

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 766 ReadOnline

Chapter 766 It Was You?!

The car tore through the freeway until it pulled over at the entrance of Event Horizon. It was one of the biggest bars in the city, a hub for scores and scores of nightly hedonists.

Herschel had been waiting for Javier by the front door when he arrived. He had sent some of his people inside to locate Claire among the patrons.

Javier nodded, and the two of them strode inside.

Technicolor flashes embraced the patrons within, blinding them with a motion of shadows and light, while ear-thumping music reverberated from one's ears all the way to their skulls. It was chaotic, blood-pumping, and most of all, it made one want to lose themselves. That was especially true when one ogled the bevy of young women and their alluring shapes.

Javier was there on a mission, though. Women were not part of his agenda today, so he would have to look over them all to locate Claire. A while later, Herschel's underling ambled close to Herschel and whispered into his ear.

Javier could not make out the conversation between them through the noise, but he could see where the underling was pointing. There, blending into the shadows of a tenebrous corner were Claire and a middle-aged man.

He took a few steps closer to their direction and studied the man. He was rotund, and Javier was sure his girth served as a good estimate of his wealth. He was wearing a Polo t-shirt and a Vacheron Constantine watch, but the iconic BMW logo on his car keys on the table was what caught his attention.

Nonetheless, only one type of guy would put his keys on the table in a busy, noisy bar—a showboating flirt. Javier approached him and beckoned with his finger, ordering him, “Come on, stand aside.”

“Who the f*ck are you? Am I supposed to stand aside just because you tell me to? Do you even know who I am?!”

Herschel answered him with a big, loud slap across the cheek. “Do you even know who we are, dog?” he barked.

The middle-aged man gawked at them, looking stupefied. Of course he had no inkling who these two savages were, but somehow, he knew the right answer was to nod.

Despite not knowing their names, he could tell that these were people who would have no problem wrecking his jaw and discarding him on the street for no reason.

He grabbed his keys from the table and decided to go.

Javier was not going to let him off his radar so easily. He cast a knowing glance at Herschel, who understood his boss instantly and yanked the middle-aged man aside.

That man was going to be subjected to an intense interrogation...

Javier made his way over to Claire, his eyes trained on her the whole time. The latter, for her part, showed no sign of fear while sampling her wine. She acted as though she was one of the sex workers of the establishment, showing no qualms or care for any man taking the seat next to her as long as they had the money.

Javier smiled and reached out to caress her fair, smooth cheeks. His finger traced an invisible

line until it reached her earlobe.

Claire jerked a little, but Javier retorted, "What, you think you can dodge me?"

She set her cup down, realizing the futility of her actions. She was surrounded, and she could not possibly beat this guy in a fight.

Javier enjoyed fondling her supple cheeks for a while before he poked his fingernail into her face and peeled a little of it off.

Claire's eyes widened in bewilderment. Javier met her gaze and knew he had guessed right.

She was wearing a hyper-realistic human mask! Of course she was. Javier was not the only one with access to technology like that.

He pulled, tearing it off her face in one swoop. He then scanned the woman's real face

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And felt his heart throbbing at the sight of her soft, delicate, radiant beauty. She exuded such a delicate aura that it would make a man worry he might hurt her if he screwed her too hard.

But the biggest reason behind Javier's slow movement was the fact that he knew her!

"M-Maya?!"

This was impossible! He could not believe that the woman hiding behind Claire's mask was Maya White, the elder sister of Renly White, a woman infamous for her arrested intellect. Who would have thought that she'd be the one underneath Claire's skin all along?!

"What-how?!" Javier blurted out in shock. Yes, he knew that almost every elite family had one or two members who had defected to the Raiders. And yes, Maya was a possible candidate based on that logic alone. But she was, well, disabled! Javier had seen proof back on the island. Hell, he had even saved her!

No, this could not be true. Could she be wearing another mask?

Javier tried to peel another layer off her face, but it hurt the young woman enough that she slapped his hand away.

"I'm not Maya, okay? I was once Iseult White, but now, I go by Skaldi. I bear no kinship or relation to the Whites anymore," she protested.

Iseult White? Javier thought the name was familiar. He pondered this over his head until, finally, he remembered. The White Family used to have two daughters. When he was a kid, Zephiel had jokingly asked who Javier would take as his betrothed so the Whites would become the Kerseys' in-laws. He had been only seven or eight back then, so naturally, the question had been asked in jest.

Then, he had heard stories. Iseult had died of a sickness, they'd said.

Javier took one last look at Iseult and yanked her by the arm, determined to leave the bar with her. It did not matter if she wanted to or not. Javier had little reason to be accommodating." Hey, be my guest and be as stubborn as you want, but I'll pull your pants down, hoist you up over my shoulder, and parade you all around Event Horizon. You wanna try me?"

The words of a savage indeed. Iseult had little choice but to follow him into his car.

