

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings

Chapter 851 - 860

Chapter 851 You've Misunderstood

It was already past six in the evening by the time Javier left Angela's home. The girl had begged him to leave. The reason was simple-her mother had called and said that she was coming for a visit.

Javier's shamelessness meant that he had suggested treating his "mother-in-law" to a lavish meal, frightening Angela as she pleaded, "Consider me begging you, okay? Hurry up and leave. Stop causing me trouble. I promise I won't call the police and won't take revenge on you, okay? Please..."

It took some effort before Angela finally made Javier leave. As she watched him through the window, she was genuinely exasperated.

She did not know what to say, even. It had never crossed her mind that someone would force himself on her one day, and she would beg him to leave, promising she would not pursue the matter.

Angela felt like complete trash, but as she recalled what she felt when she was with Javier...she could not help blushing and whining, "You jerk!" The whine contained not even a hint of resentment. Javier took a cab back home and met Evanna, who had also gotten home from work, at the door.

Evanna was bashful when she saw Javier. "I'm sorry to keep your hopes up again last night. I know that you're mad and haven't come home since last night. I'm really sorry. I'm w-willing to do t-that tonight. Nothing can stop me."

Javier was exasperated. She was willing to but not him! His body was not able to take continuous workouts like this, especially when the one last night was an all-nighter. He then told Evanna, "It's fine. I'm not mad. I just have things to take care of..."

He came up with an excuse and glossed the matter over,

It was just that Evanna did not assume so. She felt that Javier was doing it for her sake and to relieve her. A surge of warmth gushed within her when she heard Javier's explanation and then words of comfort. She did not know what to do about it.

She thought that it was her good luck to have met such a good man... To thank the man, she had even prepared a meal personally upon going home.

What the beautiful woman had cooked was really...unpalatable.

The dishes could kill. They were either burnt, unseasoned, or salted double to triple the amount. With how expensive pork was nowadays, she actually did not fully cook it.

Basically, Javier dared not eat what Evanna made. It was hell's kitchen. What she made could definitely kill, and not even the reishi mushroom could save the victim.

In spite of it, Evanna had started with a good intention, so Javier forced himself to eat a few spoonfuls. After all, he had The Grimoire of Five. Worse came to worst, he could save himself

— he probably would not be killed by food poisoning.

The same did not apply to Joey. She thought that it was better to go out for dinner with Javier, so she came up with an excuse and took Javier with her, leaving Evanna and the table of harmful dishes. She was actually quite troubled. What had she done?

Joey had not asked Javier out to simply feed themselves. She had even skipped dinner and booked a hotel room, not caring even when the receptionist looked at them both weirdly. She did nothing wrong, so there was no way she cared about it.

She had asked Javier out today to treat her illness. After all, it was the last treatment now. It was just that others had no idea about this except her and Javier.

Wilson, who had followed them especially, did not know, so his camera did not stop working right after Joey and Javier entered the hotel.

When Javier performed acupuncture on Joey, he heaved a long sigh.

“Done. You can get an X-ray again in the hospital tomorrow. The result won't let you down.”

With that said, Joey was so much more relaxed. She was also immensely thankful to Javier, not expecting that she would benefit from her son-in-law being treated and would one day be so grateful for him.

“Javier, how I've treated you in the past is really—” Javier waved with a smile. “It's all in the past. You did it for Evanna anyway. There's no need to bring it up again.”

Joey nodded with a hum and redressed herself after Javier left. She honestly thought it was great to have a son-in-law like him, feeling like she must have done something great in her

past life.

Joey was in a good mood as they left the hotel. They chatted joyously on the drive back to their place, only for Evanna to shout at them tearfully once they arrived home. "You both are shameless!"

Joey was befuddled, not knowing what had happened. Things had been fine when they left. Just because they did not have dinner with her, they were shameless?

Just when she was going to ask questions, Evanna raised her hand to hit Javier. It was fortunate that Javier had fast reflexes, and Evanna's slap missed. She even fell to the side because she put so much strength into that blow. If Javier had not been fast, she would have knocked the corner of the table for sure.

Even then, he was not treated better. Evanna shoved him off and scolded him with tears in her eyes, "I admit that it was my fault in the past, and I've misunderstood you, but you can't take revenge on me like this. Do you know who she is? She's my mother! My birth mother! How could you seduce her!?"

The accusation stunned Javier. Since when did he do that?

Joey was also infuriated. "Evanna, what nonsense are you talking about? You—".

Before she finished her sentence, Evanna shifted her attack to Joey.

"Mom, stop. I know everything. I'm so disappointed in you! "I can support you getting together with others. I can understand that you have physical needs, but why must you be with Javier?"

"Do you know that he's your son-in-law!? He's your son-in-law. It's incest!"

Evanna was going on, but Joey, who was fuming, slapped her directly.

The slap actually woke Evanna up, and her rational mind recovered a little. It was only then she realized what kind of people Joey and Javier were and that they would never end up together.

Moreover, it was impossible for that to happen in terms of their statuses. Joey was the mother-in-law, and Javier was the son-in-law. How could they possibly get together?

Nonetheless, Evanna was still affected as she recalled what Wilson had said when he came. She then showed the pair the photos that Wilson had passed her.

"I cannot doubt you and apologize to you on this, but you have to give me a reasonable explanation. You both say that you have things to take care of at night, but you appeared in the hotel together. What's the meaning of this?"

Javier and Joey understood the entire incident now that they saw the photos. As Joey looked at Evanna with the mark of her palm on her pretty face, she was both mad and sad. "Oh, my silly daughter. You're really...Sigh!"

Chapter 852 Unforgivable How could Javier possibly be seeing Joey? The woman would never have sex with him either. The only secret she dared not say aloud was the acupuncture he performed on her, as it was too embarrassing for Joey to say that out loud. But now that this had happened, there was no point in keeping it a secret anymore. She told her daughter everything and showed her the report. Evanna reeled back in realization. "That's why I kept mum, okay? I didn't want you to misconstrue this whole thing," Joey added. "But you went ahead and got it wrong anyway! Oh, you silly girl. How could I possibly be seeing my lil' girl's husband?"

Evanna recoiled in embarrassment. She had thought what was shown in the photo was true, but reality had taken an unexpected turn, and everything was completely different from the conclusion she had reached. She took a deep breath and turned to her mother, her cheeks pink. "I'm sorry, Mom. I really misinterpreted this!"

Joey would never hold a grudge against her daughter!

Meanwhile, Javier felt neglected. "Uh, hello? Anyone remember me? I was part of the misunderstood bunch too, remember?"

"You brought this upon yourself!" Evanna retorted, blushing. It was a little ruthless, perhaps, but she only showed this side of her to the people she liked, so it was not too bad.

Now that the tension had been resolved, the conversation between the three of them was full of their previous cordiality. The Cold War was over, but one mystery remained. Javier wanted answers: Who had taken that photo?

Anger filled Evanna's features. "Who else?! Wilson, that's who!" She exhaled, "Shortly after the two of you left, he came, smacked those pictures on the table, and..."

Javier and Joey finally understood. It was Wilson's revenge because Joey had broken up with him. He had discovered something he thought was salacious and immortalized it in the photo he later showed Evanna. He was hoping that the picture would be enough to drive the biggest wedge between Javier and Evanna, and the family would go kaput as a result,

"Quite the little scheming rat, isn't he? Didn't expect that from him," Javier remarked quietly. To him, Wilson's biggest folly was his penchant to take advantage of others. But now, he had managed to see this other side of him.

