

# The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings

## Chapter 871 - 875

**Chapter 871** Hypnotized And In Too Deep The dog barked in protest as it pointed its paw at Javier with the intensity of a mob before executing a monarch. The flames in its eyes were so bright that they could incinerate Javier into ashes in milliseconds.

In the end, though, all that protest was for naught. Constance tied it up in the parking garage, while Javier watched in glee. Ah, sweet, sweet revenge! The stupid dog had thought it could set him up, had it? That would teach it!

The look the Pomeranian shot him almost felt like a threat: ‘Just you f\*cking wait, hooman!

‘Wait for what? How much can a stupid b\*tch like you do to me?’ Javier scoffed in his mind. Now that the four-legged pest was gone, Javier turned back to Constance and talked about the new orphanage. As it turned out, despite the old woman’s sentiments for the building she had founded, she was a lot less obstinate and unreasonable as she might appear. “I mean, I don’t object to it completely. I know the new place is gonna be better, but...” She faltered and changed her tune. “Never mind. I don’t wanna talk about it. You two should visit the kids.”

She basically banished them out of her office.

Javier felt a tug on the corner of his shirt. He turned and saw Florence looking straight at him. Something about her placid expression told him that she was not at all surprised that Constance had decided to end the conversation, thus implying that she knew the real reason behind Constance’s reluctance.

After talking to the kids, Javier and Florence retreated to a quiet area in the court.

“While I was here in the afternoon, Russell told me the orphanage is haunted. I was wondering if it was the work of ne’er-do-wells being paid to manufacture a haunting just to take this orphanage down,” he said, deciding that the haunting was a good place to rope Florence in.

Florence was startled to hear about the haunting, but she shook her head upon hearing Javier’s theory. “No, I don’t think so. The city council was the one behind the merger-how could they possibly work with local gangs on anything? Besides, it’s not like the council made it mandatory. It has always been nothing more than a suggestion, as there was talk of a developer who’s interested in this piece of land...”

To Javier’s shock, Constance owned the land where the orphanage had been founded. In a world where property meant wealth, this issue could very well be about property.

“Why is she so adamant to keep the orphanage, then? If it was for the kids’ welfare, wouldn’t the new orphanage make the kids’ lives better?” Javier asked, careful to word his sentences to get a reaction out of Florence. “Could she have grown attached to the power and prestige of being director? Or maybe she thought the money the developer offered was too little, and she’s trying to make a bigger profit?”

His suspicion almost sounded like an accusation targeting Constance’s character. He did not believe she was so self-serving, but the point was to get a rise out of Florence so she would divulge more information.

It worked. Florence could not bear to hear anyone talking badly about her dear Aunt Constance. “That’s absurd! She’s devoted her life to these kids. She’s not doing any of this for

money or power! She’s inclined to say yes, you know. She wants the kids to lead better lives. But Hubert won’t let her! He—”

She covered her mouth and looked away. Javier could not see the expression on her face, but he could guess it was likely something close to regret. She had accidentally spilled secrets she had not expected to spill.

Javier would never let the moment of truth go. He tried forcing her to spit it out, and she sighed and finally obliged.

Apparently, Hubert had only joined the orphanage sometime around the beginning of the year. He had claimed that he wanted to care for the orphans, and then slowly, he had managed to charm Constance’s heart. The two of them had begun having a relationship.

Javier understood the dynamic immediately. A woman in her 30s with a sugar daddy in his 50s? The goal should be money. A man in his 30s hooking up with a spinster in her 50s? The goal could only be her property!

“If Aunt Constance agreed to the offer, then the land would be the developer’s automatically. Hubert doesn’t want that. He used their relationship to dissuade her into saying yes. He told her that the government can’t force her into doing anything anyway. They will compensate her financially, and the amount will be hundreds of thousands,” she added. “I know Hubert only cares about Aunt Constance’s money, but she wouldn’t listen when I told her! Hubert always said all this money ensures an improvement of the orphans’ lives, but I bet he’s gonna run away as soon as he gets his disgusting hands on it. By that point, even if we manage to get the cops after him, there’s no guarantee we’ll recover the whole sum. And Aunt Constance... Her heart will break so hard that I just... Sigh...”

This was the real reason why Florence treated Hubert coldly. So, for the sake of money, Hubert had decided to seduce a 50-year-old woman...

