

The Ace at the Apex

Chapter 111 Splendid News

Luca immediately jumped up in shock when he heard the voice. "M-Miss Gould?!"

Despite being the son of the owner of Easton Group, Luca wasn't afraid of his father the most.

No matter how strict or fierce his father was, he was still his son at the end of the day, so there was a limit to how far his father was willing to go.

Instead, Luca was afraid the most of Mary Jane, who was the CEO, as well as a woman who would even reprimand his father as though he was an absolute lowlife. On top of that, when Luca used to work in the company and was caught by Mary Jane for any reason, she would teach him a harsh lesson every single time, so much so that Luca's father would end up grounding him at home for three whole months.

Therefore, now that he heard Mary Jane's voice, Luca felt so frightened that he could not even walk properly.

He had absolutely no idea who Javier was and how he was able to get such a terrifying woman to handle the situation!

However, Luca knew one thing for sure...

He was about to be taught another lesson...

Mary Jane began asking Luca about everything that had happened during their phone call, right down to the tiniest detail,

Luca was in front of Edelgard, so he had no choice but to tell the truth. After all, it wouldn't be wise of him to lie.

When she was clear about the situation, Mary Jane began giving out orders. "You're going to fork out the 3.15 million dollars, or I'll ask your father to pay up. Honestly, though, I have no idea how your father managed to give birth to an incompetent son like you!"

Mary Jane relentlessly reprimanded Luca without showing any mercy.

Left with no choice, Luca promised that he would sell his car, his house, and even his club when he returned to raise the money.

Meanwhile, Mary Jane turned to Javier, completely ignoring Luca. "Mr. Kersey, I'll be taking over this matter from now on.

"As a token of respect for the chief, I'll represent that useless idiot and pay the 3.15 million dollars. I'll inform M. Pangani of this and have Chad arrange a professional team to handle the construction.

"You have my word that I'll definitely have that village built and repair the village's exit properly as well

"By the way, didn't Luca say that his family's very rich? I'll have Mr. Pangani invest another 3.15 million dollars to bring the money up to a total of 15.75 million dollars."

Now, Javier, Edelgard, Mary Jane, Luca, and Mr. Pangani, the chairman of Easton Group, were each offering 3.15 million dollars.

After the phone call ended, Luca looked at Javier, his face now filled with fear.

Previously, he had thought that Javier was just a poor miser because he drove an old G63. However, he now realized that Javier didn't even have to show off because he was a bona fide wealthy man with Ferraris he did not even feel like driving.

'Sh*t! Thanks to my f*cking stupidity, I ended up not only having to pay up 3.15 million dollars but even making Dad fork out the same amount for no reason!'

Luca was so heartbroken over his loss that he was almost in tears. 'I only wanted to show off and make myself look good in front of Edelgard...

'Now, look at what happened... We ended up having to pay 6.3 million dollars. Not only have I failed to make myself look good, but Javier's the one who took all the glory...'

Without paying any more attention to Luca, Javier got up and went on to meet Thomas with Jade.

Edelgard, who was sitting by the table, turned to look at Luca. "When are you ever going to grow up and become more mature, Luca? He already thought about doing this long ago and even came up with a whole plan to lead Xerxes Village's development to prosperity, which is why he's donating 1 5 million dollars.

"He's already shown that he doesn't want to pay you any attention, but you just had to go in and challenge him. Now, look at what that's caused you!"

Luca could only mumble since he did not know what else to say.

In the end, he mumbled, "I didn't know that Javier was that powerful of a person that he could even have Mary Jane do as he says..."

Edelgard had no idea who Mary Jane was, but she knew that the latter was definitely someone powerful enough for Luca to quietly accept her criticism without retaliating.

On top of that, she was a person able to do Javier's bidding with just a single phone call...which meant that she was definitely shockingly powerful.

However, Edelgard did not think too much about it. After all, she was not a materialistic woman, so she did not care how capable Javier was.

All she cared about was that Javier was a genuinely decent person through and through.

"Anyway, you could say that you're doing a good deed as well, so I'm sure the people of Xerxes Village will be grateful for your donation."

Edelgard still smiled at Luca in the end, so Luca thought that the money he had just spent was worth it. In fact, he even thought that her smile was worth him getting beaten up when he went home...

After meeting Thomas, Javier began discussing with him the investment and all sorts of other

plans.

Meanwhile, Thomas was beaming with joy, even complimenting Javier directly for being a decent man,

However, when that was over, he took out a cigarette and began lighting it up, feeling slightly depressed

*As great as what you're setting out to do is, neither the village nor the county will allow you to proceed!

Jade was obviously slightly taken aback. "Why? We're helping your village escape poverty, which would be beneficial for them politically, wouldn't it?"

Thomas had a sullen expression as he replied, "Logically speaking, you are right, but some people once thought of doing charity by investing in us and opening a factory, yet they ended up being so infuriated by the top management that they pulled the plug. Before they left, they even said that quality investments should be placed on a sharp blade. But I just don't get it...What did they mean by mentioning a sharp blade?"

Thomas did not understand anything aside from the fact that the villagers were suffering because of his incompetence as their chief. He could now understand that he should've fought back when his enemies had challenged him. He only knew two roads in the world: forward and backward.

On the contrary, he was not the kind of person that would beat around the bush and move in twists and turns. After all, he was too honest and straightforward to understand all this.

However, although he may not understand those tricks, Javier did.

'Quality investments should be placed on a sharp blade, eh? Aren't leaders the ones who determine which one's a sharp blade, though?

'This way of getting leaders to decide would mean that a lot of Benjamin Franks would have to be involved...'

Of course, Jade understood what the hidden message was as well, which infuriated her. "Do these people think that their personal wealth is more important than the lives of the elderly villagers?!"

At the end of the day, this was easy to discuss theoretically. Many people were able to talk about such things with great logic, but they would have a lot of Benjamins stuffed in their pockets before they even began to speak.

Javier waved his hand. "There's no need for you to let them indulge in their bad habits. Mary Jane will see that they're taken care of. If she fails to handle them, we'll just have someone sent over, have all of their stuff uploaded onto the internet, and have the netizens create a huge hype over the matter.

"Anyone who dares reach out with their paws for this money will end up being thrown out. I'll throw out every single person that pops up, so I'm sure nobody will dare try and lay their dirty paws on the money in the end!"

At that moment, Edelgard had just so happened to arrive outside Thomas' house. When she heard this, she admired Javier's spirit and his desire to uphold justice.

Plus, she genuinely thought that Javier was a very decent man with kindness, capability, and spirit.

Then, she compared him to Luca, who kept following her around like an annoying fly...

"There's literally no comparison between them...One of them is a Ferrari, while the other's a snail, and they're both racing from the same starting line.

'The snail should be thankful that it hasn't been run over by the Ferrari instead of trying to compare to it...

Later, everyone began taking their leave.

When Javier returned home, Jade went back to the house next door to sleep.

Since Edelgard was being sponsored by the school, she had to return to the school, which was more than 10 meters away. Luca followed her to the school's main hall as well.

Javier lay down in bed for a while and just could not sleep after rolling around for quite some time.

He had already come up with a detailed plan to lead Xerxes Village to prosperity, and all he needed at the moment were Chad and Mary Jane's execution skills.

Logically speaking, there was nothing for him to be worried about, but Javier still could not fall asleep and felt indescribable restlessness.

After pondering it for a moment, he finally found the cause of his restlessness...Jade.

He could not help but want to see her and spend the night with her.

Thus, taking advantage of the night, Javier got up and left his residence, finding his way to Jade's place.

The entrance was made up of two wooden doors without a door lock. Instead, there was a pole there to keep the door closed.

Just as Javier was about to knock on the door, it ended up opening by itself with the slightest touch.

When Javier entered, he turned around and realized that Jade had been very silly. She had placed the pole on the wrong door instead.

Originally, the left door had been pressing against the right door, so one would only have to use the pole to press against the left door and the right door would not open.

However, Jade had placed the pole on the right door instead, so the left door would naturally end up opening with the slightest force.

Then again, this was the perfect opportunity for Javier to officially make her his woman that night.

With that thought in mind, Javier entered her bedroom.

Chapter 112 A Huge Misunderstanding

Jade's body seemed very seductive under the moonlight. Her fair skin, smooth back, and slender legs looked mesmerizing...

Through the moonlight reflecting on her, she seemed like the perfect piece of art as she lay in bed, so beautiful that anyone's heart would flutter when they saw her.

On top of that, the most enticing part about her was that...she was completely naked! Her bra and underwear had both been thrown aside!

'Looks like she's feeling a little too hot and humid in here because there's no air conditioner.

'Of course, it might also be because she's prepared herself already. In fact, she might have even placed the pole on the wrong door on purpose.

'She did all of this so that I could easily come in here and spend a lovely night with her!'

Javier was especially happy with all these thoughts and got extremely excited.

Without holding anything back, he took off all his clothes and scooped over to the bed, hugging Jade's slender and enticing body.

Jade seemed to be asleep judging by her limited reaction. 'She's probably too tired today!

This made Javier feel even more excited. He hugged her from behind and reached out with his hand in front of her...

It only took Javier a few minutes before Jade seemed to wake up from her dream.

She reached out with her soft hands and grabbed Javier's palm. However, she was not trying to stop Javier. On the contrary, she was allowing him to do as he pleased.

When he felt Jade's silent acknowledgement, Javier's joy reached a whole new level, and he kissed Jade's fair and smooth neck, leaning toward her even further. Finally, he moved on top of Jade, who was still lying down in bed this entire time...

When everything got going smoothly, Javier excitedly exerted all of his might while the woman beneath him moaned seductively.

After a while, the beautiful woman charmingly said, "Luca...Luca... I know you like me and you've been protecting me within our circle...I know everything that you've done for me..."

"But I really have no feelings for you, so I'm just going to let you do this. Let's not contact each other from now on, okay?"

Javier was immediately dumbfounded. "Edelgard?!"

Javier had been under the impression that the woman with the long hair covering her face was Jade, but what she had just said had proven to him that he had been very wrong.

Instead, that voice clearly belonged to Edelgard!

Meanwhile, as Javier asked his question in shock with a croaky voice, the beautiful woman beneath him quickly turned around in embarrassment.

When her completely red face was revealed...of course...it was none other than Edelgard!