Javier then took her back to his residence. He lit a cigarette as soon as he entered his room before asking, "So, what happened to the whole 'died of a sickness' thing?"

"Snuff that out, please," she replied instead. "I can't stand cigarette smoke." "Oh, cool. Then take off your clothes. I don't like to talk to pretty women in clothes." Iseult scowled but dropped the cigarette business. She had finally come to the realization that Javier was not taking her home as a guest but as an enemy.

It was the only correct conclusion. The Raiders had gone up against every elite family, and now, Javier Kersey-who was disguised as Xavier Carsey-was her enemy too. She leaned against the couch and crossed one leg over the other. "So, you think you've got

me.”

“Is that doubt I hear?”

Sneering disdain colored her eyes. “I guess it is.”

She produced her phone and made a video call. The receiver turned out to be a nurse who was standing with Grace and her mother in the hospital ward. The three of them appeared to be having a lively chat. It was clear that the nurse worked for Iseult. Due to her presence, Grace had effectively become a hostage. Javier snickered while leering at her. “Aren’t you a schemer!” Iseult hung up the call. “Please, I’m merely adequate. Can’t fight the Kerseys’ heir without at least a modicum of wits, am I right? I’m just a weak, delicate girl. I can’t beat you in a fight, and I can’t escape your clutches. Without my wiles, you’d have me completely trapped, wouldn’t you say?” Javier smiled. “Well, well, well! So you do know what I’m planning to do with you. Hell, your prediction is spot-on!”

Iseult had not meant her words to be taken that way, so hearing Javier deliberately misconstruing her meaning caused her to turn red. “You filthy boor!”

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Chapter 767 To Suffer an Appropriate Punishment

Javier loomed over Iseult and placed his hands on her thighs without waiting for her to consent. He stared deeply into her sparkling doe-like eyes.

“Oh, Little Iseult. You should know one thing—a real boor springs straight to action instead of mulling it over for you to hear.”

The aggression and intimidation in his eyes spelled danger for her. Iseult looked at them, tipping ever more closely toward her, and felt a harrowing sense of dread. Despite the clear knowledge that Grace Jones was her hostage, she felt unsafe.

What Javier said made her understand one thing: He did not appreciate being threatened. Growing uneasy, Iseult took a deep breath and began to speak. “Well, I -”

She could not even finish her sentence. Javier silenced her with a forceful kiss.

Iseult was livid. How dare he force himself on her like this?! She could not imagine a decent man stooping to such disgraceful behavior. Unfortunately for her, there was more where that

came from. She then felt his hands copping a feel all over her.

Incensed as she was, she had little choice but to relent for now. "Don't touch me. If you don't touch me, I'll explain what you need to do. I'll provide answers."

She felt his hands retreating immediately. Javier had agreed to her new term. He was quick to violate her space and sexually harass her, and just as quick to stop too, which could only mean one thing: His assault was not a result of banal lust but a means to an end. He was using her discomfort and violation as a torturing device. In other words, he would only stop if he got what he wanted.

"Okay, let's start by addressing the elephant in the room." Javier began. "Tell me how someone who died of a sickness ended up joining the Raiders."

Iseult was candid. Apparently, it had all begun on a fateful day at sea...

Ten-year-old Iseult White and her identical twin sister, Maya White, had gotten into an accident. Trapped on the ship, the terrified sisters had shouted at the top of their lungs, wishing that they could draw help.

Someone had eventually come to rescue them while the last part of the ship's deck had been rapidly sinking. Iseult had watched Maya in the arms of her savior while she struggled to stay alive

Her struggle was pointless. No one came for her, after all.

"Maybe they sent someone else to look for me after that. But what would be the point? I'm the elder twin sister, which makes me expendable, right? A spare? Or maybe it's even easier to think I'm disposable because I have congenital heart disease. Torn between the choice to save an ill daughter and a healthy, normal one...why even bother to save me at all?"

She laughed scornfully, her tone bitter.

Javier had no words to answer a rhetorical question like that. Were he the one to make the choice, he would have saved Maya at Iseult's expense too. And yet, a decision like that was not fair for the victim of the dilemma-especially since she had not chosen to be born with her illness. She had not chosen her lot, and yet they had seized upon it as an excuse to leave her to

die

She was right. It was not fair at all. When torn between sisters, why was it supposedly the right choice to abandon the elder sister with the congenital heart disease for the sake of her able

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choice. It was unfair to

be discarded.

And now, she was supposed to be “the bigger person” and forgive them? How was that not an even bigger display of unfairness?

Javier did not know how to contribute to Iseult’s grim beginning, though admittedly, he was not interested in this topic. “And then what?”

Iseult took a deep breath. “Things got simpler than you might imagine. My adopted father saved me, and from then on, I followed him. I followed him until what you people would call the Raiders were formed. And that is where we are now.”