“Did you try convincing Mrs. Hellman?” he said.

“You think I didn’t try? My mom and I kept telling her to beware, but god, she’s so... headstrong! She thinks Hubert’s love is genuine! She thinks he’s going to be with her forever and all that!” Florence exhaled. “She got so upset over what we told her that she said, ‘I’m delighted to let him spend my money! God! Can you believe that? She’s unreasonable!’”

Oh, she was more than that! Constance was hypnotized and was in too deep! Javier was surprised by how stubborn a woman in her 50s could be when it came to choosing between logic and love. Hell, it was like trying to talk sense into a teenager experiencing her first love! This level of obstinacy really made Javier wonder if Hubert was Constance’s very first foray into love...

While they were talking, all the lights around the court suddenly went dark. In the moonless, starless night, darkness engulfed the courtyard. One could only see about as far as 2 or 3 meters away. Florence instinctively sidled to Javier’s side as fear took hold of her beautiful face. It seemed that the darkness had summoned her traumatic experience close to the river that night.

“Don’t worry, it’s probably just a blackout. Nothing to be afraid of -” He could not even finish. Florence suddenly let out an ear-splitting scream, her arm shaking as she pointed somewhere far away. Javier followed her finger, but all he saw was darkness. He could not see a thing.

He turned back to Florence, whose eyes had widened in abject fear. Her mouth was gaping like an asthmatic fish’s. It almost seemed like a difficult feat for her to finally shout, “G-G-G Ghost!”

‘Honey, it’s the middle of the night. Can we not dwell on a topic as unsexy and unattractive as a literal ghost sighting?!’ Too late. Javier could feel a chill climbing up his spine, because while he saw nothing, he could hear a woman softly sobbing somewhere. No, it was more like a wail than a sob, that was what it was! And a very resentful wail at that! “Where is my head? I want it baaaaaackkkkk!”

**Chapter 872** Honey, I’m Not Crazy, This Dog Is Magical! A resentful wail – interspersed only by sobs that sounded more like someone was being strangled-was echoing in the middle of the night while Javier and Florence could not see even a single soul out there? Animated by the power of “hell, naw!”, Florence dove into Javier’s arms for protection. Her hands were clasped firmly on either side of her head, hoping to block out the ghastly demand in her ears. Her eyes were squeezed so tightly shut that even a crowbar could not pry them open.

Javier himself was just as terrified. He would have felt better if he could see the source of the voice rather than just hear a woman sobbing about getting her head back. At

least he would know what he was up against! But just hearing it without any visuals at all?! Nooooope!

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Then, Florence hugged him in a “help-me!” sort of way. She was soft and supple-damn, that sexy figure in combination with her silky smooth skin sure was welcoming. She was warm, and damn did she smell good!

Nothing competed with fear like the distant promise of f\*cking. She managed to abate the effect of their undead adversary’s scream by calling on the power of Javier’s boner... ‘You want a piece of me, b\*tch?! I’m the ace at the apex, lady, and with my superpowers, I ain’t afraid of no head-demanding b\*tch!’

“Don’t be scared, you’ve got me!” he declared valiantly. Armed with a stick about a meter long and as thick as an infant’s arm, he searched, trembling as he moved ahead.

And that was when he found it.

It was two meters tall...and headless. A woman dressed in white, with two blurry green lights shining out from where her nipples would have been, just like the eyes of demons. A silent breeze billowed through the ghost’s dress, and the hem lifted and blurred almost along with the shrilly pitch of the woman’s cries.

Florence’s terror intensified, and Javier could feel it without even needing to look at it. It felt like he was hugging a humanoid phone on vibration. Luckily, they found the door to the kids’ dormitory. Florence was promptly led inside. After telling her not to come out, Javier took a deep breath, lifted his stick, and headed toward the ghost. “Tonight is the night when the Ace at the Apex-otherwise known as me-defeats a ghost!” he proclaimed in the corridor.

His bold declaration would have made sense at first, when he still had Florence’s warmth and shapely figure in his arms to feed off his boner. But the closer he got to the ghost, the clearer the resentful voice became, and the more chill replaced red-bloodedness. Hell, Javier’s heart was starting to have second thoughts.

‘Okay, okay. I know I have superpowers, and I know I’m the most OP overlord this world has ever seen, but...does the ghost even know that?!’