After 30 whole seconds, Edelgard finally regained her senses and was so embarrassed that she hurriedly covered her face. "Why is it you?!"

Javier had also come around by now and felt very helpless. "I didn't know it was you either... I personally brought Jade back into this room tonight, so I was under the impression that she was the one sleeping in this bed. I really had no idea it was you."

Edelgard was embarrassed and couldn't cover both her face and body at the same time, so she was completely lost at that moment.

The biggest problem was that she had already done it with Javier...

After a while, Javier finally understood everything that had happened thanks to Edelgard's embarrassed explanation.

Javier had indeed brought Jade back to that place, but she'd ended up missing the girls from the school, which was why she had headed to the school and told Edelgard to switch rooms. That way,

Jade could sleep in the school to accompany the girls.

Meanwhile, Edelgard had fallen asleep the moment she had entered the room. Then, when she had felt someone touching her, she had subconsciously thought that it was Luca.

Luca had indeed treated her very well, which was why she had felt slightly guilty about rejecting him.

This was how everything up to this point had ended up happening...Edelgard had only intended to use that opportunity to satisfy Luca before cutting ties with him completely.

Meanwhile, despite the fact that their exercise had not ended yet, there was no difference anymore at that point.

Javier and Edelgard looked at each other with dumbfounded expressions as they sat on the bed, both able to see the embarrassment in the other person's eyes.

However, aside from their embarrassment, there was something charming about them too.

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It was as if Edelgard's seductive body was making Javier's blood boil, while Javier's fiery, hot chest sent all sorts of images and wild thoughts through Edelgard's mind.

This was especially true because they were just beginning to get into it and their heated passion burned all the way to the top.

Therefore, without another word, Javier once again pounced on Edelgard and kissed her full red lips. 1

Meanwhile, Edelgard did not reject him. She accepted Javier's kiss, and her arms slowly wrapped themselves around Javier.

When both their emotions reached their climax, they held onto one another once more...

The entire ordeal lasted for more than an hour before it was finally over.

Javier lay in bed and hugged Edelgard's seductive, sexy body.

"I could take responsibility if you want."

Actually, Javier had not clearly thought of a way to bear responsibility, but marriage was definitely out of the question.

He had no feelings for Edelgard, and he was obviously not going to get married a second time that easily.

However, Edelgard did not request anything that night. She leaned on top of his burning hot chest and said in embarrassment, "Tonight was nothing but an accident, and we're... just friends. Maybe something a little deeper than that."

'Just friends... We've got a really close relationship now, though. A deep one, in fact.

However, it was exactly because of this that Javier had a much better impression of Edelgard. Of course, this did not mean he had feelings for her.

After making small talk about their accident for a little while longer, Edelgard got up from the bed in embarrassment to get some tissues to clean up.

However, as soon as she sat up, a strong hand suddenly grabbed her body and pulled her back down once more.

Edelgard was now leaning against Javier's body in a panic, feeling extremely embarrassed as she looked at his handsome, strong appearance.

However, at the same time, she could feel Javier's flames being rekindled once more.

Probably realizing that something was about to happen again, Edelgard hurriedly said in embarrassment, "No, Javier, no. We already made a mistake just now, so we can't make the same mistake again. We can't...Mm..."

Edelgard's lips were sealed by Javier's before she could even finish, while her sexy and seductive body could once again feel Javier's passion invading her.

She gradually felt herself reaching an epiphany that gave her an intense high...

It was 9 a.m. when Edelgard woke up the next day. Luca, who was outside, woke her up by yelling at her.

Edelgard nervously looked around her surroundings before she remembered that she had already sent Javier away at around 3 a.m.

At the time, Edelgard had already been way past her limit, but Javier had been like a raging ox with infinite stamina that had left her feeling extremely fatigued.

Even at that moment, she could still feel like something was about to be torn apart

When she saw the red stain on her bedsheet, her face turned so red that she scrunched up the sheet into a ball.

After putting on her clothes, Edelgard carried the bed sheet with her and walked out, her movements still slightly sluggish.

Luca hurriedly went up to her and said, "You can give that to me, Edelgard. I'll help you wash it. You go ahead and have some breakfast. It's already getting cold."

"Move!"

Edelgard immediately pushed Luca aside. After all, there was no way she was going to allow Luca to help wash her bed sheet and end up having everything that had happened last night draw public attention!

After sending Luca away, Edelgard began washing her bed sheet in the pond.

She could not stop turning red as she recounted everything that had happened the night before. ' But... That intense high felt...really nice...'

Chapter 113 Please Don't Leave Me

Since both the people in charge of Reivaj Group were absent, Jade began to feel worried and was ready to leave after she met up with Javier that day.

Javier accompanied Jade and met up with Thomas, leaving behind his phone number and promising that someone would be contacting Thomas within half a month.

Javier was definitely going to have to return to Xerxes Village to check up on its development, but he did not have to be worried about the progress.

After all, Chad was sending out men to manage the project, while Mary Jane would handle the finances, so there was nothing Javier had to be worried about.

After Javier and Jade were done bidding the villagers farewell, they met up with Edelgard.

Throughout the day, Jade and Edelgard had ended up building up a pretty decent friendship. They were as close as siblings, in fact.

However, Edelgard was very embarrassed when she saw Javier. After all, she had spent the night with her newfound sibling's boyfriend.

Although it had been a misunderstanding the first time, the second and third time had been consensual..

On the contrary, Luca kept following Javier around like nobody's business, even calling out to him flatteringly.

Last night, when Luca had called his father, the latter had very surprisingly not scolded him. Instead, he had asked to know Javier's name and age after hearing that he was able to have Mary Jane do his bidding.

After Luca had told his father what he wanted to know, the latter had gotten so excited that he had probably started jumping around in joy on the other end of the line.

“Luca, listen to me. I want you to do whatever you can to gain his favor! Just do as I say and make sure you follow through!”

Confused, Luca had asked why he was being asked to do so, but his father had refused to give him an explanation. Despite this, Luca could still tell that Javier was definitely not an ordinary person.

This was the very reason he had such a bright smile on today and seemed as flattering as a stray cat in mating season with its tail held up high.

Meanwhile, Javier not only did not reject Luca’s flattery, but he even smiled, which was very rare. However, this was because he was Edelgard’s friend.

During their journey back, Jade told Javier, “The villagers will surely be very grateful to you in the future.”

Javier chuckled. “I’m not doing this for their gratitude. All I want is for them to not live in this poverty any longer. I hope they won’t have to toughen themselves like Christy and they’ll lead a better life.”

Jade turned her head toward Javier, who was driving. “You’re such a nice person, honey.”

Javier was stunned! He had not expected Jade to address him differently all of a sudden.

He was not able to contain his excitement, as this was enough to prove that he had successfully won over Jade’s heart.

In fact, if it wasn’t for the fact that he was driving, he would have really hugged Jade and kissed her fiercely to let out all the excitement he felt inside.

In the end, he could not contain his inner emotions and began flirting with Jade. “In that case, how about we find a place to stop the car so you can reward this nice person? We could also make things official, hmm?”

Jade gave him an embarrassed smile. However, unlike in the past, when she used to look nervous, there was now a hint of bitterness in her smile.

Feeling that something was amiss, Javier asked, “What’s the matter, Jade?”

Jade merely shook her head and said that she was fine.

However, her expression said otherwise, and Javier knew that something was obviously wrong.

After Javier kept pressing on, Jade finally said, ‘I was outside the window last night, and I heard everything about your misunderstanding, as well as what happened after that.’ 1

Javier was dumbfounded. Never in a million years would he have thought that Jade would end up finding out about last night.

He was feeling slightly panicked, as he had no idea what he should say to explain himself.

After all, he genuinely had feelings for Jade. In fact, if it were any other woman, he would not have panicked. Javier wouldn't even have wanted to give the woman an explanation.

As Javier was having a hard time finding the right words to say, Jade gave him a bitter smile and said, "You don't have to say anything. Just listen to me...I know that what happened between you and Edelgard was nothing but a misunderstanding, so I blame neither of you.

"When you both carried on after that, I know it was because you had the sudden urge to satisfy your needs, especially under the circumstances. I only blame myself for not breaking through my mental block a little sooner and being with you. If I had, last night wouldn't have happened in the first place."

Javier felt slightly embarrassed upon seeing Jade reprimand herself. "Jade, L..."

Javier was about to say something to either explain or conceal it all but gave up in the end.

Next to him, Jade had turned her head to look out the window. As she looked at the trees passing by, tears began to drip down from her eyes like broken strings.

Javier was just about to console her, but the words couldn't leave his mouth.

However, this was not because he couldn't come up with some sweet words but because he didn't want to say them out loud.

'There's Ciel and Edelgard now, but there might be even more women in the future...'

This was Javier's true nature, so he wanted to show his true side to Jade.

The two of them remained silent for the rest of the journey as the car sped back to their neighborhood before sundown.

After parking the car downstairs and switching off the engine, Javier turned to look at Jade, and she did the same.

However, Jade did not just look at him. Instead, she punched on Javier and kissed him ferociously.

After five minutes, Jade reached out with both hands and fiercely grabbed Javier's neck.

Javier did not know how huge of a sacrifice Jade had to make to be able to make such a move, but he now knew that Jade really did love him very much.

10 minutes later, Jade rejected Javier's advances in embarrassment.

Meanwhile, Javier did not force her any further and merely kissed her gently.

"I'm sorry you had to go through that, Jade."

When she heard this, another tear fell helplessly from Jade's eye.

She reached out to hug Javier, crying as she said, "I'm not afraid of you being with another woman, honey. I'm only afraid that you'll abandon me. No one else is close to me in this country anymore, so you're the only family I have left.

“Which is why I’m willing to live through anything that comes between us. All I ask is that you never leave me. I’m not after your money or your status. In fact, I don’t mind if you decide not to marry me. Just don’t leave me behind. I don’t want to be all alone...” 4

Javier felt heartbroken upon hearing Jade’s heartfelt confession...

That night, the two of them slept in the same bedroom. However, they merely hugged each other and had a romantic conversation. Nothing more.

Jade had not broken through her mental barrier yet, so it was only natural that Javier would not force her into anything.

However, their relationship did not end up crumbling because of Javier’s prior confession. Instead, it reached a whole new level.

Javier also asked how Jade had been able to forgive him, and her answer was very simple.

