

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 806 ReadOnline

Chapter 806 Why Don't We Stop? After a few exchanges, Javier had forced curse words out of Uri, and the latter's grace and elegance had disappeared in the blink of an eye. Even Wilson could not help questioning if the guy was an actual master, as he did not look quite convincing. Just as Javier was about to keep questioning Uri, Jared came over. He nodded at Wilson in greeting and frowned at Javier.

"Javier, this is not the place to joke. The master is noble in status. You mustn't doubt or insult him." He then bowed at Uri. "Master Copeland, Javier doesn't know any better. Please look past this." Uri waved a hand loftily. "It's fine, it's fine. If one has to be blamed, I'm to be blamed for lacking in skills. I can't blame others for doubting me." The back and forth between the two men ended with Javier being accused of being insensible and Uri getting a reputation for being humble. Jared then scanned the others and said, "I, Jared Griffin, personally visited the Arcadian Order and prayed there on my knees for three hours before I got to ask Master Copeland to come with me to eradicate this strange occurrence. "If it weren't for Master Copeland just now, all of us might have already been killed by the evil spirit.

"I hope you don't misunderstand Master Copeland or doubt his status. He must be anxious as well. He must have felt bad about not exorcising the evil spirit, then mistaking Javier's unintentional skepticism for humiliation, thus lashing out." Uri took a deep breath and took off his hat to bow before Javier. "I lost my cool just now. Even though what Mr. Griffin said is the truth, I just lost my cool. I apologize." Uri bowed and put his hat back on before bowing at Jared with a bitter smile. "Mr. Griffin, don't be mad. It was my mistake. This young man is not to be blamed. I'm not trained adequately, and me forcing myself nearly cost everyone's life. It's my fault. I shall return to the mountain for self-reflection and improve my skills. Goodbye!"

Uri bowed again before everyone. "Goodbye, gentlemen!"

He hoisted his wooden sword and left without looking back. It seemed as if he had been hurt by Javier's skepticism, and his tone sounded insulted. Jared tried asking Uri to stay, but it was in vain. He ultimately walked back to Javier resentfully. "Javier, can you act more mature? Can't you judge the situation before you crack a joke?! "I thought that you'd turn more sensible and motivated after marrying Evanna because you love her, but what you did today let me down. That's Master Copeland from the Arcadian Order. How could you treat him like that?"

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"How could I be at peace leaving Evanna's happiness to you when you'll just throw a tantrum and make a fuss like a child?!"

“Sigh!”

Jared shook his head with a sigh and hurried away to chase after Uri.

The bosses who were watching started mocking after Jared left. “That piece of trash did step over the line. Mr. Griffin personally went to the Arcadian Order to invite the master, yet he doubted the master’s status as if he knew any better. He’s asking to be beaten up! It’s a pity Mr. Griffin and Evanna will end up that way now. They’d make such a good match!” “Trash will always be trash. He’s still trash after marrying into the Dennisons. He’s still trash even though Joey put him in contact with Wilson!” “Oh, he’s the good-for-nothing son-in-law of the Dennisons? No wonder. I was just thinking who this blind dude trying to pick a fight here is. I understand now. He’s a piece of trash with trashy ways. It’s normal. Mr. Griffin’s a real gentleman for staying so nice and open...”

While the crowd sighed over Jared’s excellence and mocked Javier for being a good-for-nothing, they acted like they were all high and mighty.

To Javier, though, all of them were fools. They had no idea how Jared had played them. The situation was obvious. Jared and Uri were obviously a gang and had been putting up an act. Jared had first cleared Uri’s name for cursing and “advised” Javier kindly, earning the name of a gentleman in the end. Would he really believe in something as ridiculous as an evil spirit being around for thousands of years when his brain worked so well?

There was nothing wrong with the energy field there. The only thing that stood out was man made trouble. Javier was completely convinced that Jared had dug the trap himself to bury all the arrogant fools there.

As the men left, Wilson patted Javier’s shoulder. “Javier, look at you. The man’s a master from the Arcadian Order, and Jared invited him personally. Why’d you doubt him? He’s an expert at what you do. Aren’t you at fault for questioning his ability?” Javier looked at Wilson and asked something seemingly irrelevant. “Are you really the chairman of Gerra Construction Corp?” That gave Wilson a pause before he asked unhappily, “What do you mean? You haven’t lost your mind enough to doubt my status too, have you?” Javier shook his head. “Of course not. I’m just curious to know if this is how low the IQ requirement to be a chairman is nowadays.” That ruffled Wilson’s feathers. Javier was calling him a fool now! He was furious, but upon remembering that Javier was somehow skilled, he repressed that ill feeling and said with a huff, “Then tell me if you can resolve this oddity.” “Will you admit that you don’t need intelligence to be a chairman if I do it?” Wilson hissed and gritted his teeth upon hearing Javier’s retort.

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“If you do it, not only will I pay you 8,000 dollars, as I promised you, but I’ll admit that I’m a foolish f*cker too!” That was done then—as long as the man had had a self-realization. Javier said directly, “Ask your men to drive the excavator here. One is enough.” Wilson

widened his eyes. "You're still excavating the site? Didn't you see how strange that phenomenon was just now? There was so much blood and evil wind! Besides, Master Copeland said that we can't touch this plot of land before he left! Absolutely not!" "Do you still want to deal with this or not? If you don't want to, you can call yourself a foolish f*cker right now!" Wilson was angered by Javier's provocation and clenched his jaw as he pulled out his phone to make the call. Half an hour later, the excavator arrived while no one else was on site.

Javier pointed at the spot that had been dug earlier and instructed, "Get digging. The deeper, the better." The excavator driver began working. In the beginning, he was earnest about his work, not sensing anything odd about the situation. Eventually, though, he realized that something was wrong. Why the f*ck was the soil red? As he went deeper, there was f*cking blood on the soil! While blood dripped from the excavator's bucket, the driver shuddered. The chairman's instructions? He could care less about them! The driver fled right away, dumping his excavator without even looking back. "Goodness, Javier, let's stop. Look, the driver was scared off. Let's stop digging, okay?" Wilson's bravado, which had been fueled by his rage earlier, was washed off by the bloody soil. He was scared now.

In spite of this, Javier was confident that there were no ghosts or spirits there. Even if there truly was one, he would rip it apart! Jared had left right after accusing and mocking him too...but Javier was not going to go easy on him, not when the latter had not even given him the chance to retort earlier. "I'll do it. I'm going to get to the bottom of this today and slap Jared and Uri with the truth!"

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Chapter 807 He's Like a Dog

Jared leaned against the car door in the cruising car and perched his legs up on the backseat, looking relaxed, completely unlike how poised he was in front of others.

Master Uri Copeland, who was said to have come from the Arcadian Order, sat in the passenger seat with his seatbelt on obediently. "Uri, it's been a few years since you started fortune telling on the streets and you've come across many people. How did a piece of trash manage to expose you? If I hadn't saved the day just now, you'd have been a goner!" Uri chuckled awkwardly and nodded. "Yes, yes, Mr. Griffin, you are really clever. I'd have exposed myself if it weren't for you."

"Duh. Do I need you to remind me that I'm clever?"

Jared scoffed at Uri and shook his legs on the seat leisurely, looking triumphant as he lay back against the car door.

“No one will dare lay a finger on the construction site after what happened today, and that land’s price is going to drop further for sure. I’ll just buy it without making a sound and wait to see their surprised looks. “Ah, just thinking about it makes me so f*cking happy. Haha...”

Jared was still gloating, unaware that Javier had already sat on the excavator to dig the plot of land himself.

The more he dug, the redder the soil became and the more blood dripped from the bucket. Toward the end, the blood under the bucket was basically flowing..

The deep pit excavated was filled with mud and a mixture of blood and soil that stank.

Wilson had run off to wait by the car, ready to flee anytime things seemed to go wrong.

The whole process took over two hours, and the hole was ten meters long and five meters wide before Javier managed to dig a path out.

As the bucket dipped down, Javier saw that a gigantic piece of a brown rain cover was hanging on the bucket among the crimson soil. He understood everything upon seeing the cloth. He hopped off the excavator and lit up a cigarette before he waved at Wilson, who was farther away. The latter hesitated but went back to him ultimately.

Initially, Wilson had not paid attention, as he was too scared. It was only when Javier pointed at the excavator’s bucket that he noticed the brown rain cover. His eyes widened at the sight, and his hands clenched into fists automatically.

Javier, who took in Wilson’s reaction, thought that the chairman’s brain had finally started working again. With clenched fists, Wilson asked Javier, “Javier, how did you dig out the rune Master Copeland got from Emperas Zenwoo?”

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Javier choked from anger. He would love to slam Wilson with the excavator bucket right now!

“Is that a rune? That’s a rain cover! To make sure the blood won’t seep under it!

“They dug the pit first and put the rain cover over it, filled half the soil back, poured in the blood-like liquid, and finally refilled the soil on top. This way, the soil would seep blood no matter who excavated the plot of land. I’ve made it so clear, yet you still do not get it?!”

Realization finally struck Wilson as his eyes widened to the size of saucers.

“Someone did this intentionally so no one would dare purchase this plot of land. If its price keeps dropping like it is now, they’ll buy it at the lowest price possible and make massive profit from it!”

Javier side-eyed Wilson. “What else do you think it is? An evil spirit that’s been around for thousands of years? A rune? Why, you are so cute!”

Wilson flushed in embarrassment. “Well I didn’t know and I was terrified. I’d have figured it out too otherwise.”

Wilson then asked about the strange wind that blew whenever there was an excavation.

