

The Ace at the Apex

Chapter 166 Both Shameless and Despicable

Zephiel was slightly shocked by Mackenzie's compliments.

"Looks like this Jade woman is a pretty decent woman for you to even say something nice on her behalf."

Mackenzie shook his head. "I wasn't saying something nice on her behalf. I really did send someone to look into her. She's a competent woman who knows when she should go on the offensive and when she should stand back. Also, she understands that following Javier's instructions would be in her best interest and she quietly supports him from behind. Out of all the people I've met, she's very much like my grandmother, both forgiving and understanding. However, Jade's probably got a much better life than her.

Zephiel heaved a long sigh when he heard Mackenzie mention his grandmother.

"Marilyn... really didn't have her life cut out for her. Back when she was in Sammius, she would look through photos every day. Although she never once mentioned it, it was obvious that she was waiting for someone. But until the day she died, she never was able to reunite with that man, leaving her grave half empty. What a sad life!"

Marilyn Salt, who was Mackenzie's grandmother, was the first wife of the commander of the Northeast Army in their country!

In the past, Zephiel had once lived under her roof in Sammius when he was still young, while Mackenzie was an orphan that she had adopted in her later years. The entire time, Mackenzie had been like a grandson to Marilyn, while Zephiel had been like a son to her. At the time, Zephiel used to call her Aunt Marilyn.

Zephiel turned toward the kitchen once more at the mention of this legendary woman.

"I really didn't notice until you mentioned her, but Jade does look like Marilyn when she was younger. Not bad..."

At around 6 p.m. that night, Chad and Mary Jane visited as well. After all, they were rather close acquaintances of Zephiel.

Thus, Javier, Jade, Zephiel, Mackenzie, Ingrid, and the other two sat before a large table and merrily had dinner, chatting away happily while they were at it.

However, when dinner was over, Zephiel led Mackenzie and Mary Jane away first, claiming that he wanted to catch up with both of them.

Meanwhile, Chad obviously thought that it would not be right for him to stay at Javier's house, so he left soon.

Ingrid returned to her own room after she tidied up the place, while Jade walked toward Javier.

“Honey, do Grandpa and Mary Jane have some sort of history?”

Rather than giving her a straight answer, Javier asked, “Why do you ask?”

Jade said, “I noticed that Mary Jane’s face suddenly turned red during dinner just now. Plus, she even shot a glare at Grandpa. Grandpa was sitting next to her with his left hand beneath the table, which is why I suspect that they were...”

Right as she spoke, Jade suddenly felt a hand on her body. Then, Javier leaned in toward her ear and said in a seductive voice, “Are you suspecting that they were doing something similar to what we’re about to do?”

Jade shot a glare at Javier but still went with the flow and ended up in his embrace.

She liked that feeling more and more. In fact, she would even think about it in secret during the day and wonder whether she should try it in Javier’s office...

Zephiel was about to leave after two days. Before he left, he had Javier accompany him to Medb.

“You’re not going to be jealous of this old man for stealing your man from you for a while, are you, little lady?”

Jade was slightly embarrassed by Zephiel’s teasing. “It’s only right for him to accompany you since he’s your grandson, but I won’t be able to come since I’m held up by some work matters.”

Zephiel chuckled and said, “You really do have a way with words. Don’t worry, you’ll meet the person you should in the future. But the person we’re meeting at the moment isn’t ready for you.”

After agreeing on a time of departure, Zephiel headed to Mary Jane’s office.

Jade then asked Javier, “Who are the people Grandpa just mentioned?”

Javier replied, “The one I should be meeting is probably someone who’s going to give me a lesson. As for you, I’m guessing it’s someone you will only meet when you become the female head of the family.”

Jade suddenly realized what was happening and wrapped her arms around Javier’s arm. “I don’t want to be some female head of the family. That sounds so tiring. I only want to be able to be by your side.”

Javier knew that there was one thing that would not be tiring. On top of that, even if they were apart for a short time, that thing would still need to be done.

Thus, Jade was forcefully pulled in his embrace and brought into his office before she could even react.

When the door closed and a few rushed “Stop” sounds were made, what followed was a series of happy moans in what seemed like a passionate atmosphere.

Coincidentally, the same noises were coming from the chairman’s office...

The next morning, Javier and Mackenzie accompanied Zephiel and the trio got on a commercial flight to Medb.

The purpose of their visit was for Zephiel to attend the National Day event, which was the flag-raising ceremony. On top of that, he was going there as an ordinary civilian, so nobody was told about their visit, nor were they given any special treatment.

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On the flight, Javier briefed them on the situation in Hyliveskia, including what had happened with Angelina

However, he had not expected this day to arrive so soon, or that Angelina would still harbor such deep feelings for Javier.

After that, Javier went on to talk about the situation with his parents.

“Aside from the fact that they got on a submarine, I’ve run out of leads at the moment. But there are many submarines in existence, as even drug dealers have a few now.”

Right as he was talking, Zephiel cut in and said, “I’ve already found the submarine, but you don’t need to know where it is. Instead, all you need to know is that your parents left a trail under the Osborn.”

Javier was stunned, as he had never thought Zephiel would be able to uncover any of that. On top of that, he could not understand why it would be beneath the Osborn and found it preposterous. In comparison, it would be like being tasked to locate a particular kind of livestock and having someone tell him that the livestock was in a metal factory.

In fact, he did not think that would be impossible, but the fact that both leads were completely irrelevant made it seem very preposterous.

Most importantly, there was a particular point that Javier was ready to ask the old fox about...

“Why do I get the feeling that you’re the one who set up this entire thing just for me to fall into a trap? He’s your biological son, so are you really telling me that you don’t miss him? Have you really been able to sleep at night with ease when you chose to only tell me about all this after I came of age? Like hell I’d believe you!”

Javier truly did not believe it and felt that the old fox was throwing leads here and there, slowly guiding him forward.

However, the old fox did not deny anything that Javier had just said. Instead, he said, “It’s up to you whether you choose to believe me or not. However, whether your parents will be found or not depends on you too.”

Zephiel was obviously telling Javier that he was only giving him part of the leads that he had uncovered, but he was not going to give it all to him.

‘Don’t look for them if you don’t like what you find!

What a shameless and despicable old man!

No matter how hard Javier asked, he still would not give him any further information, leaving Javier out of options.

Thus, even though he knew that it might be a trap, Javier had no choice but to take a step forward. However, there was one thing he knew for certain, and that was that this trap was not a deadly one.

The plane soon arrived in Medb, and this was the first time Javier stepped foot on this prosperous land.

Mackenzie somehow managed to find a car for them, a Chrysler Pacifica.

The car was a very common commercial car priced around 80,000 dollars. Most importantly, it did not seem prestigious.

Thus, it was certain that Zephiel wanted to keep a low profile during the trip and would not want to stand out in public.

This was indeed what happened as well. Zephiel gave an old friend a phone call when he got in the car.

“Yeap, I just got back from Orion. I just thought of you, my old friend, and I was wondering if it would be convenient for me to visit you...”

Chapter 167 Society’s Scum

The trio headed for Zephiel’s old friend’s residence after Zephiel gave Mackenzie an address.

It was an extremely large bungalow located in Old Medb, and it seemed spacious yet simplistic.

However, a bungalow like that would be ridiculously expensive, costing about \$10,000,000 for about 6,500 square feet. On top of that, the bungalow was located in an average part of Old Medb.

If it were located in a higher-end area, the price would immediately shoot up to hundreds of millions, which was a terrifying sum.

Of course, this would be terrifying only to most people.

In comparison, a bungalow like that did not seem anything worth being surprised about to both Javier and Zephiel.

After Mackenzie parked the car, he remained inside while Javier accompanied Zephiel into the bungalow. They met an old man who was watering his plants inside.

The old man was about 70 years old with a bald head that reflected the sunlight. He was holding a pail in his hand as he watered what seemed like rather expensive flowers.

“This is Zeke Snowden. He’s doing really well for himself right now. The listed company under his name has now reached the Top 500 strongest companies in the world.”

After Zephiel introduced his old friend, Javier respectfully greeted the old man watering his plants.

Zeke felt delighted as he put down his watering pail, wiped his hands against his shirt, and hugged Zephiel.

“It’s been so many years, old friend! I thought you had already been fed to the fish over there!”

Zephiel laughed out loud. “Of course not. I’d much rather come back here and be fed to you, you old b*stard.”

The two of them seemed to be extremely close. Neither of them seemed to be annoyed or frustrated, even though they had just cracked a rather extreme joke.

After that, Zeke greeted Javier and said, "Come, let's go sit inside. It's been almost 20 years since I last met your grandfather. The two of us used to tease each other like this since we were young, so you mustn't misunderstand the bond we have!"

Javier hurriedly said, "Of course, I wouldn't. I'm envious of the genuine friendship you both have." 1

Zeke patted Javier's shoulder. "Hmm...Not bad."

After they went inside, Zeke instructed his maid to pour his guests some coffee.

The trio then had coffee as they chatted. Javier was mostly just there to listen to what was being said since he could not interrupt, nor was he even allowed to do so.

However, both the coffee and the flowers were worth admiring. Thus, Javier went out to admire the flowers rather than listen to two old men reminiscing about their past.

'The flowers that Zeke has planted here are pretty decent, plus they're from outstanding species.

'He's got a pure-bred Pygmy water-lily here, which is supposed to be a delicate flower in a certain country

that can only be bought there.

'This plant's flowers will only bloom for seven days. The outer petals will be purple, while the middle is filled with lots of gold stamens. There's a budding stamen inside that will only bloom for a moment before it wilts.

Some say that the stamens' purpose is to protect the budding stamens.

'On top of that, this flower is known to be extremely expensive. I've heard from some botanists that a pound of this plant can be sold for €150,000.

'It's actually rather shocking to know that a mere flower can be more expensive than a human life. Although, it does indeed seem quite beautiful.'