“I’ve seen worse.”

In fact, this was indeed so...Jade was a businesswoman, so she would frequently see all kinds of men hugging all sorts of women during her meetings with them. However, those women would never be their wives.

Thus, she had grown used to the fact that men would always fool around outside.

However, in comparison to those men, Javier was obviously much better, as the feelings he had for her were genuine.

Jade had found out that very night, when she had heard Javier tell Edelgard that he was only going to marry Jade.

In any case, Jade had truly forgiven Javier. Even though she still felt a little sour about what had happened, she was sure that she would be able to live through this as time passed. All she wanted was for Javier’s feelings and heart to be hers, and she didn’t mind who Javier chose to spend his nights with.

Besides, Jade had not been able to break through her mental barrier yet, so she felt guilty about that...

Chapter 114 Now That’s How an Actual Rich Person Would Live Their Life!

After they returned from Xerxes Village, there was only one day left before Javier would have to head home.

Javier did ask Jade whether she wanted to join him or not, but she refused.

Jade was especially embarrassed in certain aspects, as she had no idea how she was supposed to introduce herself to Javier’s family.

Thus, Javier did not force her to go any further. ‘She’s going to come back with me someday, so there’s no need for me to rush this.’

After bidding Jade farewell, Javier took his luggage with him and rushed to the airport.

On his way there, he passed by Ciel's house and thought of the pitiful woman, so he made a detour to visit her.

Javier immediately understood what sort of life Ciel had been living when he saw the bowl of gruel with measly greens in front of her.

'I'm sure she's living as poorly as this because her father squandered all their family's wealth due to his gambling addiction.'

"You're here. I..."

Before Ciel could finish, Javier dragged her out with him and headed straight for the airport.

In a panic, Ciel asked, "Where are you taking me?! I've still got to work!"

"Work? Nonsense! You don't have to work at your previous company anymore. I'll arrange for you a new job instead. However, you're going to accompany me on a trip for a few days first!"

Ciel was completely dumbfounded as she headed to the airport, still having no clue what was happening.

"Where are you taking me?! Why are we in the international terminal?! I don't have my passport on me!"

Javier completely ignored Ciel and headed straight for a special passageway that did not even require him to go through customs.

In fact, his boarding gate was located in a unique area. All Javier had to do was open his cell phone and show his identification to board.

Forget Ciel. Even the airport security staff were dumbfounded.

'Who in the world is that guy? He managed to board a plane without even going through customs. Plus, he's not putting that huge suitcase in the cabin and just dragging it up directly, is he?!'

In fact, that was literally what happened. Javier got all the way to the plane without a single hitch.

Of course, Javier had no idea what had just been said behind his back. All he knew was that there were many people waiting in the main boarding area. On top of that, because of how unique and powerful his plane was, the only thing that could cause Javier's flight to be delayed were weather conditions.

Meanwhile, although Ciel had been on a plane before, she had never been on one by going through such an extravagant process,

They were not stopped by anyone the entire way there, so it wasn't until Ciel boarded the plane that she realized...

'Oh my God! This literally feels like I'm in a luxurious hotel! This is like the seven-star flights to Dubai I've seen on television!

'There's a shower, a place to relax, a bar... Everything's here!'

Ciel wanted to ask what kind of plane she was on and how it was possible to make it so luxurious. On top of that, the cabin doors were immediately closed after she and Javier boarded.

However, Javier did not give her that chance. Instead, he led her directly into his bedroom.

Before Ciel could even react to what was happening, she was already within Javier's grasp.

After resting for a few minutes, Ciel was finally able to ask Javier, "Where are we going?"

Javier replied, "Navatte Bay."

"Where's that?" Ciel was pretty good at geography, but she genuinely had no idea where Navatte Bay was.

Javier chuckled and said, "It's in the South Pacific."

Ciel now knew where she was headed, but she still could not understand why she had not even needed her passport to go overseas. On top of that, she found it strange that she hadn't even needed to go through customs or security. Most importantly, she had no idea why she was going on this trip with Javier.

However, before she could ask any of those questions, Javier said, "I'm bringing you with me to have fun for a few days, but I won't have time to accompany you. Instead, I'll have a designated driver, tour guide, and interpreter serve you. Go ahead and tell the tour guide anytime you see something that you'd like to buy. Anything at all."

I see

Ciel was shocked. She was now on a solo trip with a driver, a tour guide, and an interpreter at her service.

On top of that, she could buy anything she wanted, and the tour guide would foot the bill! Just how wealthy is this man?!

knew what she should do.

In the end, Ciel decided not to ask anything when she thought about her previous life and the life she was about to enjoy.

She did not understand just how rich Javier was, but she was not a greedy woman who would want to remain by Javier's side.

However, she was already filled with pride and joy inside by knowing that she was now seen as his woman.

The motto Ciel lived by was 'keep your thoughts to yourself and remain an obedient and smart woman'.

Filled with glee inside, Ciel leaned in and kissed Javier's cheek.

"Can I head outside and take a look?"

Javier nodded his head. "Go ahead, make yourself at home. The air stewardess outside speaks fluent English, so you can tell her whatever you want. But...we've still got something to do before that."

Ciel felt unparalleled pride when she thought about telling her friends about her experience on that flight.

Plus, she loved lying on the porthole to look outside, even though it was dark at the moment.

All that was left of the dark night was the bright moon shining not too far away, and Ciel was able to look at it without even having to raise her head.

At that moment, Ciel felt as though she really was about to fly, not just physically, but mentally as well. She felt comfortable and satisfied with her life.

However, right at that exciting moment, two fighter jets approached their plane from afar. Finally, they flew in a semi-circle before managing to catch up to Javier's plane. When Ciel saw the fighter pilot's dumbfounded expression through the porthole, she was completely stunned.

"J-Javier...S-Stop moving... S-Someone's peeping inside!"

Chapter 115 It Feels Really Nice to Have Him Around

Ciel felt completely embarrassed. She was in the midst of doing it tens of thousands of meters above the ground, which was usually something very exciting.

However, what was even more exciting was the sudden appearance of a fighter pilot peeping through the porthole...

Javier scanned the fighter jet outside and told Ciel, "There's a switch right next to you that brings down the curtains. Just press it."

Ciel hurriedly pressed the red button by the window and the curtains gradually covered up the porthole.

Finally, Ciel felt a lot less embarrassed, but she very quickly asked in shock, "Why are there fighter jets outside?"

Javier replied, "They're part of our convoy."

Ciel then asked what a convoy was, but Javier did not explain.

After all, he was with a sexy, seductive woman at the moment, so why would he spend his time chatting away when he should be having fun?

Of course, the fighter jets were part of a convoy meant to protect the main plane.

Otherwise, the economy of Javier's country would be in trouble if the Kersey Family fell from the sky in their home country.

Meanwhile, the two F-35's were conversing with one another outside the plane.

"George, guess what I just saw!"

“You saw a private plane transporting a high-profile VIP and an F-35 fighter jet being piloted by George Tolken himself.”

“That’s not it, George! I saw a couple doing it inside the plane!”

“You can’t be serious... This is an extremely important political mission, so how could we possibly be protecting someone indulging in his desires?”

‘I’m serious! I’ll even swear on it! May my jet immediately sink into the sea if I’m lying!’

A few minutes later, George realized that his companion’s F-35 was continuously dropping on the radar.

After calling out to his companion a few times, George mumbled, “Has he been hit by karma for swearing just now?”

The next day, the newspaper reported that an F-35 fighter jet assembled in Jetton had disappeared while carrying out a mission at sea...

Ciel could not understand for the life of her why the convoy fighter jets had changed after flying for some time.

She did not understand what sort of model they were, but she could recognize the country’s insignia, which was attached to the planes.

Ciel could vaguely sense that they were being protected while on a rally, which left her feeling slightly afraid.

‘These countries have sent out their most advanced fighter jets to protect Javier’s flight. Wouldn’t this make him...’

Ciel did not dare think any deeper and felt that she had come up with the perfect motto for herself.

The sky had turned bright by the time the plane appeared above the South Pacific sky.

That night, Ciel did not spend too much time admiring the view and stayed by Javier’s side obediently instead.

When the plane landed in its destination country in the South Pacific, Javier left the airport and brought Ciel with him in a customized long Rolls Royce model.

Ciel had no idea how much the car was worth, but she knew that it was definitely ridiculously expensive judging by how luxurious the car’s interior looked.

When she got in, Javier instructed the attendants inside. “Ms. Dolch here is my guest, so you are all to listen to her instructions after you drop me off.”

A blonde attendant with emerald eyes nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

Then, he greeted Ciel and said, “Ms. Dolch, my name is Ross. It’s a great pleasure to be able to serve you.”

Ciel was slightly taken aback by this luxurious treatment.

However, she could tell that the attendant was much better than her based on his appearance and demeanor.

She felt like she was a country bumpkin in the face of a finely-dressed man from the city.

In fact, she felt slightly...at a loss...

Right at that moment, Javier grabbed her hand and shot her the most charming of smiles.

“Remember, you already became my woman that night, so you’re in charge here.”

Although he spoke in an ordinary tone, Javier’s words were filled with meaning.

Ciel was finally able to pluck up the courage to reply to Ross thanks to Javier’s support. “Thank you, Mr. Ross.”

Ciel didn’t think she had said anything wrong, but Ross somehow seemed to be shocked by her reply.

“Please, Ms. Dolch. I’m only a mere servant, so please only reserve the title Mr. for someone as esteemed as Mr. Kersey.”

Ciel had no idea that there was such a rule in the world and merely thought that she was being polite. However, when she recalled what Javier had just told her, she nodded her head and said, “ Okay, Ross.”

Meanwhile, Javier actually admired Ciel for not being arrogant and overbearing.

Their car was driving on a broad road when Javier told Ciel, “I won’t be able to accompany you over the next few days because I’ve got something important to attend to. You go ahead and play around as much as you want. Buy whatever you like. There are luxury stores around the area, and I won’t say a word even if you clean out an entire shop.

“However, there is one thing I’d like to remind you of. If you don’t show up by the time I board the plane, you’re going to be left in a foreign country!”

Ciel wanted to kiss Javier, not because she was excited, but because she could feel how nice Javier was being to her. In the end, she decided that it would be better if she behaved herself because of her new status.

Instead, she smiled and nodded her head before going silent again.

