

Life at the Top Chapter 486

Despite that, he sounded extremely gentle. “Who did this?”

Wendy did not answer, but instead, she raised her arms and wrapped them around Jasper’s neck tightly.

Wendy had always been pampered since childhood and never suffered any hardships in life. At this moment, she finally shed all pretenses and cried out bitterly.

This woman might look soft and weak, but she could be strong and tough too—much tougher than any girl her age.

She would try and solve everything herself no matter what happened instead of going to Dawson and Jasper first thing itself.

This was her first time being kidnapped, and even though she was nearly ruined by Ben and Hans, both of who were extremely vicious and almost sadistic men, she knew when to advance and retreat without losing a sense of propriety.

When she saw Jasper, however, she could not hold herself back anymore.

She was just a girl in her 20s after all and would experience fear and terror just like everyone else.

Wendy trembled like a frightened little rabbit in Jasper’s arms, and her extremely aggrieved cries made his heart quiver.

Guilt and regret washed over him like a tide.

From the day he was reincarnated until now, fear was nonexistent even when he first started investing. He had used up all of his savings and one and only house loan, putting all of it into the futures market. He risked having his reputation swept away if he was not careful enough.

In Harbor City, fear was nonexistent even when he hosted a 100-billion-dollar rescue plan, running the risk of losing everything if he took one wrong step. Everything he fought so hard for would go down the drain.

In Swallow Capital, fear was nonexistent when he faced the Turners and the oppression of the aristocrats.

Right now, however, fear had washed over Jasper.

He feared that something would happen to Wendy.

He feared that irreversible things would happen.

Wendy was crying. After experiencing emotional turmoil and finally being able to vent out her feelings, she passed out.

“Guards!” Jasper held Wendy in his arms and shouted outside the door.

Two female bodyguards standing outside the door rushed in immediately.

“Mr. Laine,” the female bodyguards called out to him.

“Take Ms. Wendy into the car to get some rest. Has the doctor arrived?” Jasper said solemnly.

“The doctor has arrived and is waiting downstairs,” the two female bodyguards answered, carefully helping Wendy up.

Jasper stood up once the female bodyguards carried the unconscious Wendy downstairs.

He looked at Hans and then at Ben.

After taking a deep breath, he asked softly, "How do you wish to die?"

Hans was sweating profusely from the pain, but he sneered when he heard what Jasper said, paying no heed to it.

In his opinion, Jasper did not have the guts to lay a finger on him.

Ben, on the other hand, stared fixedly at Jasper and exclaimed, "How is this possible?! How did you find this place?!"

Jasper pretended as though he did not hear what Ben just said. He walked up to him, lifted his leg, and stepped on Ben's palm while muttering, "Was this the hand you used to slap Wendy?"

As soon as he said those words, Jasper stomped on Ben's palm and began grinding his foot hard.

"Arghhh!"

A bone-piercing pain gushed forth from the palm of Ben's hand and shot straight to his heart. He opened his mouth and let out a heart-wrenching scream.

The shrill cries could chill the hearts of those who heard it.

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The flesh of Ben's palm was ground vigorously by the heel of the leather shoe.

This degree of pain was one that hardly anyone could stand.

Ben's palm was lacerated and bloody at once.

Fresh crimson blood pooled around his palm on the floor, followed by the sound of cracking bones under the crushing and grinding of Jasper's leather shoe.

Ben subconsciously put up a fierce resistance, his other hand hitting and scratching Jasper's trouser leg frantically. He was trying to get Jasper to loosen his foot.

Despite that, Jasper's eyes grew even more sinister and colder as he stared at Ben with a blank expression. It was as if he was staring at a corpse. "Not this hand? Is it the other one?"

Julian tossed aside Fiona, who had now lost her ability to resist, and walked over. He raised his leg and kicked Ben's shoulder blades.

Ben let out a blood-curdling scream, his other hand going limp as well. Jasper raised his leg to step on that palm too.

Ben's face was filled with horror.

"No, I wasn't the one who slapped her!"

Ben spoke faster than ever before. He said frantically, "It was Fiona! That woman did it!"

