

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 836 ReadOnline

Chapter 836 A Miraculous Thing Javier would never get rough with someone who had been forced to do a bad thing. That was, of course, if she was telling the truth.

As it turned out, the secretary, Bernadetta James, had not been lying. She led Javier to the hospital, and the moment the nurse and the doctor greeted the girl, he knew she was telling the truth.

A nurse giving an injection in the ward even began to chastise him. "You! What kinda boyfriend are you? The poor girl has to work during the day and care for her father at night every single day to boot! Do you even know how tough that is? At least try to take turns, man. God, man up and share your girlfriend's burden for a change!"

Bernadetta was aghast. Her kind-hearted nurse friend was scolding the Devil Incarnate! He was going to kill her-he really was!

"You're right. I'm sorry," Javier replied sheepishly. "I'll take your advice into consideration."

His apologetic behavior was good enough that the nurse only chided him a bit more before letting him off the hook. She then told them to pay some attention to Mr. James and left.

Bernadette was really confused. What kind of man was this guy, really? He had looked like a gleeful butcher when he had hurt Tyler, but now, he was acting like a decent guy who would never think of hurting anyone. She was beginning to think that she might have misunderstood this guy a little. He would not hurt anyone if they harbored no malicious intentions.

He only hurt people who walked over everyone else like tyrants. People like Tyler!

...Not that she could tell for sure. She knew nothing about Javier, honestly.

While Bernadetta was trying to make up her mind about Javier, the guy himself was considering her unconscious father. The young woman had told him that he had been unconscious for three months. The doctor had no idea when he would finally wake up. It was a desperate situation, one that had created an opening for Tyler, who had forced her into a sexual relationship by dangling money over her face.

Javier used his ability to gauge the man's health condition. As it turned out, the old man had blood clots in his brain. The doctor had not dared suggest surgery because of the abundance of veins surrounding the area, as the fatality rate was too high.

The alternative was the only safe way to proceed: They were hoping that the clot would disintegrate by itself so that Mr. James would wake up on his own.

“God, his neck is so dirty. Shouldn’t you at least try to clean that up?”

Bernadetta was embarrassed. Work commonly reduced her to a tired wreck at night, so she was often too exhausted for more detailed grooming. She picked up an empty basin and hurried out of the ward before heading to the bathroom.

Javier scanned the broom sitting in the corner of the room and plucked a single bristle out of the brush. He then crossed over to the old man and imbued the bristle with a strange, milky white, air-like substance.

He drilled the stick through the old man’s temple with illogical ease. Despite how soft the stick

should normally be, at that moment, it punctured the man’s skull!

Blood began to dye the stick red all the way to the tip. By the time Javier removed it, it had turned completely red. He cast it into the wastebasket noncommittally, where a used tissue was instantly drenched by a dollop of blood upon coming into contact with it. Javier rubbed it against the old man’s temple. The hole he had left visibly shrank and healed and, a few seconds later, it was gone completely.

Bernadetta had unwittingly good timing, as she hastily returned as soon as it was over. Her mind had been on pins and needles throughout her quest, as she had left her unconscious father with someone as nasty as Javier.

To her great relief, she found Javier holding a nicely-folded towel in his hand. He had not done anything malicious to harm her vulnerable old man! In fact, he had even prepared a towel for the clean-up. “Let me do it. You’re probably really tired from work, so get some

rest.”

Bernadetta was flustered. It was always shocking to see evil people displaying even a modicum of decency and kindness. It was like a shot of light in total darkness; it made people really remember that moment. Half an hour later, Javier and Bernadetta left, but not before the former paid the hospital 750,000 dollars in advance. The amount was so hefty that Bernadetta was stunned. “Are you mad?! This is too much!”

“Come on, they’ll return any money to you if they don’t need it. Remember to keep the receipt, though. Consider this insurance for you and your father’s life in the future—a better life.”

He stuffed the receipt into her hand and the two of them left. Bernadetta was mystified from start to finish. Why was Javier treating her this way? He had coerced her into sex last time! He was supposed to be an unrepentant sh*thead! And yet, everything he had done in the hospital had shown another side of him...

All her doubts and second thoughts evaporated the moment they crossed the road and went inside the hotel. Bernadette would stick to her initial judgment: This guy was a sh*thead. How could he not be when he f*cked her from noon to dusk?! Bernadetta barely stayed alive!

By the time Javier was finally lying down next to her instead of looming over her, Bernadetta had only enough strength to breathe. Admittedly, he was very good. Hell, the only thing stopping her from letting it go on was her own fatigue. She would not mind getting boned by him forever...

Then, she received a call from the hospital. She picked the phone up and shouted, "M-My dad is awake?!?!" A miracle! A miracle had happened!

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Chapter 837 I'm Ready Bernadetta had once asked the doctor how long her father's coma might last. The most likely estimate? A very pessimistic three years.

And yet, Mr. James had awakened before his coma had even lasted three months. Bewildered, Bernadette rushed to the hospital, only to see that the doctor was just as puzzled by the change. According to the CT scan, the clots had disappeared completely, vanishing into thin air as though they had never existed, despite the fact that the scan a week ago had shown a grave number of clots! How could all of them be spontaneously removed in a week? One could only achieve that through surgery, and yet the doctor had never ordered one to be performed. So how had the clots just...disappeared this quickly?

The doctor checked the old man's head. Maybe he had forgotten performing the surgery. Unbelievable as it might sound, this hypothesis would at least be more plausible than the alternative. There were no scars anywhere, though, so there had not been an operation. Then what on Earth had happened?

The doctor had no one to turn to except Bernadetta. He fired a volley of questions at her, most of them pointed at the old man's diet. His next hypothesis was related to food. Could some type of food have been the key to this miracle? The doctor almost immediately kicked himself after having that thought. How could a patient in a coma even eat?

He was completely stumped. How had this miracle come to be? He had no idea.

Bernadetta had no idea either, but what she knew for sure was that this was a good thing through and through. She felt the desire to call Javier, who had driven her to the hospital before leaving, to share her happiness, but she realized she did not even have his number.

Javier had already gone home. Right now, he was having dinner and some small talk with Evanna. Of course, he had predicted the old man's recovery. He was the one who had performed the "operation", so how could he not know the result?

One thing was certain: Mr. James was fine now. All that was left for him to do was slowly train his bedridden body and he would be as healthy as any normal person soon.

While he chatted away, feeling worry-free, Evanna was struck by anxiety. What if Javier wanted to...?

Her anxiety was baseless, though. Javier had had his fill of Bernadetta for hours, so he was in no mood that night. All he did was wrap her in his arms and fall asleep.

Evanna let out a deep breath of relief. An uneventful night was the best kind of blessing a girl could ask for.

...At least, that was before she began tossing and turning in bed. For some reason, sleep eluded her. She could not stop wondering if...if having sex with him might not be as terrifying as she believed.

She wondered and wondered until, finally, she fell asleep. The next morning, she woke up in an empty bed. It was still too early for Javier to get up and leave, so she groggily climbed out of bed in her pink nightgown and exited her bedroom to look for him.

Then, she caught Javier coming out of the bathroom butt-naked.