The car then sped along until it finally arrived before a large courtyard.

There was a helicopter there waiting that had been waiting for a long time. Javier gave Ciel a kiss before heading toward the helicopter.

Before he boarded the helicopter, he yelled at Ciel, “Try being thrifty if you dare! I’ll come back and teach you a lesson if I find out!”

Ciel was embarrassed because she could obviously tell what Javier meant...

She waved her hand at Javier with all her might and watched as Javier boarded the helicopter.

Soon, the helicopter took off toward the sea, and Ciel was pursing her lips into a smile as she watched it fly into the distance.

She could feel how kind Javier was to her even though she could not marry him and be with him forever.

In fact, she even thought that she wouldn't mind living alone for the rest of her life since she would not feel lonely thanks to his kindness.

'It feels really nice to be able to have Javier in my life until I die.'

Meanwhile, Javier only had one thought in mind as he sat inside the helicopter...

'I'm finally about to head home to meet that old fox!

Chapter 116 Willing Participant In A Ruse

Somewhere north of the Pacific Ocean, near Navatte Bay, sat an island about 200,000 square meters: Lustmord. It had been purchased as a permanent residence for the current patriarch of the Kersey Family, Zephiel Kersey, long ago.

'Zephiel.'

It sounded airy, like a name one would give a wind billowing from the west...a zephyr. But anyone acquainted with Zephiel knew he was more than a puff of air-he was as sly as a fox. An old fox.

He was indomitable when it came to his business conquests, and few people could match his prowess.

He sold arms to many of the smaller countries, and his weapons made up most of their arsenal.

He was not directly involved in politics, but a few prominent political families in Sammius had close ties with him. It was not an equal relationship either, as he was the monetary backbone. They acted as the political front vying for power, while he provided enough funding to sustain an election campaign.

That was who Zephiel Kersey was. An elite. One of the few people who controlled the world.

He was also Javier's grandfather and the old man he called "sly fox."

By the time the helicopter landed on Lustmord, there were already three people waiting there.

When Javier descended, he was welcomed by Ciara, who was wearing a floral beach dress. A whiff of a scented breeze rushed onto his face before Ciara's delicate, shapely body lurched straight into his arms, bystanders be damned. She craned her neck and went straight for a kiss on the cheek.

"Welcome home, Javy!"

"Come on, Cici. Wyatt and Sig are watching us!" Javier protested, feigning a scowl. "What do you think they're gonna make of you, huh?"

Ciara leaned her flaming lips close to her brother's ear and whispered, "You don't get a rise out of this, do

you?"

Javier was speechless. This was not what he'd meant at all!

A short distance away, William and Sigmund Kersey stood side by side, watching them. Thirty-year-old William was grinning from ear to ear, his smile dashing and jubilant. In contrast, thirteen-year-old Sigmund looked downright sullen. His skin was crawling with tattoos of tigers, making him look like a thug more than anything else.

Right now, he was yawning in disinterest.

Javier approached his cousins. Before he could say anything, though, William had thrown his arms wide in joy and pulled him into a tightening embrace. He pounded Javier's back effusively, as though the force one used while punching someone's back was equivalent to the depth of their bond. "You're finally back,

Jave!"

Javier reciprocated the sentiment and strength. His force was enough to cause William a brief coughing fit, as though his trachea had just been dented a little. Still, he never lost his grin even as he sputtered, shining even more than the brightest flowers on the entire island.

"You trying to kill me, Jave?" William complained, laughing.

Javier joined in with a chortle of his own. "Just returning the love, Wyatt. You've been pounding my back since I was a kid!"

They both roared into laughter. Their boisterous joy painted a picture of deep camaraderie, as though they were blood brothers rather than cousins.

Unfortunately, a mocking sneer grazed through the cordial air at the most inopportune time. "Seriously? You're f*cking laughing! You got your *ss kicked by a woman and you're f*cking laughing. You're still not embarrassed enough to never come back? If I were you, I would have just thrown myself into the ocean and become food for the fish. You're an embarrassment to the entire family, you fool!"

William furrowed his eyebrow. "Sig! What was that all about? Keep your mouth shut."

Sigmund, however, was too rebellious and contrarian to heed his older cousin's warning. "Sorry, not sorry. I was just telling it as it is, Wyatt. Think about it-when has any one of us Kersseys been rejected like that? Well, he's charting new heights now, isn't he? He first got into a heated row with Grandpa over a woman, then got kicked out by the very same woman, and now he's running back to us like a beaten dog. God, if this were me, I'd have died of pure humiliation ages ago!"

Ciara was incensed. She extended her foot, ready to storm forward and punish that offending mouth. She took a few steps before the loud peal of a slap that connected with Sigmund's cheek was heard.

"This is me doing what your mom and dad desperately needed to do to you, brat!" William snarled. "Before that bratty half-pint attitude of yours turned into full-on megalomania!"

William's hand was poised to deck him across the face one more time, but Javier quickly stopped him, arguing, "Come on, Wyatt, that's enough. He's just a thirteen-year-old kid. What's there to argue with him about, man? I mean, I'm not even offended." –

Sigmund held his lashed cheek and turned away, broiling as he climbed into a McLaren. The cacophony of a revving engine and some screeching sounds were heard before the car sped away in a blur.

William was still seething due to the young man's prior attitude. "I swear to god, Sig's acting more and more like a little *sshole each day, and it's all thanks to his parents. They spoiled him so much that he thinks he can do whatever the hell he wants!"

Javier smiled and waved dismissively. "It's alright, Wyatt. Don't mind him, man. He's just a kid at the end of the day, right? As long as you're not the one who thinks I'm a clown, it's fine!"

William glared at him. "Excuse me? Do you know how close the two of us are? We're closer than biological brothers, for god's sake!"

Javier nodded and hugged the man tightly once more. A brief but lively chat later, William finally said, "Well, you should probably rest properly. That long journey must have been really tiring, I bet. I'll have to excuse myself to get some personal things sorted out. It might take me a few days, I think. Don't worry, though. I'll come back for your coming-of-age transition. I wouldn't miss it for anything!"

"Great! I won't keep you then, Wyatt. We'll catch up over a couple of beers when you get back."

William went into the helicopter, which rose into the air as Javier watched from the ground below with a smile. Then, he patted his own shoulders at the same time that William did the same in the helicopter.

Neither of them found any specks of dust, yet they kept dusting themselves off as though they could not stand a single particle of each other's breath on their clothes. Ciara took a step closer to him, pouting grouchy. "Sigmund's mouth is so fricking foul! Served him right to get a wallop on the cheek, even though I personally thought he should have hit way, waaay harder."

The corner of Javier's lips curled slightly. He accompanied his sister into the USSV Rhino GX he had gifted her last time. Thanks to his sister's aesthetic makeover, it was now painted a brilliant pink color.

As Ciara drove to their island residence, Javier lit a cigarette from the comfort of the passenger seat. "Well, William's been training Sigmund really well all these years. Just look at that pr*ck getting slapped by his cousin like a good little number two."

Ciara was a little stunned. "No way. I've spent so much time on this island watching them, yet I've never seen William and Sigmund show anything resembling courtesy to each other. William's always teaching Sigmund a lesson, you know? And then Sigmund will use his bratty superpower and take it up to his mom!"

Javier chuckled. "Oh yeah? Have you ever seen our aunt get back at William?"

Ciara thought for a moment. "Huh. Not really."

"Do you remember that one time when you and I fixed Sigmund really good? Remember how hysterical his mom was when she found out?"

"How could I ever forget that nightmare? Aunt Majorie lost her sh*t like a tigress infected with rabies! She was—".

Ciara stopped mid-sentence. When she spoke again, her tone had turned sharply to disbelief. "No way. Those two have actually been allies all along?!" Instead of confirming her realization, Javier simply laughed. "You know that old sly fox has always loved me the most!"

It sounded like a badass way to boast, and yet Ciara could tell that there was no element of mirth in his undertone.

The pink car, which was also decked in flowery petal patterns, finally veered to a stop in front of Javier and Ciara's home. Waiting by the gate, though, was the same McLaren.

Leaning onto his bumper with a lit cigarette hanging from his mouth, Sigmund spotted Javier as he disembarked from the car. There was a glower in his eyes-an unobvious glimmer of provocation.

Chapter 117 You're All Juvenile

Sigmund was his parents' precious little baby. The McLaren P1 GT parked next to him was proof.

Unlike its sibling, the P1 GTR, the P1 GT was better suited for city asphalt. A 3.8-liter twin turboV8 combined with an electric motor produced a maximum output of 735kw. Even the Ferrari 488 pista, known as the "most powerful V8 engine in Maranello marque history, could only output 530kw of power.

The P1 GT was a roaring beast of steel and fire; a tyrant on the road. It was also limited-edition. There had only ever been three P1 GT's produced in the entire world.

And now, a beast worth millions of dollars belonged to 13-year-old Sigmund Kersey thanks to his remarkably spendthrift parents.

Seeing Javier coming out of the car, Sigmund spat out the cigarette in his mouth and leveled a glare of contempt at him. "Don't think Wyatt protecting you meant jacksh*t, *sshole. I stood down because I respect Wyatt enough. You don't mean sh*t. Of course, you should know all about your own worth by now, right?"

"The b*tch divorced you! And what did you do in return? You scraped your knees, desperately trying to use our connections to save that c*nt's mother! Congratulations, you just proved how much of a spineless simp you are."

Javier stuck his hands into his pockets and did not even glance at Sigmund. "Is that all you wanted to tell me? If yes, you can go home and see if Aunt Majorie's warmed a bottle of milk for your afternoon nap. It's time to drink your milk, right? You're supposed to be 13, man, but you haven't grown smarter or taller. Where the hell did all that food you ate go?"

Watching Javier strolling past him with dismissive, cavalier steps while Ciara followed him with a jeering smirk enraged Sigmund. "You think you're the f*cking sh*t, huh?! You're f*cking trash! You don't even deserve to talk to me! I don't even get why Grandpa gives so much sh*t about you! If it were me, I would have been disowned f*cking ages ago! I wouldn't even have been shameless enough to come back!"

"Oh, wait! I know why now. You're just worried that you're going to go missing too. Unsurprising, considering the intellect of a piece of trash does make going missing a lot easier."

