

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 711 ReadOnline

Chapter 711 How Could You Act Like This? For the next two days, Javier stayed with Kira. As for what they kept doing together, it would be unnecessary to state it and too obscene for a younger audience anyway. Javier received a call from Derek while he was on the road at noon. The latter had informed him that Freddy had sent some people to fight at the entrance of the mall. The people they were beating up were not mall patrons or the security guards but Vernon's underlings.

Although no side had an advantage, that was beside the point. The point was that the mall's patrons were scared off. There had been a snake incident, and then a group fight at the entrance. What kind of customer would dare pay a visit to the mall now?

"Freddy Russo's asking for a lesson, isn't he? Go and teach him one to make sure he learns!" Javier called Herschel after he ended his call with Derek, and the two of them went to Fresno Corporation, which belonged to Freddy.

A security guard came up to them to stop them and ask who they were there to see when they reached the company building. The guard was just doing his job, so Javier did not make things hard for him and answered that he was there for Freddy.

"You blind dogs! The respectable Mr. Russon's full name has no place in your foul mouths!"

It was unexpected that Javier's politeness would be greeted back with an insult. He understood it upon considering Freddy's background. The guy had started off as a thug, so his less-than useful underlings could only settle for becoming security guards.

Javier refrained from saying more to the guard in question. He punched the latter's jaw, and tears welled in his eyes instantly from the pain. Both the guard's hands flew to hold his jaw as he was left speechless. He then curled up slowly right where he was standing because of how bad it hurt.

Not wanting to regard the guard anymore, Javier went ahead with Herschel. Other security guards slung curses and tried to stop both of them on the way, but no matter how many guards approached them, they were knocked down by Herschel and ended up with either their arms or legs broken. The hospital's orthopedics department would be getting a lot of business that day.

Javier told Herschel when they were in the escalator going up, "I think you can strike a deal with the nearby hospital by getting sales for the orthopedics department. If you get a commission of 10 dollars per person you send their way, I think you could make around 450 750 dollars."

Herschel chuckled. "Wouldn't it embarrass you as my boss if someone who drives a Bugatti like me sent business their way?"

It was just a joke, so Javier did not say anything else after chortling. He understood why Herschel was being so aggressive. The latter's background was in the battlefield. He was not the best at fighting, and his only two options when getting physical with others was either

Could You Act Like This?

crippling his opponent so they lost the ability to fight or killing the opponent directly.

He could also put someone in so much pain that they momentarily lost the ability to fight if asked, like Javier had done, but it would hold him back. Fortunately, those who came to them in Freddy's place were all thugs and delinquents, so Javier did not mind.

Let Herschel beat them up. If the nearby hospital could not accommodate so many patients, there was still Reivaj Hospital. Reivaj Hospital had an orthopedics department too!

the building. Freddy was currently smoking a cigar in his office as he stood before the floor-to-ceiling windows, taking in the world outside. "F*ck you. It's just measly Parrson, yet you're trying to fight me, Freddy Russo? You should find out who I am first. "I did you a f*cking favor by asking to meet you, you shameless son of a b*tch. "Fine, since you want to play, I'll play. Let's see who will get on their knees to beg for pardon in the end!"

While he gloated, the door to his office was suddenly pushed open. His young and pretty secretary ran in frantically on her heels. "Mr. Russo, there's an emergency!"

HES Going to hit You

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 712 ReadOnline

Chapter 712 I Think He's Going to Hit You Freddy turned around and ran his eyes over the secretary's long legs with a grin. "What's the emergency? Are you in heat and need my help to help put the fire out?"

The secretary was embarrassed. Although she knew that she was bound to be taken advantage of by Freddy, this was obviously not the time for that. What she wanted to say was something else, something that was incredibly frightening.

"The security guards downstairs said that two men knocked out all the guards in the company and are making their way over here right now."

“What?!” Freddy was taken aback.

Another voice rang out immediately. “You heard right. Two men have incapacitated all your security guards, but to be precise, it’s not two men because I didn’t do anything. It was all him. “And now... I think he’s going to hit you. Watch out!”

The fact that Herschel had fought his way into Freddy’s office shocked him. There was a big number of security guards in the company, yet Herschel had incapacitated all of them alone?

When Freddy checked the surveillance footage in disbelief, he discovered that was actually the truth. In the recording, Herschel seemed like a tiger on a mountain, as his ferocity was unstoppable.

