

Apex Chapter 501

Chapter 501 My Cigarette Isn't Poisoned

The matter was kind of interesting. The middle-aged man was obviously after Javier as he had even used the latter's name on purpose.

Upon hearing Loretta say that the middle-aged man was named Javier, Herschel could not help feeling amused about it as he stood behind them. His glee confused Loretta, as she had no idea what was going on. Javier waved his hand in explanation. "It's nothing. It's different from what we know. He's using a fake name. As for his real name, you don't have to know it. I'll send people here to guarantee your safety. What you need to do now is describe his looks, the detailed location of each of your meetings, his contact number, and everything else. I need to confirm if it's the same person."

Loretta agreed at once and was totally cooperative. She was honestly frightened of the middle-aged man now. He had killed Tony, and now he was after her. What a brutal, savage man! After handing Loretta over to Herschel, Javier left the underground wine cellar. That night, Herschel managed to secure Javier's impersonator's description and contact number.

The contact number could be forgotten, as it would definitely be tossed after the deed was done. It would be unrealistic to wish to find out more things through the number. Reality proved that to be true. Herschel had asked for the number to be looked into, only to find that it was unregistered and that its previous call history had been deleted.

How a person looked, however, could not be changed. Javier resorted to his connections and made a facial comparison in the intranet system. Shortly, photos of about a dozen suspects were produced.

The photos were given to Loretta with the excuse of distinguishing the real culprit, and the woman immediately pointed out a person named Janek Willcox. "That's him! He's Javier!"

Goodness, Javier? The fake name had already found a home in Loretta's head!

Javier collected Janek's photo and returned to the country with Running Man and Herschel. Loretta panicked when she saw them leaving. "What about me? What do I do? You guys said that you were protecting me!"

Javier nodded, "Of course. I asked the police in the area to come and protect you in secret. They'll take you to the plane the next morning and keep you company until you arrive in the country."

Loretta heaved a long sigh of relief upon hearing that the police would protect her. "Go ahead then. I should be resting now too." Loretta saw Javier and the others off and lay in bed casually, thinking she was finally safe. However, the next morning, she was woken up by a foreigner who invaded the wine cellar. Woken up, as in jostled awake...

Loretta was baffled. "Who are you? Where are the police? Get out! Get out right now!"

She struggled to shove the foreigner off of her, but her effort was in vain because he was a big, burly foreign man. Amidst her struggle, the man took advantage of her completely.

When it all ended, Loretta realized that there were no police. Javier and the men had just taken her to a nondescript wine cellar without any protection around.

She fumed at the realization and wanted to question Interpol, but there was no Interpol. She did not even know their names...

As Javier returned to the country, he went over to Janek's right after getting out of the plane and being led away by GTR.

Janek seemed to have something to do still as he was still in the city. According to GTR's investigation, Janek had men with him and 30 automatic rifles. That did not sound like much,, but it was still intimidating when people were armed with those rifles. Basically, the military

guards at the front of the camp would not even have over 30 automatic rifles there.

With how stringent the country was with such laws, having over 30 automatic rifles was having weapons that could cause massive destruction. What was Janek trying to do when he had so many rifles?

Javier was unable to guess, but he did not need to figure it out either. He just had to get his hands on Janek.'

That night, Herschel, Running Man, and GTR stalked their way in under Javier's appointment. To these veterans who were used to the battlefield, abducting a person was nothing challenging.

It turned out to be true as Herschel threw a large gunny sack in front of Javier, who was leisurely smoking in the room. The sack was loosened the next moment and Janek, whose mouth was muffled, stuck a head out.

He had looked menacing when he glanced at Herschel, Running Man, and GTR, but he withered the moment he saw Javier. It was like a blown-up tiger that looked cool, deflating instantly.

As Javier's impersonator, how could Janek not know who Javier was or what he looked like? He sat weakly on the floor once he saw Javier and told him, "I'm going to be dead anyway. I'm not asking you to let me go, but can I have a cigarette?"

Javier ignored Janek, but Herschel misunderstood that as a silent agreement from his boss, so he passed Janek a cigarette and lit it up for him. It was not like it would do any damage. It was just one stick of cigarette. It did not matter. Let him smoke if he wanted to!

Despite that, Janek had only taken two puffs before he vomited blood and died on the spot. There was no point resuscitating him.

Javier was bewildered. He did not even get to ask anything, and the man died? Herschel was ryen more summoxed.

"B Boss, iny cigarette isn't poisoned. It's not poisonous!" He lit one up personally and took a few earnest puffs to prove that his cigarettes were really

harmless.

At that point, GTR spoke up. "I think I've read in some magazines that some people put poison in dental crowns. Once they bite that open during a critical juncture, the poison will leak and kill the person. To prevent accidents, though, they'll need a catalyst. Only with the catalyst will that ingredient become a lethal poison. "Should the nicotine in the cigarette be the catalyst then?"

Javier had vaguely heard of something similar but did not expect that to happen in reality. Herschel swung a hand on the back of GTR's head. "Then why didn't you tell me earlier?!" GTR felt wronged. "How would I know he was going for this by asking for the cigarette?" Herschel was going to say more, but Javier waved in dismissal. "Forget it. No one could expect this. That's all! "What's important now is his men. He's dead now, so those people under him will be useless. Since the Whites are fighting to be pioneers everywhere, let's discreetly let them catch wind of this opportunity then."

With the boss dead, the lackeys would not know what to do. Despite that, they had guns. Triggering a gunfight would definitely attract the police's attention. Although Javier was not scared of it, it would always be better to cause less trouble. Moreover, the Whites were eager to work. He would give them the chance to let them wipe out the underlings. Javier was happy to let others do things that would benefit no one and offend someone.

His intentional orchestration managed to let the Whites obtain the news. When the latter heard that Javier was getting his people ready to attack, they panicked and instantly sent their men to work

In the end, they managed to wipe the force down before Javier could do it. It was also then they realized that Javier had long abducted the informed head of the pack. They had merely become the scapegoat and the offense's object without getting any benefit out of it. Javier was a sly man!