

## The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 676 ReadOnline

Chapter 676 I Gave You a Chance, and You Spat on It It would take more than a whim for Javier to bring Maple Court to its knees. The limitation had nothing to do with a lack of training or skills and everything to do with speed. If he were to strike, it would have to be like lightning.

After leaving the Fayes, he contacted Mary Jane Gould.

Maple Court's stocks were on the market, so the key to demolishing it was right there. As a stock kingmaker, Mary Jane could part seas or sink ships if she so chose with ease—and it was only going to get easier with the Kerseys' funding backing her up.

By 10 in the morning, Phineas received some devastating news.

"Mr. Maple? Someone bypassed the stock market regulations and launched a financial campaign against us!"

Phineas did not care for these technicalities. All he cared about was how much he might be losing. "And how much blood are we losing? Hundreds of thousands? Millions?" "All of it, sir," his deputy financial director answered with a gulp. "Our enemy has invested a billion dollars into this attack."

Phineas fell silent. It felt like a SEAL team had brought advanced war weaponry to invade a nursery school—and Maple Court was that nursery school. They could not possibly strike back. Hell, they could not even put up a slapdash fight. They were but hapless ants that would soon be crushed by boots.

Phineas panicked. The only question he kept asking was how the hell they were going to solve this. In answer, the deputy director he spoke to had some rather...introspective advice. "Think, Mr. Maple. Have you, I don't know, p\*ssed someone off lately? An attack with this much funding can only be deliberate and vindictive. Especially considering how hard it is to crush

us."

Phineas wished he could come up with a name, but he could not remember for the life of him if he had somehow offended any bigshots. The only guy he had offended lately was Javier, but that pleb could not possibly possess the resources to coordinate a one-billion-dollar financial campaign! As Phineas was lost in panic with no relief or remedy in sight, Javier and Chad McCool paid him a visit that evening. Javier came without his identity-concealing mask; he came as the chairman of Reivaj Group. Naturally, Phineas greeted the young man by leaping to his feet and shaking his hand with both hands.

Reivaj Group's net worth was in the same ballpark as Maple Court's, and Phineas knew that. He had also heard that it was a company backed by powerful figures whose roots might extend both widely and firmly. It was in Phineas' best interest to get close to Javier and form a connection that could provide him a billion and bail him out of this massacre.

Shaking his hands did not help. As soon as the men were inside a conference room, Javier brought up his intentions. "I've done my research on the share you hold, Mr. Maple. 253 million dollars, right? So here's my proposition for you. You will sell your shares to me, and

I'll give you 15 million. Think of it as your retirement fund. It's either that, or you will watch the sunset on the ruins of your company." Mary Jane was more than capable of destroying Phineas with bankruptcy or even crushing debt. It would make annexing Maple Court even easier for Javier, but he did not want that. He would rather give the man a merciful send-off. Maple Court was Phineas' life work, so Javier was fine giving him one more chance. Not everyone would take it, though. The way Chad saw it, Javier was the generous, gracious Samaritan handing 50 dollars to a p\*ss-poor beggar who spurned him because he wanted a 100 -dollar bill instead. He was a choosy beggar, this one! "I'll never sell Maple Court. Even if it ever comes to that, Maple Court will never be sold for such a disgustingly cheap price. The company's market worth will grow, and I know it!"

Javier exchanged a glance with Chad, smiling, "Well, I guess there's nothing for us to do now, huh? We'll just wait for this dump to nosedive into oblivion and this guy to declare bankruptcy."

Chad nodded in return. "Yeah, I bet. We just need to shake hands with our connections, ask for 80 million, and Maple Court will be ours. Then, we'll invest another 80 million, and voila, Maple Court will live again and prosper!"

They left the building, chatting and laughing to themselves in glee. As for Phineas..

Well, nobody cared. He could die however he liked. He had been given one chance and he had spat on it. It was nobody else's fault but his own.

The employees of Maple Court began to talk since Javier had left. "Is that Reivaj Group's legendary chairman? He's so young! But man, are all Javier Kerseys sigma chads by default?!"

"Is it just me, or does the way he walks remind you of our Javier Kersey too?" "Huh. Now that you mentioned it...I can't really unsee it..." Javier ignored all of them. Even if some of them managed to get within his earshot, it did not faze him at all. Right now, he was heading toward the hotel with Chad! "So, how's it going? Been swinging around?" he asked Chad while they were on their way.

Chad flashed him a humorless grin. "Oh, sure! As if I have the time to swing around after the backbreaking labor you've been throwing at me!"

Javier guffawed. "Oh, someone's got an unhealthy amount of steam built up! I can hear it in your tone alone! I won't ever forgive myself if I don't give you a target to blow it off, will i?"

Chad was alarmed. "Now, you hold on a sec, Boss. You misunderstood! I've got no steam to blow at all. No siree! I love my job, and Reivaj Group? No man could dream of a better home than this one!" he hurriedly added, worried that his little rant would cost him his position as Javier's right hand. He had always suspected that Javier had been looking for someone to replace him...

Javier's reply mollified him, though. "Dude, I meant hookers! What's got your knickers in a twist?"

Chad felt the butterflies in his stomach settling down. Was it an overreaction? No Not when it

change and You Spat or it

was the truth-Javier was more than just part of Reivaj Group. He was the face and future of the entire Kersey Family. The most eminent family in the entire world! No one else came close in sheer magnitude of epic power! Chad would gladly labor to death if it meant working for the future leader of the Kerseys. Luckily for him, Javier was not keen on seeing him labor to death. He brought him to a locally renowned massage parlor that Javier had visited before, though it was not for himself but for his clients' entertainm t. The hookers were decent

The business was illegitimate, but at the very least, the selection was more...sanitary and safe. Javier certainly regarded them as a level above back-alley call girls in third-rate hotels. Hearing Javier's intention already made Chad a happier guy. He was pretty excited about it... Unfortunately, Javier blew it all when he got into a fight. The offender? Jim Chapman-the same Jimmy who had spiked Zoey Faye's drink last time in a bar. Jim had come with his boss, Craig Buckley, this time. Owning a mine lined Craig's pockets very well, which translated into him easily earning a following among thugs and gangsters. He had enough logheads with him that it looked like a personal troop of some kind. Since Javier showed up without his mask, Jim had no idea who he was. Their interaction could have been nonexistent if it was not for a silly coincidence: After Javier picked the prettiest girl available that night, Jim rushed to snatch her away from him because his boss had had his eyes on her too. "F\*ck off, dumb\*ss! Buck wants that gal for himself! Do you even know who Buck is? He's the biggest motherf—" Sticking to personal tradition, Javier swung a fist straight at Jim's gaping, flapping piehole. His newly-reinstalled front teeth were once again knocked out of their enamels. Jim was apoplectic. "Motherf\*cker!" he snarled. "You f\*cking dare lay a hand on me? You don't even know who la-" Javier swung another punch at his face.

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Chapter 677 No Facts, Just Fists Getting punched in the face and then having the ladies get snatched up by the guy who had done it p\*ssed Jim off a lot. He might not be an \*ss-kicking bad\*ss, but d\*mn it, he had always been at least good at hyping himself up about being one. This son of a b\*tch had sent his front teeth flying, and now Jim could not even toot his own trumpet. The next best thing he could do was run up to his boss, Craig "Buck" Buckley, and recount the entire sequence of events with as much incendiary embellishment as he could muster. He mentioned how much Javier had dissed him and how much he had laughed at him.