At that moment, a sharp voice suddenly sounded from outside. "Whose beater car is this? How dare the driver block my entrance!?"

Javier turned around to look at the entrance. 'We're not blocking the entrance, so it's probably Zeke's neighbor that's causing a fuss.'

Just as he was about to carry on admiring the flowers, he heard the sound of rushed clicking caused by a pair of high-heeled shoes. When Javier turned around again, he saw a woman with thick makeup. Also, the woman was rather unique-looking with just her earrings and nose rings.

While Javier was silently scrutinizing the woman, the latter, who was only about 20-years-old, said, "Who the hell are you? What are you doing here at Grandpa's house? Also, how dare you stand before that pot of water-lilies? Are you trying to steal them, perhaps?"

While the woman was talking, Javier noticed that she even had a tongue stud. 'Did she really not feel any pain when she got all of those done!?'

While the woman was still ranting away, Zeke suddenly walked out.

"What are you doing, Gigi? He's a guest of mine, and you are to call him Javier!"

"Why should I call him by his name? Look at his cheap-looking clothes! Just the fact that he's standing there is tarnishing our plants! Yet, you want me to call him by his name? No way!"

Gigi did not conceal the scorn she had in her eyes as she turned around to head inside.

'She doesn't even seem to listen to her own grandfather's instructions, well played.'

Zeke seemed helpless as he embarrassingly said, "Her father passed away when she was little, and her elder brother's only focused on our family business, which is why she's turned out to seem a little snobbish. Please, don't mind her, old friend. You too, Javier."

The old fox merely smiled, while Javier did not seem to be affected at all. Instead, he said, "My younger sister's even more unruly than her, so I can understand."

Zeke thought Javier was just being polite, but that truly was not the case.

What Javier meant was that if Ciara were to run into Gigi, he was sure she would grab a pair of pliers and pull out all of the piercings Gigi had on her!

After that, Javier learned more about the woman from Zeke's casual chats, mainly that she was called Gigi Snowden.

Aside from that, Javier completely forgot what Zeke had told him about her, nor did he want to put in the

effort to remember.

'She's just a silly girl who doesn't know how insignificant she is in this vast world. I can't be bothered to hold a grudge against her.'

'Plus, I'm not her father. Who am I to tell her what she should and shouldn't do? She can go ahead and remain pampered for all I care. She's going to end up being played by someone sooner or later.'

Zephiel talked with Zeke for a few more hours and was about to leave when it was almost evening.

However, Zeke was unwilling to let him leave no matter what. "Come on. You have to stay here and have a drink with me tonight. You've been hiding overseas for dozens of years. Now that you've finally come back here, do you think I'm going to let you leave? In your dreams!"

Zeke had been past the age of being realistic and materialistic for many years already. Instead, he valued relationships and friendships even more, which merited his friendliness.

On top of that, Zeke was already such a person, to begin with. Thus, it did not matter whether Zephiel was rich or poor. He would still be seen as Zeke's old friend.

As such, after Zeke insisted profusely, Zephiel chose to stay behind.

Of course, since Zephiel had decided not to leave, Javier stayed as well. He did not want to leave the old fox behind.

Zeke then made a phone call to a hotel under his company to deliver some food there, to which Javier asked Zephiel, "What about Kenzo? Should we ask him to join us?"

Zephiel waved his hand. "No need. Kenzo will be able to take care of himself. He's not going to die from hunger."

Since Zephiel had already said so, Javier did not say anything more.

However, right at that moment, Gigi showed herself again in front of the trio.

"Heh! You still dare to show your face around here, eh? Are you planning on staying here to have something good to eat, perhaps?"

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"I can't stand beggars like you all the most. You're completely penniless, yet you still have the gall to come to an old friend's place for free food and drinks. The two of you are the scum of society in my eyes, and you should all just go to hell!"

Chapter 168 The Two Beggars

Zephiel burst out laughing in tears when he heard that he was being called society's scum and a beggar.

He then asked Javier, "Do I look like one?"

Javier nodded in all seriousness. "Pretty much."

Seeing that Zephiel was about to kick him, Javier hurriedly added, "I look like one too!"

Zephiel retracted his leg before it landed on Javier's butt.

However, Zephiel may have given up on kicking Javier, but Gigi had not given up on wanting to scum the two Kerseys.

"Heh, you seem to know your place and that you are a piece of trash. Since you know that you're being a hindrance here, hurry up and get out of my house! Just the sight of you here makes me sick!"

Javier replied, "If you're feeling sick, you might wanna see a doctor and confirm whether you're pregnant or not. Otherwise, it probably means you're about to give birth already."

Gigi did not expect the "scum" to retaliate, so she was instantly infuriated. "I'm not f*cking pregnant! I meant me seeing scum like you makes me sick! It's your filthy-looking clothes that are making me feel sick! It's every single word you utter that's making me feel like vomiting!" :

Javier made a sharp retort. "Sounds like your ears are pregnant too."

Gigi stomped her foot and was even more furious at how she was being humiliated in her own house!

She jumped around and yelled to the top of her lungs, spitting out all sorts of curse words. Fortunately, nothing she said involved Javier's parents, so he could not be bothered to get mad at her.

Meanwhile, Zephiel merely listened with a smile. He was not about to feel bothered by a little girl's rants.

Thus, Gigi began jumping up and down in a fury, seeing how both the grandfather and his grandson were unaffected by her criticisms. 'What the f*ck!? This is so embarrassing! I'm the master of this house, you know!

After that, Gigi scolded them even more, yet her targets of criticisms continued to remain silent.

Zeke walked out from inside a moment later and furiously reprimanded Gigi. "You little rascal! How are you getting ruder and ruder by the minute? Is this how you treat your guests? Is this what I was teaching you when you were little? Is this how your teachers teach to behave in school!?"

Gigi did not seem to mind being reprimanded as she said, "Like you said, we should treat guests with respect, but they're no guests of ours! They're only here to get some free food. They're just beggars who seem a little bit better than ordinary people just so they don't seem as poor as they really are! Either that or they're here to ask for a loan."

Zeke was rendered speechless and did not know how he had educated this granddaughter of his. Nonetheless, he could not bring himself to slap her.

However, would Gigi have grown up to be so rude if Zeke were to have educated her with an iron hand since the beginning?

Thus, Zeke helplessly watched as Gigi stormed inside. He seemed very embarrassed as he apologized.

Zephiel did not mind what had just happened, while Javier could not be bothered to take it to heart. Hence, both of them said that they did not mind it.

After chatting in the living area for approximately half an hour, the hotel under Zeke's company delivered their food, a wide array of luxurious seafood, such as Orlean prawns and deep-sea sturgeons.

Of course, this level of delicacy would be a little far-fetched in comparison to someone like Zeke.

Javier could think of the reason they were being served this, though. 'I'm sure Zeke's worried that my and the old fox's ego might be hurt if the food is too nice.

'By doing this, he'll be able to say he's serving us with what he usually has at home and that he might not be serving us well as a good host just so he can protect our egos.'

This was indeed what Zeke said, seeming extremely polite as a host.

He then raised his glass and clinked it with Zephiel's. Javier had previously stated that he was not a drinker, so the old men let it pass.

"How do you even call yourself a man when you can't even drink alcohol?"

Gigi, sitting at the same table, would relentlessly scorn her guests at every chance she got.

Meanwhile, Javier and Zephiel just smiled the entire time and carried on with their conversation.

Unfortunately, this only caused Gigi to become more relentless and obstreperous.

“These are tiger prawns shipped all the way here from Orleans. Hurry up and eat them. Isn’t this why you’re here? To get a nice meal to eat? Eat your food and get the hell out of here, as far away as possible, in fact. I don’t ever want to see your faces here again!

“This is a multi-million-dollar house, which is even more expensive than your total wealth combined. We wouldn’t even eam much from selling you both, so stop making me feel disgusted with your presence!”

Javier seemed as though he had just learned something new. “Oh? So this is a multi-million-dollar house? Wow!”

Gigi sneered. “It’s even more expensive than all the wealth of the people you know combined!”

Javier seemed shocked once more and said, “I know Mr. Snowden here, so is your house worth more than his total wealth?”

Gigi became furious when she saw the light in Javier’s eyes as he looked at her grandfather.

“How shameless can you get!?! He’s my grandfather, so don’t you dare reach your filthy paws out to him and ask him to take you in as his grandson just because he’s rich. Go back to that filthy old grandfather of yours! The two of you do resemble one another very much, actually... You’re both poor and lowly!”

“Enough!”

Zeke knew that his granddaughter had completely humiliated him to no end, so he growled, “Since you’ve forgotten your table manners, I want you to leave this dining table immediately! Don’t you ever show your face in front of me! You’re no granddaughter of mine!”

Zeke was genuinely furious. After all, his granddaughter had completely scomed his old friend whom he had invited into his house.

He tried tolerating her again and again, but his anger had reached its limits.

Meanwhile, Gigi felt aggrieved, and tears rolled down her cheeks after getting scolded. “Grandpa, did you really just scold me because of those stinking beggars!?”

Zeke felt both heartbroken and infuriated when he saw Gigi’s state, unable to figure out what he could do t o teach her a lesson.

Gigi swept the dishes onto the floor before he could say anything and furiously stormed out of the dining

area.

“Gigi.

Zeke yelled out to her, but he could not bring it upon himself to yell out another time.

He felt embarrassed at how badly he had pampered her.

Zephiel patted Javier’s shoulder. “She’s still a young girl who doesn’t know any better, but how could you behave the same way as her too? Hurry up and go get her back here!”

Zeke felt embarrassed by Zephiel's sudden instruction and said, "Wait, you don't have to go, Javier. This isn't your fault."

Javier smiled and said, "No, it is my fault. I shouldn't have retorted at Gigi's every remark. She'll end up being bullied by some villain if she heads out there now, so I'll go persuade her to return. Don't worry, Mr. Snowden!"

After that, Javier rushed out the door.

