

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 686 ReadOnline

Chapter 686 Generous and Straightforward Fleur thought she was going to have a wonderful future with Javier, but this was obviously just her thoughts running wild in her mind. Javier had no such thoughts. In fact, he didn't even want to have any sort of future with her. Thus, when they reached a turn where nobody was around, Javier called for the men he had arranged to be there beforehand. As for Fleur, Javier gave those men instructions to take care of her...forcefully. Of course, what happened after this should not be described... Javier left the mall after around half an hour, heading back to the university. Javier had only bought the shopping mall because he had the money to do so and he had wanted to show that he was not someone to be trifled with. Other than that, he did not care whether the mall was going to bring him any profit or loss. All he needed to do was confirm Derek's future performance.

For the time being, his focus was on the university. After all, Kaiser had already said that someone from the Raiders was hiding there. Upon arriving at the university, Javier headed to his faculty and was about to head to class for a lecture.

Right at that moment, someone suddenly yelled his name from behind. "Hold it right there,

Javier!"

Javier turned around to look at the woman who had called out to him and saw that it was Megara Galloway, his university counselor.

Megara was 27 years old and had a beautiful face and a nice physique. She loved wearing black stockings the most, which complimented her hot body, making her an extremely sexy woman that men lusted after.

In fact, Javier felt an urge the moment he saw her.

However, due to his identity as a student, he had never thought of doing that yet. But now that he had met Megara, that urge within him was burning even hotter, especially when he saw the miniskirt she was wearing, which showed her slender legs in her black stockings.

"Tsk tsk, she's so sexy. If only I could..."

Just as he was pondering what he wanted to do to Megara, the latter approached him and angrily lashed out at Javier.

"This is the fourth time you're late for your lecture, Javier. If you can't give me a reasonable explanation, I'll have to notify the university and have you expelled!" Javier

acknowledged this and asked, "What kind of explanation would you classify as reasonable?"

Javier had already found out that Megara was actually a pretty greedy woman. However, she

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was not the kind of person that would sell herself for money. Instead, she was greedy about wanting to convert the power in her hands into money. Even though she did not have a lot of authority as the university's counselor, her greed was not something to be ignored! For example, Javier would give her a reasonable explanation if he paid her around 45 to 75 dollars.

"I wasn't late, Miss Galloway. There are some questions about my studies that I'm having a problem understanding, so I came here specifically to ask you for help."

Megara instantly smiled when she saw the money.

"I see! I'm sorry for misunderstanding you then. Come on, let's talk in my office." After receiving the money, Megara happily walked toward her office. She could not understand how Javier, a student who was supposed to be penniless, ended up being so generous with his money that day. However, was this important? Obviously not! To Megara, receiving money was the most important.

This was why she was able to walk very happily, not even realizing that the wind was blowing up her skirt.

However, Javier, who was walking right behind her, noticed this.

'F*ck me, that's so sexy...'

Javier got more and more excited as he followed Megara into her office, his emotions and desire brewing due to her temptation. When they reached the office, Javier's emotions were at their peak

Hence, when he entered, he directly locked the door behind him. Megara had not noticed this, as she was focused on the folder that had fallen on the floor, unable to figure out how that had ended there.

She walked up to it and bent over to pick up the folder, but this movement of hers raised her miniskirt even higher, filling Javier with temptation.

Thus, the moment Megara bent over to pick the file up, Javier instantly stepped forward and worked his magic...

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Chapter 687 Don't Believe Me? Go Ahead and Try Me Then! Of course, Megara was not willing to go along with what Javier wanted, but this did not stop him from using force.

It was almost two hours later by the time everything was over.

Megara was now looking at Javier with eyes filled with frustration. "How did it all escalate so quickly?"

Javier felt very helpless. "Did you think I wanted it to turn out like this? There was supposed to be a huge segment in between, but I was forcefully stopped halfway..."

Javier and Megara finally left one another's arms when someone knocked on the office door after another round of flirting. Megara hurriedly tidied up her clothes while Javier very calmly got up and admired Megara's body.

Before leaving, he said, "I don't have a place to stay at night, so I'll stay at your place from now on."

Megara instantly felt frustrated. "In your dreams!" She was not afraid of reporting the matter to the police, but she was afraid of the public learning about the scandal. However, she could not let Javier stay at her place.

She was not a casual woman, but one who was loyal to her husband.

Therefore, the fact that she had been forced into this by Javier was already humiliating enough. How could she possibly allow that to carry on? But Javier obviously did not mind at all. He had not said that on a whim. Instead, he was going to make sure that he did what he had said. Hence, Megara's response to the matter was not important. In fact, one could even say that Javier staying at Megara's place had nothing to do with Megara...

Javier returned to his seat upon walking back to the classroom.

Harley Meritt, who was sitting next to him, asked, "Why am I smelling a woman's scent on you?"

Harley was on rather good terms with Xavier and would stand up for the latter. He was probably considered Xavier's best friend.

Hence, Javier smiled at Harley and said, "Are you sure your nose is working?" Harley sniffed with all his might, mimicking a dog's movements. Alas, he was able to find critical evidence.

He pulled a long strand of hair from Javier's shirt and placed it in front of him.

"Come on, explain this. How did you end up with a woman's hair on you?"

Of course, the hair belonged to Megara. She had gone through such a huge high during their

intense battle that she had glued herself to Javier's body, and he still felt excited just thinking about it.

Javier definitely knew who the owner of that strand of hair was. However, he was not going to admit it. Just as he was about to come up with an excuse and brush it off, someone suddenly walked over and said, "You idiot, why would he have a woman's hair on him? Also, where could he possibly have found it when he can't even get near ab*tch?"

"Tsk, not even a dog would waste its time on a loser like him. In fact, only an idiot like you would become friends with him." The man who had just spoken was Alexander Swaine. His family was rather rich, apparently because they were in the supply business, which explained his arrogance on campus. In the past, many people used to bully honest men like Harley and Xavier, but now that Javier had taken over Xavier's life, it was only natural that he was not going to allow Alexander to do whatever he wanted to him.

