

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 531 ReadOnline

Chapter 531 Trevor Who's Deeply Moved The next morning, when Javier left his place, he got into the backseat of the car while Herschel took the wheel.

"To Heisenberg Inc., I'll take a nap while you drive there."

Herschel started the engine and drove out of the residential area, speaking. "Boss, I previously met a master living in seclusion, and he taught me how to read faces. It's magical. I read your face just now. Do you want to know?"

"No," Javier answered.

Herschel made an "oh" and continued to say, "Don't hide your desire. You want it, I know.

"From my observation, you're pale, your steps are floaty, and your eyes are dazed. I think a siren sucked all your energy and for the entire night too, nearly devouring you clean. I think it's time you replenish some nourishment.

"I'll get some good proteins for you later and some powerful tonic and stuff. You shouldn't have staple meals recently. Just take these nourishments and recover your energy. You"

"F*ck off!"

Herschel was one to talk. Who knew how he had so much to blabber about this early in the morning...

After cursing at him, Javier remembered the reception lady from last night and asked, "What did you do to the girl last night?"

Herschel was baffled. "Sh*t, boss, you're still unsatisfied!?"

Javier kicked Herschel's seat, prompting the latter to reply seriously, "Took her to heaven once and gave her 30 thousand dollars so she could go back home." "Which home?" Javier asked. Herschel answered, "Her actual home. Not to the creator." Javier nodded. "That's rather generous of you. One f*ck, and it's worth 30 thousand dollars."

Herschel sounded a little embarrassed. "That's not it. She comes from a poor family and has to support her younger brother and sister to study, so I gave her 30 thousand dollars."

Javier thought that it made sense. That was fine. Consider it doing a good deed. Cutting the chat with Herschel short, he told the latter to take turns driving with Running Man and GTR, who were at the back, if he was tired before lying down for a nap. Javier had not slept the whole night, and it was truly tiring. His hips were fatigued, and even his sacks felt empty... The car sped along the way. They had lunch at the rest stop by the highway, and all of them took a short break in the car after that.

When they arrived at Heisenberg Inc. in the afternoon, it was almost 6:00 p.m. Javier drove out alone, making Herschel, Running Man, and GTR stay in the hotel after checking in.

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Deeply moved

He called Trevor and then Quinna. Since they were going to talk about Heisenberg's new car using the hydrogen propulsion system, both parties had to be there to discuss the details. It was true that Javier was patriotic, but he was also a businessman. His patriotism could be seen in making less profit, but that did not mean he could earn nothing at all. Javier met Trevor where they had agreed to meet. "Haven't seen you in months, and you look even younger. Are you 21, Trevor?" Trevor laughed in glee. "Mr. Kersey, stop joking. I'm like double 21 now. It'd be nice if I were really that young, though. It's just the good mood I'm in. To be honest, you know about the deal with me previously too. "Those men who betrayed me back in the years called me now that I caught a break. Those who are slightly more capable asked for collaborations, while those who haven't gotten anything done asked to work for me. F*ck them all. No one had been merciful when they stabbed me in the back last time. Now they think of me? Forget it! "I feel great looking at their awkward, pathetic faces and listening to their servile, pleading tone.

"I could forget everything else but thank you, Mr. Kersey. If it weren't for you, I, Trevor Hammond, would never have this day my whole life!" Trevor bowed to Javier while he spoke. "Thank you!" Javier quickly brought him up: "Trevor, what are you doing? We're bros. We don't talk about things like this."

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He settled Trevor down and sat at the table before pouring Trevor some water.

After Trevor expressed his gratitude, he brought up suggestions for Chinese cars' future development. "SUV is a popular trend nowadays. Our current models are too similar, and we haven't forayed into the SUV category. Even though the trend is nearing its end, I think it's still good to jump on the last of the bandwagon.

“Not only will it expand our product line, but we can also earn more in the last of the wave. This way, we’ll have more confidence when we launch new products, upgrade the propulsion system, and develop other accessories.”

Confidence came from having sufficient funds. There was no problem with Trevor’s idea, and it was worth encouraging. Javier nodded and pulled out his pack of cigarettes, offering one to Trevor as well.