“Wendy tried to jump off the building earlier so Fiona slapped her. I didn’t do it!”

Jasper looked at Ben without an expression on his face. He waited for him to finish before saying calmly, “Julian.”

Julian understood what he wanted at once.

Like Aaron, Fiona was simply a thug. A person like that was not worth having Jasper take action himself.

“Cripple both her hands.”

When Jasper’s voice fell, Julian had already walked up to the horrified-looking Fiona. Before she could say anything, Julian raised his hands and grabbed her arms.

Click!

Comminuted fractures of the shoulder blades on both sides.

That was not enough for Julian to release his pent-up anger. He grabbed Fiona’s slightly intact right hand and said indifferently, “This is the hand, right?”

Having said that, Julian crushed Fiona’s fingers one by one as she let out a horrible shriek.

Although her shoulder blades had comminuted fractures, her pain nerves were still intact, hence Fiona could feel the intense pain of her fingers being crushed little by little.

The pain nearly knocked Fiona out. She tried to resist, but her left hand was already twisted, not to mention her crushed shoulder blades. She had lost all ability to resist.

She could only watch as Julian crippled her.

Fiona had given up on all hope completely. She knew that it was all over.

Under the dual stimulation of her mind and body, Fiona spat out a mouthful of blood and fainted on the floor.

Ben saw the tragic state Fiona was in and felt fear enveloping her.

“What are you doing, Jasper?!” Ben screamed.

Jasper did not say anything. He bent down and grabbed Ben by the collar, lifting him from the ground. He then made a fist with his right hand. He exhausted all of his strength and hurled a punch on Ben’s face.

It was an extremely powerful punch.

Jasper had not practiced martial arts before, but he was now in the prime of his life. He had been exercising since his reincarnation, hence his punch was not one that ordinary people could stand.

Ben did not scream when he took Jasper’s punch. Instead, he fell backward.

Before he landed on the ground, blood spurted out of his mouth first.

Several white teeth were scattered on the pool of blood on the ground. The contrast of crimson and white had formed a ghastly sight.

“Huff... Huff...”

Ben lay on the ground, breathing hard.

His mouth was filled with blood, half of his face was numb, and every time he breathed, he would take in air that smelled strongly of metallic blood.

Ben raised his eyelids and saw Jasper walking toward him. With his mouth full of blood, he suddenly let out a smile.

He was no longer afraid or terrified at this moment.

Ben's smile looked like a blood bag that had been zipped open, horrifying and blood-chilling.

“Do you know what I regret the most, Jasper? I regret not taking action earlier and having a good time with your woman—what a f*cking regret!”

His words turned Jasper's expression dark and gloomy, though it was already blank to begin with.

“You will soon begin to regret more things, such as why you even came into this world.” Jasper's voice was bone-piercingly cold.

Ben rolled over and lay on his back as blood flowed out of the corners of his mouth. He laughed with much difficulty to express his nonchalance and arrogance.

“Bring it on then! Let's see what you've got. Do you think I'm afraid!? Well let me tell you something, I'm not afraid at all! Why don't you try and kill me? Do you think you're bold enough to do it?”

“If you kill me, you'll have to pay with your life!”

Ben seemed to be certain that Jasper would not be bold enough to kill him, hence he laughed wildly. “You can only beat me up, then what? I can always find another chance!”

“This is the price you have to pay for offending me!”

“I want you to live under my shadow, forever!”

“You... Mm... Arghh!”

Ben was halfway through his sentence when Jasper kicked him in the mouth, kicking all the words back in.

This kick nearly sent Ben off the ground. His head was leaning backward and more blood spurted from his mouth. This time, even more of his teeth came off.

The intense pain contorted Ben’s face with blood dripping from it. He clung to the ground with all his might, glaring ferociously and bitterly at Jasper. His eyes were filled with madness.

“Jasper.”

Hans had no choice but to speak. He struggled to his feet and stood in front of Jasper.

Hans took a deep breath, gritted his teeth, and endured the pain on his body. He said to Jasper while gasping for air, “I’m sure you’ve vented out your anger by now. I advise you to stop. If something happens to my nephew, then even the gods can’t save you!”

