

## Chapter 469 Like a Demigod

Any quips aside, the two of them managed to display an abundant air of pomp and circumstance the moment they entered the hotel's regal hall and saw its romantic-era classical architecture.

Suzanne's beauty quickly attracted attention. Her deep-V cleavage and porcelain skin provided a stark, seductive backdrop against the half-transparent lace covering the slit between her breasts. Her equally fair and delicate features only seemed even more entrancing in combination with her outfit for the evening.

If a person's beauty were to be measured by how many heads turned in their presence and how many eyes gawked, then Suzanne had to be the most beautiful woman in the entire hall tonight.

Even Adolf, who had already seen her earlier today, approached them with admiration in his eyes. "My honorable madam, what a startling beauty you are this evening! You must be a rose fallen from heaven, a bloom personally tended in God's kingdom! There's no other explanation for the existence of a beauty such as yourself in my honest opinion."

Javier was a little stunned. Who knew this old, straightforward bloke had a hidden glib tongue, hmm? Really, "God's kingdom"? Why not Satan's lost paradise too, if he was going to be all biblical about it?

Just as Javier was thinking it, a lone mocking voice ruined the mood. "Au contraire, she cut a flower from the Devil's lost paradise in my honest opinion!"

Javier was nonplussed. Who had read his mind and unironically made the exact same comparison? He turned in the direction of the voice and saw a man about his age, though his fashion sense was obviously a lot more... flamboyant.

Despite his angular features, the man had put on bold strokes of make-up on his face and was decked in a lacy fabric all over. The fabric did a shoddy job of obscuring the nipple patches on his chest, which utterly shook Javier's sensibilities. Javier could not understand why a man would stick nipple patches on himself like that. Who was he trying to charm?

Javier's eyes did not stop there. They ambled down to reveal something even more shocking: The young man was wearing black silk stockings and open-toed high heels that revealed his pink pedicure

Javier could not bear to look beyond that. If he looked any more, the culture shock might make him throw up. It would be very embarrassing if he threw up on the young man too.

The flamboyant young man was, however, not self-conscious at all. He strode toward Suzanne, adding, "Now, beautiful. Before you think I was being unkind...I wasn't. I don't give a hoot about what most people think. I personally believe a lone blossom in a field of tragedy has its own beauty and passion, unrivaled by boring, cliché, feel-good gardens. There's an inherent preciousness to it; a symbol of purity and resilience baptized by the unfortunate tragedies of the human condition. After all, we all have a devil in us, don't we? "You, my dear, are so beautiful that you make one covet. You entice us with your lonesome grace and you make us wanna lie on you and get intoxicated by the fragrance off every inch of your skin..."

He just kept going. He continued showering her with questionable compliments that sounded suspiciously backhanded, his face contorting into an uncanny smile that just disquieted the onlookers.

Had Javier not been worried about dirtying his knuckles with the young man's make – up, he would have thrown a punch and knocked him out right there and then.

At that moment, Suzanne took the words right out of Javier's mouth. "You're disgusting!"

The young man stopped dead in his tracks before chuckling to himself, his slender fingers cupping around his black tinted lips. "Oh my. How disappointing. I thought I was looking at a beautiful soul, but it turns out you're as far from that as a woman could be. You're no different from the mass and just as polluted by judgment. Maybe I should cleanse those awful thoughts off you tonight, yes?"

It was the tone and the word choice that showed how lecherous his intention was. The "cleanse" thing he mentioned was too obvious a dog whistle for an act despised and unwelcomed anywhere around the globe.

At the very least, Suanne was unwilling, while Javier was completely against it.

It was at that moment that Adolf stepped in with an appeasing smile, nodding while giving hints that he was eager to please. "Mr. Hachison, this lady is Mr. Kersey's friend. And Mr. Kersey, you see, is my esteemed guest and client for the night. He's—"

Splash!

Wine as crystal-clear as blood drenched the back of the older man's head. The young man had poured the content of his wine cup with the same grin on his lips, his face terrifyingly expressing no sign of anger. His eyes, however, had pivoted from Suzanne to Javier. "Kersey, huh? Lemme guess. Rich as f\*ck?" Javier said nothing. Instead, he answered the offender with a death glare while holding the stem of his wine glass between his fingers and waiting.

The young man did not seem to need any confirmation anyway. "I hate that name the most, especially when he happens to be filthy-rich. You wanna know why?" he asked before continuing. "Because I'm a proud Hachison!"

While unfazed, Javier quietly stepped in front of Suzanne and shielded her consciously. The way this guy had phrased it made Javier suspect that he might have known exactly which Kerseys Javier belonged to, which meant all of his hostility had been deliberate and directed at

him

Javier was wrong, as the young man admitted, "I can't express how much I hate you in words, but I can definitely express it some other ways. Sorry, but you're a Kersey and that's just how it is with me. Sucks to be you." After his smug monologue, he asked, "Do you know who I am, by the way?" Javier had no idea, but he was sure he had to be one of Xion's loyalists. A scumbag like him could never be loyal to Mei. It was somewhat surprising to know that despite how long ago Mei had taken up the mantle of the family leader, there were still vestiges of Xion's sickness left in that family.

Still not content to give Javier a chance to speak, the young man played with his pink manicured nails. "Hmm, you don't look like you know. Not surprised, really. You're just a

lowlife. Why would you know? "But I'm happy to tell you who I am! You're gonna be so dead and you don't even know it, but it's fine. Do remember who to haunt when you turn into a ghost, okay? It's

George Hachison, man. Remember this name and don't haunt the wrong person!" He gave them another one of his wide, disgusting grins. He was genuinely pleased with himself.

Nearby, Adolf pressed his hand against his throbbing forehead. The bouncers in charge of maintaining order had already arrived as soon as the commotion had started, but Adolf held up his other hand and stopped them.

He had heard of the Hachisons before. They were said to be the most powerful family in the entire country of Yuzuia. The family held so much power that they were the de facto imperial family. That was more or less enough reason to make offending this George Hachison a terrible idea.

He would rather lose a client as wealthy and rare as Javier than cross George, not when the latter was like a demigod amongst mortals. Now that Javier had crossed a guy like that, Adolf was sure that he was doomed. He found this turn of events incredibly lamentable. Javier was his golden goose, for crying out loud!

Adolf could not help but resent George. Of all the times he could have come, he had to choose this evening. He had to attend this soiree without an explicit invitation from Adolf himself at that! This disquieting pest! As Adolf began to hurl expletives at George from the safety of his mind, the latter made his way to Javier. He reached out toward him, striking Javier's cheek with his diamond-studded nail.

Javier would not allow it. He swiped a napkin from one of the waitresses just in time to lasso it around George's extended finger. "Let's make a bet. Think I'll snap your finger?"

George snickered fearlessly. "Sure, tough guy. Snap it if you dare, and I'll twist your top half 180 degrees myself. You wanna bet on that?" he retorted mockingly.

No sooner had he said that than he let out a blood-curdling scream.

Just a second before that, everyone heard an unmistakable "crack!" come from the napkin. The tip of George's finger had just been snapped.