Freddy then heard Javier speak. “Say, you have a good business to run, but you had to play dirty tricks outside of said business. What do you want, hmm? Will you only be happy when you end up dead?”

Javier’s question was asked calmly, but Freddy was incredibly disgruntled while listening to him. It was a provocation, a blatant provocation right in his face, and that hurt his ego. As for Herschel...he was not scared of the man, no matter how skilled he was!

Freddy took a puff of his cigar and looked at Javier. “You’re Javier Kersey from Parrson, right?”

“I don’t know how you turned into Parrson’s boss, but you’re trash in my eyes. Don’t think that you can turn the world upside down and disregard everyone just because you got your hands on stupid Parrson.

“I’ll have you know that there are many people in the world you can’t afford to offend. You’ll never know how much better than you those people are!”

Turn the world upside down? Javier was amused by the phrase. He had not even done anything yet, so how was he turning the world upside down? What should he call the snake incident and the group fight at the mall entrance then?

However, Javier did not want to argue with an egoistic fella like this one. He would rather flirt with the guy’s young secretary! He waved a hand at the fair-skinned secretary. “Over here, young lady. Come here. Tell me,

E MIZILNIK Hes Going to Hit You

how old are you? What’s your name? Have you popped your cherry yet...”

Freddy was absolutely fuming while Javier flirted with his own secretary right before him. “Kersey, you’re seeking your own doom!”

Herschel stepped forward after Freddy snarled. “Are you sure you’re not the one seeking his doom?”

Freddy scoffed, and his gaze on Herschel was composed, without even a hint of fear. Even though he had witnessed how good Herschel was in physical fights in the surveillance recording, he did not care. He already had his finger hooked against the pistol’s trigger right now and he could threaten Herschel just by lifting his arm! Javier did not care about any of these things. He had only asked the secretary to approach him. The tall and lean secretary was a little frightened when Javier caught her dainty hand. Seeing that her boss, Freddy, could not protect her at the moment, she could only answer, “I-I’m Grace Jones. I’m 23 and I just graduated from university. I h-haven’t…”

Grace could not finish her sentence. She was completely red and seemed to be at a loss for words. After all, this was her private life. How could she be expected to say this out loud as a girl?

Javier could see that the girl was decent and docile, unlike someone with loose morals, so he did not quite understand how a good girl like this had ended up getting involved with Freddy

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 713 ReadOnline

Chapter 713 This Guy’s Too Much of a Blowhard When Javier asked about it, and before Grace could say anything, Freddy suddenly raised his gun and pointed it at Herschel.

“F*ck you. So what if you can fight? I have a gun. Let’s see who is faster, you or my bullet!”

Freddy looked at Javier after he barked at Herschel. “You have the balls to try and pick up my girl? You should first find out who I-hey, ow! Ow!”

Before Freddy could finish his threat, he suddenly felt like his finger against the trigger was about to break. The reason was simple. Herschel had gone in for the pistol with his bare hands and forcefully twisted the gun around. As a result, he had trapped Freddy’s finger, causing him to yowl in pain like an animal being slaughtered.

“Having a gun is quite impressive, but it depends on whose hand it is in. How different is it from a decayed piece of wood when it’s in your hand?”

Herschel grabbed the pistol and took it apart, turning the firearm into metal scraps and unloading the bullets within seconds.

Freddy was baffled while watching his pistol, which had given him quite the guts earlier, now lay on the floor in pieces. It had never crossed his mind that things would get to this point. He had honestly thought that he could run the world with a gun in his hand and that Herschel would have to bow down to him no matter how good of a fighter he was

Reality had surprised him. Herschel had taken the pistol apart with his bare hands. Freddy faltered. How could he fight Herschel without his gun?!

While Freddy panicked about what to do, Javier chatted with Grace as though they were having a good ol' heart-to-heart. He found out the reason she worked there after she elaborated.

Grace's mother had fallen ill, and they were in dire need of money. She had been an intern at the company, but out of desperation, she had approached Freddy, hoping that he could lend her a sum to help. Freddy had agreed under the condition that she would become his secretary and accept his lewd requests at any time. However, the man had been in a bad mood recently, and nothing of that sort had happened yet. Now that Javier understood the situation, he asked, "How much does your mother need to treat her illness?"

"75,000 dollars. Mr. Russo has paid 15,000 dollars and will give me the rest gradually."

Grace lowered her head in embarrassment, but Javier chuckled.