Javier could conclude from Iseult’s account that the Raiders had a leader who doubled as Iseult’s adopted father. Naturally, if the twenty-year-old considered him her father figure then it was logical to think that the man must be about 50 years old. A man of that age must be part of the last generation. Who could this bigshot be? Perhaps Kaiser would know. He was one of the bigshots of his generation, after all Javier began questioning her about other things, but every time his questions started infringing on more deeply-held secrets, her lips were sealed.

Javier lit a cigarette. “Withholding information makes this a very unfair trade, Iseult. You don’t talk about the things I really want to hear,” he said. “Instead, you give me only stuff! don’t care about.

“I think this warrants an appropriate punishment. Wouldn’t you agree?” Iseult suddenly pulled out her phone. “Sure. Go ahead. As long as you can live with Grace Jones ‘blood on your hands.’”

The screen lit up, displaying a message that said: ‘I’ll video-call you every 10 minutes. If you don’t hear from me kill them.’

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Chapter 768 This Tape Is Very Secure

Iseult was triumphant. Her gaze on Javier was victorious as well.

"Didn't expect it, huh? Mr. Kersey, I purposely talked to you so much just now and I can guarantee that I spoke the truth. But if you dare lay a finger on me, I won't make the call even if you assault me.

"You can look forward to Grace becoming a corpse then!"

Iseult was intentionally stalling for time just so she could send a message through her phone. Now that the message had been successfully sent, she did not care. She was victorious, and even Javier had fallen for her trick.

Javier furrowed his brows. "You can text without looking? That's awesome!" "It's alright. It's not exactly a skill," Iseult answered.

Javier nodded. "I think so too."

He flashed his screen to her after that, and she realized with a shock that there was already a message on Javier's screen- "Save Grace."

The message had been sent several minutes earlier than Iseult's, and she did not even know when he had sent it! She had been gloating and boasting to Javier but she was completely stunned now.

The man she had sent was a professional, yes, but she had also investigated Herschel, who worked for Javier. Once Herschel took action, the man she had sent to Grace would not be of any use!

Iseult took a deep breath. "Your man might not arrive there before my next call. Grace might already be dead when he gets there. A warm corpse.

"So I suggest we make the call separately and cancel this so everything goes back to normal."

Javier chuckled. "No need for that. Isn't it troublesome to go back to the beginning? We'll continue like this!"

Javier was absolutely confident about Herschel's abilities, or he would not have kept him around

Reality proved Javier right. Iseult received a video call from the man she had sent shortly after that. Feeling a premonition, she answered the call.

On the screen, she saw the nurse, who was quite pretty, being pinned under Herschel as she made sounds that made Iseult feel flustered. She looked at the environment and realized that they were in the nurses' room.

Herschel had arrived, and the nurse was currently under him, so Grace's safety was already guaranteed.

Iseult hung up the call and suddenly sprang up to sprint for the door. However, no matter how fast she was, she was not as fast as Javier, who was dashing toward her.

Just as Iseult was about to reach the door, Javier grabbed her by her slender body and dragged her back. He threw her on the bed and gave her two choices.

"One, from now on, I will name you a wh*re and you will act like one. Two, you will tell me everything you know and I'll free you after I verify it."

"Dream on. I won't let any of those things happen!" Iseult told Javier.

They had fought once in the faculty of sports, and Iseult's chest had been nearly busted at the time. She was fighting with Javier again now, but she still had no chance of winning as he hurled her down and threw her to the floor.

It was a solid tiled floor, so Iseult grunted in pain right away, feeling a violent jolt in her body. She struggled to get up but was completely powerless.

A moment later, Javier removed his belt and tied both her hands to the bed.

No matter how hard Iseult struggled, she was unable to break free. What was even more unacceptable was that Javier then began to tear off her clothes...

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Chapter 769 Fear

There was no need to mention what Javier had done to Iseult that night, but it was worth mentioning that he did not complete the deed. After all, Iseult would only be afraid if there was fear in her heart. She would have nothing to fear once Javier forced himself on her.

In reality, Javier tormented her the whole night but she did not speak a word. She was quite headstrong. Instead, Javier ended up being sexually frustrated, so he went to Lianna ultimately.

That night, Lianna had a dream. She became a fairy, twirling in her colorful clothes and feeling light and delighted. The ethereal, airy comfort that consumed her was something she had never experienced in life. About every ten minutes or so, she felt like she was flying, and the pleasure of soaring higher was something she could not get enough of...

When Lianna woke up the next morning, however, she felt incredibly sore and reflexively

covered her groin. As she removed her hand, she found an immense amount of embarrassing fluid there.

It was only then that she realized that she might not have had a dream last night. Something had actually happened.

As soon as she looked around the foreign environment in shock, she discovered 8,000 dollars on the bedside table. Flummoxed, she had no idea where the money had come from. When she racked her head, she finally figured out what had happened last night. Who she had drunk with and what else had happened. Upon recalling the crazy one-night stand she'd had, she was mortified. She had once hated girls like this the most, yet she was one of them now.