The perceived insult proved too much for Buck, who fit the stereotype of a silent but violent thug leader. His spleen shot up to the roof, his anger dialing up to eleven. With one word, he commanded all of his followers to surround Javier.

"Who the f\*ck are you? Those are my babes you're touching. You really are itching to die if you wanna pick a fight with us!"

Javier squeezed his arms around the two escorts' waists and chuckled as though he was unfazed by Buck's intimidation. "Hey, let's not jump to conclusions such as death wishes and sh\*t, okay? It's pure fair play here- I picked the girls before you did, so they are now mine. On what grounds do you have to take them?" One of Buck's underlings was quick to retort, "F\*ck your fair play, clown, Buck is made out of more money than your sorry \*ss could even imagine. That means whichever b\*tch he wants to f\*ck is his!"

Javier made a production of having an epiphany. "Ooooh, I get it now. It's about who has the deepest pockets, isn't it?"

He tossed his keys to the young woman on his left. "Run along now, princess. Go get the security to open the boot and haul my suitcase out."

The young woman strutted away as she was told, and Javier turned back to Buck. "So, where's that money? Shove it in my face, would you? I wanna see how much you really have!"

Buck smirked. "More than your peabrain can comprehend, clown."

Oh, wow! Javier found the phrase "more than your peabrain could comprehend" a very interesting description. What did it mean? Buck could be as much of a rich b\*stard as he liked, but could he really rival Javier's obscene wealth?

A moment later, two security guards lugged Javier's suitcase, as he had requested, while panting for breath. Javier turned to Buck again and issued a challenge. "We're trying to decide whose wallet is the largest, aren't we? Let's f\*cking go! We're gonna

auction off these two sweethearts right here right now. Whoever offers the highest price wins the lady's purse for the night!" he announced. "You in or are you a chicken, Buckaroo?"

Buck was very proud of his nickname and he would not let anyone knock it down a peg by calling him "buckaroo." But the biggest offense? The fact that some punk \*ss nobody thought he could compete with him based on the size of their wallet!

"You are challenging me based on who has more money? You don't even know you're about to be executed!" Buck snarled before ordering one of his mooks to drag his travel bag over to him. The zipper was undone, and green hundred-dollar bills greeted the onlookers' eyes. It all had to add up to quite a fortune!

Buck threw his butt on the couch, grabbed two rolls of cash from the bag, and chucked them right at the women. "There's gotta be like 8,000 dollars here. 4,000 for each of you b\*tches as a deposit!" he thundered. "Once I'm satisfied, you will each get an extra 4,000 bucks from me!"

One of his right-hand men paid him a compliment even before the women could say a word." Now that's f\*cking generous right there, Buck! Nobody treats women with more generosity than you...Someone should give you a peace prize!"

This prompted Buck's other underlings to quickly say something even more flattering, as though there was a deadline for paying him compliments. Before they could do it, though, Javier had already ordered a guard to open his case.

In a stroke of coincidence, it was filled with money too. Stacks of money lined up in neat, tidy

rows.

"Oh god, spare us this dollar-store flattery! Y'all really called that meager amount 'generous'? That's about as fitting as jamming my finger into an electric socket, getting shocked, and then calling myself the god of thunder!" Javier jeered. He waved at the young women and intoned, "Knock yourselves out, princesses. Take as much as you can carry-it's all yours."

The women and the underlings gawked at him. Was this guy for real?!

Even Jim could not help wondering: What if he called him his boss starting tonight? Would he get his hands on this gold too?

He never had the chance to test his theory. The young women lunged at the suitcase, their hands extending like cat claws as they grabbed as much as they could and stuffed it all into any part of their bodies that could hold a stack-including their heels and bras. By the end of their scramble, both of them were carrying a pile that almost towered over

them. They had so much money that even a single 100-dollar bill could break their arms with its weight.

Javier chuckled and turned back to Buck. “So, what are you waiting for? Raise your price if you can, Buckaroo! Oh, I should have told you about the gentleman’s rule too: Any money you offer cannot be taken back once you throw it on the table. These ladies work hard in a profession few people look up to, man. We can’t be the kind of \*sshholes who scorn them by taking back our money, right?”

Buck was speechless. For Christ’s sake- he would not even get his money back if he lost? What kind of sh\*tty rule was this?! Had his underlings left instead of ogling at him intensely, he would have stopped this stupid game and punched that dick’s bloody nose.

Unfortunately, they were in the middle of a battle of sheer wealth power. Throwing a punch would only make him look like a catastrophic loser. Buck hardened his resolve against the pain and grabbed his bag “You know what? I don’t even want this 150,000 dollars!”

His move was immediately celebrated with a loud cheer of flattery and gratifying gasps. Now, Buck was more than just generous — he was a philanthropist!

To Javier, though, this resembled nothing more than mud mixed with muck. “You f\*cking moron. Both of them have taken more than 4,000 dollars from the stash per person, and now you’re throwing 150,000 dollars into the mix too? Who the hell are you posing for?” he jeered. “Or was this a real act of charity because you know how hard they’ve worked? Wow, you’re giving them all this as an act of admiration, huh?”

Being roasted by Javier for the second time irritated Buck even more. This time, though, he had to call bullsh\*t. There was no way those women would manage to carry that much! After a very transparent money-counting session performed before everyone’s eyes, the truth proved to be mortifying for Buck. One of them had managed to snatch up 83,000 dollars, while the other had snatched 86,000. No one even needed to add these two figures to know that they had reaped more than the 150,000 dollars Buck had offered.

His rage finally erupted with one last push due to this humiliation. “You little sh\*t! You’re just itching to get a bloody nose!”

There was no way he could beat this money-sweating motherf\*cker. There had to be at least 450,000 left in that suitcase! Buck had nothing to beat that. But he was, and had always been, a thug. And the only thing thugs were good at was letting their fists reach places their intellect could not. They talk with their hands, not their mouths!

Javier was amused. As he beckoned for bystanders to retreat from the upcoming fight, he called out, “Oh, so now you’re gonna try using your fists? What’s the point of

winning, then?" Buck was done talking with this lout. He waved furiously at his underlings and bellowed, "Get him!"

One thing was certain: Buck's words commanded his followers' loyalty. His underlings wasted no second before lunging at Javier willingly without hesitation. Buck watched as his underlings swarmed toward Javier, their sheer number seemingly drowning him, and sneered, "You really think you can beat me, but you're just a weak, wimpy little clown. I can snap your bones at any given second, sweetie!"

Javier wanted to say the same thing. Buck was just a weak, wimpy little clown whose bones he could snap at any given second!

The women gasped and cried in awe. Javier was throwing punches, slaps, and beautiful roundhouse kicks as if he was the main character in an action movie. A few moments later, the floor was filled with blacked-out men lying flat on the ground.

Buck was stunned. His smirk hardly had any time to leave his face before his underlings had their daylighters knocked out of them!