Javier made up an excuse about having some business to attend to and left. He then summoned Herschel, and the two of them made their way to a club, where the man they were looking for was busy celebrating

Wilson seemed to be in good spirits at the moment. There were pretty ladies on his lap and

some good booze to gouge on. Good times, good times...until he saw Javier, that was. He was stunned, but he soon recovered and said with a sheer, "Don't you have enough fun f*cking your own mother-in-law, huh? Couldn't sate your big hungry boy appetite? Is that why you came here looking for some hammered-out snacks?"

Wilson obviously believed there was something going on between Javier and his ex in more

ways than one, so he did not try to mince his words or polish his language. He had a lot more choice words to say too, but Herschel raised his leg and kicked Wilson square in the face.

Wilson's face began bleeding in an instant, and two of his front teeth were dislodged. The girls screamed and scrambled like frightened critters. Javier ordered Herschel, "Haul his *ss somewhere where no one can bother us."

After saying that, Javier started toward the entrance without sparing any thoughts for Wilson's condition.

The owner of the club, however, objected to the sudden hell they had raised. He rushed to the floor with six or seven bouncers flanking him. Seeing his customer being trawled away angered the owner, who shouted, "Who the f*ck are these chimpanzees making a mess out of my place?! Do you know who I am?! The seedy underworld knows me as Phantomknife! Look at my dual wielding blades! I'll slice and dice you people like lab rats in a circus! Step right up for a haircut!"

Ridiculous? Yes. Cocky? Yes. Threatening? No. In fact, Javier immediately thought he was a useless hobbler. "Get out if you want to be saved. If you stay, you'll get f*cked."

Naturally, there was no hint of a fun time in the "get f*cked" option. Unfortunately, Javier's warning fell on deaf ears. "Aww, you think threatening me makes you a mighty giga chad, do you? I've been a member of the lawless underground society for more than ten years, and no one has ever dared wave a threat in my face! Are you happy that you're the first? Now, come receive your reward!"

Phantomknife unsheathed his snowy, shiny blades and pointed their tips at Javier. Cold glints bounced off their surface, making for a terrifying entrance, but little else happened, as Phantomknife never got to hit Javier with them. He felt a sharp pinch on

his wrist and saw Javier's silhouette get blurry. The next time his eyes focused, his shiny blades had changed hands. Javier was the one aiming the pointy bits at him now.

The sharp edges of the blades leaned precariously against Phantomknife's neck. "So, what do you think the word 'phantom' in your made-up name means, huh? That your sword moves like a phantom or that you're gonna turn into a phantom really soon?" Javier said. "Honestly, I'm curious. What will happen if I press this knife into your neck a little harder? Will you become...Phantomknifed? Let's find out, shall we?"

Phantomknife suddenly lost interest in boasting. After hesitating for a few seconds, he suddenly barked at his bouncers, "I just remembered that we have some important business to attend to at the back door! Come on, let's get to it already!"

Phantomknife waved and led his people out of there through the club's back door. As for his loyal customer's predicament? Ah, f*ck that! Wilson who? He was definitely not his wife! Should he even care about someone like that?

Phantomknife and his people were very quick on their feet. Maybe the "phantom" part of his title was spot-on after all, as they skedaddled out of there without any hesitation. Javier watched them disappear through the back door and sneered coolly before turning in the opposite direction and walking out of the front door.

Wilson had realized something terrible was afoot the moment Herschel had dragged him away. Had he known this was going to happen, he would have never gotten on Javier's bad side. Now, judging by how things seemed to be turning out, Javier did not plan to resolve their conflict with mercy, did he?

Wilson tried his best to appeal to Javier's better side. He begged for forgiveness and mercy, but it did not work out as he had hoped. When Wilson had first hatched this scheme in his head, he had thought it was so perfect and masterful that it was a straight-up power fantasy. But reality had cruelly reminded him just how oblivious he was to the way things really worked.

Javier looked at him and sneered, "You regretting your choice, buddy? What's done is done. Can't put the toothpaste back in the tube, can you? You just have to suffer the consequences. No one is an exception. I know we've been pals for a while, but what you did is just unforgivable!"

Chapter 853 I'm Gonna Spend Time with Other Men!

Herschel dragged Wilson away from Javier and...well, that was the end of that.

The owner of the club, Phantomknife, never brandished his blades again. He also deleted any memories he had of Wilson in his head. He kept reminding himself that had he not run away the moment things had gone south, Phantomknife would have already become Phantom...

period.

No one reported Wilson's disappearance to the police. Nobody even cared. Joey certainly did not, as she would rather beat Wilson up herself than care about his safety.

The middle-aged woman who was supposedly Wilson's spouse did not call the cops either. Now that she knew just what kind of *sshole Wilson was, the man's disappearance was more gratifying than worrying. His property was all hers now. If Wilson was found, she would lose it

all.

In other words, Wilson would never see the light of day again. No one was coming to save him. Javier later asked Herschel about Wilson's whereabouts, and the latter replied, "He's living in a pigsty with other pigs! Pretty fly for him if you ask me. He gets to eat and sleep all day without ever needing to work. He's as content as a pet!"

Javier returned from the club, only to see Evanna in a getup that could make any red-blooded man get a nosebleed. She was wearing a pair of black lacy pantyhose with garters that complemented her deep purple lace gown, and boy, her assets could make a man howl. Seeing her like this stumped Javier completely. For once, he had no idea what she was trying to do. "What's with this getup? Are you trying to seduce me?" Evanna blushed and glared at him. So what if she did want to seduce Javier? She would never say something like that aloud!

She simply felt bad about what had happened last night as well as about the fact that she had misunderstood the relationship between Javier and her mother. This was Evanna's way of apologizing...and compensating him. Heck, she had bought the outfit specifically for this occasion!

Javier would never say no to this, so he lunged.

It was going to be a very pleasurable night...

By the time he woke up the next morning, Evanna was already in the kitchen. After washing up, he emerged from the bathroom and saw that the kitchen was all cleaned up. Breakfast was done.

Luckily for all of them, Evanna had not made a single thing. She was fully aware of how deadly her cooking was, so she had ordered takeout for three. "Evanna, can you drive me to the academy later? My car is due for an inspection," Joey mentioned while munching on something at the table. "I've contacted one of the repairmen to

come get my car from our home."

Evanna agreed happily. They worked at the same academy, after all. "I can drive your car to the shop myself," Javier offered. "It's better to have one of your kin take care of your car."

Joey thought he was right, so she called the repairman and canceled the appointment.

The repairman in question, Bryan Cuomo, was infuriated. This meant less profit for him! He would be losing a customer! He could not force Joey to rescind her cancellation, but he really wanted to know who had stolen his customer. Standing nearby, he watched Javier get inside Joey's car and seethed.

"You sshole! Stealin' a man's customer is like stealin' his wife, jack*ss!" Bryan snarled under his breath. He had a scheme all hatched up in his head: He was going to troll this guy to oblivion!

While Javier got the engine started, Bryan rode his motorbike and hurled out of an alley recklessly. The car had barely moved when Bryan "crashed" into it and tumbled from his bike, whimpering and yowling. "Christ! Gaaaahhh! You car owners always bully little guys like us!"