At that moment, the ghost suddenly stopped sliding in the direction she was heading. She then turned sharply.

Dog

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And she saw Javier.

She started gliding toward him, letting out a piercing scream. "You! Give it...back...Give it back!" Javier could pee his pants right there and then. Defeating a ghost? Nope! Hell naw! His feet suddenly felt like they were powered by sports car engines, and his left foot was a Lamborghini, and the right one was a Maserati. Vroooooom! Off he sped, powering through the road without a care for what he was leaving behind. "Give it back! Give it back! Give it back!" Behind him, the ghost shrieked. Javier's teeth were chattering so hard that he wondered if he would come out of this experience with any teeth. He could face a hundred beefed-up men in tactical uniforms without a problem, but a dead woman inexplicably brought back to life?! How the hell could a man punch the embodiment of grudges and damnation?!

He ran in circles around the court, his cute little stick still stuck in his hand while he flailed his arms around. The ghost glided in circles behind him too. Javier sped past the garage and immediately noticed something odd. That sh\*tty, four-legged b\*tch was not where it was supposed to be. He looked over his shoulders for a bit and, hell, that thing was gone!

A haunting in the orphanage right after the dog had joined it? A dog that exhibited above canine, near-human sapience and characteristics? And now, the same dog had somehow managed to escape its binds?! Holy sh\*t. This haunting could not possibly be the work of that f\*cking dog, right?! With that suspicion in mind, he suddenly feared the ghost less. He spun on his feet and raised the stick

The ghost stopped. She did not advance further. 'You're scared of me, aren't you?' Javier thought, feigning a lunge.

The ghost backtracked! She was scared of him after all!

He had been running away from an undead woman who had actually been afraid of him this whole time?! God-f\*cking-damn it! Arrghhhhhh, he felt so stupid!

Javier lunged at the ghost in a burst of embarrassed anger. As the Ace at the Apex, he was going to bag a ghost if this was the last thing he would do! He was Javier the Valiant, Javier the Fearless, Javier the Guy Motivated By Embarrassment!

The ghost displayed exceptional decisiveness and speed-in that she turned around without hesitation and began to run away. The harder she tried to flee, the angrier Javier became, shouting, "Hell no, you b\*tch! I almost soiled myself because of you, and now you think you can run?!"

Javier had turned into an avatar of the best Olympic runners. He was running so fast that he could take off and fly into the sunrise. He was running so fast that he could accidentally go back in time! He was unstoppable! His shirt might burst into flames from the friction!

The ghost panicked. She started to swagger and careen side-to-side as she bolted...even

though her scream was still surprisingly well-maintained, despite her panic.

“Don’t run! Give it back!” she shrieked.

“No, you’re the one who’s running!” Javier snapped. Either way, she was a minute slower than Javier, who caught up to her quickly enough.

He whacked the ghost with his stick as hard as he could.

She let out a yowl and fell forward, and then a gale of wind swept past, lifted her skirt, and exposed her under

There was no underwear at all, actually. Instead, it revealed four sticks tied to the Pomeranian’s legs, hiding behind a long white sheet. The darkness of the night had managed to hide the dog’s shadow behind the sheet. It had a long, wooden candle holder in its mouth with a piece of green LED light on either side, which were the eyes on the ghost’s chest.

Finally-and just as ridiculously-there was a phone bound to the dog’s tail, where a video of a ghost screaming played in a loop. “Give it back! Give my head back!”

“How about I give you a piece of my f\*cking mind instead, you lil b\*tch?!” Javier snarled as he whacked the dog with the stick. He had been lulled into believing that this con-dog had been stopped from terrorizing others, but holy hell, this was no dog! This dog was straight-up magic! It cosplayed a ghost at night for a living!

Who the f\*ck in their right mind would believe this if they did not see it!

Javier’s ire spiked. He threw a hearty swing or two at the dog’s \*ss, and the dog yelped and yowled with its tail scrambling to protect its butt. One might even think someone was being raped based on the noise alone!

“Stupid dog, you made me look bad! You pretended to be a ghost and got a kick out of scaring me, huh? You just gave me an appetite for dog meat!” he snarled threateningly, extending his hand forward.

