel restaurant. As he walked out of the restaurant, the restaurant

Mehad originally planned to stay in the hotel for the night, but he suddenly had a change of mind. He hailed a cab and headed to the residential area where Salorse lived. Javier went

stairs and sat at the entrance of Satorse’s house. He had decided to spend the night here

No one could change his mind. His phone rang and he pulled it out to find that it was Luca upon the call connecting. Luca informed Javier of what he had done today. Javier simply smiled and paised him for a job well done. He did not say anything else. If it were up to him, he would not have touched Carmen. She was a huge naval mine, just like the ones tangling at the bottom of the sea. It could not be seen from the sun face, but it triggered, could explode any time. However, Luca just could not wait to nigger. Oh well, since Luca had already gone ahead and done the deed, there was no point in Javier saving anything else. “No, no, no, tre, voultre the real mastermindere insed my family’s name and influence to tind out about Carmen’s mess, but you wore the one who came up with the idea to cause so much trouble and financial loss for lovit without lining atinger, Hlemust really rose making an enemy out of you now?”

Sitting in front of Salorse’s house, Javier replied with a chuchle, Things aren’t as simple as it seems. It isn’t over yet it is very likely that I lovilhas someone investigating my background right now and is thinking of how to get back at me. However, it doesn’t matter just take care o t the bar and look out for any suspicious activity. “Oh nghit, do you think Lloyd is involved indys, Javieraklet “Dng” uca was stuned for a moment when die hand the question, but he quickly to n and answered, “Don’t worry, bra, he won’t used to contents “From what I know, Lloyd’s best friendliest from d e aler’s bulletin order to save hix life. He loathes thrugs, so he’ll definitely not involve himself with No, Iloilik never do that,”

If Lloyd would not resort fodtynicks such as in , Javier could rest assu. He was worried that this an opponent that he hallinally found woulut even have the ability to throw a wrench in the works. If the disappointing nonton

sertipulous leans just to bite back at him that rally happen, that would lobortis and how would have to wipe lowout in a mestitke "You should pay more attention to the happening and operations in the bar to piovont

wooljans from anting trouble. If you have any pabentis, atski Stone to help After lustiintica, avtor hugopi phone and gondowoweethe matter

FF TO Y

Better Watch out

If he were Lloyd, what would his next move be?

He would definitely have instructed someone to investigate him. With Lloyd's level of influence in Medb, it would not be difficult for Llyod to find out that Javier was tinkering with a movie. Furthermore, Lloyd had said that he would make sure all of Javier's businesses in Medb closed down. Naturally, that included any new movies that he was involved in.

With that thought in mind, Javier lit up a cigarette and stared blankly at the elevator doors in front of him. He looked like he was in a daze.

About five minutes later, he stopped daydreaming and his eyes lit up with a smile. He knew what to do. He whipped out his mobile phone and called Chad.

Javier then instructed, "Hey, Chad, I want you to quickly settle the matters regarding the film company. Make sure to establish it in a high-profile manner. The more high-profile it is, the better. We will also need to discuss the contract with a large number of celebrities with big fan bases. Remember to do a thorough check of their backgrounds."

Chad did not know what Javier wanted to do. However, since Javier was the boss, he had no objections. Besides, this boss of his could be so scheming at times that it gave him a headache just thinking about it. For example, the time where Javier stepped in to help Edie get out of her mess, Javier had made his move in such secrecy that he'd managed to trick the other female celebrity to the point of not being able to make a comeback, ever. Chad, for one, knew he could never pull off such a trick-or even defend against if he were ever on the receiving end.

e ever on the receiving end. "Don't worry, Mr. Kersey. I promise to check the backgrounds of all those celebrities. Nothing will go wrong."

Javier quickly stopped him. "Wait up! You misunderstood me! I want you to find out what they've done in the past and get rid of them after you've gained full control of them. In other words, other than us, no one else should know about the crimes committed by these celebrities.

"I want us to have soinething on them, you get me? They won't be able to leave us even if they wanted to, because it'll mean the death of their career. However, you've got to keep it a secret from them for the time being,"

Luca finally understood what Javier wanted. However, he did not understand why Javier would want to do that. 1

Besides, based on Javier's stance all this while, was he not unfond of celebrity types? Could it b e that he wanted to make use of celebrities to boost the company's reputation quickly so that the company could stabilize as soon as possible?

Now that he thought about it, it was not a bad idea. If they wanted the company to stand out and win projects, it was necessary to have a lot of celebrities under their brand.

"All right, Mr. Kersey. I understand. I'll get this done immediately."

After ending the call with Luca, Javier put his mobile phone back into his pocket.