While Harley was still sitting aside with his mouth shut, Javier immediately grabbed a book from his desk, rolled it up, and shoved it right into Alexander's mouth. "You're free to refuse to believe my words, but if you refuse to eat this book today, I'll shove it right up your *ss!" His arrogance even left Harley dumbfounded. 'Is he still the same honest, cowardly friend I once knew?' Meanwhile, Alexander was stunned by this challenge. After all, nobody had dared talk back to him like that in a very long time since he had been in university. More importantly, the man who had retorted was "Xavier", a completely useless coward. "You f*cking b*stard! How dare you speak to me like that? Do you have a death wish?!" Alexander grabbed the book, ready to retaliate, but was instantly stopped by someone else.

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Chapter 688 The Most Direct Answer They were in the same class after all, so everyone stopped them in hopes of avoiding the conflict.

Harley even got up to apologize with a wry smile. "Alexander, don't be mad. Xavier's just still groggy from his nap and didn't realize that it was you. Come at me if you're angry. He doesn't know better, so there's no need to be so hard on him."

It was undeniable that Harley was nice to Javier, as he fretted about the latter getting into trouble. Despite that, was Javier scared of trouble? Of course not! "F*cking hell, who do you think you are? Get the f*ck out of here. I'm scolding this scumbag, so why stick your loser head into it? "Harley Merritt, I'm telling you, poke your nose into my business again and I'll f*cking beat the crap out of you!"

It was obvious that Alexander was pretty aggressive and brazen, but Javier did not care. He swung an arm to hit Alexander and teach him a lesson while the latter was still spewing insults, but their class representative, Zenya, came over at that moment and put herself between him and Alexander. "What are you guys doing? We're all classmates! No violence is allowed!" Javier more or less knew the class representative. Zenya was pretty and kind and had helped him pretty often, so he was considerably nice to her. Since Zenya had spoken, Javier did not do anything. Then, Alexander stuck a leg out even though the others were holding him back and kicked Javier's thigh.

"F*ck this! No one's stopping me from beating you up today. If I don't beat you to a pulp today, I'm going to-" Before Alexander could finish cursing, Javier threw him off with a punch and stopped whatever he was going to say. An enraged Javier then went over, choked Alexander, and dragged him out of the classroom.

A few of the others wanted to follow them, but Javier turned back and snapped, "Get back to class!"

It was the first time they had seen Javier act so aggressively, so they were intimidated by him and kept looking at him as though they were looking at an animal.

Javier grabbed a book from the table and dragged Alexander to a corner with a hand choking his neck. The latter was pale due to the neck hold and was nearly turning white by then.

"I didn't lay a finger on you, and you f*cking dared kick me when we were distracted, huh? Alexander Swaine, that was very bold of you, wasn't it!" After Javier let go of Alexander, he waved the book in his hand. "You know what to do."

Alexander refused to comply. He had a reputation to uphold in school, so how could he possibly wipe his pride off?

The Most Direct Answer

"You want me to eat the book? Hah, in your next life! Watch me beat you up today!" Alexander raised his fists and charged over at Javier, only to be kicked down to the floor a moment later when Javier's punches and kicks landed on him like a shower of rain.

It took only moments for Alexander to crouch on the floor like a dog, hugging his head as he took the beating. Several minutes of violence later, Alexander surrendered, as he sensed that Javier showed no signs of stopping. He could care less about his pride and ego. They could go to hell. He begged him immediately. "Stop, stop hitting me. I'll eat it! I'll eat it!" "You want to eat the book? Too late. You refused when I asked you to just now and now you want to? F*ck you!"

Javier forcefully pulled off Alexander's pants. The latter, who realized what was about to happen, yowled and cried. That was not what Javier wanted to hear, so he beat Alexander up again so hard that the latter dared not react. Javier then rolled the book that he had grabbed before he had left the classroom up and stabbed him with it harshly. Almost immediately, an agonized wail resonated in the lecture building...

When Javier went back to class, his peers looked at him with fear in their gazes. How could they not be frightened when the infamous delinquent of their class was crying from pain due to Javier's retaliation?

Harley asked curiously from the side, "What did you do to Alexander? Why did he yowl so painfully?"

"I poked him with the book so that he'll study more and learn some manners," Javier replied. Harley was stunned. He only answered after a while, "You really did what you said?"

"Of course." Javier nodded. He was not the previous Xavier, who had been a pushover. There was no way someone could step all over him now, so they better check if their feet were strong enough.

At the same time, Alexander was pulling his pants up and standing up excruciatingly outside the classroom. He had to go to the hospital-he just had to, it hurt that bad. With the help of his lackeys, who rushed out later, Alexander walked away from the lecture building. When he turned back to glance at the block, he gritted his teeth. "Xavier, I'll f*cking make you pay for this!"

Javier, who was in the room had, of course, not heard Alexander's threat. Even if he had, he would have ignored it. If a book could not satisfy Alexander, he would use a mace instead next time. It would be easy to stab it in, but how it would come out...Hah, that would be Alexander's problem...

The day passed peacefully, and Harley went up to Javier when the class was dismissed that afternoon.

"Bro, I got a date with a girl and her best friend. You coming?"

ter 688 The Most Direct Answer

Javier did not have it in him to play with kids but could only agree to it when he failed to fight back against Harley's insistence. When both of them arrived at the restaurant in a cab, they saw the two girls who were waiting there-Fiona Sinclair and Genevieve Carey. Harley had set his eyes on Genevieve a long time ago but had not expected to finally score a date today. The girl seemed decent. As for Fiona...she looked okay, and her figure was mediocre. That was all in Javier's opinion. She was just okay, so he was not quite interested. After a casual chat and some food, Javier got ready to leave. Then, Harley told Fiona, "Fiona, this is my bro, Xavier. What do you think of him? Handsome, no? Do you know that he's in the top three of our school and wins the scholarship every year?" Harley was going to say more, but Fiona scoffed. "What's so impressive about being in the top three of a trashy university? It's ridiculous!

"Also, you're not thinking of introducing him to me, are you, Harley? "If that's really what you're thinking, I'll give you a direct answer-he isn't worth it!"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 689 ReadOnline

Chapter 689 My Chauffeur Drives a Bugatti "What does he have to do with me, hmm?

"My family runs a supply business, and we're rich. We already have two cars in the price range of 80,000 dollars. How is he worth being with me?"