The dog’s reaction? It began fidgeting with the little pink flower on its head with its little paw. Seriously?! How vain could a dog be?! At this moment of life and death, this four-legged b\*tch acted like the thing that hurt its feelings the most was the fact that its plastic flower adornment had been knocked out of place!

At the height of Javier’s rage, the dog suddenly opened its mouth and

“How dare thou strike at thine betters?! Such impudence shalt not pass! Nigh is the time for retribution!”

Javier froze. What...the f\*ck?! Had this f\*cking dog just...spoken?! In a human language?!

He was not crazy, right? This dog was magical!

**Chapter 873 I Didn't Do This! I Swear!** Javier shook his head. By the time his vision was back to normal, the dog was gone. It had escaped!

“What kind of hell spawned this little sh\*t?!” Javier wondered to himself aloud. “Was this really an effect of the world changing? Is this an example of mutation because of the Storm? Or is there something else at play?”

Baffled and unsure what to think, Javier returned to the dorm and told the residents to open the door.

Inside, he found Florence huddling the frightened kids closely. She was white from fear, and yet in the presence of vulnerable kids, she had assumed the role of the protector without a second thought. “Hush, it's alright! It was fake. Someone pulled a terrible prank and put on this white sheet and...” Javier made up a fib to explain the haunting away exactly because the truth could land him in a mental institution. No one would believe him-and for good reason too!

Javier drove Florence back to the Yuzuian restaurant, where the latter's electric scooter was. While they were on their way, Florence was quick to point her finger at the first and only suspect in her mind: “It had to be Hubert! I know it was him!”

He might have been a bastard, but it did not mean he was the villain, right? There had to be some sense and logic behind every accusation, right? Unfortunately, women had a penchant to go with their instincts over anything else-especially beautiful women.

“Hubert's the only mean person in that entire orphanage. It has to be him!” Hubert? A mean person? Please. That dog was the meanest being in the area! Javier rushed back to the inn after seeing Florence off instead of returning home. Joey and Evanna had gone on a short trip and invited him along, but Javier had too much on his mind to accept the invitation.

Without those two, their “home” was no different from a room in the inn to him. Besides, he had Bernadetta there. That sweet, soft, supple, sexy, seductive b\*tch-mm, mm, mm!

Bernadetta ran away as soon as Javier arrived. She must still be afraid after the last tango they had danced and had not recovered enough to want another round with him. Luckily for Javier, his desire was rather low tonight, so he let her go.

After a shower and washing up, Javier was ready to sleep. Unfortunately, his head had better ideas. Specifically, he wondered if he could conduct an investigation into the mystery of the overly-sapient b\*tch while searching for Daniel. Neither of them was a particularly easy task, and he had no plan even by the time he fell asleep.

Javier was jolted awake by o in the morning. Someone banged on his door, which baffled him. Who the hell would bang on the inn's entrance? He cracked a yawn, put on his pants, and ignored how groggy he must look before descending the stairs.

When he opened the door, he froze.

Four pairs of eyes were staring at him. Only one of them was on a familiar face— Mrs Greene, the owner of a restaurant across the inn. The other three belonged to police officers, which

Javier could guess by looking at their uniforms.

“Okay, what's up?” Javier asked in shock. He was familiar with the police conducting searches at inns to locate wanted persons, but he had never heard of one being conducted as early as 6 in the morning. Even weirder was the look on Mrs. Greene's face-she looked downright

pissed!

“You're Mr. Javier Kersey?” one of the cops asked. “Uh, yes. Is there a problem, officer-” The cop waved, and his two partners stepped forward. They grabbed him by his arms tightly, as though they were worried he might escape. Javier was stupefied. What the hell was going on? Why were they arresting him early in the morning?!

Another cop answered his protest. “Mrs. Greene filed a report about a thief sneaking into her place and stealing her private clothes last night. We found said clothes in your car this morning. Please, sir, you have to cooperate with our investigation.” What the f\*ck?! Him?! Stealing Mrs. Greene's underwear? What?!

Mrs. Greene lunged at him as soon as the cop explained the motive, shouting at the top of her lungs, “You debauched, vile, disgusting animal! You stole my bra! You f\*cking wretch, you stole my f\*cking-”

It was bad enough to hear Mrs. Greene verbally abuse him so early in the morning, but it was another thing to be so close to her long, sharp nails. Had one of the cops not tried to pull her away, she would have ruined Javier's face forever...

