

Chapter 467

Long Live the Glory of Fortuna! It took some dumb bravery on the guard's part to deny Javier entry. He did not know why the former thought it was a good idea and he did not care. All Javier really wanted to do right now was cast the guard aside as far away from him and as obsequiously as possible.

Before he could act, though, Suzanne made her way over to the guard, who immediately gave him a grin that aimed to please. "Oh, you must be our honorable guest from Yuzuia!"

Finding the guard's words inaudible, she turned to Javier curiously. He translated the guard's words for her, and Suzanne decked her hand across the guard's cheek so hard that his hat slid until it was askew. Blue eyes stared back into her own, wide in confusion due to the reaction.

"Take this! A Chinese warning!" Suzanne snarled in Elizabethan at the guard who looked on, appearing as perplexed as ever. As it seemed, the guard was no good at speaking the common language either...

Still, his linguistic ignorance did not necessarily represent his compatriots. The CEO of Heinfensmirtz Inc. was hurrying toward the entrance. His name was Adolf Lenz, and he was someone who could understand. As soon as he stepped out of the door and saw Javier—the man he had once chatted with through video call—he grinned and waved enthusiastically.

He then turned around and asked the guard what the issue was. The latter recounted the events, and Adolf scanned the creases on his shirt pointedly.

He was a man of status. He could not react with his fists, so he outsourced that to the captain of the security team. "I think he needs a profound lesson, sir. And it'd be our parting gift to him too, seeing as we don't need his presence anymore." He then ordered, "See, here's what we don't need: We don't need a guard who turns fortune away at the door. You can tell him

thanks for his service, but no thanks."

Said "profound lesson" involved jabbing the offending guard's stomach with the blunt end of a baton, which passed the message quite well indeed.

After doing that, Adolf resumed showering Javier with gushing warmth and fanfare, interspersed with sincere apologies over the erstwhile mishap. He kissed the back of Suzanne's hand, regaling the young woman with the highest courtesy on this side of Garman. He personally led the two inside, showing them into the office building. As they were on their way, Adolf asked about the purchasing deal. "It's enough to secure your spot as CEO, me thinks," Javier replied, smiling. "We hope it's enough to qualify as a windfall or godsend." "A godsend? Like a gift from the gods of yore?" Adolf remarked. Javier nodded, and the man held his hands in his own, beaming. "Oh, then you are more than qualified, my friend. You're literally a godsend! Thank you, thank you so much for choosing us!"

This surfeit of praise paved their way to a posh conference room reserved only for VIPs. Once they were inside, Adolf began to dwell on the details of Javier's purchase. Instead of answering him, Javier let Suzanne do the talking. No self-respecting CEO of an eminent business group would skimp on their Elizabethan

language proficiency, and Adolf was no exception. It would be embarrassing for a business leader to rely on their secretary doubling as an interpreter all the time, after all. He had no problem elaborating on the nitty-gritty with Suzanne in Elizabethan.

The young woman's precise explication—a testament to her identity as an expert—was revealing. Jargon used only by field experts and long-time users of such equipment peppered the conversation, and her knowledge was beyond that of a neophyte. She impressed Adolf, but as the amount of equipment discussed increased, the target of his simultaneously – growing awe shifted.

His blue pupils were filled with bewilderment. His mind did a back-of-the-envelope calculation, and he surmised that the sale to be made would surpass the 700-million mark! By the time she finished the list, Adolf was so enraptured that he could tap-dance right there and then. The only reason he did not was because it would be unbecoming of a man in his fifties!

But God, he could not possibly contain his euphoria either. “Christ, my friend! You are the smile Fortuna bestowed upon me! If I were a maiden, I would have married you like a princess marrying a charming prince!” Adolf exclaimed. “But alas, I’m but a bloke who cannot possibly be compared to your companion, a beautiful femme intellectual of the highest order. But what a godsend – what a godsend you are! A great, mighty boon! A fortune worth an ode! Long live the glory of Fortuna!”

Adolf was ecstatic, but to his credit, he had not yet abandoned all care or stopped focusing on what would come next. Even the most assured dream was just a dream before it was laid out on a legal - binding contract written in black and white. He needed Javier to write an advance purchasing agreement, as well as deposit an amount of funds to manufacture the equipment.

When his thoughts were clear, Adolf was indirect and reserved, and his tone implored Javier to

understand. The latter understood the man's implication, of course—Adolf was simply . worried that Javier was just a pie falling from the sky. Something too good to be true, too

enticing to be real. He had nothing against signing an advance purchasing agreement, but there was one little contention...

Come on, where were the rebates and bonuses that came with a bulk purchase of this caliber, huh? Even Marketplace Martha would gift her customers one or two extra potatoes if someone were to buy her goods in bulk!

Javier's point brought the issue to Adolf's attention, reminding him. A purchase worth more than one billion with no extra benefits was inappropriate in business, let alone in Javier's case, as he had bought every single piece of equipment Heinfensmirtz Inc. offered on the market. His client was entitled to some form of rebates too.

He called his finance department to perform some calculations and ended up agreeing to provide a 17.4% rebate. When it came to a one-billion-dollar deal, that would mean a whopping 174-million dollar rebate.

Nonetheless, Heinfensmirtz was the longer end of the stick. Medical equipment development was commercially similar to developing medicine, after all. The cost of the raw materials required might not even exhaust 10 million dollars. The brunt of the price paid the cost required for the R&D process. Take

vaccine development as an example. The cost of manufacturing a vaccine might be shockingly plebeian, but the price of one dose was very often a lot more expensive than that. People were essentially paying for the effort and money spent on the R&D process.

Javier's position was very much like the position of an early investor. If each vaccine was sold for ten dollars or less, then who knew how long it would take him to finally get back his investment! It was a fact he was lucid to, which in turn compelled him to aggressively slash the price he had to pay. In the end, he managed to secure a 32% rebate-nearly double as much as Adolf's original offer! Javier's insistence might have hurt the total amount Heinfensmirtz Inc. made, but it was balanced out by an equally juicy compensation: "I'll pay you in full the moment every piece of equipment has arrived!" This would be a siren's song to most companies. No one would say no to money paid in full, and everyone would prefer that to endlessly pressing their clients to clear up their installment over a lengthy period of time. Adolf was taken enough with Javier's promise that he agreed, and the men made a deal.

Javier was just as gracious as his Hildegardan counterpart. As soon as Adolf assented, he transferred 100 million as a deposit. Receiving that hefty sum renewed Adolf's euphoria enough that he threw his arms around Javier and gave him a tight, effusive bear hug! Had the man been a beat slower at crying out about his gratitude, Javier would have mistaken his sudden action as an attack and retaliated with an over-the-shoulder throw.

Suffice to say, Adolf was over the moon, and Javier shared the same blithe spirit.

"You know what this calls for, Mr. Godsend? This calls for a hearty feast, haha! Of course, that would mean a soiree in modern terms, but it will be in your honor, as you are my most valuable guest," Adolf declared. "Before that happens, however, I'm gonna have to inform the cabal of b*stards who dream of my downfall known as my 'board of directors' about this business deal. I'm gonna shove this contract up their *sses, bwahahaha!" He swung a punch at Javier's chest in sheer excitement. In return, Javier punched him back.

"Owh, that's...quite the punch, my dear Kersey..." Adolf croaked, his face beet-red. "I'm afraid I quite regret my last...celebratory act now. Oh yes, I'm very regretful...indeed..."