"I'm not making fun of him, but those two cars my family owns would take him decades to buy-he might not even afford one in his whole life! "How dare you introduce a cheap man like this to me? Are you not embarrassed?" It was Fiona who spoke first maliciously, as she kept flaunting her sense of superiority in front of Javier. What the heck? Who did she think she was? Due to the fact that she was only a young girl, Javier could care less about being petty. He patted Harley's shoulder and told him, "I'm done eating. I'm leaving." Harley thought that Javier was hurt by the comments and quickly stopped him. "Bro, bro, don't-"

He did not get to finish his sentence, as Fiona spoke up again. "That's more like it. Have the self-awareness to know that you're just a piece of trash.

"Alright, I'll stop nagging you. We're done eating too. Let's go to the club. It's on me!"

Fiona was feeling triumphant, so she was generous. The level of her wealth could only give her a sense of superiority in front of people like Harley and Javier, so she was happy to spend money to satisfy her arrogance.

Without saying anything else, Fiona left 50 dollars on the table and went out with Harley and Genevieve.

“You too, you little lowlife. Come with us. It’s not like I can’t afford a fruit platter for you.” Javier was honestly at a loss for words as he saw how victorious Fiona looked. There were plenty of poor people in this world, but there were just as many rich ones. Why was Fiona being so relentless? It seemed that her parents had not warned her that her family was so poor that it was unworthy of being mentioned. When they left the restaurant, Fiona and Genevieve waited by the road to hail a cab. Harley kept trying to persuade Javier. “Bro, don’t be mad. There’s no need to be upset. It’s nothing!” Javier smiled at Harley while the latter went on and pulled out his phone to call Herschel. The conversation was short and simple. “Pick me up.” Two minutes later, a rumble was heard and a navy Bugatti Veyron stopped in front of the restaurant.

Fiona and Genevieve’s eyes sparkled when they saw the supercar that cost 3 million dollars. They were rather pretty, so both of them were hoping that the rich heir driving the car would

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take a liking to them. Actually, Herschel, who got out of the car when the door opened, did walk toward them. The closer he got, the more excited Fiona and Genevieve grew. A rich heir from a wealthy family... They could be rich and extravagant for the rest of their lives as long as the man liked them! However, reality did not turn out like their imagination. Herschel approached Javier and nodded respectfully at him. “Boss.” Javier nodded back and patted Harley’s shoulder. “I’m leaving now. Have fun.” Javier got in the car, and Herschel went to the driver’s side to drive them away. Fiona and Genevieve were stunned as they watched the Bugatti Veyron speed off. It had not crossed their minds that the man they had assumed was a rich heir was only a chauffeur, while the actual affluent one was Javier, who had been harshly mocked by Fiona earlier.

Fiona felt her cheeks throb from heat once she recalled how shamelessly triumphant she had acted in front of Javier just now. She felt embarrassed about claiming that he would never afford the two 80,000-dollar cars she had at home in his entire life. The guy had a 3-million-dollar luxury car. Why would he want to drive an 80,000-dollar car? Of course he would not. Meanwhile, Fiona was filled with regret. If she had been nicer earlier, she would have secured a clear, bright future for herself. That was a Bugatti Veyron. Even if her entire family assets were sold, and they sold their internal organs as well, they would not be able to purchase half a Bugatti...

Regret filled Fiona as soon as she thought of this, but she was still angry.

“Harley Merritt, you b*stard! He’s really rich. Why didn’t you tell me earlier?!” Genevieve was furious as well. “Exactly. He’s actually very rich. You should’ve told me. I—” Genevieve shut her mouth. What would she have done if Harley had told her about it

earlier? Pick Javier up? Harley was not a fool. He realized that instantly and the liking he had taken to Genevieve stopped right there and then.

“F*ck you two materialistic b*tches. Why would I tell you that my bro’s a secret billionaire? I thought I’d give you all a chance to get wealthy, but don’t blame me for not seizing it yourselves!

“Humph!”

Snapping his head away victoriously, Harley left with a puff of his chest and a load of pride. The girls pulled a long face upon hearing what he’d said. If they could have caught up to the running Bugatti, they would not have minded chasing after the car to hold Javier back. He was a super-rich man! Pride? What pride? Money was enough as long as they could attach themselves to him!

Harley, on the other hand, was completely stunned. He had always thought that Xavier was poor, so it surprised him that the latter was actually a wealthy man.

My Cyffeur Drives a Bugatti

That was a 3-million-dollar Bugatti Veyron. It was...unimaginable that a rich man like that was just around him. It was awesome!

Since he and Xavier were good friends, he thought that he would probably reap some benefits. Harley dared not think of accepting free money. He was realistic. Once he found a good job next year after graduating, he would stand on his own two feet... Javier looked at Herschel in the Bugatti. “Why did you drive this piece of trash out? It’s embarrassing.” A luxury car was an embarrassing thing for Javier. Other than looking cool, it was useless, as it could not even climb a pavement and it had to have its tires changed after a super-high-speed drive of 200-300 kilometers. What was its use? The car was like keeping a mistress-it could not do anything aside from needing care and maintenance. Despite that, Herschel liked it. “You’re the big boss. Of course you don’t like it. Now that I’m finally free, you can’t stop me from realizing the dream I had as a youngster. I’m getting a Bugatti for fun too. “Besides, it’s nice when you tell others. See, my chauffeur drives a Bugatti Veyron. We’re rich!”

“F*ck it!” Javier cursed with a chuckle and stopped dwelling on the topic.

It was just a Bugatti. Herschel could buy one if he liked. If he did not have enough money, Javier would give him another 3 million dollars, so Herschel could buy another one to tow the first one. It did not matter.

Javier did not go home that night. When Herschel asked where he was headed, he asked to be taken to Megara’s place. Javier had already sent Herschel and asked him to be on the lookout during the day, so he knew Megara’s residential address.

The car sped along the way and finally entered a residential area. There was a boom barrier for cars, but Herschel did not need to stop. He just drove right under the boom barrier. The security guard wanted to stop him but recalled what the property manager had said. "Any cars that can drive under the boom barrier aren't driven by people you can afford to offend." Hence, the security guard ignored it. He could not afford to offend that person, but he could afford to avoid them...

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 690 ReadOnline

Chapter 690 It's All Your Fault Javier dismissed Herschel after he reached the bottom of Megara's building. Before he went over, he plucked a short binding wire from a bike in passing.