He wholeheartedly anticipated Lloyd's counterattack.

However, before that came, Saiorse arrived home a little over an hour later. **Chapter 195** Her Heart Was in Chaos Saiorse had just returned upstairs when she saw Javier sitting by her door. She was surprised. "Why are you here?" Javier replied pitifully, "I'm poor. I can't afford to stay in a hotel. Aunt, please let me stay here tonight." Saiorse wanted to kick Javier. He was someone who could throw around 316 million just like that, and he was now trying to cry about being poor in front of her.

"Are you kidding me? Even if the hotel is on Mars, I'm pretty sure you can afford to stay there! Don't come crying to me about being poor. If you were poor, I'd already be dead from being even poorer!" Javier snickered as he stood up. As he dusted off his behind, he said, "Well, that's just an excuse. Most importantly, I've given this some serious thought. Since I've come to Medb, it would be disrespectful if I don't stay at my aunt's place. You treat me so well, so I've definitely got to give you the due respect that you deserve. "Aunt, you don't have to act so touched. We're family. It's only right that I come live with you while I'm here. Really, you don't have to be touched!"

Saiorse hated the fact that she did not have a knife in her hand at that very moment. If she did, she would have stabbed Javier with it.

'This guy is way too infuriating! How dare he ask me to not be moved by his gesture? What is there to be moved about in the first place? Javier is so shameless!

Looking at Javier, who was half a head taller than her, Saiorse gritted her teeth and said, "How did you become so shameless?"

Javier straightened his posture and looked into Saiorse's beautiful eyes. "It's all because of you. Saiorse was stunned for a moment, but she immediately understood and blushed. She knew what Javier meant and could roughly guess what he wanted to do. However, she was still unable to accept it. She felt awkward about getting involved with someone who called her aunt. She had always felt at ease and comfortable around Javier.

"Javier, we..." Saiorse wanted to say something, but Javier grabbed her arm before she could continue and pulled her closer. "Hurry up and open the door. Come on. If the neighbors see us lingering for such a long time at the entrance, what would they think? Aunt, aren't you afraid they'd misunderstand and your reputation will be marred?"

Javier's shamelessness left Saiorse with no choice but to open the door. After entering the room, Javier took off his shoes and asked Saiorse, "Auntie, I would like to take a shower. Do you want to shower first or should I?" "Whatever!"

Saiorse closed the door and changed her clothes in her bedroom. She did not want to argue with Javier on this matter. Javier snickered before heading to the bathroom. He removed his

Chapter 195 Her Heart was in Chaos  
clothes and prepared to take a shower.

But at this moment, he realized that there was a pink bra hanging atop the clothes rack in the corner of the bathroom. There were a few diamonds stitched onto it, making its design simple yet exceptionally beautiful. He imagined it on Saiorse, fantasizing that it would make her look even sexier.

Javier felt an impulse to reach forward to touch and feel Saiorse's undergarment. However, before he could touch it, the bathroom door was suddenly pushed open. The next moment, Saiorse walked into the bathroom wearing a white t-shirt.

By then, Javier was completely naked.

When Saiorse saw Javier's 'naked body, she was instantly dumbfounded and stood rooted at the doorway. Her face was so red that it looked like blood was about to seep out of her pores.

She mumbled in embarrassment, "Javier, why didn't you lock the door when you came in to shower?"

Javier was at a loss for words. "I never thought that you would barge in while knowing that I was showering."

Saiorse felt even more embarrassed. She no longer dared to look at Javier.

She had not barged in on purpose. However, she suddenly recalled that her undergarments from yesterday were still in the bathroom. She was worried that Javier would spot them. After all, it was not something she wanted Javier to see. Seeing the door of the guest room open, she assumed that Javier was inside changing. Thus, she hastily rushed into the bathroom.

Unexpectedly, Javier stared back at her from inside the bathroom. There was really no way to explain, and it was not easy to explain either. Saiorse blushed, pulled the bra off the rack, and quickly ran away. However, in her haste to escape, she slipped and started falling forward. Saiorse, who had lost her balance, was scared out of her wits. She could only watch in horror as her pretty face came closer and closer toward the door.

If the collision really happened, her pretty face would certainly be ruined. How would she be able to go out and meet people in the future?!

However, at this critical juncture, Javier suddenly reached out to grab her sexy body and quickly placed himself beneath her. The entire process happened in the blink of an eye. Bam!

The sound jolted Saiorse back to her senses. And it was only then that she realized Javier was already holding her in his arms. The one who had fallen was not her. Instead, it was Javier, who had taken the initiative to become her cushion.

However, there was no time for her to think too much about it. Her body instantly pounced into Javier's embrace. Even her cherry lips were plastered onto his. It was not intentional. It was instinctual.