Her eyes lingered on his manly, muscular, washboard-abs, and she felt something stirring up within her. It was a weird sensation...God, she was speechless! The shock of seeing him naked was just too overwhelming, especially when his knob was staring straight back at her. Cheeks flushed, Evanna cried, "Eek! Why can't you get dressed in the bathroom?!" She turned away pointedly to avoid looking at him any longer. The image of Javier, naked and with his manhood literally hanging out, stubbornly stayed on her mind. Her heart was racing, and something was stirring inside of her. She even began to compare him to the actor in the movie she had seen yesterday, but Javier was better than him too.

"It's because of you," Javier suddenly said, making Evanna snap out of her thoughts. "You're too beautiful and sexy, Evanna. Seeing you makes me hard. But I know you aren't there yet, so I thought I should at least take a cold shower to calm down."

Evanna felt a pang in her chest. A few seconds of silence later, she replied under her breath, "I'm sorry. We've been married for a while now, and yet I've never let us consummate our relationship. It must be really hard to suffer through this desire without ever being satisfied, right? I'm sorry..."

Her guilt was genuine. There were times when she hated herself for being so prudish. They were married after all! Why should she be ashamed of a thing humans did all the time? Had she been a bit less prudish, Javier would not have to suffer through this kind of desire!

"It's alright. I understand. I respect you."

Evanna felt her heart warm up. He had spoken so plainly, and yet the meaning of his words hit her like a train. He was always so selfless when it came to her. He never asked for anything in return. Sure, he could be a bit of a lech sometimes, but she never really hated it. She even kind of...liked it.

She had fallen head over heels for Javier. He was a part of her world now-whether she wanted to admit it or not.

Evanna mustered her courage and turned back to face him. She removed her nightgown and stepped forward, throwing her arms around him and pressing her cherry lips against his mouth.

The kiss lasted two minutes. When they broke away, she muttered, "Thanks for always thinking of me, honey. And for being so kind to me. I'm not exactly there yet, but I'm trying. I want to be yours..."

It was a rather flustering thing to say out loud, but Evanna managed to say it without her usual coyness. She had grown brave enough to do that and so much more. She spread her legs wide into a naked welcome, feeling discomfort building as he prodded, but she did not mind. She was doing her best to accept it, to get closer and closer to Javier...

"Honey? I think I'm ready now." She finally wanted it.

Anyway

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Chapter 838 Who Does Javier Kersey Think He Is Anyway?! Evanna was ready? Well, Javier had already been anticipating this before her! He had been waiting for this moment. He had been waiting for it for so long..

At last!

He nipped on Evanna's skin, toying with it until her cheeks turned scarlet.

When the foreplay was over, she closed her eyes sheepishly with bated breath. She puckered her lips unconsciously as she waited for the moment when she was no longer a maiden but a real woman. Goodbye, innocence! This farewell might be a skin-tearing, painful one too!

This was the moment of truth-but the moment was interrupted when the phone suddenly rang

Javier was so not into it. What kind of idiot would let go of the ripe fruit in his hands for that sort of mundane sh*t?!

The sudden ringtone startled Evanna, though, who turned and saw Joey's name on the screen. "It's my mom! Why is she calling you this early in the morning?" she asked aloud as she picked the phone up and brought it closer to Javier's face.

Javier was speechless. He was even more speechless when he realized Evanna had already pressed the "answer" button. "What am I going to do, Javier? I checked with two famous medical institutions, and they both require surgery. What am I going to do?!"

What else could she do? Javier had said it was curable. Joey was the one who just would not believe him. If she wanted to think there was a better way than his, she could go for it. Why call him about it again?

Had this been anyone else, Javier would have hung up. People should suffer the consequences of rejecting his goodwill! But this was an exemption because-well, she was Evanna's mom.

"I know what you mean. Fine," he answered.

Evanna was not entirely sure what either of them was saying, but Joey was. The reason she had called him was because she wanted to ascertain his faith in the operation's success. Now that Javier had given his answer, it was up to Joey to decide if she wanted to put faith in him.

Joey had decided to believe him. After finding out that no procedure could cure her without leaving a tarnishing scar on her supremely beautiful skin, the woman would rather bet on Javier than have a scar on her porcelain breast! She would never allow a single thing to ruin her beauty!

The call ended, and Javier looked up at Evanna, whose bra was already back in place.

Great. She was back to her default bashful coyness after the call. He had not managed to secure the stronghold while the wind had been on his back, and taking it back without these favorable conditions" was going to be an uphill battle.

Fine, fine. Javier had lost his kick after the call too, so he did not continue after seeing Evanna put on her bra.

“What was that?” she asked.

“Nothing. She’s just being nice to me. ‘Have the two of you slept together yet? No? Great! I’ll scout a girl for you!’ Neat offer, right? I think so too. So I said cool, bro. Fine by me! Bring on the ladies!”

Evanna glared at him. “Dick.”

“And that, milady, was the most accurate description of me. Look at me! I’m a detached dick who wished upon a star and turned into a real boy.”

Evanna swung a weak punch at him before running away.

Javier watched her scurry and laughed. He owned her heart now, so it would not be long before he possessed her body.

After a quick wash-up, Evanna went to the academy. Javier, meanwhile, arranged for Herschel to help David Dennison. Beating people to a pulp was Herschel’s favorite thing to do, after all, while Javier was too lazy to run around and rearrange people’s faces. Naturally, Herschel said yes.

David himself was discussing something with his son, Don. After the loss of his own son, Don was still grieving, but life barreled on, adamant about forcing the poor man to move on as well. The only way he could think of to solve his heir problem was to make a new heir with his wife. But...

Let’s just say he had suddenly realized last night that his wife was nearing 50 years old. Her skin and muscles had turned flabby, and she was more rotund than he was around the waist. Seeing her lying on their bed was like seeing a large, terrestrial blobfish caught in a net of bedsheets. How could his sex drive even survive that imagery?

Don was starting to wonder if the best course of action would be to get a mistress or something. It was also why he wanted to talk to his father today. David was a conservative, prudish old guy with tons of rules.

David was silent the whole time, and when Don was done, the old man finally answered with a nod, “Alright. The things we do for our family.”

The family needed an heir...even if said heir was a useless halfwit. If the Dennisons wanted to be Javier’s subjects, then the halfwit would have to be good enough for Javier to cart

David mentioned the Kerseys at that thought. He had lost his grandson, and since the only flesh and blood he had was Don, well...Don would have to be the family head sooner or later. David knew he had to tell his son not to get on Javier's bad side, or this reckless idiot would definitely do just that.

Unfortunately, Javier turned out to be a trigger point for Don. "This again?! God! You just reminded me, Dad. I've been wanting to question you since you decreed that we should kiss Javier's sorry *ss. Why are you protecting him, huh?" he bristled. "He's a spineless, ball-less soy boy! Evanna is a premium beauty, Dad. She should be able to net someone with real talent and prestige. That boon will then bring our family to even greater heights!"

David was appalled by his son's outburst, but it really showed just how germane this conversation was. He had to talk some sense into his son before he angered Javier and invoked wrath upon himself.

David had a heart, but that did not mean he would definitely succeed. Before the old man could begin disabusing his son of his grave underestimation, his landline rang.

Who would call the landline? This was the age of smartphones! None of his family members or friends would ever call his landline number. David hurried over to the phone and answered it.