"You silly girl. He gave you 15,000 dollars, yes, but he won't give you the remaining 60,000 dollars after he's had his way with you. Why didn't you ask for it first?"

Grace looked troubled. "I'm worried about the same thing, b-but there's nothing I can do..."

Compter 713 This Guy's Too Much of a Blowhard

As she spoke, tears welled up in her eyes. Come to think of it, this was understandable. Who cared if the man was lying or not at this critical moment? She only wanted the money to save her mother. "Alright, don't cry. I'll give you the remaining 60,000 dollars. Don't work for Freddy anymore. Go to my place and be my secretary. But I basically won't be around at the company, so I certainly won't take advantage of you. You'll just have to do your job."

What Javier said made Grace feel ecstatic. She had never expected to experience such a stroke of luck today or meet a kind man like Javier. However, despite her joy, she was still worried about Freddy not letting her go. She knew that the man was no regular businessman and was also completely ruthless. Javier chuckled when he saw Grace

shoot a fretful gaze at Freddy. "What are you afraid of? I'm here. He'll say yes even if he doesn't want to." Javier turned to Freddy then. "So? You have no objections to me taking your secretary, right?" Freddy snorted. He had it all figured out. So what if he did not have a gun? He had so many gangster bros out there. Even though he could not beat Herschel right now, his bros would go after Herschel and Javier and tear the two of them apart after this. Feeling confident thanks to that thought, Freddy was no longer scared. "You want to leave with her? You f*cker, let's see if you can. "I'll be frank. You can either kill me or apologize to me right this instant. Otherwise, you can forget about living in peace. My men will rip you to pieces!" Javier smirked at Herschel. "This guy's too much of a blowhard. Throw him off the building and let's be done with it."

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 714 ReadOnline

Chapter 714 It's Tough Being a Chairman When Freddy looked down through the floor-to-ceiling window beside him, he realized that he would be turned into pulp if he were to be thrown down, as they were about 20 levels above the ground. He felt chills run down his spine there and then but he used to be a gangster, so he had confidence even when he did not have any guts.

He scoffed, "Who are you trying to scare? You think I haven't been threatened my entire life?"

"Back when I was still in the gang, a machete about this huge stabbed right through me and I didn't even make a sound. I took my knife and kept fighting. It's funny that you think you can scare me with this petty threat!"

Freddy was still rambling smugly when Herschel approached him and punched his throat. He was left speechless by how much pain he was in before Herschel hauled him up over his shoulder and walked to the window.

Herschel's way, which was all work and no talk, stunned Freddy. He had not expected the former to actually throw him down the building!

As Freddy watched himself get closer to the window, he could even feel the wind on his own butt crack, which made him panic.

"No, wait, let's talk this out. Don't do this. Hey, hey, hey, don't throw me. I'm begging you!"

Freddy was scared witless. The building was over 20 f*cking levels high. How could they actually throw a person down there in broad daylight?! Javier asked from the couch, "Can we talk properly now?" "Yes, yes, definitely. I'll talk properly. Of course I will." No longer having his previous bluster, Freddy was about to pass out from fear

now. When Herschel tossed him back down on the floor, he heard Javier ask, "This secretary of yours..."

Before Javier could finish his sentence, Freddy replied at once, "Take her. She's your secretary from this day onward."

Even though Freddy was annoyed by the fact that he had spent all that money and time but would not get to reap what he had sowed, he could care less about it right now. Between his life and his ego, he picked the former without hesitation.

Javier nodded and asked about the mall, and Freddy immediately stated that he would recompense him 1.5 million dollars for the loss. It was alright, as the compensation was ten times more than his loss. After all, not everyone was as rich as Javier. 1.5 million dollars was a pretty sincere compensation coming from Freddy. Javier asked him a few more questions, and the latter answered dutifully. Anything Javier asked, Freddy answered and he sounded very sincere too.

It was fine now, but it would be an issue later if Freddy was simply making empty promises.

heart per 14

Tough Being a Charman

Javier got up after that and left with Grace. Before he stepped out of the door, he left one last message. "Do what you said. Don't force me to make you do it."

He did not sound domineering, not even considerably threatening, but Freddy still sensed Javier's sternness. He thought that Javier was quite aggressive and this guy was not someone to mess around with.

After Javier, Grace, and Herschel left the office, Freddy slumped in his chair and loosened his necktie, heaving a long sigh to relax. What had happened just now was terrifying. If Javier had insisted on throwing him down the building, he would have died!