However, it was precisely this instinct that allowed Javier to kiss those warm lips passionately. Saiorse had never felt anything like this before. She inched closer to his hot and firm chest,

Chapter 105 Her Heart Was in Chaos

reluctant to part with him, all the while shyly closing her eyes as she sunk deeper and deeper...

### **Chapter 196 The Ones at the Top Make Use of Others**

After a few heated minutes, Saiorse, flushed in the face, abruptly pushed Javier.

She stood up nervously and said, "I-I'm your aunt. You're crossing the line."

As Saiorse mumbled shyly, she quickly grabbed the bra again and left the bathroom. Upon returning to her bedroom, she quickly locked the door behind her and sank onto the floor. She pressed her fair hands tightly against her cheeks, it felt as warm as the fire in her heart

"Saiorse, what's wrong with you? Javier is your god-sister's son. How could you let your thoughts run wild?" she chastised herself.

In her heart, Saiorse repeatedly reminded herself that she could not afford to let herself go and let her imagination run wild. However, recalling the passionate kiss earlier, she felt a certain sweetness seep into her heart. She also recalled Javier's hot and firm chest that had given her a strong sense of security.

Sitting by the door of her bedroom, Saiorse had no clue how to act. She felt so confused.

Saiorse had no idea how she should behave tonight, but Javier did. He had already thought about it before he entered her house. He knew that any form of forcing or scheming to seduce his aunt would

never work. He just wanted Saiorse to get used to his presence and accept his existence. Most importantly, he wanted to discuss how they could move forward together.

After finishing his shower, he returned to the living room. He was very well-behaved and had no intention of flirting with Saiorse.

Saiorse slipped into her nightdress and hurriedly went into the bathroom to take a shower. Her heart was filled with worry the entire time. She was afraid that Javier would do something out of line. If that happened, she would not know how to handle it.

Thankfully, Javier did not do anything of the sort. He was very well-behaved during the entire duration she was in the shower. Only when she stepped out of the bathroom to dry her wet hair did she realize that Javier was sitting at the table and was writing something.

Saiorse asked curiously, "Javier, what are you writing?"

Without even thinking about it, Javier replied, "I am writing a love letter to you. I want you to understand how much I like you."

Saiorse's face turned red again. In the past, she could flirt with this nephew of hers as she pleased. But now, he was the one flirting with her as he pleased. It was just a simple sentence, but it was enough to make her heart race. She did not know what to do.

Seeing Saiorse's reaction, Javier was amused. "It's not a love letter. It's a plan to establish a film company-one specifically set up to win the Osborns. I'm almost done writing it. I'll show it to you when I'm done." After saying that, Javier continued writing.

Saiorse heaved a sigh of relief. However, she seemed to be slightly disappointed. She wondered what Javier would write if it was really a love letter. What would he write about?

A few minutes later, Javier finished the proposal and handed it to Saiorse, who was drying her hair with a hairdryer. Saiorse threw the hairdryer aside and started reading the proposal. Meanwhile, Javier went to the balcony and cracked open the window to smoke.

After he finished smoking, he heard Saiorse saying, "Not bad. It looks like it was written by an expert. Did you consult any other professionals on this beforehand?"

As it turned out, he did. In fact, Javier had consulted Edie about this earlier.

Javier replied, "Yes, I believe you know her too. I talked to Edie about this. I think you guys worked together before. After our company is established, I plan on recruiting her under our brand and giving her a female lead role.

"From a commercial point of view, she's popular enough now. She has a large fan base and a good character profile. Furthermore, she's an actor and an idol. I believe she can help us secure our initial investment. This way, we can get both the Osborn and profits."

Saiorse nodded. "Edie's acting skills are pretty good, and her character setting is also good. She's a pretty good actress, which is a rare talent among the younger actors of today. I think she's quite suitable to be the female lead. Oh, by the way, the Reivaj Group that supported her previously belongs to you, right?"

Javier was not bothered to hide it. Both Mary Jane and Chad were in the Reivaj Group. Saiorse was privy to insider stories, so it was not difficult for her to find out the truth.

“Not bad.”

Saiorse patted Javier’s shoulder with the elegance and stature of the queen of films.

Saiorse pinched a cigarette from Javier and lit it up. Then, she gently brushed back her hair and said to Javier, “The discussion on the script has been finalized. That screenwriter likes Old Man Ackerman’s story a lot. She said she would need three days to

finalize the story.”

Javier was taken aback. “Three days? Isn’t that too fast and too perfunctory?”

Saiorse waved her hand. “Well, this is something you don’t understand. She’ll be taking two whole days to brainstorm and will write it all out on the third.