After lighting the stick and taking a deep inhale, Javier’s words were accompanied by wisps of smoke. “Sure. Do it without qualms, Trevor. Just see Chinese cars as your own.” Trevor waved to deny quickly. “No way. I—” Javier did not give him the chance to finish as he interrupted him. “Trevor, listen. Ten of me can’t even compare to one of you in the automobile industry alone. Since I’ve got you and offered you to drive the Chinese car, I have complete trust in you.

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“Feel free to work on it as you want. I’ll support you uncondi

Javier’s open support deeply moved Trevor. Whether it was businesses or companies, people like him, who worked hard, had always encountered the situation of being given anything they wanted with endless support during the start of the establishment. Once the business succeeded or came to a little fruition, the bosses would take away all their power, afraid that they would overrule them. Javier was not like that. Not only did he not take away Trevor’s authority, but he also granted him more of it. Where else could he find a courageous and trustworthy boss like Javier? Trevor was genuinely happy that he had met someone who recognized his talent. What Javier did had also deeply moved him. “Mr. Kersey, don’t you worry. As long as I, Trevor Hammond, live, I’ll drive Chinese cars toward being the top in the world!”

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Chapter 532 That’s for Bullying Me A chivalric knight would sacrifice for what was worth his loyalty. The medieval ancestors had figured that out a long time ago. That reflected in Trevor and Javier’s current situation. Of course, there was a premise-the knight was worth being recognized for his prowess and honor.

Obviously, Trevor was the knight worthy of that, so Javier was willing to bestow him the power unconditionally. The absolute and unreserved support filled Trevor with fervent motivation.

Nevertheless, such motivation was different from Javier’s motivation when he saw Quinna. She wore a white batwing-sleeved blouse with black patterns, white high-waist pants, and lavish but elegant high heels-each step Quinna took exuded an

incomparable charm that was bound to entice. Her pretty face, especially, captivated in a glance that one's soul could simply be pulled away. Javier watched Quinna, who came to them, sat down with his elbows on the table, and kept staring with a side-eye. "Quinna, kitty, why do I feel like I have endless energy bursting inside me whenever I see

you?"

Trevor, who had just taken a sip of water, spat it out before he could swallow.

"Sorry, sorry."

The one who embarrassed himself was Trevor, but Quinna looked abashed.

"You're the kitty. What nonsense are you spewing!"

It was easy to think of other things with the nickname-not a challenge to relate it to something specifically of a woman's body.

Javier did not do too much since Trevor was there. He snapped his fingers and gestured for the server to serve them. The three of them talked about the investment then.

As Heisenberg's second in command, Quinna was merciless at ripping off Javier.

"Investing with the hydrogen propulsion system? Stop joking. Aren't we strategy partners? What's the meaning of this? Besides, you've already signed the contract with us promising that other companies could use the hydrogen propulsion system a year later." Javier nodded. "That's right. It's written in the contract. Didn't you say it too? It's a year later. It hasn't been a year yet!"

Javier would make less in regards to profits, but there was no way he would not make any.

One would still receive an allowance for being in compulsory national military service for a few years, apparently evident that no one in this world would do anything for free.

Quinna played the card of the relationship between both companies. "We're business partners. There's a bond, right? It's something other companies can't compare to. We're just using the

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system in advance. We'll follow the contract when we officially engage the hydrogen propulsion system about half a year later. Just let us use it first for now.

“We’ve gone through some tough times together, right? There’s no need to hurt each other’s feelings over this petty sum. It’s not worth it. Alright, it’s decided. We’ll use it for free until the contract comes effective next year. We’ll follow the agreement then. Here, let’s toast to a successful collaboration!”

Quinna spoke fast and easy, proposing a toast directly to finalize the matter. Javier was easygoing as well, lifting his glass to clink it with Quinna and asking Trevor to do the same. The latter was bewildered, thinking that his boss had forgotten about his business when he saw the woman. How could there be free lunches in the world? How could they go about a business like this?