However, Freddy was irked when he thought about his bruised ego and financial losses. What had he done to deserve this? How could Javier knock his men down all the way up to his office, threaten him to this point, take his secretary away, and make him pay a compensation as well as nearly throw him down the building?!

What had happened had left a sour taste in his mouth. Thanks to all the years he had spent establishing himself in society, no one had dared do this to him before. Freddy gritted his teeth in resentment. As he pondered this, he called his underling.

"Find Javier Kersey and escort him to the grave. Do the job properly!" Freddy's gaze was vicious after he instructed his underling. Compensation? F*ck that man! His ego

had never been this hurt despite his time as a gangster and businessman. He had to avenge himself. "Javier Kersey, go to f*cking hell. How dare you come after me? Find out who I am first! F*ck you, you blind b*tch!"

As for who the actual blind b*tch was, Javier was not that sure. Point was, he did not care, for he did not know that Freddy was plotting against him. He would have ignored the man even if he knew, though.

He was like an ant wielding a strand of grass and shouting at an elephant, "Come here! Come here! I'll stab you to death!"

The strand of grass was a brutal weapon from the ant's perspective, but to the elephant...the threat was non-existent.

After driving back to Parrson, Javier took Grace to the headquarters building.

The company staff helped Grace complete the recruitment procedure, while Javier went back to his office to take care of the documents that had accumulated over the past few days. By the time he had signed some of them, Grace knocked and came into his office.

"Mr. Kersey, I've successfully joined the company. I can start working now. Is there anything you need me to do?"

The young woman was quite sensible, as she took the initiative to ask what she could help with as soon as she joined the company.

Javier passed the documents he was holding to Grace and asked her to take them to the general

manager, Derek. Once the documents were in Grace's hands, however, he asked for her bank

account number and transferred 75,000 dollars to her. "60,000 dollars for the hospital treatment and 15,000 dollars for her recuperation. Do a good job. Go on!"

Grace got so emotional over the chairman's donation that she did not know what to say. "M-Mr. Kersey..." Her eyes were misty with unshed tears. Javier glanced at her. "What's the matter? You want to repay me? There's no hurry. There'll be a chance. Go pay your mother's medical fees first!"

Javier waved in dismissal and Grace left the office with tears of gratitude. She was genuinely thankful for the man. They were not related by any means, yet he had paid 75,000 dollars worth of medical fees for her. She was immensely grateful.

And Javier had not even asked her to do anything. Even if he really did ask her for some kind of favor, she would not find it too much. Of course, this did not mean that

Grace was a woman of easy virtue. She was simply thankful for Javier's help and kindness.

After Grace left the company, Javier continued working in his office. He was not just attending to matters concerning Parrson. There was also work for Reivaj Group to do. The fax machine had barely rested, as various documents kept coming his way.

Javier was busy printing or downloading documents, then reading and signing them. He would sometimes provide constructive criticism and suggestions on what to amend.

Being chairman was obviously not as simple as one imagined. Work was still rather hectic for him. Fortunately, he had Jade, his capable wife, to run the company, or he would have been even busier.

Even so, Javier buried his nose in work all the way past 7 p.m. There was a knock on his door right after he stretched, and Grace came in with a glass of warm water.

She had come back to the company after going to pay the hospital that afternoon, seeing her mother, and noting that the latter was still asleep and her younger brother was accompanying her. She thought that she would go over to the hospital to switch with her younger brother after she got off work in the evening. However, she had not expected that Javier would be so busy that she would barely be able to leave when she came back.

Just by watching Javier work, Grace fretted over him. How could he have so much work to do?! It was when she saw him stretching that she poured a glass of water and brought it to him.

Javier took the glass and thanked her before gulping it down, suddenly remembering something.

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 715 ReadOnline

Chapter 715 Hard to Hate a Boss Like This It was almost seven in the evening. Javier realized belatedly that Grace had not had anything to eat in a long while, so he invited her out to a simple meal. "I'll pass, sir. I'm gonna check on my mother in the hospital later." "That's a pretty important thing to do, I agree, but you don't have to do that on an empty stomach, right?"

Javier would not take no for an answer. He led Grace into the elevator and down the building, and the two of them headed to a nearby restaurant.

Grace felt a little uncomfortable eating with the chairman of the organization, but as time passed, she realized he was pretty similar to common folks like her. He did not show any attitude or manners befitting the stereotypical ultra-rich.

Her opinion of Javier kept soaring, and she was more and more convinced that the chairman was a cordial, down-to-earth man.