When he got to the third floor, he casually bent the wire several times and inserted it into the keyhole, opening the door. Everything happened so swiftly that it looked like he was opening the door with a key..

This was one of the petty little tricks Javier had picked up from Mackenzie when he was younger but it felt foreign after not using it in years.

Javier closed the door after he entered the place and spotted the high heels and clothes strewn on the floor straight away.

Needless to say, they belonged to Megara and had been discarded on the floor when she had taken them off upon coming home. The trail of clothes on the floor led to the bathroom door, and the sound of the shower running could be heard inside, as well as Megara cheerily humming a tune.

Since the woman was not wearing anything, Javier did not find it necessary to be courteous either. He made his way forward as he took off his clothes, discarding them on the floor just like Megara's clothes.

When he entered the bathroom, he forcefully had his way with her...

Megara did not complain when it ended. After all, she was getting used to it. In addition, Javier was so shameless that he ended up staying there the whole night. It did not matter if Megara was happy with it or not...

Javier had just stepped inside the campus classroom the next day when Alexander blocked his way.

"You brat, you're doomed after attacking me. I'll have you know that I went to the principal. Just wait for your death!"

Alexander was triumphant. Both his tone and expression showed that he was feeling totally victorious.

Javier did not know what he was so pleased about or what there was to be triumphant over.

“So you went to the principal, then? Is he your father? You ran back home sobbing to daddy because you didn’t win?” Javier snapped back, angering Alexander. Alexander wanted to get violent, but once he remembered how much his behind had suffered yesterday, he felt that it would be better to counter-attack verbally rather than physically, so he told Javier, “Just you wait. There’s no use being sharp-tongued!” Alexander barked at Javier, but just one sentence from the latter made him shut up

“Have you missed the force of books on your behind?”

Alexander felt his bottom sting, so he dared not say another word. He could only glare at Javier’s retreating back as he thought maliciously, “You’re f*cking done for, Javier. Let’s wait

ett 693 It’s All Your Fault

and see. You’ll be coming back to beg me later! Javier returned to his seat, not worried about what Alexander had said, but Harley, who was beside him, was a nervous wreck. “What did you do to him yesterday? Why is he so angry? You should know that Alexander’s from a rich family, and just look at our school. The principal’s not exactly a virtuous man, you...” Javier appreciated Harley’s kind intentions, but Alexander was honestly far from being worthy of his regard. And what about the principal? Was he so tall that Javier could not land a foot on him? Pft! Javier sprawled on the desk directly. He would rather spend this time taking a nap. Harley was speechless as he looked at Javier, who was napping on the desk. However, he said nothing when he remembered that the latter was so rich that he drove a Bugatti. Of course, Javier was not really sleeping either. He was musing about who was one of the Raiders, why they would hide in this school, and what was their goal. It was an odd question. He honestly could not understand why a stupid school like this was worthy of being a hiding spot for one of the Raiders. While he contemplated this, someone entered the classroom. Javier looked up, only to see that it was their lecturer, Cher Cortez.

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 691 ReadOnline

Chapter 691 I Heard That Someone’s a Money-Grubber Cher was 30 years old and was a fair woman with an elegant flair. Everyone liked her. People at school were even divided into two groups that chose between her and Megara. One of them was saying that Cher had a distinct charm, while the other group preferred Megara. Javier was

obviously not torn. Whenever he met a beautiful woman, he hoped to make love to them...

While he let his thoughts run wild, Cher, who was holding some documents in her hands, spoke up. "Who's Xavier?"

Javier was slightly flummoxed. Not knowing when Cher had laid eyes on him, he stood up anyway. "I am. What's the matter?" Cher glanced at Javier and began reading from the document she was holding. "According to the school rules, you've skipped school too many times and cannot get along with your peers... The school has decided to expel you." There were plenty of reasons for this, but they were all meant to justify his expulsion. Cher left the classroom after she read the notice, and Alexander stood up to look at Javier triumphantly. "F*cker, you'll be expelled for offending me. You've got to p*ss off when you're asked to! "The rest of you too! You'd better show me more respect from now on. I'll have you kicked out of here if you dare offend me!"

Alexander was domineering and was acting almost like the head of the school. When he looked back at Javier again, he was gloating. "So? Get the hell out right now?!" Javier met his eyes. Alexander wanted to say more, but when he saw the book in front of Javier, he shut up. The pain in his behind and the force of the book were unforgettable-how could he forget that?

He dared not speak anymore, so even though he was utterly triumphant now, he could only clamp his mouth shut and not make any other noise.

After scaring Alexander into shutting his mouth with one glance, Javier yawned and walked out of the classroom.

His peers did not know what to say as they watched him with gazes filled with mixed feelings. Xavier was poorer, but he was still good friends with them, and they had helped each other. Now that he had been expelled because he had offended Alexander...they empathized with him. Would they be expelled too if they offended Alexander one day? Zenya got up at that moment and hurried after Javier, but Cher stopped her. "Ms. Cortez, Xavier studies hard usually. His family just isn't well off, and he needs to work. That's why..."

Cher waved to dismiss her. "You don't have to tell me about it. I'm only announcing the decision on behalf of the principal. As you know, the principal is the only one capable of

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making this decision.” Cher walked off with a sway of her hips, leaving Zenya feeling helpless on the spot. Javier had witnessed the entire process and found himself liking the kindhearted class representative. When he passed by Zenya, he told her, “Thank you.” Zenya shook her head shyly. “No need to thank me. I didn’t help. You...Sigh!” Zenya did not continue speaking after sighing. Instead, she turned to leave. It was not that she did not want to say anything. She just could not. She did not come from an affluent family and could not influence the principal into changing his decision about expelling Javier. There was nothing she could do. Everything could be blamed on Alexander being rich and abhorrent, while this was a pity for a good student like Xavier. After Zenya left, Javier stuffed his hands in his pant pockets and walked to the school gate. He sat down on the pavement and called Herschel. “Bring me 150,000 dollars-in cash. I’ll wait for you at the school gate.” Herschel’s strength was that, no matter what Javier wanted him to do, he would do it instantly with the highest speed and efficiency. Even as a lackey, he was excellent. About ten minutes later, a Bugatti Veyron appeared at the school gate and Herschel tossed a backpack out of the car before speeding off. No words were spoken, and not even a single person noticed his presence. This was him being smart. He knew that Javier did not want to expose himself, so he had only brought the money without a word or even a greeting. As for his respect, it came from the bottom of his heart, so there was no need to show it intentionally in a situation like this. Flicking off the butt of his cigarette, Javier picked up the backpack and went back inside the campus. He ran into Megara the moment he reached the office building. The woman panicked when she saw Javier. “Why are you in the mood again when we just did it in the morning? Are you trying to kill me?” Javier chuckled. “Baby, we’ll do that at night. I have some serious things to attend to now.” Pecking Megara’s cherry-red lips, Javier headed straight to the principal’s office. He had heard that the principal was a money-grubber and he wondered if this mere 150,000 dollars would squash him.