She thought about reporting it to the police so Javier, the jerk who had slept with her while she was drunk, would be caught. Yet when she caught a glimpse of the 8,000 dollars, she could not help wavering.

Lianna remembered the gorgeous jewelry set she had set her eyes on previously, the one that cost around 4,500 dollars. She had left it longingly, but it seemed that the set of jewelry could match her beauty now.

Ultimately, between getting her phone to call the police and taking the money to buy the jewelry set, she picked the latter. She also deleted Javier's number, thinking that she absolutely would not allow something like that to happen ever again. After all, she felt as if she had sold herself for a night. It was embarrassing and so shameful that she found it hard to accept...

At the same time, Javier had just bought breakfast. He was holding it in his left hand, as his right hand was carrying a pack of adult diapers.

When he returned to the room, Iseult was helpless and her cheeks were flushed. The reason

for her blush was obvious-the tiled floor in front of her was wet.

Javier frowned and tore the tape on Iseult's mouth off.

"Iseult, can you show a little bit of self-control? I told you I'd buy these for you and I just went out for a bit, yet you wet yourself, huh? How old are you? Can you not control your

on

urges?”

Iseult was p*ssed. “Javier Kersey, you f*cking jerk! You b*stard!

“You just went out? Is that so? You went out for a night!

“I told you a long time ago that I needed to use the toilet, and you wouldn’t let me. It’s been a whole night. How was I supposed to hold it in? I->

Toward the end, Iseult was shaking from so much rage that she was at a loss for words as tears rolled down her cheeks. She was already tied up and she could not free herself. Growing up, she had never been as humiliated as this.

Other than when her life had been decided back in the day, last night was practically the worst grievance she had gone through in life, so much so that crying for three full days still would not placate her.

We Out

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Chapter 770 Wear Me Out “Alright, alright, stop crying. I was out buying you breakfast. I had to queue up since 10 p.m. last night. It hasn’t been easy for me either. Stop crying and eat something first!” He had been in line since 10 p.m. last night? Who was he kidding? Iseult was getting angrier. How could Javier bully her like this? If they were on the battlefield, this would be considered provoking the captive!

Javier obviously was not aware of this, as he shoved a warm bun into Iseult’s mouth. The latter’s reflex was to spit it out, but what Javier said after that made her eat it despite feeling the injustice.

Javier told her, “Spit it out and I’ll make you sleep with me!” There was no way she could refuse to eat it. To be honest, though, she was also a little hungry after everything that had happened. After chewing the bun, she devoured it. Iseult then asked Javier, “Can you let me go?”

Her plea was soft and sweet, but Javier’s answer remained the same. “Tell me about the Raiders.”

Iseult relented, apparently not ready to bring up the Raiders yet. Right after that, though, she asked, “Then tie me up somewhere else? It’s...W-wet...here...”

Iseult looked embarrassed, but Javier rolled his eyes at her. "Well, why'd you wet yourself in the first place? You're already a grown woman, yet you don't even have any self-control."

That infuriated Iseult. She had already braced herself to plead Javier, but the man was still talking to her like this. What was even more annoying was that he kept bringing self-control up.

What did he mean by self-control anyway? She had already explained this. She had been unable to hold it in, but Javier did not care.

Despite that, Javier freed Iseult later and told her that she could take a shower, wipe the floor clean, and pick some place she liked to be tied up again.

Iseult could wipe the floor but she was skeptical about taking a shower. She chose to escape once more, but lo and behold, she was caught by Javier once again.

When she was thrown back into the room, Javier told her, "You have one last chance. Otherwise, you can sleep in your peed pants."

Iseult was mortified. It was apparent that the peed pants Javier had mentioned was the wet pair of underwear she had peed on.

She had failed to escape, and pleading was not working. The only solution was talking about the Raiders, but Iseult could not do that, so she entered the bathroom and blocked the door, which lacked a lock, with her body as much as possible.

Fortunately, Javier did not enter, so she was relatively safe while she showered. Before she got out of the bathroom, she thought of keeping a thin piece of metal in her palm.

The piece of metal was not exactly useful, but she could cut the tape open after Javier left.

Iseult had thought of everything. She felt that she could escape this way after Javier left.

Reality was, of course, very unlike her expectations. Once she got out of the bathroom, Javier ordered her, "Take off your jacket. You're only allowed to wear your underwear."

Iseult was in distress. "Why?! I'm a woman. I feel ashamed, okay?!"

Javier glanced at her right hand. "I don't have to pry your fingers open, do I? What do you have tucked there?"

Now that her plan had been exposed by Javier directly, she was speechless. She did not want to hand in the piece of metal, but she was not the one calling shots here.

After another fight, Iseult was thrown around by Javier again. This time, she was not thrown on the floor but on the bed. She landed in an unusually tempting position too, as she ended up lying spread-eagled.