Javier had not planned on reacting to his cousin's goading, but he had not expected Sigmund to go for the low-hanging fruit and mock his parents either.

Ciara's blood was boiling. She stormed toward him, her fists itching to teach him a lesson, when Javier suddenly stopped her in her tracks. "No, no. You're older than him, Cici. You're supposed to be more mature than he is."

After saying that, Javier strutted toward Sigmund with a chuckle, his frame looming over the smug 13-year-old, who seemed a little too excited about being punched. "What, you want to touch these cheeks, *sshole? Come on, then! Touch them! Beat the sh*t out of me, why don't you?"

His goading tactic was way too obvious to even be called a scheme. Sigmund wanted to provoke them into hitting him so he could bring his injuries to their grandfather and ask him to tell them off, whining and crying like the baby that he was. He would play the younger sibling card to screw Javier and Ciara hard.

His intention was so painfully transparent that it bordered on being embarrassingly inept.

Javier circled Sigmund and stopped behind him, his left hand still in his pocket. His right hand struck out like a claw and held the boy by his neck. Like a crane, he lifted the 50-kilo boy off the ground with one hand.

Panic began to seize him. This was not what he had envisioned at all! At most, Javier was supposed to slap him and maybe shout at him! But now, judging by what he was doing, it seemed very possible that Javier was trying to choke him to death!

He was just a 13-year-old underneath the strutting pomp of a wannabe tyrant, so now that he was in legitimate trouble, he could not help but snarl and growl, his feet paddling in invisible water as he tried to free himself.

"Javy?" Ciara called out, sounding a little worried. She had seen her brother lift someone by the neck before throwing them down on the floor in a fit of rage before. Was he going to do the same to Sigmund now? If he slammed the boy onto their sturdy granite-paved floor, well...Sigmund was going to end up like a watermelon being chucked to the ground. His head would crack and his brain would spill out!

"Stay out of it, Cici. Just wait for me at home."

After ordering Ciara to go inside, Javier dragged Sigmund back into his McLaren before throwing him into the passenger seat. The young man bit back his snarl immediately when Javier growled, "Touch me and you'll f*cking die!"

Javier circled the bumper and got into the driver's seat.

He drove all the way to the gate of his aunt's luxury mansion. The car stopped, and Javier dragged the boy into the mansion as though he was dragging a bored ape.

Coming back to his home turf made Sigmund's audacity inflate. "Javier, you son of a wh*re! Put me down right now, you motherf*cking simp!"

Son of a wh*re?! That wh*re he was referring to was the twerp's own aunt! And he tossed in the most famous variant of F-bombs with yet another additional dig on his mother, to boot!

Now, he'd pushed Javier's buttons.

Still dragging the barking twerp, Javier went all the way to the mansion's front door. By that point, the commotion had already brought Sigmund's mother out of the house.

Marjorie White-Kersey was a ravishing woman who was only 35 years old. She showed off her mature femininity, which was often further amplified by her inclination to wear sexy, lacey outfits. Her movements alone often gave off a seductive allure.

Right now, though, she was not in the mood for said seductive allure. Witnessing Javier dragging her precious baby immediately spurred her to go into a hysterical, raging fit. "You savage! How dare you touch my son! I'm going to murder you!"

Sigmund watched Marjorie hurling toward them with a smug smile. As Javier's aunt, she had the authority to teach him a lesson, and Javier could only take it.

To his wild shock, however, Javier turned around and kicked, sending Marjorie flying before she could land a b*tch-slap on her nephew-in-law's face. Sprawling on the floor, Marjorie felt pain flaring within her abdomen like fire, as though an elephant had just crashed into her. It was evident that Javier had not reserved any strength when he had kicked her.

Seeing his mother hurt provoked Sigmund into amok. He began to punch Javier's body in fury, but his force was too weak to even count as a massage in his cousin's eyes. Javier dismissed him effortlessly and approached Marjorie, grabbing her by the chin and lifting her head up before moving his hand across the woman's beautiful face.

Marjorie had wanted to shout at Javier for the kick, but this second attack startled her altogether. She had never expected him to beat her up. "J-Javier-you dare touch your aunt?!"

"My aunt? You finally remembered that you're supposed to be my aunt?" Javier jeered at her and pointed at Sigmund, who kept pommeling Javier's back as hard as he could. "A twerp his age being this immature? I can forgive that. But what's your excuse? Why are you just as juvenile? I literally just came home, and your son has been insulting me and provoking me right from the start. And now he's trying to beat me up! Being the elder cousin, returning Sigmund's fervor with my own fists might reflect poorly on me, but you're not off limits, are you? You're a grown-up! You have no excuse to be just as juvenile and immature as your son. Just as him trying to probe me into a rage shows his immaturity! So beating you up is fair, isn't

it?"

Sigmund landed two more punches on Javier's back, and Javier returned the favor by slapping his mother twice hard.

The young boy was livid. "How dare you beat my mom?! How dare you, you f*cker?! I'll beat you to death!"

Javier was not afraid of him at all. Every punch Sigmund threw was promptly translated to another slap across Marjorie's cheeks. Two minutes later, her left cheek was bloated and blue-black in color, and there was blood dripping out of the corner of her lips.

Javier had brutalized her enough that Marjorie could hardly feel her cheeks anymore. Seeing a window of reprieve, she quickly screeched with tears and anger in her eyes. "Stop hitting him already, you twerp! If you hit him any more, he'll beat me to death!"

Chapter 118 Keep a Muzzle Around Your Mouth

Marjorie's snarl managed to get Sigmund to stop.

And yet, Javier proceeded to swing two more times at the battered woman's face.

She immediately burst into tears. "What the hell do you want?! I told my son to stop! Why are you still hitting me?"

An apoplectic Sigmund began to look around in a rage, as if searching for something. Javier noticed his actions and let out a shrill snicker. "What, you're looking for a rock to smite me with, brat? Don't bother. Just grab your car and try driving over me! If you do it right, your mother will be caught under the wheels with me too! You wanna have a go?"

Sigmund was almost frothing from rage, and yet there was nothing he could do. He had never expected that b*stard to drag his mom into the crossfire like that. One might even say he had failed to account for the possible ramifications of his reckless provocation.

Javier ignored the panicking-but-hapless boy and turned back to his aunt and her puffy, wounded cheeks. "You really think this is going to end with just me beating you up? Ha. You underestimated me, Aunt Marjorie...You underestimated your precious little boo-boo too. Do you know what he said to me? He called me son of a wh*re! He called my parents trash! So go ahead! Tell me that I've wronged you for beating you

up!"

Marjorie's heart skipped a beat. Now, people used colorful language all over their conversations for all kinds of reasons all the time, but one simply could not insult another person's parents just like that! Saying something like that would emotionally justify Javier beating Sigmund to a pulp.

She glared at Sigmund. "Are you seriously daft, son?! You should have put a sock in it! You can't just go around and say things that are best said indoors,"

She faltered and immediately shut her mouth. She had wanted to chide her son for saying such things out loud when he was not protected by the privacy of his own home. But now, she quickly realized she had just basically admitted the two of them had been voicing similar opinions at home.

Javier laughed. He then raised his hand suddenly, as though he was going to wallop her again, and the traumatized woman shut her eyes in fear.

The slap never came. Javier had just been bluffing. Instead, he said, "Could you tell Sigmund to turn around? There's some private stuff I wanna talk to you about."

Marjorie knew it could be nothing good, but she was not going to provoke the man's ire anymore. Besides, they were in Lustmord, and the patriarch was still the lord of the island, so Javier must feel a certain degree of inhibition. He would not dare cross too many lines, right?

“Sigmund, dear, tum away.”

Sigmund was reluctant, but after one increasingly frustrated command from his mother too many, he finally turned his back to the two of them.

Javier extended his hand and helped Marjorie up from the floor, but the way he held her was an insulting violation. Javier was groping her by her breasts. He did not even give her time to process her shock when he forced the battered Marjorie to her feet by yanking her up from her breasts against her will.

The woman’s face was white from agony.

Javier leaned close to the woman’s ear and whispered, “I know all about your secret lover boy, Aunt Marjorie. The only reason I haven’t said anything is because I haven’t had the motivation, you know? But if you’re not gonna put a muzzle over that mewling mouth of yours, then I’ll do it for you.”

As soon as he said that, Javier swung his knee upward swiftly with full force. Marjorie once again felt as though she had been rammed into the chest by an elephant.

Javier let her go, and the battered woman crashed onto the floor and landed on her knees. Her hands folded over her injured chest, and her head was seemingly stuck to the granite floor because she was in too much pain to lift it.

Marjorie was chattering in abject agony.

She had a basic idea about how Javier planned to control her mouth.

Javier ignored the two of them and turned away. He then approached the McLaren and got into the car, pressing his foot against the brakes while stomping his other foot on the accelerator.

The engine roared with the intensity of a crazed prehistoric behemoth. Javier let go of his foot, and the McLaren’s tires tore through the asphalt like a fired bullet.

“My car! Not my babe!” Sigmund howled, seemingly more stung that his car was being abused than he felt seeing his mom being abused. He had underestimated just how much Javier could do to brutalize his precious car. The McLaren careened forward, smashing through the mansion’s fence and the protective rails flanking the road.

It hurled itself straight toward the cliff before it leaped off in front of the sun.

At that moment, Sigmund felt like he was watching his car’s most shining moment as it soared into the sky, looking dazzling in the golden sunlight. The car then lost its momentum in the air and plunged straight into the ocean below, never to appear in Sigmund’s life again.

A stone’s throw away from the cliff, on a patch of lawn, Javier—who had leaped out of the car god-knows when-got to his feet and waved at him. “That’s how a real man plays with his car, Sig!”

Sigmund was only thirteen, yet at that moment, he was sure he could have died of a heart attack right there and then.

Back in the residence, Ciara was guffawing as she listened to Javier's exploits. "Oh, brother mine, you're such a terrible person! You beat up Aunt Marjorie and then sent Sigmund's limited-edition supercar in the ocean eternally! You know how hard he has been begging his parents for that?" she exclaimed. "And that twerp just showed it off to me the other day! Let's see how he'll brag now!"

Javier feigned a cough and looked away pointedly.

Ciara was really starting to invoke the feeling of a succubus. She was bewitching in both beauty and figure

The truth about Ciara Kersey had never been that much of a secret between them. The official narrative was that they were half-siblings-same father, different mother. But that was not the truth.