“It’s got to do with the energy field here. You won’t get it even if I explain it to you. You only have to know that everything is normal right now.”

Now that the truth behind the construction site had been exposed by Javier, Wilson, who saw the full picture, cursed Jared. It was easy to guess the rest. Uri had stopped everyone from excavating the plot of land with the evil spirit so no one would discover the trick buried deep under-but who had gotten Uri there? Jared Griffin!

“Jared and his stupid tricks. That f*cker!”

After Wilson cursed Jared to his heart’s content, he bowed deeply at Javier, like people in the old times.

“Javier, I’m completely impressed. I genuinely take my hat off to you. I’ll listen to whatever you say from now on without a single doubt. Thank you for solving the mysterious case of this site. You’ve been a great help!

“I think...we’ll go to the town council right now to sign the agreement first. I need to be faster than that b*stard Jared.”

Wilson was about to leave after what he said, but Javier stopped him.

“Hold on, wait, wait. What did you promise earlier?”

“Uh...Um...”

Saying “I’m a foolish f*cker” was not a challenge, but it left a bad taste in his mouth! Wilson ultimately gritted his teeth and began to speak “I’m a fool—”

Before the last word could leave Wilson’s mouth, Javier stuffed a cigarette in his mouth. “I was just joking, and you got all serious. Hurry over to sign the contract, or you’ll miss a great opportunity for no reason if that b*stard Jared gets to it first.”

Wilson was grateful for what Javier had said and done. He also felt the generosity of a true

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master. He truthfully admired him and was impressed by him now, so he kept serving him in the car, going after him out of the car, pulling out the lighter when he wanted to smoke, and twisting the bottle cap open if he wanted a drink. Wilson had probably never been so diligent about treating his parents right. About half an hour later, the contract for the plot of land was in Wilson's hand. The glee on his face was evident, so the price had to be great, and he would definitely make something out of it.

This was not what Javier cared about, though. He cared about what those foolish bosses would see when they found out the truth, as well as whether Jared would keep up this gentlemanly façade after knowing that someone had ruined his plan. Hence, he coaxed Wilson. "Mr. Jolley, it doesn't feel right not to show off such a gem. You need to ask your colleagues to come around and explain what happened with the land. You've got to show Jared how you reaped what he sowed!" Wilson clapped loudly. The joy radiating from his face was even brighter than when he had signed the contract. "You're right!"

Wilson made several calls in front of his car, as many as over a dozen. The last one was to Jared. "Mr. Griffin, come over quickly. Something happened on the cursed site again! Hurry!" They waited about half an hour at the construction site for the people who had been around earlier to come back and ask Wilson what had happened. The latter refused to answer since he could not see Jared yet. Later, when Jared and Uri got out of the car together, Wilson jogged over. "Mr. Griffin, why are you here with Master Copeland?" Jared replied, "I was planning to take him back to the Arcadian Order, but we were on our way when you called to say that something happened. Master Copeland's kind enough that he was worried about our safety, so he came back with me. So what happened here?" Wilson could not help laughing. "It's actually nothing. I just wanted to let all of you know that I signed a contract for this plot of land!" "What?!" Jared, who was shocked, snatched the agreement from Wilson's hand. As he flipped it open and saw it all in black and white, the red stamp included, he staggered as though he had been hit and almost fell. He had sowed, fertilized, and watered this land for some time, yet Wilson would reap the fruit when it was time for the harvest?! When the bosses heard that the contract had been signed, they hurried over to take a look from the side. The price stated on the agreement was really cheap, even lower than before, but they did not understand why Wilson would foolishly buy it when Master Copeland had just said that the land had to remain untouched. "Me? Foolish? You're the fools! All of you! Foolish f*ckers! You were lied to!"

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Chapter 808 So Brave! So Observant! Wilson ordered his tractors to continue digging. Others might not know any secrets, but Jared did. If word got out, those people would break his nose...and then some!

He shot a look at Uri Copeland, who knew exactly what that look meant. He rushed forward quickly, ready to interfere. "No, stop this at once! You might release the ancient demon if you keep doing this! Doom shall befall us all!"

Wilson lodged a fist straight into Uri's head. "Doom, my *ss!" he snarled, seething at the shaman's mere presence. Had Javier not pointed this out, he would have been considered a fool forever!

The crowd was aghast. What had gotten into Wilson's head? How could he dare beat up someone as eminent as Master Shaman, Uri Copeland?!

As the beating went on the crowd started noticing something weird. How could someone formidable enough to defeat an ancient demon from a thousand years ago suddenly become the punching bag of a normal person like Wilson? It did not seem like it made sense, right?

Wilson ordered his men to continue the excavation. Soon, what was inside was unburied. While the crowd initially regarded the excavation with fear, fear gave way to seething anger once they discovered what looked like a waterproof fabric underneath all the mud. Even those who did not know what might be lying under the cloth began to erupt into a colorful furor. Anyone with a pair of functioning ears could tell from their language that "Master" Copeland and Jared were in on a hoax!

"Jared, you son of a b*tch-is this the only way you can gain an edge over your competitor?! You motherf*cking *ss-wipe-oy, don't you dare f*cking run, *sshole! I'm gonna break your balls!"

The crowd pounced on Jared. He treated them as though they were a circus of clowns, and none of them knew just how stupid they looked! It did not matter if they were managers, members of the board, or higher-ups – the only thing they wanted to be right now was brute savages whose only wish was to club Jared to death! "W-Wait, stop! I didn't know anything about this. I'm just as much of a victim as you people! I'm one of owww! Who the f*ck threw that brick?!"

Jared might wish he was given the chance to explain himself, but reality was adamant about showing him he should save his breath and run. Any sooner and he would get his *ss whooped by a mob!

He was pretty good at running away as soon as things went south. Thanks to that, he managed to save his hide and only get hit by two bricks before getting into his car.

Uri was even better at it than Jared. His profession as a street psychic meant being debunked by an angry crowd was part of his career, so he had developed an acute sense for danger. From the moment Wilson had thrown the first punch, he had known the whole thing was blown and he should run away while everyone was distracted. His instinct was right. By the time everyone

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finally remembered his existence, Uri was long gone. Uri watched Jared getting the brick treatment as he ran from his hiding spot behind the bushes before breathing a sigh of relief. "F*ck me! Really pays when you don't have this psychic sense of danger!"

A new voice suddenly rang out behind him. It almost made him pee his pants. "Oh, yeah?"

Uri turned, quivering, and saw Javier's malicious grimace. "Why are you running, man? Why are you running? You're the goddamned Hierophant of the Arcadian Order, man! You've got all that magic, hand-swirling thing going on, right? Use it on them!" Uri's grimace deepened at the sound of Javier's mockery. He'd had a feeling that this young man was trouble, and now-well, at least the psychic had gotten one thing right!

"Oh, just cut me some slack, man. Do you know how tough it is for a man to live? Inflation, man. All I did was accept Jared's money like a hired actor! Look, I'll return that money to you,

so you can let me go, okay?" he offered. Javier was in no mood to argue about a stupid fraud. Clutching the man by his collar, he trawled the shaman toward the angry mob. "Wait, let me go, please! Pleaaaaase! I'm sorry, I won't do it agaaaaaaain!" Uri wailed. Let him go? No. Just no. Javier was already pissed that Jared had managed to escape. And now his co-conspirator thought he could too? Ha! Seeing Uri Copeland, Hierophant of the Arcadian Order, return to them gave the angry mob an outlet for their pent-up desire for violence. They immediately brutalized him, pommeling the man with all the punches and kicks they had wanted to shove up Jared's *ss, leaving Uri no reprieve to even whimper. The shaman even lost two of his teeth! Uri was reduced to a pulp about ten minutes later. It was almost a relief to hear him still breathing. Any legal issues regarding compensation for the injuries he had suffered would mean nothing to a mob of big guns in the business world anyway.

Beating Uri up made them feel better. One of them turned to Wilson and said, "Tell us, Mr. Jolley. How did you know?"

Wilson laughed and shot a look at Javier, his lips ready to sing the latter's praises like a canary. He stopped himself. If he let others know about Javier's skills, then they would try to poach him from him, and...what if he lost a guy as godly as Javier to someone else? Who was he going to beg for help when sh*t hit the fan?! He changed his tune slightly at that thought. "Oh, there's nothing to it. I've always been a bit of a daring

observer growing up, ya know? I started to feel suspicious even as early as when Fraud Shaman started talking about this ancient demon and y'all got so terrified that some of you were shaking on your knees. Why the hell are you people so terrified, huh? Aren't we educated, learned members of society? All this talk is for superstitious housewives, man!

"But me? Sorry, but I ain't buying it and I ain't scared at all. I had a sneaky suspicion that something was up with Jared and the shaman, so I got some tractors to start digging. But man, even the tractor men were cowards. All it took to scare the bejeezus out of them was seeing a little bit of blood! Ptooeey, pathetic. I had to get into the tractor myself and continue the

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operation because I was the only one who wouldn't shiver at the sight of blood. I dug and dug until I uncovered the waterproof cloth..."

Wilson's account of his heroic acts just kept growing. He was brave! He was stunning! He was careful, shrewd, and observant!

He only felt panic whenever his eyes drifted toward the smile on Javier's lips. If that guy decided to expose him right now, Wilson would lose face. Luckily for him, all Javier did was puff on his cigarette placidly as he watched Wilson pretending to be a hero.