It was one of his underlings. Apparently, the group that had been opposing them had called to tell the Dennisons they were wrong and they would like to sincerely apologize for their mistake. The chairman of their board was ready to apologize to them in person too. The newly-elected education minister had been fired because of years-old charges of corruption and other misconduct. The old minister had been reinstated and would be getting to work very soon.

David had only mentioned his problem to Javier yesterday, and yet it had been solved by this morning. His efficiency and sheer political power shocked him, and he had to tell Don about this. It would prove to his son just how powerful and ridiculously stacked Javier was!

He put down the phone, only to realize that his halfwit son had "escaped" while he was busy talking on the phone!

"God-f*cking-dammit!" David snarled to himself and felt around for his smartphone. He had to tell that troublemaker to come back!

By the time he grabbed his phone, though, he changed his mind. His son was busy finding himself a mistress, right? Right? That should prevent him from kicking the hornet's nest, right?!

Wrong

But David did not know that. He did not know that his son was a lot less rational than one would have hoped. In fact, almost as soon as he left David's house, Don went back to obsessing over Javier.

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Chapter 839 A Beta Soy Boy Should Die in a Ditch! Don's mindset was simple enough. His father had warned him not to provoke Javier, right? Then that was exactly what he would do.

Why? Why?! Because his special little kid was dead! Why did someone as talented as his son have to die, while a beta soyboy sh*tbag like Javier got to extend his life like a maggot?!

Don was livid. Javier should have died-not Elliott! If Elliott had survived...

Don steered his car straight to Javier's residency. When the latter came out of the house, he found himself staring at Don, who got out of his car with a gaze so stormy that it baffled Javier. Why was he so pissed? Had this idiot found out that he had murdered his kid?

Don dispelled any doubts regarding what he knew about his son's killer soon enough. "What is the point of keeping a beta maggot like you alive, huh? So others can pretend to be white knights around you?! The more I look at you, the more your very being disgusts me. You're a beta, doormat-level c*ck! My son was born a star with a future so bright you'd hiss at it like a vampire, so why the f*ck was he the one who ended up dead?! Why would a useless turd like you get to outlive him?! This isn't fair! "It's always the good ones who died young, while maggots and sh*theads like you live forever! Honestly, if wrangling the life out of your disgusting head could bring my son back to life, I swear to God, I would gladly kill you. I would kill a hundred or a thousand of you if it could bring my boy back, you f*cking murderer hiding under your in-laws' skirts!"

Don spat on the ground upon finishing his tirade.

But Javier was too cool for all these theatrics. What was he trying to do? Prove how much he loved his son? Or make a point about how Javier, the "beta" male, deserving to die? Javier thought neither of these explanations was accurate enough to describe his actions. "You know what I think you're doing?" he said.

Don said nothing, but the look on his face said he wanted to know.

Javier's answer was easy to understand. "I think you're putting a loaded gun to your head."

The implication was simple. Javier was the proverbial gun. If he was left alone, he would kill no one. But pick the gun up, load it, and pull the trigger? He instantly became an executioner.

Don was doing way more than just loading the gun too. He was playing with it, pointing the gun at his head as if this might prove his bravery. Javier had only spared him because Don was too far below his level to be worth killing, but if Don decided to provoke Javier anyway, then Javier would be happy to send him to meet his Maker.

Javier bad*ss attitude, finally revealed in place of his feigned meek self, only made Don feel scornfully amused. "Are you for real?! You think you can kill me? Can you, you useless piece of sh*t?! Are you even qualified to touch me?!"

While Don waxed wroth, Javier dismissed him altogether and continued walking to his car. He was nothing more than a barking street dog unworthy of Javier's time.

Don stepped into his way anyway, feeling defiant. "You really think I'll let you squirrel your way out of this?! Especially after that hotsh*t attitude you gave me?! I want compensation, or so help me, God..."

Javier placed his car keys down on the bonnet and smiled at Don. "And how am I supposed to do that?"

"How about you kneel in front of Elliott's grave and beg him for forgiveness? How about you tell him that a disgusting maggot like you should have died instead of a talented bright man like him?! How about you pledge to be his slave to atone in your next life?!"

One could not confidently determine if there even was such a thing as a "next life", but Javier digressed. The point was that Don had dehumanized Javier, as if he was only fit to be a servant or a slave.

Don's hubris was remarkable in that even Javier did not know what to comment in return. "Oh, Don Dennison. You mad lad with a pair of titanium balls."

"What was that? Was that a threat?!" Don bristled. "Do you know how close you are to being shredded to pieces by me and my people?! You won't just be squashed by my boots! I'll pry your sh*tbird wife's legs open wide and her mouth even wider and make her scream even louder than you ever did!"

Was that the sort of thing an uncle-in-law should say about his niece and her husband? It was a horrible thing even for a stranger to say, let alone family. Don did not think there was anything problematic about his words, of course. He even seemed rather pleased with his reply.

However, it was the beaming smile on his face that made Javier get in his car. "You want me to apologize to Elliott? Okay. Take me to the construction site."

Don liked the idea. Going back to the construction site where he had murdered Elliott in cold blood, and then finally to his grave? Now that was what he called a guilt trip! The kind of guilt trip that was perfect for a beta milquetoast!

Don took the driver's seat and went on a tirade that lasted the entire journey there. One could not help but wonder if Don believed that was the only reason for Javier's existence, that Javier was a punching bag with no purpose beyond being sh*t at. He was the kind of guy one used for insult practice and unleashing tirades until they felt better. Who in their right mind would care about how Javier felt? Would anyone ask the toilet how it felt taking in everyone's crap? Yep, that was the point! Lashing out at a beta male was just him fulfilling that beta's only purpose in life!

Don did not think he was being an arrogant *sshole at all. He simply thought that little of Javier.

The car sped all the way to the construction site. "Get up there, you piece of sh*t. I want you to do it right!" Don snarled.

"I agree wholeheartedly," Javier replied placidly.

Don sneered. "Posing as a last-minute sycophant ain't getting you anywhere, slick. You're just doing what you should have done a long time ago! God, you should have died instead of my son! Just your existence alone is a sh*t stain in human history!"

Don's train of thought was so extreme by this point that it was getting harder to understand his view. But then again, Javier had no incentive or reason to try understanding someone who would be going to his grave really soon. As the elevator rose to the topmost floor, Javier asked, "So, anything you want to add before we go?"

BOYLE LICH

"F*ck you!"

Javier had wanted to give Don a chance to say his last words, but the latter really ruined his own last moment. Ah, well!

They reached the floor and found three construction workers going about their business. Due to the last incident, the project management had decided to fortify their safety measures, including installing transparent barriers meant to keep people from falling off. Before they could install those, though, the workers needed to remove the steel railings around the perimeter.

This made Javier's job easier. As in, Don's murder, of course

Javier struck the back of Don's neck and jabbed Don's legs with his toes. He then leaned forward and whispered, "Yes, I threw your son over. There, I said it. Now, you can rest in

peace."

He patted Don on the back gently. To the latter's horror, he began to walk without any conscious control. Eyes wide in panic, Don watched himself making his way to the ledge. He had been livid to have his suspicions confirmed, but now, it was all displaced by fear. His legs were out of his control!