Zeke looked at Javier, thought of his granddaughter, and was so incensed that he slammed the table." People have always said that their children will always be the most precious, but why don't I feel that way? You've got such a good boy there, while I...Sigh...I'm so angry I might just die of a stroke!"

Zephiel laughed out loud. "In that case, I should accompany you for a few more drinks before you die of anger. Otherwise, you might not be able to drink anymore when you get to the other side." 1

"F*ck off, you old b*stard."

Zeke might have retorted in anger, but he still raised his glass and downed his drink.

He knew that his old friend was being understanding toward him.

However, he had also guessed that his old friend was most likely doing just alright within society. There was no way he would have been able to endure all of those spiteful remarks without flipping...

Meanwhile, Javier left the bungalow and saw a red Maserati being fired up.

He could clearly see Gigi's furious face through her front window. In fact, Gigi was still angrily scolding away, "You f*cking beggar! I dare you to stay right there while I ram you two over!"

Javier laughed and actually just stood there. Unexpectedly, he picked up a fire extinguisher from the entrance and held it in his hand.

Did you think the old fox had asked Javier to persuade Gigi to return home? Wrong! Javier himself thought the old fox had asked him to go over there and teach Gigi a life lesson!

Chapter 169 The Insanity!

When the Maserati's engine roared, Javier flung the fire extinguisher in his hand, and it landed directly on the car.

The car's front windshield was shattered to pieces with a loud "Clang", causing Gigi to steer away from Javier. Javier could not even be bothered to step away throughout the entire ordeal. Instead, he just looked at her with his eerily cold gaze.

Finally, Gigi stepped on the brakes when she saw that her car was about to slam against a wall.

When she got out of the car, she charged toward Javier like a complete psycho, waving her long fingernails about like she was about to scratch him.

In the meantime, her curses flew out like hot pancakes. "You f*cking beggar, how dare you f*cking destroy my car? I'm going to kill your whole f*cking family!"

When she arrived before Javier, he merely raised his leg and sent Gigi rolling on the ground, shrinking like a cooked prawn.

After that, Javier approached her and grabbed a lock of her hair before slamming her against Mackenzie's Chrysler

"Kenzo, get 20 young men over to serve her properly tonight. I don't want her to carry on suffering any longer."

Mackenzie squinted his eyes into a smile as he looked at Gigi. However, Gigi only felt extreme fear and terror when she looked at them.

Mackenzie's smile was so eerie she felt as though the Devil himself was staring at her. She did not dare to move a single inch.

Originally, Gigi thought of yelling for her grandfather to help her, but now...She did not even dare to look at Mackenzie's smile anymore.

Gigi turned around toward Javier and begged for mercy, completely discarding all of the arrogance and wild temper she had before. "I'm sorry, Javier! I know you guys only want money, so don't hurt me, okay? All of my money's saved inside 'Golden Jack'. I could go get it for you all if you'd like."

'Does she think we're robbers?' Javier was slightly surprised.

However, what caught his interest even more was this place called "Golden Jack".

When he turned to look at Mackenzie, the latter said, "It's basically an underground casino. The fact that she's stored her money there should mean she's invested in it. Golden Jack is responsible for peddling loan sharks to customers, while she receives interest from those exchanges every month."

Gigi nodded fervently. "Yes, yes! This guy here gets it! I'll take you all there right now!"

Javier lit a cigarette and looked at Mackenzie. "The old fox is having a drink right now, so are you feeling bored, Kenzo?"

Mackenzie nodded. "A little, actually. How about we go check out this place of hers and see whether we end up in a trap or we overturn the trap instead?"

Gigi could tell they knew she intended to lure them there so that she could have her people send them on

a one-way trip to hell.

However, she did not expect they were so insane that they would still want to walk right into death's doors despite knowing what they were about to walk into.

Thus, her attitude toward them changed completely. 'Since they have got a death wish, I'm going to show them what it feels like to be buried alive!

Gigi then guided them the entire journey and arrived at Golden Jack's entrance ten minutes later after a road full of tums.

After getting out of the car, Javier wrapped his hands around Gigi's body. He then realized that there was nothing in front of her.

Gigi immediately suffered intense emotional damage to her ego and desperately wanted to grab a knife to

stab Javier to death.

Javier did not seem to realize whatever that was going through her head at the time. In fact, he even carried on to push her buttons even further.

"It's alright. There are merits to being flat. You won't feel any weight in front when you run, and showering must be a piece of cake for you. Isn't that right?"

Gigi was so infuriated that she was about to cry with tears welling up in her eyes. Nobody had ever been brave enough to tease her right in front of her face, especially when it was about the body part she was most insecure of.

Unfortunately, Javier did not care about her fluctuating emotions. He just wrapped his arm around Gigi the entire time as they went deeper into Golden Jack's territory.

Javier and Mackenzie could tell that Gigi was indeed a regular there because all of the attendants would call her Madam Gigi whenever they saw her.

"Looks like you're pretty powerful here. You've got your people literally everywhere."

Gigi felt slightly proud when the attendants addressed her as Madam Gigi.

"Which is why you'd better not let go of me. Otherwise, the both of you are dead meat!"

This was such a poor attempt at goading her enemies, something prepared for a kindergartener perhaps.

Javier and Mackenzie looked at each other and merely smiled, bravely becoming those very kindergarteners by pushing away Gigi.

Gigi did not expect they would be so idiotic, and she hurriedly ran as far away as possible. After she was a few feet away from them, which she thought was a safe distance, she immediately yelled out in a fury. "Get those two pieces of sh*t and bust them up! I don't want to see either one of them leaving this place!"

Gigi was undoubtedly powerful in that place because that shout of hers instantly caused more than ten attendants to charge forward.

And then...All of them laid flat on the ground within seconds.

Mackenzie was so quick that not even Gigi could tell what exactly had happened. By the time she realized that things had gone sideways and she needed to flee, Javier's arm had already been wrapped around her shoulders once more.

"Well then, I did give them a chance, but they were just too weak to do anything!"

Gigi agreed with Javier's statement. 'F*cking bunch of fools!

"They usually go around boasting how powerful they are that they could even be compared against those like Bruce Lee and Chuck Norris. But when it all mattered, they just fell down like a bunch of f*cking bowling pins in an instant!"

Javier carried on heading deeper into the place with his arms around her neck and headed underground through an elevator.

The underground floor was a spectacle to behold, with gambling machines of all varieties neatly lined up inside.

However, Javier was not interested in those machines. Once again, he released Gigi from his grasp

"Alright then, I'm going to give you another chance to find us someone more powerful. You'd better not find those who are like you, all bark and no bite, understood?"

Gigi's face instantly turned pale. 'Javier's a complete madman! He's just psychotically insane!

However, Gigi had a trick up her sleeve. She knew that the men from that floor would definitely be a match against the strange fighter behind Javier.

Thus, she thought about it for a moment and said, "I'll give you the money, but not for free, of course. You're going to have to sit down and play with some people. Win your first game, and I'll give you \$ 780,000, double for your second game. If you win the third game, I'll forget any of this ever happened!"

Javier sized her up with a smile. "Is this all you can think of, little girl? You want me to stay here and gamble while you have someone from the outside come here and surround me? Don't you think that you won't even be capable of doing anything illegal with that pea-brain of yours?" 1

Gigi felt a chill running down her spine. She did not expect Javier to be so sharp he could guess what she was planning to do.

Originally, she was going to give those street-fighting champion friends of hers a call to rush over there and help her.

Unexpectedly, Javier effortlessly unraveled her plans.

Gigi had run out of options, so she was slightly depressed.

However, what got her infuriated and overjoyed at the same time was...Javier actually sat before a gambling table and even waved his hand at her impatiently. "Hurry up and call those guys over. If you don't call over enough men to satisfy Kenzo, he's going to vent it out on you tonight!" 'What the f*ck!?' This man is insane!

Chapter 170 Feel the Burn!

Gigi only felt that Javier's insanity knew no bounds. It was like he had a huge death wish.

Furiously, she looked at Javier, and her voice shuddered a little as she said, "Sure...Sure! I'll get down on my knees if I fail to kill you tonight!"

“Also, you can f*ck off trying to take advantage of me! There’s no way I’m going to let you do it!”

Gigi was so angry she almost coughed up a mouthful of blood. ‘You’re trying to have your way with me? You? Not a chance!

However, Javier could not be bothered to pay her any attention. Instead, he tried to understand the rules of the gambling table. “I just got here from a village, and we usually play with very small bets. What about you guys? Are the stakes high over here?”

Meanwhile, the owner of Golden Jack, Michael Hill, made his appearance. Although Michael was new to casinos, he was an expert at gambling techniques.

Previously, Michael had learned a few things from his teacher, an expert at cheating. Michael was also a smart man, an active thinker, and a man with a wide variety of tactics.

Initially, his master had almost chopped off his hands after using the tricks he had learned in a casino behind his master’s back. Fortunately, he had been let off the hook after begging for mercy over and over again.

Later on, he contacted someone from the outside to set up a huge trap for his master. First, he had made it seem like his master owed hundreds and thousands of dollars, with his wife and children being kidnapped because of this. In the end, Michael’s master was driven into a deep abyss with all four of his limbs chopped off and his tongue cut off, turning him into a disabled person.

After that, Michael began gambling in minor gambling dens and headed up in the world until he finally arrived in Medb.

Now, Golden Jack was his very own company. Of course, he was the one who would guard the profits of his company when it came to gambling with others.

A moment ago, he had heard what Gigi had said, yet Javier still had the courage to sit before the gambling table. Michael knew at that point that Javier was definitely a capable person.

Thus, he had the dealer leave the table. He would gamble with Javier instead.

However, he did not expect Javier to ask about the rules rather than boast about his capabilities.

Of course, it was not wrong to ask about the rules, but no man who was obviously experienced with gambling would ask such a question. Thus, to Michael, Javier seemed like a man completely new to gambling, who had just very foolishly sat before a table.