The crowd stuck their thumbs up at him when the story was over. They praised him and cheered for him so enthusiastically that even Wilson was starting to buy his own version of the story. He could not stop smiling to himself after the crowd left. Javier patted him on his shoulders. "Wow, that was pretty epic! Right, Mr. Jolley? Was being the daring observer fun?" His sneering remark woke Wilson up. He smiled again-sheepishly, this time. "Oh, Javier! Right...Uh, I wasn't trying to steal your thunder and all that, okay? I was just thinking, well, you must be pretty reluctant to expose your godly talents in front of people, right? Someone as godly as you must always be above all of this, I think so I decided to take one for the team and distract them!"

Javier grinned at him silently. Wilson smiled back at him, but the longer it went on, the less confident he felt about his own excuse. "Oh right, I almost forgot! In addition to your reward, I've decided to add an extra 7,500 dollars to your original pay as a token of my gratitude!" he added hastily. "Please don't reject this offer, Javier. It's, uh, my genuine, sincerest thank

you!"

Javier finally removed his hand from Wilson's shoulder. He smiled. "Oh, when you put it that way...I guess I have no choice but to take that 15,000 dollars and slap my mother-in-law with that load of cash!" Wilson grimaced. "I-I-I mean, if you t-think so...?"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 809 ReadOnline

Chapter 809 On My Face A man from Gerra Construction Corp's financial department arrived while the two of them were talking. He had a bag of 15,000 dollars with him.

Wilson was a man of his word, at the very least. True to his promise, he put the bag in Javier's arms before adding sheepishly, "Look, Javier, Joey is your mother-in-law, okay? I just think... it's not a good idea to make things hard for her, y-you know?" Javier smiled after receiving his money. "Calm down, Mr. Jolley. I was joking. I can't hurt Evanna's mother in any way, shape, or form, right? Besides, this is your money. If I hit her with a stash of money you gave me, she's only gonna come for your head too."

Wilson breathed a sigh of relief. "Right! That's exactly right! Ha, I knew you'd understand!" He had to revisit his past judgment of the kid from now on-he had underestimated Javier too much. Not only was he inhumanly gifted, but he was also super talented in all matters related to social interaction and relationships. It actually made paying the guy seem so fair and just! Then, Javier received a call from Evanna, who urged him to go to the academy as soon as possible. Javier bade Wilson farewell, ready to hail an Uber, when the latter instructed his driver to help.

"Wait a minute! If your driver is gonna drive me there, then what about you? It doesn't seem fair."

"Oh, it's fair! It's super-duper fair! I'll just wait right here. Yep. I'll wait for the company to send another driver for me or something."

Seeing how sincere Wilson was meant that Javier had no reason to be shy. He got into the car and let the driver take him to Aurora Academy.

The driver was older than Javier by two years, and yet he talked and deferred to him so respectfully that one might think Javier was his lord and master. It was palpably a result of Wilson's attitude, as the driver had seen just how respectful his boss was to Javier and now sought out to flatter the guy just as much. Evanna, however, had missed all of this. As soon as Javier strode into her office, she told him to shut the door before pouring him a glass of warm water.

He held the glass in his hands and stared at the young woman leaning close to him from her side of the table. "I thought you said there was an emergency?". Evanna met his eyes for a moment, took a deep breath, and opened her mouth. "We've been married for quite some time now, right, Javier? I thought I should let you know what I really think," she said gently. Javier was a little confused. What was she trying to say?

"I have to admit--there was reluctance from my end about our marriage. I never liked arranged marriages, and marrying some stranger? I hated it. But as time keeps passing,

I guess I'm not too repulsed by the choice they made now. I don't love you, Javier, but I don't hate you as much either. I don't hate seeing you. You know why?"

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Javier shook his head.

"Because you're kind," she added. "You're very...down-to-earth."

Javier would concede that he was kind. He had been using all his time to practice the Grimoire, after all. But down-to-earth? If she meant as close to earth as a doormat, then yeah. He had been a doormat for the members of the Dennison Family all these months.

Evanna continued without giving Javier another chance to speak. "But everything changed

ou're not kind or honest anymore. You've become a conman. You... You're even conning the guy who's vying for my mom's affection! I understand that you might have resorted to lying and scheming out of desperation. My mom trapped you in this impossible situation, I know. But how is that enough of a reason to take advantage of others?

"You are aware of the relationship between Uncle Wilson and my mother. How could you trick him like that?"

Javier finally understood her. Evanna was appealing to his better side. She was trying to get him to...not con people?

The problem, though, was that he had not done anything like that! In fact, the opposite was true—he had helped save Wilson from being conned!

Javier spent all of his energy trying to prove that he had not done what she thought he had. Evanna, though, would not believe it. She seemed to be dead-set on thinking that Javier had been mendacious. The argument got more and more heated, and Javier denied her claim with all his might until Evanna slapped her desk in anger.

"If you insist on being unrepentant, then I... No, we'll file for divorce!" "— Yes! This is the right course of action, and I'm all for it!" A new voice suddenly cried out before Javier could defend himself.

The door to her office was kicked open, and Joey stormed inside. No one could tell if she had been eavesdropping or if she had overheard the conversation out of sheer coincidence, and her main reason for barging into the conversation was to tell Javier off yet again.

“You just keep sinking lower and lower, Javier Kersey! I thought that, at worst, you were just a useless, pathetic waste of space. But you just had to one-up that and become a lying, conning b *stard! And to do that to Wilson Jolley, of all people!” she screeched. “You used his love and affection for him for your own nefarious purpose! How could you?! Does your conscience even feel anything? Are you even human?” Poor Javier! Even his status as a human had been called into question! “Seriously, why the hell am I a conman all of a sudden? You guys should ask Wilson himself, man. Ask him if I’ve been hoodwinking him or helping him!” he retorted.

“You really think I’m that dumb?! You read some stupid book about baseless new-age-magick hullabaloo and then made up this whole story about your super-special snowflake status as if it’s all real! Gosh, poor Wilson is just too nice and kind to suspect that you’re a fraud. It was the only reason he fell for it!” Javier was incensed by Joey’s accusation and doubts about his powers. “Do not even insult me

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like that-or insult my abilities altogether!” he snarled. His retort only triggered more of Joey’s spleen. “Wow, you almost sound like you believe your own bullsh*t! Okay, then! You can make 15,000 dollars with your superpowers, huh, Harry Potter? Hell, if you manage to make that much money with your powers, so help me God, I’ll never meddle in your affairs again. I’ll even call you Master Javier too!” she jeered. “So? Care to show me that? Let’s see if you can slap my face with that much money!”

Joey’s enraged tirade tested Javier’s patience. His fingers tightened around the shopping bag, his arms tensing as though they were ready to swing it across the vixen’s face. He managed to rein his impulse in only at the last second, though, simply because he had to respect her as Evanna’s mother. He simply should not.

Unfortunately, his silence only emboldened Joey. She now thought of him as a toothless cur. “Oh, let me guess-you’ve got nothing! And now you’ve put your tail between your legs. What happened to extolling your superpower, Harry Potter? Scared of being exposed?” Joey’s barrage of questions gave Javier no reprieve. She simply wanted Javier to get enraged enough to either lash out at her or hit her. That way, Evanna would finally be so disappointed in him that Joey would be able to force them to get a divorce. Javier, however, stood his ground with the black bag in his arms. His inactivity turned out to be the last straw that ignited Joey’s temper, as he stormed forward and snatched the bag from him.

“I’m asking you goddamn questions, you stupid mule!” she screeched. “How dare you not answer me?!” She slammed the bag onto the table and then grew quiet.” The bag tore itself open at the sheer force, exposing a few stacks of cash. She made a cursory calculation in her head. God, it actually looked like there was 15,000 dollars inside!

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 810 ReadOnline

Chapter 810 Damn, How Did My Mother-In-Law Do It? Joey was stunned by the 15,000 dollars of cash scattering about. She had not expected the black shopping bag to contain such a thing, which was why she had been so flagrant about taunting him. Who would have known that the very thing she had taunted him about would turn out to be true?

Hell, she had not even thought she would end up shooting herself in the foot!

Evanna was just as baffled. She had wanted to step in at any given opening as soon as her mother had intruded on their conversation, thinking that her mother was too much. But now that she was eyeing the money on the floor, she realized why Javier had been gripping his bag so tightly just now. It was less because he was infuriated and more because he had been suppressing the impulse to toss the money on her mother's face. All that self-control had been for naught, though. Joey had ended up embarrassing herself.

The older woman herself stayed rooted to the floor, mouth agape, suddenly unsure what to do next. She was the one who had taunted him, and now she was the one trapped in this awkward corner. Worse even, she had made this stupid bet and would now have to call Javier "master" if he managed to earn 15,000 dollars. Joey's face turned crimson. Her cheeks were burning, and she suddenly wished she could turn invisible right there and then.

The chaos in the office suddenly died down and turned into silence. A long moment later, Joey broke it with an accusatory question. "Did Wilson give you this?!" Javier shook his head. "No, I earned it by demonstrating my abilities." It was just the twist she needed. Joey changed tactics. "Then it doesn't count because you didn't earn it! You duped a kind guy into giving you this money!" She protested. Women are creatures who could never understand sense or reason—at least, those are the self-soothing words men tell themselves when they are incapable of talking sense into their mothers-in-law, wives, and daughters. Since Javier's trouble with his ruthless mother-in-law placed him squarely in this category, he had to relent.

"Fine, we'll leave it at that. I duped him into giving me the money, okay? I mean, it's not like I should stand my ground, insist I earned it myself, and put you in an even more awkward spot, right?" he moaned.

Joey's lips parted, ready to object, but her tongue tripped. She really had no way to defend herself.

They heard a knock on the door, and Wilson then strode inside.