Once they finished their dinner, Javier drove Grace straight to the hospital. He had not exactly planned to visit her mother personally, but the fact that he was there and he was her boss made him relent for the sake of decorum. He prepared for his visit by buying some goods. Grace had not expected her superior to visit her mother on her very first day of work. The degree of care he seemed to display shocked her.

Her mother and the rest of her family were just as stunned. None of them had expected Grace's boss to be so young and affable. Grace's little brother practically whispered in his sister's ear, "So... Dare I hope that he'll join us for family dinner someday?" Grace's cheeks turned pink. "As if!"

She had originally wanted to stay and keep her mother company overnight, but her brother had apparently taken a leave of absence tomorrow and was thus available that night. It was not the kind of arrangement she would dispute, so in the end, Javier had to drive her home.

Grace lived alone. Her mother and brother were in the hospital, and her father had passed away quite early in her life, so she was the only one currently at home. In spite of that, Grace invited Javier to come in as a show of courtesy, one that Javier gladly accepted.

Why? Because, predictably, he had his own designs on the pretty woman already. He was excited as he followed her up to the apartment unit where she lived...

The predictable and expected actually happened. Things did not escalate all the way to them leaving their clothes on the floor, but what happened was enough to make a mess out of the young woman's mind.

She would have hated him for it if he was not so nice to her. And just as she was starting to miss him, Javier returned home, where Megara Galloway and Cher Cortez were waiting,

The women had known he would be coming home tonight—they had heard the news after all – but they had not expected him to be this late. He had taken his sweet time coming back to

TAY 15 Hard to Hate a Boss Like This

them, so they had thought he had ditched his plan to return.

Right there and then, their target swaggered inside the living room as the women watched with bursting joy. They hardly had the time to say hi before Javier grabbed Cher's head and pushed his lips against hers, his free hand shoving Megara onto the bed. "Hello, beautiful Miss Galloway! Hello, beautiful Miss Cortez! I'm having a fever, and I hope my teachers can teach and play with their favorite student tonight!"

It was obvious what Megara and Cher's existence meant to him. Thanks to them, he had someone to release his excess libido on. He loved how beautiful they were, so he worked hard to please them. The two of them had a full-course meal that night, and all three of them cuddled in shared sweetness all the way till morning.

Javier drove the lecturers to campus in his car, seemingly cavalier regarding what others would think. Still, in the end, taking appearances into account, the trio split up at the entrance. Megara and Cher went inside together, while Javier walked alone. They pretended not to know each other, and the rumor that Javier was a king with two queens by his side lost some traction. "Not bad, bro. One guy, two hot gals! Aren't you a Chad. Aye?!"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 716 ReadOnline

Chapter 716 Who Do You Think You Are Harley chirped as soon as Javier took his seat. Feeling a little puzzled, the latter asked, "Uh, what?"

Harley was a little taken aback. "You mean you don't know? They say you've been screwing both Megara and Cher, man! They say the campus sexiest women are trying to make you theirs, and really, you can't blame me for believing it. There's a lot of meat to it, and people claim they have seen it in action!"

Javier finally understood. Chuckling lightly, he shook his head. "You can believe whatever you want, mate." Harley was quite confused by this answer. Was that denial? Zenya Turing had just made her way through when she overheard their conversation. Her lips pressed into a quiet smile, her mirth secretive. She knew it; that rumor was bunk! Javier was not like that at all. The true object of his crush had to be...her, of course!

As the three friends each tended to their own thoughts, someone else entered the room.

Tidal Holdsworth, the student-body president, had a pretty strange name that always made people question his parents' name choice. It was then revealed that Tidal had been born in a seaside town. The sea was rough at the time, and Mr. Holdsworth-the captain of a fishing boat with little prestige-had named his son Tidal, perhaps hoping he would one day "make a splash."

The Holdsworth Family was still one of the most affluent families in this area, though. It became pretty obvious where their money was funneled to when one remembered who the student-body president was.

Javier had never given a flying d*mn about this guy. Tidal had never ruffled Javier's feathers before, which made the man a complete nobody undeserving of Javier's wrath or attention.

Unfortunately, today was the day the peace between them stopped. Tidal was obviously baying for his blood this time. "So, I heard you've been getting into our lecturers' private lives – intrusively, I must add-lately, huh?" Tidal snarled. "You're coming with me to the student council room right away. An explanation is due!"

He turned away with a self-important stride one would reasonably expect from a guy holding a position in the student-body council.