“You’ll see when she finishes writing the script. It definitely won’t disappoint you. Besides, a script isn’t like a novel. She’ll just need to highlight the key points and important lines in it, including the logic, storyline, etc.”

Once she got started, Saiorse could not stop talking. Seeing this, Javier waved his hand to cut her off, “I believe you.”

Javier’s words rendered Saiorse speechless. Really though, she was not touched by them. Instead, she was dumbfounded and had choked. She was just trying to share all that she knew. But with one swift sentence, he cut her off and said he believed in her. She would now have to make sure everything she said became a reality so that she would not let him down.

She could not help but sigh. “Back when we were young, your grandfather taught us that the ones at the bottom of the food chain do hard labor work to survive, whereas the ones at the middle ranks of the food chain use their knowledge to survive. The ones on the top of the food chain, however, make use of everyone else to do their work to maintain their place at the top. We all know the meaning of that lesson, but the only one who fully embodied its essence is you.

“Javier, you don’t really know how to do anything on your own! However, since you don’t know how to run a company, you recruited Chad to run it for you. Since you have no knowledge of finance, you hired Mary Jane. And now you want to get into the film industry but have no prior knowledge, so you roped me in

“You’ve truly mastered your grandfather’s lesson. And you use it so often that you end up so carefree all day. Sheesh-”

Saiorse was a little envious, but there was no use envying such a thing. As the saying goes—the ones at the top make use of others. That was a skill that could only be passed down within a royal family. If you asked a beggar to do the same, what the heck could he do? Even the pigs in the pigpen would not listen to him!

As Saiorse was lamenting, Javier replied, “Actually, there is one thing I don’t know. That is why I came to you.”

Saiorse took a puff on her cigarette and asked, "What else do you not know?"

Javier replied with a straight face, "I do not know how to give birth."

Saiorse almost choked to death on the smoke from her cigarette. She coughed for a long time before she managed to catch her breath. How could she not understand what Javier meant? Javier did not want to have a child with her at all. He wanted to "study" the process of having a child with her. However, Saiorse had never explored this process with anyone for more than thirty years. She disliked men. Only Javier, whom she had grown up with, would make her want to get close to the opposite sex.

However, he was her nephew, so she felt really awkward about turning their relationship into a romantic one. Thankfully, Javier stopped teasing her. Instead, he asked her about her plans for tomorrow.

Saiorse took this opportunity to quickly change the topic. "Tomorrow, I have to accompany that female screenwriter to meet Old Man Ackerman and show her his living environment. I also have to read the script that Old Man Ackerman wrote, so I'll be very busy.

"However, I've already contacted one of the directors for you. He has won many international awards and is good at capturing the essence of stories. He has been shifting his focus toward entertainment movies in recent years, but there are signs of him spiraling off course.

"He happens to be in Medb. Let's split the tasks. I'll accompany the female screenwriter to get the script done, while you go and meet the director."

Javier nodded. Then, he snuffed out his cigarette and turned to look at the increasingly alluring Saiorse.

"Aunt, since we've decided on tomorrow's agenda, shouldn't we discuss tonight's agenda?"

### **Chapter 197 You Won't Have the Chance to Hit Me**

Saiorse felt nervous when she heard what Javier had said. When Javier had emphasized the words "discuss tonight's agenda", she instantly knew that it was something lewd.

Despite being a fully-grown woman, Saiorse had never experienced being with a man before. However, she had not been able to contain her curiosity and had watched some films before. This was how she understood the images that Javier was trying to put into her head.

However, she did not find it disgusting. Instead, she felt her heartstrings being tugged so hard that she was starting to suffer a little at this point

Amidst her panic, she extinguished the incense in the urn and said, "I'm your aunt, Javier."

Immediately after she said that, Javier pulled her into his arms.

In the next moment, Javier looked right into her eyes and asked with a gentle voice, "So?"

Saiorse wanted to say that the both of them were family and his mother was her god-sister, so they could not possibly start such a relationship. However, be it the hand that was wrapped around her waist, or Javier's passionate eyes and burning chest, her heart began to race. She dared not look Javier in the eyes at that moment, afraid that she might end up catching on fire.



Javier leaned in and kissed her on the forehead. "If you're able to find a man you love and are willing to let him protect you for the rest of your life, you have my blessing.

"However, now that you haven't found him, I want to be the one to protect you and love you with everything I have. I want to make you my woman"

Upon those words, Saoirse's heart was in an even greater turmoil. Her mind was abuzz and she did not know how to react. Her breathing came out in frantic, shaky gasps. She had no clue what to do with herself.