He had thought of explaining why he had given Javier the money to Joey before she got the wrong idea. If Javier used it to gloat in front of Joey, the latter would pin the blame on him

oner or later, and he could kiss the romance between them goodbye

No sooner had he entered the office than he saw the scattered cash and realized how right his intuition had been. "Oh, God! Joey, Evanna, darling! Let me explain. See, Javier and I have

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reached an understanding..."

Wilson began recounting the story of the blood-soaked construction site, this time without making himself out to be the hero. He made sure this looked like Javier's-and only Javier's work. "Had he not helped me, I would have been hoodwinked so hard, you wouldn't even believe it! Hell, I would have missed this boon too!" he said. "Honestly, I don't even think 15,000 dollars is enough to show my immense gratitude! I would have given him 15,000 more if I had not been in a financial bind lately!

"This is why I really think you should both give Javier a chance. Forget about whatever opinion you had of him in the past, Joey and Evanna! He's truly...a peerless geomancer!"

Wilson tried his best to redeem Javier's reputation and relationship with his wife and mother in-law, but his earnest proclamation did not work. Joey and Evanna cried in unison, "Doubt it!"

How could they believe such a claim? Javier had been nothing more than a talentless bum with no skills or ambition to boast of. How the hell were they supposed to believe he was suddenly some peerless geomancer or whatever? It had to be a sham! Javier considered how similarly determined the women were and kept thinking to himself, God, it must run in the family...'

At the end of the day, Javier's charges were dropped and he was absolved. Joey never called him "master" even though he had fulfilled his end of the bet, though. She simply walked out of the office without another word, lucid now that the situation had turned so embarrassing for her.

Wilson had no reason to outstay his welcome now that Joey was out, so he flashed his teeth at Javier and left hurriedly.

Evanna closed the door behind them and put her arms behind her back. How was she going to face Javier now? She had been adamant about Javier lying, but it seemed that all he had done was rescue Wilson from an actual hoax. He had done the right thing rather than the wrong one. She lowered her head pensively for a while before repackaging the money in its bag. She then handed it to Javier. "It doesn't really matter if it's a trick or if it's genuine, right? You helped Uncle Wilson, and that's enough of a reason for an apology. I'm sorry for misjudging you." Javier was ready to tell her it was okay, when Evanna cut him short. "But I'd really like it if you didn't do it again. Geomancy is not a science. What happens if you get it wrong and someone gets hurt or seriously harmed?"

Well, Evanna seemed to care quite a great deal about him now, did she not? Could her exasperation before be an indication of her budding love for him? If that were true, her Soul Flame should turn pink-the color of love!

Javier hurriedly activated his Astral Sight, but to his dismay, the girl's blazing Soul Flame was simply bright red. She cared a lot, alright-but with no other sentiments in the mix! Javier could only sigh to himself over how much more work he needed to do before she would fall for him.

His eyes darted to two figures standing on the corridor outside the window. Joey and Wilson were talking, but their conversation was not worth Javier's attention.

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What did catch his eyes, however, was the fact that Joey had two Soul Flames! One burning at the crown of her head, and the other nestling in her womb...

There was a life inside of her. A fetus, to be precise. Seeing its life stunned Javier. His mother in-law was actually pregnant?! Evanna's voice got through his bewilderment. "Hey, I'm talking to you! Did you hear what I said?"

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Javier froze. "Uh, what was it about?". She rolled her eyes, and it only occurred to Javier just how cute her action was. "I said..." She repeated emphatically. "My grandpa's birthday banquet is tomorrow night. You better not waste your hard-earned cash and get yourself a nice suit for the occasion, okay?"

Javier hummed unconsciously, his mind completely preoccupied with Joey's pregnancy. Damn! Not bad for a mother-in-law. She had managed to get herself impregnated without any sign then or now!

A fair distance away from Aurora Academy, sulking in his seat in the COO office of Gerra Construction with a bandaged head, was Jared Griffin. With a loud crash, he smashed his mug on the floor, sending shards flying everywhere. Uri Copeland—face so bludgeoned only a mother could love it—shrank into himself, shaking in silence.

"You are a f*cking moron! My scheme was perfect! Fool-proof! Supposedly, of course, until you turned out to be the fool that ruined it. Of course it had to be you!" Jared snarled. "Ancient demon, my f*cking ass. Who the f*ck would believe some horror movie cliché like that? Why not add some demon-haunted Barbie doll while you're at it?!" Uri winced. "L-L-Listen, Mr. Griffin, this isn't my fault"

"Are you suggesting it is mine?!" Jared erupted. Uri bowed his head low and apologized. "L-Listen, I think this has something to do with Javier Kersey," he then explained. "He's also the first guy to doubt me. I gave him an earful he deserved, so he devised this revenge against me and ruined your magnificent plan. I just know

it—"

"Spare me that bull-f*cking-sh*t, you useless brainlet! You could have chosen anyone to be your scapegoat, and you just had to pick that useless piece of f*cking sh*t?! If he's even capable of plotting revenge -and that's the biggest f*cking 'if' ever-why the f*ck would he be content with acting like a neutered cur for so long?" Jared bristled. "Here's a piece of advice for halfwits: The next time you try looking for someone to blame for your own f*cking failure,

one brain cell you have to choose a better candidate. Get the f*ck out of my

hair!"

Uri dared not raise even the weakest objection against a raging Jared. Instead, he scurried away like a weasel.

Jared proceeded to mutilate some of his office belongings in a fit of rage before finally gaining some semblance of control over his temper. He took out his phone and called his secretary. "The birthday gift for tomorrow. Status?"

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"It's ready, Mr. Griffin. Don't worry about it. It's gonna be the most amazing, unbeatable, tremendous gift ever. You could not ask for more!"

Jared tossed his phone aside and made his way to the window. His gaze stretched into the distance, where Aurora Academy was located. "Just you wait, Evanna Dennison... I want everyone at the banquet to know that I, Jared Griffin, am the only man for you!"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 811 ReadOnline

Chapter 811 Hold Out Your Hand! Feel It!

Evanna's grandfather's birthday was coming right up, and Javier needed to get a suitable gift. After some thought, he decided to find something on a street renowned for its antique shops.

Javier was no expert at these things. Like most people, he was a total noob and a prime target for rip-offs. But Javier was not afraid of that at all. He was special after all. He knew that real antiques possessed energy essence that could only be created by time, and unlike common plebeians, his Astral Sight could see it.

Naturally, Javier was the only man on Earth who could tell if an antique was genuine or not by looking into its temporal energy.

Javier took a casual stroll down the street with his hands behind his back. Everything seemed cool. Everything seemed to be vying for his interest. Unfortunately, his demeanor alerted the veteran vendors by showing his inexperience. It was like a neon sign above his head, telling them he was the biggest sucker they had met in a long, long time... Excited, some began to call out to him and beckon to him to come to their shop. Javier, however, ignored them and continued strolling on his own as though he was just a tourist doing some window-shopping. His attitude bummed the vendors out. They had come up with an entire scheme to milk this sucker out of his coffers! Had he just fallen for that bait...just once, these vendors could have lived without making a sale in a year!

Enter Barney Scarramucci, 26. Young as he was, he was a 10-year veteran in the antique selling industry, as he had joined the field since he had stopped his formal schooling at 14. After 12 years of working in the field, he was as seasoned as they come, the vendor who consistently earned the most in the entire street. His secret? He was a genius at conning others! He could buy a pair of handcuffs from a sex shop, process it, and sell it off as a pair of authentic prison memorabilia used in the 17th century to lock up a revolting prince. His conscience simply never got in his way when it came to conning people into parting with their money.

And now, how could a guy who delighted in selling BDSM trinkets as antiques possibly let a sucker like Javier go in peace?

With a practised smile, he welcomed Javier into his wealth-slaying chamber-otherwise known as his antique shop. "Hail, fellow! Well met!" he chirped. "Kidding. It's just a shop

policy to include an authentic antique greeting! I trust you're here because you've heard of

me?"

Javier stared at him. "Nope. Never heard of you."

Barney laughed. "Not surprised, really. You look like you've got a lot of things on your mind. It's probably why you forgot we've met before. Jim's summer party, about three years ago?" he intoned.

He yanked Javier by the arm and coerced him into entering his shop before the latter could ask who the hell Jim was. "Business is slow today, so I've got plenty of time to chat with an old

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acquaintance. Come on, talking about your problems with a friend can often work wonders on your mood!"

Javier was reluctant. He could tell from Barney's face that he was a conman through and through. But then again, in a split second, his eyes noticed a mantel clock sitting in the shop.

It was the opening Barney needed to trawl Javier into his shop. Javier had seen a clock of a similar style in one of the wealthy vassals under the Kerseys power. It was an Empire mantel clock made by an 18th-century clockmaker, Julien Béliard. Javier had liked it so much that the owner had wanted to gift it to him, but Javier had ended up rejecting the offer. It did not belong to him, after all.

Today, however, it seemed as though he had met it again. Hell, it even looked exactly the way he remembered it!

Unfortunately, any awe he might have felt disappeared the moment he activated his Astral Sight. There was no energy in it. In fact, this clock had probably been made after Javier himself had been made.

Barney, though, noticed where Javier was looking. While serving tea, he "accidentally" ... knocked the clock out of place before catching it quickly, crying, "Holy Mother, I almost broke one of my most precious treasures!"

He caressed the mantle clock with his fingers and made a big show out of feeling relieved." Lord Almighty, you have no idea how fast my heart was racing, friend," he said. The entire incident was apparently his segue to his sales pitch. "This is an Empire mantle clock by famed 18th-century clockmaker Julien-Antoine Béliard. He worked with so many artisans of his time! Truly an exemplar of the art!"