Not that the cop managed to prevent a bloody incident completely. In her rage, Mrs. Green accidentally carved out a long cut in the man's forearm. Ooh, the blood!



Javier felt very wronged. He had been sleeping last night! Why would he steal her bra? Why would he not steal Bernadetta's instead if he even wanted that sort of thing? Bernadetta and Mrs. Greene were both witches, but Bernadetta was the hot, seductive, freak-in-the-sheets type, while Mrs. Greene was the repulsive, please-don't-come-any-closer crone. Javier was also not into MILFs, so what the hell?!

"She framed me! None of this is true! She doesn't even live in her restaurant!" Javier cried.

Mrs. Greene's fury spiked. "Yes, I do! I've been staying there since the day before yesterday!" She erupted. "I know what's on your mind, young man. You've been watching me because you have a crush on me!"

What in the name of the Lord was this blasphemous claim?! Him? Having a crush on this, uh hem, slab of lard?

Mrs. Greene seemed adamant to show him her indisputable proof, though. She dragged Javier to his Volkswagen Passat and slapped the car window. "Look at this! F\*cking look and tell me I'm wrong one more f\*cking time!"

Javier stared inside and-holy hell, there were a few bras there! And some of them were lacey and see-through too. Damn, he had not expected a woman who was nearing her 50s to be so sexy and bold in her downtime...

Since the proof and the suspect were in hand, Javier would be taken into custody even though

he was sure he was innocent. Who the hell had set him up so early in the morning?!

Javier kept telling the cops about the surveillance cameras all around the restaurant and inn. The real culprit would show up there!

The police were convinced enough that they released him temporarily. He then rushed to the security room of the inn, swearing, "I didn't do it! I swear, man! You'll see it in the footage! You'll see!"

He gritted his teeth after saying the last word, shooting daggers at Mrs. Greene. This had to be her doing-he was 80% to 90% sure of it! Bernadetta had mentioned a fight between her and Mrs. Greene before, which meant this could be a vindictive setup! Even if it were...Holy sh\*t, had she punched them below the belt with this bra thief scheme? This was just low! Goddamn low! While muttering to himself, Javier opened the file showing the live footage and saw...nothing. The screen was black. Last night's security footage yielded the same result. For some reason, it was totally black!

"Why are we wasting our time, officers? He's the culprit! Why else could he have my private stuff in his car?!" Mrs. Greene barked.

Javier's response? "F\*ck off!"

He continued to fumble with the footage for a little bit, backtracking a little further until they found what they were there for. A long rod with a black grocery bag hanging from its tip made its way to the security camera, and voila! Black screen! Whoever had set Javier up had noticed the cameras and taken precautions. In fact, as one of the cops leered pointedly at the corner, he found a black bag over the exact same camera!

**Chapter 874** I'm Having Meatballs Tonight Mrs. Greene opened her flap and unlocked the floodgate, the spit during her tirade so profusive that she could water an old lady's lawn. "It's him, officers! It's all him! He did this to his own camera just to remove himself as a suspect, but we know better than that! He's the guy who stole my goddamn lingerie!" She turned and trained her finger on Javier. "You vile, disgusting, degenerate piece of sh\*t! Ptooeey!"

'Back at you! I'd rather spend the night with my left hand than with you!'

By this point in the morning, Bernadetta had arrived at work. Her heels clicked onto the floor as she sauntered toward the commotion.

As soon as she heard what had transpired, she laughed, looking clearly amused. She trained her perfectly manicured finger on Javier and piled on. "Oh, it was him. I can testify to that! He stole Mrs. Greene's bra because he is...the Lingerie Phantom Thief! By day, he is Javier Kersey. At night, he is Jo Ker, the Bra Stealer!"

Javier threw his arms up in exasperation. Jo Ker the Bra Stealer?! What in the actual f\*ck?! And now was not the time to pull a fast one, dear Bernadetta!

He thought she would help him, but she had turned out to be way too giddy about joining the fray!

One of the policemen frowned. "So, you're one of his victims too?"

Bernadetta nodded matter-of-factly. "Oh, you don't know half of the torment I've endured. He didn't steal my lingerie, of course, but he wore Mrs. Greene's bra and forced me to watch his fashion show! And then he told me Mrs. Greene wanted... That woman actually wanted him to wear her bra on the public square before telling the world how much he loves her!"