Javier stretched his neck a little and looked at him. "You can't beat me wealth-wise, and you can't beat me in a fight. God, what else can you do? Gonna cry now?"

"Wait!" Buck mumbled, feeling embarrassed. He scanned his surroundings, noticing only Jim, whose front teeth had just been knocked out for the second time, and literally no one else.

He grabbed Jim and shoved him at Javier. He then turned around and ran for his life.

Dignity? Bros? Who the f\*ck cared? He would rather not get his \*ss punked!

## **The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 678 ReadOnline**

Chapter 678 I Was the One Who Brought It Here There was no way Jim could have possibly stopped Javier. One punch was all it took to knock him out cold.

All Buck cared about at that moment was running as fast as he could, but he could not possibly outrun Javier. He was practically outpaced in a moment and tackled down on the floor. A barrage of brutality later, Buck curled up in a fetal position and begged. "Oh God, have mercy, man! Stooooop! You're a big, tough motherf\*cker to these b\*tches, okay? Isn't that enough for you? oww! God, I'm begging you, stop!"

Javier continued to shower him with attacks while shouting down, "Weren't you a big tough motherf\*cker just moments ago? The hell happened to that bad\*ss, huh?"

As Javier continued to kick and beat him up, Buck covered his head with his arms, still curled in the fetal position. He felt very glum. Had he known how much of a gangster his opponent was, he would have never thrown his hat into the ring.

What the hell was hindsight useful for, though? Buck gave up preserving his dignity, howling and whimpering instead as he begged for mercy. Who cared about pride and reputation when one's internal organs were at stake? None of his fame could possibly be better than not being beaten up! After finishing off Buck and his gang, Javier left them to their own devices. They could run all they liked...if they could. The other customers who had been watching the showdown unfold began eyeing Javier with just a little more fear than before. The ladies, though, looked at him differently. In fact, after witnessing how cool and bad\*ss he was, they looked at him with lust glinting in their eyes. A guy who could brutalize a man with wild abandon? Just think about him translating that into another form of "battle"! They would have the greatest time of their life!

A young, handsome, rich, hunky, strong man? Now that was the kind of client every hooker in this establishment could only wish for!

This time, it was the women who swarmed toward him. They pressed their assets against him, bucking, grinding, caressing. Mewing and breathing in his ears... "Hey there, hottie. You're the only one I wanna spend the night with. So can you throw a poor girl a bone...or a boner, for that matter?"

"I'm itching over here, mister. Could you very kindly give it a little rub? Oh yeah, just a little lower...A little lower...A liiiittle bit more..."

"What a shameless hoe you are! You've got him rubbing at the edge of your purse! Urgh..."

It would always be fun to have a harem as playmates, even if Javier did not go all the way to the last base. He had no problem playing with hookers and getting them to climax, but he did not like putting himself into women who had been shared with someone else for money.

He phoned in a performance, left the massage parlor, and went straight back to his residence. Then, for three days straight, he stayed at home, his mind laser-focused on destroying

Phineas Maple.

That wrinkly old b\*stard. Just the thought of this guy still hanging around like a free man who had not suffered enough made Javier's blood boil. Well, if Javier hated Phineas' guts so much, then he should just acquire the entire company and install Robin as the chairman. After that, Javier should be able to stand toe-to-toe with the Raiders in battle. His new real estate knowledge must surely be good enough to earn his pops' approval

without much difficulty, right? Three days later, Javier met Phineas again. This time, he laid his cards out on the table. "I'm bored, Maple. My interest in your company is dwindling." The fact that Javier and Phineas had parted ways last time on hostile terms had made Phineas see very little point in pursuing the issue. "Then f\*ck off as far as I can throw you. You think I'm ever gonna beg you to stay? Ha! F\*ck you." "Is that what you truly think?" Javier replied, smiling,

Phineas snorted. "What else, huh? What, you p\*ssed? F\*cking bite me." Of course Javier would politely decline. Phineas was too far below his level. Instead, Javier ripped the mask off his face and stood tall before him.

At first, Phineas was stupefied. He had thought he was witnessing something supernatural! A few seconds later, though, he could not help thinking the man's features rang a bell at the back of his head. His mind drifted to the news, and it hit him, forcing Phineas to snap back to reality.

"Y-Y-You're Javier Kersey, the chairman of Reivaj!"

Javier grinned. "Why, are you stunned?"

Phineas nodded instinctively. He had not planned to admit it, but his surprise was as overwhelming as it was genuine. He could not believe that the guy standing in front of him was the chairman of Reivaj Group.

Javier was not here to talk about his disguise, though. He simply asked a cryptic question. "Give me some advice. I said I'm losing interest in this company, so what should I do? Should I take your previous suggestion and, I'm quoting you, 'f\*ck off!'" Phineas turned quiet. He had the authority to verbally abuse his employees, but this was no employee of his. This was Javier Kersey, the chairman of Reivaj Group. He dared not do that. Forcing a smile on his lips, Phineas replied, "Please, Mr. Kersey! It's just a joke! You're an important person, sir, you"

"I'm not interested in your witless conversation either!" Javier snarled before the other man had the chance to finish his sentence. "I'll tell you whatever the hell I feel like doing. I want Maple Court to myself!"

Phineas was even more stunned. He had no idea what to do at all, especially since he had not expected Javier to be so ambitious that he would try to take Maple Court and make it his own. As soon as Javier showed his teeth, Phineas shook his head without a shred of hesitation.

Impossible, sir. Maple Court is my life's greatest work. I can't let it become anyone else's! I've always planned to pass the company to my son, sir. He's currently studying in Tyrantol. I have to wait until he's back."

The door to his office swung open. A young man materialized in front of Phineas, his features wrought in agony as he fell down on his knees, shaking. He cried out, addressing Phineas,

Dad!"

Phineas was stupefied to hell and back. His son, Mortimer, was back at home already? He had only called Mortimer in Tyrantol a few days ago! Why was the boy suddenly here? Phineas asked, and Mortimer began begging incessantly for forgiveness. "I'm sorry, Dad! I know I've made a great mistake! I'm never doing it again, I promise!" Phineas was flummoxed by his son's antics. "Hold on, son. You gotta first tell me what's wrong!"

It took the old man multiple questions to finally get Mortimer to talk. "Dad, I...I owe one billion dollars. I need you to save me, Dad, or I'll be dead by the end of the day!"

Just hearing about the amount of his debt almost sent Phineas into cardiac arrest. A billion?! How the heck had his son incurred a debt like this? His son could buy a private jet for himself, and Mortimer would still owe less money! What the heck had he done or bought? Mortimer slowly explained himself. He said he had met a beautiful woman while he was abroad. They had talked, dated each other, and started seeing each other regularly. But just when they had been about to have sex, someone had locked him in his room.

It was the leader of some local club-a very intimidating guy at that. The man had a crutch, though, and that was his indulgent gambling addiction. Anyone who could beat him in a gamble would have any beef with him cleared. At first, Mortimer had joined the man only because he'd had no other choice. To his surprise, the man was a bane to himself. His luck was tragic, and he lost money on an obscenely frequent basis. The weirdest thing was that the man always paid his dues. Mortimer had not wanted to accept this, but the man had insisted with dogged persistence. Then, Mortimer's winning streak had gone on and on and on, and an addiction had formed itself. The amount he had earned was astounding, and the man had always transferred all that cash to his bank account posthaste.