Javier ignored him, though, because Tidal was as significant as a tick! He was so unimportant that Javier thought acknowledging him as an annoyance alone was too much of an overstatement of his worth.

"It's probably personal. I heard he tried to woo Megara before and failed. Then, he tried to charm Cher into becoming his girlfriend and failed just as hard," Harley explained helpfully. "Now that a rumor about the three of you broke out, it must have really p*ssed him off!"

Fibwno Do You Think You Are

Javier finally understood his motivation, but it hardly gave him a concrete reason to give a sh* t. Who did this clown think he was?

Javier's insouciant inaction pushed Tidal's buttons. He had been waiting for Javier to catch up by the door, but now he just felt scorned. He stormed over to Javier's desk and flipped all of his books to the floor with one move.

"Listen up, motherf*cker. I'm the president of the student council, and if you give me the stink-eye again, I'm gonna make sure you drop out of this university for good!"

Javier had not even given a d*mn about this piece of trash, but it looked like this idiotic clown was insisting. Thus, he beckoned at Tidal, inviting him. "Come on, check out what I have in my drawer."

At first, Tidal did not care. Then, he saw Javier fish some cash out of his pocket and finally understood what he was trying to do.

Well, well, well! The pr*ck knew the rules, after all. That was good news for Tidal. His parents' allowance had been downsized lately, so he was happy to accept a tithe. He

lowered his head and pretended to peer into Javier's drawer. Before he could properly make out what was inside, Javier stepped aside and kicked the young man against the table hard. With a bang, Tidal's head was stuck inside the drawer. Unluckily for him, there was a nail lodged near the edge of the drawer. Jamming his head inside had been easy, but the nail made getting out almost too agonizing to consider. Any attempt to pull out would cause the nail to prick Tidal's chin.

He yowled and howled in pain, his butt sticking up and out. "Carsey! You help me out of this thing right now, or when I get out, so help me God, I'll murder you, motherf*cker!"

Did he think throwing a tantrum in front of someone whose mercy he depended on was remotely intelligent? Or maybe this clown was so stupid that Javier had to make his suffering even more explicit to get his point across!

Javier removed Tidal's pants, exposing his backside, and started flogging him with a broomstick from the corner of the room. "You little sh*t, daddy had to work his *ss off fishing every day to put your *ss in school! Do you really think money grows on trees?!" Javier yelled between peals of well-struck lashes. "You spent it all on a bribe for this stinking student presidency sh*t! Lord, if you had made good use of your position, I wouldn't have had to smack your heinie in public. But no, you just have to be a big fat bully at school, don't you?"

"Tell you what; I won't rest until I've had my fill of flogging your *ss today!" Javier jeered. "Consider it a reminder, clown. When someone f*cks your mom, you call him Daddy!"

While Javier enjoyed every strike he landed on Tidal, the latter languished in sheer agony. His head was stuck in a drawer, and any attempt to pull out would result in his chin getting stabbed. His butt, meanwhile, was completely exposed to another kind of pain, one inflicted by an external force so strong he could not help yowling like an abused street dog.

The female students found the whole ordeal too barbaric to watch, even though they were secretly relishing in schadenfreude. Tidal had always been a jerk, and the prettier a girl was,

me

Do You Think You Are

the more irritating he was around her. He had always liked lingering on a woman's hands or pulling on her bra strap when he patted her shoulder. Sure, he never did anything more, but he was harassing them enough to elicit their disgust. The male students expressed their glee even more outwardly. Watching the entire ordeal was not enough. No, they grabbed their steel rulers and joined in on the fun, whacking Tidal's butt as well. With his head stuck in a drawer, Tidal could not possibly tell who was

flogging him, could he? For all he knew, Javier was the only one humiliating him. The rest of them could brutalize Tidal under that safe cover!

Tidal had always been a mean bully to them, but the time for payback and revenge was nigh! After watching the bolder ones among them follow Javier's example, the rest of the class slowly warmed up and joined in. Just like that, the room was filled with peals of barren skin suffering lashes and strikes from itinerant students, interspersed with Tidal's pained yelps and yowls.

Then, soon enough, a few of them even began flicking elastic bands against Tidal's penis. A man's genitalia was one of the most sensitive spots of his body, so one could only imagine how hard Tidal cried-his voice almost thick with tears-as they abused his penis. It got so bad that Tidal rammed his way out of the crowd of sadists around him the moment a chance presented itself, even though he had to run with the table still stuck on his head.