Having said that, Hans narrowed his eyes slightly and stared at Jasper before sneering. “You can’t deal with the Hulls alone.”

Jasper looked at Hans coldly and said, “You once said that you’ve messed with many women before, right?”

Hans smiled triumphantly and said, “That’s nothing. I haven’t had the chance to mess with real women of fine quality yet, though. It’s okay, I still have plenty of chances in the future.”

The threat in Hans’ words was evident.

He stared at Jasper and said, “You should stop. I know we’ve crossed the line this time, but what can you do? Worst comes to worst, we’ll compensate and make negotiations with you. If you refuse to let this drop, then you will only suffer losses in the end!”

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After the initial panic, Hans was no longer afraid.

He had experienced similar things before.

Hans had plenty of experience getting caught on the spot when he tried to use dirty tricks to mess with other people’s wives or daughters.

So what?

He was a Hull.

He was Ian’s younger brother.

The Hulls were an integral component of the Haddock Chamber of Commerce.

He had experienced many things and settled all of them with money and authority.

As time passed, Hans understood how things worked.

It was no big deal for him to mess with women, not when he had attained equal status such as the Hulls...

The punishment he would receive was nothing more than compensation and compromises.

When the other party had received benefits, they would know better than to fight the Hulls to the end.

In Hans' opinion, the incident today was no exception.

This was Jasper Laine, but so what?

If a businessman wanted to survive in this field, he would know better than to fight the Hulls to the end for the sake of a woman.

Hans knew that he held the winning card.

The Hulls could just compensate them for everything that happened today in the follow-up negotiations.

He did not realize that Jasper's gaze was getting increasingly colder as he stared at him.

"Julian!"

Jasper let out a low growl.

"Yes!"

Julian's nerves were taut, ever ready to take action.

As soon as Jasper gave his orders, he could not care less who the person standing in front of him was.

Even if it was a man of high esteem, he would kill that man first before anything else.

The viciousness in Julian's heart was no less than that of Jasper's.

In Julian's opinion, this was all a result of his negligence.

He was even mentally prepared to kill everyone present and surrender himself to the authorities after that.

This was all to repay Jasper and Wendy for their help and to make up for his mistake!

"Castrate him."

Jasper's words were like a steel knife, piercing deeply into Hans' heart.

Hans' complexion changed for the first time ever. He took a step back in horror and raged, "Don't you dare, Jasper Laine!"

Up until now, he still thought that Jasper was only intimidating him. Once he had forced himself to calm down, Hans softened his tone slightly.

"Don't act on impulse, Jasper. The Hulls will not spare you if you do this. This means vengeance! Is it really necessary for you to do this for a woman? Think about it!"

Jasper looked at Hans and said coldly, "I'm a man who will not attack unless I'm attacked. If I'm attacked, I will certainly return the attack tenfold. Unfortunately, both of you have infuriated me completely.

"I didn't even know that I could come so close to losing my mind getting so furious about one thing..."

"Benefits? Compromise? They can all go and f*ck themselves!"

“The Hulls are not worth making compromises with. Even if a man of high esteem is the one standing before me today, I will still cripple you first!”

Jasper seemed to be talking to Ben and Hans, but at the same time, he seemed to be talking to himself.

A man needed to learn how to submit to reality.

A man would lick the dust before society.

A man would yield in exchange for a meal on the table.

In order to survive.

In order to live.

It was because he needed to bow down for his family, and only by doing so could he keep them safe.

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Just like how Jasper would talk and laugh with the Turners and pretend to be polite with Kennedy, someone he had a constant dispute with, even though they both wished to trample each other to death.

This was the adult's world, where interests were paramount. The higher one's opponent's level was, the less likely it was for them to tear each other apart.

If his family was no longer around, why would he still need to f*cking compromise?

Today, Jasper wanted the whole world to know...

That if anyone offended him, he would flip the table straight away and bring everyone down with him!

“Are you deaf, Julian?!”

Jasper’s roar brought Julian back from his reverie.

Julian growled and rushed up to Hans.

Hans was filled with horror. At this very moment, he finally realized that Jasper was serious and not just trying to intimidate him.