She was then pulled into Javier's tight embrace that, to her surprise, caused her to feel a sense of security. This feeling was not being born from her consciousness but Javier's firm and hot chest. It felt like a harbor she was able to rely on, giving her the warmth she needed to fight away the loneliness she felt. She did not protest and just silently sat there, enjoying the warm moment in Javier's arms...

In the end, nothing happened between the both of them. After all, Saoirse was not a casual woman. Both she and Javier knew this very well, so both of them returned to their rooms after the hug. However, Saoirse was unable to sleep that night. She kept tossing and turning in bed, her mind filled with the image of Javier.

The next morning, she was still in her bedroom by the time Javier woke up. Javier had thought of making some breakfast so that Saoirse would have something to eat when she woke up. However, when he realized that the kitchen utensils were cleaner than the ones found in regular households, Javier gave up on the thought.

"The cleanliness here is proof enough that she has never cooked here. There's no way there would be anything to cook."

Thus, Javier put on his clothes, headed downstairs, and bought back some breakfast. However, even after he had finished his food, Saoirse had yet to come out of her bedroom

This led Javier to think, 'She has probably woken up a long time ago, but she just doesn't know how to face me.'

Without further ado, he very simply told Saoirse that there was breakfast on the table before he headed out. He was scheduled to meet the director at 9 am, and since it was only 8 now, Javier was still slightly early.

Since he was not in a rush, he decided to take a stroll around the streets as his morning exercise. However, after walking for about a mile, Javier noticed that he was being followed.

There was a man in a black pullover jacket who had been following Javier for the length of two streets already. The man seemed to – be in his 20s. Whenever Javier took a turn, he would turn as well. If Javier went straight, he did so too. Even when Javier

deliberately lingered around for about three minutes by pretending to purchase a pack of cigarettes, he realized that the man in black was still following him.

On top of that, the man dressed in black was seriously bad at following his target. He would only stand around ten steps away from his target, so Javier did not even need to turn his head around to sense his presence. He could tell where the man was just by the sound of his footsteps.

Because of this, Javier felt slightly frustrated. 'Do I look so weak that someone's using such lousy skills to follow me?'

Javier chose a street with fewer people on it and suddenly stopped after walking for a moment. Then, he turned around to look at the man in black. He then hooked his finger and said, "Come here. Come on, let's talk as we walk, or it would be so boring."

The man in black was not surprised, as though he had already expected Javier to notice his presence. He shook his head. "I'm not going to talk to you. That wasn't included in the service that I've been paid to do. You just go ahead and walk wherever you want to."

'A paid service that doesn't include chatting. They're a rather honest business.'

Javier questioned the man, "Does your service include being punched?"

The man in black shook his head once again. "No, it's not included. Plus, I guarantee you that you won't get the chance to punch m

The man in black sounded quite sure of himself when he said that. Seeing that he was still a little early to meet the director, Javier happily did some warm-up exercises. He then walked toward the man in black and chuckled "Let's test that guarantee of yours."

As Javier took a step forward, the man in black took a step back in return.

What the f\*ck?!' The faster Javier approached the man in black, the faster the latter retreated.

Now clenching his teeth, Javier began running toward him, but the man in black was quick enough to keep a large distance between them that was getting ever wider!

At that moment, Javier understood what that "guarantee" meant. 'I won't be able to punch him because he runs faster than me!

Javier might have been powerful, but he lacked the stamina to catch others. Thus, he had no choice but to stop chasing. The man in black, who was now rather far away, actually turned back and returned to his ten steps distance once more!

As the man in black jogged on the spot, he said, "Come on, let's go for another six miles. I'll salute you as my superior if you're able to catch me."

'What the f\*ck?! This b\*stard's actually quite infuriating now that I can't catch him.'

Javier once again tried to grab hold of the man, but he just kept floating around like a butterfly. In the end, Javier had no choice but to admit that he could not do anything to the b\*stard no matter how powerful he was since the guy was able to stay well out of his reach. When Javier tried to go after him, he would run far away. When Javier stopped trying, he would return and continue to enjoy himself

I'm now regretting that I didn't bring back a rocket launcher from Hyliveskia when I had the chance. I'd love to see this b\*stard trying to outrun a rocket'

Since he could not catch the man in black, Javier decided to pay no more attention to the guy and turned onto the street next to them

'I may not be able to catch you, but do you think I won't be able to shake you off?'

Javier stood by the roadside and flagged down a cab. However, Javier would actually be doing the man in black a huge favor by entering a taxi at that hour.