Then, the table got stuck at the door. He could not go in or out, and the students grabbed this chance to humiliate and brutalize him even more.

Tidal was crying. Tears were clearly present in his voice when he shrieked at the top of his lungs, "I'm begging y'all, stop! Stop doing this to me, stop! Stop, please!"

Of course, his pleas fell on deaf ears. Had pleading ever worked, then revenge would have been an archaic concept rather than a fact of human life long ago...

His pleas for mercy only emboldened his abusers. Not only did they put even more force into every hit, but one or two of them even tried to jam the tip of a broomstick into Tidal's anus. They were only stopped by the nagging fear of fermenting trouble bigger than they could contain...

Pleading was getting Tidal nowhere, so he turned to rage. "So help me, whoever the f*ck laid their hands on me will get royally f*cked when this is over!"

His threat was more useful than his pleas. Suddenly, everyone was reminded of his status as the president of the student council. He might not be able to suspend his cohort, but he still had the power to address the faculty board!

The crowd finally stopped and backed away. Tidal felt the abrupt stop of the abuse and let out a breath of relief. It quickly turned into seething hatred for Javier, as he would not have suffered through such humiliation if it were not for that *sshole!

The more he dwelled on it, the angrier he became. Livid, he snarled, "Xavier, you motherfu-"

Bang!

apter 716 Who Do You Think You Are

A loud crash later, Tidal found his table-stuck head down on the floor, his uncovered buttocks sticking up in the air. Javier's roundhouse kick had dislodged him from the door completely and sent him flying out in the open. "F*ck you, clown! You forgot how I taught you to address me already?!"

The Ace at the Apex by Nine Linked Rings Chapter 717 ReadOnline

Chapter 717 Take Away My Job?! On What Grounds?! How did everyone feel about Tidal Holdsworth's suffering?

Ecstatic.

Here came the elephant in the room, though: What was going to happen to Javier, the guy who had fixed up Tidal so well? What Javier had done was nothing short of torment, after all, which meant his comeuppance would likely be just as torturous. At that thought, the crowd turned to him, feeling concerned.

"Hate to say this but... Xavier's dead meat now. Tormenting anyone else would have been fine, but Tidal Holdsworth? That's the student council president, someone infamous for being hyper-vindictive and sh*t! His vengeance is gonna be painful..." "Not to say Tidal doesn't deserve what he got, and I'm not gonna pretend that I didn't get a kick out of seeing Xavier thumping his *ss like a bad*ss, but Xavier did it at a cost, man. Revenge is gonna be really painful..."

"I hope he doesn't suffer too much. Besides, we can help, right? We'll vouch for him, you know. Put in a good word when Tidal's revenge comes..." It was all the students could do-gladly, too, as they would love to help their hero. Still, even they were not sure how useful their help could be. Harley considered Javier. "Man, you just had to kick the biggest hornet's nest out here, huh?" he remarked. "He's the president, you know. You really think he's gonna let you go, considering the powers he holds?" Javier cut the young man short with a sudden question. "Would you like to be president?" "Huh?!" Harley was stunned by this question, which had come out of nowhere, but his reflexes recovered quickly enough for him to reply, "Okay, I might want to, but the university has to agree, right? And here's the problem: I'm book-dumb and...just dumb. As in, incompetent. Why the hell would anyone in their right mind want me to be president? You can try to put me up there, man, but I'm a terrible fit no matter how you slice or dice it!"

Javier had wanted to make Harley the new president, but the latter's candid self-assessment convinced him otherwise. He fished out his phone and called the dean of the university. "Hey, I wanna appeal for a change of the student president. Can you make Zenya Turing from my class the new president? She's very competent

academically, she's a hard worker..." When the call ended, Javier saw Harley staring at him.

"What? Something on my face?"

Harley's eyes were wide with abject shock, as if he was looking at a ghost. "Don't tell me even the dean is your b*tch."

Javier flashed him a smile. "Nah, I was pulling your leg. It's not illegal to pretend, right?"

Chapter 717 Take Away My Job?! On What Grounds!

Harley gave him a deadpan look. He had really believed him-and it had actually been a joke? He muttered about being an unwitting fool for a while, until his attention was drawn back to whatever it was he was supposed to do. He had to go through his daily agenda soon, as his date with Genevieve was coming up!