Despite that, Javier had already clinked glasses with Quinna. There was nothing Trevor could say, so he raised his glass. The toast was made, and the wine was drunk. Quinna felt that the matter was set in stone. However, Javier put his glass down and told Quinna, “Free it is. What to do when our companies share a close bond? As you said, we’re all about the camaraderie. We can’t hurt each other’s feelings over some little money, right?”

Quinna was in glee and was about to reply when Javier continued to say, “On one condition, though. We’re not responsible for maintenance, upgrading, quality issues, and whatnot after that.”

Quinna was taken aback. It was fine if they did not include maintenance and services. Heisenberg had after-sales service in their 4S Shops, so it was the same. What they could not do was the quality issue, especially the upgrading and updating. They did not have the research team on the hydrogen propulsion system.

The awesome part about the hydrogen propulsion system was not only due to it being fuel efficient, powerful, and environmentally friendly-it was its renewability. Like cell phones nowadays that went through occasional updates, the hardware stayed the same, but the software was different.

This meant that when Chinese cars came up with a new technology that could boost one cartridge of solid hydrogen from 1,000 kilometers to 5,000 kilometers one day, the batch of cars from Heisenberg would still only be able to go for 1,000 kilometers because Chinese was not updating them. It would be ruining their name. There was no way Quinna would allow it to happen.

Javier was still talking. “Miss Aurum, we care about our relationship, but we have to care about being reasonable too, correct? We aren’t making any money from Heisenberg, and we have to do the updating, maintenance, upgrading, and even be held responsible when there’s a quality issue... This is simply absurd!”

Javier’s logical retort put Quinna at a loss for words. Trevor could not help feeling amused upon seeing the second in command of Heisenberg Inc. being speechless. That was what he thought. His boss was a clever and sly man. How could he

have left such a good pie alone? It was now clear that he was hiding with a knife waiting to strike, and Quinna was the one struck! Looking at the beaming Javier, Quinna felt that he looked like a sly fox no matter how she looked at him. She had guessed as much. How could there be a free lunch that fell right onto her lap? Javier was apparently waiting to hit back from the side! Quinna decided to make a small compromise after consideration. "Okay. We'll do the recalls for quality issues as well as the maintenance and services. You just have to provide us with the updates and upgrades. There wouldn't be much cost involved. What do you think?" "Of course..." Javier purposely dragged the last syllable out before he continued his sentence, "Not.

"The updates and upgrades don't involve any cost, but the research does! Ask Mr. Hammond. See if the research department will still work if he doesn't pay them for two months?"

Trevor answered timely, "No need for two months. Don't pay them for a month, and they'll go elsewhere. They'd already be changing jobs if we didn't give them an increment! So many automobile companies are coveting our hydrogen propulsion system now, and those in the research department are like kings. I've got to treat them well, or our competitors will recruit them away, having waited in line to headhunt them!" Javier added. "See? It hasn't been easy on us either. We need to be dishing out increments. Mr. Hammond, how much do you think we should add?"

"11 million dollars," Trevor answered at once.

Quinna was rendered speechless. "There's no need for you gentlemen to gang up on a lady like me. The patent fee for a month is 1.6 million dollars and seven months make up 11 million dollars. You guys are just resorting to another trick to ask for the money!" Javier chuckled. "That's not it, Miss Aurum. You're the second in command for a national company, and we're just some illegitimate bandits. What's wrong with sharing a little wealth with us when you're already so established and well off? Besides, this is a profit we've created together. You can't take it all alone!" The truth was, the patent fee could not even be skimmed in terms of the law. Heisenberg Inc. had the relevant budget accounted for it as well. Quinna just thought that she could cut the cost a little for her company, so she brought it up to Javier, not expecting the man to be so resolute on being a scrooge. It was frustrating.

While Trevor was distracted, she glared at Javier. "You're doomed. Don't even think about sleeping in the bed tonight. That's for bullying me!"

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Chapter 533 Miss Aurum Even Wields a Knife Javier felt wronged. What did he do to have bullied Quinna? It was Quinna who wanted him to be bullied, and he fought back, only for the woman to claim that she was the one bullied. It did not even make sense. It

was as absurd as the decorative tree at the hotel's entrance that had rainbow-colored leaves.