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Chapter 840 More Knowledge Might Not Be a Good Thing

Don wanted to scream, but nothing came out of his throat. Of course not; Javier had used the tactics he had learned from the Grimoire to silence him and control his feet with his mind after all. The most Don could do was open his mouth with no sound coming out of his throat.

The distance between him and the ledge was rapidly shrinking, and Don's sheer panic was skyrocketing just as quickly. The workers had noticed his odd behavior. Alarmed, they hurried to his aid, hoping to dissuade the man they thought was about to commit suicide. "Stop! Stop, man! You shouldn't go there-stop, please, just stop for a minute!" They hollered. They yelped. They tried to pull him away. The previous tragedy might have given them a chance to earn some more because the project now required them to reinforce the building's safety features, but these were good people. Therefore, they instinctively wanted to help their fellow human being.

Something yanked them back while they attempted to do so, though-their safety harnesses. They had put them on before getting to work, and their panic and need to save a man had made them forget.

The workers began to unfasten the knots as fast as they could. They had made quite a few loops today, wary of any accident occurring while they were working in a place that had already seen death. This had been a safety measure, but now, it had become a hindrance. No matter how quickly they worked on their harnesses, they might not be able to catch up to Don in the end!

Don was less than half a meter away from the ledge, his eyes watering. He did not want to die.

This must be how his son had felt that day.

Don regretted how things had ended up. If he could rewind time- just half an hour or so would do – he would have never tried to cross Javier. He would have listened to his old man and never even dared breathe in the same space as he did. He would have prostrated himself in front of Javier like a lowly servant if it meant that he could live. But his realization came too late. His fate had been sealed the moment he had thought Javier was just a doormat to wipe his boots on.

By the time the workers had freed themselves from their harnesses, Don Dennison had taken a 208-meter plunge to the earth. Javier, though, had already reached the ground floor through the more conventional use of an elevator.

There was a rich young man standing next to his Porsche outside, shouting at an old woman who sold fruit on a busy street. Judging from the conversation, he was infuriated by the old woman because she was a little too slow on her feet while crossing the road, which had ruined the young man's fast-and-furious roleplay.

"You welfare queens are the plague of society! You should have never been born! F*ck! If there's a god, then he should have dropped a...an anchor on your head and removed you from this world!" he thundered. "You're just a lowly, street-crawling fruit vendor! Who do you think you are to get in my way?!"

Bang!

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GOUD

There was a loud, startling crash. Blood splattered across the road, and entrails, pieces of a broken skull, and piles of minced meat decorated the pavement.

The crowd was bewildered. There was a god, and he had decided who was a real plague for society.

Javier did not join the growing crowd. Instead, he hailed a cab and left. Don deserved to die; he had brought this upon himself. If he had just played by the rules and done as he was told, he would not have ended up there today.

Javier went about his business as usual. The entire incident never crossed his mind again... until late in the evening, when the police summoned him to question him as a lead in the mysterious "man suddenly falls off a building" case. Surveillance footage confirmed Javier's presence, yet it did not show him murder the man. The three workers

had all testified that Don had jumped off the ledge on his own, but Javier's presence remained suspicious.

"He told me he wanted someone to keep him company." Javier lied. "I thought it was a reasonable request. He looked so sad, and I pitied him so much! So I did it. But then I realized I was deadly afraid of heights, so I got back down really soon. Who would have thought that he would jump? Oh, if only I had dragged him down with me before I left."

It was a very reasonable explanation. Flawless! Nobody could possibly find a hole in it! There was no proof to link Javier to the murder either, so the cops later drove him back home.

That was the difference between being questioned and being interrogated. The cops questioned a man for being suspicious but later released him. They interrogated him if they had evidence!

Evanna hurried over to Javier as soon as he returned to the academy. He deftly gave the same excuse to her before telling her he was fine. Evanna sighed in relief. She then told Javier that David was in the academy as well and was waiting in her office.

The old man probably wanted to know what had really happened, which was okay. Javier went to see him and repeated the same lie he had told everyone.

David was no Evanna, though. He was not as clueless as the cops were either. He was privy to the conflict between Javier and his son. He knew Javier was lying right off the bat, and judging from the methods the latter had used alone, the wise old man had concluded that Javier was not as nice as he pretended to be.

More importantly, David knew his own son well. He was Don's father after all!

He came up with an excuse to get Evanna to leave the men alone. Then, he asked, "Can you tell me how my grandson and son really died, Javier?"

"What's the point? Knowledge and truth won't do you any good anyway," Javier replied.

David was stunned. He obeyed Javier, mulling the possibilities over, and realized nothing good could come out of this for him after all! He was naturally inclined to avenge his son, but could he really go up against a billionaire who could make everyone do his bidding with an obscene amount of cash stuffed in their mouth? No.

However, having Javier as their ally would ensure the Dennisons' survival. Hell, it would mean the family would rise in pedigree, status, wealth, and power. How could David possibly offend a demigod like this?

HOMM E Not Be a Good Thing

Maybe it was better not to know who had murdered his grandson and son after all—even though David already knew it was Javier. The admission of this knowledge would spell doom for the family.

David almost hated how shrewd he was. If only he could be as dumb, innocent, and impressionable as Evanna! Living his life in blissful ignorance would be... Well, the word "bliss" was in there, right? Javier considered the silent old man. Poor David! All of his scions and heirs were gone! He thought for a moment and said, "In the future, when Evanna and I have a son, he's gonna take your family name instead of mine." David was stunned! He had not expected Javier to say such a thing. He mused on the implications of Javier's offer until a smile brightened up his face. He liked it! This meant the Dennisons' line would continue, and it would become stronger than ever! Had Eliott not died, the family would have been passed on to him. Would Javier have helped him in the future? No way. Javier would never help his enemy. It would already be nice of the Kerseys if they did not destroy and absorb the entire family as their own in that case! Sure, it hurt to lose one's kin, but the thought of gaining a new grandson who would get his mother's maiden name and thus become the new heir all but ensured Javier's unconditional assistance to the family in the future. The family would only become even more powerful that way.

In the long run, this was better for the family!

David could accept this, even if parts of him were a little uncomfortable. At least Javier had not admitted his role in the murder outright! That gave David the legroom for self-delusion. He would have never wanted to do that to himself, but did he have a choice?

Then, Javier's phone rang. When he answered it, a voice said, "I'm back!"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 841 ReadOnline

Chapter 841 Not Something to Be Proud Of

It was Joey. She had come back from her globe-trotting trip to find a cure, despite Javier telling her he could do it. After finding no other cure aside from surgery, she had hurried back to her savior like a lamb returning to its flock.

She was very quick too. She called him in the morning and was already back in China before evening. She still had a flight left to take to return to her home properly, as there was no international airport in this city.

Javier talked a bit more with David after the call. "Don't get too hung up on your family affairs, Mr. Dennison. You should only worry if your grip on their leash isn't tight enough," he said, flashing the older man a cryptic smile before leaving altogether.

David needed only a few seconds to understand his meaning. Had he held onto the leash around Don's neck more tightly, his idiot of a son would still have been alive by this point. He should have chastised him more sternly! Now, the only child he had left was his daughter the same daughter who had a marked enmity against Joey and an even worse attitude when it came to Javier.

