

# Life at the Top Chapter 956

Greg Costa and Jasper were from the same hometown.

They were childhood friends who had grown up together. They had been playmates when they were young.

Both of them graduated from the same high school in the town in their past and current lives. Jasper went on to study in university whereas Greg, who lost his father at a young age, gave up on his opportunity to attend university and started working. After that, they lost contact.

In Jasper's past life, he had met Greg once after a long time.

At the time, he was dressed extravagantly and had a posh car. In the eyes of the people from their hometown, he was the epitome of success for those from their generation. However, Greg had told Jasper not to envy him back then as his life was worse than that of a dog.

Jasper, who had been buried in debt back then, did not understand what he meant. He was dressed in clothes worth tens of thousands of dollars and had a car that cost a few hundred thousand dollars. Nothing was bad about all of that.

What kind of dog could live a life like this?

However, Greg did not explain much, and Jasper did not ask him any questions either.

They had not seen each other since then, which was to say that their last meeting was a lifetime ago.

Jasper did not expect to bump into Greg in Brac County.

“Who was that just now?” Jasper asked.

Greg’s expression changed. “You saw everything?” he asked bitterly.

Jasper frowned as he looked at his childhood friend. “I heard that you got married. That woman is your wife, right?” he asked.

“Wife? Haha.” Greg chuckled. “Have you ever seen a wife who treats her husband like a dog? Have you ever seen a wife who scolds and hits her husband however she wishes? Well, that’s my wife,” he said.

Greg then carried the baby in the stroller in his arms. “Look, this is my son,” he told Jasper.

Right then, a genuine smile finally appeared on Greg’s face. This was a sight that was familiar to Jasper.

Jasper cooed at the cute child. However, the child was still frightened from the argument just now. He kept crying non-stop.

“He looks like you. What’s his name?” Jasper asked.

“His name is Terrius Wellington,” Greg said.

“His last name is Wellington?” Jasper asked with a stunned expression on his face.

“You’ve already seen what happened just now, so I’m no longer afraid that you’ll mock me. I married into the Wellington family, so our child has to take their last name,” Greg said bitterly.

Jasper was shocked. “Does your mother know about this?” he asked.

It seemed like everything that Greg had told him in his past life was genuine.

He married into his wife's family, and this was not something to be proud of. Furthermore, from the way his wife treated him, it seemed like his life was indeed worse than that of a dog.

"Back then, I agreed to this condition to get money so that my mother could treat her illness," Greg said emotionlessly.

"However, my mother passed away not long after."

"Brother, you've been through so many things. Why didn't you tell me about any of it?" Jasper asked with a sigh.

"It'd be useless even if I told you all of this," Greg said with a bitter smile, "I know that Penelope Hunt is quite a hassle. You must be having a hard time as well. If I ranted about my struggles to you, wouldn't I be adding to your troubles?" he asked.

Jasper was at a loss for words. His relationship with Penelope Hunt had ended in what felt like eons ago.

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Just as he was about to say something, Greg said, "Wait for me. We rarely see each other. I'll send my son home so that someone can look after him. I'll be back soon. Let's have a drink together."

Greg then turned around and ran off.

Jasper shook his head as he looked at Greg who was carrying his son in one arm while pushing the stroller with another. He was also carrying bags of groceries with an apron wrapped around his waist.

In his memory, Greg had always been a strong, independent, and capable man. He did not expect him to choose a path like this. A moment later, Greg appeared in front of Jasper after changing his clothes.

Greg was quite handsome, tall and dashing too. During their high school days, he was the school's most popular hunk. He was pursued by many girls back then, and he was way more popular than Jasper.

Otherwise, that woman from the Wellington family would not have fallen for him.

"Let's go! I know a restaurant nearby. It serves pretty good food," Greg told Jasper with a smile as he pulled him toward the entrance of the residential area.

Jasper instinctively walked toward his Bentley, which was parked a short distance away. However, Greg stopped him.

"Where are you going? Let's go this way. My car is parked here."

Greg pulled Jasper and veered him toward an Audi. He laughed and said, "Did you want to take a look at that Bentley? Haha, don't look at it. Only prominent

figures deserve to sit inside a car like that. If we offend such people, we'll be in big trouble. My Audi isn't that bad either."

Jasper was amused, but he did not say anything. After all, he could write a whole novel if he were to tell him about his entire experience up till this point in life.

Right now, he was more curious about what had happened to Greg throughout the years.

Jasper opened the door of the Audi and sat down in the passenger's seat. Greg turned on the engine and started driving. He tapped the steering wheel and struck up a conversation.

"We bought this car at the full price of 600,000 dollars. Of course, the Wellingtons paid for it. The price of this car alone is enough for me to buy three commercial houses in our town, but it's nothing to the Wellingtons. It was just their 'betrothal gift' to me.