The problem with gambling was that everyone who dabbled in it long enough became obsessed with winning-even when they went on a losing streak. Mortimer started losing what he had won, and soon, he lost all of it.

The man had agreed to let Mortimer owe him, and that was when the sin had caught up to him. He had lost a billion, and at first, he had thought it was fine because his father was Phineas Maple. As soon as he had realized just how much a billion really was and how much his father would struggle to pay that, he had panicked. By the time the man had flashed his gun with its service end pointed at him, Mortimer had realized belatedly that this entire thing might have been a con since the start.

## The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 679 ReadOnline

Chapter 679 New Identity After confiding in his father about everything that had happened up to this point, Mortimer looked at his father with a long, glum face. "You have to help me out of this, Dad. Help me pay them back! Please, I'll never touch anything like it ever again in my life, I promise..."

Phineas was initially enraged by his son's folly, but seeing Mortimer in person had reminded him of one thing. "Hold up. Something doesn't add up. You're here, aren't you?" he asked aloud. "So why do we even need to pay that guy back? Now that you're here, we don't need to

at all!

Phineas was right to point that out. If his son had returned in person, then there was no longer any real threat. He would loathe to believe that some gangster scumbag from another country would dare cause havoc in a foreign place. Besides, who was to say that same thug would be able to locate his son?

He said as much, only to cause the consternation in his son's mien to deepen. As it turned out, the thug was in China too. He had even imprisoned Mortimer's mother and grandmother. Phineas panicked. His wife and mother?! "What the actual hell? How the hell did he even know where your mother and granny live?" A shadow of embarrassment crossed Mortimer's features. "Uh, well..I kinda...brought them there..."

Phineas finally understood the extent of the issue. There was no way he could avoid it. Saving his wife might be, well, optional, but there was no way he could turn his back to his mother! Where the hell was he supposed to get a billion?

He could call the cops, yes, but that would make the rescue riskier. Even if the hostages were saved, Phineas had no way of knowing if the aggressors would come back again. And the next time, or the next, the target would move on from their money to their lives. Phineas felt like a swarm of ants were crawling all over his brain. He had no options left-until his eyes drifted back to Javier, who was still in his office.

His eyes widened. "F\*cking \*sshole! This was you, wasn't it?! You f\*cking piece of hell spawned sh\*t in league with Satan! You set this sh\*tstorm up for your own benefit, you deplorable motherf-"

Javier waved and cut him short. "Whoa, whoa. Slow down, Maple. Don't point your finger at me. It's all your son's work, and I'm not the one who contributed half of my genes to him."

Of course, Phineas' accusation was not inaccurate in the slightest. Javier had orchestrated the plot from the shadows, even though he had sent Mackenzie out to do the actual fieldwork. Granted, he had not planned the exact scheme, so he had no idea about its details and would have never stooped to abducting someone's granny. However, his bed had been made by this point and Javier had to lie in it. Phineas was certain it was Javier-even if he had no way of proving it. More importantly, whether he could prove it or not had no bearing on the gravity of the situation. What was

## 6/9 New Identity

bedroom, leaving the two of them alone in the living room. Everyone could guess what happened between those two after that. Javier stayed for two days, and his schedule was packed with all sorts of wild sex with Zoey. Then, one day, he received a call from Kaiser. Javier thought Kaiser would finally ask him to defeat the Raiders, but the truth countered his expectation: Kaiser was dissatisfied with Javier's acquisition. The men chose a rendezvous point and met up. "If you're upset about me using my money to set up a trap to gain Maple Court, then I'm gonna chew your ear out with my rationale, old man," Javier intoned flatly. "Look, I did have a slow way of solving this, but that's the thing about slow games-they consume time. Time that could be used for something else like, I don't know, fighting the Raiders?" Kaiser flashed him a smile and waved. "It's not about the money. The real problem is what you've implied-that you're impatient."

"Impatient?"

Kaiser nodded. "Too impatient. You can't wait to destroy the Raiders, can you? You should learn to be more patient. Then, you will do things better. You know the Raiders are not some ragtag band of thieves you could just eradicate with a snap of a finger, right? If that were true, I would have finished them off myself without ever needing your help, right?"

Javier had to admit that there was some truth to his old man's words. Nevertheless, he was reluctant to waste his time on useless trivialities. The rules of business were more or less static, with only the business itself being a variable. What applied to real estate and property also applied to his next undertaking in the automobile business. Javier was starting to balk at that.

Kaiser mulled over his concern before replying, "So, what if I give you something you've never worked on before? You wanna track the Raiders down, right? Okay, then. I'll give you a new identity just for that. Use it, steal another identity, and you'll find yourself one of the most important members of the Raiders. "This time, you are going to be..."

## **The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 680 ReadOnline**

Chapter 680 Can't Let Go "A student?!"

Javier was bamboozled. Flummoxed. Nonplussed! How was that a legitimate mission? He was 25 years old! Where was he supposed to roleplay as a student? An elementary school where he would then proceed to become the king of the kids? Kaiser glared at him. "Who in their right mind would think of having you do that? I meant a university student, kid. You look young enough to make it believable, so no one would recognize you. I'll have my people change your background and everything, and the rest of the process will be the same as your cover in real estate. Don a new mask and no one will be none the wiser.

"You have to be very careful. This is more than a training ground-this is an actual undercover mission. You have to bait that member out. I'm telling you right now: That person is an important figure. You must find out who they are. "If you aren't certain of your abilities, then don't say yes. I can have someone else do this. The last thing I want is you ruining it because you panicked."

Javier's genuine instinct was to say no. Unfortunately, Kaiser alone had the most amount of information, so he had little choice in the matter. The silver lining, of course, was that this was at least marginally connected to the Raiders, which was reason enough to say yes. He talked to his father a little more before reminding him, "You know, since Uncle Arthur died, you're the only son he's got left. Don't you ever think of seeing Grandpa sometimes? Even if you can't return to the island, I could probably—"

Kaiser waved. "I talked to your grandpa via video call, kid. Anything your little brain could come up with will enter my head about a mile ahead."

Well, if they had spoken via video call, then Javier had little more to say about that. But there was something else that offended Javier, and he was not going to let that go. "Oh, so you think anything I can come up with must have already crossed your mind? Please. I can come up with something you can't."

Kaiser was intrigued. "Oh yeah? And what's that?" "Morgan Fairchild."

Kaiser could not help quaking as a jolt coursed through him. Godd\*mn it-this brat had managed to unearth the one folly of his youth! "So, you know everything about that already, huh?"

Javier nodded. "More or less. Morgan told me everything she knew, but she had no idea why you left. She didn't believe you'd died, though. And she was sure we were connected."

Kaiser fell silent. Deep down inside, he knew he was the one who had wronged her.

The air was still until he broke the silence himself. "After I left home, I met Morgan in Republic City. Before long, we got together. But you know all about that already," he said. "It

didn't last. I'm not you, so I couldn't handle the pressure of our family and I caved. I couldn't be with her till the end. I didn't want her to be harmed because of me, so I had to leave her life that way. I hoped it would be just the kind of end to herald a new beginning for her—a new life.”