Javier had eavesdropped on his parents' conversation before. His father and Ciara's biological father used to be comrades in war, and during one of their battles, Ciara's father had saved his father on the battlefield at the expense of his own life. Javier's father had subsequently taken in his surviving daughter before marrying his widow on paper.

Of course, spending all that time together had had an effect, and soon...

To Ciara, though, her crush on Javier was genuine and overwhelming. She liked him from the bottom of her heart and had always thought that among all the men on the planet, only Javier deserved to own her body.

Her hesitation was brief before new determination replaced it. With her cheeks burning scarlet, she leaned close to him before hugging Javier from behind. She stuck her cheeks, which were flushed and warmer than usual, close to Javier's and breathed, "You were definitely thinking about it, weren't you,

Javy? If you want me...I'm all yours. I'm more than willing to be yours..."

Ciara felt herself burning. She could hear her own heart racing in her chest, but she did not regret it at all, even if saying it out loud made her sound a bit like a shameless, loose woman..

She meant what she'd said.

While Ciara was willing, though, it did not mean the recipient of her affection was as enthusiastic about reciprocating. "Uh, I...I am with someone else."

"Oh yeah? Chessie? Ciel Ince-Dolch? Or Jade Odell, the woman you bought a house to live with?"

Ciara's sudden questions bamboozled Javier. He had not expected Ciara to have investigated all his women-right down to the last detail too.

Before he could say anything, though, Ciara added, "I don't really care, you know. You're the only person I like and the only person I wanna be with. All I need is for you to like me back! I don't even care who you end up marrying! Remember? I didn't stop you when you married Selena Lewis!"

It was at that moment that an explosive shout came from outside. "Javier Kersey, you bratty pr*ck! Get your *ss over here right this instant!"

Chapter 119 Uncle Arthur's At The Door

Ciara's heart was devoted to Javier. It was steadfast, stalwartly, his.

She had nothing to ask for. All she wanted was to be with Javier. To enjoy being protected by Javier forever, but not in a brother-sister way.

She just wanted to be with Javier forever and ever.

It was why even after being rejected, she just wanted to dwell on this longer with Javier. And yet, right when she'd wanted to do this, someone just had to ruin the moment with an irritating harangue, and a terribly blistering one at that.

It pissed Ciara off. She could tell from the voice alone that it was Uncle Arthur, a.k.a Sigmund's father, a.k.a the most useless guy on the entire island.

Arthur Kersey had been named after a legendary king people genuinely regarded highly, so Zephiel had probably hoped that his son would lead the country to greatness like a king of the past. And yet, "lesser" Arthur must have grown up ignoring his father's wish, because instead of being King Arthur, he was just King *sshole.

Arthur had been a little *sshole even since he was young. In fact, his sh*tty attitude eclipsed his son's. He'd never gotten better growing up. He was a hedonist who'd drank and partied hard, and he never forewent the chance to violate a woman who caught his eye and unfortunately captured his interest.

Arthur Kersey's physique was not kingly either. For someone who enjoyed screwing women, his "screwdriver" was not that impressive. It was bad enough that a handful of his victims sometimes wondered if they had truly been violated, as they had not felt much.

Marjorie was probably one of those women too. It would explain why Javier and Ciara had once seen by accident Marjorie hanging out with her gym-going boy toy. Now, that was a man with plenty of assets from head to toe.

Javier did not waste a second getting to his feet and walking toward the entrance. He had just made it over to his uncle when Arthur raised his hand and swung it at Javier's cheek in explosive rage.

Javier leaned back a little and dodged the slap. The momentum of the swing caused Arthur to fall forward a little, and he stumbled a bit before falling flat on his face.

Javier chuckled and lit a cigarette. "Whoa, whoa! Easy! You've turned forty, Uncle Arthur. It doesn't look good on you to be so impulsive."

The ever-so-scrawny Arthur struggled to maintain his balance before going back to provoking Javier. "Oh, at least someone remembers I'm his uncle. So what? You clearly don't respect your elders anyway! If you did, then why the f*ck would you beat your aunt up?!"

"You beat up your elder, twerp. Has that registered into your dense skull yet, punk?!"

Javier took a drag of his cigarette and exhaled a puff of smoke as he replied, "You mean I should have beaten Sigmund up instead?"

“How dare you!” Arthur snarled, seething before fuming, “I asked Sigmund about the thing you accused him of doing, you lil’ piece of sh*t. He said he didn’t say any of the things you accused him of saying! It was a false accusation!”

Javier snickered. He turned to Ciara, who was listening from inside the mansion, and shouted, “Cici? Where’s that dashboard cam of yours? Show it to that old sky fox for me, would you? Let’s see how that wrinkly bastard will handle it.”

Wrinkly b*stard? This jack*ss was insulting his own father right in front of him?!

“That’s your grandfather you’re calling names!”

Javier waved. “Hey, don’t pin this on me. I wasn’t the one who called Grandpa that-it was your son. The proof is in the dashcam.” He turned back to the house and called out again. “Hurry up, Cici! Take that recording to that wrinkly b*stard!”

‘What dashcam?!’ Ciara harrumphed to herself. She had not installed a dashcam inside her car at all. If anyone were to leave even a thin scratch on her car, she would drive them over, no questions asked. Why would she need a dashcam?

Still, scheming glee twinkled in her eyes as she assumed the role her sly brother had given to her in this ruse. “Okay! I’m coming, I’m coming! I got it copied into my phone and I’m gonna head over to Grandpa’s now!”

Ciara paced down the path leading out of the entrance as though she was excited to show the recording. This startled Arthur, who knew his son enough to know that he was not above shouting colorful words about anyone. What he had not expected was that his son’s stupid blunder would get caught on tape!

As Ciara brushed past him, Arthur stopped her. “What are you doing, Cici? You’ve always been the wisest of the bunch, right? So why are you making poor decisions today? You know that if you bring that up to your grandpa, he will know about this...feud among his grandchildren, right?”

“It’s bad enough if they get punished for that, but it’ll be worse if your brother’s brutality against his aunt is discovered, won’t it? Grandpa will not be kind to him when he learns that!”

Arthur even managed to make it sound as though he cared about his nephew!

Since there was not anything on Ciara’s phone, she accepted the offer to bow out of the ruse by feigning realization. “Oh my god, you’re right!” she exclaimed, nodding before running back inside.

Now that he was the one with the upper hand, Javier turned to Arthur. “So, Uncle. Anything else?”

“Anything else?! The violence against your aunt hasn’t even been dealt with yet, and now you’re asking if there’s ‘anything else’ as though it’s all hunky-dory?! You really think that’s it?” He erupted, his face turning blue from rage. He trained a trembling, accusatory finger on Javier as he screamed, “You degenerate! You sh*tbag! You degenerate sh*tbag! How the hell did the genes of this family even produce a jack*ss like you?!”

Javier gave his uncle his most cavalier smirk. “I am the fruit of your brother’s seed, Uncle, and your sister-in-law’s nurturing deeds. Hey! As it turns out, even your own pops seems to have taken a huge

liking to me, right? What's the matter? Does the truth hurt your feewings? You should have murdered me when I was just a baby, Uncle Arthur! You missed your chance, and it's too late now!"

Arthur had come to seek justice, but as it turned out, all he got were insults and his own growing rage. By this point, he had nothing left to even shout at Javier for, so with one last angry stomp, he stormed away.

Javier watched the man's figure grow smaller in the distance. Meanwhile, his mocking smile died and faded away

He returned to his mansion, where Ciara remarked, "You know, Javy, if I'm being really honest, Uncle Arthur might have been pretty hostile sometimes, but he's not rotten to the core. And I kind of just...feel bad for him since Aunt Marjorie is basically cheating on him. We're being pretty horrid for antagonizing him like that, aren't we?"

Ciara had always had a soft heart, but all compassion aside, she had a point.

Javier instinctively ruffled her hair. "Without me shaking things up like a jack*ss, who's gonna make sure your life on the island will be free of trouble? You know they'd come at you every day. That sly fox might favor you, but he's not gonna watch over you on the island every day. Those b*stards aren't above using underhanded schemes too, and they'll make sure you're the one in the wrong in the end. When you have neighbors like that...of course it's my duty to teach them a lesson they will never forget! I'll make them remember that Ciara Kersey is my sister, and if anyone dares lay a finger on you while I'm gone, I'll come back and go on a bloody rampage!"

Realizing that Javier was doing all of this for her sake moved Ciara. She knew he was not the kind to stir up trouble and his actions had been very out of character, but she had not expected the reason to be her well-being.

"Aww, Javy..." Ciara called out, wrapping her arms around his elbow before leaning her head against his shoulder. Javier rubbed her forehead with his cheek lovingly before chuckling. "Alright, let's get some food. I'm starving and I haven't tasted your cooking in a long time."

Ciara leaped in joy and pulled him to the dining room.

Javier rose from his seat and cast a glance over his shoulder at the gate, where Arthur was already a dot in the distance. He considered the man's raging gait and storming footsteps and wondered if he really understood his uncle as well as he thought he did.

Chapter 120 A Fine Knight Only Serves a Fine King

After his lunch with Ciara, Javier took a shower and napped on his bed. At night, the butler visited them and told him Zephiel had returned.

Javier rose, bade his sister good evening, and followed the butler to the large, cement-and-tile house on the center of the island.

Zephiel never liked staying in mansions and high-rise buildings. He loved his cement-cast, red-tile roof cottage too much. He'd even constructed a fence around it, where reefs and rocks had taken up residence, and changed the soil to plant crops. Javier had never understood how his grandfather

managed to grow crops on the back of reefs and the saltwater trapped deep within, but then again...he had money. Money could buy anything, and that old sly fox had so much money that he could build his own nuclear bomb.

Javier entered his courtyard and found his nearly 80-year-old grandfather shadow-fencing. Despite his advanced age, he was still bursting with health and brio, even though his hair and beard had turned snowy – white and the old fox refused to dye them black.

In his case, these emblems of his seniority miraculously worked well with his dapper white tie. As he fenced, he looked like a savvy, shrewd, gentlemanly thief capable of dazzling his opponents and admirers alike with his gale-like swordplay.