“Just look at it. Built around 1810, gilded bronze. People just don’t make clocks like this anymore, do they? Ah, to frame a clock with artistry...like this! A gilded figurine of a goddess, a sheep, and-see, a sweet little cherub! It’s a kind of angel; the famous one called Cupid. This little cherub even shoots an arrow!” He fawned. “The dial is enamelled with Roman numerals, and there is a trace of wear right here, I’ll give you that. Time can do that to even a marvelous tour de force... Just look at us, ha ha!

“Look here. The dial is signed J. Béliard—the clockmaker’s signature, yes. One can tell just how much love and labor the artisan put into this. The pendulum right here... The rope is made of silk, and the bell is silver-plated bronze. God...” Barney sighed. “Simply beautiful. Come, my friend, hold out your hand. Feel it!”

Barney sure made a great sales pitch, but Javier was not buying it. He shot another noncommittal look at the clock and suddenly felt an electrifying tinge of intrigue. The mantle! Something among the mantle pieces was emanating a strong pulse of energy! It was the sort of energy only a relic could hold. Fragments of time, along with the energy of space and nature, can be incrementally deposited on an object. In other words, temporal energy was the real reason behind supposed magic mystical properties in relics and antiques. Now, keeping them at home definitely did not mean one could slay demons with newfound powers, but their existence could still bring some good fortune and vibration to the owner!

This clock might bear no outward sign of temporal energy at first glance, but there was

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something imbued in its mantle and, perhaps, its bolts and corks... Javier caressed the clock for a while before asking, “How much does this cost?” Barney snatched it back. “It’s not for sale, my friend!” “Okay then!” Javier replied before he got to his feet. He had not finished his shopping trip, had he?

He walked out of his shop and continued his leisurely stroll, but Barney was stunned. That was not part of the usual script! This sucker should be begging him to part with this “treasure”!

He watched Javier going farther and farther into the horizon before dashing toward him with a new offer. “Hey, come back! If there’s been a misunderstanding, my friend, we should talk it over!”

Once again demonstrating how good he was at dragging customers into his shop, Barney brought Javier back inside. “Listen, my friend,” he explained hastily. “I can’t sell this. I really can’t. You don’t understand. This treasure is the crown jewel of my humble shop. Everything else in here is—I’m only telling you this—bootlegged and fake, but this

clock is the real deal. If you take it from my hands, then...how am I supposed to sell it to someone who really knows how much it's worth in the future?"

Javier was not in the mood to keep up Barney's charade. "Can you cut this crap out? I'm not your friend, I don't know any sims, and I'm not an idiot. This damn clock was manufactured recently, for God's sake! You're telling me this 30-dollar fake is your crown jewel? Give me a break!"

Barney was exasperated. "Hey, watch your mouth, bro! Leave if you don't like it, but calling it a fake?! Lord knows how wrong you are, and I won't let anyone sully a beauty in such a way!" Javier fumbled with the clock a little bit longer. "Name an actual price." "11,000," Barney exhaled.

Javier tossed the clock back onto his hands with a look that could only be described as "next, please."

His flippant attitude exasperated Barney. Even if the clock was fake, he should at least be careful with something so fundamentally fragile!

"Damn it, it's customers like these who always make things so hard for me! I've always been weak before a person's sincere love for an antique." Barney relented, though not without adding an additional flourish. "I'll give you a discount. 1,000!"

Damn! He had gone from 11,000 dollars to 1,000 dollars? That was no mere price slashing that was straight-up decapitation! Barney was only doing it because he knew Javier did not care for the clock at all. He would not have tossed it away like that otherwise. Javier lit up a cigarette. "Nope. 450 dollars. That's the maximum price this trinket should fetch. Come on, it's a fake by an early-20th-century amateur, John Barnum, who idolized 18th-century clockmakers to a fault. You can't fool me," he intoned. "Look, you can either sell this Beliard fanwork to me, or I will walk out of here and continue shopping. Better not waste both of our time, right?"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 812 ReadOnline

Chapter 812 Oh, Lemme Show It to Ya There was no such person as an amateur clockmaker called John Barnum. Javier had made it up, which clued Barney into realizing that Javier did not know what he was talking about at all.

It also made the less-than-fetching 450-dollar bid a bit easier to swallow. This was a dumb*ss who did not know anything about art, man. Just the reminder that this clock had been bought

the economical price of 30 dollars was enough to make 450 dollars seem like an absolute

win.

Of course, no antique-based conman worth his salt would say yes to a bargain-bin price so quickly. Barney had to go through the motions, mumbling about how hard it would be for him to part with his crown treasure, before finally agreeing to sell it for 450 dollars with a convincing wince.

After Javier wrapped the clock with newspaper and left with his loot, Barney reclined into his lounge chair, a cigarette between his fingers and a cup of Earl Grey in his other hand. Life was good when one knew how to take a little advantage.

Another vendor selling next door sidled up to him after seeing Javier disappear into the distance. Dawg-as he was nicknamed-looked at Barney with admiration and jealousy. "You sly b*stard! Another sucker in the bag, aye?" Barney waved him away smugly. "Twas an alright catch. I got the clock for 30 dollars and I sold it away for 450 dollars. 410 bucks in profit, man. Why deal drugs when you can make more like this?"

"Damn. That's our Scaramucci right there-who the f*ck would even expect anything less?" Dawg said quickly and launched into flattery mode straight away. "Has anyone around this part of town not heard of Scaramucci, the famous, the great...The baron, marquis, lord, and, uh, duke of antiques!"

Barney was visibly delighted. "Oh, you flatter me. I'm not as big of a deal as you make it out to be, okay? But...I sure earned enough to buy us a couple of drinks. Honestly, I think this is probably the last sale I'm gonna make today. We could just close shop to get an early drink now. What do you say?". "You read my mind, bro! I'm in!" Just as Barney and Dawg decided to close shop, Javier and his clock were about to reach the beginning of the street. He saw a cab standing by and decided to get in.

Someone then stepped into his path. Boris Garrison, 30, was an aficionado of wine, cigarettes, women, and antiques. His old man had directed him to visit this city, though his actual mission would only begin tomorrow. Since he had a day off today, he had decided to take a look at the local antique stores. He had heard of a vendor specializing in vintage stationery, but instead of finding a shop selling quills, he had noticed Javier hugging an object wrapped in newspaper

Curious, he came forward. "What have you got there, partner? You look chipper!"

Javier shot a glance at him. It did not take Astral Sight to know he was talking to a rich kid

91_Late Show It to Ya

that Remy Danton watch was a dead giveaway. He ignored Boris and continued his stroll. Javier only took two steps before Boris came up to him and blocked his path. "Come on, let me take a look, okay? I ain't gonna steal what's yours, partner. What are

you so afraid of?" Why would he do that? Javier did not even know this guy! And he was on his way to the cab, thank you very much!

The less he obliged, the more curious Boris became. He was starting to feel convinced that Javier had gotten himself something really good and could not bear to show it to anyone. He stepped onto Javier's path again and made him an offer. "Listen, partner. If you show me something I've never seen before, then I'll reward you with 7,500 bucks. Before you misconstrue what I said, listen up. I'm not offering this amount to buy your possession. It's a reward for a pleasant surprise! "Don't believe me? Well, wise guy, there's a bank over there. I'm gonna withdraw 7,500 and give it to you right now!" True to his word, Boris dragged Javier to the bank and withdrew the exact amount he had said he would. He placed stashes of cash on top of his car boot and said matter-of-factly, "Okay. Showtime!" Javier thought it would be a better idea to oblige. He was going to break the clock open once he was alone anyway. Breaking it apart now, though, could earn him 7,500 on the side!

He nodded and ripped the newspaper away as a crowd began to gather. A bet as grand as 7,500 tended to attract bystanders, after all, even if they had no idea what exactly was going on. But that much money just to see what was inside? That had to be some sort of treasure.

Boris was excited. If this turned out to be a sham, how was Javier going to take his money away like that?

While the crowd watched with bated breath, Javier unfurled and tore open layers of newspaper. The beautiful mantle clock was gradually revealed before the audience. Boris frowned. He was no expert, but he dabbled in these things enough that he might as well have an honorary degree. He didn't even need to look at it closely to know this clock was too new to be an antique. Was that it? The thing Javier had made him pay 7,500 to look at? Worried that he might have missed something, he took the clock and turned it around, examining its details. It still looked like a recent production to him no matter how hard he tried, and finally, he snorted when he saw a tiny line of writing at the bottom of the mantle: Made in China. "Is this some kind of joke, partner? This thing is worth 30 bucks at most, and I'd argue that it's worth even less! But you wrapped it up in newspaper and hugged it as though it was some kind of treasure! You made me pay you 7,500 for that? Lord, this is insane!" He exhaled exasperatedly.

Some of the bystanders saw the writing on the clock and began to laugh. "Uh-oh, looks like someone made an oopsie in public! Even I can tell this is crap-like, what the hell is the fine print for?"

"Dude wrapped it in newspaper too! Poor fellow must have gotten hoodwinked by those

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vendors and thought he got himself some kind of treasure!"

“I can already imagine just how hard his wife’s gonna mangle him once she finds out what he did with his money...”

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The crowd went wild. It was quite a show.

Javier ignored them, though. He grabbed a brick from the ground and smacked it against the clock, and some of the audience made sure to comment on that too. “Oh, he got mad! He’s gonna smash it clean!”

“Come on, man. Don’t do that. It cost quite a sum, right? Don’t waste that money!”