It was complete hogwash-and the kind that could sink someone's reputation. "Bullsh\*t! When did I make him wear my lingerie?!"

"Oh yeah? Then why would he steal your lingerie in the first place?" Bernadetta snapped. "I mean, have you ever looked into the mirror and compared the two of us? I'm superior in age, looks, figure, and seduction skills! Why would he give a sh\*t about some old woman past her prime when he has me close by, huh?"

“And they say with age comes wisdom. In your case, with age comes degradation!” she finished triumphantly. Mrs. Greene’s temper flared. Her blood reached a boiling point, but before she could say anything else, Bernadetta trained her sharp, newly-manicured finger on the older woman’s nose and barked, “You want a piece of me, ya old sh\*tbird? Pull some more bullsh\*t and I’ll murder you right here right now!”

Mrs. Greene fell and landed on her behind in a burst of rage and faux panic. Wrapping her arm around one of the officers’ legs, she pointed at Bernadetta. “Help me, officer! My safety is threatened-she wants to kill me! Make her stop! Make her stooooooooop!”

The poor cop who got dragged into her theatrics was understandably bummed. He tried his hardest to dislodge the woman from him while trying to appeal to Bernadetta’s better side.”

Please, miss, if you could

”

Bernadetta waved dismissively. “Step aside, handsome. This is a matter that concerns us women, and it’s down to us to settle it. Come back after she’s a corpse on the floor, sweetie.”

The cop’s expression darkened. Before he could repudiate her, Javier finally stepped in, doing his damndest to appease the officer. By this point, Javier finally understood Bernadetta’s intention. She was trying to help him, no doubt about that, but her fearless method would definitely land them both in custody if she kept this up!

It was only Javier’s attempt to salvage the officer’s goodwill that stopped the latter from getting any more aggravated. The cop made a conscious effort to look over Bernadetta’s impudence while his partner finally cut in. “Alright, we clearly got off on the wrong foot here. Let’s take a step back and redo this, okay? Sir, please follow us for the time being. We’ll launch a thorough investigation into this, so please have faith in us. It wouldn’t be just if we accidentally wronged someone who didn’t do anything wrong.”

This particular officer’s sincerity won Javier over, but it did not mean he was going to bend over and give up the fight. He had not done anything wrong!

“Wait! Two more minutes! I’ve got a backup camera!” Javier admitted. His secret backup camera was for emergencies, but no time could be more like an emergency than this one!

The officers begrudgingly gave him two more minutes, and Javier quickly opened the folder storing his secret footage. He hoped to God that this footage had not been sabotaged like the rest... Fortunately, the camera worked. He picked a point in time and backtracked at 4x speed. About two minutes later, he saw himself returning to the inn. Nothing seemed interesting about it, so Javier thought about skipping it entirely

However, there was a patch of white in the backseat. He paused the footage, and a look of abject mortification crept into his expression. It was that f\*cking four-legged b\*tch!

That hell's pawn had somehow gotten into his car...and returned to the inn with him! When the f\*ck had that even happened?!

Javier let the footage roll. After he locked the door and left for a while, the dog opened his car from the inside before disappearing from the edge of the camera.

'Stupid f\*cking car! You would have thought it would blare the siren over something like this!' Javier remarked to himself.

The next time the dog appeared, it had a stick with two black grocery bags hanging around the tip. It then covered the two surveillance cameras with each of the bags!

The officers were stunned. Then, one of them cried, "What the f\*ck is that dog-like hell's spawn?!"

There was more. After disappearing for another moment, the dog reappeared with a bunch of lingerie hanging from its teeth. All of it was lacy—and it was the exact same bunch that had been found in Javier's Passat!

After scattering the articles of clothing inside the car, it stood on its hind legs and tried to open the car door with its front paws. It realized it was too weak to do that on its own, so it

grabbed a stick it found somewhere, inserted it into the handle's loop, and placed a rock in the middle as a fulcrum.

The dog then bounced on its end, and voila, the car door opened.

The crowd stared at each other in silence. No one had it in them to believe that the real perpetrator had turned out to be a...dog. Hell, even Javier could not believe it-and he was the only one in the world who knew how ridiculously abnormal it was! How the hell could he possibly imagine that a dog was capable of this?!