David immediately made a call. "You stupid girl, get your thick skull over here right this instant-drop everything you're doing, goddamn it!"

Who would listen to him barking at his child like that and think he was actually trying to save a life?

At night, Joey came just in time, right after Javier and Evanna laid out dinner on the table. The family ate together in a cordial environment, all of them in a good mood.

They were all happy in their own way. Evanna was just happy to have her mother back, Joey was happy to know that Javier could cure her without relying on surgery, while Javier's glee was completely separated from theirs. He was happy because he had called Jade late in the evening and learned that everything was normal. She had also told him about feeling the baby kick, which had pleased her very much.

Jade's happiness was Javier's happiness, but it also added more to the latter's nervousness. He had to locate Daniel before the Raiders and master his powers, or he would never be able to ensure his family's peace. He would not possess the superhuman power to shoulder all that might when the storm arrived.

Joey gave Evanna a bottle of health supplements she had brought from her trip abroad. The supplements were later revealed to be sleeping pills, as they knocked Evanna out pretty quickly

Javier was speechless. "Did you really have to? You know we could have done this tomorrow, right? As in, after your daughter went to work?"

Joey glared at him. "You must think you're very safe. You must believe your dear mother-in law won't stab you just because you don't have a growing tumor."

Fine. She won. The mother-in-law was always right.

Javier found a sewing needle and told Joey to remove her clothes. Joey had already known that Javier was going to perform acupuncture on her, so the request did not make her blanch. What she objected to, though, was the fact that he had decided to use a sewing needle to do it!

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Should he not use something more professional?! The answer to Joey's genuine question was: "You've watched movies about professional poker players and super-spies and stuff, Have you seen them bring their own decks of cards and guns all the time? No! They are skilled, so anything can work for them. It's the hands that heal, not the tools! You plebs just don't get pros like us!" Even though Javier made a bit of sense, Joey still could not shake the feeling that being prodded and poked by a sewing needle was ridiculous. "You better not do anything unnecessary!" she complained. "You're my only hope now, which makes me vulnerable. I'm warning you, don't take this chance to get your stabby-stab revenge!" God, she was exhausting. Javier wished he could use the needle the way it was intended to and sew her mouth shut.

He went inside another room and made a production of looking professional, burning the tip of the needle as a pretense of sanitation before returning to Joey. The woman had removed her clothing by that point and was lying on her stomach on the bed, her back exposed.

Her skin was deliciously supple. No one would look at it and think she was in her 40s-hell, her skin alone made her look like she was 17 or 18, considering all the sex appeal that went along with it. It was very smooth! Super tender...

Javier did not think much beyond that, though. He still had his own end game, and this right here was his mother-in-law. He could never bone Joey no matter how tasty she looked.

He soon got to work. Prodding her with the needle was really the most trivial step of the process, as the most vital move involved channeling his mystical energy through the needle and into Joey's body. That way, it could destroy the tumor inside her breast. It was a delicate

at required Javier's utmost care and attention. It was not the kind of power anyone would be able to withstand. Any mistake, and he could cause the woman's breast to implode, which would be very awkward indeed...

Fortunately for her, Javier was a professional. Half an hour later, he stopped. "Okay. We just have to do this two more times and it will be completely over."

He should not remove too much of it in one swoop, as it would be like hurling a supermassive boulder into the ocean all of a sudden, making the water overflow. There would be trouble if too much change was introduced to the body, so Javier had to introduce his cure in reasonable amounts and at certain intervals.

He had decided he should do it in three installments. He was confident that her body would heal completely after three times, but Joey did not exactly share this optimism. She rose hesitantly and asked, "You're really sure?"

Javier instinctively perused her assets. "As sure as your skin is supple."

Joey was stunned for a moment.

Then, she realized she was naked, and her face turned red. She slapped him and cried, "Do you ever think with your brain, or does it all come from the head down there?! There's an ethical line you're trying to breach here!"

Her slap was weak and feckless because she had never intended to hurt him. It was more of an expression of her embarrassment.

Javier did not really mean to be lewd either. Chuckling, he turned to the door. "Oh, don't

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worry. I never lie."

While she hurriedly dressed up, Joey mused over it. He was right! Her son-in-law had never lied to her, had he?

This thought brought her hope. She was going to visit the hospital and take an X-ray. She would be able to see the result then! Javier went to the bathroom to take a shower and returned to his bedroom with an appetite.

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Chapter 842 You're A Joke

Evanna went to work at the academy alone after breakfast. Meanwhile, Joey and Javier went to the hospital. There, Joey met the female doctor she had seen previously for her diagnosis, Mary Maine.

Mary needed to take only one look at the report to remember who she was. "Ah, it's you! It's alright, you don't need to take a new X-ray. You just had one, remember? Let's proceed to the hospitalization arrangements, shall we? I'll schedule your surgery as soon as possible."

Then, she wrote on a piece of paper in handwriting only a doctor could understand before passing it to Javier. He was to pay the sum at the counter.

"I insist on taking an X-ray, doctor. I found a Traditional Chinese Medicine practitioner who cured me."

“Now, hold on a sec. That’s alternative medicine, you know. It’s the sort of stuff I’m skeptical about! I’ve devoted my whole life to researching and practicing mainstream, evident-based medicine, and I’ve reached the conclusion that it’s the most accurate and efficient treatment we have as humanity. Traditional Chinean Medicine is just not good, ma’am. It’s backward

stuff!”

Javier did not want to compare Chinean medicine and evidence-based medicine, but he took issue with Mary’s remark as a Chinean. She could have said that kind of thing if she were a foreigner, but she was a Chinean woman born and raised in China! How dare she support medicine with foreign origins?! What a disgusting woman! It was especially ironic when she had a name that evoked the image of simple-minded folks in backward places!

Even Joey was upset with the doctor’s reply. She cut straight to the chase and said, “I want an X -ray, doctor. I want it now.”

“C’mon. Should you be the one calling the shots when it comes to medical procedures? I mean, if you could just order me around about certain procedures, then there really wouldn’t be a point to having me around, yeah?” Mary rebutted with the kind of candor a seasoned doctor possessed. It was hard to decide if she meant to show malice or concern, but Joey fell silent.

Even after her retort, Mary refused to authorize the operation. She simply added matter-of factly, “Look, I’m only trying to help you, ma’am. Not that I object to taking an X-ray for you, but I really don’t think it’s money well-spent. It cost as much as a delicious couple of burgers and chips, you know, like the Elizabethan ones! You’d love having that meal-it’s really good!”

F*ck! She was going back to singing those goddamn foreigners’ praises again?! Javier could not understand why she had to think everything those dirty foreigners did was better. Even the sh*t they ate was just delicacies to her. What about Chinean food?!

He detested people like her, so he snapped, “Just do what she wants you to do, okay? You think we are here for a chat? You just keep kissing those foreigners’ *sses! Why don’t you change your name to Dr. Mary-loves-all-sh*t-foreigner-please-gimme-some-more?!”

Joey and Mary were stunned. The doctor sitting across from the desk pursed his lips and snorted.

Joey gave Javier a thumbs-up. It was obvious that seeing Javier destroy someone with insults was a thrill to her.