Even Boris made a remark. “Hey, don’t smash it and pin the blame on me, partner. We’ve got witnesses here who are willing to testify that I didn’t mutilate your clock!” Javier couldn’t care less about what they thought. He carefully chipped the clock away, moving bits and pieces until, finally, he was holding something in his hand. The crowd was stunned into silence. They trained their eyes on his closed fist, wondering what could be inside. “You wanna see this?” Javier said, eyeing Boris. “Here!” He opened his palm and revealed a gilded, jewel-studded pocket watch—specifically, a watch with rubies and diamonds. The dial was white enamel and had been framed with single-cut diamonds. Cushion-shaped, circular-cut rubies highlighted a fleur-de-lys motif set similarly with single-cut rose diamonds. Boris was stunned. His eyes were wide from shock. And yet, he was far from the most bewildered person out of everyone there.

No one in the crowd was more surprised by the reveal than Barney Scaramucci, who had been on his way to buy his friend, Dawg, a drink. He had only joined the crowd because he had gotten curious, and when he had gotten there, Javier had started smashing the clock. He had been rather pleased with himself at first, laughing silently about how stupid Javier was. Seeing the pocket watch drained the color off his face, though, and he suddenly found himself snarling, “Who the f*ck shoved a pocket watch into a cheap-*ss clock?!”

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 813 ReadOnline

Chapter 813 Sounds Like An Elite! Boris would gladly admit that he had never seen a secret pocket watch hidden in a mass produced clock. Most importantly, he had never seen anything quite like it before. The craftsmanship, the skill of its unknown artisan, the color, the aesthetics, and the sheer history

-all of it rivaled the watches and clocks Boris had collected, which were worth 750,000 in total!

Boris's attitude had changed. His tone and attitude had now become respectful. One might even wonder if he had begun to see Javier as an antique master. Boris certainly thought only a master could somehow sense a real relic in a quotidian trinket. "C-Can I, uh, get a feel of that,

partn-sir?" After receiving Javier's explicit approval, Boris held the watch in his hand carefully and hugged it close to his chest. It was as if he could not bear to drop it lest this beauty got hurt. He enjoyed the small moment he had with the watch before parting with it reluctantly.

He then pushed his money from the boot toward Javier. "I've witnessed something marvelous, sir. I came out of this a changed man!" Boris exclaimed. "I'm sorry for doubting your immense expertise and skill, sir!" That attitude was all it took for the audience to know how genuine the pocket watch was. They might have no idea how much it was worth money-wise, but his extolling words and deferential attitude were enough.

"F*ck me! This guy got good sh*t out of sheer dumb luck!"

"No, you're the dumb*ss here. This 'guy' is a true master!"

"Ohhhh, f*ck. And we thought he was gonna get mangled by his wife-turns out I wish I were his wife myself!"

Their sneers had turned into cheers. Put-downs had turned into praise. The crowd was now furiously flattering Javier, creating a completely different picture from before.

No one was filled with more bitter rage and regret than Barney Scaramucci himself. He was on the verge of shedding angry tears! Who the hell had thought of this one-in-a-million plot and inserted a gem inside a piece of garbage?! Of course he recognized the value of the pocket watch-Barney was a decade-old veteran antique dealer, after all! He could tell with a look! The most treasured watch he had ever seen was worth 118,000. This watch was worth more than that!

Barney had never seen something like this in his life. He could not ascertain its maker, production time, or history. He needed experts! Or at the very least, some information online!

Alarmed, Barney discarded any care for dignity and broke through the crowd, his hand outstretched to snatch that watch away. Before he could, though, Javier kicked him to the ground.

He held the watch between his fingers delicately and drew a line across his own neck, causing Barney to shudder and hug his head. Rather than being afraid of having his skull smashed,

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Barney was more fearful of seeing this beauty broken i

Boris was just as appalled. How could Javier treat a piece of treasure like that?! How could he even suggest smashing the watch onto a common idiot's head? How...filthy-f*cking-rich was this guy to even entertain such an idea?!

They had no idea just how bored Javier was of seeing things like these. He had seen it all in the houses of the wealthy who served his family. He had even seen things worth millions of dollars way too many times, and this watch was worth a dime-a-dozen in his eyes. "Uh-hem, sir? Let's not act rashly, okay? You've got a precious thing there. Better not risk breaking it..." Boris hushed. Javier looked at the watch and retorted, "It's got the aesthetics of a teenager's phone case with that whole gem-studded thing! I don't see how precious it is." Boris blanched. A teenager's phone case?! Seriously?! How could this guy compare this treasure to the phone case of an insufferable 14-year-old baby brother?! Barney got shakily to his feet with Dawg's help. Ignoring his friend, the former staggered toward Javier and demanded, "I'm refunding you that \$450—I want that pocket watch back!" Javier laughed. "I've heard of *sshholes coercing customers into buying crap, but forcing customers into accepting a refund? Now, that's new! Aren't you the same guy who preyed on a supposed sucker like me and sold me some cheap, mass-produced clock? Now, you want it back?"

The crowd finally understood what had transpired. "Damn, you played yourself like a damn clown! You sold sh*t to someone, and now you want it back just because it's treasure? Where's your self-respect, man?" "Haven't you been humiliated enough? Was shooting yourself in the foot not enough? Or do you wanna shoot the other foot too? Is that why you're causing a ruckus now?"

"Man, if I were in his shoes, I'd just crawl into bed and cry myself to sleep. I wouldn't even admit this blunder!"

The crowd's jeers and accusations made Barney get even more flustered. But what was a little humiliation compared to a treasure worth hundreds of thousands?!

He started using the most shameless tactic he could come up with. "I didn't sell that clock to you! You tossed 450 dollars on my face and then forcibly took off with it when I wasn't watching!" He protested. "Hell, I've got a witness!"

He yanked Dawg to his side. "You were there, right? You saw it happen. Tell 'em!"

Dawg stepped forward. "Oh no, no, no. Don't make things up about me, Scaramucci! I wasn't there at all. Besides, you've got surveillance cameras in your shop, right? The only thing I distinctly remember witnessing is you bragging about making a sucker out of him. You told me you love the uneducated the most, that they are the kind of morons who will buy a 30

dollar clock for 450 dollars!"

As the crowd erupted into snickers, Barney stared ahead, looking baffled. A lesson from the master he had once apprenticed for came back to him: He should never trust his competitors to help him. Barney might have strutted around the street like a local baron because he

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consistently made the most money, and his peers might act as though they respected him and deferred to him, but in truth, they all hated his guts. They must have regarded him poorly out of jealousy alone. And now that he was in trouble, which one of them would give him a hand? No. They would only be all-too-delighted to make his grave even deeper. Barney had no tricks left to save himself. He trained an accusatory finger on Dawg and stormed away without another word.

Dawg suddenly called out behind him. "Hey, Scaramucci! Weren't you supposed to buy me a round of drinks to celebrate your sale? Don't go! I'll buy you one to comfort your melancholic

soul!"

Rage shot right out of Barney, making him stagger a little. God knew how much he wanted to tear Dawg apart... The crowd gradually dissipated after the show. Javier wrapped the pocket watch nicely in newspaper before taking the money away. Everything seemed to be in order, so Javier was ready to go.

He did not even manage to take a few steps before Boris stood in his way again.

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"God, what is it with you? Are you gonna force me to sell it or rob me in broad daylight?" Javier demanded, cutting straight to the heart of the matter. "Just a fair warning: You're not gonna buy it because I ain't selling it. And you're not gonna rob me because you wouldn't be able to beat me."

Boris was a little flustered. "No, sir, you misunderstood. See, my friend has this new item in his collection, and I thought it'd be nice if you could appraise it with your good

eye. If something comes out of it, according to the rules of the trade, we'll pay you a 10% dividend."

A dividend? Well, well, well! 10% of one million was 100,000, and a 10-million sale would net him one million! 10% was no small amount when the sales figures of this industry were always hefty!

How could Javier say no to making more money? The more he made, the more he would have to slap his mother-in-law's face! Then, the next time she threw another one of her b*tchy fits, Javier would make money rain down on her until she drowned.

Boris quickly opened the door and invited him in. He even asked if Javier needed a secure spot to store his pocket watch at the moment

"Nah," he replied. "It's just an old watch. I'll smash it to pieces the moment you try to snatch it from me."

Boris was stunned! Baffled. This guy had to be an elite-he had to be! Only someone who had gotten accustomed to such treasure would have no problem suggesting such a thing! Damn, this guy was no small fry. He was a bad*ss motherf*cker, and Boris should definitely befriend him!

At that thought, his phone rang. It was a call from his father. "Yes, Dad. I know! I know already, old man. Jesus, it's just some old dude's birthday. Do we really need to-you're a government official, man! Do you have to...Fine! Fine, I'm going!"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 814 ReadOnline

Chapter 814 A Very Confident Dealer Boris said it was a friend who needed help, but as it turned out, the matter was not as advertised after all. The friend turned out to be an art dealer who was selling a Renaissance sculpture to a few good interested buyers. "This, right here, is a Mannerist sculpture oozing with the aesthetic of the High Renaissance. How did this end up in my collection? Well, my great-great-great grandfather used to be quite the explorer, and during one of his travels, he found himself lending a hand to a local parisher in Hildegarde..."

As the man began recounting the sculpture's supposed history, Boris nudged Javier sheepishly. "Sorry I was not more forthcoming," he muttered under his breath. "It's not about my friend, see. I'm interested in this sculpture, but I can't really tell if it's genuine or not, so..."

Javier empathized. He could not blame him for his fib. Purchasing antique artwork had always posed a large risk regardless of its potential large returns. One would always worry that something was really fake or had been sold on the black market. Few would

accept appraising these things in the hopes of not getting themselves unwittingly sucked into criminal activities, which was why Boris had made up a lie to hook Javier in. "I don't mind, but I insist on being paid the dividend no matter what the appraisal ends up revealing, okay?" "Yes, of course! Real or fake, you'll get paid!"