Kaiser had not elaborated much on the details, but Javier could sympathize with him. When one was born into an elite family, that eminence could very much be the thing that shackled them and prevented them from doing what they really wanted. Kaiser had liked Morgan a great deal, but that did not mean he could be with her.

The shackle of nobility was just that strong, and before that person had fully grown and matured into their own being, it would also be inescapable.

It was Javier's turn to mull over this in silence for a while before asking, “Do you wanna see her?”

Kaiser shook his head. “It's all in the past, kid. I care about other things now — like the Raiders, for starters. But you can see her on my behalf. Take care of her on my behalf. You're empowered enough to do that...and then some.”

Javier accepted the request. It came directly from his own old man, after all. It was just that not telling Morgan the truth might seem a little...cruel.

## **The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 681 ReadOnline**

### Chapter 681 Beauty and the Brute

Nonetheless, Javier could see things from Kaiser's perspective too. If this piece of news leaked, Morgan could very well be in grave danger. For her safety, Javier had to keep his lips sealed too.

Sometimes, cruelty was the best defense.

After his chat with Kaiser, Javier bade everyone farewell and left the location. Soon, he would have to become yet another fake, mundane “Javier Kersey” for his next job, but there was a loose end he wanted to tie before that.

He wanted to see Morgan Fairchild.

Javier flew to Republic City airport the very next day. Since he had called Morgan ahead of his arrival, the woman in question was waiting for him there personally.

Her beauty and grace in their full glory aroused something within the ever-red-blooded Javier. She continued to be very sexy and seductive, which was not particularly helpful

when it came to his self-control, especially in combination with the rather...suggestive interaction they'd had last time. Ultimately, though, Javier managed to check himself. This was not just any woman-she was his father's girlfriend! After climbing into her car, Javier said, "A lot of people must have noticed us, Morgan, and you're a superstar. Aren't you worried there'll be a scandal about you being a young man's sugar mommy?" She laughed. "You, the chairman of Reivaj Group? If anyone should be the sugar parent here, it would be you."

It was a harmless joke with no lewd undertone, and yet her enchantingly mirthful laughter and bewitching smile caused Javier's heart to flutter, and he almost lost control right there and then.

He tore his eyes away from her and stared out of the window, willing himself to look at the street. "I, uh, conducted that investigation for you. That guy you called Kai? He's long gone. The stuff you heard about him that said otherwise has turned out to be false."

The change of topic made Morgan quiver. She fell silent before forcing a smile. "I see! Honestly, I don't think I needed an investigation to know that. It's just me clinging on. I just can't let go."

One was trying to use cruelty as protection, and the other just could not let go. And yet, the two of them could not be together.

Even Javier was starting to feel really sorry for his pops. Maybe when the Raiders were destroyed and long gone, there would still be hope for these star-crossed lovers after all? The plane touched down sometime around 7 in the evening, so Morgan decided to drive Javier straight to his hotel. She had reserved a VIP room at the restaurant for dinner, so by the time they arrived, food was promptly served, filling the table to the brim. Her amity was palpable.

Javier raised his glass. "A toast to you, Morgan. Thank you for such a warm welcome."

## Chapter 681 Beauty and the Brute

She waved dismissively and pressed her glass back to the table to Javier's confusion. Then, opening her handbag, she fished out a bag full of an unknown powder and dumped its contents into his glass. She did not even try to hide what she was doing. Javier's curiosity was piqued. Staring down at his glass, he regarded the chemistry between the powder and the wine. It reminded him of a carbonated drink. Could this be the latest wine tasting fashion? Red wine...and sprite? Javier asked Morgan, who replied cryptically, "You're welcome to think of it as poison." He nodded, clinked his glass against hers, and finished the wine in one gulp. Getting poisoned by his father's first love? Cool. Whatever it was, it was now in his system. Whatever, then. Hmm. Javier thought its taste resembled soda-if soda could ever feel warm in one's throat. Still, Morgan had poured this into his glass right in front of him. Given their genial relationship, Javier had little reason to believe it was harmful. He trusted Morgan a great

deal, so it should be fine. It was why he drank his fill anyway. Nothing happened at first. Then, the effect kicked in. His body began heating up until it was climbing to a fever pitch inside out. His face was starting to burn, as though blood was rushing to his head. Meanwhile, his head was starting to spin. Javier realized belatedly that there was something wrong with Morgan's additive. He stared at her, feeling puzzled. "But why?"

## **The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 682 ReadOnline**

Chapter 682 That Flower Blooms for Someone Else Faint shades of coyness shadowed Morgan's mien, and she almost seemed embarrassed. She answered him, but her reply was not forthcoming. "It's nothing major, Javier. I promise you. When it wears off, you'll be okay again." So, she was not telling him what it was, why it had been dumped into his wine, and what she was planning to do with a drugged Javier. The oblique nature of her intentions rubbed Javier the wrong way. He had trusted her! And she had repaid that trust with a drug of unknown purpose that she had used with unknown motives!

He was just about to say something when an urge seized control of him. It was an urge that should not have come, and it was overwhelming, and maybe the most primal urge of a man. Javier finally realized what had gone into his glass. "You spiked my wine with that sort of thing?!" Morgan got to her feet and strutted toward him, her white heels clicking against the floor. "Javier, I'm so sorry, but you look so much like him! I miss him...I miss him so much that I'm begging you. Just for tonight, okay? Just grant me this wish for one night. Pretend to be Kai for me, okay?" There was no need for Javier to read even more deeply into this. His ears alone could do all the thinking he would ever need to understand what Morgan was trying to tell him. She wanted to screw him!

Morgan was magnetic as sin, he would give her that, but she was his old man's sweetheart!

That was one line he could never cross!

Fighting the drug with every fiber of his being, Javier knocked Morgan out and left the hotel as quickly as he could. He mobilized his connections to get a pure young woman so he could vent his excess lust for an entire sleepless night. Javier never returned to check on Morgan after he "escaped." True, it was a little unfair to her, but he had no choice. He would go as far as to admit he was hungry, but that still did not mean he would bang his father's sweetheart! Javier returned to Reivaj Group for a week and provided an additional service by taking Jade to town, to heaven, and beyond every day until it was time to go.

Kaiser had assigned him an undercover mission. He would be posing as a university student, so Javier had to look and act the part. He did not like it one bit, but he had to do it if it meant baiting the secret member of the Raiders who was hiding in the shadows...

Just like that, Javier became a third-year university student in a so-so institution with a similar-sounding name and palpably more tragic luck. Xavier Carsey had died two days ago in a car accident, and Javier now took over his identity.

It was not hard to create a mask that could replicate the details of his face when one had the Kerseys' technological team working on it. As for Xavier's voice, Javier only needed to lower his pitch to sound somewhat similar, and the people around him would get used to it soon

## 682 That Flower Blooms for Someone Else

enough. Javier lived as Xavier for a few days and slowly pieced his background together. The young man had struggled hard financially, but he was a star student. He could have had a spot in the nation's Ivy League schools, but he had chosen this so-so, no-name university in the end. He had done that so he could live in the same city as his childhood friend, Fleur Belasco. The two of them went way back to the first grade, apparently.