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 692 ReadOnline

Chapter 692 Three Things Javier could care less about knocking when he reached the principal’s office. If someone was unkind to him, they could forget about him being polite. That f*cker! Forget about knocking! Javier lifted his leg and kicked the office door open with a bang. However, he was quite stunned after kicking the door open. The principal was on his knees on the floor, while Cher’s skirt had been flipped up and pulled away to let the principal put his head... It was a filthy act, and it was hard to imagine that he would come across a surprising scene like this one.

Cher flushed instantly and dropped her skirt before running off with scarlet cheeks without saying anything. Meanwhile, the principal stood up with painstaking effort, using the table for support. His gaze, which was on Javier, was furious. “Who the f*ck are you? Why did you kick the door open? I’m going to sack you!” It was also hard to imagine that this old man who was using colorful language was the principal. Apparently, his manners must be lacking. Anyway, Javier was not there today to talk to him about manners. He was there to talk about a realistic society.

After Javier entered the office, he tossed the backpack on the desk and approached the principal

“I’m Xavier. You announced my expulsion just now. What’s the matter? Are you going to enroll me again to expel me once more?”

The principal was baffled. His habitual tactic to use threats was rendered ineffective. After he recovered from this surprise, he asked Javier, “Why are you back since you’ve already been expelled? To plead with me?”

“I’m telling you, there’s no use. I’m an impartial person, and the school rules...”

The principal was rambling on, but Javier waved his hand in impatient dismissal.

“Alright, alright, wake up. Who are you telling this nonsense? You think anyone would be happy to listen to your crap all day?”

Javier shut the principal up in one go. No one had ever dared talk to him like this. However, before he could say anything, Javier lit a cigarette, sat on the desk, and instructed the principal, “Go ahead, open the backpack and see what’s inside.”

The principal was not having it. As the head of the school, he was not at a student’s beck and call. When Javier said another sentence, though, he hurried over to the backpack. Javier had said, “I think I’ll be telling Cher Cortez’s husband what happened just now.” Cher’s husband was a martial arts instructor who was incredibly trained. It would be no

Chapter 692 Three Things

problem for him to take on someone like the principal. The principal dared not let the scandal get out, so he could only hurry over to the backpack and open it as he was told. The moment he opened the backpack, though, he was stunned by the content. Wads of cash were inside, and they seemed to amount to tens of thousands of dollars. As the principal was shocked by the cash, Javier told him, “Tell me, how much did Alexander spend to make you expel me?” “Uh...” The principal stuttered, too embarrassed to answer. After a glare from Javier, he hastily answered, “15,000 dollars.” Javier was both amused and indignant. “Am I worth so f*cking little? 15,000 dollars is all it took for you to expel me?”

The principal chuckled awkwardly, unable to say anything else. 15,000 dollars was not a meager amount. It was extra cash after all.. In spite of this, Javier was not in the mood to understand the poor man’s way of thinking. He just wanted to get what he wanted done. “Three things. Complete them and the 150,000 dollars right here will be yours. Got a problem?”

The principal shook his head at once before speaking up, worried that Javier would misunderstand him. "Absolutely not! No problem!" He was pretty sincere, so Javier did not want to speak more than necessary either. "One, withdraw the decision to expel me and expel Alexander Swaine instead. Come up with an excuse yourself, but you're not allowed to make me look special."

The principal understood and nodded right away. What Javier meant by asking him not to make him look special was basically not telling others how rich or powerful he was. The principal ought to think of a reasonable excuse, which the principal was experienced in, so he was sure he could come up with something convincing.

"No problem. I'll do it personally right this instant. What's the second thing?"

Javier replied when the principal asked about the second task eagerly, "From now on, I will go to my classes, and you will be the principal. If I skip class or I am absent, shut your eyes and close your ears. Don't poke your nose into my business. Can you do it?"

The principal just had to turn a blind eye and act dumb when it came to Javier's affairs. For 150,000 dollars? What could not be done? Sure thing! He agreed easily and asked about the third task. Actually, Javier had only had two conditions when he had walked through the door. The third condition had been added spontaneously because he had realized that what lay beneath Cher's skirt was beautiful.

Since Megara was hurting there after his treatment, he would get his hands on Cher too! It would be a pleasure for the two prettiest lecturers in the school to service him together.

Therefore, Javier told the principal, "I don't care how you threaten or convince Cher Cortez,

Czter 692 Three Things

but I want to have fun with her. Figure it out." "Uh..." It had not crossed the principal's mind that this would be Javier's condition. However... As far as Cher was concerned, he was not... The principal was troubled and did not know what to say. It was not until Javier was about to leave with his backpack that the principal made the painful decision to come clean. "I actually installed a camera in Ms. Cortez's dorm and secretly took indecent photos of her and blackmailed her with them. She doesn't let me f*ck her. She only allows me to use my hands or mouth. I c-can't do anything else..." The principal was ashamed when he spoke of this. Good for him, though, that he did feel embarrassed despite being in his fifties. Javier understood. "Alright, then give me all the photos. If I discover that you have copies of them, I'll use another 150,000 dollars to hire some men to kill you. Do believe me when I say this. I'll keep my word."

