

Apex Chapter 525

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Which Mr. Kersey Exactly? Knowing he had set the young woman's cheeks aflame, Javier felt her hand wriggling against his hold as it tried to break free. He did nothing to stop it, so her hand easily slipped out of his grip.

"What a waste," he remarked aloud. "Your golden ticket to pleasure you've never felt before was right there between your fingers! But you just had to let it go. Sorry for your loss, beautiful."

The young woman pointedly turned her head away, and her falling, disheveled hair hurriedly covered her gorgeous features. Half a minute later, she finally broke her silence. "I don't know what you're trying to tell me, sir, but my boss has been waiting for you for a while now. Please

see him right away!"

Well, that was an indirect but resounding no. She had basically told Javier that her gate was closed and she was not spreading it wide for him.

Fine by him. Not everyone was capable of recognizing a chance and seizing it, right?

Javier collected himself and climbed the stairs with big strides, his attention now fixed on Clark's office.

The receptionist waited for him to get out of her sight before raising her head, her disgruntled glare directed where he had disappeared. "D*mn it," she harrumphed to herself. "You should have added me as a friend on Facebook first, treated me to a nice dinner, and watched a movie with me... Then, we could chill, okay? Who's gonna say yes to a guy this blunt about his lust, huh? Would it kill you to remember that women are reserved and coy, you big dummy?!"

By this point in her rant, Javier "Big Dummy" Kersey had already pushed open the door to Clark's office.

The sight of a topless man with only garish printed boxers covering his manly bits greeted him. Despite having a name as cool and gallant as "Clark", this guy betrayed the expectations of his name right off the bat. One glance at his portly exterior made one feel for his chair's agony, and the fact that his bottom could even fit in it was a miracle on its own. Clark took a pricey cigarette out of a gilded box and leered at Javier, studying him. "Wait. So you're the bigshot who wants to talk business with me?"

Javier was sizing up Clark's office too. God, the lowbrow interior design gave him secondhand embarrassment. The office looked more like a temporary slum for underpaid workers on a construction site. The way Clark had phrased his question made Javier wonder aloud, "Don't you know me?"

He had expected Clark to recognize him. He was, after all, Mary Jane's nephew. He must at least know Javier was the chairman of Reivaj Group.

The truth, though, was stranger than fiction. Clark simply snorted and laughed. "Why the hell would I? I don't give a sh*t even if you're Jennifer-goddamn-Lawrence herself. Why care about someone I don't f*ck, man?"

Now that was one of the straightest, truest statements Javier had ever heard!

Clark did not give Javier any time to squeeze a response edgewise before continuing his

monologue. “Honestly? You don’t even look like someone who’s here to talk business. Hell, you just look like yet another one of that bald – *ss Sam’s messengers! What, is this another shot at trying to get me to reject the latest project so he could earn enough money to buy a hotdog?” Clark said. “If that’s your intention, man, I’m gonna have to disappoint you. It ain’t happening, bozo. So how about you show yourself out and close the door while you’re at it?” Javier dismissed Clark’s attitude with a noncommittal smile. “No, I genuinely want to talk shop. May I see your company’s portfolio?”

Javier was hoping that by checking out Nebula Design’s previous work, he could get a feel of the company’s capabilities-or lack thereof. But Clark simply flicked the ashes off his cigarette with no sign of honoring Javier’s request. “Portfolio? The hell with that! Anyone who comes to me for business is here to sign a contract right away, bro. Ain’t nobody comes to chit-chat about sh*t no one cares about. So, if you’re interested, show me that contract. We’ll sign it, and that’s it. If you’re not interested, get the f*ck out of my sight. Unlike you, I’m a busy man!”

What a bad*ss boss this one was! Literally, the most self-assured, superior guy Javier had ever met!

Clark noticed Javier’s silence and waved him off. “Alright, I’m convinced you really are just some loser posing as a legitimate businessman. Get out of my face, man. Shoo! You’ve wasted enough of my time.”