Chapter 854 Respecting the Elders No More

Nothing in his voice suggested that this was a moribund man at the end of a traffic accident. Javier looked at the guy from his window, yawned, and lit up a cigarette. He took deep puffs, disembarked from his car, and stared at Bryan on the ground.

"Get up, man. A performance like that won't get you into the B-list...or C-list," he said flatly.

Bryan turned visibly red. "F*ck you. This isn't a performance, and you know it in your gut, jack *ss. How about having our roles reversed? I am wounded, you jerk. Wounded real bad. Look at me! Look at, uh..."

He surveyed his body as quickly as he could, hoping to find a scratch, any scratch, to supplement his story. Nothing. He pivoted to another kind of injury. "I know it looks as if I'm fine on the outside, but my innards are bleeding right now! I bet they are punctured, too! You don't know that!"

Their commotion attracted a crowd, most of them senior citizens. They came with a predisposition, too. They immediately believed the one appealing to pathos was the victim, while the one overlooking him had to be the aggressor. "Kids nowadays drive like they do in the movies. Come on, buckaroo. You really think being all fast and furious would make you popular with the ladies?" one of them began. "Back in my days, we drove within speed limits, son. But kids nowadays fancy themselves too square for rules and speed limits, huh? When they finally crash into someone, they say it's the old lady who deliberately threw herself in front of their path for the insurance money!" "Were it up

to me, oh boy, anyone who drives faster than the limit gets a bullet through their head. That oughta teach these sons of a gun!" These senior citizens had a point...if they were talking about themselves, that was. Old people were slow, sluggish, and rusty in their movement. They could not help but walk at a snail's speed, and they had to depend on the self-restraint of other road users to be safe. It was reasonable for them to want everyone to drive slowly. Understandable as they might be, this had nothing to do with what really happened. Javier had only just started the engine. How fast could the car accelerate after a second-long warm-up?

And the bike! The tires were fine. There was not even a dent on any part of the motorbike. Had Javier been as fast as they made him out to be, the motorbike would have been scrap metal by now.

It was obvious that these elderly geezers did not care. They simply had a bone to pick with fast-driving youths in general. Either way, their support emboldened Bryan. "So what do you say to this, huh? Weren't you stubbornly insisting that I was just playing the victim or whatever? Trying to pass the buck to me, weren't you?" he snarled. "But everyone here's a witness. They saw what you did, and you can't run. Hit-and-run is a crime, you know!"

Javier took a few puffs of smoke in his ever-so-cool nonchalance. It pissed Bryan off. "Vile! Savage! First, you hit me, and now you're acting cool and so above-it-all! If you have a heart in there, you should at least take me to the hospital for a check-up first. This isn't me trying to take advantage of you, man. It's your responsibility and the least you could do after you hit me with your car! Is it really too much to ask for?!"

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He cast a look for help to the crowd. Their opinions ensued.

"Lord Almighty, drivers nowadays are heartless! Look at them!" "It's almost a good thing that we were all here to bear witness. This jerk would have run after hitting someone-people like him are a dime a dozen!"

"Where is your heart, young man? God, how low our society had sunk. Would you show such a lack of care if it was your own parents?"

Javier was pissed. These old fools had no idea what had happened! On what grounds did they lecture him about conscience and whatnot from their high horses?

'I have no problem with you people judging me from a moral high ground, but do you even know who the real victim is? Of course you all don't! You people only care about the weak and the disempowered. The strong can go to hell for all you care!' Javier grunted in his mind.

Poor Javier was the one in hell now. He was subjected to a melange of verbal abuses, but he coolly flicked his cigarette butt to the ground and smiled at Bryan. "The owner of this car has Third Party Property Damage insurance. 300,000 dollars in total. Your family could earn that if you're genuinely hurt," he said. "You want this money? Then stay right where you are. Don't move. I'll run you over, and you'll strike it rich!"

Javier got back into the car and started the engine once more. He stomped on the accelerator, and the car growled like a mechanical T-Rex.

Bryan's teeth chattered instinctively. Was this guy really going to hit him just because he had insurance!?

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He scrambled aside, crawling on all fours. After rising back to his feet, Bryan bristled, "Son of a b*tch! You want to murder me! You piece of —" He stopped midway, realizing that the car merely roared. Javier had been stomping the pedal without shifting to any driving gear. It sounded terrifying, but it was essentially all bark and no bite. The tires hardly moved. Javier tilted his head out of the window. "Wow, you were as quick as the Flash! I thought you wouldn't be able to move with your super-serious internal injuries!" he jeered at Bryan. "If I didn't know better, I would have thought you're healthy and unscathed. Wait...or is that the truth? I mean, you told me you can't get up at all!"

Bryan was embarrassed. He could not say a word. He had been exposed.

The crowd fell silent, too. Nobody made any fuss about Javier being irresponsible anymore. Seeing how quickly Bryan moved and getting back to his feet made him realize it was all an act, and that embarrassed them.

Someone, however, decided that he might as well dig an even bigger hole. "Does it matter? He was just trying to teach you a lesson about safe driving. It was for our benefit! But you threw a hissy fit over it and threatened to run over him despite his good intentions!" said an old man. "Had it really happened, this would have been a premeditated murder! Or at least manslaughter!"

The old man's absurd excuse became Bryan's unexpected ammunition. "See? The wise old man gets it! I was just trying to warn you about the perils of driving fast without a care for us pedestrians!"

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The crowd was happy to seize a way out of their embarrassment.

“This poor guy’s injuries aren’t the important thing here, young man. You hit him! That’s what matters!”

“This guy thinks he can turn the whole argument around and make himself the good guy! No! He hit someone and then threatened to run them over again! We’ve got a savage behind the wheel!”

“God knows if that young man has a soul in that husk. His heart is black, I tell you! I wouldn’t feel bad if he got into a car crash later!”

Javier was confused. How the hell did he manage to incite the collective wrath of old blokes and ladies? Did being embarrassed for standing on the wrong side of an argument torture their ego so much that they could do nothing other than spew bitter hate? Well, he had to prove himself then. “Okay, okay! You guys wanna play dirty, right? I’m losing my respect for the elders because of you all. So, an eye for an eye. I’m gonna make you all famous for wishing me dead!”

Chapter 855 Finally, Some News of Him! Javier returned to the car, took out the dash cam, and pointed at Bryan. “Over here, pal. Call the local traffic cop in front of the camera and repeat your claim. Oh, and bring your elderly friends along. They are your witnesses, right? You guys should tell the cops like a merry little band.”

Bryan’s expression fell at the sight of the dash cam. He had made sure the car was not outfitted with it, but it turned out the owner had placed it on the corner of the dashboard instead.

“You know what? I don’t have time for this charade. I’ve got actual work to do, and I ain’t wasting God-given time anymore. I’m done!” Bryan snarled, lifting his motorbike before riding it and veering away into the distance as though he was the bigger guy in the argument. The crowd dispersed as soon as Javier mentioned the dash cam. Suddenly, they all remembered what they planned to do for the day—attending yoga classes, playing bingo with their other pals, feeding the ducks... It was almost as if not one of them had wished death upon Javier. Javier laughed mockingly. “Hey, where’s everybody going?” They ignored him as if they had not played spectators and live commentators just seconds ago. Javier returned to the car and sneered. “You people really think this is it for today, huh? Sorry, but I’m hella petty.”