The principal felt shivers run down his spine instantly. This was not even a matter of sincerity – it was blackmail! Without a second word, he turned on his computer and sent all the photos to Javier's inbox before pulling out a thumb drive, accessing the hidden folder inside, and passing said thumb drive to Javier as well. "No more. I'm being honest. I don't have any other photos left..." The principal made various promises, and Javier did not reply much, merely leaving him with two messages. The first one was "It's fine if you still have some. I'll make sure you die once I find out". The second one was "Go to our class and announce your brilliant decision to expel Alexander Swaine right now!".

Javier left nonchalantly with his hands in his pockets, actually leaving the 150,000 dollars to the principal. The latter, who was overjoyed, pushed his head forward to take a whiff of the money. "F*ck, it smells so good. Smells minty." It sounded like nonsense, but it proved how greedy the principal was.

Javier did not care, however. It was better if the principal was greedier. The greedier the man was, the easier it would be to control him. It was just money, and Javier had it. If he were to roll all his money up, he could penetrate the earth, like, over a hundred times.

What Javier was currently thinking about was the beautiful lecturer Cher Cortez. She was so charming. How could he let the old principal lay his hands on her? If someone had to lay their hands on her, it had to be him...

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 693 ReadOnline

Chapter 693 Alexander the Great While Javier made his way to Cher's office, the principal hastily locked the cash in his safe and went to the classroom. Other lecturers had to hold a notice with his signature when they announced an expulsion, but he obviously was not held to the same standard since he was the principal

When the principal reached the classroom, he heard Alexander boasting proudly.

"F*ck, who am I? Alexander Swaine, also known as Alexander the Great. The Great, you know? One of the world's greatest military generals, that's who Alexander the Great was. What does he represent? He represents authority. This means that I have authority!

"Look at Javier. Who does he think he is? How dare he fight me! F*cker, that's what he is!

"It's not just him. What about the principal? He'll have to smile and pander to me whenever he sees me. I'll be honest with you guys. When I went to him in the morning, he subconsciously asked 'Alexander the Great, what brings you here?' the instant he saw me

“See, the principal has to call me Alexander the Great. Besides, a piece of trash like Javier...”

While Alexander gloated, the principal came in. The class had been noisy previously, but one could hear a pin drop now. Alexander, who had been blowing his trumpet, lost his grandeur as well as he hurried to sit back down.

The principal looked at Alexander icily. “Alexander the Great, why are you sitting on the chair? Sit on the desk. You’re Alexander the Great, aren’t you? Where’s that authority you speak of?”

Alexander, who had acted triumphant just now, was completely flustered and could not even stutter properly. However, he did not think much of it upon remembering the 15,000 dollars he had given the principal. Thus, he answered with a chortle, “I was just joking. Don’t take it seriously.” “Don’t take it seriously? That’s great,” the principal said, scanning the room before adding, “I have something to announce. There was a misunderstanding when Ms. Cortez came to announce Mr. Xavier Carsey’s expulsion earlier.

“The school isn’t expelling Mr. Carsey. That was just a mistake. The registration staff keyed in the wrong name on the record.

“The school does not expel brilliant students who excel both in character and academics, like Xavier, but troublemakers who purposely cause a commotion in school and disturb everyone’s learning and normal life.”

The principal looked at Alexander. “I’m talking about you, Mr. Alexander Swaine. Aren’t you aware of it?”

“Huh?!” Alexander was still surprised about Javier’s recovered student status, only for the principal to single him out now. He had not heard what the principal had said clearly, so he asked, “What about me? Is there anything you need me to do?”

The principal snorted and announced formally, “I hereby announce that Mr. Xavier Carsey has recovered his student status and is still a part of our school, while Mr. Alexander Swaine will be expelled today and will be unable to ever enroll back here!” Alexander was taken aback. “No, wait, what’s going on? Why are you expelling me? “Principal, sir, you can’t do this. I paid you 15—” The principal did not let Alexander finish, as he grabbed the duster and threw it at him. He had not achieved much after spending most of his life teaching, but he had still managed to train his ability to toss the duster wherever he wanted.

Was a 15,000-dollar bribe something to be disclosed in public? Of course not. Hence, the duster hit Alexander’s mouth, and the pang caused his hand to fly up to his mouth. A moment later, the principal dragged Alexander out of the classroom himself. “A scumbag like you shouldn’t appear on our school grounds again. Leave right this

instant..." All the students were baffled while watching the principal chase Alexander away personally. They could not wrap their heads around the fact that Alexander had been expelled when it had been Xavier before.

Had Alexander not boasted about being Alexander the Great in front of the principal? Why was Alexander the Great being expelled and hit by a duster now?

No one could figure it out except Harley. The principal must have expelled Xavier because Alexander had paid him to, but when it came to money, was anyone richer than Xavier? Possibly...but not in this school!

A sports car that cost 3 million dollars, one that was only a factory model even, could already cost many people ten lifetimes of labor. Harley was delighted and pleased, a little proud of himself even, for having Xavier, a rich heir who did not look down on him for being poor, as a friend. At the same time, said friend, Javier, left Cher's office. Cher was not in her office, so it was empty. Where could she be? Javier gave it some thought. She must be in her dorm. Where else could she go?

He was right. Javier saw Cher standing before the window with her hands clasped into fists in front of her chest when he entered the dorm. She was conflicted and troubled, obviously worried about what had happened between her and the principal getting out. She loathed the principal so much. If he had not forced her into this, how could she have ended up in an awkward predicament like this one?

She heard the door opening while she felt conflicted about what to do. When she turned around, she saw Javier come in and felt a little afraid while watching him close the door. "W-What are you doing? My husband's a martial arts instructor and he's very trained. Don't act rashly, or he'll beat you to death!"

This was her effort to be bold while she was feeling timid, and Javier did not say much to her. He plopped down on the bed next to her and told her, "I've already taken care of the principal."

Chapter 693 Alexander the Great

From now on, he won't be blackmailing you anymore and he has already deleted what he should. This is the last copy." Javier tossed the thumb drive he was holding to Cher.

Cher was a little befuddled as she looked at the thumb drive and Javier. She had honestly assumed that Javier would act like the principal and blackmail her with this, but this was an unexpected answer from him. He had even gotten the thumb drive back and nipped this trouble in the bud once and for all.

It took a moment for Cher to recover from her shock before she asked in confusion, "W Why?"

“Because I want you,” Javier answered. He was so direct that Cher, who had calmed down slightly, grew nervous again. “But I told you, I have a husband, and he’s a martial arts instructor...”