Sure, it had "spoken" last night and said it was going to make Javier pay. But who the f\*ck knew that b\*tch had meant it?!

At the very least, Javier managed to prove his innocence to the cops. The police copied the footage to use as evidence and left as they engaged in a very spirited discussion. "We should catch that dog-there's no other option! This is a dog with the intelligence of a human, goddamn it! It's top spy material right there!"

"Take it to the intelligence agency, turn it into a superspy, and release it in Sammius..."

It was obvious just how awed the men were at the revelation.

Mrs. Greene herself tried to escape along with them, but Bernadetta managed to grab her sleeve. "Where do you think you're going, Karen? If you don't explain this to me, honey, you ain't getting out of here. Hell, the only way you're getting out is in a box!"

Damn. Bernadetta was a bad\*ss!

But she was not the only vixen in the house. Mrs. Greene turned out to be a battle maiden herself. Standing akimbo with her hands resting on her ample hips, she puffed her chest out and declared, "Oh, yeah? Try me, b\*tch." Bernadetta could never let a challenge like this go. She dove into the kitchen and reappeared with a shiny, gleaming butcher knife. Mrs. Greene turned around and fled in a puff of smoke, her rotund size showing no sign of slowing her down.

Bernadetta was obviously not in a forgiving mood. She gave chase with the knife in her hand, crossing the street all the way to the woman's restaurant.

"Get the f\*ck out of your hidey-hole, you old sh\*tbird! I'm having meatballs tonight!"

**Chapter 875** What Is This Four-Legged B\*tch Trying to Do? As Bernadetta launched a barrage of kicks against the restaurant door, Mrs. Greene summoned 120% of her strength, holding the fort. The older woman had made a living terrorizing others with absurd accusations and downright unreasonable demands, but this time, she had met her match. Bernadetta James put the "man" in the word "woman"-in that she resorted to violence as soon as things escalated.

In the end, it took both Mrs. Greene's apology and a deal to provide Javier and Bernadetta with three days' meals, all free of charge, to make the young woman stop. Then "because I actually have a weakness against people sincerely appealing to my better angels," according to Bernadetta- she amended the peace offer, changing the three days' free meals to...a week's worth.

Back in the inn, Javier expressed his heartfelt gratitude to Bernadetta for rescuing him. "I can't thank you enough for standing by my side when I needed it the most, Bern. But I can

you a bit more if you refrain from using the knife next time, though...."

"Nah, I should be apologizing, man. I know what you did. You heard about this tiff between me and that hag, got really upset, and decided to secretly train a dog to do all of this to teach her a lesson," Bernadetta said matter-of-factly. "What I don't understand is your revenge method. Why steal bras, of all things? At least make it carry your underwear and drop it in her room. That way, her husband will find out, and boom! Marital war! Now, that's more like it!" Javier was speechless. Bernadetta thought he had trained that hell's spawn of a dog?!

"I've heard all about how busy you've been lately, hon, but I gotta say...I did not expect your important task to be training a dog!" she added. "That's adorable and cool! I want it! I mean, I wanna play with it for like, two days? Please? It's so cute and obedient and damn, it carried out its job like a goddamn pro! What a queen!" 'Queen, my \*ss! That four-legged b\*tch was out to get me, okay? And how on Earth did your brain manage to convince you that it was trained by me?!"

"Calm the f\*ck down, man. That 'queen' isn't my dog-it ain't even my friend. It's out to get me!" Javier snapped.

Incredibly, this was where Bernadetta's sensibility decided to show up. "Oh my God, how stupid do you think I am? Only you'd train a dog to steal someone's bras. You smell that? Oh, that's right! It's the stink of Javier and his sh\*tty scheme!" she drawled. "Either way, that dog is my spirit animal, and I really like it. Can I play with it, pleaseeeee?"

Javier began, "But Bern—"

"Okay, I get it. It's probably not in the mood to play after its last mission, which involved stealing Mrs. Greene's bras." Bernadetta interjected. "I'll give y'all two more days. After that, I wanna play with the world's coolest dog, and that's that!"

With that, she strutted up the stairs without giving Javier a chance to explain himself. The request stumped him. Well, worse comes to worst, he could always just gift her an identical Pomenarian...