This was an incredibly suitable pose when Javier pounced on her later and pinned her down directly. Looking at the anxious girl, he told her, "Iseult, why do I feel like I have endless strength and vigor once I see you? Why don't you wear me out?"

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Chapter 771 If You Really Like Me It was just meant to scare Iseult. Javier did not actually do anything.

"I probably won't make it back the whole day because I'm going to investigate the Raiders that you know so much about and I don't. So this diaper will be your most loyal friend. Do you want it or not?"

Iseult did not want it, but that meant that she could only replay what had happened last night. In Javier's words, she would have no self-control. She could only complain to him. "How am I going to wear it if you don't free me?!"

Javier thought that the answer was obvious. "I'll help you put it on."

He lifted Iseult's legs to pull the diaper up, and the girl panicked. "I'm still wearing my un I'm still wearing that. What's the point of you pulling the diaper up like this?!" Realization seemed to strike Javier. "Oh, that's right. Thanks for the reminder. Okay, I'll take it off for you."

Javier was about to do it, and Iseult was already dying of embarrassment. She obviously had not meant it like that. She wanted Javier to free her so she could put it on herself in the bathroom, but the man was taking the matter into his own hands.

She tried kicking and struggling, but nothing could stop him...

Fortunately, Javier did not do anything to her. He only clicked his tongue and complimented her. Despite that, his praise was enough to embarrass Iseult to the point of insanity.

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After helping her put the diaper on, Javier bound her legs with tape. The girl was pinned on the bed then like a helpless mermaid.

Javier leaned down and sniffed at Iseult's flawless legs before he told her, "Iseult, say, why are you so beautiful? Other than my wife and women, you might be the prettiest woman in this world."

The flattery made Iseult snap her head to the side and ignore Javier entirely. She felt that she was pretty resistant and that she should be able to fight against Javier's shameless ways.

Reality exceeded her expectations, though.

"Iseult, how could I force myself on you? Don't worry, I won't." Javier was acting very soft and tender, as though he was talking to a lover! Despite that, he smirked and told Iseult a second later, "I haven't had enough fun yet!

"I finally managed to keep a beautiful woman like you around. Do you think I'll just let you go?"

"Of course not. It doesn't matter if you tell me about the Raiders now. I'm more interested in you.

"Let's play slowly in the next few days. I'll make sure you experience what I want you to!"

Iseult assumed that Javier was only running his mouth because Javier left after feeding her and making her drink.

Of course, he did not forget to tape her mouth again before he left. He had even put two layers

You

Let Me

of tape on the original spot. He was still horrible, as this time, he hung Iseult's phone from the ceiling with the belt. It was only 20 centimeters away from her, so she could have reached it with a stretch of her hand.

The only issue was that Iseult was immobilized by the tape and could not get it. She was powerless. That was why she let out muffled yells when Javier left. Unfortunately, it was futile. Upon hearing Javier leave after locking the door, she worked hard to retrieve the phone. As long as she could get it down, she might be able to turn the screen on and call by using her chin.

Too bad reality was not as pleasant as Iseult's imagination. No matter how hard she fought, the phone remained hanging 20 centimeters away from her. An anonymous

number also called her during her struggle, and she guessed that it was her adoptive father.

The man would be able to hear her muffled cries once she touched the phone and would be able to look for her by checking the call location. She just could not do it. She could not reach it no matter what she did. Ultimately, Iseult cried out in frustration.

“Javier, Javier Kersey, I’m going to kill you! I’m going to tie you up under the car and crush you to a pulp!” Iseult’s rage only turned into muffled cries when she shouted...

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Chapter 772 Why Are You Scolding My Son-In-Law? On the other hand, Javier had already gone to see Herschel. After Herschel’s questioning last night, the middle-aged man had no idea what had gone on. He had just seen Iseult sitting alone and tried to pick a girl up by showing off his

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Chapter 773 There’s a Hotel Next Door

Derek, who found out that Kellyanne was the chairman’s mother-in-law, hurried up to apologize on behalf of his neighbor. At the same time, he reprimanded the other woman. Even though anyone could see that Derek was doing it to save her, the timing was pretty appropriate.

Javier was not going to get petty with the woman, and Kellyanne got to brag about her status as the chairman's mother-in-law. The woman apologized to both Javier and Kellyanne ultimately and the matter came to an end.

After Derek bid Javier goodbye, he left with his neighbor.

"You-what were you...Sigh!"

Derek did not know what to say, and the woman obviously looked exasperated,

"I didn't know he's the chairman. If I'd known, I wouldn't have offended him..."

While Derek and the woman left, murmuring to each other, Kellyanne asked Javier, "Uh, Javier, you weren't upset because I called you my son-in-law, right?"

Javier smiled. "Why would I? It's the truth, isn't it?"