"Sometimes, I think that living like this isn't all that bad. After all, if I were to work hard on my own, how long would it take for me to be able to afford a car like this? It'd be impossible."

Greg chuckled at himself as he continued speaking, "I know that a lot of people scold me for being a weak and useless scumbag who lives off my wife's money. Jasp, do you think of me that way too?" he asked.

Jasper responded in a stern voice, "Greg, I know that you aren't someone like that. You have your own hardships as well."

"Yes, I have my own hardships."

Greg chuckled lightly and said, "If my mother hadn't been lying in the ICU while waiting for the surgery fees to be paid, I wouldn't have done this. I caved in at the offer after that.

“I don’t think there’s a need for me to be upset. So what if people look down on me? So what if I get beaten up, scolded, and my son doesn’t share the same last name as me? He’s still my son. I live in a better house and drive a better car than other people. That’s enough.”

“Greg, you’ve changed,” Jasper said.

“Jasp, you’re still too naive. Society isn’t the same as school. Reality is way too harsh and cruel. Aspirations and determination mean nothing in society. Without money, authority, or an affluent background, you’re nothing but a dog to others! In fact, your life will be worse than that of a dog!

“People change. I don’t have a choice. I want to live a better life as well.”

The car suddenly came to an emergency brake in the middle of the road while Greg was talking.

Jasper’s head was almost slammed into the dashboard due to the sudden emergency brake. He raised his head and was about to say something when he saw Greg staring outside the window with a pointed gaze. A livid expression gradually formed on his face.

Jasper turned toward the direction of his gaze and caught sight of the pretty woman who had scolded Greg like he was a dog in front of the entrance of the residential area earlier. She was wrapped up in the embrace of a plump and greasy middle-aged man with a flirtatious expression on her face.

She even let the middle-aged man reach his hand under her shirt and roam it freely on her body.

This... They were doing this on the streets in broad daylight!

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The most unbearable thing for a man was seeing his woman with another man.

The scene unfolding before their eyes evidently left a great impact on Greg.

He gripped the steering wheel tightly as if he wanted to crush it with his bare hands.

The corners of Jasper's eyes twitched as he watched the woman fool around with the man.

This woman was being way too reckless.

Just when Jasper thought that Greg would get out of the car and do something about it in a fit of rage, he suddenly spoke up.

"Let's go."

Greg's voice was terrifyingly calm.

It was as if the woman outside the car was not his wife.

Jasper stared at him in shock.

"Aren't you going down to take a look?"

Greg gritted his teeth and said, "There's nothing much to see. It isn't the first time."

Jasper was rendered speechless by the calm and icy tone of Greg's voice.

Was it worth it?

Living like this just for a posh car, a luxurious house, and a life without having to worry about basic necessities?

Was he willing to tolerate his wife cheating on him just like that?

Jasper felt like Greg was not the passionate young man he once knew anymore. He was no longer a daring man who was willing to fight for his dreams.

Greg started up the car again, and he drove away.

Both of them did not utter a single word throughout the entire ten-minute journey.

They finally arrived at their destination. Greg had brought them to a Criucian restaurant. His preferences for food still remained the same. He loved spicy food.

Greg ordered a whole table of dishes after arriving at the restaurant. He also ordered two bottles of Criucian wine, which the restaurant had limited stock of.

“That’s enough. We can’t finish eating so much food,” Jasper told Greg who still intended to order some more food.

“Eat whatever you want and order anything you like. If you can’t finish the food, we’ll just throw it away. It doesn’t cost much,” Greg said. It seemed like he was venting his anger.

Jasper raised his brows. “Greg Costa, I know that you have a lot of money now, but is it fun for you to splurge your money and waste food like this just to show off?” he questioned him.

“F\*ck this! You’re looking down on me as well, Jasper Laine. You’re mocking me for using my wife’s money, right?!” Greg roared at Jasper, suddenly bursting into a fit of rage.

“I’m not looking down on you. You’re the one who’s giving up on yourself instead! You’re sabotaging yourself!” Jasper retorted.

Greg gritted his teeth as he remained seated without saying anything.

He opened the bottle of Criucian wine after the dishes were served. He raised his head and downed a whole glass of wine in a single gulp.

“Greg, you were bold enough to pick a fight with more than ten gangsters in the past because of me. You also told the teacher that everything was your fault so that I wouldn’t be expelled back then.

“When I got together with Penelope Hunt, you told me that she wasn’t a good person. You threatened to end our friendship so that I would end things with her. Why have you become like this now?” Jasper quizzed as he stared at Greg.

Greg closed his eyes slowly. He seemed to be recalling the past incidents that Jasper had mentioned. A carefree smile formed across his lips.

“Now that I think about it, we were really fools in the past, haha.” Greg chuckled.

