

## Chapter 481

Hotel Garcia Javier left Suzanne's research center and ordered Herschel to look into the thing that was bothering Suzanne.

He still had the same thought as before. 'Once I find out what it is that's bothering her and resolve it, I'm sure everything will be alright.' After sending Herschel away, Javier drove himself to a nearby hotel that seemed to be garden themed, Hotel Garcia. Hotel Garcia may have a rather elegant name, but it was a hotel with a much more beautiful environment. Javier had been there once in the past and was rather satisfied with what he saw.

He was there to have a chat with the owner of the hotel, intending to see whether he could rent his rooms long-term, three months, at the very least.

He believed that Doug's construction would be more or less done after three months, and they could even rent a little longer if required.

The researchers under Suzanne were all precious babies to Javier, geese that laid golden eggs. Thus, he wanted to make sure they were well-served. He believed that Hotel Garcia would prove to be a rather satisfying place to live in for those geese of his. He arrived at the hotel's parking lot and walked over to the main entrance. When he walked past a small lake, something was suddenly thrown toward him, making a faint whistle as it traveled through the air.

If his surroundings were not very quiet, Javier would not have been able to catch the sound.

He hurriedly turned his head to dodge the oncoming object, which flew right past his head.

Just as Javier turned around to look, he saw a fishing hook dropping into the water. A young man was lying against his chair with his legs crossed as he held onto a fishing rod.

It was evident that this young man had hurled his fishing rod. However, he had done it very badly, as if he was hurling a whip, spinning it around in a circle like a complete newbie. Anyone who had even a little experience in fishing would know that hurling it around like that was extremely dangerous, with a very high chance of them hurling away even their bait. At the thought of how he almost got caught by the fishing hook, Javier became slightly unhappy, but not to the point he was frustrated.

He then asked, "Excuse me, young man. Are you trying to catch some fish or humans?"

The young man by the little lake was only wearing a pair of short brown pants and turned around to look at Javier before he asked, "Did I almost hit you with the fishing hook?"

Javier nodded, thinking that the young man caught onto the point rather quickly. "Yes, you did."

The young man replied with an "oh" and then carried on fishing. "You didn't get hooked anyway. Plus, it wouldn't matter if you got hooked. I'd just pay you a few dollars and be done with it."

Javier could not help but chuckle scornfully. "You don't seem to mind what happened very much."

“Of course I don’t. What? Am I supposed to apologize to you? Putting aside the fact I didn’t even hit you, even if I did, I still wouldn’t apologize to you.”

The young man lit up a cigarette and did not even turn his head around as he said, “You’re not worthy of my apology!”

Javier had seen many arrogant people like this young man, so he was not angry at him. Instead, he only wanted to ask, “Who are you to be so arrogant?” Rather than answering Javier’s question, the young man asked, “Do you know about a song by Ya Boy called ‘My Territory?’”

After that, the young man began rapping: “That’s right, this is my territory, watch where you step or get shot while ya tourin...”

The young man was very arrogant as he sang, but Javier now understood what the young man meant. This is his territory.

“Are you the owner’s son?”

“F\*ck off!”

What Javier meant was that if the young man was the owner’s son, he did not have to go through the hassle of looking for the owner anymore.

Unexpectedly, Javier was met with such a frustrating answer. Javier stood by the path and smiled as he looked at the young man, whose eyes seemed as though they could spew fire. “You’re a rather hot-tempered one, aren’t you?” The young man glared furiously. “What does it have to do with you!?” Javier loved this young man’s attitude, so he walked along the path, stood by the young man before the lakeside, and said, “I’ll help you cool down a little.” Before the young man could even react, Javier immediately raised his leg and kicked him into the lake.

The lake was rather clear, but one could not see its bottom, which indicated it was a man made lake where there would be a huge difference. Right after the young man fell into the water, he began flailing around as though his life depended on it. He seemed like a chicken that had fallen into the water. The reason the young man was not a duck was that ducks could float on water, but not this young man.

The young man flailed around in the lake with terror written on his face in a panic. “I can’t swim, 1-”

Before he was done shouting, he began bubbling under the water. He then resurfaced and said. “Help!”

Javier was not anxious at all. He sat on what used to be the young man’s reclining chair and leisurely sat with his legs crossed as he picked up the fishing rod. “Hoho! The fish has moved!” Javier hurriedly raised the rod when he saw the fish swimming away ferociously. In the end, the moment Javier lifted the rod, the young man flailing in the lake suddenly let off a painful yell. “It’s on my butt! The hook’s on my butt!”

The young man seemed like he was about to say something else but got drowned out by the sound of him bubbling away. Javier grinned and said, “Stop yelling already. I’m fishing right now. Hang on for a while longer. I’ll bring up the fish before you end up choking to death!” After that, Javier carried on waving the fishing rod around, where the hook kept on plunging into the young man’s butt.

At that moment, the young man was in so much pain that he was now gnashing his teeth. Even though he wanted to scream out in pain, water kept rushing into his mouth and nose.

He was horrified and could no longer curse anyone even if he wanted to.

After flailing around for almost two minutes, Javier handed over the fishing rod so that the young man could grab hold of it and arrive by the lakeside.

However, that was as far as Javier was going to help him. Whether or not he was going to be able to climb out from there...depended solely on his own capabilities!

After throwing the fishing rod away, Javier turned around and walked toward the hotel's main lobby.

'He's just a kid who doesn't know any better, so a small lesson should do the trick.' Javier did not hold any grudges against the young man in the slightest. When he arrived at the main lobby and informed the receptionist about his intentions for visiting that day, Javier met up with the hotel's owner.

Initially, he was wondering how the owner of the hotel was definitely not a chubby man since he could come up with such an elegant name for a hotel. In fact, he thought that the owner was most likely an elegant middle-aged man with glasses since it was only this kind of person who would have such an artistic nature.

However, upon knocking on the owner's office door, he realized he had made an error in his judgment, a huge one. True enough, the owner of the place was not a chubby man, but he wasn't a middle-aged man with spectacles either. Instead, the owner was a rather beautiful woman!

The woman seemed to be in her late thirties, with short hair that grew until her ears. She had very little makeup on her pale face, making her seem very attractive but not lustful. Instead, there was serenity emanating from her. However, her beautiful face was enough to attract the gaze of others.

Of course, she also had wonderful curves, which could be seen through the white fitted dress she was wearing.

It was so tight that it seemed as though it was about to burst. In Javier's eyes, he even had an urge to step forward and help her loosen her dress. "Hello, Mr. Kersey, is it? I received a phone call from the reception just now. My name is Audrey Mendez, the owner of Hotel Garcia."