Still, in order to test his opponent, Michael threw a pack of playing cards in front of Javier so that he could open up the seal to check for anything suspicious with the cards.

Javier did as he was expected to, which was exactly what Michael wanted...to see Javier’s hands.

In order to know whether a man was good at gambling or not, the first thing to see was their hands.

Gamblers or tricksters were in the same line of profession as thieves, relying on their hands to earn a

living. As such, their fingers needed to be slender and long. To them, a man born with slender and long fingers was said to have been blessed by God with extraordinary talents.

However, even if one were not born with such talents, they would still be able to gain such fingers through their efforts and superb willpower.

When Michael saw Javier's hands, his mind was immediately filled with scorn. 'Heh! He's got the hands of a standard brute. He's probably good at fighting and having fun with women. He's nothing more than a fish in the barrel on a gambling table. I can have my way with him however I want!

Thus, Michael said, "There are no limits to the stakes, so you can bet as much as you want, and I'll be sure to follow."

Javier acknowledged with an "okay" and made himself feel at home after that. He first took off his shoes and crossed his legs, then pointed at some loosely packed cigarettes placed on a tray. "Do I need to pay for those?"

Michael laughed out loud. "You're a guest of my humble company, so there's no such thing as being charged for alcohol and cigarettes. Of course, they're free!"

Right after that, Gigi took the opportunity to mock Javier. "Hurry up and grab two sticks of the finest cigarettes, you poor sh*t!"

"Is that so?" Javier was delighted when he heard this and hurriedly said to Mackenzie, "Kenzo, come here! Hurry up and take a few sticks of these free cigarettes!"

Of course, Javier was not all talk and no bark. He grabbed all of the cigarettes in the tray an attendant had brought over.

Still, this was not enough to satisfy Javier, so he instructed the attendant and said, "Stop being so stingy and bring me another ten trays of these!"

At this point, even Michael was not able to hold it in any longer. If it weren't for the fact that Mackenzie had taken down more than ten of his subordinates within seconds, he would have suspected whether the two men before him had gone mentally insane from poverty. They were trying to grab advantages at every opportunity they got.

He then said, "There's no limit to how much you want to bet, anyway. If you are capable of beating me, you can take this entire company of mine if you want instead of just a few sticks of cigarettes! Now then, let's not waste our time with those cigarettes and get on to play, okay?"

Javier nodded. "That does make sense. Let's play!"

Michael then explained the rules of Three Card Brag, while Javier suddenly reached out his hand toward Gigi.

"Come here, let me touch those flats of yours. After all, you're a woman at the end of the day."

"F*ck off!"

Gigi was eagerly waiting to see Javier mess up a moment ago, yet she was infuriated now.

At the same time, she hurriedly took out her cell phone and gave her street-fighting champion friends a phone call. She asked them to get there as soon as possible so that Javier and Mackenzie didn't end up running away in fear.

After Javier shuffled the cards, Michael began distributing them.

When that was done, Michael did not even have to look at his cards to know that Javier had received 2,3, and 5 while he had triple aces, which was considered to be the most powerful hand in the game. Thus, Michael knew he was definitely going to win.

He then smiled at Javier and said, "Go ahead and look at your cards, sir!"

Javier, however, was not in a rush to look at his cards, "I haven't even placed my bets yet, so how could I possibly open up my cards?"

He then reached out his hand and gestured for an attendant to go over to him so that he could buy a few casino chips. "Come here, I'd like to purchase \$1,500,000 worth of chips."

The attendant was slightly startled, so was Michael. After all, only a very few people would come right out and ask to buy \$1,500,000 worth of chips right from the get-go.

Moreover, Javier did not seem like a man who had \$1,500,000!

Gigi, who was watching from the side, spoke up. "He's bluffing! He doesn't think that we've got \$1,500,000 worth of chips here, so he's just trying to bluff his way out of this gamble!"

Michael immediately realized what she meant and laughed. "Really now? I'm really sorry to tell you this, but we do have this amount."

Michael snapped his fingers, and an attendant brought out a tray containing \$1,500,000 worth of chips. "Please make your payment, sir."

Javier had already registered to have a banking card long ago for convenience purposes. He handed it directly to the attendant. "You can swipe this without needing a PIN code."

Gigi was laughing at the top of her lungs. "You're the stupidest poser I've ever seen! I've never seen a bank card successfully paying up \$1,500,000 without having to enter their PIN code! You f*cking poor sh*t, how could you possibly have the courage to declare that you're going to pay \$1,500,000 when you don't even have such basic knowledge? Are you sure that card isn't fake? Haha!"

While Gigi was laughing with joy, the attendant placed the card in the company's POS machine, and a receipt was printed out soon for \$1,500,000.

On top of that, the attendant who held the tray of chips placed them in front of Javier, proving that he indeed had swiped \$1,500,000 just a moment ago. Most importantly, he didn't even need to enter his PIN code, which was completely unbelievable!

Javier then waved his receipt toward Gigi, even making smacking noises.

"Do you feel your cheeks burning, Gigi? Are they as hot as when you have fun during your nightly activities, hmm?"

Although infuriated, Gigi could not find the words to retaliate.

She could not understand for the life of her how a poor sh*t like Javier would be able to fork out that much money.

'It's okay. \$ 1,500,000 isn't considered a lot. Who knows! It might even be his entire fortune he just swiped away!'

Thus, she said to Michael, "Take him down! Bleed him off his money and bleed him good!"

Michael, on the other hand, was overjoyed because he was going to have at least \$1,500,000 extra in his bank account that night. He refused to believe that Javier would come up with a hand that was bigger than his triple aces!

Chapter 171 Kill Him With Technique

Gigi had been anxious about why her street-fighting champion friends were not here yet, but her attention had unknowingly shifted to the gambling table.

She now cared more about the bumpkin loser's dumb begging face when he lost the \$1,500,000. She could even imagine Javier kneeling before her and pleading with her in tears and snot.

The more she thought about it, the more pleased she was. Gigi reveled in her imagination as she scoffed." Stupid beggar, I'll watch how you die in a while!"

Michael gestured to Javier at the table. "I'm the dealer. You place your bet first."

Javier made an "oh" like he had never played before, gave it a thought, and threw in all \$1,500,000.

Looking at the tray of casino chips shoved forward, Michael was bewildered. It was normal to go all-in in Three-Card Brag-one would not look at the cards and bet like that purely on one's luck. However, to bet on luck with \$1,500,000, was the guy...dumb?

Michael was not the only one who was dumbstruck. Gigi, who watched, was stunned as well. She had never expected the game to be played like this. Going all-in with \$1,500,000 was terrifying!

She understood right after that. "He's only a bumpkin. He knows nothing about Three-Card Brag. He thinks it's Blackjack, and he can win once the cards are revealed!"

Michael was amused as well. It seemed that this was the only logical explanation. He had no time to dwell on it, though. There was no reason to refuse the money when someone was rushing to push it to him.

This was \$1,500,000, and he had three aces as his hand. He felt invincible already!

After snapping his fingers, the chips worth \$1,500,000 were sent over and pushed to the pit.

It was less than half a minute, but now, there were \$3,000,000 on the table. It was far more exhilarating than the classic gambling films.

Michael spoke up after that. "To make sure it's fair, we'll cover our hands. Other than the bet, no one can touch them."

He was preventing himself from losing sight of possible tricks. If Javier did anything to the cards, Michael would be making a huge loss.

Nevertheless, Javier replied easily, "Yes, yes, go on lest you play some dirty tricks on them."

Michael nearly choked on his breath. He was obviously watching out for Javier to do that, but the latter actually blurted it. The matter at hand was still on the cards now, so he told Javier, "Your turn to keep betting."

Gigi scoffed right after Michael said that. "That poor beggar probably only has \$1,500,000. What's he betting when you ask him like that? Right, I hope you understand the rules of Three-Card Brag. You either have three views of the cards or give up on them.

"If you lose after viewing the cards and comparing the points, the money goes to the other party. If you fold and give up on your cards, it's the same as losing. These aren't the rules I've set for you. They've been here since the casino was established!"

Javier frowned. "So this is the case, huh!"

Gigi taunted him, "Beggar, don't fold. Keep going if you're that good!"

Javier turned to her. "You mean keep going like how you arch and have your butt up when you're in front?"

Somehow, Javier had the magic to retort Gigi and silence her in just one sentence. However, he did not let the latter continue this time but turned back to Michael. "Are the rules like what she said?"

Michael nodded cheerily. "She stated it just now. Such are the rules."

If that was the case, let the game begin!

Javier exchanged for more casino chips. "Here, shove them all on the card table. I want \$3,000,000 this time."

Michael stumbled from the surprise. Why was he doubling his bet? Was the guy crazy?

Once Gigi heard the hushed noise of \$3,000,000 worth of chips being pushed to the table, she grew afraid a s well. She suspected that she had misjudged the situation. The stupid beggar was not doing as bad as she had imagined. That was fine, though. She believed in Michael's technique, and he would absolutely be able to make Javier pay!

"Michael, I trust you. Since he's upping his bet so recklessly, we shall make sure we devour it!"

Michael thought the same. He had three aces and felt secure in them. They were faced down on his table right now, and there was no one else within a meter around him-not even God could swap the cards!

He snapped his fingers easily. "\$3,000,000, keep up!"

The casino was filled with gasps. Those who were here to gamble now met two bigshots. It had just been a hot minute, and there was already \$9,000,000 worth of chips on the table. It made such a big pile!

People crowded around the table, anticipating the end of the game, but they thought Javier would lose as they watched on. These were regulars in the casino, and they knew that the boss of the place was an expert. He had not lost before unless he was making it easy for the others.

Although they knew that it was cheating, it was considered skillful when one was unable to catch it.

When the casino chips worth \$3,000,000 of his were added to the pit, Michael chuckled again as he looked at Javier. "Go on,"

He wanted to say "go on betting", but Javier had spoken up before he could utter those words. "Another \$ 6,000,000, all-in."