To Javier's wild surprise, a few days of observation later, he suspected that the young woman had been seeing someone else. He did not even need to conduct an investigation to confirm that. Fleur worked as a cashier in a mall, and yet she could afford to wear high-end leather skirts.

A job that paid only 300 dollars every month tops was somehow enough to pay for that? Give him a break! Javier was sure Fleur must have been unfaithful. She might have even been seeing some other guy behind Xavier's back.

Javier did not want to care, but he was duty-bound to interfere out of loyalty to his cover. As Xavier Carsey, he had to interact with Fleur from time to time. After mulling over his actions, Javier decided to follow Xavier's favorite routine faithfully. He bought two hamburgers and went to the mall, where he waited for Fleur by the entrance. The young woman appeared some time after nine, when the night shift cashiers could finally go home. As soon as she saw Javier, her eyes flooded with contempt and impatience. "Sh\*t, why the hell are you here again?!" Well, well. Xavier's little flower had gotten so sick of him that she might only be blooming for other men now.

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## **The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 683 ReadOnline**

Chapter 683 | Apologize for My Behavior Fleur instantly became unhappy when she noticed Javier's arrival. She was feeling frustrated, even a little ashamed, as though Javier was a poor relative of hers who came from the countryside. When Javier got

close, Fleur instantly dragged him aside, slapping away the hamburger in Javier's hands.

"I already told you on the phone not to come looking for me, so why are you still following me around like glue? How shameless can you actually get? Are you not even a man in the first place?! "Don't you know that society is a place where benefits and money coexist? Everyone out here is working hard to earn more money, but you're naively remaining in the same spot. I'm not going to stop you from remaining stagnant if that's what you want, but don't drag me down with you! "I've got good looks and a perfect body, so why should I be with you? You're nothing more than a piece of sh\*t who isn't worthy of having a future with me. You can't give me the future I want, you loser. "Do you understand what I'm saying now that I've said it to your face so blatantly? Stop pestering me!" Javier ended up being dragged aside and getting severely insulted, which only...rendered him speechless. 'I seem to recall hearing Xavier, my alias, seeming dumbfounded on the phone when he died. 'Now that I think of it, it should be because he received a phone call from Fleur. The call caused him to pay zero attention to the oncoming cars when he crossed the road. That's how he ended up getting in an accident and dying.' When Javier thought about Fleur's actions and Xavier's death, he could not help feeling that the dead man had died a pointless death. Before Javier could say anything, a car suddenly swooped past with a glaringly blinding light. It was not until the car stopped in front of him and turned off its engine that Javier realized it was a Land Rover.

The car's door opened and a young man with branded clothes got out. He seemed to sway in style as he walked, which made him seem very arrogant.

This was indeed what the owner of the car was like. When the man stood in front of Fleur, he wrapped his arm around her, but not around her waist. Instead, he directly wrapped his arm around Fleur's armpits with his hands in front of her, groping her in front of Javier.

However, Fleur did not seem to be disgusted by his actions in the slightest. In fact, she seemed to be enjoying a romantic moment with the young man. "What took you so long, Loki? I've been waiting for you for a long time."

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"You were waiting to show me your broke old lover, weren't you?" The young man was Loki Freis, the son of Orion Freis, the general manager of the commercial building before their eyes. Loki could barely be considered a member of a wealthy family. Fleur's

expression instantly changed when she heard what Loki said, and she even seemed slightly frightened. "Loki, let me explain. This is all just a misunderstanding. "He's the one who came to see me. I didn't ask him to come here at all. Plus, I've been telling him over and over again that nothing will ever happen between us. I told him not to harass me, but he refused to listen to me. I was even scolding him just now..."

E ="" Fleur was doing everything she could to explain the situation out of fear that Loki might misunderstand her. Loki said nothing more after that and turned to face Javier after hearing Fleur's explanation. "How dare you try and come after my woman? Who the f\*ek do you think you are, hmm?" "Listen up here. I can stomp many more little losers like you if you dare show up in front of me! "You should go take a look in the mirror and see what you look like. Are you not worried 12 might have people come after your life if you dare behave so arrogantly in front of me?" "F\*cking hell! I'm warning you, if you dare harass Fleur one more time, I'll have someone beat up your legs, including the one inside your pants!"=="

and Fleur immediately pleaded with

Loki gave Javier a severe scold voice.

"Let's not do this out here in the open. We don't want others to see this and point fingers at

us."

"F\*ck those people! I'll break the fingers of anyone who dares point them at me!" Loki seemed very fierce and domineering as he pulled Fleur with him into his car and played with her for a while. After that, he drove off into the distance. Javier watched as the Land Rover drove away. When he turned around and looked at Parrson, a shopping mall nearby, he smiled menacingly. Javier was initially thinking of leaving the breakup as it was and thought nothing of it. After all, he was not interested in the matter.

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In the end, he was intrigued by both Fleur and Loki, who had been relentless while they'd criticized and insulted an honest person.

Hence, Javier immediately took out his cell phone and gave Herschel a phone call. "I want Parrson to be acquired and change ownership tomorrow." Herschel acknowledged his instructions and replied that he would get it done right away. After hanging up the phone, Javier looked in the direction the Land Rover had driven off into and sneered.

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'Let's see if Loki will remain so f\*cking arrogant tomorrow. 'He's able to behave like that despite being the general manager of some minor shopping mall ...How interesting.'

“Xavier, oh my dear Xavier...I'll help you this time since I'm using your identity and our names are so similar!”

Javier left the commercial building with both hands in his pockets. He was going to show everyone that from that day onward, Xavier would no longer be the same man as before!

Javier returned to his rental house after having supper outside. At that moment, he found an old brute squatting in front of the house, puffing on a cigarette. This old brute was the landlord, and Javier wondered why he was there so late at night. When the old brute saw Javier return home, he very angrily said, “Javier! Hurry up and give me the rent you owe me!

“You f\*cking poor miser, why the hell would you rent a house if you can't even f\*cking pay the rent?! D\*mn it...”

“Do you know that my wife has been scolding me every day and is about to rip my head off for renting my house to a poor loser like you? This is all your fault!

“You should just rot away in your hometown if you're poor instead of coming to the city! This is not a place where a loser like yourself can live! You'd better pay up your rent right now or go back to your hometown!”

Javier had taken over Xavier's place and had been planning on switching to another place after staying for another day or two, but he had ended up in trouble. Javier said nothing as he stood in front of the ferocious-looking landlord and reached into his pockets.

Then, he took out a stack of cash and directly hurled it at the landlord's face with a loud thump, leaving the landlord dumbfounded.

He then rubbed his face and said, “How dare you hit me, you d\*mn little sh\*t? You...”

Just as he was about to say something, his eyes suddenly widened when he noticed what was in front of him. “H-How the hell do you have so much money?!”

Javier grabbed another stack of cash and smacked it against the landlord's face once again!

“Why did you stop insulting me? Weren't you enjoying yourself just now? What's the matter? Am I now your superior because I've got enough money?” The landlord obviously seemed embarrassed when he heard Javier's question.

Even though he did not wish to admit that he indeed was a man who focused on money, this was the truth. He was indeed able to keep his mouth shut in the face of money.