Mary was not as happy. In fact, as soon as she reeled back from the attack, she slapped her desk, looking upset. "What's your problem?!"

Javier balled his hand into a fist and smacked her desk. "What's your problem?!"

Mary looked at the crater he had created, feeling stupefied. Was this guy human? Her desk was made of hardwood, but he had broken it with a punch. If he hit her...

Mary would rather not perform such a detrimental experiment. She instead authorized the X ray just so Javier would leave as soon as possible. She would not even ask him to pay for the damage-why ask? Javier took the authorization slip and led Joey to the room.

Mary inspected the crater on her desk. How had he pulled off something like this? It was almost as if he was a demigod...

The X-rays were completed and processed quickly enough. A few minutes later, Joey had them in her hands. She might not know how to read them on her own, but she was smart enough to overlap the two on top of one another for an educated comparison.

Since the picture had been taken by the same personnel on the same X-ray machine, and the patient remained the same, any difference was only going to be staggering. It was true! The tumor had shrunk! It was magical! Superhuman! Joey had no idea how Javier had done it-it was a miracle! Every doctor she had visited could only pull this off through surgery, but Javier had done it with a sewing needle!

Did this not mean that all it would take to completely remove it was another stab of the needle?

She turned to Javier in awe and realized he looked all too calm. He did not even look at the X ray. It was obvious everything was happening according to his plan. Why bother seeing something he already knew was definitely going to happen?

Joey considered him for a moment before raising her thumb again. "I am floored! You are out of this world! I am in awe!"

She had never really believed he could fix her. This had only been a last resort because she'd had no other choice. But now, thanks to these X-rays, she finally knew how powerful he really was. Of course, a few moments later, she felt guilty for the way she had treated Javier. She had been nasty to him this whole time, and yet he had never held it against her. He had even tried to cure her disease!

Javier was superhuman-both power-wise and character-wise! He was leagues above normal men!

Joey pulled Javier into her arms and gave him a squeeze. "I don't care. From now on, you're my son in spirit...even if you're not in flesh!" she cried, patting him on the back hard. One

could tell just how much she meant it based on how hard she hit him.

Javier smiled and said nothing.

They could have left it at that, but Joey did not want to. She detested people who admired foreign culture and their inventions, even though she'd previously shown shades of that

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herself. Now, she was going to correct Mary's opinion. She was going to slap the doctor hard with this information and show her the power and ingenuity of traditional Chinese medicine!

Mary did not even look at the X-ray on her desk. Instead, she returned it to Joey. "You've got a better doctor working on your condition, right? Maybe you should just show it to him," she sneered.

She was so assured of herself that she sounded less like a doctor and more like a VIP.

Joey snorted back, "You think I'm here to ask for your help? Ha! I want you to acknowledge the supremacy of Chinese medicine!". She slapped the X-rays back on Mary's desk and overlaid them. "See for yourself! The difference is staggering and indisputable!" she boasted. "You said I needed surgery to be healed, but my son-in-law is so above your science that he managed to remove the bulk of my tumor with just a few stabs! You and your evidence-based medicine is some hot sh*t, right? Try and remove my tumor with a few stabs, then!

"Of course, that might just make you look even more useless, I bet! You don't even know the meridian system enough to know how to do it. You are a fool who knows nothing about basic acupuncture, and yet you have the balls to laugh and scoff at Chinese medicine! You are a big, fat, stupid joke!"

Joey did not hold her punches. She was obviously delighted at the chance to rail against the doctor.

Mary said nothing, but her eyes had caught the difference Joey had mentioned. She was baffled. Mystified. She could not believe it. "That's impossible! A tumor can't disappear over a few days. Besides, at most, the only thing acupuncture does is stimulate blood flow. It doesn't kill tumors!"

Mary was stupefied. She was suddenly ashamed of mentioning evidence-based medicine and comparing it to what could have been the glory of Chinese medicine.

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The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 843 ReadOnline

Chapter 843 How to Spend All This Money Javier and Joey were about to leave when Mary suddenly threw herself at Javier's feet. "Please, sir, was it you? You're the one who helped her, right? Can you teach me how to do it? I want to learn about the magnificence of our great and glorious Chinese medicine so I can help more sick people!"

Witnessing Joey's change made Mary understand that this was medicine of the highest value. With it, she would no longer need to slave away in the hospital, where her spirit reached its limits. She could just open up her own health center, focusing on magical tumor removals and making lots of money! Every woman with a little bit of vanity would lap it up. She would be filthy rich! She could be a billionaire!

Mary did not care for the magnificence of Chinese medicine at all. Instead, she simply coveted this magical healing power. Unfortunately for her, Javier's judgment of a person's character had always been superhumanly good-even without taking into consideration how obvious the greed in her eyes was. He wrapped his arm around Joey's waist and cuddled her. "I'm not her son-in-law! I'm her boyfriend!"

Joey was baffled. She was not sure why he had said that, but her 40 years of life had honed her instinct for schemes. She immediately put on a sweet, lovestruck smile before putting her head on Javier's shoulder. They practically looked like a lovesick couple!

The fact that Javier was not Joey's super-healing son-in-law bummed Mary. She had thought he was the man she needed to see right this moment. Still, not one to be deterred so easily, Mary stepped into Joey's path and asked, "Could you please introduce your son-in-law to me, ma'am?"

Joey finally understood why Javier had suddenly pretended to be her boyfriend. Just one look at her disgusting, ingratiating face was enough to tell what was on Mary's mind. Unlike Javier, who had the patience of a saint, Joey did not mince her words. "And why would I do that, huh? You were the one who laughed at us and mocked the greatness of Chinese medicine! You loved your evidence-based medicine, didn't you?"

Ha, and now you claim you wanna help patients! Then why not introduce someone else who could be his apprentice? You just wanna make money off it while making up this grand excuse! You are vile and shameless!”

Mary’s face turned beet red. She tried to object, but nothing came out. Joey had said exactly what was on her mind! Now that her greed had been exposed, she had nothing else to say!

She really wanted to learn this, though. It would be her ticket to a life of comfort! She really needed that. Unfortunately, by the time she gave chase and arrived at the hospital gate, Joey and Javier were long gone.

Mary felt immense regret. Had she known this miraculous technique existed, she would have been humbler! Oh, if only!

The two of them were on their way back home. Joey’s mood was high, partly due to insulting Dr. Mary Maine and the general thrill of winning, but she was just as glad to know that her health was returning. As a result, she regarded Javier with adulation.

“You’re amazing, son! I didn’t know you possessed such skills and power—you’re like Clark Kent! Superman in disguise! Oh, I was thinking that...maybe you should start a health center.

I’ll pay for the starting cost, and you can keep any profit you make. That way, you’ll have a job title you can be proud of!”

A skill like Javier’s should not be squandered like that in Joey’s opinion. It would be nice to set up a health center that could capitalize on his amazing abilities and make big bucks!

Javier smiled and met her eyes. “Are we running short on money?”

Joey rolled her eyes. “Since when is money ever enough? Can’t you see that everyone is working their butts off all the time? Like, look at cars. Those who can’t afford a single vehicle envy motorcyclists. Motorcyclists envy those who can buy local cars. Local car owners envy those who can buy imported cars. Imported car owners envy those who can buy luxury cars! Greed and desire are bottomless—they are what drives progress!”