That was what Javier wanted to hear the most. With his Astral sight, Javier examined the sculpture from his spot. It was a beautiful marble artwork made by someone who was clearly meticulous and clean about their work. A sculpture featuring both old-school aesthetics like

this one was sure to attract many buyers. Unfortunately, however, the temporal energy in the sculpture revealed that it was about ten years old or so. Javier turned to Boris and said emphatically, "Don't waste your time. It's a fake."

Boris was so surprised and stunned that he said aloud, "A fake?!" He slapped his hands over his mouth, but his exclamation had already been loud and clear. The dealer's face turned so stormy that one could almost hear thunder rumbling between his eyebrows. "What is the meaning of this? You dare suggest this is a fake?! If you can prove what you said, hell, I'll eat this sculpture with my afternoon tea!"

Boris had no way of telling if it was fake or not. His own gut told him this was genuine. He had simply wanted a second opinion that affirmed his judgment. Instead, he had gotten someone who had completely subverted his expectations. The other buyers found his embarrassment amusing. "Alright, so it's fake. Guess you can go home now, right?"

The dealer was reluctant to let Boris go. "No! You're going nowhere, mister! You cannot just slander people like this and walk away-that's like telling me my daughter's pregnant and then bidding me adios and jumping out of the window! No, I demand that you elaborate!" The harder the dealer honed in on Boris, the more confident the other customers would feel. Common sense dictated that a dealer who knew the jig was potentially up would be more than happy to let someone like Boris go, right?

Poor Boris could only shoot a glance at Javier, asking for help. He could not possibly explain a judgment he had not made, so it was up to Javier to explain why he thought what he thought. The dealer could read his gaze. "Seriously? You relied on the words of a punk? Has he even grown all of his adult teeth yet? Jesus Christ, this is unbelievable!"

To a man near his 50s, Javier was more or less a "punk." But Javier hated being looked down on for his age. "So you think an expert is some guy old enough to wear adult diapers, then? Age is the only thing that matters! Who cares if he's got a cataract and can't even see! Or if his hearing's gone bad! Or if he even knows anything about art and antiques!"

The dealer sneered. "Please, I'm not interested in a high-schooler's arguments. You think this sculpture is a fake, right? Then show me your evidence. If you can prove it's fake, I'll eat this thing with a fork and a knife for afternoon tea!"

Now, that was what brimming with confidence was like. It was infectious too, as the buyers could not help but believe the dealer. Even Boris was starting to doubt if Javier had made the right call. The guy had pronounced his judgment before he had even felt the thing!

The crowd stared at Javier. They were ready to see what kind of proof he would produce...

What could he produce?! How the hell was he going to prove how he knew this? By plucking his eyeballs out and plopping them into their sockets so they could see with his Astral Sight?! Javier could not even make things up about history, art, and all that junk, as he had zero idea about them. There was no "proof" to lay out!

After some thought, Javier strode toward the sculpture. The crowd watched him intently, wondering if he would revisit his judgment.

Javier took the sculpture and smashed it against the marble window sill. The poor thing was immediately smashed into two.

The audience was stunned, and the dealer was stupefied. The room went quiet at once. Boris was aghast, as he had not expected his "appraisal master to be so brutish and savage. How could anyone smack something before they even produced any proof?

A few seconds later, the dealer recovered from his stupor with renewed rage. "I'm gonna murder you, you b*stard! You ruined it! You ruined the sculpture! I'll kill you!"

The rest of the buyers were just as pissed. "It's fine if you can't buy something like this, and it's even okay if you wanna slander it out of spite and jealousy, but smashing it?! You really are a child! 'If I can't have it, nobody can!' Is that your motto, you entitled punk?"

"You can get hung for this, you stupid kid! You knew it was marble! You knew it could break! F *ck!"

gant 814 A Very Confident Dealer

"Gah, just call the cops on this *sshole. Talking to a savage is a waste of a gentleman's breath!"

Javier easily maneuvered the dealer's attack, smacking him onto the floor before raising the broken sculpture high. "Do you guys really have to run your mouths so quickly? Look!" Boris lunged before the rest of the crowd could register Javier's words. He

examined it, and his expression darkened. The sculpture was hollow on the inside! Worse even, its interior was an ugly, almost cement like grey color!

It was nothing like its beautiful, smooth, white-marble finish on the outside! Even if someone had no idea how anyone could create something close to a genuine Renaissance sculpture using what looked like cement and whatnot, this was enough to prove that it was fake! The other buyers rushed forward to look and reached the same conclusion. They realized that they had all been fooled.

“Where the hell did that conman go?!” someone cried.

They looked around and realized the dealer had vanished...even though the front door remained open.

“God-f*cking-damn it! He bailed! Get hiiiiim!” Before the crowd dispersed to apprehend the dealer, Javier had already returned with the man’s collar hanging by his fingers. “Where did you think you were going?” Javier jeered.

You promised to have afternoon tea with us, man. At least do that before going!”

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 815 ReadOnline

Chapter 815 Grandpa Is Gonna Love You Sooooo Much! The dealer was basically locked in his room, where angry buyers were making him eat the sculpture, so to speak. Any pleas simply fell on deaf ears, so he ended up wailing and howling like a banshee.

Boris was quite interested in joining the carnival. The fact that he had come this close to parting with 750,000 had pissed him off!

His wish was not granted. He caught Javier leaving by the door and hurried over, calling out, “Wait! I haven’t paid you your just reward!”

Oh, god! Javier had forgotten about this. His mind had been too occupied with buying a suitable gift box for the pocket watch.

Boris asked for Javier’s bank account number and transferred 75,000 straight away. He then stuck up his thumb before the latter’s face. “You are a god among men, sir! That is to say, you’re so good at what you do, you’re no different from a genuine psychic! Please impart some wisdom to a friend. How did you know it was a fake? What were the signs?”

Cough, now that was an impossible question to answer. And since Javier had zero wisdom to offer, he opted to lean hard on the “god among men” aspect. “Apologies, but all I was paid to do is tell you it’s a fake. Nothing more than that,” he replied matter-of-

factly. He almost gave himself a pat on the shoulder for how much he sounded like an advanced psychic!

Boris was quite bummed that he could not learn anything from a master, but his respect for Javier ran deeper than any disappointment. After witnessing Javier discover a gem in a pile of garbage, as well as tell that a sculpture was fake with one glance, Boris had turned into a believer.

Perhaps the best word was “devotee”, as Javier was basically god to him now! “Where are you off to next, sir? Please let me take you there!”

The angry mob of buyers only dispersed after they forced the dealer to eat whatever remained of the sculpture. “Hey, where did that absolute pro go? I gotta go make his acquaintance,

man!”

“Urgh, I can’t believe how much of a blind -*ss bastard I was! I really thought that kid was a fraud. Turns out I’m not a good judge of character!” “That kid had gotta be a genius or a master! Or someone highly exceptional, out of this world, and completely spectacular! He didn’t even need to look hard—we were suckers laughing at the seer! God, just thinking about it feels embarrassing! Sigh...” While the men were lamenting their previous attitude and their missed chance to befriend a demigod of antique appraisal, the target of their adulation, Javier, had already bidden Boris farewell. He continued his stroll, this time down a street renowned for gift and souvenir shops.

He was unsure how much the pocket watch really cost, but Boris had made it seem like it could be worth hundreds of thousands or something. It seemed like the right gift for Evanna’s grandfather.

Chapter 815 Grandpa Is Gonna Love You 500000 Much

Evanna stole a glance at the right-side mirror to spy on Javier’s appearance for the day. He seemed quite okay for the occasion: He was wearing a white shirt, black pants, shiny leather shoes, and a good new belt. It was nothing too expensive—the entire getup cost under 100 bucks—but he looked presentable and decent. 1 Besides, now that he had cleaned up, he actually looked pretty good. If they were to have babies, well...at least she knew their kids would be cute. Evanna blushed to herself. This embarrassing thought had come out of nowhere. Feeling a little nervous about Javier noticing it, she changed the topic. “A lot of my relatives will be there tonight, and...you know what they might say. Don’t listen to them when they start throwing insults and hurtful words around, okay? None of them is ever truly directed at you. They are only saying them to spite me and my mom. They are trying to insult us through you, so...try your best not to get your feathers ruffled.”

Javier smiled. "No worries. I understand. I won't be bothered at all, in fact! Besides, I swear... they are not gonna insult my mother-in-law or you through me tonight. Anyone who tries is gonna feel like a clown!"

Evanna smiled noncommittally without saying a word. All she needed Javier to do was maintain his composure even in the face of adversity and sneers. She would not ask for anything else.

She dared not ask for anything else. As they chatted away, they arrived at the parking lot of the grand hotel. She got down and opened the boot to retrieve her treasured potted lavender.

Lavender was well-known for its stress-relieving aroma and calming beauty. Growing one and maintaining it in the best state possible was no small feat either, but Evanna's magic was

palpable. Soothing lilac shades burst out of their verdant shoots, gently waving at anyone who stopped to admire them before returning their awe with their gentle fragrance.

Evanna had put a lot of effort into cultivating it. As she herself had thought, "I just want grandpa to be as stress-free and happy as he can. God knows he deserves it."

Not everyone understood the beauty in simplicity and sincerity, though. Her cousin and Uncle Don's son, Elliott, certainly did not. Upon seeing her with her gift, he immediately jeered, "Eww! You're giving him a pot of flowers? Who do you think you're gifting this to your little girlfriend? Aww, you're so sweet. Grandpa will have no choice but to love you soooooo much now!"

