

## Chapter 470

I Guess I Really Missed That Adolf was flummoxed. Never in his wildest dreams had he ever thought Javier would dare lay a finger on George. George was a Hachison! The representative of the irreproachable Hachisons of Yuzuia! He was basically a modern-day retainer-cum-ambassador of the emperor! And now the same ambassador had just had his finger snapped in Adolf's turf. How was he supposed to explain that away? Had the person who had broken George's finger been literally anyone else, Adolf would have ordered security to apprehend the offender already. But this was no ordinary man either – this was Javier Kersey, his super-important, most larger-than-life client to date! Poor Adolf was more than just shocked. He was in a helpless bind. What in the world should he do now?

Now, if his goal was to ingratiate himself with George, there was really only one choice: He had to order his people to go after Javier and fix the latter up. Unfortunately, what Adolf really, really wanted to do...was the complete opposite.

By God, he really wanted to see this annoying \*sshole be oh-so-royally punished!

Adolf was hardly alone in his shock. George "finger-snapped" Hachison was just as flabbergasted as the soiree's host amid the crazy deluge of agony seizing his senses Grimacing, he bellowed forcefully, "Aaargghh! I will kill you! I-will-kill-you! And all of your family too! Gaaaaahhhh!" "But before you do that, you need to make sure you're capable of doing it, man," Javier replied glibly. "Or else, it's just a loud, empty threat. Even an empty threat comes with a cost you might need to pay!"

As if to make clear that he was not the one doling out empty threats, Javier grabbed another one of George's fingers.

'Pop!' it went.

George let out another throat-straining yowl, not unlike the squeal of a boar waiting to be slaughtered. "F\*ck! Where the f\*ck are my bodyguards?! Don't just stand there, you dumb\*sses! Get your \*sses over and save meeeee!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

While he blustered, Herschel-god knows when he had arrived — was sucking on a tray filled with premium foie gras with the casual abandon of a guy chomping on a bucket of cheap, street-food-grade goose liver. His lips were practically glistening from the dribbling oil as he suckled the remaining liquid on his fingers dry. He only replied after sucking clean all five of his fingers. "Your mates? They've all gone to see Xion Hachison."

His answer was so direct that the grimace on George's face froze. The fact that Herschel had mentioned Xion was a big red flag as to who he might be dealing with. He whipped his face toward Herschel instinctively and thundered, "Just who the hell are you?! What do you want?!" Herschel waved. "I'll call you a dumb\*ss even if you won't admit it, just because it's the truth, man. My boss is a Kersey, while I personally sent your underlings to meet the late Xion

Hachison. Guess who I am yet?" he jeered. "Come on, Georgie. Use your noodles. You'll regret never taking the chance if you die before ever using it, you know?"

George finally understood the issue. Or rather, he finally understood who the real boss was in there. Turning back to Javier with neck-breaking speed, he cried, "Y-You're a Kersey?!"

It was the same question he had asked before, but the undertone was quite different this time.

Instead of answering him, Javier called Mei on the spot. "Mei? Do you know one George Hachison?"

"Oh, that's Xion's adopted son," she answered promptly. "He's a creep who's always abroad, so I didn't care enough to see his head roll. What's the matter, my beloved Javier?"

Beloved? Their relationship was good enough to warrant a casual 'beloved'?!

Worst of all, being so close to Javier had allowed George to overhear Javier's name on top of that damning "beloved". He instantly fell on his knees. George hated the Kerseys. It was the family who had supported Mei's coup; the ones who had helped her usurp his adopted father's position. And now, he knew he was in the audience of the man he hated the most-the same man who could decide if he would live past this day.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Kersey! I'm sorry! I was wrong!" he cried, begging for his life while shedding sincere tears. Adolf was nonplussed. He could not understand what had just happened at all, especially since George had since switched to babbling in Yuzuean, a language he did not understand. Still, just because he found the conversation unintelligible, it did not mean he could not descry the little information he could with his eyes. He could glean the fear etched on George's features. He could see how tearful and sincere he was as he begged for...something. It only added more to his incredulity. What was a demigod doing, begging Javier on his knees for anything?

Javier dismissed George's plea. "Have you ever wondered if Xion has missed him?" he asked Mei.

"I'd like to think he does."

That was it – the one thing that would decide if he lived.

Javier released George, and the man begged, his hands clasped as though he was praying incessantly. "Please, please, please! Mr. Kersey, I'm begging you, let me live! I'm just a dog, honorable sir! I'll wag my tail and cower before you like a good boy and never betray you. Never! I'll be as loyal as a dog too! Please...Please!"

Javier, however, was not a man of mercy. He would not show any to someone who had been bragging about killing his family and he personally hated creeps like George. The world should be rid of someone like that.

He waved at Herschel, and his underling immediately picked up a table cloth before approaching a whimpering George. It seemed that Herschel too found the man unappealing enough that he would rather kill George with a layer of cloth as sanitary protection. George's survival instinct kicked in. He lunged, lurching toward Suzanne in a last-ditch effort

to save his skin through hostage negotiation.

He had underestimated Javier. With a lightning-fast kick from his spot next to her, George was sent flying away before crashing down. He was hardly given a second chance to retaliate before Herschel wrapped his head in a white cloth and trawled him out of the hall. "No! No, no, no! Mr. Kersey, I don't wanna die! Pleaaaaaaseeeee!" As George Hachison was forcefully dragged out of the hall, everyone else who had borne witness to the foofaraw gawked on in confusion. Adolf reeled back from his shock. He

might have never heard of this eminent Kersey family or have any idea how insanely bad\*ss Javier was, but the fact that George “previously known as a demigod” Hachison had to kneel before Javier and beg for mercy meant one irrefutable thing: Javier Kersey was in a whole different league from the likes of George! He quickly ambled toward Javier with an apologetic smile. “My sincerest apologies, Mr. Kersey! What happened just now has ruined your evening, hasn’t it? It’s our fault for not paying enough attention to every detail. I’m deeply sorry.” Javier patted Adolf’s shoulder. “Nah, it was nothing. You did well.”

Sure, what a businessperson cared about the most was lining their pockets and preserving their interests, and no doubt that was why Adolf had done what he had. It did not mean his attempt to mediate for Javier’s sake despite knowing nothing about the latter was any less of a noble gesture.

Adolf drew a long breath of relief in his mind. All would be well as long as he did not offend this guy through what he had done just now! He was lucid to the amount of power a person of Javier’s level could possess. He was, for all intents and purposes, at the level of a god. Had Adolf p\*ssed this man off, he would not have been the only one going down. The entire Heinfensmirtz Inc. would have gone down too! “To show just how much we’ve regretted our folly, Mr. Kersey, we’ll strive to give you the best of our products and rebates!” Javier could hear the sincere undertone in Adolf’s proclamation, but his attention steadily shifted away to Suzanne. Seeing George being dragged out of the hall like that seemed to have dampened her good spirits. Javier could guess what was on her mind. She must have thought her reaction had been too bellicose to have caused such a scene. It was an understandable misconstruction – the young woman had no inkling about the feud between the Hachisons and Javier. “No one can ever bully my girl,” he told her sincerely. “No one!” Suzanne blushed.