Who would have known that Joey dabbled in philosophy too? Not that Javier was in the mood for it. When the traffic signal turned red, he produced his phone and asked Joey for her bank account.

Joey thought Javier was just checking his messages, so she paid him no mind. Then, suddenly, she received a message and saw that there was now 15 million dollars in her account. She had received 14 million—from Javier Kersey to boot! She was stunned.

“How-this cannot be real. How?!” she babbled in disbelief. She did not wait for Javier to explain himself. With a quick tap, she called customer service to make sure it was real.

The transfer was legitimate and very, very real. She stared at Javier, feeling stupefied. She could not imagine how he had managed to make this much money from the shadows. It was more than the money she made at her job! She would never be able to save this much even if she forfeited basic expenditures like eating! And yet, Javier needed only the short break a red light could afford him to send so much money to her!

Joey did not know what to say. Or to be more accurate, she had so much to say that she did not know what to say first.

“Don’t tell anyone how I cured you, okay? This is between me and you. Not a word to anyone else, not even Evanna.” Javier suddenly spoke up. “It’s not...as simple as you might assume. That needle was no different from your average sewing needle, but I really can’t tell you how I did it. Remember, not a word to a soul.”

Joey blinked away her bewilderment. “Right, right! Of course, you have my word!” she said hastily, nodding. “Don’t worry. I won’t let this secret out!”

Javier believed her. She had never been the type to spill secrets.

Joey had other questions to ask, though-the kind Javier was equally unable to give answers to. “How did you manage to earn that much money, Javier? Since when are you so rich?” she asked.

Javier’s answer was simple but super bad*ss-so bad*ss, cool, and grand that Joey felt her soul rocked by the impact. “I’ll tell you when you’ve spent every last dime of that 15 million.” She had to spend 15 million for the reveal? Gosh, that was so extravagant! Did he not feel at least a tinge of pain for his wallet?!

Of course, Javier did not. “You don’t have to worry about what will happen after you spend all that money. I’ll just give you another 15 million dollars when that happens.”

Joey did not even care about the reveal anymore. She had wanted to own an Audi A7- because she really loved its aesthetic-for a really long time, but its hefty price had stopped her from making a move. But now? She had the money to get it! She was going to get it too! ..And she would still have some of that 15 million left. God, how was she even going to spend it all?! She could burn it on luxury bags and whatnot, and still she would have too much left. Sure, she could buy a luxury sports car or an expensive house in the capital, but she did not like those kinds of things.

Maybe she was never going to know Javier’s money-making secret after all.

Did it matter, though? The point was that she had the world’s greatest son-in-law. Her daughter was blessed, and she needed not worry for the couple’s future...or her own.

This alone was good news! Joey was basking in glee when, suddenly, she spied a truck hurling toward Javier's car at a high speed.

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Chapter 844 The Unmanned Dealership

The road was wide, and there were not too many cars on it, yet this truck was coming for him. No matter how Javier avoided it, the truck headed for him. It was obvious that this was a planned collision!

Javier stepped on the accelerator and brake with each foot as he steered the steering wheel abruptly.

The car drifted on the spot, making squeaks, and where the head of the car had become the end of the car. As soon as it changed its position with the drift, the end of the car was rammed into with a loud bang.

Fortunately, they were wearing their seat belts, so the collision did not cause them any actual damage. When Javier checked on Joey, he saw the panic on her face, but she nodded to let him know she was not injured.

Javier kicked the car door open and unfastened his seat belt to get out of the car, heading to the truck behind them. He had it all figured out. He was going to drag the truck driver out and to somewhere deserted before they would start talking.

He had already beaten the dog before the lion, yet a fool was still springing up for trouble. He had to see who this suicidal person was this time.

Despite that, Javier was stunned and did nothing when he saw the driver. The driver's head was bleeding, and the driver was trapped inside the deformed cabin.

These were not the most important. It was the fact that this was a female driver who was around 50 years old.

Javier had seen all sorts of assassins, but a woman assassin around the age of 50 was honestly rare to come by. That was why he could not help feeling doubtful about whether this woman was actually here to kill him.

It was just that the doubt was cast to the backseat as the priority right now was to save the woman.

The connecting rod under the steering wheel was bent and trapped the woman, so Javier sent a punch flying. The thick connecting rod actually bent to the other side from his punch, and the woman was freed from the constraint.

Javier lay her on the ground after carrying her out. Fortunately, she was not too severely injured while Joey, who was farther away, called for an ambulance.

Javier later asked the woman, "Who are you? Why are you coming for me?"

The woman looked up at Javier when he asked about it, but what she said surprised him. "I'm sorry."

Sorry? She was driving to kill him, and she was saying sorry now!?

Right after that, Javier saw the heated glare when the woman looked at Joey. He understood then that the one the woman had wanted to kill should be Joey instead.

As expected, the woman lashed out. "You b*tch! You seduced my husband! Why aren't you dead yet!?"

Joey was befuddled by the woman right as she ended the call. "I didn't! When did I seduce your husband?"

Javier was leaning toward believing Joey on this. Until now, Joey had only kept a relationship with Wilson other than her husband and that relationship was only recently developed. She was accused of seducing someone else's husband? It was simply impossible. Yet, the woman was certain that Joey had done so. "What? Do you dare say you have no business with that jerk, Wilson Jolley!?"

Joey's eyes widened at that. She could not believe that the woman would bring Wilson up. From what she knew, Wilson was a widower!

It was just that when she mentioned it, the woman wailed and told her about her sad past.

Wilson had indeed lost his wife. However, after becoming a widower, he kept in touch with this woman while he was pursuing Joey. It was not true love or anything. He had simply had too much to drink during a business talk and slept with the woman.

It should not have been an issue since they were all adults, but the issue was that the woman was married. To secure her reputation, the woman divorced her husband and got together with Wilson.

As for what she had in mind, no one knew. Anyway, Wilson did marry her. By the look of things now, though, Wilson was insincere in the marriage since he was also pursuing Joey.

Joey glowered after listening to her. "Wilson Jolley, that son of ab*tch! A jerk like him should be killed! "If he had told me the truth, I wouldn't be together with him at all, and I wouldn't have let him hurt you.

"But he's lying to me and hurting you at the same time. This is unacceptable!"

Joey was furious. She had been taking care of her reputation for years just so others would not gossip about her. Wilson's effort and sincerity had ultimately moved her, though, so she got together with him.

It felt ironic that they had just gotten together, and then she discovered that he was a jerk. How could Joey not fume in this situation?

She wanted nothing more than to pick up a high-pressure hose and wash herself clean, spraying away all traces of Wilson on her lest she was repulsed by it!

When the woman realized that Joey was also a victim, she apologized to her and resented Wilson. It never occurred to her that Wilson was such a liar that he had not been truthful to anyone.

Javier was rendered speechless as he watched the two huffing women in front of him. He decided then and there that he was not getting involved. There was hardly anything right or wrong in romance. Why should he interfere?

When the ambulance arrived, he asked Joey to leave. Despite that, Joey was kind enough to go into the ambulance with the woman to take care of her in the hospital. Her kindness tore the

woman up as she did not even know what to say to Joey.