Javier took a seat on a lounge chair nearby and began fidgeting with a jade pipe. Legend had it that it was crafted purely from jade and had been meant for a foreign king in a faraway land. It would have been a hassle to make even with today's technology, so one could only wonder how a few artisans centuries ago had managed to make it.

Seeing faint wisps emanating from the inside of the pipe, Javier knocked it against a rock next to him.

Unfortunately, the pipe turned out to be too fragile for knocking around. Two raps later, Javier could hear the pipe crack before splitting into two.

“Oh, sh*t.” He quickly shot a glance at the sly fox. Seeing that he had not noticed, Javier quickly lodged the pipe back together. The jagged shape left on the jade made it easy for him to fit the halves back together perfectly, and when left alone on the rosewood desk next to him, it looked like the pipe had never suffered any damage.

Javier forced the pipe to appear intact, left it on the desk, and feigned nonchalance. He leaned against the chair and waited idly. The idleness had to be obvious too, or that sly old fox might notice something was weird about him.

To complete his guise, Javier quipped, “Hello? Yo, old man! Your grandson is growing really bored over here! What's so fun about fighting your own shadow anyway? You should at least give your butler a sword so you can bully him mercilessly.”

Zephiel ignored him and continued his activity for a while before finally deciding to call it a day and returning to where Javier was sitting. By this point, the young man had gotten comfortable in his lounge chair.

The sly old fox grabbed him by his neck. To the ignorant, this looked deceptively similar to a normal pinch, but Javier found himself unable to dislodge himself from the old man's grip. He then proceeded to throw a fencing rapier at Javier, spurring him to catch it by its hilt.

The sly old fox had decided to respond to Javier's ribbing after all!

The two of them engaged in a quick, impromptu duel. No matter how quickly Javier tried to dodge and parry, he never managed to land an attack on his grandfather. The duel ended with a tie, as Javier and his grandfather made their rapiers clash in the middle.

He had to admit that despite his age, his grandfather had never lost his edge when it came to swordplay. He tried his best to snipe at any window of an opening, and yet the old man always managed to dodge, block, and deflect his attacks and forced him to go on the defense.

Now, Javier could just play dirty and use the brute strength his youth gave him to force open his grandfather's defense. But doing so would basically mean admitting defeat, as well as seemingly rubbing the old man's bygone strength on his face.

When his grandfather's tip connected with his shirt, Javier held his hands up in surrender and dropped the rapier. "You can never beat a sly old fox, can you?" he exclaimed in gratuitous flattery. "You're always unstoppable. I won't ever beat you at this rate."

Zephiel seemed to enjoy the compliment. He took a sip of his Earl Gray and smiled before returning Javier's compliment by saying, "Step aside, child."

Javier had gotten used to his demeanor. He went to lift a large rock that was somewhere in the yard and moved it next to Zephiel before taking a seat on it. Then, he grabbed his grandfather's right leg, placed it on his lap, and began to massage it.

Any traces of flattery had left his mien. Javier looked as neutral as he could ever be, as he was not trying to ingratiate himself with his grandfather by doing this. He still felt quite guilty, so he decided to be a better grandson to the old man before he ultimately passed.

Zephiel did not stop his precious grandson. He just leaned on the back of the lounge chair and enjoyed it. "I heard you beat half your aunt's living daylight out of her. Is that true?" he asked.

Javier did not hesitate to answer him at all. "Oh yeah. I gave her more than a dozen wallops on the cheeks."

Zephiel laughed. "Aww, you're still as honest as ever! Good boy. Shall I reward you with a lollipop?"

A lollipop for a grown-up? Well. Old fox's sarcasm was duly noted.

"Aunt Marjorie deserved it," Javier replied. "Her son is being used, and she still has no idea."

Zephiel shot him a glare. "Malarkey! Who in the world would dare touch my grandchildren, huh?"

Javier was speechless when he saw his grandfather's feigned shock. "You're the sly one here, Grandpa. If anyone knows, it must be you."

Zephiel continued pretending to be a clueless, startled old man. "I don't know what you're talking about at all, boy."

Javier could only expose him directly. "Look, I know you favor me a lot, old fox. But you're also kind of using me as bait to draw aggression away from you, aren't you? I feel like a lightning rod in the middle of a squall!" He protested. "Are you trying to see if I could make a sturdy rod, or are you just waiting to see which lightning will be the one to strike me down? Either way, that's what you're doing, man. Cut the act already."

Zephiel leaned back on his chair. "So, are you sturdy enough?"

“Gee, I don’t know. I beat my aunt up without a problem. Is that being sturdy enough?” Javier answered matter-of-factly.

His quip was not well-received. “I didn’t ask you to show off how sturdy you are by slapping your own aunt!” the old man snapped.

Javier chuckled. Zephiel raised his hand as though he wanted to beat some sense into his head. In the end, though, he simply made a knocking gesture.

“I know why you did it, boy. Just don’t make this public knowledge.”

The sly old fox might not have warned him explicitly, but Javier still understood what was being implied. He knew about Marjorie’s boy toy, but he had decided to turn a blind eye to it. Was it for the sake of the family’s reputation, or was it because the old man secretly felt a little bad that his son could not satisfy his wife?

Either way, since his grandfather had asked, Javier decided not to expose Marjorie’s secret. He was not as stupid and loose-mouthed as his foolish cousin Sigmund, after all.

Zephiel quickly moved on, talking about Selena instead. “I arranged for that girl and her mother to stay abroad now,” he explained. “Since your mother-in-law was quite sweet, she deserves it. Her daughter could stand to be better at judging people, but in the grand scheme of things, what she did was not really that big of a sin.

“Once you get used to the world of business, you start to see that everyone is driven by profit. Her choice itself was driven by profit. You were a pretty lousy husband then, so she naturally chose someone better. Fine knights will serve fine kings rather than subpar ones, you see. You understand that, don’t you?”

Javier looked up to meet the doting expression his grandfather rarely showed and nodded. “Yeah.”

Both Selena and the mantle of being the Kerseys’ patriarch would only belong to someone who was truly worth it.

Of course Javier understood that. How could he not?

However, if there was one thing he cared more about than being the patriarch, it was, “You promised me information about my parents when I came of age. Now is the time, right?”

Chapter 121 Javier, the Devil

Zephiel had once said to Javier a long time ago, when his parents had disappeared, that he would tell him what had happened when he came of age and got married.

Now, although Javier was still single, his wedding was only a few days away, which was why he wanted to know what had happened.

However, Zephiel still gently shook his head. “A promise is a promise. I told you that I would only tell you what happened after you got married. That was the deal.”

'A promise is a promise? Come on, it's obvious that this cunning old fox is just trying to stall for as long as he can.

Feeling slightly anxious, Javier said, "My wedding is only a few days away, so it wouldn't make a difference if you told me now or later, would it?"

Zephiel seemed very dignified and had a serious expression on his face as he said, "It would."

Zephiel refused to explain the reason even when Javier asked him about it.

After failing to get an answer out of him after a few attempts, Javier angrily got up and said, "I'm not going to waste my time talking to you anymore! I'm leaving!"

Zephiel did not stop Javier, allowing him to head for the main entrance as he pleased.

However, right after Javier exited, he put both his hands in his pockets and turned back, sitting before Zephiel once more.

"Why are you back here? Still not willing to give up?"

Javier replied, "I came back to ask you how your health is. I am your grandson after all."

Zephiel put down his paper fan and reached out to caress Javier's head, giving him a kind smile.

"I'm very healthy. The doctor says I'll be able to live till 120 at this rate. I'm going to have to look after your children and their children after them."

"Which doctor is that? I'll have him dragged out, beaten, and fed to the fish! My grandfather's going to live till 210 at least! How dare he say you'll live to 120!"

Zephiel's face was filled with glee. "210? Wouldn't I be a true old timer by then..."

The grandson and grandfather had a lovely chat for a moment before Javier once again mentioned the disappearance of his father and stepmother.

However, this time, he was not asking for information. Instead, he consoled the old fox by saying, "You shouldn't think about what happened to dad too much. I know that you're the one who's suffering the most since it's your own son who disappeared, but you just don't want to talk about it."

Zephiel waved his hand and said, "I have no interest in discussing this topic with you. I'm going to bed now, so get out of my sight."

Javier felt slightly emotional and shot a glance at Zephiel. "I really am going to leave now..."

Zephiel pushed him away impatiently. "Shoo, shoo. Stop being an eyesore."

Javier got up and headed toward the main entrance.

It was not until Javier was completely out of Zephiel's sight that the old man wiped a tear from his eye.

"Why the hell am I tearing up over such a trivial matter at this age..."

Zephiel had actually known that Javier, his second grandson, was the person with the most sympathy since he was still a little boy.

After wiping his tears, the cunning old fox of the business world took out his bag of tobacco, ready to put some into his pipe.

However, just as he picked up his jade pipe, he suddenly realized that it was only half of what it used to be.

The old fox was dumbfounded.

‘It was clearly fine a moment ago, so why the hell has it snapped in half now?!’

Zephiel then recalled Javier’s trip back and fumed.

“Get back here, you little rascal! I’m going to smack the sh*t out of you!”

Javier had already run all the way out of Zephiel’s house. Plus, there was no way he was going to head back inside. After all, the jade pipe he had snapped in half had historical value, as it used to belong to an emperor. Thus, he would definitely be smacked senseless if he was caught now.

“There’s no way I’m going back in there! Hell no!”

When Javier headed out, he just so happened to come across Sigmund, who was lashing out at Marjorie, when he passed by their mansion.

“It’s all your fault! If it were not for you, I wouldn’t have had to hold my temper back around that ba...F*ck! I would’ve beaten him to death long ago! You’re going to pay me for the car no matter what! Don’t you even think about fishing out the old one. I want a new one!”

Fuming, Sigmund returned to his mansion.

Meanwhile, Marjorie stood by the cliff and looked down at the yacht, where a few divers had just put on their gear and were about to dive into the water.

After all, there was no way they were going to leave a 1.5-million-dollar McLaren sitting in the sea.

Arthur might be Zephiel’s direct descendant, but the latter had already cut off all ties with the former because of his incompetence long ago.

On top of that, Arthur’s family relied solely on Arthur asking Zephiel for money every month.

Of course, he didn’t ask for much. All he would take was approximately 1.2 million dollars, and that was enough for his family of three to splurge on.

Despite that, he’d still pampered Sigmund by buying the 13-year-old boy a McLaren P1GT.