After the man was smacked with cash three times consecutively, Javier waved the stack of cash he had in his hand and looked at the landlord.

### 683 I Apologize for My Behavior

“Now, get down on your knees and apologize for your prior behavior.” Javier was not doing this for himself. Instead, he was doing it for the sake of Xavier’s dignity.

The landlord was now in an awkward spot. His eyes were ogling at the stack of cash, and he wanted it very much, yet he could not help but find it inappropriate to get down on his knees. “Are you not going to get down on your knees? Is your ego preventing you from doing so? Are you stopped by your own arrogance? “Fine, I’ll take my money back while you hold on to your ego!” Javier very readily put his money back in his pocket and opened his door, ready to enter, causing the landlord to panic instantly! ‘F\*ck! There is a whole stack of cash in front of me! That’s way more than the 90-odd dollars he owes me!’ Tempted by the money, the landlord immediately said, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry...”

## **The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 684 ReadOnline**

Chapter 684 Who Are You Guys Waiting For? The landlord, who was over 50 years old, was on his knees, seeking Javier’s forgiveness for being rude to him earlier. Meanwhile, Javier very readily accepted his apology. This was because he was not accepting it for himself. Instead, it was for Xavier, who had been suffering from rotten luck over the past 20 plus years, until the day he had died. Since he had assumed Xavier’s identity now, Javier thought he should live for his sake and not let anyone humiliate or insult him at the very least! “I’m sorry. Please forgive me for not realizing how rich and powerful you were before. I’m sorry....”

The landlord groveled and begged for forgiveness, but Javier could not be bothered to deal with the man anymore. Hence, he hurled the stack of cash at his face and headed into his room.

He did not even care what the landlord was thinking or doing outside!

Shortly after entering his house, Javier received a phone call from Herschel. “Boss, we acquired Parrson. They’ll be waiting at the entrance at 9 a.m. tomorrow to welcome their new owner. Someone will come see you to sign the handover contracts.” Approximately 10 minutes after Herschel hung up, Maximus Powell, the former CEO of Parrson, showed up on Javier’s doorstep. “Mr. Javier Kersey, is it? You’re such a young and capable man. You’re the pride of all the young men in our city. I...” Javier did not wish to waste any time on such matters, so he grabbed the contracts in Maximus ‘ hands and signed them.

When he was done, Javier looked at Maximus and said, “Let’s skip the pleasantries.”

Maximus may not have known who Javier was, but he knew that the latter was no ordinary man judging by his working style. Otherwise, he would not have received a phone call from someone who was so important in Medb and had him handover his shopping mall to someone else.

Thus, Maximus hurriedly nodded his head. "Rest assured, Mr. Kersey. I will not say anything unnecessary to anyone else." Javier nodded his head and then waved his hand at Maximus, obviously meaning that the latter was free to leave.

Without saying anything else, Maximus respectfully bade him farewell and drove away.

Javier spent the entire night pondering how he was going to find the Raiders. In the end, he was unable to come up with any solid plans and fell asleep in a daze.

When he woke up the next morning, he headed directly to Parrson, where a whole line of staff members were standing in front of the mall's entrance, waiting for their new CEO to arrive. Obviously, every single one of them was dumbfounded, completely confused as to what had

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happened in the company. After all, they had all been working as usual the day before, but they had suddenly been told that day that there had been a change of owner. "Hey, who do you think this new CEO is? Why did they change CEOs so randomly? This is all so strange!" "I heard that it's not the CEO's son. He's still studying abroad right now!" "Who else could it be then? Why have I not caught wind of this at all? The CEO even had a meeting with us yesterday..."

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Everyone was mumbling away, but none of them had any idea who the new CEO was.

Fleur and Loki, who had spent an entire night together, were amongst the crowd waiting at the entrance. Of course, Fleur was there because she was Loki's newly-appointed secretary. The two of them were eagerly waiting for the new CEO to arrive when they suddenly saw Javier. Fleur instantly panicked when she saw him, wondering how the pest could still show up so shamelessly. Fleur told the others that she was going to the washroom, which was a mere excuse. Then, she went up to Javier and immediately slapped him without saying a word. "You f\*cking..." Javier was not the Xavier of the past, so he was not going to let Fleur slap or even scold him as she pleased.

Instead, he grabbed her arm and said, "Keep your hands to your sides. I have no interest in you. Now, get out of my f\*cking sight."

Fleur was stunned upon hearing this. Since when did he become so bold? How dare he curse me and even ask me to get out of his sight?! The audacity!

Fleur was extremely furious. "Have I been so lenient with you that you think you can harass me non-stop? Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you think you're worthy of showing yourself in front of me?! Listen up here, I'm about to become Loki's wife!

"Do you know who his father is? He's the general manager of this shopping mall, which means Loki will soon become the general manager as well, while I'll be his wife. Do you think you're worthy of showing up here and harassing me, you loser? "You'd best behave yourself in front of me, and I might just take pity on you and give you 4,000 to 6,000 dollars to spend. Otherwise, I'll have security boot you out of here right now, you d\*mn piece of filth!"

Fleur was scolding him away, looking extremely arrogant, as though she had already become the wife of a general manager at that point.

However, Javier paid no attention to her attitude. In fact, he could not even be bothered to waste another moment speaking to her. 'I can stomp people like her whenever I want, so there's no point in wasting my time right now.'

"I'm here because I've got some matters to attend to. You're free to shut your eyes if you

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don't like seeing my face, okay? Stop wasting your breath on me. You're only making it seem as if you're the one who's harassing me. I've already told you that I'm not interested in you!" Javier was indeed telling the truth, and the truth made Fleur start fuming. "I'm harassing you? Fine!D\*mn you and your shameless attitude, you..." Before Fleur could even finish insulting Javier, her arrogant boyfriend suddenly showed up.

Loki stood in front of Javier and instantly hurled a round of insults at him.

"What the f\*ck do you think you're doing here? Don't you know that the new CEO's arriving today? Why are you wasting your breath on this idiot? Are you rekindling an old flame? You're free to f\*ck off and rekindle anything you want, but don't embarrass me in front of so many people by trying to get back together with this poor f\*ck!" Fleur instantly panicked upon being criticized by Loki. "This is a misunderstanding, Loki. I'm not rekindling some old flame with him. I just wanted to send him away because he's here to harass me again. I don't want the new CEO to see this..."

Fleur was still explaining herself when Loki suddenly pointed his finger at Javier. "You f\*cking b\*stard, you won't give up unless I beat you until all your teeth fall out?"

"Looks like you still aren't satisfied with what I said to you last night, so I must have been too kind to you. How dare you carry on causing me trouble with that thick skin of yours?! "Fine, I'll have someone take care of you right now! Stay right there if you dare!"

Immediately, Loki waved his hand and called the security guards over from afar. "Come over here! Drag this little piece of sh\*t aside and keep your eyes on him! Break his legs if he even dares to run away!"

Loki turned to look at Javier once more after yelling for security. "You piece of sh\*t...I'll come back for you after I'm done with my business here. When I do, I'm going to teach you a lesson, you piece of sh\*t!" Loki spat in front of Javier before getting back in line. At that moment, Fleur looked at Javier and snickered before she happily followed Loki, swinging her butt from side to side as she walked. Of course, neither Fleur nor Loki was going to pay attention to a loser like Javier. However, it just so happened that Javier thought exactly the same of them. Now, he wanted to see who they were going to welcome since the newly-appointed CEO had been sent away!