Javier watched the ambulance leave with Joey and the woman before glancing at the smashed car. He shook his head helplessly. There was no way the car could be salvaged. It would be metal scraps anyway.

That made him hail a cab to the nearest dealership. It was not some luxury brand but the brand he had founded-Chinean.

Javier did not even have to study the model when he came to the dealership as he had personally participated in the vehicles' research, design, and test drive. Thinking he was more used to SUVs, he picked the hydrogen-fueled SUV that cost 28 thousand dollars. Although he had chosen the car, there was no salesperson. He had not seen any of them since he stepped into the shop. What the f*ck? Had Chinean Cars already made such advanced progress that they were being sold in an unmanned dealership?

That was obviously not the case. It was true that there was no one, but the unmanned dealership was only a fantasy. Javier headed to the office directly at the back of the

shop when he called out twice and received no response. He was going to see what the shop was doing that it dared sell the cars so pompously. He made it to the back, passed by the first office, and heard the conversation inside. "Angela Jupp, you can't be like this. You can't fail to sell even a car for two consecutive months.

"Look at you. The first month was probation, and you didn't sell anything. You passed probation the second month and still haven't sold anything. You've got to know that we're selling Chinese cars, the best-selling cars in the market. How could you possibly fail to sell even one?"

Javier was also curious. Chinese cars recorded such high sales. How could the girl not be able to sell even one for two months? He then received an infuriating answer from the salesperson named Angela Jupp.

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 845 ReadOnline

Chapter 845 I'll Grovel to You Now There were two people in the office. One was the salesperson, Angela, and the other was easily the sales manager.

What Angela said made Javier's blood boil.

She said, "Mr. Davey, you're talking about sales with me now, but what kind of time did you set for me to meet the customers? 8:00-8:30 a.m. and 6:00-6:30 p.m.

"Have you seen anyone who's here to buy a car just as we start working or anyone who's here at 6:00 p.m.?"

"Don't think I don't know what you're up to? Just because Chinese cars make good sales easily, you bully the employees in the dealership only to realize that they all have some sort of support, so you end up picking on me.

"I'll have you know that I, Angela Jupp, would rather quit this job than let you have your way!"

Angela shoved the door open in rage with that. She was surprised when she saw Javier, not knowing why he was out there, but she still left angrily.

The sales manager, Hogan Davey, smirked, not at all embarrassed that Angela had exposed him. He was even in a good enough mood to ask Javier, "What do you want? Buying a car?"

"F*ck you," Javier retorted and upset Hogan straight away. Still, he did not give him any chance to speak more as he went back out to the shop. To a certain extent, Javier

thought that Angela could be considered his employee too, and he was not about to watch her suffer such a grievance. He caught up to her and asked for her contact.

Angela was confused as to why Javier wanted her contact number. Was he trying to flirt with her?

It was not that Angela was overthinking. She was pretty and hot, and her white blouse and black tights left a little to one's imagination.

Despite that, this was not why Javier approached her.

"I'm a surveyor of Chinese cars to find out more about the market. I was puzzled when I came to the shop and didn't see any salesperson, so I thought to check at the back only to overhear your conversation. I'm seething due to that Mr. Davey. "So I need your contact number. If it's necessary, the headquarters will send someone to fetch you for investigation.

"Certainly, we'll give you the fairest treatment upon investigation." Angela's eyes brightened up with Javier's easy bluff, but she waved in dismissal ultimately.

"Forget it. It's useless. Hogan Davey's brother-in-law is the regional manager of Chinese cars and takes Hogan's side. Otherwise, Hogan would have been fired a long time ago. He wouldn't be here to keep his acts up.

"You have no idea. The sales in other 4S shops are shooting up, and they don't even have enough cars to sell, but this dealership is as good as dead. Why? It's because Hogan doesn't

even care about it. All he thinks of is picking up women.

"Just last time, a female customer was here to browse the cars, and he harassed her to the point she called the police, and they almost took him away. His brother-in-law pulled some strings in the end and bailed him out.

"What's the point, though? He's still the sales manager now."

Javier did not expect a man like Hogan to be so brazen. The world might be too much, but Javier absolutely disallowed such audacity within the Chinese brand, at least!

Unreasonable? Hah, this was his special right. He was the only one who could be unreasonable when it came to Chinese cars!

Javier clenched his fists before telling Angela, "Just leave me your contact. Even your email is fine if you're worried. I believe that the higher-ups of Chinese cars will give you a satisfactory answer."

In the end, Angela gave Javier her number, albeit skeptically.

She would just admit defeat if he was actually trying to flirt. After all, many customers had already asked for her contact number with the excuse of looking for cars only to keep talking to her about things irrelevant to cars. It would just be another jerk to block.

Javier bid goodbye to Angela after they exchanged numbers. He went off to the side of the road and called Trevor while he tried to hail a cab.

Trevor's eager voice rang after the call was connected. "Boss, what makes you call me?"

Javier had no time for an idle chat with Trevor, so he told the latter about his encounter today.

Trevor was furious. He had been sabotaged by people like Hogan back when he was in another department, so there was no way he could accept it when someone like this existed under him. Aside from his rage, he had also realized his shortcoming in management.

"Don't worry, Mr. Kersey. I'll resign if I fail to give you a satisfactory answer within half an hour!"

"Why do I need an answer from you? Am I the one buying all the Chinese cars? I want you to give the customers and all the lower-level employees a satisfactory answer!"

Angela drove past coincidentally when Javier admonished Trevor. Her eyes glowed when she heard what he said.

Although she had no idea who he was calling, his attitude when he spoke was evident that his position as the surveyor was not low. It could even be higher than the regional manager. Otherwise, he would not have been so calm like he could care less about the man when she mentioned that Hogan's brother-in-law was the regional manager.

Hence, Angela waved at Javier, who had ended his phone call. "Where are you going? I can send you!"

Since Javier could not get a cab, he took up the offer. He checked the time and realized that it was dinner time soon, so he booked a restaurant and asked Angela to dine with him.

"Don't worry. I'm not trying to pick you up. I just wanted to know more."

"Even if it's to pick me up, you'll have to be able to do it first, no?"

Now

Angela's amused grin was charismatic as it showed off her exuberance.

It was just that Javier was more concerned with trivial issues like these in Chinese cars. Now that the big picture was fixed and the brand took the highest sales, he disliked it when the problem cropped up in the form of minor issues like this.

What he wanted was to perfect what he did. It would be useless when the exterior was fine and dandy, but the inside was already rotten! That night, Javier and Angela went to a restaurant and talked there. It was worthy of being mentioned that Javier had gained a lot. The information he received was the most real coming from a low-level worker like Angela. He got to know about many skeletons in the closet that he could not have seen from the height he was at previously.

Angela had also sensed Javier's uniqueness from his manner of conduct, his perspective on the Chinese brand, and more. Toward the end, she assuredly claimed, "No, you're not a surveyor. At least you aren't a full-time one. Come clean now. What's your position in Chinese cars?" Full-time meant that he would be just a regular worker.

Javier chuckled. "A high position, so high that I could flick the regional manager off.

"So you'd better grovel to me. I might just give you the biggest benefit after you do that." Angela giggled, revealing the charming dimples on her cheeks. "Sure, I'll grovel to you right now!"

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