At Javier's answer, Kellyanne was overjoyed. She knew that her son-in-law would not look down on his mother-in-law. She then asked about the purpose of his visit.

There was no way Javier could say that he was there to buy Iseult some underwear, so he explained that he wanted to get Bella a gift.

This delighted Kellyanne even more. "You're very considerate. You always keep Bell in mind, huh. How nice.

"Come on, I'll pick it out with you. Bell's coming home for lunch later. We can give it to her at noon.

"I promise I won't say that I helped you pick the present. Just say that you chose it yourself. She'll definitely like it..."

At Kellyanne's eager assistance, they selected a set of bright crimson underwear embroidered with yellow roses.

"See, I think Bell will like it very much!"

Javier chuckled wryly, left completely speechless. Bella liked wearing white blouses. Wearing a bright red bra underneath would be akin to flashing everyone else. What was worse was the yellow rose embroidery on it. The picture it created was...repulsively beautiful. Not even a woman with the worst fashion sense would wear it.

However, Javier could only play along since Kellyanne found it pretty.

At noon, Javier and Kellyanne went back home, and Bella came back before long. She was exasperated when she saw Javier's gift, while Kellyanne kept complimenting the man for having good taste.

"You know what? You two have a nice chat. I'll prepare lunch. Ah, Javier's taste is simply impeccable..."

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After Kellyanne left, muttering to herself, Javier explained everything to Bella.

Bella could tell as much by looking at the red bra.

"I knew she must have bought it. Her aesthetic standards are...horrible.

"Even a world-class fashion designer would die if they were caught having such horrible taste.

"You have no idea. Since you gave her the card, she's been the happiest shopping.

"She bought a yellow mink coat yesterday and said that it was on sale because it was out of season. But she could at least have gotten a different color, you know? That woman looked like a duck when she put the coat on. It's all yellow fur, and she finds it pretty..."

Bella vented about Kellyanne while Javier smiled, being nonchalant about it. He did not care how Kellyanne spent his money. Given the speed he was making money at, 200 Kellyannes could spend money at the same time and it still would not affect him badly.

After Kellyanne was done preparing the meal, she did not see anyone in the living room. However, Bella's shoes had been dropped on the way. She walked to the bedroom curiously, only to hear strange sounds in what sounded like Bella's voice.

As someone who had experienced this, Kellyanne knew what the sounds meant. While she listened to the rhythm and thrill of Bella's voice, she nodded approvingly.

"This son-in-law of mine is doing great. The sounds Bell makes are very telling."

Satisfied, Kellyanne did not knock. Instead, she went back to the kitchen to cook several more dishes for nourishment. However, when she was done and came back out, Javier and Bella were still in the bedroom.

Kellyanne was frightened. Would her daughter be ruined? It had already been two hours. She had been quite delighted about it because her daughter had sounded satiated, but as more time lapsed, she grew more afraid.

It only kept going. Lunch was supposed to be at 11:30 a.m. but was delayed till 3:30 p.m. Four hours...Kellyanne was horrified. Was the man truly a man? Most importantly, could her daughter take it? She was so delicate and dainty, so going through such..

While Kellyanne fretted, Javier and Bella finally came out. Bella's pretty face looked blissful, but her gait was awkward. Her legs were intentionally parted, obviously so she would not rub some place that was not supposed to be rubbed as she walked.

Kellyanne looked at Javier, then at Bella, before finally looking back at Javier. She was honestly impressed. The man was a warrior, a bane of a woman's existence, a cure for all wh*res...

Javier spent some time there after lunch and then left. He still had to get Iseult her underwear, but he decided not to go to Parrson this time lest he bumped into someone he knew again.

With that thought in mind, he went to a lingerie boutique, thinking that no acquaintance would see him there. While he shopped in concentration, his shoulder was suddenly tapped.

Javier jumped and turned, only to be greeted by Grace's pretty face. "Javier, why are you here? Who...are you picking out this bra for?" Javier lied without batting an eye, looking at Grace's awkward but happy self, "For you, of course."

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Grace was incredibly gleeful, and her entire face brightened up as she hugged Javier's arm and said sweetly in a whisper, "You're the best, darling."

Javier had the same thought, impulse rushing through him, especially when Grace rubbed against his arm. It was just that...it did not seem like a good idea to have sex so frequently, "Darling, there's a hotel next door..."

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 774 ReadOnline

Chapter 774 What Do You Actually Want? Javier had gone out of his way to shop at a boutique to avoid familiar faces, but he had not expected to still run into Grace. What

felt more like a coincidence was that...they went to the hotel and booked a room-either because Grace was moved or thoroughly won over.

What happened could not simply end in a rush, of course, especially when this was a beautiful woman like Grace.

Hence, it was already past 5 p.m. when they left the hotel. Grace walked with an awkward gait but she was radiant, while Javier was the exact opposite. He had a good posture but he was not looking too great. He was completely spent. He basically had done nothing during the day except f*ck Bella and Grace. The two women were nothing less than enchantresses.

