

## Apex Chapter 529

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Play Stupid Games, Win Stupid Prizes The Nebula Design Inc.'s reception lady was actually here at his residence. It surprised Javier, He could not wrap his head around how she had found out that he lived here.

After approaching her and studying her alluring body, Javier asked, "How did you find your way here?"

The reception lady answered, "Mr. Kersey, you're famous. The chairman of Reivaj Group. It isn't hard to find you."

Speaking of which, that was also correct. Javier's residence had never been kept confidential One could honestly find him easily if they wanted to. Hence, he asked again, "What do you want coming here this late at night and dressed up so sexily?"

A breeze lifted the black lace on the woman and offered a peek at the temptation lying inside. She was quite a treat.

She answered sultrily, "I just want you to help me, Mr. Kersey. I haven't felt real happiness as a woman. I am troubled every time Clark forces himself on him. I don't feel anything, and it ends.

"After experiencing your greatness today, I think...you'll definitely be able to fulfill this tiny wish of mine."

Coupled with her coquettish expression, what she said felt even more bewitching. It was easily distracting Javier watched her with a beam. "Really?"

"Really." The reception lady nodded.

"But I told you earlier. When you don't hold on to the chance before you, it won't come back again once it disappears. Isn't it too late for you to come to me now?"

The reception lady answered Javier's mocking question shyly, "Good things are worth the wait."

That was new to Javier. He was not expecting the saying to be used in such circumstances as well, but he could not help asking, "Are you said good things, though?"

The question flustered the reception lady as she fumbled to answer it. If it were based solely on her face and figure, she would be confident that she was "good things". If her chastity were brought into the discussion, however...well, that would be awkward.

Despite that, she was smart, answering the question with her body instead. She was a siren to behold with a sway of hips and a sultry look with her coy, hazy gaze.

Unfortunately, Javier stood firm on not taking any bait, so it was useless no matter what she did.

"Go home. It's late. Wash up and go to bed."

Javier turned away from the temptation, and that made the reception lady panic. She had already openly offended Clark and had even “made” him a necklace out of rage using the LCD monitor. She would be done for if she did not hold on tight to Javier now.

Before Javier could go far, she threw herself at him swiftly and hugged him from the back. “Please, I don’t mind being your mistress. I won’t ask for more. Just keep me around, okay?”

It was undeniable that the soft, warm mounds behind him felt comfortable, but the problem was that Javier was no longer interested in her now. It felt like a tidal wave—once the moment passed, the interest waned.

In conclusion, Javier had zero interest in her.

He pushed the reception lady away without any hesitation. “You don’t feel like it when I do, and now that you do, I don’t anymore. I’ve given you the chance. Don’t blame others when you don’t seize the opportunity.” Ignoring the anonymous reception lady, Javier strode away. When he was about ten meters away, however, a shout brimming with threat came from behind him.

“I know that your wife stays here too. If you don’t give me the chance, I’ll tell her what happened today!”

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The corners of Javier’s lips ticked up. He turned to look at the determined reception lady.

“Do you know that you have to pay the price for threatening me?”

The reception lady did not answer that directly but continued to plead with him. “I don’t want much. I’m willing to sell my body to you. I just want a comfortable life. Just a few hundred thousand dollars is enough. It’s only a drop in the ocean to you, isn’t it?”

Yes, a few hundred thousand dollars was merely a drop in the ocean to Javier, but a regular person could never be able to earn despite their entire life—not even over several generations of people.

This reception lady here was asking that much just to open up her legs. “It’s not like your legs shine on their own. What’s the meaning of this daylight robbery?”

Javier was curt and sarcastic.

Based on Javier’s current attitude, the reception lady knew there would be no hope if she played the submissive role. She took a deep breath and plucked her courage before she lifted a finger at Javier.

“I don’t want much. Give me 150 thousand dollars, and we consider this done. I promise I won’t come to you again!”

Watching her pretty face, Javier felt a little pity and advised her sincerely, “I suggest you take back what you said because you’re pretty. It’s not hard for you to find and marry a man with 100 thousand dollars of net worth in the future. Don’t play stupid games. Remember what the Internet always says, ‘Play stupid games, win stupid prizes!’”

In spite of it, it was like the reception lady was in a trance. She shook her head vehemently that her long hair swished.

"I don't care, and I don't want to waste time with you. I want 150 thousand dollars!" Javier gave her one last chance. "You're not regretting this?"

"I want 150 thousand dollars!" The reception lady did not care for the last chance given to her.

Sometimes, people were said to be possessed by ghosts. From what Javier saw, this woman was possessed by money. There was no way to pull her out of it. Thus, he turned away in the next moment and ignored her completely.

It was as if the reception lady lost her mind as she watched him leave again.

"Why? It's nothing for you to fork out 150 thousand dollars! Why aren't you willing to give it to me? Why must you force me to threaten you? You miser! Grandet!" She was quite knowledgeable. She even knew about Grandet, the fictional character who was the richest but also the stingiest. Too bad...she knew what she should not have known but did not know what she should have known-just like how she heard a noise behind her but was hit unconscious before she could see what it was upon turning around.

Herschel, who had gotten a can of beer somewhere, held the unconscious reception lady with his left hand and poured the beer on her with his right. This way, others would think that the woman was drunk, thoroughly out of it, and no one would care. "Boss, what do you want me to do with this woman?"

Javier waved his hand without even looking back. "Whatever you want."

He was not about to care about a woman who was invested in playing stupid games. As for how she would end up, it depended on Herschel's mood.

Returning to his place, Javier could not help feeling the urge when he saw Jade's change of clothes and underwear in the bedroom...