Michael's heart stuttered, scared, especially when he saw Javier actually swiping his card. He realized what was about to happen and understood that Javier had not even thought of playing tricks on the dealt cards.

From what Gigi had said, Michael had assumed Javier to be a pauper, but there was a problem now. Which pauper would go all-in with \$10,500,000!? Were there any rich men in this world if he was considered poor?

Nonetheless, Gigi did not share the same opinion. She went to Michael's side. "Go after him, kill it. I'll pay first if you don't have the money!"

Michael could not say anything. He dared not either. He did not have \$6,000,000 to throw in, but he would be doomed if he folded and gave up since the previous \$4,500,000 would go down the drain.

Hence, Michael needed to throw in more funds, and only then would it be possible to last him until Javier ran out of money and he could recollect his \$4,500,000 of capital. If that happened, he could get a few

millions from Javier's \$4,500,000, and he considered that an overnight windfall.

Michael nodded seriously with the selfish thought. "Okay. I'll borrow \$6,000,000 from you. We'll take the first peep of the cards!"

\$6,000,000 was wagered, and the request was for a peep of the cards. This was the best solution Michael could think of. He was not hoping for Javier to give up but to kill him with his hand of cards.

The issue was that Javier threw in another \$6,000,000 after that. "Come on, let's continue. We get to take three looks, don't we?"

That was awkward..

Gigi only had \$9,000,000 in total, and that was after she secretly pulled the company money over, thinking to leave it in the casino and collect some interest. Now that she had lent \$6,000,000, she only had \$ 3,000,000, which was not enough to ask for a look at the cards.

It was then she realized that the guy across from her was no beggar. Compared to Javier, Gigi was the actual beggar instead. Which beggar in this world could throw in \$16,500,000 for gambling!?

Chapter 172 This Is the sense of Superiority

Gigi was panicking. She had embezzled \$9,000,000 and put in \$6,000,000 now. She was only left with \$3,000,000. If her elder brother were to find out, he would break her legs directly.

Michael was anxious as well. He had wanted to win with technique, but why the f*ck did he encounter someone who played with determination instead of technique today? No matter how skilled he was, what could he do when Javier refused to touch the cards? Technique could not fight determination at all.

For his \$4,500,000 laid on the table, Michael turned to Gigi and whispered harshly, "Transfer me the money!"

Gigi looked troubled as she replied in an equal whisper, "I don't have any more. I only have \$3,000,000 now. I thought he was putting up an act, that \$10,500,000 was about it. Who knew he'd throw in another \$6,000,000? This is going over \$10,000,000 now. Where would I get so much money from?"

And

Michael wished to break Gigi over his leg more than ever like he would break a bamboo. Was she tricking him? He had believed her when she said Javier was a poor man, yet this fellow threw in money like a fierce storm, while the two of them still looked like children playing tricks even when they both joined forces. It was embarrassing.

However, what mattered to Michael the most right now was not the embarrassment-it was his money. Gigi could lose her \$6,000,000 for all he cared, but he must not lose his \$4,500,000! He had set up his master and harmed others-those millions of dollars had not come easy.

Clenching his jaw, Michael pulled his last \$1,500,000 out-that was the fund other investors had invested in the company. He glanced at Gigi, who was next to him. "I've already done this much, and you're still saving that \$3,000,000? You don't want to get back your \$6,000,000 anymore?"

Gigi no longer had a mind of her own. She was currently shocked and panicking, not knowing what to do at all. She could only keep up with Michael and do whatever he did. Their money was pooled together anyway. Live or die, they would have to accept it together.

As they gathered their funds, they finally managed to collect \$6,000,000 worth of casino chips and pooled them in the pit. Taking a deep breath, Michael spoke shakily. "We'll take a second look at the cards."

He was truly afraid right now. What if Javier threw in another \$6,000,000? Where would he gather the required money to look at the cards again?

If it were not for the crowd, he would have clasped his hands together to ask for a blessing that Javier would stop now. He honestly could not afford to provoke a guy who was playing with determination instead of technique. He surrendered, and he would even address him respectfully if they met the next time. He did not mind calling him sir or lord if he could escape unscathed today!

The audience around them grew excited as they gradually understood Javier's tactic.

"He's crashing the game with money. A warrior. He's specifically targeting Michael and Ms. Snowden. He's too superior to play the game. He's playing with money and the two of them!"

The reality sank in, and Javier did not let the audience down.

Learning Michael's cool pose, he snapped his fingers as well. "You looked kind of cool like this just now, so I'm picking it up from you. Come on, \$12,000,000. All-in. Let him appreciate his chance of looking at the cards the third time."

Michael fell to his knees in a plop. He was not trying to beg Javier. His legs had simply given out. He could not even produce \$6,000,000 earlier. How could he fork out \$12,000,000?

If Javier had betted \$12,000,000 in the beginning, Michael would not have dared to follow. Three views of the cards was the rule Michael had made, but Javier had taken it in his hand and used it as his weapon, shooting Michael's heart one time after the other.

He did not feel the pain in the start, but he now felt his heart being shot into holes. He could not even feel the pain anymore!

Gigi was flummoxed, standing still and not knowing what to do. It was fortunate a wall was behind her, or she would have ended up on the floor by now.

She dared not call Javier a beggar anymore. No beggar would throw over \$20,000,000 in someone's face. It was a harsh slap to the person!

Once Gigi thought of her \$9,000,000 that was gone just like that, she lost her filter in panic and cursed at Javier, "You piece of trash! You set me up! You did this on purpose!"

Javier lit up a free cigarette, courtesy of the casino, and answered with a beam, "Oh, don't accuse me of that. Everyone here heard you. You asked me to gamble, and you'd be doing what I want if I won tonight, no? Come on. I'm waiting!"

"Either make me lose, I'd be happy to accept that, or make your way here and be at my beck and call. Fulfill your promise."

No matter how reluctant Gigi was, she was unable to speak a word to retort. Javier was right. She had been the one who requested everything, and he was only playing along with her rules.

This meant that she had all the right to set the rules for the game tonight, but she had still lost. She felt like she was the piece of trash-a foolish one at that.

It was until a muscly man who nearly towered at two meters' height walked in and called out, "Gigi, what do you need me for?"

The sight of the burly man gave hope to Gigi again. She screeched like a Karen instantly, "The two of them played foul and bullied me. Beat them up! Chase them out!"

As long as they chased out Javier and Mackenzie, not only would she get the \$9,000,000 of capital back, but the \$28,500,000 that Javier had thrown in would also become hers and Michael's. Even when she gave \$15,000,000 to Michael, she would still make \$13,500,000!

"Beat them up! Beat them up!" Gigi grew more excited at the thought of it and could care less about the consequences.

It seemed that this person was one of the street-fighting champions Gigi had mentioned. He did look quite good. When both his large fists met each other, it sounded like two rocks crashing against each other. It was powerful. If one were to be punched, the massive fists would surely break some bones.

It was just that while the champion made his way to Javier aggressively, the latter had both legs propped up the table as he leisurely puffed his cigarette, not even looking like he wanted to avoid him.

It was until the tower-like champion came close enough that Mackenzie suddenly moved like a panther. He charged in at an even faster speed and leaped, locking the champion's head with his legs and swinging his body that was hovering in the air like a swing.

When Mackenzie stood up again, the champion's heavy body rolled off forward. Before the man could land, Mackenzie pulled out a belt from someone at the side and hung off the champion's neck from the back, staying there in a shoulder-throw position.

The intimidating champion did not even throw a punch before Mackenzie directly choked him. When he collapsed on the floor, Mackenzie poured a beer bottle on his face. He regained consciousness but did not get up, turning his head aside.

He knew that he had lost. His opponent was not even trained in street-fighting but killing. If Mackenzie wanted to, the strength when his legs locked the champion's head could have twisted his neck off if he stayed there half a second longer.

Javier flicked the ash off his cigarette and scanned the place with a grin, putting up a middle finger in despising everyone there and speaking curtly. "I won't be courteous. Everyone and anyone of you here is nothing but petty scum!"

Chapter 173 Not Held Responsible

Javier was arrogant with a high sense of superiority. It disgruntled many people, but no one dared make a sound. Physically, they would not be able to fight him. Financially, they did not even have to think about it.

Michael and Gigi had been planning to resort to violence and snag the \$28,500,000 Javier had put in and the \$16,500,000 they had pooled together. Unfortunately, they knew there was no hope now as they watched the street-fighting champion get knocked out so easily.

Flicking the bud of his cigarette, Javier waved at Gigi. "Come, bimbo, come here."

Gigi did not like the term of address being used, but she had no right to say anything for now. Losing her spunk and fight, she went to Javier with her long legs feeling a little like jelly and nearly gave out on her body.

The thuggish action and crude words embarrassed and exasperated Gigi. Despite that, this was nothing compared to the \$9,000,000 she had thrown in. She begged Javier, "Javier, based on the friendship between your grandfather and mine, can you give the money back to me..."

Gigi lost her confidence toward the end, feeling utterly ashamed. She had been calling him a beggar, and now that he was proved to be rich, she called him by his name so sweetly. She was even shamelessly

asking for her gambling capital back from him when she had been the one who loudly declared she wanted to make Javier pay.

It was great now. She had blustered but fooled herself, losing all \$9,000,000.

“Do you think it’s possible?” Javier asked Gigi with a grin and called for the server farther away, who was in charge of exchanging casino chips.

“What are you doing standing there? Exchange the casino chips for me. I’ll tip you \$150,000.”

The server was overjoyed. It was not that nobody had ever tipped him, but none had tipped him so much before. Fortune had smiled upon him!

Ecstatic, the server could care less that the casino chips on the table belonged to his boss. He swept all of them over and put them into the machine to be sorted out.

Michael panicked and scolded, “Do you still f*cking want to work here!?”

The server spat. “F*ck you. I have \$150,000 now. What work? I quit!”