In spite of this, Javier still had to get back to his task. He had not bought that underwear to hook up with Iseult.

After having dinner with Grace, he took the girl back and headed for his third shopping attempt. He gave up on the mall and lingerie boutique this time, going straight to a sex toy shop. He was pretty confident that Grace and Bella would not have the courage to shop there.

Reality proved that the two women were too embarrassed to be seen in a sex toy shop and, as expected, Javier bought a product that seemed more considerate. It was an open design, and of course, he bought many other things that were children inappropria

Despite this, Javier believed that they would be effective for Iseult. He was sure that he would have a way to make plain old Iseult speak!

When Javier paid, the big bag of items cost him around 300 dollars!

Just as he walked out, carrying his haul, he saw a yellow Mercedes-Benz convertible stop next to him. Kira, who was in the car, looked at Javier lustfully.

“You can’t be waiting here because you know that I pass by every day on my way home, right? And you got so many things. How mean... What do you think I am....”

Javier was speechless. How had he run into someone familiar again?

Usually, people were busy and occupied one after another. Today, though, it seemed like they kept coming in a group. Was he destined to be thoroughly spent and drained? It seemed like it, so Javier was down. He refused to believe that women would milk him.

That night, he went to Kira’s place. As for what they did, it cannot be mentioned. If they were taped and the video got out, they would probably be charged with indecency.

The big bag of toys served their purpose too, as they did a number on Kira all night. Basically, other than heading out for a simple meal to replenish their energy at around 3

a.m, they spent the rest of the time trashing things, including the bed, the couch, and even the floor...

At the break of dawn, Kira waved a hand at Javier as she lay limp on the bed.

“Don’t come again. This one night is enough to last me my entire life. I almost died.

“I feel like you broke my waist. I can’t even get up now.”

Who knew if Kira was being honest or not, but Javier was pretty exhausted as well. If he had not been so healthy, this all-nighter would have killed him.

After leaving Kira’s place, Javier got something to eat on the street and brought some home. When he went back, Iseult was still on the bed, but her eyes were empty and she was pale. Her juicy, cherry-like lips were already parched.

Come to think of it, she had not eaten or drunk anything in 24 hours. She was already slim to begin with, so she was honestly starved by now.

When she saw Javier, she cried out fervently.

Javier went up to her and pulled the tape off her mouth. Iseult cried in a hoarse voice with a pale face right away. “Water! I need water!”

Her dry coughs were understandable. Javier untied her directly, and Iseult charged for the water on the table, stumbling since she was so weak. She gulped down two bottles of water without even stopping for air.

Just as she was opening the third bottle, Javier told her, “Careful not to get water poisoning.”

It was a matter of general knowledge. When one was thirsty for a long time and had too much to drink all of a sudden, their kidneys would not have enough time to go through the water intake and would cause them to have water poisoning, which could have serious consequences Iseult knew as much, obviously, so she put the third bottle back on the table. She sprinted for the door right after that.

Javier did not stop her this time. She could try running all she wanted, as long as she could handle the dozens of armed men hidden out there.

In spite of this, Iseult did not run, taking an abrupt turn and dashing into the bathroom when she reached it. She didn’t even get to close the door before a stinky stench wafted out in seconds.

It was apparent that she had deemed it inappropriate to poop in the adult diaper and had held it in the whole day...

Iseult finally came out of the bathroom after she answered nature's call and took a shower. She glanced at the door but did not attempt to go out. She had no idea if there were guards outside, but she was well aware of her current situation. She would not have the energy to escape, even though it was visible that Javier was tired and even a little weak.

Iseult did not try to run ultimately. She walked to the table and devoured the breakfast Javier had gotten her instead. After finishing three buns, she told him, "Aren't you trying to starve me to death? Why did you so kindly bring food back now? If you're still thinking about the Raiders, my advice is that you give up."

Javier was in no hurry to answer, as he went to lock the door before he walked back to Iseult.

"I had something to do and didn't get to come back in time. I wouldn't have brought breakfast back if I wanted to starve you to death.

"Eat up and get back on the bed. You'll get fattened up after that. I'll take you out for lunch later."

Iseult was startled. She did not understand what Javier wanted to do. Why was she suddenly

being freed and getting taken out for a meal? It was a good thing nonetheless. As long as she got to go out, she stood a chance to escape from Javier

This caused her to eat swiftly, filling herself up as much as she could. After the meal, she even went to the bathroom to change into a new adult diaper before she returned and lay back down on the bed obediently with the intention of letting him tie her up again.

Javier did not relent, tying her up again with tape before he took off his clothes and climbed up on the bed to lie next to Iseult. The latter panicked at the sight. "W-What do you actually want?!"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 775 ReadOnline

Chapter 775 I Think There's Been a Misunderstanding

Javier did not regard Iseult, who was panicking. If it had been any other time, he would not have just regarded her. He would have "taken care" of her properly. However, he did not have the energy to do that right now. As soon as he threw himself on the bed, he went to sleep, hugging Iseult.