Javier finally understood Clark. Simply-and crudely-put, Clark Gould was just a useless piece of sh*t! There was no previous project to show because he could not show anything at all. His handiwork was just too hideous for mortal eyes. This was also the only reason he acted like he was too good to work with anyone who needed proof, as well as why he was so quick to turn Javier away. Clark was so useless that he could not attract a single legitimate business prospect! The only way for him to survive was by being Reivaj Group’s parasite. Javier felt bile rise in his throat. Sure, he could give this b*stard some leeway simply because he respected Mary Jane. Yes, he could afford to throw this small sum of money at an incompetent tryhard. But Clark should at the very least show some gratitude, right?! He should thank Javier for handing him easy money, especially since his entire survival hinged on the charity of Javier’s company. He should absolutely not act as though he did not know who his business daddy was or ask the same man to get out of his face just because Clark felt like it!

That attitude was unacceptable!

Suddenly, someone knocked on the office door. A bespectacled young man strode in with a document in hand before handing it to Clark. “Mr. Gould? Here is our monthly finance report.” “Another one?! For Christ’s sake, I never understand jacksh*t when I read them! Just toss it over there!”

The young man set the document down on a desk and turned on his heel, ready to leave. That was when his attention was locked on Javier. He instantly froze.

The young man had recognized him. He asked Clark before stepping out of the office, “S- Shall I pour a drink for Mr. Kersey?” Clark stiffened while smoking his cigarette. “Mr. Kersey? Who?”

It was the young man’s turn to freeze. Pointing at Javier while staring at Clark in disbelief, he exclaimed, “Isn’t he Mr. Kersey? The chairman of Reivaj Group? I mean, he looks exactly like the picture I’ve seen on the internet. I really thought he was Mr. Kersey!”

“P*ss off, bozo! How’s that possible, huh? Why would Mr. Kersey even visit a place like ours? Get the hell out of here!” Clark bellowed at the young man while the latter scrambled out of the office.

Nevertheless, something felt off-even to Clark. He quickly switched on his computer to do a cursory research, muttering, “Dumb*ss really thinks you’re Mr. Kersey in the flesh... Kersey, my *ss! Just take one look at the rags you’re wearing. We can all confidently tell that you are definitely not—”

He stopped mid-sentence. His eyes then widened. He gawked at the screen and quickly shot a look at Javier, his expression one of abject shock.” You... You can’t really be Mr. Kersey, right? Right?!”

Javier tucked his hands into his pockets and met his shock with carefree nonchalance. “You can always call your aunt for confirmation. I doubt she’d mistake someone else for me.”

Clark was horrified. So...Mr. Kersey even knew about their private relationship! He really had done it this time!

His rotund body wriggled as he struggled to get to his feet. His face was practically wrinkled in apology as he said, “I’m so sorry, Mr. Kersey! I didn’t know it was you...Oh God, I’m so stupid and blind for not recognizing you sooner. I even accidentally behaved in a way that was inappropriate and unfitting before someone of your grand status! Please forgive me for my honest blunder! I...I’ll pour you a cup of fine wine right away! Please have a cigarette while you wait! Please, please...Uh, help yourself!”

Panicked, Clark presented his expensive cigarettes and poured him a glass of wine. He just did not know what else to do. But of course, Javier had no need for his belated courtesies.

He got straight to the point. “Can you show me a portfolio of what your company has done in the past?” Clark’s voice was obviously strained from anxiety. “Uh, w-we don’t have that kind of thing here, sir. We, uh, are professionals! Yeap, that’s us. Professionals. We don’t need portfolios because we’ve relied on our excellent reputation and word of mouth to get to where we are today. All of our clients are ecstatic with our work and have only nice things to say about our quality!” Javier pretended to realize something. “Oh, I see! Then please, by all means, tell me who are these happy clients you speak of. Better not make things up, though, I have people to help me verify information at my beck and call.” Cold sweat broke out on Clark’s forehead. “Uh, our clients? Our clients include, uh, Reijah Group. And Reivaj Group. And Reivaj Group—” “I didn’t know this city was literally crawling with Reivaj Groups! That’s a lot of companies bearing the same name,” Javier quipped mockingly. “No, that’s not what I meant!” Clark blurted out, his muscles stiffening. And yet, he could not come up with any other way to explain things away.

His company had never had any clients before. The only one was Reivaj Group-the one and only Reivaj Group, of course!