He was serious about doing it.

“Don’t, Jasper! No!”

Hans only had the time to say this before getting kicked on the lower abdomen by Julian.

It was an extremely forceful kick.

Hans’ stopped begging for mercy immediately as if someone had pressed the pause button.

His eyes widened, his mouth dropped open, and his wide eyes dulled.

In pitch darkness, he felt a piercing pain in his groin area.

The bone-piercing pain rose from his lower abdomen, spreading all over Hans’ limbs in an instant. There seemed to be a chord in his head, and under the intense pain, it snapped at once.

The pain was indescribable. He firmly clenched his injured groin area with his hands, his entire body arching in pain.

Hans' mouth was wide open. He tried to scream to express his pain, but no matter how hard he tried, he could only make huffing sounds from his throat.

Hans crashed to the ground on his side, his body twitching as though he was having epilepsy.

His face was flushed, his veins were throbbing, and huge beads of sweat filled his face.

Compared to the physical pain, Hans found it much harder to accept the fact that he could never use his lower body to commit sin again.

This realization was more painful than death for Hans who found pleasure in messing with women.

Jasper watched Hans pass out with a cold gaze and turned to look at Ben.

"It's your turn now."

Jasper murmured, squatting down in front of Ben whose face was now covered in blood. He said flatly, "The hatred in my heart has finally dissipated a little, but I still won't spare you so easily or it'll be a shame to waste all your effort in putting this show together."

Ben looked at Jasper and laughed hysterically.

His laughter echoed in the empty room, sounding eerie and terrifying.

Ben laughed to the point that he could hardly breathe before saying, "Bring it on. C'mon, kill me. Hurry up. Kill me. Hahaha..."

Julian walked up to Jasper, stared at Ben, and said in a deep voice, "Let me do it, Jasper."

"Are you planning to kill him?" Jasper asked calmly.

Julian said solemnly, "I'm not afraid of going to prison or shooting myself with a gun. I will bear all of it."

"It's not your turn to take responsibility for this," Jasper said flatly.

"Do you think that by doing so you can make up for your mistakes? Let me tell you that it's far from enough. You'd better stand there. Don't do anything without my command!"

Julian's body quivered as he looked at Jasper.

This big man's eyes turned pink, and he felt a lump in his throat. He clenched his fist firmly, unable to utter a word.

He knew that Jasper was trying to protect him. Jasper did not want him to go to prison for this.

Murdering someone could cost him his life.

What more if that person was Ben?

The Hulls were typical despots.

If Ben was murdered here, punishment would be carried out no matter who did it.

"For many people, killing him is the most merciful thing in the world, so how can I possibly let him have it easy?" Jasper said indifferently.

“Whereas for Ben, he has enjoyed the sense of superiority that came with being the son of an aristocrat his whole life. Don’t you think it’s relatively thrilling to see him lose everything and live on the streets one day rather than killing him?”

“Call Ian. Ask him to get here within half an hour.

“Even if the gods take the Hulls’ side, I will still tear them apart and throw them into chaos!”

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At the entrance of Warsaw Community, two cars slowly pulled over on the side of the road.

Sitting in the second car, Ian glanced calmly at a few cars that were parked not far away.

These cars had uniform sequential number plates, and each car was heavily guarded by several well-trained and serious-looking men.

Norman, who was sitting next to Ian, frowned slightly. He said solemnly, “Now that’s a tiger’s lair!

“What is Jasper trying to do? Why did he ask you to come to such a strange place?”

Ian said with a sullen expression, “I don’t know, but I have a feeling that something really bad is about to happen.”

Norman sneered and said, “What? You think he’s going to kill us? He won’t do that unless he wants to kill himself.”

Ian said flatly, “I don’t think he will. No matter how fierce competitions get in business, there’s always a rule. Even if we are openly trying to give him trouble, we will eventually find ways to solve it using business solutions. The same goes for him if he wants to give us trouble.”

Norman said with a frown, “But from the look of this place as well as the men in the cars, I don’t think he’s going to play by the rules. I think I should lead the bodyguards in front and go up with you.”