Let's put it this way. If Javier were to enter the taxi, all the man in black would have to do is just squat there and watch Javier's taxi because the traffic was so bad that they were probably moving slower than snails. So, Javier gave up the thought and immediately ran toward the man in black

As usual, the man in black very easily ran off once more, putting a significant distance between them within moments. However, this time, Javier's objective was not to catch him. Instead, he wanted to wait until the man in black was significantly far enough before he turned onto another street.

With quick movements, Javier kept close to a wall and waited for the man in black to turn back and catch up to him. "You love running so much, eh? I'm going to stay and wait for you to run back here before I teach you a lesson!"

### **Chapter 198 Reckless Driving**

Javier leaned against the wall, waiting for the man in black to show up and pounce on him.

However, right at that moment, he heard a buzzing sound from a pair of propellers spinning coming from above him. Subconsciously, Javier looked up and saw a drone in the sky with its camera right in its center trained on him.

Javier was instantly stunned by this. 'What the f\*ck?! They've got quite the service here. There's someone following me on foot and a drone from above.

'On top of that, it's obvious that it's not just one man who's following me... That man back there had nothing in his hands.

'So, that must mean another person is controlling this drone from afar and is watching my every move.'

Sure enough, Javier very quickly saw the man in black appearing at a road ten steps away from him, his face filled with mockery. He was obviously gloating at how Javier had failed to try and ambush him. Seeing the man in black, Javier proceeded to pick up a rock from the floor, to which the man in black immediately retreated a few steps, afraid that he might get hit.

However, in the next moment, Javier threw the rock toward the drone! With a loud crash, a drone that was worth hundreds or thousands of dollars got hit and slowly fell to the ground. The moment it landed, a red Maserati came flying past and crushed the drone to bits under its wheels. Not even the camera was spared.

Immediately, a young and beautiful woman poked her head out of the window. "Who threw that in front of my car?!"

Javier was elated when he saw who the woman was. 'Isn't that Gigi? Perfect timing! I've found my way out of this!

Javier swiftly climbed into the Maserati's front passenger seat and slammed the door shut behind him. Gigi was stunned and was wondering who it was that was bold enough to barge into her car. When she turned around, she realized that it was Javier.

Shocked, she asked, "What are you doing here?"

Javier had no time to explain himself, so he merely asked, "Do you know how to drive fast?"

Gigi nodded her head subconsciously. "Yes, why?"

"Drive. Just make sure that the car behind you doesn't catch up to you."

Javier pointed to the front, signaling that Gigi could go ahead and drive like a madwoman.

Although Gigi did not know what Javier was planning, there was one thing she was very clear about at that point. She was to do whatever Javier asked her to and she was sure to be fine. At the very least, she would not have to end up being brutally taught a lesson like last time.

As she stomped down on the accelerator, the Maserati's engines roared as it sped into the distance.

The man in black did not panic. Instead, he casually waved his hand at a black GTR not too far away. A drone in the sky, a man in black on foot, and a black GTR on the road...someone was going to great lengths to follow Javier.

Javier had considered the fact that there might be a car following behind him, which was why he told Gigi to drive as fast as she could. However, Gigi's driving style was just reckless. She stepped on the accelerator like nobody's business when there were no cars and would violently slam on the brakes when there was. After that, she did what she loved the most-honking so that others would make way for her.

Javier was in awe of Gigi's driving skills. "Are you sure you're driving fast? You're driving recklessly, it seems. If the car doesn't want to let you pass you could just overtake it from another lane! Why would you honk at it non-stop instead?"

Feeling defeated, Javier lit a cigarette and aimed the visor mirror in front of him toward the back. Through it, Javier could see the black GTR hiding within plain sight. It may have looked like it was driving safe, but no matter where the Maserati went, that GTR would follow closely behind.

'This organization is made up of such professionals! They're using all kinds of methods to follow me just so they know where I'm at. Yet, they don't do anything that might jeopardize anyone's safety.'

Javier pondered for a moment and knew who these people were.

'They're most likely hired by Lloyd to find out where I'm headed and then he'll come at me after that with a plan'

After realizing this, Javier asked Gigi to stop the car by the side. Javier got out and entered the car through the driver's seat. Gigi was just climbing over to the passenger side, but she had only managed to

get a single leg there. She was not fast enough in retracting her other leg when Javier got in. Plus, he just so happened to have squeezed her other leg inward, so Gigi could not pull it out even if she tried.

Gigi was left extremely embarrassed, she had one leg on the front passenger side, and the other on the driver's side while she sat right in the middle. Most importantly, of all days, that was the very day she had chosen to wear a mini skirt because she saw that the weather was nice.

However, Javier was obviously not interested in her body at that moment. He slammed on the accelerator and the originally quiet Maserati instantly roared to life, turning from a quiet pure woman to a crazy woman. This was because the person who was driving her was different!