He steered the car in the direction of the traffic cop, snickering and sneering to himself throughout the way. The car still needed inspection, after all, but while waiting for the

Herschel. He sent the dash cam feed to Herschel and let the rest play out as he wanted.

By midday, the crowd of elderly had gone viral on social media. Mr. Farwell was on his way home after a few bingo games when he realized strangers were watching and muttering to themselves as he passed.

“That was him! That old man who pulled an excuse out of his old *ss to save some *sshole pretending to be a victim!”

Mrs. Dawn could not go through her shopping in the market without being pointed out and commented upon. She was even refused service by a local stall owner. “You have an ugly soul beneath that fake smile and niceties, ma’am. You rather curse someone to die than admit you’ve been helping the wrong side in the entire thing! You knew that guy was faking it, but you doubled down on helping him!”

“We should curse her too. Die sooner than your time, you! Then maybe the world will be a little bit better than when you left it!”

“They used to say people can revert to being childish once they’ve turned really old, but I don’t think that’s true. They have always been man- and woman-children at heart, and now they’ve turned old.”

“Look at that crone. Pulling excuses out of her *ss, and then cursing an innocent guy to die in a traffic accident. In the old days, she would have been burned at a stake for being such a

witch.”

Thanks to Herschel’s information engineering on the Internet, the video feed had caused a viral storm. Every single one of the old folks who had dared hurl verbal abuses at Javier was doxxed with their information leaked and exposed. Their children’s workplaces, their grandchildren’s schools-these senior citizens had lost all hopes for their privacy. All of them were subjected to bullying, verbal abuses, and all manners of mob justice until they lost their jobs and the kids could not go to school.

Served them right.

They thought they could be mean to a kind person without ever needing to apologize. They could just shout at them and be done with it. But Javier was not a kind person at all. He would respect the elderly but only if they deserved his respect. These old fools had strutted around like *sshholes to him, so they deserved the punishment of being terrorized by the Internet.

Of course, Javier had not been mean to everyone! He only picked out those who were very malicious in their tone and word choice before influencing the Internet into hating them. As for the rest, he let them be.

People should always take responsibility for their actions. That sort of duty did not change depending on a person’s age.

Last but not least, Javier had not forgotten about the man who had started it all. Herschel had abducted Bryan away to nowhere. Neither Javier nor Herschel would say where he was.

The Cuomos had lodged a report on their missing kin, but an investigation revealed a letter he had personally written. He had written he felt a sting in his conscience for the offense he had committed, so he ran away.

The letter was genuine, but was it genuine in intent? One could only hope to gain answers from Herschel, who still would not say. All in all, Bryan Cuomo had disappeared from the face of the earth because of that stunt he pulled.

Half a month passed. Javier successfully tackled many of his affairs. From now on, no idiot would ever come and ruin his days again. More importantly, thanks to his “nourishment”, Evanna bloomed every night, her skin radiant, supple, and delicious.

The only thing that upset him was the absence of any news regarding Daniel Dennison. It was less about not locating him, too – Javier was merely worried that the Raiders had found Daniel first.

Then, one day, he received the best piece of news. “Javier, my boy! Daniel called me! He said he’s coming to see us after a week!” said David.

Javier balled his fists in joy, hard enough that his veins popped out of his skin. He finally had news of Daniel’s whereabouts. He could not wait to see him...literally. He liked taking the initiative more.

He got the number Daniel had used and launched a manhunt based on it. A video from one of the surveillance cameras manning the tourists’ area showed Daniel appearing in Mount Sisyphus-it came to Javier via his phone as the search went on. It was dated yesterday.

Javier made his move immediately. He had Herschel drive his Bugatti as he chauffeured the young man to Mount Sisyphus.

The freeway quickly became the Bugatti’s stage. They met a flaming red Ferrari, but it was no

match to their Bugatti. A little press on the accelerator and the Ferrari was gone in the dust, hopelessly unmatched in speed. Despite that, Javier still thought Herschel was too slow. “Are you a seven-year-old playing Mario Kart or what? Faster!”

After a brief stop at the gas station, Javier took the driver’s seat. Finally, Herschel experienced a Bugatti’s top speed. The car was as fast as the wind! There was no place they could not reach. Javier was not just fast but also wicked, skilled, and wild. He did not care about the speed limit, and since he was such an indisputable pro at driving, he

even managed some dangerous feats like drifting under some of the larger trailers. Those poor midnight drivers were terrorized. They almost thought their trucks had given birth to a Bugatti. The only thing they could make out was a blue blur before the car was out of their sight. The Bugatti finally arrived at the intersection of the freeway, where several traffic cops had set up inspection stations. Javier had always been respectful of the men in blue, so he left Herschel to contend with the speed tickets while he hitchhiked another car to his destination.

Herschel was upset. "I was only here to be your fall guy all along!" Javier did not hear him at all. He had gotten into another car heading to Mount Sisyphus. The driver had not wanted to play ball at first, but after Javier slapped 3,000 dollars on his dashboard..

The car's exhaust began to roar! He was on his way again! Javier was getting closer and closer to Daniel!

Chapter 856 Like Death Warmed Up

Javier successfully reached Mount Sisyphus before uniting with Herschel's underling, Running Man. The guy was famed for tracking people down and following them—the only time he ever failed at that was when Javier was his target.

Unfortunately, it seemed that one more entry had been added to that hall of fame. "I'm sorry, Boss," he said ruefully. "I lost him."

Javier's mood sank, but he did not think Running Man was at fault here. Losing someone like Daniel was not at all surprising when one remembered the kinds of superpowers he possessed. Few people in this world had powers like that—one could probably count their numbers with their hands.

For now, the only person who even knew how to use the powers he possessed was Daniel. He was unstoppable. His powers were beyond normal humans' capabilities. If he put his mind to hide his presence, even the most dedicated tracker like Running Man would falter.

Javier patted the dejected man on the shoulder. "It's alright. We need to gather more trackers, then. The more, the merrier. Hopefully, Daniel is still skulking around Mount Sisyphus or its surroundings."

Not being blamed for his failure deepened Running Man's sense of guilt. Still, since the moment he lost Daniel, Running Man had proceeded to rally teams of trackers to aid him, so he replied, "I've done just that already, Boss. We should receive some news very soon."

"Very soon" turned out to be three in the afternoon on the next day. It was not a good one, though—Running Man reported no sight of Daniel in any surveillance footage nor in person. It was as if the man had vanished into thin air.

Javier had expected this. He himself could perform the same feat through the Grimoire of Five, too. To be honest, he held zero expectations of good news from the beginning. It would be nice if something turned up, but...well!

As long as the Raiders were just as much at a loss at capturing him, Javier would treat this loss as good news in disguise.

After confirming Daniel's disappearance, Javier decided to return. While having his dinner, he bumped into Angela Jupp, who was conducting market research in the area. It was pure work of coincidence. The two of them had not contacted each other. Angela even relocated to a city much farther away from where Javier was to avoid bumping into her bane.

Imagine the depth of her despondence when she found Javier in the restaurant. Taking her seat across the table, she moaned ruefully. "Stop stalking me, would you?"

