

Apex Chapter 522

Chapter 522

Please Be Mindful of Your Conduct

Fortunately, despite any suspicions Renly might have, he did not act on them. Javier and Jade boarded safely, and the plane took off. As it soared into the clouds, far from the ground, Jade murmured, "If May-May ever recovered from her intellectual regression, 1....don't think I would know how to face her again!"

Javier, though, thought his anxiety was overblown. By the time Maya recovered, all they'd need to do was make their little game an actual "sport" —

Of course, of course! That was the kind of thing a man could think about and dream about doing in the future but was definitely not meant to say it aloud right now. So, Javier sealed his lips, ensuring that he was not going to join this conversation.

Thankfully, Jade herself found the topic too awkward to continue, so she abandoned it.

The plane they were boarding was the Whites' modest private jet, so it was unauthorized to fly internationally. Since the Kerseys' large private jet had been destroyed in the explosion, the two had to switch to a commercial international flight after the private jet landed at a sanctioned airport. They were then transferred to a domestic plane flying to Clouston, where the Reivaj Group headquarters was. Javier had skipped returning to Lustmord. What had happened to the Whites' residence must have set off an alarm in the old fox, and the island's security must have been fortified by this point. Lustmord's defense would be bolstered, so there would be nothing to be concerned about. Javier's presence had therefore become unnecessary.

The plane the couple boarded had six seats split in groups of three, divided neatly by the aisle in the middle. Jade and Javier sat next to each other, along with a middle-aged stranger with a mop of slick-back hair.

The stranger had been ogling at Jade since she had boarded the plane, and his gaze only intensified after he located their respective seats. It was obvious that Jade's alluring beauty and figure had ignited flames in his loins.

Javier would never let such a thing come to pass. He quickly moved Jade to the window seat, while he sat in between her and the stranger, blocking the latter's view.

As it turned out, however, Javier had underestimated the middle-aged man's covetous nature. He peeked his head out and waved at Jade despite the fact that Javier was blocking him. "Hello, beautiful! I'm Benedict Hiddleston. Yep, Benedict—same first name as the famous actor, and Hiddleston, like the surname of that other incredibly popular foreign actor," the stranger said, his lips curling into the most winning smile he could fake. He really believed he was marvelous at making a good impression. "Now, despite my name being a combination of two foreign superstars, I'm most at home where I am, on beloved Chinese soil...Of course, I have traveled overseas to study and work abroad sometimes!"

For all his effort, Jade ignored him and turned pointedly to the window. It was an action anyone could understand: She was not interested.

Most people with a basic sense of self-respect would have taken this blunt rejection as a cue to let the entire conversation slide, but Benedict Hiddleston was certainly not most people. He was clearly not familiar with the concept of embarrassment.

He actually patted Javier's shoulder before declaring, "You. Swap seats with me, bro. I'm taking the middle seat."

Javier laughed. "Excuse me? Why on Earth would I do that? This is the seat I booked, man!" "Do I look like I give a d*mn? Get your *ss up, man. Move it!"

Considering that he was a man in his forties, Benedict's 20-year-old, thug-like cockiness was genuinely surprising. Still, Javier yanked him back into his seat without leaving his own, retorting, "Come on, man. Just sit down and chill. You're gonna look like a doofus if you end up crouching next to the aisle. People are gonna wonder if you're peeing in public." His irreverent attitude immediately lit Benedict's fuse. But before he could react, he felt his arms being clamped down by an unknown weight. Pain flared in him in protest, but he could not wriggle out no matter how hard he tried. .

Benedict realized he might have picked the wrong guy to bully, but if his foe was a tough guy, well, so was Benedict. "Get your hands off me, punk, or you'll be crawling out of this airport after I'm done with you. You wanna bet?"

Javier was skeptical of his oh-so-scary threat. "By all means, give it a try," he sneered, his leer rife with sardonic provocation borne out of indifference. There was no way this Benedict fella could possibly harm a hair on Javier's head, let alone make him crawl!

His arm was still in an unbreakable hold, and his opponent was mocking him with unbearable defiance, making Benedict's frustration soar. "One last chance, punk! Get your hands off me!"

Javier was done listening to his orders. He cinched his hold on Benedict's arm instead.

The older man grimaced in agony. Hoping to lessen the pain by yielding in the direction of Javier's force, he slid down his seat and crouched, realizing belatedly that he had done exactly what Javier had said he would.

Humiliation hit him like a truck. Shamed into rage, he opened his mouth, ready to bluster. Before he could make any noise, though, a shapely air stewardess clad in black silk stockings passed by. Upon noticing him, she asked in concern, "Are you alright, sir?" Benedict hardly had the time to reply when Javier butted in. "Oh, he's fine. We made a bet. He said he would dare pee on the airplane floor for a nickel, and of course, I doubted it. I mean, who would do something so undignified for a nickel, right? But here we are—he is really going through with this, miss. And he didn't take off his pants either.

"Would you get a look at this guy? Can't believe anyone would dare pull a stunt like that for a goddamn nickel. Have you no shame, man?" It was a pile of hogwash, but Javier was committed to the bit enough that even the stewardess was a little embarrassed. What kind of grown man would think it was remotely appropriate to pee in public like this? Either a dirty pig or a debauched thug, that was who! The seat before Benedict provided a convenient shield against Javier's involvement, so the stewardess bought the latter's explanation and put on her best, most polite smile. "Sir, with all due respect, the cabin is a public space. Please be mindful of your conduct." Benedict felt both enraged and embarrassed. "I wasn't

trying to do whatever the f*ck he said! I never said anything about peeing on the floor—" "Nope, crapping on the floor is prohibited too." Javier interrupted. "This is a public space!"

Benedict was apoplectic. He wanted to get to his feet, but his arm was still very compromised.

Then, all of a sudden, he felt his arm being released.

"Enough already, man. You really want that nickel, right? I'll give you a dollar just so you can stop making things hard for our air stewardess here," Javier intoned as he fished out a dollar and handed it to him with the grace of a generous benefactor. Benedict leaped to his feet. He was turning red by now. Before he could reply, though, the stewardess tried to appease him. "Please take a seat and buckle up, sir. For your safety. The plane is about to take off."

Fury consumed Benedict. "Oh, f*ck off!" he suddenly thundered to the young woman's surprise. "You have to be blind! This piece of sh*t was holding my arm, and you didn't see sh* t!"

Her shock was short-lived. Professionalism soon made her put a polite smile back on her face. "Sir, please watch your language and conduct. Should you find my service lacking, you're allowed to address the issue with the chief steward. My name is—" "Service, my *ss!" Benedict bristled. "If you wanna talk about service, then how about you get down on your knees and take some of this heat off me, huh? Then maybe I'll rate your f*cking service!"

Professionalism did not equal consent to unlawful behavior. The young woman waved at one of her male colleagues, declaring, "This passenger's language and behavior are obscene and concerning. Please contact security." A steward's role on the crew often extended beyond serving male passengers. In a bind, they could serve as security on a flight, which was why, before Benedict could get violent, the steward in question tackled him and pulled him down to the floor.

As he found himself knocked down to the floor, Benedict heard Javier's fake concern. "Tired already, doofus?"