With the engine's roars, the Maserati sped off like an arrow. Following that, the GTR behind them began roaring its engine as well, turning from a gentleman's car into a street hooligan.

The two sports cars went on a heated pursuit on the road, squeezing their way through the gaps in between cars. Everywhere they passed by, a series of honks followed. However, the cars were not honking as a sign of respect. Instead, they were all cursing at the two cars for road-raging, which was a rather gruesome sight to behold.

However, Javier had no time to be worried about all those. He was occupied as to how he would be able to squeeze out all of the explosive powers the Maserati had.

Meanwhile, Gigi was feeling embarrassed and awkward as she was stuck in the middle. However, she could not be bothered to

attend to those emotions at that moment.

There were many controls in her car that she could not understand despite it being her car. There were all kinds of buttons and information on her infotainment system that Javier seemed to be even more familiar with in comparison to the actual owner. Gigi suddenly thought that her Maserati had become something like a Transformer. Originally, under her care, the Maserati was so gentle. Now, it was as violent as a raging housewife who was unsatisfied with her life. 1

Gigi was so frightened that she screamed out loud when she saw cars passing by theirs on both sides. Whenever her car missed another by just mere inches, she felt as if she could see even the pores on the driver's face within the other vehicle.

It was such a close-distance high-speed chase. Either one of the cars would surely overturn should it hit something at that moment. However, under Javier's driving skills, not only was there not even a scratch, the car would even drift and turn a little, nimbly turning corners.

As for Gigi, she was being thrown about left and right, slamming into everything as she sat in the center. On top of that, she felt something unpleasant when she ended up being slammed against something awkward...

### **Chapter 199 Getting off on the Wrong Foot**

After successfully shaking the GTR off their tail, Javier found a place to turn so that he could stop the Maserati.

"You carry on driving after I get out of the car. Go anywhere you want."

After that, Javier opened the door and was about to get out.

Previously Gigi did not dare to ask for his phone number. She now mustered up all the courage she had so that she could do so this time.

“Could you please give me your phone number, Javier?”

Javier smiled and sized Gigi up. “Why? Do you want to date me?”

.

Gigi was embarrassed She wanted to say no, but she could not tell him what Zeke was planning or it would seem like she had an ulterior motive.

Thus, she came up with a random excuse instead. “I-L.I’d like to apologize to you for what happened before.”

“There’s no need, you’ve already apologized for it. Bye now!”

With a thud, the door slammed shut and Javier darted into a tunnel by the side. Climbing back into the driver’s seat, Gigi adjusted her rearview mirror and took a look. ‘I’ve already removed my nose ring and have returned to my clean, usual self. So, I should be likable now, right? Why does Javier still look at me as though I’m a man?’

Gigi tugged at the collar of her shirt and took a look inside before she angrily pounded on her steering wheel. “Flat-chest my foot! That’s such a huge accusation! Although I’m just an A-cup, they’re not flat! I’m still young, so they can still grow!”

Gigi mumbled for a while longer before she started back up again. Three seconds after she hit the road again, the black GTR appeared once again and carried on tailing her Maserati.

“Damn it, did you think you could get away from me? No way! I’m driving a Skyline-GTR, you know!” The driver cursed as he followed the Maserati.

The GTR had a much easier time following his target this time. He followed the red Maserati for over ten minutes before they arrived at a beauty salon. Then, he saw the driver getting out of the car and realized that it was a woman.

The driver was rendered speechless. ‘I clearly saw Javier getting into the driver’s seat, so why is it a woman stepping out?!’

After the woman entered the salon, the driver hurriedly drove his car and stopped next to the Maserati.

‘F\*ck! There’s nobody here! Javier must have gotten out of the car when I wasn’t paying attention!’

The driver, leaning forlornly into his seat, recalled the road he had found the Maserati on earlier. He was now out of energy. He thought that he was invincible with his GTR and was fearless in the face of a challenge from anyone, let alone a simple job of tailing someone. However, in actual fact, his target already had enough time to slip away earlier when he got overtaken...

Meanwhile, Javier sat in a taxi and leisurely rushed to the place he was supposed to be meeting both Saoirse and the director. They were to meet at Mr. Gander's private mansion. When Javier arrived, he had to go through a security check before he was allowed access.

'Hmm. There's a reason why this residential area is known as an entertainment area.

'I've just walked down the main streets and I've already passed a few celebrities. If a movie fan were to come here, they'd definitely be over the moon, getting autographs from all of the celebrities, and taking a whole bunch of photos...'

However, Javier did not have such thoughts at all. "Taking photos with celebrities... bah! As if they're worthy of getting a photo with me!