Javier looked up from his food, saw Angela, and reacted with surprise. "You!?"

It would be illogical to think Javier had been following her. His only purpose was to eat. In fact, Angela only showed up when he was almost finished. If anything, the opposite – Angela stalking Javier would have been more logical.

Angela realized the logical fallacy in her claim and quickly pivoted to talks about her work. Javier knew about the China cars more than she did, so it seemed right to ask him. She ordered something for herself while Javier ordered an appetizer. The discussion was quite lively

It only stopped being so cordial when the meal was over and it was time to go. Angela was about to leave when Javier snaked his arm around her shapely waist without her consent and dragged her to the hotel.

Angela told the desk girl they did not know each other, but Javier was relentless. "Please, honey, I was wrong! I admit it was all my fault! I'll work hard and buy you luxury bags and makeup from now on! Please break up with that trust-fund kid! He doesn't love you for real!"

The desk girl could not bear to see it any longer. What was wrong with beautiful women and their penchant to jump ships whenever expedient? Had they no shame? Betraying her own husband for money-and to feign ignorance of who he was as justification for her affair!? Disgusting!

Angela was exasperated. How the hell did the desk girl jump to a conclusion like that based on virtually zero evidence but "he said, she said?"

Her exasperation ended as soon as she was dragged into the hotel room. Javier the bed before lunging at her. She knew it was going to be a night of horror. Angela had

hoped that she could escape Javier and his unwelcomed crotch by staying in this city, but it was to no avail. She could not escape being raped. Once it was over, she lay on the bed motionlessly, muttering colorful choice words softly only because she was too tired to

raise her voice, “c*nt-f*cking, c*ck-hanging piece of sh*t...A schoolboy’s d*ck that ran away and became a real boy...”

She had fled hundreds of kilometers away from where Javier lived to free herself from him, and yet here she was, f*cked by the very guy she wanted to escape from.

The next morning, as soon as the sun broke out, Angela climbed out of bed as quietly as she could. She put on her clothes and bolted out of the door. Before heading out of the entrance, she spied the desk girl from yesterday and shot her the mother of all glares.

The desk girl was enraged. She called Javier’s room and reported, “Sir, your wife has just escaped!”

She put down the phone and snarled to herself, “Now let’s see if glaring at me gets you any closer to your side-hoe!”

The sky was starting to brighten a bit. A morning market had begun. Stalls selling breakfast had begun their business. Angela bought a cheese-and-egg patty from one such stall and enjoyed it immensely. She was never a high-maintenance girl and would delight in anything good enough.

The food at least made her feel a bit more alive, but it was no substitution for all the sleep she had lost last night due to Javier’s relentless, non-stop conquest. She found another hotel nearby and booked a room.

No sooner until she settled down in the room when she heard a knock on the door, a deep voice from outside informed her, “Sorry, ma’am, but there’s this guy who has come to see you. We tried stopping him, but he barreled through us and is coming straight at you.”

Angela was petrified. She had made her intention obvious! She was visibly trying to get away from him! So why the f*ck was he coming after her!?

She snatched up her bag and opened the door, ready to move. She had to run as soon as possible-she was not going to let Javier touch her again. Unfortunately, as soon as she

yanked the door open, Javier’s face leaped into her sight.

Angela was nearing tears. No wonder that voice had sounded so familiar. It was Javier f*cking Kersey!

She watched him step into her room as her nerves kicked into panic overdrive. "F*ck, you win! I don't even want to try anymore. I know you love f*cking me, and fine, the process itself isn't all bad. I like it enough because you're good. But I'm fatigued, you hear me? You left me in so much pain all over! I'm a person, flesh and blood! I'm not a sex doll. I'm not made out of plastic. Can you at least let me sleep right now? At least let me gain enough energy to please

you!"

Javier could never say no to a request this sincere... apparently. "Okey-dokey. I'm quite sleepy myself, so cuddle time!" Javier wrapped his arm around her as the two lay down on the bed. Angela was too tired to protest, so she let him. She just wanted to sleep... A few seconds later, her eyes snapped open, her eyes watering ruefully. "You f*cking liar! You told me we were just going to sleep!"

Chapter 857 Honesty is the Precursor to Trust

Midway through their SX-18 tussle, Angela seemingly made a vow that she would fight to the end. It turned out to be untrue, but not because Javier's "skills" touched her profoundly (in more ways than one). It was because she could not take it anymore.

After her second orgasm, she was almost limple and without strength. She did not even have the strength to moan during the third round, which finally ruined Javier's mood enough that he did not contemplate a fourth round.

Still, it did not stop him from teasing her. "Five is the magic number, sweetheart. How about we work hard and"

Angela managed to muster enough strength from an unknown reserve to turn around and swing her hands wildly. "No! No, no, no, no more! I give up! I give up!"

All there was left in her mind was wild fear. He was terrifying! A monster with an insatiable appetite! She was lucky to be alive after dancing with an incubus!

Javier had lost his mood for pillow talks and teases, too, so he stopped. In truth, he was quite tired himself. The only reason he had not broken his battered spines banging the girl was because the Grimoire had given him abilities some might consider unnatural.

Some time after that, the two of them fell asleep with Angela in Javier's arms. They slept until dusk. By the time she woke up, it was already time for dinner.

Sh*t. Angela had met Javier around dinner last night, and then this gauntlet went on until it was time for dinner today! She had squandered an entire day on nothing but sex! God, just the thought of that was depressing.

She rose. The ache and soreness all around her body only added more fuel to her bitter dejection.

Angela put her clothes back on, hailed a cab, and left without leaving a single goodbye. She had had enough of this guy-it did not matter if he could send her to paradise over and over. She did not even think he was f*cking her anymore-he was murdering her. That was it! He was trying to kill her!

Javier had been aware that Angela was going to run, but he did not stop her. The thing between them had been nothing more than casual sex with no strings attached. Stuff like that did not need formal farewells.

Besides, maybe they would see each other again by chance in the future.

After Javier had his dinner, he summoned Herschel and drove home. He kept his carnal desires in flesh since then, resisting even the temptation to taste his beautiful wife. Part of it was because Evanna was having her period, but it was also because he had to recuperate. He had to maintain an optimal, clear state of mind before seeing Daniel. That way, he could learn how to control and master his powers in the shortest amount of time while he was the latter's apprentice.

Javier thought he had reached the point of optimal state after a week. The timing was right, too. David's call came. "Daniel's here, boy. But —"

Javier was just about to leap in joy until he heard the drawn-out "but". That felt ominous. Had

something happened? Did the plan change?

The plan did change for the better. "He said he wants to see you personally and wants me to tell you just that."

Javier was surprised. How did he know Javier wanted to see him?

He blinked back his shock, reasoning that someone with Daniel's powers must be able to divine information like this easily. Either way, Javier agreed to the meeting excitedly and immediately headed to his destination.

Javier reached David's mansion by the afternoon, There, he finally met the elusive Daniel Dennison, who looked like a carbon copy of his brother. He was wearing a ceremonial robe, and yet for some strange reasons, Javier could not discern any air of mystique.

They had lunch together, and Javier discovered something else that did not fit. Daniel was told to be a vegan, and yet Javier caught him eyeing the steaks on his and David's plates. It was the look of a glutton.