Thinking about his date reminded him of what Fiona Sinclair had told him the other day. "Oh, riiiiight. Almost forgot. Dude, Fiona wanted me to let you know she's got two movie tickets. She's looking forward to seeing the movie with you."

Javier was amused. "Oh? What, she thinks I'm too poor to afford a movie ticket and decided to do some charity?" Harley laughed. "No, bro. It's you. I think she just likes you!"

Just the thought of how easily money could sway Fiona peeved him enough that he would rather not dwell on any subject related to her anymore. Why would Javier like a b*tch like that, someone that even Harley detested? Besides, Javier had not given a d*mn about this nobody this whole time.

Ten minutes or more passed before Cher appeared in the room, looking over the students. Her eyes lingered on Javier for just a second too long before hopping to Zenya. "Turing! The university board has decided that you'll be the president of the student council from this day onward."

Zenya had imagined virtually every possible scenario that would make Cher go looking for her, but this? A position that involved supervising the student council...out of nowhere?" Wait, what?!" she exclaimed. It might not be the cushiest position, but it would still be a pretty amazing note in one's resume. Not everyone got to brag about being the president of a large organization to potential employers, so this was going to be a boon for her future employment.

The only thing that puzzled her was why. Why had she suddenly become president? Then, Tidal Holdsworth appeared. Someone had helped him out of his predicament, apparently, as he stormed into the room with neither the table on his head nor any respect for his lecturer. "Xavier f*cking Carsey! Get out of here, motherf*cker! I'm gonna

show you the price of offending the student president!" he bellowed. "And the rest of you b*tches, too! I know all of you participated in humiliating me just now, and I'm not gonna forgive any of you for it!"

He had come with a red band tied to his sleeve, which was the symbol of his authority. Behind him, a cabal wearing similar bands stood menacingly, all of them members of the council thanks to Tidal's influence. In truth, they were little more than Tidal's toadies and lapdogs, whose only intention was to bully their fellow classmen.

And today, Tidal was dead-set on terrorizing Javier with the help of his gang. While he stood haughtily and relished in regaining his power, Cher furrowed her brows. "Is this how you talk to your peers, Holdsworth?"

Cpater 717 Take Away My Job? On What Grounds 71

Tidal finally turned his attention to her. "You don't know the half of it, Miss Cortez. These sons of bitc—these jerks beat me up!" Cher sized him up. "Where, exactly? From the looks of it, you seem pretty fine."

"I mean..." Tidal faltered. He was not brave enough to bear the shame of admitting that the targets had been his buttocks and penis. And yet, those areas aside, Tidal looked virtually unharmed.

As he thought over his answer hard, Cher pointed out sharply, "I can't find evidence of you being brutalized, but I did see you storm into the room as though you had an ax to grind. And then, there's the council tailing you. Why are they armed with baseball bats?" Tidal was even more speechless, but Cher did not want to hear what he had to say anyway. "Regardless of your explanation, Holdsworth, you're no longer a member of the student council effective today. Remove the band on your arm before you sully it even further."

Tidal was enraged. Just who did she think she was? He had spent 100,000 dollars of his allowance to bribe his way to this position! How could he lose it just like that? "Don't be stupid, Cortez! The dean himself personally appointed me as president. You have zero power or right to say I'm not president!" he barked angrily. Cher was just a lecturer! Did she really think she had the right to take away his mantle?

Cher was just as infuriated. Throughout her career as an educator, no student had ever talked back to her with such disrespectful force!

She chucked the notice-signed and authorized by the dean-right at Tidal's face. "If you're not as illiterate as you're boorish, then read it yourself!"

Tidal did not want to, but he changed his mind when his eyes caught the dean's signature. He took the paper and stared at it, feeling stunned. He could not believe that

he had lost his mantle. “What the f*ck? On what f*cking grounds did he take away my role?!”

No one cared to explain why. Zenya leaped to her feet and pointed at the thugs trailing behind him, ordering them, “And from now on, on my authority, all of you are officially expelled from the student coun

The thugs tore the bands off their arms before she could even finish. “F*ck, so this sissy band is pointless? What was all that macho talk, Tidal, when you’re not even president anymore? You f*cking clown!”

They chucked the bands away and left, dragging their baseball bats as if Tidal did not exist. Javier pulled the man aside with a grin and pointed at the drawer of another table. “So? What’s it gonna be? Are you going to put your head inside, or should I help you get in?”

Tidal gawked at him. Even his previous position as president had not saved him from this humiliation. What more could be said now, when Tidal had lost the last shred of his authority?