Chapter 816 The Birthday Party Don not seeing eye to eye with his sister-in-law, Joey, meant that his son, Elliott did not see eye to eye with Evanna either. If sarcasm did not drip from his words each time they met, Evanna herself might feel out of place. Evanna ignored Elliott and was about to carry the bonsai, when Javier got to it first.

"It's heavy, I'll do it. Help me with that box instead."

Evanna nodded and retrieved the wooden box that housed the ruby and diamond pocket watch from the car.

"Tch. Tch. The gifts you two brought... Even scavengers wouldn't want to bend down to pick them up if they saw them." Elliott shook his head after mocking them and headed inside the hotel with his chauffeur. The chauffeur was carrying something covered with a red cloth, so it was not clear what the item was in particular. Javier carried the potted plant, while Evanna carried Javier's box as they headed to the hotel lobby.

According to the local custom, there was a reception at the door where someone took a record of the guests' presents for the elder's birthday.

That was why, when Javier stepped into the lobby, he could hear a loud declaration coming from the reception. "The eldest grandson of the Dennisons, Elliott Dennison, brought a porcelain statuette of an ancient deity!" The voice resonated in the lobby, baffling many people. "Sh*t, that's an ancient artifact created more than 1,500 years ago!" "Elliott is such a nice kid. He knows that Mr. Dennison Sr. likes antiques and went all out. This artifact must've cost so much!"

"What an eye-opener today is! This was created ages ago. What a gem. David's got a nice grandson!"

Exclamations of envy rose and fell like a tide as the guests were alarmed by Elliott's extravagance.

Elliott enjoyed the spotlight. He felt as if he was a celebrity on stage with countless fans cheering him on below. It felt wonderful! Despite that, he replied 'humbly', "This isn't much. What's money anyway? It's nothing compared to family. He's my grandfather. A few hundred thousand dollars can't represent my love for him."

His little speech surprised everyone. Elliott had to really love his grandfather since he had brought a gift that had cost hundreds of thousands of dollars for his birthday! When it was Javier and Evanna's turn to give their gifts, though, the receptionist's declaration changed the topic of conversation.

"The granddaughter of the Dennisons, Evanna Dennison, brought a potted lavender plant, and his grandson-in-law, Javier Kersey, brought a ruby and diamond pocket watch!"

Before the receptionist could drawl all the syllables, the comments of others drowned them out.

"What kind of gifts are these? Evanna's is even worse than the husband's. She's only gifting him a potted lavender plant? How embarrassing!" "You have no idea, huh. The ruby and diamond pocket watch is from Evanna, and Javier is just a piece of trash. He's only a security guard at Aurora Academy-how could he afford a pocket watch? Evanna must have exchanged presents with him to protect his ego. I saw them do that at the door."

"I think that even if that piece of trash did buy it, it must be a counterfeit. How much money does he have? And yet he's still putting up a front!"

Elliott's porcelain statuette of an ancient deity had been announced first, so when Evanna and Javier's presents were announced, a comparison was made and the guests felt entitled to mock the couple.

"Let's go!"

Evanna was embarrassed by the gossip but she said nothing as she pulled Javier and weaved past the lobby to enter the banquet hall.

They were Dennisons, so Evanna took Javier to the main table, just like last year. Just as they got closer, however, her Uncle Don waved as though he was chasing off flies. "Go sit at Ruby and Steven's table."

Ruby Jewell was Dahlia's daughter, while Steven Hogg was Ruby's husband. They did not share the same last name as the Dennisons, so it was expected of them to take the table on the side.

Evanna was a Dennison, and Javier was her husband, though. She was David's granddaughter, and Javier had married into the family. They were Dennisons, so they had the right and, reasonably so, they should sit at the main table. Evanna was upset. "Uncle Don, what's the meaning of this? Are you kicking me out of the Dennison table on behalf of grandpa?!" Don turned to look at Evanna sharply. To be honest, he would actually love to do that on behalf of David, and it would be best if he could kick Joey out of the family too. Unfortunately, David was still alive, and Don did not have a say in the matter, so he could only explain. "Your grandfather has two guests of honor tonight. One came from Medb, and the other came from Clouston. There are only so many seats at the main table. Could your mother be asked to move if the two of you do not? You're a grown adult but you aren't sensible at all. How

idiotic!"

There were two more seats at the main table, and one was taken by Elliott's two-year-old son, and the other was occupied by the man's wife-to-be, whom he had yet to marry. Illegitimate

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women and children had no right to be at the main table of an established family like the Dennisons.

Even though the kid could stay because he was David's great-grandson, Elliott's wife-to-be, whom he had not married yet, should scram! Was it so hard to tell the difference between Evanna and Elliott's illegitimate wife? Joey, who was sitting at the table, felt embarrassed but waved a hand to signal for Evanna and Javier to move to the side table.

Javier was not having it. He was fine if he was a target for the night, but the arrow was now pricking Evanna. This was his wife, not a straw dummy bought at the market!

Before he could say anything, though, Evanna dragged him away. "Don't make things difficult for my mom. Don't embarrass the Dennisons." This was what Evanna said as Javier was about to pry her off. He felt bad for her, so he held it all in and followed Evanna to the side table, sharing it with Ruby and Steven. As soon as Evanna sat down, Ruby took her hand warmly. "Evanna, isn't it nice that all the cousins are sitting together? What's up? Have you been doing well?" Evanna forced a smile and half-heartedly replied "fine", looking like she wanted nothing more to do with Ruby.

The latter was not aware, though. "What about Javier? How've you been? Are you still a security guard at the academy? Speaking of which, Evanna, you're the assistant head of education, and your mom's the assistant principal. You could've given him a better job!

"True, Javier's a little useless and incapable, but you could've made him the vice chief of security, right? Don't worry, no one at home will say a thing. Everyone knows that Javier's useless. They understand."

According to a saying, if one could not say something nice, then one should not say anything at all. Ruby obviously did not know this-and she was not done. She held her husband Steven's hand, looking blissful and boastful. "Steven here isn't the greatest, but at least he works for the ministry of education. You know what, why doesn't Steven help Javier look for a security chief job at another school? It'd be a full-time position and it would pay well too. About 500 dollars a month! "I guess it'd be enough for him to feed himself."

Due to that, Javier reeled back his thoughts on using The Destiny and told Ruby, "Enjoy this while you can!" Ruby scoffed. "I've always enjoyed life, so much so that I'd like to change my name to Carpe Diem-for life. Just like you're going to be Useless for life. Gosh, why's my life such a pleasure, right? "I don't even know if I've experienced any misfortune until now. It's been smooth sailing all the way. How I wish I was unlucky once!"

Javier nodded with a grin. "Your wish will be granted."

Ruby wanted to say more, but David made an appearance then, stirring waves of congratulations and good wishes.

"Thank you, thank you, everybody. It's my pleasure and my greatest honor to have all of you here to celebrate with me!"

David was already 73 years old but he was looking energetic and healthy, and his voice was booming. Javier took this opportunity to read the old man and was surprised by his

good fortune. The old man was destined to have both longevity and wealth. Had he saved the universe in his past life?

While Javier secretly read David's fortune, the latter exchanged more pleasantries and introduced the person who went on the stage with him.

The man was in his sixties and looked as skinny as though he was sick, but his eyes were shining with life, as if he could read someone just through them. "This is an old friend of mine from Medb. He used to work in the museum and he is an antique and artifact expert. Asiel Langdon, ladies and gentlemen!" When Asiel's name was announced, the crowd broke into cheers.

Asiel Langdon was a name every antique enthusiast knew. He was so famous that people who were not interested in antiques had heard of him too.

Someone from the other table introduced him. "Asiel Langdon has a nickname we all know: All-Seeing Asiel. The reason for this nickname is that his eyes are as all-seeing as a god's eyes. He doesn't even have to hold an antique to recognize its authenticity at a glance. He's amazing

The person at the next table was still rambling when Ruby spoke as well. "Eliott must be happy. Asiel will definitely take a look at the porcelain statuette of the ancient deity later."

Steven shared the sentiment. "Of course. Eliott spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to buy

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the statuette, and that's the price a connection of his gave him. The value might be higher when Asiel assesses it later. It's an antique after all! "Unlike someone who brought a pocket watch. Who knows if that's real or not. If Asiel's all seeing eyes expose him, it will be embarrassing. I wonder if he'd be able to still sit at the table!"

Ruby scoffed. "That's not possible. He's useless, but his wife is smart for gifting grandpa a counterfeit. Why? She knows that grandpa won't ever expose her in public. That'd be embarrassing for the family!

"She's got it all thought out. She skimps at present and boosts her useless man's ego. It's a pity that life got in the way and Eliott actually gave him an antique as well. It must be even more valuable!

"Some people just don't expect to embarrass themselves despite all their calculations. I feel embarrassed just sitting with them!"

Evanna was enraged. Who could take it when each word of theirs was so pointed? Javier was furious as well. He wanted nothing more than to press Ruby's head into the pot of soup in front of them.

Then, the hall instantly fell silent. The sudden loss of noise made everyone feel like they had gone deaf all of a sudden. In reality, everyone's attention had been attracted by the person at the door-Jared Griffin!

"Grandpa David, happy birthday! I wish you a long life full of health and happiness!" Jared bowed, holding up some golden, glittery accessory before the receptionist's voice resonated inside the hall. "The North-Griffin Inc. vice GM and young heir of the Griffins, Jared Griffin, brought a 10 kilo golden sculpture of a winged Victoria!"