Javier frowned. He had never doubted David's sincerity and loyalty to him, but Daniel's mannerism did not add up. His suspicion grew more until finally, he rose to his feet, grabbed the back of Daniel's head, and banged it against the table. No enlightened sage worth their salt would find mere steaks irresistible, especially not the modern-day equivalent of an archsage

Shock overcame Daniel's mien the moment Javier's fingers closed around his neck. The smack that came after was so painful that he grimaced and shouted, "God-f*cking-damn it! You can't treat the Holy One like this!"

Well, well, well. Truly the vocabulary of a sage.

Javier ignored the squirming Daniel and stared at a very rueful David, who pointedly avoided Javier's eyes. "This is it? Your brother?"

David raised his head with much difficulty and met his gaze. "I'm sorry, boy. My brother did tell me he was coming after a week, but...But he didn't arrive as he said he would. So I found someone who looked like me and had him pretend to be him. It was more than just trying to appease you, too. I wanted to see what your purpose was regarding my brother. If you aim to harm him in any way, L. So help me, God, I won't let you!

"I can't let you, boy. I've lost too many of my direct kin already..."

One could only imagine how much courage David had mustered to even let those words leave his lips. He had lost both his son and grandson to Javier. He knew how powerful and untouchable the man was, too. Javier was not someone any man should have as an enemy. His dangerous gambit, as well as exposing his motivations in candor, was the only act of defiance David could mount.

Javier fell into silence. A while later, he returned to his seat. "I wasn't the one who started the fire, but I did kill your kin. For that, you deserve an apology," he said. "I'll give you more than that, though. I'll restore your confidence in me and my power to raise your family to greater prestige."

He removed the hyper-realistic mask on his face.

David stared at him. This was the greatest shock of the ages! "Y-You're Javier Kersey of...of Reivaj Group!"

Javier put the mask back on.

His face reveal was enough of an explanation. David now knew why Javier was sure the former's confidence would be bolstered like this.

"There's more reasons to why I killed Elliott and Don than what you thought. They would hurt Evanna if I didn't kill them. I'll never let anyone who would harm Evanna live. Please understand.

"As for your concern for your brother...It's misplaced. If I wanted to kill him, I wouldn't have wasted so much effort. The reason I need him is far more important than you can ever imagine, but that's neither here nor there. The important thing you should get out of all of this is this: your family is only going to become wealthier, better, and more powerful. I'll fulfill what I promised you. My son will bear your family name rather than mine.

"I understand why you set me up this time, but I hope this is the last. Trust is foundational to our relationship, right? And honesty is the precursor to trust. Wouldn't you agree?"

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Chapter 858 Cheering for His Benevolence David nodded enthusiastically. Now that he finally aired his grievances, there was nothing bugging their relationship anymore. The sincerity in Javier's tone helped, too-less so than the fact that he made good arguments, plus pure, domineering power on his side. In the end, David made a solemn promise affirming Javier's proposition and promised to never attempt something like this again. With that out of the way, the two engaged in some light chat before Javier left the mansion.

Javier was none too pleased with Daniel's no-show, but it was beyond David's control anyway. He did not deserve a glare, so Javier smiled the whole time, even as he was about to step out of the door. Only he himself could tell how genuine that smile was.

There were precious few things he could do in light of this event. One was to continue manning his investigation party. The other was to wait. For how long? Javier had no idea. He was never good at waiting. It made him restless.

Thus, he ordered another group to track the Raiders in the meantime. The Raiders had painted a target on his back for a very long time. They should not exist any longer. Instead of waiting for them to come to him after he found Daniel, maybe he should just destroy them before that.

It sounded great when one thought about it, but it was easier said than done. Locating them alone was a problem, or they would not have been able to hide for so long without ever being discovered.

Javier had nothing on his agenda for two days. Living as a normal guy with normal contentment was quite pleasant: he helped out in the kitchen with Evanna every evening, for example, after the two of them went grocery shopping together. Today, something else had taken Evanna's time, so Javier had to do their shopping alone. While strolling around the supermarket, picking stuff off the shelves, he caught a commotion as it happened. "What the f*ck! Look what you've done, you old f*ck!"

The aggression and word choice attracted Javier's attention. He turned and saw an old woman apologizing profusely to a young man, nodding and trying hard to please. It was an untoward scene. An old woman in her 60s was bending her back and always pleadingly asking for the young man to forgive her folly in public. Worse, the young man reacted with more slurs and shouts, his finger never leaving his Adidas.

"What is it? F*cking cataract? Do you know how much the shoes you just dirty are worth? Do you have any f*cking idea!?" the young man snarled. "450 dollars, man! You can't even repay me even if I sell you to a slave trader! For f*ck's sake, don't sleep while you're moving around,

sh*t bird. Just look at the smudge your trolley left on my shoes! What the f*ck!?"

He was so abrasive that the bystanders visibly blanched. One of them stepped forward to defend her, arguing, "It's just a pair of shoes, dude. Chill the f*ck out."

"Just a pair of -!? You f*cking brainlet, do you know how much this means to me!? I bought these babes after camping outside its exclusive shop for a night and then waited in line for hours! These are my babies, smooth-brained, and now this old f*ck ruined them!"

The man never once stopped his precision f-strike even when others tried to reel him back to civility. The poor old woman had gotten so embarrassed and flustered that she did not know

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what to say anymore.

Javier approached the young man and patted him on his shoulders. The latter jerked away, disgusted, shouting, "And who the f*ck are you? Get your filthy hands away from me unless you want"

Javier cut his sentence short by decking him with a stack of cash across the cheek. "Oops, too late, slapped you with this. Any problem?" The young man considered the money in his hand, his eyes widening in greed.

"What are you staring at? I'm asking you a f*cking question, dumb*ss!" Javier snapped.

Money could make the devil turn one's mill, they said, and the young man certainly was not far off. His eyes lit up as he replied, "Nope! I have no problem with you, man!"

Javier pointed at the old lady. "Apologize to her then as hard and sincerely as you can. At least make it equal to how hard you screamed at her. If she refuses to forgive you...well, it looks like you're not getting a single dime."

The young man turned to the old woman. His eyes had softened into something akin to sincere sadness and guilt. "I'm so sorry for my hurtful words, ma'am. I really shouldn't have lost my temper. I know now that I have some anger management issues, and I'm going to work on them, so it never happens again.." Goddamn! That change of heart was so drastic and extreme, it was almost as if he had switched to another personality or something. It was as if he was not the same guy who had been hurling abusive words at a poor old woman! The old woman turned out to be a kindly, big-hearted senior. She forgave the man almost immediately.

The young man took Javier's money, beaming, and started to leave.

Javier stopped him. "Hold on a minute. Leave your shoes. That money is compensation for your 'ruined' shoes, so leave them for me."

The young man was stunned. A second of deliberation later, he chose money. In the end, he left the supermarket bare-footed.

The crowd cheered and clapped. They celebrated Javier's act of benevolence, as well as the old lady's kindness. The woman herself, though, sidled up to Javier's side sheepishly. "Thank you for helping me out of that pickle, young man. I won't be able to pay you back for the amount you gave him, but if you give me some time, I'll slowly but surely make it up for you. I swear to God I will."

She was obviously a woman of words and principle, but Javier did not want any compensation from her at all. 1,500 bucks meant nothing to Javier, but it meant rubbing herself in a sea of elbow grease just to pay him back in full. It would not be fair. "Don't sweat it, ma'am. You don't have to pay me back a dime."