Javier waved to stop her. “No need to mention it. Perhaps your husband’s really a martial arts instructor, but something’s probably happened to him, or perhaps you two have drifted apart. Otherwise, would you have stayed silent about the old principal’s threat? “Anyone with a brain would go to her husband when she’s threatened, but you didn’t. It’s obviously because your husband can’t or isn’t able to show up, so you can only act like a paper tiger and scare others verbally.”

How smart was Javier? He did not even have to investigate something like this. He could analyze most of it based on deduction. In fact, judging by Cher’s pale face right now, he was right. Something had happened to her husband. He had been taken away by the police because he had fought with someone and broken the other person’s arm. As a result, he had to pay compensation—125,000 dollars of it. She had already sold their house, but they still lacked 45,000 dollars. She dared not and could not lose her job. Her husband would serve a shorter sentence once they paid the compensation, so she could only let the principal blackmail her.

When Javier got all this out of Cher, he waved at her. “Come here. I’ll pay those 45,000 dollars. Come on!”

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 694 ReadOnline

Chapter 694 The Price of Offending Me What Javier had said made Cher feel even more conflicted. She was not that kind of woman, but if someone paid 45,000 dollars to sleep with her, she could fight for a shorter sentence for her husband.

Despite that, sleeping with a man other than her husband...was a challenge for her. At least, she would not have been able to do it in the past.

After some hesitation, Cher finally came up with a compromise. She decided to agree to Javier’s request and then file for divorce right after sleeping with him. She did not want to hurt her husband, so she would not marry another man after their divorce either. To punish herself, she decided that she would not marry again for the rest of her life. She would just live the single life until death, considering it her repentance for what she had done to her husband.

With her mind made up, Cher let go of that mental burden and finally approached Javier, taking off her clothes with a blush. Her face flushed, turning a redder shade with each button she unbuttoned.

By the time she reached the third button and her underwear was revealed, she was flushing scarlet, as though there was blood dripping from her face.

Then, Javier asked her curiously, "What are you doing?"

Cher froze upon hearing the question, thinking that they should be having the same thought. The latter said weakly at the sight of the stunned woman, "I mean, come here. Get your phone and show me the bank account. I'll transfer 45,000 dollars to you so you can shorten your husband's sentence. I'm not asking you to take off your clothes."

Cher was still red after hearing that, clearly embarrassed over the situation. She had honestly thought that Javier was going to sleep with her! She then asked after giving it some thought, "But you told me that you wanted me when you came in..."

Javier understood the cause of the misunderstanding but genuinely had not meant that right now.

"I thought you were a woman of loose morals, or at least not a decent one. I just understood that you have your reasons. While I do have an ulterior motive, I won't take advantage of the situation to blackmail you.

"Alright, grab your phone. But I suggest you button up your clothes before you do that. You're too beautiful. I'll be filled with the impulse to do something to you otherwise."

Cher looked at Javier subconsciously and flushed even more before she buttoned her clothes up hastily. She then retrieved her phone and passed it to Javier after she put the bank account number on display.

"I owe you one. I'll certainly repay you..."

Javier had already transferred 45,000 dollars to her while she was still speaking. The sum was not much to him, but it was no doubt a hanging knife above Cher's head. Without the money, the knife would kill her. She could at least be herself with the 45,000 dollars.

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After she received the money, she thanked Javier, looking both thrilled and bashful.

Javier spread his arms then. "I want to hug you. 45,000 dollars for a hug, yeah?"

Cher did not know what to say. Even though the request had been made by a stranger, it was not too much to ask for. Besides, Javier had forked out 45,000 dollars and believed and helped her unconditionally.

Ultimately, Cher took the initiative to let Javier embrace her. In her opinion, he was a good man. He was probably a little lustful, but he was undeniably a good man. When they finished hugging each other, Javier left Cher's dorm without doing anything. Cher was still flushed, feeling a little too flustered to do anything as she sat on her bed. Although their clothes separated them, she had still felt it, and the man was not her husband. However, it was now too late...

Javier left the dorm and went back to class. When everyone rushed to tell him the good news about Alexander being expelled, he smiled without thinking much about it. What was there to think about? It was only Alexander Swaine. Taking care of the guy had been like a walk in the park-effortless.

Harley was the only one who understood, as he was currently aware of how powerful Javier actually was. However, someone did not seem to get the idea just yet, and said someone was not on campus but in a certain mansion. Orion, who had been fired by Parrson, was disgruntled...Actually, 'infuriated' might be a more accurate description.

Why? His son had just stolen Javier's woman, and Javier had taken advantage of the situation to plot revenge! He was a b*stard. He had even emasculated his son. Javier was extremely abhorrent!

As Orion looked at his son, who was lying on the hospital bed glumly, he was burning from rage.

"Dad, what do I do? The doctor says that I'm a goner. I can't have sex anymore. I don't even have a child yet!

"I'm the only son of the Freis. Our family won't have any descendants because I can't reproduce anymore! "Dad, you have to take revenge for me. You have to avenge me..." Loki's wails fueled the rage in Orion to the extreme. "Loki, don't worry, son. I'll take revenge on your behalf for sure!" The moment Orion vowed this, he pulled out his phone and contacted the infamous local thug Vernon Lucas.

Vernon had a pretty impressive reputation. It was said that he had fled from the north because he had killed three people there. That was the rumor going around, but Orion did not know if it was true. They'd had a drink together before, and he had found Vernon quite aggressive. Anyway, Orion contacted Vernon and told him what he wanted frankly. "150,000 dollars. I

Cater 694 The Price of Offending Me

want this man gone!" Vernon agreed easily, charging a deposit of 30,000 dollars first and the remaining 120,000 dollars after he did the deed.

Orion had assumed that Vernon would require 75,000 dollars as a deposit, so he had not expected the latter to only ask for 30,000 dollars. He realized that this showed his professionalism, and his professional attitude won Orion's approval.

He felt that Javier was certainly dead this time. He would be able to avenge his son and very possibly regain his position as general manager of Parrson. All that for only 150,000 dollars. It would be worth it if he could deal with this trouble and get revenge, as he would make more than 150,000 dollars as a general manager. 1

Orion clenched his fists as he looked out of the window.