Nevertheless, Javier opened up for Quinna ultimately. They were partners, so he gave a 40% discount. Slashing 11 million dollars, he charged only 7 million dollars and forwent the 4 million dollars. It was a patent fee anyway. If Heisenberg Inc. did not invent any new car, Javier would not earn anything from them. In this way, both parties took a step back. No one was suffering a loss, and both of them managed to make it a win-win situation.

Quinna wore a smile then.

When Trevor got up to answer a call outside, Javier asked her, "Quinna, I've already opened up the way for you. Should you do the same for me too?" Quinna paused for a moment, not quite understanding what Javier meant. "What am I opening

up?"

"Spread your legs, and something will open up, isn't it?" Javier replied. Quinna was bashful, not expecting Javier to refer to her part there and be so crude about it. It was embarrassing! She glared at him, but he did not care. The lustful look he wore made Quinna feel like his gaze was undressing her. The thing was, she felt kind of thrilled and addicted to the feeling...

Trevor came back shortly and thus marked the end of Javier and Quinna's little intimate flirting. The three of them continued eating and negotiated the contract-signing terms for tomorrow.

At that point, a young man around 18-19 years old walked over to their table. He looked clean and fair with a decent figure. He had earrings and eyeshadow on as if he was one of the celebrities on television.

When he approached Quinna, he made himself comfortable as he pulled a chair over to sit down directly and stared at her with a grin.

"Miss, you're so pretty. My heart goes ba-dump when I see you!" Quinna turned to glance at him and asked, "Do you know what my name is?" The young man shook his head, indicating that he did not. "It's what I want to ask you. What's your name?"

There was a scoff on Quinna's pretty face. "Why are you sitting next to me when you don't even know my name? Get away!"

Obviously, Quinna did not have any good feelings about the young man. Her gaze was disdainful, especially when she caught the earrings dangling on his ears. She was disgusted by

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his choice of self-expression. He was not her cup of tea at all.

The young man was not bothered by Quinna's disdain and scoff. Not only that, but he also wanted to hold her hand that was on the table.

Quinna moved faster than he did as she yanked the earring on his ear. She had gone all out in strength, and that made the young man yelp in pain. "F*cking let go of me! I'll fight back otherwise!". "You b*stard, who do you think you are? Scram. Try and put me off again, and I'll make sure you pay for it! Quinna was not just trying to scare him. As the second in command of a national company, many bureaucratic workers were on good terms with her. After all, if she wanted to, she could transfer herself to some of the bureaus easily and get a high rank too! Unfortunately, the young man had no idea about these. He only knew that his ear was in pain, and Quinna's attitude irked him. He raised his fist then as if to teach Quinna a lesson. It was a pity that once he lifted his fist, a foot came out of nowhere and landed heavily on his chest. The powerful kick made him feel like a car had run into him as he flew back involuntarily.

Quinna was still holding the young man by his earring, so there was a squelch before the earring stayed in Quinna's hand. All that was left on the young man's ear was scarlet blood. The young man held a hand over his ear in excruciation, and his originally suave-looking face turned menacing. "F*ck, how dare you hit me? F*ck you all!" the young man cursed.

Five to six people rushed over to stand next to him in the next instant. There was even a girl among them who looked like a witch, wearing only a black bra top and teeny denim shorts that flaunted her butt and waist. She looked absolutely sl*tty. The young man pointed at Javier, who had kicked him in rage, hollering, "Get that mother* cker!"

The group was quite united as they charged for Javier together at the shout. It was just that Javier was honestly not intimidated by these kids who were kept under their parents' wings yet kept causing trouble for them. Catching the young man's punch by his fist, Javier lifted his leg to kick another man who was about to throw a chair at him. Trevor did a good job as well, locking a person's head with his left arm and hitting it with his right fist.

He was a good sidekick. It was hard to imagine that the general manager of Chinean cars, a man in his forties, was this robust and combative. Even Quinna did not leave herself out. She did not attack first, but the girl came cursing at her and raised a hand to hit her. The latter had only managed to go "you b*tch-"when Quinna slapped her straight.