The old woman would not accept that at all. She kept insisting, so in the end, Javier made up a noncommittal proposal. The old woman said she would pay him 7 dollars every day, which could take less than a year to finally pay off her "debt."

Javier could never accept payment from someone of the struggling class, but he accepted the old woman's first payment just to appease her conscience. There would be a time in the future

when he would return the same amount to her.

Javier terminated his grocery shopping agenda and spent the rest of the day talking to the old lady. She told him her name-Edna Monroe-and about her life. She was 62 years old, had lost her spouse very early, and raised their daughter alone. Her girl had graduated, thankfully, and now worked in a respectable hospital. Life was only going to get better, she said.

For some reason, Javier felt a pang in his chest when he saw how bright Edna's smile was. While most people stayed inside air-conditioned rooms, obsessed with the world inside their tiny screens, an old woman could only sustain her life by selling vegetables. And yet, she was happy just to know that life might get better-that her life might get just a little smoother and easier to breathe.

Javier called Herschel after he left, telling him to immediately purchase a shop in the vicinity. Edna would never accept Javier's help, but he did not need to help her in obvious ways. If he could make her a constant supplier of vegetables to a shop or business venture they owned, they would be able to provide her more than enough means to live.

Unfortunately, Javier seemed to have failed to explain his reasoning to Herschel because the man managed to mess it up...

Chapter 859 I Think You're Alright

Herschel bought a motel. Instead of purchasing a place where fresh vegetables would have more uses-a restaurant, a hotel, some such-that idiot bought a motel.

What the hell was a motel going to do with all these vegetables? Check them into the rooms? Put them in vases?

Javier was rendered speechless, but it was less of a problem than he initially thought. It became Herschel's perfect cover while remaining in this city-a development he was clearly very proud of, considering how he could now tell everyone he owned a business.

Javier was not in the mood to humor him, so he hung up the man's call.

Evanna was shocked to see him bring so many vegetables home that night. She was unsure of the purpose of buying so much food.

At first, Javier smiled and said nothing. Evanna kept pressing, however, and finally, he revealed his kind deeds. A smile broke out on her lips as she cooed. "I knew my husband is the kindest guy ever!"

Javier flashed her a smile before a follow-up. "What do I get for being so kind?"

Evanna's smile implied that she understood the hint. Leaning close to his ear, she breathed." A nice, warm, wet place to sleep in."

Now that was the reward he could not get enough of. “Ooh. Wanna have a long drink to go with that?”

Evanna blushed and socked him on his cheek coyly. “Ugh! You don’t mean wine, do you?”

Nope. Definitely not wine. That night, Javier admired the way Evanna drank: slow, hard, and deep. And that long, long finish...

Edna called Javier the very next afternoon. He had left his number to the old woman before he left, telling her that should she ever encounter any problem, all she needed to do was call. Still, he did not expect Edna to do just that.

The old woman began with garden-variety small talk before getting to her point. “Mr. Kersey, I was wondering... You work in the city area, don’t you? Somewhere close to Demos Hospital, I hope? I’m looking for a place somewhere close by. My daughter works as hospital, see, so it will be great to stay somewhere close and convenient.”

Javier understood the purpose of her call soon enough. The houses in the outskirts, where Edna currently lived, were undergoing massive state-mandated renovation. All residents were told to move somewhere else while construction was underway, and as compensation, the project developer would transfer a certain amount of money to every resident involved. The residents could return to the region and buy a new house there after the project was completed.

Edna was hoping that someone with a comfortable background and resources would be able to locate a suitable place to stay in the meantime. Nevertheless, she emphasized her insistence on paying the rent herself – Javier was just her help in searching for a place and nothing more

“You’re in luck, ma’am! I’ve got a vacant unit in the middle of the residential area opposite the hospital. You girls can move in right away!” Javier said. “And don’t even think about the

rent. I don’t ask my friends to pay.” It was a fib. Javier did not own any house nearby at all. His plan was to buy a unit right away and pretend that he owned it. This way, Edna could stay in it for free. Edna was overjoyed, but only because Javier had found the right place for them to stay.” That’s great, sweetie! But I’m still paying the rent. The developer gives us all an amount for our rent, you know, so it’s not even out of my own wallet. I won’t stay in a place without paying, and there’s that. If you’re gonna insist I stay for free, mister, you got another one coming!”

Javier tried, but nothing could change Edna’s mind. Strapped with any choice, Javier said she should “try and see the unit for herself” while he came up with better ways to reject her payment in the meantime.

He bought a unit that afternoon right away. After his dinner, he drove to Edna's current place and brought her to the apartment. It was nothing fancy—a dime-a-dozen apartment unit with three rooms and a living room. It was fully furnished, however, and outfitted with electrical appliances no modern human could not live without. The entire area was covered by a plastic sheet with a layer of dust on top. From the looks of it, the owner had not come to stay here for a very long time. Javier pretended to look rueful. "If you don't mind the, uh, less-than-pristine state it's in, you are welcome to stay here. You might need to spend some time on housekeeping, though

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Edna did not even wait for him to finish. "This is great! Thank you, son! You've done this old woman a great favor. I've heard from some of my friends that a unit here costs about 180 dollars or some such. I'm gonna get the money right away!" She was right about the price. They were living in a small-time city. It was nowhere near the expensive living cost as one living in metropolises like Medb. Still, Javier was reluctant to accept even that much money—it would defeat the purpose of helping Edna in the first place!

Unfortunately, the more he tried to shrug it off, the more annoyed Edna got. After one too many declines, she snapped, "Fine! I'm staying elsewhere!"

She turned on her heels and started toward the door. It was no bluff.

Edna left Javier with no choice. He had to chase her down and pull her back into his offer. To avoid the old woman from walking out again, he relented and offered to charge Edna 90 dollars as rent. "You're helping me care for my unit, you know, so you're helping me...and people don't put a price on the person who helps them!"

Edna was adamant about paying him 180 dollars minimum, however. It took quite a bit of negotiating before she finally settled down on the rent fee of 140 dollars. "Good Lord, you're made of different stuff, aren't you? Saying no to rents, really? Are you allergic to money, sweetie? Or are you just a silly man?" She feigned a scoff, her eyes kind and mirthful.

Rather than being overjoyed because she got to pay less for rent, her glee came from finding a new place to stay so soon. The fact that Javier was such a nice, down-to-earth man who did not try to take advantage of an old woman only added more to her joy.

"You got that right, ma'am. Mom always said I was one silly goose, but I told her a fool always seems to come out better than everyone else!" Javier quipped. "How about this? Introduce your daughter to me?"

Edna feigned horror and raised her hand as though she was about to slap him. Of course, it was all a joke. She pretended to scold him before considering him more

carefully. "You don't actually look too bad, young man. I think you could make a decent husband-I do mean in the matters of sex, too. You're about the right age. Oh, and you are a kind soul. Maybe my daughter wouldn't mind..."

Wow. The old woman sure knew how to crush Javier's confidence. Decent? Decent!? In sex!?

Javier was a little bit dejected. 'Mrs. Monroe, I'll have you know that I'm very young and horny! I'll be able to do more than just "decent," thank you very much!' he thought. 'Also, why do I feel I'm being judged on Tinder? Usually, these comments are exchanged without the man getting to hear them...!'