Michael wanted to beat up the server, but he stopped on the spot, too scared to do anything when Mackenzie had only chuckled. Despite that, the chip-sorting machine was still clicking in noise. It was his money!

Michael was reluctant to part with his money, and his newfound courage was malicious as he growled, “Bros, get this guy. I’ll give \$1,500,000 for you guys to share!”

There were about a dozen servers there. Each of them would get tens of thousands of dollars when they shared that sum out. It tempted the servers who had been watching, and they pounced hastily. They did not go to Mackenzie but targeted Javier. They had seen Mackenzie’s martial prowess and acknowledged that he was super strong, so they picked the weak one.

“Ah!” Gigi was shoved to the side by Javier, but he had given her a hard pinch before that, making her eyes swell up in tears as the spot throbbed in pain. When she looked at Javier, she wished nothing more than

for Javier to get beaten to death by those servers.

In spite of that, the dozen of servers had all ended up on the floor when she turned around. They were either holding a broken arm or a busted ankle as they cried and moaned in pain lying on the floor.

Surprisingly, the masterly Mackenzie was standing and watching with a smile from afar. There was no sign of him doing anything at all.

Dusting his hands, Javier went back to sit down at the casino table without looking tired or needing to catch his breath before he patted his lap.

Gigi was scared. She had no idea that Javier was also a man of violence who gave nothing out. There was nothing else she could do now except go back to Javier obediently and sit on his lap.

Wrapping an arm around Gigi, Javier asked Michael, “Any more scums? Hurry up if you do.”

Michael honestly did not know what to do. He would not be able to fight Javier, so he tried pleading.

“Bro, I know that you have a conflict with Gigi, but I’m innocent. Look, I’ll recompense you \$3,000,000. I voluntarily recompense you \$3,000,000, okay? Please let me go. I’m just a casino owner. I’m too petty for you.”

Gigi was furious, not expecting Michael to sell her out like that during the critical juncture, and growled, “Michael Hill, you f*cking piece of shi*t!

“You got greedy and followed the bet when you saw him betting so much, and now you’re begging him to let you go, saying you’re innocent? Why are you so shameless?”

“Don’t you know wins and losses are final on the casino table? You trying to push sh*t back into your anus?”

It was not just Gigi who was angrily retorting Michael. The audience around them did the same. They had no grudge against the man, but they did with their money. Generally, all of them had lost money to Michael from his tricks. Now that they caught a chance to criticize Michael at a higher moral and logical ground, there was no way they would let it go.

Each of them threw in a comment vehemently until Michael felt like a public enemy. Javier ignored him directly as he took back his bank card that now had \$56,850,000.

“Boss, I’ve taken the \$150,000. Thank you, thank you!” The server repeatedly thanked Javier, worried that the latter would go back on his words. It was until he saw Javier waving to gesture him away that he fled.

He was rich now, Who in their right mind would stay a server in the casino? Of course, he would be looking for elsewhere to get the girls and flaunt his wealth!

Keeping the bank card, Javier looked at Gigi with a grin. “The \$16,500,000 that you both gave are in here. M s. Bimbo, say, should I thank you from the front or from the back?”

Gigi was not naïve—at least, she was not a chaste, innocent girl, so she could understand what Javier was implying. She was exasperated, but the exasperation was nothing compared to the \$9,000,000 she had lost.

She asked with a flushed face, “How many times do you want me to sleep with you until you’re willing to give me my money back?”

Javier was tickled before he shoved Gigi to the side.

“How confident must you be to think that you could sell your body? How many times do I want you to sleep with me? Ask anyone here. Are you even worth hundreds and thousands of dollars at a time? I’d be

worried about people calling me prodigal for spending \$1,50 to sleep with you, and you still have the cheek to ask how many times? Hah!”

After lighting another cigarette, Javier slotted his hands into his pants pockets and left. As for Gigi and Michael, they could go off wherever they liked. It had nothing to do with him. Javier's style of doing things was that he was not held responsible after what he did!

Chapter 174 Change

Leaving the casino, Javier went to the car with Mackenzie. The moment Javier opened the door, Gigi rushed up furiously like a frenzied b*tch.

Javier scoffed at the sight of the disheveled Gigi. "What? Learned a new skill? Becoming a sticky chewing gum now?"

Gigi stayed in the seat and shouted, "I don't care. The money's mine. You have to return it to me!"

Tch, tch. Not bad, huh? You're getting cranky with me now?"

Javier went to the trunk and pulled the side panel open to retrieve the car jack. Going back to the car, he gestured for Mackenzie to drive and told Gigi, "Okay, since you want to play, we'll play something exciting tonight. You sit on the car jack, and I'll make you have fun."

Gigi was terrified. She had been under the impression Javier would not hurt her since their grandfathers knew each other, but she realized her grandfather was nothing in Javier's eyes. There was no favor to be done.

She wanted to jump out of the car because Javier was already installing the jack and obviously wanted to use it against her. However, Mackenzie sped up in his driving at this time. If she jumped out of the car now ...she would be seriously injured even if she did not die.

Gigi was terrified. She was scared of getting hurt if she jumped out of the car, but she was also worried that she would be bullied if she did not jump. Additionally, she was still thinking about her \$9,000,000

The various woes in her mind ultimately made her break into tears. She knelt down on the car floor shakily and begged Javier. "Javier, I was wrong. Please, let me go. I've embezzled the \$9,000,000 from my brother's company. I wanted to put it in the casino to earn extra money, but I didn't expect to lose it all.

"I was too proud. I'm blind. I shouldn't have laughed at you and your grandfather. I'm wrong. Please let me

go!"

Gigi looked nothing like her brazen self earlier. What she was doing now was exactly like what she had imagined Javier would be begging like. It was just that instead of Javier, she was the begging party.

On the way, Javier scared Gigi all he could until the girl was shuddering in a corner. In the end, she was sobbing and trembling. "I don't want the money anymore. I don't want it. I'm wrong. Please, let me go!"

Seeing that the lesson was almost over, Javier grabbed Gigi, causing her to wail at the thought Javier was going to do something to her.

In spite of it, Javier made a grab for her purse and rummaged through it to retrieve her back card. Scanning the number on it, he transferred \$8,850,000 to her card.

When both the card and purse were tossed back to Gigi, she was flummoxed looking at the notification text from the bank that said she had received \$8,850,000.

Javier then told her, "I'll let you go this time because of our grandfathers. I'm teaching you something as well. Watch your foul mouth from now on. Blabber again, and you'll implicate your whole family!"

Gigi had not dared to wish for the money back, but she was grateful now that it had really returned to her

card.

"Thank you, thank you..."

Other than thanking Javier, she did not know what else to say. Despite that, Javier ignored her and sat back on the car seat to rest.

If it were not for the old man, Javier would not have it in him to educate Gigi and discipline this insensible brat.

The car sped along the way and finally returned to Zeke's bungalow.

Zeke was already done drinking with Zephiel by then. They looked quite engaged in their chat, but Zeke's mind was still on Gigi. When she returned, he was relieved and quickly asked, "Gigi, where have you been?"

Gigi ran to crouch by his side right after his question. "Grandpa, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I made you worried."

Zeke was bewildered. His granddaughter had always been fearless and brazen. When had she ever apologized? Not only did she do it today, but she also tamed so considerate and understood his worry now.

While he was still surprised, Gigi continued to say, "Grandpa, I know that I've been wrong in the past. I was too arrogant and too insolent. I'll change from now on. I'll study properly and strive to help my brother in the future so that I can become a granddaughter you don't have to worry about."

Zeke was overjoyed. He did not expect Gigi to go out once and come back like another person. This was wonderful. He had been the most worried for his granddaughter in the past-she was already 20 years old but was still insensible like a child.

She was finally okay after going out tonight. She was acting like a decent person now and had even removed her piercings.

It was marvelous. Zeke was so happy he was at a loss for words and could only keep stroking the girl's head.

Taking in what happened, Zephiel got up with a chortle. "Buddy, it's getting late. I should go now."

Zeke was fast to ask him to stay, not only for his friendship with Zephiel but also for his gratitude toward Javier for changing Gigi. Although he had no idea what Javier had done, he absolutely believed that it was related to the latter.

It was just that no matter how Zeke tried to ask him to stay, Zephiel showed no sign of that. Zeke could only take Gigi and send both Zephiel and Javier to their door.

“Goodbye, Grandpa Zephiel and Javier.”

Gigi looked like an obedient 13-year-old child then.

Zeke was truly delighted with Gigi’s change. It was a huge burden off his chest.

Zeke quickly took Gigi back home as the black Chrysler Pacifica vanished in the dark.

“Gigi, tell grandpa. What happened after Javier went out to look for you?”

Gigi did not want to recount what had happened, but she could not stand Zeke asking again and again.

Thus, she could only spill the truth in the end.

He was infuriated when he heard that Javier had used the fire extinguisher to crash the car Gigi was driving.

“B*stard! How could he do that? What if he hurt you? B*stard!”

When Zeke heard about Javier’s behavior at the casino table, though, he was alarmed at the guy’s wealth.

Someone who could throw over \$20,000,000 in gambling was surely no average Joe.

It suddenly dawned on Zeke that he had always misunderstood that his old-time buddy, Zephiel, was not doing quite well. Zeke might have been the one not doing very well in his friend’s eyes.

Thinking about his company’s present crisis, Zeke called Zephiel. He had to build a stronger rapport and try to get his old buddy to help him with his company’s crisis.

It was just that he realized the call could no longer get through after he dialed the number...

Recalling how Gigi had mocked and taunted Zephiel and Javier earlier, Zeke understood the crux of the issue. The next moment, a resounding slap greeted Gigi’s face.

“The company’s facing a dire situation, and you weren’t thinking how to help your brother but embezzled \$ 9,000,000 from him! When we finally have a way out now, you get it sealed. Oh, Gigi, were you sent here to make our lives difficult!?”