With both hands in his pockets, Javier completely ignored the celebrities he walked past and arrived before Mr. Gander's mansion. After pressing on the doorbell that activated the video intercom, Dana's beautiful face appeared on the screen.

Dana was Mr. Gander's wife who was also a famous actress. Although she was now well in her 40s, she was once considered to be a very beautiful woman.

"Hello, I was introduced here by Saoirse. I have an appointment with Mr. Gander."

"Oh, okay. Saoirse did give me a call yesterday about you coming. Please, come in."

The video on the intercom ended and the door automatically opened. At the foyer, there was a machine that automatically wrapped up one's shoes, to which Javier allowed it to do its job before stepping into Mr. Gander's spacious home.

Upon arriving at the living room, Javier spotted Dana's friendly face. Dana still looked very beautiful despite being over 40. Moreover, she had a very sincere smile and did not give off the impression that she was an arrogant person who was high and mighty. Instead, she was like the woman next door.

However, Javier was not there to meet this woman today, but her husband. Mr. Gander was one of the famous directors from the fifth generation, and he specialized in directing story-type films. Just as Saoirse had said, the trend for films had been changed recently. On top of that, the change was getting weirder and weirder. The genres that could pack box offices in the past were no longer as powerful as they used to be with the younger directors.

Javier greeted Dana enthusiastically and finished introducing himself before he asked, "Would you happen to know where Mr. Gander is?"

Dana seemed slightly embarrassed. "He's supposed to be meeting you this morning, but the cultural department suddenly called him in for some matters. I'm sure you know that these sorts of invitations are hard to reject, so...I'm really sorry. He's asked me to speak to you first on his behalf."

Javier could more or less understand what was happening based on Dana's tone. 'He might not have necessarily been asked out by the cultural department. But one thing's for certain though, he doesn't want to meet me which is why he's asked Dana to be his proxy.

"This way, he would not seem rude, plus he would be able to avoid having to go through any issues with his personal relationships that might cause him to lose the power to reject taking up the project.'

However, Javier did not mind at all because he was very confident that Mr. Gander was not going to reject him. After Javier and Dana had chatted casually for a while, the latter poured Javier a cup of coffee before they dove into official business.

“I’m sure you know that my husband hasn’t had much luck with the movies he has directed this year. It was either movies that he had to take up due to personal favors or some other reasons, which caused the reputation and market of his works over the past few years to deteriorate very quickly. He only managed to improve this just last year.

“Which is why my husband would like to take a look at the script first. If he thinks it’s suitable, he’ll contact you himself.”

Without discussing the price or personal favors, the entire ten minutes of Javier being there consisted of nine minutes of casual chit-chat and one minute of official business. On top of that, Javier would be sent out the door once he handed over the script since he was told that everything else would come after Mr. Gander had gone through it.

Javier disliked such tedious processes. Plus, it was a waste of time. What he preferred was to conduct his businesses quickly and efficiently, which was why Javier took out a cheque from his pocket and placed it on the table, keeping it in place with his cup..

“Mrs. Gander, we’re still looking for someone to write the script, but this here is a token of my sincerity. I’m in a bit of a rush with this film because I’m looking to run for the Osborn award. I’ll be very frank with you, I have no shortage of funds, but what I am in shortage of right now are a good director and a good script.

“I’ve already gotten someone to write the script, which will be finished very soon. However, even after it’s done, I won’t be in a rush to bring it over for Mr. Gander to look through. Instead, I’m going to first send it to the judges for the Osborn award and have it amended completely before I look for Mr. Gander to help direct it.”

Dana revealed a frown, seeming slightly unhappy the moment Javier took out his check. In her eyes, Javier was definitely another kid from a rich family who was about to get involved in expropriation. There have been many such people who had heard that films were extremely huge money-makers, which was why they went there empty-handed without so much as a script. All they brought with them was a cheque, which they loosely meant to say, “I’m hiring you to direct a film. Just hurry up and get it done. Anything else you see isn’t your problem.”

Dana was a veteran actress. Although she was still beautiful and was even said to be the most beautiful woman when it came to traditional-genre films, Dana was a professional at her work and wanted to complete every single one of her projects to the utmost of her capabilities rather than only being focused on making a profit. This was the same for her husband as well.

Thus, whenever she came across someone like Javier who intended on committing expropriation, Dana would feel a churn in her stomach. To make matters worse, Javier was so arrogant that he even had the nerve to say he wanted to compete for the Osborn award!

Unable to contain her temper, she mocked, “Do you think the Osborn award is a gold bar that you can just take from a gold shop just because you’re rich?!”