Thus, Marjorie felt saddened and thought it was such a waste that Javier had very gloriously slammed 1.5 million dollars into the sea!

Javier stood by the cliff and took a look down himself. ‘Wow, it’s quite high up here. It’s scary, in fact.’

Thus, he grabbed Marjorie’s arm and shook it, instantly shocking her senseless!

Marjorie subconsciously reached out to grab Javier and leaped onto him, hugging him tightly.

However, this was the beginning of a huge mistake, as both their bodies were technically glued to each

other.

Marjorie immediately felt embarrassed, furious even, when she realized that it was Javier.

Just as she was about to reprimand him for being rude, she could not help feeling afraid when she thought about what Javier had told her that afternoon.

Marjorie knew for sure that Javier had evidence of her and her boy toy, which was why he had said all those things proudly, as well as why she did not dare engage in an open argument with Javier and could only struggle in embarrassment. On top of that, she did not dare raise her voice, afraid that someone might hear her.

However, Javier did not seem to intend to release her. "You've got a really nice body, Aunt Marjorie. Can I have some fun with you tonight?"

Javier very arrogantly began teasing Marjorie right in front of her mansion, even boldly making such an outrageous request.

Despite how embarrassed and furious Marjorie felt, she still did not dare lash out and could only struggle with all her might.

"Let go of me, Javier! You can't do this to me. I'm your aunt! You hear me?!"

Javier did not seem to care at all. In fact, he embraced Marjorie's seductive body even tighter.

Then, he leaned closer to her red ear.

"Marjorie, I know how hard it is for you to live here on this island. I can satisfy you, though. Tonight, in fact. Would you like to try?"

Marjorie felt that Javier was a demon at that moment. A demon seducing her into falling into a deep abyss.

Even though she desperately wanted to stab Javier to death, she could not help being seduced at that moment too.

Indeed, it was just as Javier had said. Marjorie had been living in a retreat for more than two months. She had tried all sorts of methods to release the tension in her body, but all the substitutes the world had to offer could not compare to an actual man.

In fact, now that she was unintentionally feeling Javier's dominance, she had a huge urge to accept his offer.

However, she was also a little afraid that her husband, her father-in-law, and most importantly, her son, might end up finding out about it.

If any one of them were to really find out what she had done, she would not be able to bear the gravity of the consequences.

Thus, Marjorie forcefully suppressed her desire and rejected Javier.

Right at that moment, Javier smacked her butt fiercely and left.

Marjorie only felt hatred for Javier when he left as quickly as he had shown up.

She hated him for kindling the flames in her and then turning around and walking away right after he'd seduced her. Meanwhile, Javier arched his lips in a slight angle, his eyes twinkling with a cunning light...

Chapter 109 Luca Flaunts His Riches

Javier finished his lunch under Luca's hostile gaze and went around the village with lade leading the way.

Edelgard was not with them because she had to teach the students, while Luca obviously followed her.

While Javier and Jade were walking around, Jade said, "I think Edelgard and Luca have something pretty good going on. It doesn't seem like Luca's in a one-sided relationship right now. Judging by their conversation, I believe Edelgard was the one who told Luca where she was of her own accord."

Javier chuckled. "Are you trying to tell me I shouldn't miss her?"

Jade rolled her eyes. "What are you talking about? You're free to miss whoever you like. What I'm trying to say is that Edelgard's a pretty nice woman, so you shouldn't lay your hands on Luca no matter how much of a jerk he is. You should try to tolerate him on Edelgard's account.

"Didn't you see how heartbroken Edelgard was when you slammed his head against the table just now?"

Javier understood what she was trying to say. He then extended his arm and wrapped it around Jade's slender waist, leaning toward her face at the same time.

"You're the one with the highest EQ, so I'll do as you say. I won't lay my hands on that b*stard again." 1

Jade was feeling great after being complimented, but she could not get in the mood even though she was looking at Javier's charming eyes. After all, they were in the village!

She felt especially unhappy when Javier's large hand kept rubbing her body.

"Stop messing around. Someone might see you..."

Jade broke free from Javier's embrace in embarrassment and rushed off deeper into the village.

At first, Javier was about to chase after her and carry on, but he was not in the mood to do so when he saw the houses built with rocks next to him and recalled the rundown house he had just slept in that morning. Those houses look like they might fall at any moment, yet those snotty little kids are still playing beneath them... That's too dangerous!

Javier went over to ask the children to leave, but the adults who were watching them from the side said, "It's alright. Those walls are sturdy!"

Javier did not know whether they were sturdy or not, but he thought that they might have perhaps been thinking retrospectively about walls made with such materials.

Meanwhile, the children were the right age to be in kindergarten and receive education, yet they were holding tree branches and bending over, poking at some worms nearby.

In front of them was a teenage girl wielding a sickle and carrying a bamboo basket on her back. She was wearing broken, tattered clothes and walking on the ground barefoot.

Javier himself could already feel his feet hurt from the bumps of the rocks despite wearing shoes, but the teenage girl seemed like she had already grown used to it.

Jade, who was by his side, introduced the girl to Javier. "That's Christy. Her stepfather used to be a carpenter in the village and was considered to be living a pretty good life once. Her mother brought Christy with her and moved in with her stepfather, who's got four sons himself.

"One year, her stepfather accidentally fell from a high place while working and became a cripple, and her mother ended up running away after taking care of him for half a year. But Christy decided not to leave him and said that her guilty conscience would not allow her to do so. On top of that, she said that her stepfather was especially kind to her, which is also why she decided to stay behind.

"All four of her brothers wanted to drop out of school, but she insisted that they did not. She said that she would be the best person to drop out since she was only in elementary school, while her brothers were already in high school. After stubbornly insisting that she drop out, she learned how to farm, rear rabbits, and collect junk all by herself just so that she could take care of her family.

"Now, two of her brothers have managed to get into the best university, while the third eldest is in the military. The fourth brother's about to take his university entrance examination next year..."

Javier's heart was filled with admiration and respect for Christy as Jade introduced her in detail.

'There's no way I would've been able to be as tough as Christy if I were in her shoes. 1

'She's had to carry a huge burden despite her age, even though she should have been weak and fragile. On top of that, she's been taking care of four brothers and her stepfather, all of whom are no blood relations of hers whatsoever...

'What a tough girl... I'm in awe...'

"Send her to school. I'll bear responsibility for all of her family's expenses." Jade immediately shook her head right after Javier said that "I would've done it long ago if I could, but she just refuses to accept anyone's help. She became autistic after her biological mother abandoned her, and she's very stubborn and unwilling to accept anyone's help."

'Perhaps it's exactly this stubbornness of hers that molded her into the tough girl she is right now.'

However, Javier had also made his decision. He was going to find a psychologist to counsel Christy and help her learn how to accept other people's help again and rejoin society. He wanted her to receive an education and lead a brand-new life.

Javier ended up spending the entire afternoon learning about all the different situations going on in Xerxes Village.

There were people who were too poor to treat those bedridden at home, and some whose houses even had grass growing on their walls, making them seem like houses from ancient times.

During dinner, there was a bowl of chicken on the table.

Thomas seemed embarrassed as he said, "That pig's...pregnant right now. We won't be able to trade her children for money if we kill her now."

In the end, nobody touched the bowl of chicken throughout dinner.

Luca did try and reach out to take some, but Edelgard immediately slapped his hand, so the former retracted his hand in embarrassment.

After Thomas left, Jade said, "We must think of a way to help this village."

Javier already had a rough idea of what he could do, but Luca immediately pointed at him before he could even say anything.

"Have the guy who drives the G63 make a donation then! He's rich, isn't he? Let's just have him donate money to the village!"

On account of Edelgard, Javier did not slap Luca's hand away.

Instead, he said, "Sure, I'll donate 15,000 dollars to the village committee."

He was only going to donate that much money at most because he was very clear about one thing: Money would only solve their problems temporarily...

If Javier were to only donate money, all the millions of dollars he had in his Messer card, in fact, there would come a time when that money would be completely spent. When that happened, although the village's living conditions would improve and everyone would be able to have a much better life in modern society, they would all be couch potatoes.

Luca obviously had not thought of all of this because he was surprised by how stingy Javier was. He was only willing to donate 15,000 dollars, after all.

"What the f*ck?! You've got a G63 that's worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, yet you're only donating 15,000 dollars? Are you f*cking kidding me?!" After scolding Javier, Luca slammed his hand on the table and arrogantly said, "Fine, I'll accept the fact that you're doing charity right now. In fact, I'll donate five times the amount you're donating!" 1

Luca seemed proud of himself at that point. 'Are you going to donate five more times that amount then?'

Javier smiled and said, "You're in front of two beautiful women right now, so are you sure you'll keep your word?"

Luca became even prouder when he saw both Edelgard and Jade looking at him.

“Of course! You can go ahead and donate all you want. Let’s see how much you’ll be able to come up with, you poor piece of sh*t with a rundown G63! Don’t you know which family I come from?”

Javier immediately got excited and began probing Luca by asking, “So what if I donate 15,000 dollars?”

Luca immediately said without thinking, “I’ll donate 75,000 dollars then!”

After saying that, Luca gleefully raised his head toward Edelgard as though he was trying to say, “See! Your boyfriend’s an awesome guy, isn’t he? Generous, right?”

Javier chuckled. “In that case, I’ll increase my donation by another 30,000 dollars.”

Luca immediately spoke up once more. “150,000 dollars from me then. This amount means nothing to me at all!”

Javier chuckled and went on to increase his amount. “I’ll add another 60,000 dollars then.”

Luca hesitated a little before he said, “This amount’s nothing at all...300,000 dollars it is!”

“Excellent, you just donated enough money to buy an entire Ferrari. Wonderful!”

After saying that, Javier once again added his own donation amount. “I’m adding another 120,000 dollars then.”

Luca was stunned. ‘Oh, sh*t! I’ve been trapped!’

It might have been easy for Luca to yell out the amount, but 5 times 120,000 dollars would be 600,000 dollars, which would come up to a grand total of 1.125 million dollars!

However, when he realized that Jade and Edelgard were still looking at him, Luca clenched his teeth and said, “600,000 dollars it is! Easy!”

What a rich man Luca was!

Thus, Javier slammed the table and said, “I’m adding another 300,000 dollars. Let’s do this!” Luca was completely stunned...