Chapter 175 Insisting That You Don’t Leave

Zeke refused to give up. He wanted to find Javier’s bank account number from Gigi’s transaction record and pull some strings to check Javier’s phone number through the bank card, then contact Zephiel. But when he inquired about Gigi’s transaction record, he realized that the card number was not displayed.

It was obviously not the bank's mistake. Zeke had heard before that as long as the client's profile was high enough, the bank would take the initiative to conceal their information. This also meant that Javier was that high-profile person Zeke had heard about.

It would have been an easy way out, but it was brutally cut because of Gigi's audacity and haughtiness...

At the same time, Javier arrived at the hotel with Zephiel.

"I've already helped teach Gigi Snowden a lesson for your old-time buddy. Aren't you going to help him through his current plight?"

Zephiel waved his hands at that. "It's not a life and death situation. It's just whether he's having bread or cake. He can resolve it on his own."

If Zephiel had to worry about everything, he would have his plate full. He then said, "Among my buddies from back then, not many of them are still alive. Since I've met him today, even if I leave tomorrow, I won't have anything unresolved."

What Zephiel said about leaving was very different from what others meant by leaving usually

Javier replied, "Cut the nonsense. You're going to live a long, long life!"

Zephiel glared at him. "P*ss off, that's for poor servants!"

As the two of them made their way into the hotel bickering, they looked cheery. Before Zephiel entered his room, though, Javier finally asked about his father again.

"Just give me information about my father. I'll have to spend money, enough to make a small gold figurine otherwise. That's wasteful. It isn't good."

Zephiel beamed like a sly old fox.

"I'm afraid it won't be so easy to buy that information. It has to be the best film award a few months later. If an outsider gets it, there won't be any information left. Instead of wasting time here with me pulling petty tricks, you might as well think about how you'll win that award."

With that said, the door was closed with a slam.

Javier was rendered speechless. He did not understand why the old fox had to make him jump through hoops. It was not like he could give up on acquiring information about his father and stepmother, though. Thus, he could only go along even when he knew he was being led on.

It seemed that he could only go to Edelgard to ask about it now as the latter was in show business.

It was past eleven at night when he returned to his room and took a shower. Javier had wanted to take a rest and contact Edelgard the next day, but his door was knocked not too long after he lay down.

It was Zephiel. It would be the first of October the next day, and he was here to watch the flag-raising ceremony.

Javier felt incredulous. "Old fox, the flag will be raised when the sun rises in the morning. What time is it now?"

Zephiel did not provide any explanation and turned to leave, looking very much like Javier was left to do whatever he was pleased. There was no way the latter could leave the old man alone and go to sleep himself, so he could only get up and get dressed to go with him

In early fall, Medb was not too cold, feeling quite comfortable around 16°C.

Since it was national day, and more people would watch the flag-raising ceremony, many of them came to the square after 12:00 a.m. to take the best spots to watch the ceremony.

It was different with Zephiel, though. This much could be seen from his solemn expression. He stood there from 12:00 am to the wee hours in the morning, rooted and never changing position

It was hard to imagine an old man his age could keep the position and stand there for such a long time. Javier and Mackenzie had tried to coax him repeatedly, hoping that Zephiel could take a break and not worry about the spot being taken by others. However, the latter kept shaking his head in response. Toward the end, he even saved the head-shaking and replied in silence.

Although Medb's weather during early fall was comfortable, the morning fall breeze was still chilly Javier took off his jacket and draped it on Zephiel.

Finally, at 6:05 a.m., the flagbearer marched over from the bridge. At 6:10 a.m. sharp, the national flag slowly rose following the loud national anthem and the voices of those in the square.

Everyone in the square was singing the national anthem, and some were even waving the national flag. All of them were celebrating their home country's birthday in their own way.

It was only 46 seconds, but everyone in the square had their hearts together in celebrating the country's birthday.

Javier noticed tears on Zephiel's face and suspected it to be due to the honor he felt from watching his home country grow stronger day by day

At that moment, the grandfather and grandson duo were not the only ones feeling proud. It was every citizen...

The following days, Javier accompanied Zephiel to meet a few of his old friends. Zephiel had never disclosed his status and was meeting them for the bond they shared. Fortunately, his buddies were not looking to profit from him, so it was not too bad even when there were a few bad apples in the family.

After all, insensible ones like Gigi were a scarce minority, so they spent these few days rather comfortably.

Javier and Zephiel parted after meeting the latter's old friends. He did not leave Medb, but it was not quite appropriate for Javier to meet some people. They were high-profile individuals, and it was not that Javier was currently unqualified to meet them. It was the old fox worrying that meeting them would affect his future.

Parting with Zephiel and Mackenzie, Javier packed up to leave Medb. As he got his luggage and arrived at the airport, prepared to buy a ticket to leave, he heard shouts from a distance away just as he stepped through the entrance.

“Javier! Javier!”

The voice was quite familiar, and when Javier followed it, he was greeted with Luca’s familiar face.

Luca was standing in the crowd, waving ecstatically at him. As he weaved through the crowd, he came to Javier.

“Javier, when did you come to Medb? Why didn’t you call me?”

Javier replied with a smile, “I was here for a few days for some small matters. Now that I’m done, I’m going back.”

Luca would not have it then. “No way! Javier, you helped Edie so much back then, and I haven’t thanked you properly. Now that you’re here in Medb, I insist you don’t leave. You must let me host you!”

Luca was not just speaking for the sake of it. He snatched Javier’s luggage right away. The latter was rendered speechless. He could not leave even if he wanted to now. His ID and things were still in his luggage!

Unable to do anything, Javier could only exit the airport and follow Luca to his older Mercedes-Benz S600.

Luca looked embarrassed in the car. “It’s an old company car. I came to send a client just now. Don’t mind the car, Javier.”

Javier chuckled. “Why would I when I drive a broken G63?” Awkward, Luca chuckled wryly. “Javier, you’re poking fun at me again. I wasn’t sensible in Xerxes Village back then!”

Chapter 176 Bumping Into Thorin Once More

Of course, Javier was only messing with Luca. There was no way he would be serious with him over something so trivial.

Speeding away, they finally arrived at Easton Group’s headquarters.

Luca was mumbling away downstairs as though he wanted to say something.

Javier was able to see through all of his thoughts with a single glance. “Since it’s not going to be convenient for you to talk to your father, forget it. All you have to do is convey a message to me. It doesn’t matter whether he decides to meet me or not. The Panganis’ future solely depends on your family’s capabilities, nothing else.”

Luca did indeed want Javier to meet his father since the latter had instructed over and over again that he wanted to meet Javier should the opportunity arise.

However, now that Javier had said this, Luca could not muster up the courage to say anything further.

Javier said, “This is a good thing. Otherwise, how are you going to be able to communicate with me if your old man treats me politely?”

Luca pondered for a moment and thought that he made sense. If even his father were to speak to Javier politely, there was really no way he would be able to hold his head up high in front of the man anymore.

Thus, he readily acknowledged what he was just told to do and drove Javier to the restaurant in his Ferrari.

It was after working hours, so it did not matter whether one was rich or not. They were still going to have to face the traffic jam.

Fortunately, Javier was not hungry yet, so he just sat in the car and had a casual chat with Luca, to which he said that Edelgard was developing really well. She now had her schedules completely packed up, to the point she didn't have time to catch a breath.

However, she had taken a trip down to the hospital a while back and rested at home for around four days. Apparently, she was down with the flu and fever, but she had already recovered.

If Edelgard were any ordinary person, she would have lost her entire month of incentive, which would have been a rather substantial amount!

As they carried on chatting, they arrived at a very elegantly decorated restaurant

Even the main hall had a piano placed right in the middle, with an extremely famous pianist who would frequently appear on television programs performing.

It would seem as though the restaurant owner was a rather powerful person to be able to hire this pianist to perform in his restaurant. 'Very nice.'

However, the piece the pianist was performing seemed rather out of place with the atmosphere. In comparison, it would be like someone serving a dish of pork knuckle right next to a plate of caviar. Although both were delicious dishes, they just did not seem to complement each other when placed together.

Fortunately, Javier was not a picky person, nor would he find fault over something so trivial. Thus, although he did not like the combination, he did not mind it.

While they were eating, Luca brought up Edelgard during their conversation once more, saying that she was very busy recently and had already gone to Haeside that night.

"I think she should be back tomorrow, so allow us to buy you a meal when she gets back."

Javier chuckled and agreed to the invitation. 'Looks like Edelgard and Luca are heading in a pretty good direction romantically.'

'As much as I am interested in her body, I'm not so interested in her as a person.'

However, this was not because Edelgard was not a woman Javier thought was subpar, or they could not get along well. Instead, Javier thought they were born to be suitable as friends. Even though they had indulged in certain activities, they would remain friends. In fact, it would feel slightly out of place if they were to date one another.

Javier thought that it would not be a problem for him to be friends with her, but things might get slightly messy if he were to see her as a woman.

After all, just the fact that Edelgard preferred her boyfriend to remain by her side at all times would already be a huge problem for Javier.

'Perhaps a man like Luca who will follow her around everywhere she goes is the man Edelgard truly wants in her boyfriend.'

While the two of them chatted, a peal of laughter suddenly echoed, breaking the harmonious atmosphere in the elegant-looking

restaurant

In the next instant, the laughter that silenced the entire place approached Javier and Luca.

"Why if it isn't Luca, my best friend, and Javier? What a coincidence!"

Javier raised his head to take a look before he saw Thorin's dolled-up face.

'Despite being a man, he's dressed around like a woman. I just can't stand the sight of him.'

'We are men, so we should behave like them, strong and reliable! I really don't understand for the life of me since when sissies like him became a trend.'

Do they seem better looking with that style? If so, it's a style that's hard for me to understand, nor do I know how to admire it.'

On the other hand, Luca's heart sank when he saw Thorin.

He was not afraid of bumping into Thorin but that the latter might end up causing trouble.