The girl froze in fear, afraid that Javier would force himself on her. Five minutes later, Javier still did not have any kind of reaction. When she bumped him lightly on the shoulder, she realized the man was actually asleep. His breathing was even too, which proved that he was deeply asleep

This confused Iseult. What was Javier doing? He had been gone for a whole day, and then he had come back to sleep right away. What did he want to do? What had he been doing?

Unable to figure it out, Iseult knew only one thing very well: She was not Javier's rival. The man had more tricks up his sleeve than her, so she gave up on figuring him out since she was unable to.

Javier had played her like a fool when she had tried it previously, so it was futile. By now, Javier had fought her a few times, and each time, the fight had ended with her losing. Hence, Iseult secretly coaxed herself to maintain her composure. She was definitely seeking to escape, but the timing had to be right. After this flurry of thoughts, she took a deep breath and turned to look at Javier, who was fast asleep next to her.

The more she looked at him, the more infuriating she found him, and the more she wanted to throw him down the building. In reality, she could not and was unable to do it. She could only look at Javier and watch his infuriating face soften into a peaceful expression.

While time kept passing as Iseult looked at Javier, she thought that the man did not seem that bad. If he had been any other man, she would have been assaulted long ago.

Although Javier was infuriating sometimes, like the incidents with the scissors and the hanging phone, these were petty tricks. They exhausted and enraged her, but he had not done anything to cross the line. Judging from this, Javier did seem to be quite a nice person.

However, Iseult was long past the age of seeing things purely in black and white. The world had never been two-sided to begin with.

Eventually, Iseult, who had not slept much last night, fell asleep too.

When Javier opened his eyes, he was greeted by Iseult's quiet, sweet face. It was a refreshing sight, and it felt like it could expel his exhaustion. Javier could not help staring at her longer, so he was rejuvenated.

He turned to check the time and, lucky for him, it was better than he had estimated. He had thought that he would sleep until 3 p.m, but it was only 12 p.m. when he woke up.

"Alright, stop sleeping. I'll get my hands on you if you keep sleeping!" Javier patted Iseult's shoulder and woke her up directly.

Iseult, who stirred, was embarrassed upon thinking that she had been fast asleep in the man's arms. The embarrassment grew thicker when she thought of the fact that she had slept last night with Javier.

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While she panicked, though, Javier got up after stroking her face. He freshened up and freed Iseult so the latter could freshen up as well.

When everything was done, Javier kept an arm around Iseult's slim waist and they left together. He grinned at Iseult when they were in the car, puzzling the girl.

She understood what it meant immediately because her wrist was locked to the door by a handcuff. This meant that she would be held back by the car door and get dragged on the road if she planned to jump out of the car to escape.

Iseult was speechless. She knew that Javier would not give her a chance to run away. It was just that she had been preparing as much as she could without giving up, hoping that she could escape from the man.

When they arrived at the hotel, she even threw an arrogant rich heir a flirty look and licked her lips. One could barely take it when a gorgeous woman with a pretty face and hot body like Iseult took the initiative to flirt.

The rich heir approached them right after that and openly challenged Javier. "Move aside. I'll pay you 80,000 dollars. Stay away from this woman from now on."

Javier did not even spare the rich heir a glance as he told Iseult, "Stop messing around if you don't want me to teach you a lesson."

The rich heir did not think that Javier was speaking to Iseult but to him, so he got angry. "Who the f*ck do you think you are? It's an honor that I'm paying you 80,000 dollars to f*ck off. Look at yourself before you boast in front of me. I might just beat you to a pulp!"

The rich heir cursed as he scolded Javier nonstop.

Javier looked at him and finally responded, "You have ten seconds. Get out of my sight right now."

His order ticked the rich heir off. "I'm not f*cking leaving. What can you do to me?!"

"Oh, look how boldly you are asking me to leave. Check the mirror and see who you are before you talk to me like that. Do you know how the last person who spoke to me like that ended up? Hmm?"

The rich heir was still bragging when Iseult got up suddenly to seek protection behind him.

“Save me! He’s a bad guy. Please help me.”

The rich heir grew more fervent upon hearing the beauty’s pleading and cry for help behind him. He felt like he was at the peak of reasoning and power and no one could beat him. Waving a hand, he summoned the three bodyguards he had hired from gangs to beat Javier up.

“This son of ab*tch won’t realize that there are better men in society if he isn’t taught a lesson today!”

The three bodyguards surrounded Javier while Iseult took this opportunity to flee. When the rich heir turned to appease her, he realized that the girl was gone. And when his three bodyguards were easily thrown to the floor after they tried attacking Javier, the rich heir lost his brazen front and his tone softened. “I think there’s been a misunderstanding...”