## **The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 685 ReadOnline**

Chapter 685 The New CEO's Attack The rest of the people at the Parrson entrance waited for 10 more minutes before an Audi A8L drove over at 8:50 a.m. Then, Orion Freis, the general manager, and Derek Goodwin, the deputy general manager, arrived before the car.

The car door opened up, and Maximus, the former CEO, got out. He asked Orion, who was respectfully greeting him. "Where's the new CEO? Has he arrived yet?"

Orion was stunned when he heard this. "No, he hasn't. Isn't he with you?"

"Nonsense! When did I ever say he was going to come with me?"

Orion was stunned after being scolded by Maximus, feeling completely confused as to what was happening. 'The new CEO isn't with Maximus? Where the f\*ck is he then?' While Orion was stunned, Maximus looked around the area and finally saw Javier, who was surrounded by two security guards in the corner.

He instantly flared up in anger and strode toward the security guards.

Orion had also noticed Javier standing there, but he had only thought the latter was there to cause trouble judging by his clothes, so he was elated and immediately took it upon himself to rush forward.

Upon rushing all the way in front of Javier, Orion pointed a finger at him and yelled out like a madman, "You f\*cking piece of shit! Do you even know what day it is today?! How dare you come here and cause trouble on such an important occasion? Do you have a death wish?!"

“Today’s not the day for you to beg for money, so hurry up and get out of my sight! Otherwise, I’ll have my men beat you to death!”

From Orion’s perspective, Javier was just a minor supermarket supplier, or maybe even a former employee who had been fired and had shown up to ask for his salary. Hence, Orion did not hold him in any regard and went on a relentless insult spree, asking Javier to get lost at the end of it all.

However, some people were very unhappy with Orion’s behavior, especially Maximus, who seemed to be fuming. ‘I dare not provoke the new CEO, so how could you possibly point your finger at him so arrogantly and openly?!’ Maximus stepped forward and gave Orion a huge, tight slap, leaving Orion dumbfounded! Rubbing his burning, stinging cheek, Orion stood there in a daze, as though he had just eaten an expired dish. ‘Why the hell did Maximus slap me?! Maximus furiously yelled, “He’s the f\*cking new CEO, so how dare you speak to him like

that?! Do you have a f\*cking death wish?!” Immediately after scolding Orion, Maximus turned to look at Javier with a huge smile. “Hello there, Mr. Kersey. Please forgive my subordinate for his foolish behavior. Don’t worry, I’ll punish him severely later.”

Javier chuckled as he looked at Maximus. “It’s alright, you don’t have to do it. I’ll handle this myself. You officially have nothing to do with Parrson since last night, so you shouldn’t have to handle this situation, right?” Maximus suddenly realized his mistake and hurriedly apologized to Javier. “I’m so sorry. I forgot for a moment there. Please forgive me for my foolishness.” Everyone on the scene was stunned by Javier and Maximus’ behavior, as none of them ever could have guessed that Javier was indeed their new CEO, including Loki and Fleur, who were both astonished.

The idiotic couple was so shocked that their hearts were about to fall out of their sockets. They had just been insulting Javier relentlessly a moment ago, yet they had just realized that the very man they had been disrespecting had already become their new CEO last night.

However, Fleur was still confused about something. She had grown up with the man before her from a young age and knew him to be an extremely ordinary man without any outstanding

qualities or background, whose family members were no more than beggars. ‘How did a poor loser like him suddenly become CEO?! Right at that moment, Orion walked over to Javier with a flattering smile on his face. “Please forgive me for my foolishness, Mr. Kersey. I didn’t realize you had such a prestigious identity just now. I…”

Javier suddenly punched Orion’s mouth as the latter spoke, leaving the man bleeding from the edge of his lips. Javier gave Orion a kick as well, causing the man to sprawl on the ground. Then, Javier picked up the bicycle next to him and fiercely slammed it

against Orion like a sledgehammer. After flattening the bicycle's tires, Javier finally let go of it and patted his hands before taking out a cigarette.

"I've only heard that one shouldn't beat up a man who's smiling at them, which I agree with. So, under normal circumstances, you wouldn't see me beat someone up. However, nobody ever said we shouldn't beat up a smiling dog, right?" This was Javier's reason for beating up Orion... That he was a dog that seemed to be smiling at Javier.

Immediately, Javier waved his hand at Loki. "You, come here." Loki was now filled with fear after seeing his father get beaten up. Even though he was furious about the fact that his father had been beaten up, he was

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obviously even more afraid of Javier beating him up as well.

He trembled in fear as he approached. "I'm sorry, Mr. Kersey. I didn't know Fleur was your woman. If I had known, I wouldn't have dared take her away from you even if I had nerves of steel! I'm sorry, I'm really sorry. Please forgive me, Mr. Kersey. I-..." Javier snickered when he saw Loki wagging his tail like a pitiful dog. "I seem to recall you saying something different last night. You said that I was harassing your woman and that you were going to have me killed. In fact, you even said you were going to teach me a lesson just now.

"What's the matter? What's up with this sudden change in attitude? Are you toying with me right now?"

Loki's face instantly turned ashen. He was just about to say something, but Javier obviously did not need a reply. Hence, Javier struck Loki's lower body with his knee. Loki ended up sprawling on the ground as well, thoroughly losing consciousness, in fact. He felt as though someone had punched him in the head, knocking him out completely.

However, this was far from over for Loki. Loki's self-defense mechanism kicked in automatically due to the immense pain caused by that knee strike, which led him to lose consciousness directly. In truth, Loki was very likely going to feel even more pain when he came around because he was never going to be able to call himself a man again.

Very quickly, Javier had turned both Orion and Loki into cripples. The people around felt fearful when they saw this, thinking that their new CEO was seriously ferocious and merciless, far more so in comparison to Maximus.

But Javier did not think this was an issue because he did not care what others thought of him at all.

Looking at his surroundings, Javier asked, "Who's the deputy general manager here?" Derek Goodwin walked forward, trembling as he said, "I-I am."

Javier asked, "Would you be able to handle it if I promoted you to general manager?"

Orion, who was still sprawled on the ground in pain, was stunned into speechlessness when he heard this. 'Not only did he just beat me up, but he's even going to give my position to someone else?!!

Derek's eyes instantly lit up when he heard this. "Yes, I would! Rest assured, Mr. Kersey. I swear I can do it!"

Javier nodded his head. 'Since he thinks he can do it, I'll give him a chance! "Alright, you'll be the general manager from this day onward. Your first job is to clean up after these two pieces of sh\*t."

After giving Derek instructions, Javier turned to look at Fleur, who was trembling in fear.

He then walked over and wrapped his arm around her before he entered the mall.

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"Come on, let's go somewhere private to have a chat. We have something private to talk about."

'W-Will I be able to become his wife very soon if I admit my mistakes right now, assuming he still has feelings for me? If so, this would be a huge dream come true!'

At that thought, Fleur deliberately rubbed herself against Javier's body. 'I'm sorry, honey. Please don't be mad at me...'