In the end, Edna gave up on introducing Javier to her daughter altogether.

After sending the woman home, Javier drove to Herschel's new motel to check it out. It was a modest establishment offering about a dozen rooms. Herschel said he was going to hire a housekeeper or two to take care of them.

"You know, I haven't had my dinner yet. Can you take over for an hour or something? Gotta grab some grub!" he finished. Javier was rendered speechless. This guy owned a Bugarattie and was a billionaire of his own and now he was acting as though this small-time motel was serious business. "Wooooow. You must get a looooot of business if it costs you your dinner!" Javier snarked. "Oh, it's not that. It's 'cause this is my first ever business venture! Yeah!" His high morale left Javier speechless again. It was just a modest motel! Sure, if others gave it the same gravitas, Javier would agree. But Herschel!? The guy affiliated with the mega-rich Kerseys!? Did he not know what an actual business looked like? The scale and immensity of the Kerseys' ventures should have clued him in on how small-fry his little motel was!

Javier shook his head and decided he was not going to comment any further. He got the excited man out for his dinner while he took over.

Strangely enough, a few minutes after Herschel left, someone stepped inside. Maybe the man was right-maybe the motel was getting some business! No. As it turned out, the stranger was not here for a room.

Chapter 860 Stop Being a Busybody When the curtain of the motel was pulled open, a beautiful woman walked in.

She was 25-26 years old with gorgeous features on an oval face. She wore a white short sleeved blouse with a black skirt that reached her knees, as well as a pair of bejeweled high heeled sandals, exuding the elegance of an office lady. She looked even more like a secretary with the blue folder held in front of her.

Javier had only assumed that the pretty woman was here for a stay and was going to get up and greet her out of courtesy, only for the latter to speak up with a smile first as

she extended a fair dainty hand. “Hi, I’m Florence Tinsley from the Nanscity office of Bao Forum for Asea (BFA).”

Javier was a little bewildered, wondering as he held the soft, warm hand in reflex. Did BFA have an office here in Nanscity? He had never heard of it. Moreover, why was a representative there here in a small motel of his? She was not trying to ask for a discount with her status, was she?

If that was what the woman was thinking, Javier could only tell her that it would be more effective if she asked for a discount as a hooker instead of a BFA office worker. He would give the room to her for free and pay her instead! While Javier let his mind run wild, Florence’s melodic voice greeted his ears once more.

“Mister, we’re conducting a research project right now. Do you have time for it?” she asked. Javier was shocked. “Goodness, BFA does that now? Come, have a seat and tell me more about it. What did you get from the research? Hmm, we can discuss it tonight if you want to, too. You can tell me about your research result in detail.”

Florence’s pretty face went red immediatel

Javier had never encountered anyone from any BFA office and had heard more about people from the United Nations office or some army commander. They were common with all sorts of titles anyway, and they were everywhere that it was no longer rare to run into them.

Therefore, Javier found no harm-quite beneficial to his health, actually-in flirting with Florence. He did not even know if her name was real.

Florence was red like a tomato after that. Due to her professionalism, though, she coughed and calmed herself down to say, “Mister, I think you’ve misunderstood it. We’re conducting a profiting research project. It’s not what you think it is.”

Realization struck Javier before he grabbed Florence’s hand and painstakingly advised her,” Gorgeous, I know that life hasn’t been easy nowadays, but you can’t go against the law, right? “Your profiting research project is simply prostitution, to be frank, right? What profit could research make otherwise?”

Javier hurried to add after that, “Right, how much profit does the project make per night?”

Florence was embarrassed as she yanked her hand out and stepped back with a huff. Her gaze was alert, like she was defending herself against a famished wolf. It was undeniable that she

no

tenen rybody

was a true professional.

As she took in two deep breaths, she explained again formally, “Mister, I think I’ll tell you in simpler terms. We have a project suitable for investment, and we’d like to promote it at your discretion.

“You could make up to 15,000 dollars by just joining our project!”

Javier knew it. There was no difference between these people from BFA, UN, or Sammius. Their ultimate goal was to con money out of others. Once he paid to join the project, they would take it all and flee. There was no way he could find them again.

Now that Florence had disclosed her true intention, Javier did not conceal his genuine thoughts either. He patted down his clothes and told Florence, “I’ll be honest with you. I’m not actually this motel’s boss. I’m just a friend of the boss, so I’m here to keep an eye in his stead.

“You have to know that my annual income in my family company has exceeded 150,000 dollars, and you’re asking me to join your project that makes 15,000 dollars per year? I’d be crazy to do that!”

The arrogance and audacity in Javier’s tone fully proved that he was a prodigal son, and needless to say, someone like this was even more attractive to conmen. Florence was proof that this was true.

After a moment of shock, her eyes glowed as she hurried to say, “So, you’re a young, promising, and successful man. I’m really sorry.

“We also have high-end investment plans for VIP clients like you. Professional investment experts will guide you, and making millions per year won’t be just a dream...” Florence went according to coherently, but it sounded a little stiff and bumpy like she had memorized it by force. It seemed more like she had just joined the profession and still had

some shame.

It was only fun when she had shame. If she was shameless, Javier could barely flirt then. He sat by the bar and waved his hands to reject. “No, no. The money I make now is enough to

guarantee the quality of my life and expenditure. And investing in my family is even more secure. So, I’m not interested in your annual income of millions of dollars from your project at all, but...”

As Javier spoke, his gaze roamed all over Florence's slender body openly, and he said lustfully, "You're really beautiful, gorgeous, so I have an investment project I'd like to tell you about. "I wonder if you'd like to make 300 dollars a night?"

"Don't worry. It's definitely much better than you flashing your legs and running your mouth dry every day. If you're willing to, we can "

Javier did not get to finish his sentence as Florence blushed scarlet and cried, "Jerk! Piss off!"

It was apparent that the girl did what she preached. As she yelled for Javier to piss off, her long, fair legs supported her captivating body in fleeing the motel like she was escaping the devil.

Javier scoffed, looking at the girl who ran away frantically and paid his attention elsewhere. It was just that the curtain was pushed open once more not too long after that.

nobody

He thought that Florence was back, but it was a middle-aged man in his forties who came in. He looked brawny and thick, and his bald head was eye-catching. His features made him seem rather aggressive.

His eyes stopped on Javier, sharp like a blade, the moment he entered.

Javier, who felt the man's hostile gaze, wondered if it was Florence's partner who was here for revenge. It was possible, so he felt for a pen as he stood up and removed the cap discreetly.

If this man wanted to try something, Javier would not mind using the pen as an awl. However, the man stuck his hand into his pants pocket like he was looking for something. At the same time, he grunted with an icy expression. "Stop being a busybody if you want to stay

alive!"

Stop being a busybody? Javier was taken aback, confused as to when he had been one. Thus, he asked with a smile, "Well, you've got to tell me. When was I a busybody?"

The man grunted without an answer.

Javier was exasperated. "Bro, you've got to at least tell me why when you ask me not to be a busybody, yeah?"

"Tell me the threat and risk, and I won't dare to do it."

The middle-aged man waved a hand and huffed impatiently. "You don't have to know so much. Just know that if you poke your nose into it again, I'll blow up this motel of yours. This

is the threat!"