Sure enough, just as he was about to persuade Thorin into leaving them alone, the latter spoke up.

"I'm sorry about what happened before, Javier. I was so drunk that I so rudely offended both you and your wife. Please, do forgive me for that. As such, allow me to buy you this meal tonight. I'll also pay for all of tonight's events, so let's all go have some fun at a bar tonight!"

Surprisingly, Luca never once thought that Thorin would actually suggest something like that when they've run into one another, plus with such a nice attitude.

Hence, not wanting to cause the relationship between Javier and his best friend to become too awkward, Luca gave up his original intention of trying to persuade Thorin to leave.

"Thorin really did have too much to drink last time, Javier, so please don't take it to heart."

After that, Luca gave Thorin a signal. "Hurry up and pour him a drink then, Thorin!"

Thorin laughed out loud. "I'm so very sorry. I got so excited being able to see you again that I've completely forgotten about this!"

Thorin hooked a finger toward an attendant as he spoke, gesturing for the latter to bring him a new set of utensils.

After pouring a glass full of alcohol, Thorin raised his glass and apologized with the sincerest attitude. "I'm sorry for my previous immaturity, Javier. I'd like to apologize to you now formally, so I'll drink to your good health first!"

After that, Thorin raised his head and gulped down his glass full of wine, which was a sign of respect to Javier

Regardless of Thorin's ulterior motives, he still managed to behave as politely as he would be expected to.

Javier then raised his glass and emptied it as a sign of respect toward Luca, who was overjoyed to see his best friend making up with Javier

"This is a really good thing. There's no more bad blood between us anymore."

Unfortunately, Luca was probably the only person who thought so.

Javier smiled as he looked at Thorin. Somehow, he seemed to have been able to hear what Thorin was thinking at that moment. 'I can't wait to drive you to the ground tonight!

Javier, on the other hand, had a thought of his own in response. 'I can't wait to see what you're going to try doing to me tonight!'

Javier and Luca were almost done with their food anyway, so they drank a few more glasses before Thorin suggested they head out for some fun.

Of course, Luca was willing to oblige since he thought the three of them were now best friends. 'We'll be able to become even closer if we have some fun together.

I've heard someone saying that one will only be able to truly become best friends with another after they've taken a bullet for one another, split their spoils of war evenly, or even stay together while having fun with our own separate women.

Now that Thorin's organized something, I think we can forgo everything except for the last one!'

Thus, under Thorin's ill intentions and Luca's passionate invitation, Javier ended up leaving with them.

Thorin drove his Lamborghini and led the way, while Luca's Ferrari followed behind.

In the car, Luca passionately said, "Thorin's a little arrogant, but he's not a bad person by nature. Although the people within our circle are all wealthy, they're all stingy when it comes down to it, calculating every single expense down to a tee.

"However, Thorin isn't like that. He's never cared for money when he makes friends, so it doesn't matter if someone's after his

money or wants to take advantage of his foolishness. They will all find it rather fun to befriend him. So, that guy is a rather decent

person..."

Javier sneered when he heard the series of compliments. "You can go ahead and repeat those words you just said to me if you really think you can still be friends with him after tonight!"

Chapter 177 Arrogance and Unruliness

Luca could more or less guess that Javier was suspicious of Thorin's intentions that night, but Luca begged to differ. "I'm sure Thorin isn't that kind of person, Javier."

Javier smiled and did not want to argue with Luca. 'There's no point arguing with a fool unless I lower my standards to meet his. Instead, I'm going to make him understand what growth means through facts.'

The bar Thorin had brought them to was a spacious one, enough to fit thousands of people.

The place was indeed packed with people, and the atmosphere was very lively.

This was a place where handsome men and beautiful women would gather. As long as they were interested in one another, all that was left was a few drinks, and they would be off.

Usually, it would be one cheer for freedom, two cheers to salute death, or one cheer for the time they were spending together that night, two cheers to head off to bed.

After that, it would be a series of events that would be rather obvious to imagine...

The next day, when the sun rose, they would each put on their clothes and never contact one another again upon leaving the room.

Even if they were to run into one another again in the future, the most that would happen was them being hit with a *deja vu* and that the person before them seemed rather familiar...

When they entered the bar, Thorin grabbed both Javier and Luca by the arm and headed to a large private room on the second floor. There were five men and more than ten beautiful women inside, making it a rather pleasing atmosphere to be in

Moreover, the beautiful women had put on rather exquisite makeup, their clothes rather fitting around their curves. Aside from some of their parts being openly exposed, the rest were wrapped up rather conservatively.

Javier could not understand why they would wrap themselves up when they had already exposed the important parts literally.

Thorin stood before a man in a pink suit and white pants with a cigar in his mouth upon entering the private room.

"Harold, I've brought two friends with me today!"

Thorin then patted Luca's shoulder and said, "This is Luca, the son of Easton Group's owner!"

Luca was not that well-known within the circle because he was not extravagant enough in his spending.

The Easton Group was rather reputable in comparison. At the very least, this Harold person that Thorin was talking to knew what company it was.

He took a puff of his cigar and grabbed Luca's hand while he patted on Luca's shoulder with his left.

"A young and capable man indeed! The Easton Group is such a large and famous company that there's no one who wouldn't know about them! Even Dragon Logistics, my family's company, has very deep business relations with your company, so we really must get together more often in the future!"

Thorin was pleased as he carried on to introduce the other man to Luca. "This is Harold, Harold Dunn. He's the son of the owner of Dragon Logistics, which I believe you should've heard before. They're involved in both local and overseas shipments, so they're really powerful. No one would dare to claim that they're more powerful than his company, in fact! Harold is the most generous of tycoons within our circle as well!"

Of course, Luca had heard of Dragon Logistics before.

In comparison, Dragon Logistics could be said to be the equivalent of two Easton Groups in direct proportions.

Thus, Luca did hold this man before him with rather a high regard, hoping they could improve their business relations even further in the future.

After gesturing for Luca to take a seat, Harold turned to look at Javier. "And this is?"

Thorin cleared his throat and formally introduced Javier. "This man is really awesome. Even Luca here, the son of the Easton Group's owner, worships him. He's managing some back-alley company worth around \$3,000,000 in total!

"He's a very reputable rich man back in his village and is known to be the biggest tycoon over there!"

After he was done teasing, Thorin turned to look at Javier. "Sorry, what was your name again? I can't seem to remember it!"

Javier knew that Thorin harbored ill-intentions toward him, but he was not going even to feel anger if that was all to Thorin's scorn.

He looked at Thorin with a smile on his face as he heard the surrounding people laughing out loud. Then, he placed both hands in his pockets

Thorin leaned in close and mockingly said, "I've been looking for the perfect opportunity to teach you a good lesson so that you experience what it feels like to have money thrown at your face! I wasn't able to find this opportunity before, but here you are, walking right into a trap even though you knew it was one!

"You think you're a rich man just because you've got a few million dollars to your name, eh? Plus, you've even got the guts to cause trouble in Medb. Looks like you do have a death wish!"

Next to them, Luca was completely frustrated.

He originally thought Thorin was genuinely apologetic and did not harbor any ill will toward Javier anymore. On top of that, he had even defended Thorin in front of Javier a moment ago.

Yet, now that all of this had happened, Luca could not help but feel his face burning hot red. He could not help but admit his previous mistakes.

As such, he wanted to try and stop Thorin, but Javier stopped him in return.

In fact, Javier had wanted to teach Thorin a lesson before but stopped himself because Luca was his best friend, even though he had everything prepared.

Now, Javier had run into Thorin once more, while the latter seemed to be even more arrogant and unruly than before.

Thus, Javier could not wait to see what sort of nonsense Thorin would cook up for him that night.

Next to them, Harold became completely disinterested when he realized Javier's presence was nothing more than a laughingstock.

He did not even look at Javier any longer and began having fun with a beautiful woman sitting right next to him.

Thorin also had a beautiful woman in his embrace as well before he sat closer to Javier.

As he fondled his way toward her front, Thorin asked, "How about it, would you like to try this? You could call her Mommy, and she might just let you have your way with her. If you were to get down on your knees, she might even let you go all the way with her tonight!"

Immediately after that, the woman next to Thorin said, "You perverted jerk!"

Thorin laughed out loud. "How did you know I'm a pervert? I even turned back to take a few good looks when I was born!"

Thorin was having a lot of fun as he flirted with the woman in his arms.

Meanwhile, Luca could no longer bear to stay there anymore. He tried to get up and leave, but Javier stopped him immediately.

Javier was waiting to see just how far Thorin was going to go with his arrogance and unruliness.

Meanwhile, Thorin carried on scorning and mocking Javier before he said, "You are a shameless one. How are you still able not to throw a fit after everything I've said to you? Tell me, do you not dare to throw a fit, or are you wondering whether I'd give you a woman to have fun with out of pity?"

Javier arched his lips. "Neither, actually. I'm just waiting to see how far you're going to go with this before I decide how many years I'm going to sentence you to."

Thorin instantly laughed to the top of his lungs. "Oh my! I'm so scared! You're going to pass down a sentence to me? Are you a judge? My goodness, it looks like you have been touched in the head. How could you possibly be this interesting of a person?"

"Are you going to call in a sniper from the CIA and end my life with a single shot?"

"You want to see how far I'm going to go with this, eh? Heh..."

After that, Thorin began running inside the private room like a fool, seeming overjoyed as he ran further and further.

“See, I’ve come this far I can go even further if you want. So, would you like to try me?”

At that moment, Thorin was a happy man as he had fun mocking Javier

On the other hand, Javier inerely looked at him as if he was enjoying a monkey’s performance in a circus.

However, this monkey obviously had no idea what was about to happen to him. In fact, he even performed all sorts of tricks gleefully, thinking that he was very entertaining and precious, that nothing was going to happen to him that night

Thorin even came up with a unique word for himself. “I’m absolutely invincible tonight, so I can trample over you like you’re nothing but a piece of sh*t if I want to!”