The girl was furious as she held her throbbing cheek. "You wh*re, how dare you f*cking hit me? I'm going to wreck your !"

MISS Aurum Even Wields a knife

Crude, as expected from a little girl who assumed she was in a gang. When she charged at Quinna with flailing arms, the latter grabbed the wine bottle on the table and swung it on the girl's head, making the girl crouch on the floor, hugging her head in pain and howling... The group was knocked down within a few minutes. Javier lit a cigarette as he looked at the immature delinquents and said, "Get the hell back to where you came from. Stop being an eyesore here." The young man whose ear was still bleeding seethed but dared not say anything. He took his lackeys, and they helped each other toward the hotel exit. It was probably because they had come to the exit that the young man dared curse boldly, "You son of a b*tch, stay here if you dare! Wait and see how I'm coming back for you!"

Javier acted like he was getting up, and the young man fled with his friends, not even daring to turn around in fear that they would get beaten up again. Watching the fleeing silhouettes, Javier snorted. "Well done."

A mere boy wanted to pick up Javier's woman? That was probably what his stupid eyes were for.

Javier dropped his gaze back to Quinna and looked surprised as he studied her. "Not bad there, crushing the wine bottle without batting an eye. That's fierce!"

Quinna wiped the wine that stained her hand with a serviette and answered nonchalantly, "It's alright. But I'm better at wielding a knife."

Trevor was shocked. "Miss Aurum, you can even wield a knife?"

Quinna smiled without replying, but Javier understood what she meant. The knife she was good at wielding was one that produced eunuchs. That was different. It was an implicit threat, but Javier was not one to be scared off. He would try it out tonight and see which was better between his staff and her knife!

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 534 ReadOnline

Chapter 534 You Aren't Worthy as a Friend After successfully driving a bunch of kids away, Javier, Trevor, and Quinna ordered another bottle of wine and resumed their meal. They were not at all bothered by the young man's threat earlier.

Despite being mediocre, the young man kept his promise. When dinner was about to end, four speeding cars came to an abrupt stop in front of the hotel. A man in his thirties then got out of the imported Land Rover that was the first car in front.

According to the police's reminder, the most basic characteristics of a thug were a crew cut, big gold chains, and tattoos. Not that one was certainly a thug by fulfilling these three descriptions, but most low-ranked thugs were dressed like this. Even if those were not pure gold chains, they were keeping up their appearances if it meant they had to wear ones made from copper.

That was how the man who got out of the Land Rover looked. He had a lofty pace and swung gold chains in front of him as if he was wearing a rosary while over a dozen underlings stood behind him. The one who stood out the most was, of course, the young man with a bandaged ear.

"Bro, that's them. They hit me. I announced your name, yet they still beat me up. They even insulted you!" The man with the gold chain did not reply to the young man, his brother-in-law, but went up straight to Quinna with a smirk

"Miss Aurum, what a coincidence to bump into you here."

"Stinky Ferret, you live up to your name, don't you? We can smell you anywhere."

The fact that Quinna knew this fellow surprised Javier.

Quinna introduced the man to him after that, "Griff Ferrell, nickname Stinky Ferret. People also call him Mr. Ferrell. He's in the local coal mine business. Rich and has a good bunch of underlings, and very impressive too. Many call him the next-in-line police. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?"

The next-in-line police? That was wonderfully impressive.

Griff did not agree with it apparently as he chuckled. "Miss Aurum, nice one. That's nonsense from my bros. How's it possible? I'm a good citizen who abides by the law. No way I'd do something like that."

After the jovial sounding reply, however, Griff pulled the bewildered young man behind him to the front and slapped him without a second word.

"How dare you spout nonsense and lie to me so that I'd come here? This is Miss Aurum, who do you think she is? She's the second in command of Heisenberg Inc.!

"You scum. Don't f*cking call me your brother-in-law anymore. I divorced your sister a long time ago.

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"Use my name and cause troubles out here again, and I'll kill you, son of a b*tch!"