Ian shook his head and said, “No, that will only cause us to sink lower. Since he wants me to arrive within half an hour, I’ll go up and see what kind of tricks he’s trying to pull.

“Okay then. I’ll wait for you here. Give me a call if something happens and I’ll lead our men upstairs. I don’t think Jasper is that bold,” Norman said.

Ian was just about to get out of the car when he thought of something and dialed a number after taking out his phone.

However, the cold and consistent voice of the operator made Ian frown.

“Still can’t get in touch with Benny?” Norman asked, knowing who Ian was calling.

Ian nodded with a sullen expression and then suppressed the unease in his heart. He said, “Not just him, but even Hans isn’t picking up his phone. It’s like the two of them have disappeared.”

Norman said with a smile, “You still don’t understand Hans’ character, do you? They must have gone somewhere to party and have fun. They’re probably still lying on top of women right now.”

Ian snorted, saying, “They’re uncle and nephew too—how ridiculous!”

Having said that, Ian pushed the door open and walked toward Warsaw Community.

As soon as Ian appeared, he immediately attracted the attention of the bodyguards Jasper had brought.

They knew the situation well. One of the bodyguards walked up to Ian and said with a faint smile on his face, "Mr. Ian, Mr. Laine wants us to show you the way when you arrive."

"I'd like to see what sort of tricks you're trying to pull this time," Ian sneered and followed the bodyguards into the community.

Ordinary communities built before the 2000s were not equipped with elevators, so Ian followed the bodyguards up the stairs.

When they arrived on the second floor, Ian heard a shrill cry coming from upstairs.

The cries sounded extremely distinct because they came straight from the top of Ian's head on the third floor.

It was precisely of its clarity that Ian could tell it was his brother's voice!

What followed the scream was crying and cursing as well as begging for mercy.

Ian could vaguely hear his son's voice as well.

At this moment, Ian was suddenly flustered.

He started running, pushing aside the bodyguards who were standing in his way and rushing upstairs with a sullen expression.

Door 303 was closed, but Ian was able to push the door open easily and see what was going on inside.

What he saw made him gasp.

There were bloodstains everywhere, and the place looked like a massacre site.

Both Aaron and Fiona, the bodyguards he was familiar with, were thrown in one corner like two balls of meat. Crimson blood constantly flowed out from underneath their bodies.

If it were not for the rising and falling of their bodies from their breathing, Ian would think that they were already dead.

This was not the most horrifying of all.

The most horrifying thing of all was that he saw a stranger currently stepping on his brother without a single expression on his face.

Hans' face was bruised and swollen. He was holding onto the man's leg desperately, begging for mercy.

Although it seemed as though Hans had not suffered any trauma, his pale face and expression told Ian that Hans had suffered some sort of inhumane torture.

Most importantly, Ian saw his son Ben lying on the ground with his hands badly mangled and bloody. His body was trembling and convulsing constantly.

The strangest thing of all was that even though Ben had suffered such horrible treatment, he did not cry or scream, but instead, he was laughing hysterically.

On his blood-filled face was a ferocious smile, and the glint in his eyes revealed a deep-seated madness.

“Hans! Benny!”

Ian screamed.

Ian was just a wealthy businessman, after all. He had never seen anything as horrifying as this his whole life.

Had it not been for the challenges he faced in the business world all these years, which had helped toughen his heart, his legs would have turned to jelly the moment he saw this hellish scene.

Hans, who was being tortured so badly that he was eager to die immediately, turned his head around with much difficulty. The moment he saw Ian, the man in his 30s cried out immediately.

“Save me, Brother. Ask him to stop torturing me. Just kill me already. Hurry up and save me!”

Although Ian had always hated it when his brother committed all sorts of outrages, blood was still thicker than water. At the sight of the miserable condition Hans was in, as well as the state his son was in, Ian could feel himself going mad from the rage.

He turned his head abruptly, staring at Jasper who was sitting on the couch. The man was looking at him calmly and unhurriedly. Ian roared, “How dare you play dirty, Jasper Laine?! If I don’t make you pay for this today, then I swear that I, Ian Hull, am not a man!”