"Javier Kersey, just you wait. I'll give you a taste of regret. This is the price you have to pay for offending me!"

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The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 695 ReadOnline

Chapter 695 We Don't Attack Allies While Javier was still in school, Cher had already eagerly gone to the local court and detention center. The case was yet to be closed, and her husband, as the suspect, was being detained in the detention center.

When Cher met her husband, Logan Armstrong, she told him happily that she had paid the sum and the court would take it into consideration and shorten his sentence accordingly. "I asked the lawyer, and considering shortening the sentence accordingly is only an official saying. Since we paid the compensation that the court has approved of, the sentence will be shortened greatly, so your sentence..." Cher was talking to Logan merrily when he suddenly asked, "Where did you get the money? Tell me where you got the money!" Cher was startled upon being interrupted by her agitated husband while she was speaking. She replied instinctively, "I got it by selling our house and dipping into our meager savings. I also got a 45,000-dollar sponsorship from a wealthy student of mine." "A 45,000-dollar sponsorship from a wealthy student of yours? Who are you kidding? Tell me what kind of student would have 45,000 dollars!

"Don't think I don't know that old lecher of a principal at your school has had his eye on you for a long time. Tell me, did you cheat by sleeping with him? Tell me, you b*tch!" Cher was taken aback by the insult. "No, a student lent the money to me. I said that I'd return it to him,"

"I'm not listening to your explanation. You skank You're so beautiful that you mustn't be able to stand how lonely you've been, and other men must've taken advantage of that. You must've f*cked someone else and gotten together with him while I've been in jail.

“That way, you made 45,000 dollars by yourself. You think I had no idea? I don’t even have to see it! I could guess it!

“I don’t want that 45,000 dollars. I don’t need it. F*cking give it back. I don’t want money from a wh*re like you. I—”

Logan was still yelling when the guards around him pinned him down. However, he was a martial arts instructor, so he was both trained and well-built. Given how emotional he was, he elbowed one of the guards by raising an arm. He kicked the glass separating him from the visitors and cursed. “F*ck you, Cher. I’m here behind bars, and you are wh*ring yourself out to other men. I’m going to kill you when I get out. I’m going to kill”

An electrical buzz was heard and Logan fell limp on the floor. The visit ended in advance and Cher was ushered out.

As she left the detention center, she cried while walking away. It had never crossed her mind that this was what she would get in exchange for her consideration and effort to save her husband. What was she asking for? She only wanted her husband to be released earlier.

What she had ended up with currently made her tear up, but she had nowhere to vent her

grievance..

At the same time, Javier, who had left school, was going to Parrson. Although he was not hoping that the shopping mall would make him money, he could not let that money be pocketed by someone else either. If Derek, whom he had just promoted, was useless, he would not mind pulling someone from Reivaj Group directly to replace him.

As he tried to hail a cab at the end of the road, a black van stopped beside him.

“Bro, you hailing a cab? I’m cheap. I’m just making extra gas money after work.”

The person who spoke to him was a bald man who seemed to be in his forties. Given how he was hissing, he did not look like a good man. Javier did not think too highly of himself, though, so he opened the door and got in the van. Once he got inside, he realized that five other people were staring at him aside from the man driving the van. Javier still had one foot out of the van, but he did not care. He pulled that leg up as well and closed the door.

His action stunned the bald man. He had been prepared to ask his five lackeys to keep an eye on Javier and drag him into the car if necessary! It was unexpected that Javier had still made his way into the car openly even after seeing that there were so many people inside.

The bald man asked with a chuckle, "Bro, you didn't assume that I picked these five people up on the way too, did you?"

Javier fished out a cigarette and lit it up before answering the bald guy, "You picked them up on the way to take care of me, right? Look at them. They're all staring at me like tigers preying on a little lamb. There are even knives tucked at their hips.

"I think no clever person would have assumed what you just said."

The bald guy, who was amused, replied as he drove, "You're quite interesting then. You had the guts to come up even though you knew that I'm here to end you. What's on your mind? You think you're skilled and ballsy enough, so you're not scared of my bros? "If that's really what you think, I can only let you know that you're thinking too much. All of them are..."

The bald guy was still speaking while Javier was smoking, but he punched the neck of the man on his left, and his right hand pulled out the latter's knife to stab his stomach. There were a few more squelches before Javier sat properly.

He took a swig of his smoke, not even dropping any ash, everything taking less than five seconds. However, by then, five people were slumped in the van, holding their stomachs. Javier glanced at the bald man. "What's up? You still think that I'm thinking too much?"

"Holy sh*t!"

Never in the bald guy's wildest dreams had he imagined that his five lackeys would be stabbed and end up lying limp in the car like dead dogs in just five seconds, when he was the one after this target.

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What kind of person was this? How could he do something like this? Could he at least respect them as assassins? Please? They were there to kill him-not get killed by him. He could not do that!

Was there still mutual respect between them?

The bald guy was none other than Vernon, whom Orion had summoned. Vernon almost peed his pants from fright as he stared at the rearview mirror carefully. When he saw that Javier's attention was not on him, he got ready to open the door and jump out of the vehicle. He could care less. He did not want the van anymore either. Javier was fierce. He had stabbed five people in less than five seconds! One could barely be as swift as him even if one was stabbing melons! Before he jumped, though, he felt a chill on his neck and froze in fear, continuing to drive dutifully. It was not that Vernon had changed his mind. It was the knife perched against his neck that forced him to change his mind.

He was terrified! Javier took another puff of his cigarette and asked him, "Say, who hired you to come after

me?"

Vernon came clean at once, forgetting all about the code of their field. "It was Orion Freis. He paid me 150,000 dollars to make sure you're gone. I took a 30,00-dollar deposit. I don't want it anymore. You can have it. I can see that you're also in our field. We don't attack allies here. I'll give you the money and you'll let me go!" "To hell with not attacking allies. You didn't think of this when you had them come at me with the knives, huh?" Javier's retort put Vernon on the spot, as he honestly had not thought of that.

However, this was not Javier's concern, as he just wanted to understand what Orion was thinking. Why would he still dare to attack him? Wracking his brains, Javier came up with a possibility-Orion and Loki must have a death wish. Based on his guess, he told Vernon, "I don't want that 30,000 dollars from you. Do something for me instead!"