Griff lambasted the young man into nodding fervently like a pecking chicken. After sounding his brother-in-law, Griff pulled a chair over to sit at the table to pour himself a glass of wine. "Here, I'll apologize on behalf of my useless ex-brother-in-law. Sorry for what happened today. I don't know you both, but since you're Miss Aurum's friends, we're good friends too.

"Let me introduce myself. I am Griff Ferrell, a good friend of Miss Aurum. Have this drink, and we're good friends from now on as well!"

Griff was still going on when Quinna poured the wine into her glass on the floor before placing it right back on the table, making the former awkward. "Miss Aurum, what's the meaning of this?"

Quinna replied calmly, "Nothing. Just wanted to ask you, when did we become good friends? Why didn't I know? I didn't know you could force someone into being friends, just like how you forced that girl to sleep with you?"

The incident was widely known in the local area. It was said that Griff had taken a liking to a high school girl two years ago. He had first sent someone to invite the girl for a meal and then asked the delinquents in the school to threaten her when he was rejected.

When the girl refused both approaches, Griff took things into his own hands. After the evening revision, he abducted the girl into his car. The girl's struggle had been futile as she was ultimately assaulted.

The girl had reported it to the police after that, but Griff got his driver to become his scapegoat then. He had harbored a grudge, so he went to the girl's house and assaulted her again in her own home-in front of her parents, infuriatingly.

Griff had left 4,500 dollars and a knife after that. They would either shut up with the money, or one out of the three of them would die.

No ordinary citizen would dare offend an aggressive b*stard like him. He had been reported to the police previously, but he was still out and about!

The family had been distressed, but the next morning, the girl's parents were unable to open the door when they went to wake her up. It was until they broke in that they realized their daughter had killed herself, slitting her neck with the knife Griff had left.

The girl's parents had been heartbroken,, but they wanted to take her to the hospital for one last attempt even when their daughter had died. She might be resuscitated. As they had been running the red lights when they drove, a truck loaded with metal rolling shutters ran over them.

It might have been fine if it had been a mere collision, but the truck was loaded with metal rolling shutters. The metal rolling shutters had shot forward due to the momentum of several tons, broken past the chains holding them together, and shoved the head of the truck flat. The small car that the girl's parents had been driving was also squashed into a pulp.

Three lives had been sacrificed in the accident. In addition to the girl who had already been dead, four lives were lost in a blink of an eye.

You Aren't Worthy as a Friend

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This was only a rumor back in those years, as no one knew the particular situation. After all, Griff would have been imprisoned and not roam here if someone knew the truth. It was just that there was no smoke without fire. The old saying must have its truth. Griff looked bright and sunshiny when he grinned like he was an open book, but he was brutal in his ways. His business rivals who were either missing or accidentally harmed were the best evidence.

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Griff shook his head with a laugh at Quinna, who was not cutting him any slack "Miss Aurum, are you not doing me a favor and treating me like a friend?" Quinna answered with a chortle, "Why should I treat you like a friend? Are you worthy of that?"

"Well done, Quinna Aurum." Griff dropped his wine glass and gave her a thumbs up. With the threatening compliment, he turned to glance at her. "Hey, I just have to ask Say, are you well done there as well? Why don't you take off your pants and let me have a taste? See if it's as well done as I do you?"

It was vulgar, and his words were challenging without any hint of good nature. Before Quinna flipped, a bottle of wine and even a glass hit Griff's face. The wine glass shattered with a crack, its content staining Griff's face. Javier had just thrown a wine glass at him, and the dozen of lackeys who had followed Griff in rushed over, looking menacing like they were about to devour Javier alive. In spite of it, Griff had only stuck a hand out to make his impatient underlings shut up and stop what they were doing. He wiped the wine on his face away with his palm, but the glass shards grazed his hand and face. Although those were superficial wounds, his bloodied face looked rather frightening. Those who did not know might have assumed that he was about to die, and the ambulance would have sent him straight to the mortuary! "F*ck!" Griff looked at Javier after wiping his hand and face with a serviette. "Go to the kitchen and stick your hand that you've thrown the glass with into the mincing machine, then fry me some handy ribs."

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