Javier fell on the chair, his mind racing with the thought of the dog again. He was infuriated, for sure-his \*ss was nearly served by a stupidly evolved dog. But more than that, he wished

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he knew where it had really come from. Where should he go to capture the dog for research?

Bernadetta reappeared on the stairs, obviously cleaned up after her previous kerfuffle. There was a noticeable limp in her walk, one Javier immediately commented upon, "I get it. No sex for two more days, fine!"

Bernadetta pursed her lips hard. "Excuse your boner, hon. You think I wanted this? No, I wanted to go shopping in heels...before I twisted my ankle all of a sudden! On a flat surface too!"

Javier did not believe her, but before he could voice his doubt in detail, Bernadetta stormed toward him and slammed her wounded leg on the front desk. "Would you just look? You think I did this to myself, punk?!"

Javier was shocked. Had she not just healed her twisted ankle yesterday? "Okay. I've seen people getting addicted to smoking, drinking, and fapping. But getting addicted to twisting your ankle? Congratulations, you're the first!" he declared, eyeing her. "Did your mom employ quality control before production?" "If she didn't, that's because she took a page out of your mom's book!"

...And that was the last thing he heard before Bernadetta kicked him out of the inn. To be fair, Javier did return briefly after buying her breakfast.

Before leaving, he asked with genuine concern, "You sure you don't need to go to a doctor? The rate at which you twist your ankles is a little too high..."

"Hey, don't fret about it, hon. I'll be fine. Go, shoo! You've got important stuff to do, right? Oh, and remember! The Pomeranian, please. I wasn't kidding when I said I like it a lot."

Javier turned on his heel and headed to the front door without looking back.

Bring that four-legged b\*tch to the inn? Ha! She meant after it was roasted to perfection over a bonfire, right? Because that was the only way to ensure that hell's spawn stopped being a menace!

When Javier arrived at the orphanage, he found Hubert leaving Constance's office in less than spirited terms. He looked crossed, or even enraged, today.

A few feet away, Russell tailed a little girl with the look of an expert flatterer. Javier waved at him, and the boy talked to his companion without her seemingly acknowledging him. He then ran up to Javier with nary a mote of loss or upset in his steps, obviously growing accustomed to the girl's noncommittal treatment as soon as he handed his potato chips to her.

"Javier! You're here!" Russell greeted him happily.

Javier smiled and ruffled his hair. He dove straight into the details and asked him about the conversation in the office.

"Ooh, boy, I heard something, alright! But it wasn't really clear..."

Javier's informant began to report what he had overheard, and true to his admission, Russell only knew some key segments of their conflict. Javier had to piece what the young man had heard together and make some educated guesses,

It seemed that in the morning, the police had come to take Hubert away for drug abuse. Someone had filed a report, stating that Hubert was guilty, so the police had come to verify the claim by subjecting the suspect to a urine test.

Hubert had returned quickly. His result had been clean, proving that he had been framed and had not been really guilty. Still, he and Constance had gotten into a fight. She had received a call from someone claiming to be Hubert's long-time friend, who had said the real reason he had been taken away by the authorities was illegal prostitution. He had been released after an old flame of his had posted bail.

Russell could not tell if the fight had begun because Constance had believed the call or if it had been about something else altogether, and Javier could not guess either. The way he saw it, this was a carefully designed setup with one trap after another, just in case the first failed. Someone was certainly behind it. Fake reporting? Setups? Framing a man?

Javier had to wonder if that four-legged b\*tch was behind it. He checked the surveillance footage, and just as expected, found the dog.

What the hell was the dog up to? "And what was the secret behind its superhuman productivity?! Instead of sleeping like a normal dog, it spent the whole night handling both Javier and Hubert with separate schemes!" Javier muttered to himself exasperatedly. "What was that, Javier? I didn't quite catch it. You talking about the white dog?" Russell suddenly spoke up. "Uh, it ran away and didn't come back the entire night. Madam Hellman even asked us where it went..."

Nope, Javier was not in the mood to talk about that dog's whereabouts. After seeing Russell off, he mulled over what to do next and came up with a new plan. That stinking dog was determined to set Hubert up to his neck in fake affairs, right? Then let's join the game! He called Bernadetta. "Bern? I know you've known quite a lot of shady people in your life, so help me out with this one. I need a call girl with an uncanny knack for acting and quick wit."