“Let’s not talk about me anymore. How about you? Are you still with Penelope Hunt?” Greg asked.

“We broke up,” Jasper said in a steady tone.

“You guys broke up? An infatuated man like you actually broke up with her? Who was the one who initiated it?” Greg grinned as he asked Jasper.

“It was a mutual decision. We weren’t right for each other anymore, so it was meaningless to continue being together. You were right. We don’t suit each other. I must have been blinded in the past. After calming down and returning to my senses, I finally understood everything,” Jasper said. He filled his glass with wine and clinked his glass against Greg’s.

“Everyone has their own hardships when they choose to make a certain decision. I won’t ask you about it, and I respect your choice as well. Come on, let’s not mention anything today. Let’s just talk about the old times. Let’s drink!”

Greg burst out into laughter and said, “That’s right, that’s my brother. Come on, let’s drink!”

Greg was trying to numb himself by getting drunk whereas Jasper had no choice but to accompany him. Both of them continued to drink and eventually finished the two bottles of Criucian wine.

Just as Greg began feeling tipsy, the door of the private dining room suddenly got pushed open aggressively.

Greg’s wife, Mary Wellington, stood at the door. She pointed a finger at Greg and began to scold him, “Greg Costa, I asked you to take care of our son and do the chores at home, but you’re out here drinking? You’re drinking so much in the morning, why aren’t you dead yet?!” she shouted.

“How dare you tell me that you’re busy and tired from doing housework everyday?! If I hadn’t walked by and seen your car parked at the entrance, I would’ve been fooled by you!

“How dare you drive out the car I bought for you and spend my money on alcohol?!”

Mary’s sudden appearance shocked Jasper and Greg.

Greg stood up. There was an unpleasant expression on his face. “My childhood friend is here. I was just greeting him. Don’t be so angry...” he stuttered.

Before Greg could finish speaking, Mary walked up to him and slapped him right across the face.

“Have you learned how to talk back to me? Childhood friend? What childhood friend? What kind of childhood friend would a useless piece of garbage like you have?”

As Mary continued rambling on, she glanced at Jasper in disgust. After noticing that Jasper was dressed plainly in clothes that did not seem to be worth more than 200 dollars, the disgust in her gaze grew more evident.

“Where’s this poor thing from? Do you want to borrow money from this useless man? I’ve seen plenty of people like you. Many of his poor relatives came over just to borrow money from him. Last time, his uncle came and told us how difficult his life was while crying out loud. How disgusting.

“Let me tell you this. I don’t care if you’re childhood friends or whatnot. Greg Costa doesn’t own a single penny. Everything that he owns, including his underwear, was bought with my money. Don’t even dream of taking a single penny from me!”

A slight frown formed on Jasper’s face. “You’re mistaken. We’re actually childhood friends. I just came over to reminisce upon the old times with him. I don’t intend to borrow any money,” he said in a frigid tone.

“Haha, you have no intentions to borrow money?” Mary said with a sneer, “A free meal and free drinks are a bargain as well, right?” she asked.

“Mary, things aren’t like that. Jasp isn’t that type of person,” Greg said while he resisted the pain flaring across his cheek.

“What type of person? What kind of friends can a useless piece of garbage like you have?” Mary said sarcastically.

“Don’t think I’m clueless about your intentions. Did you want to act like you were rich in front of your friend? Please get a grasp of reality. All of your money belongs to me. How dare a man like you who lives off his wife’s money act like you’re a big shot in front of your friend?”

Greg gritted his teeth and said in a heavy tone, "Yes, my relatives and friends are poor. They aren't as rich as those men of yours who are all allowed to hug you and touch you to their heart's content!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Mary's eyes widened as she stared at Greg in disbelief. The atmosphere within the room instantly grew heavier.

The next moment, the shrill scream of a woman rang out in the private dining room. The entire room was thrown into a state of frenzy.

Mary had exploded in a fit of rage.

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“Greg Costa, what do you mean?”

“What nonsense are you talking about? Are you saying that I’m fooling around with other men outside? Are you still a f\*cking man? How dare you say that about me?!”

Mary Wellington’s high-pitched screams almost shattered the glass panels of the private room.

She panted heavily, her shapely chest rising and falling rapidly. She pointed a finger at Greg with her eyes rounded in anger. Her expression was so hideous it was almost distorted.

“Just look at you! You’re nothing but a wastrel of a kept man, eating and living off me! Even your pocket money is given to you by me! You’re only worthy of washing my underwear at home, cleaning the floor, and cooking. What else can you do?”

“You don’t have any capabilities but now you want to throw me under the bus, huh?”

“You wretched ingrate! Are you even worthy of being called a man?”

Mary’s finger almost poked Greg on the nose.

It was not apparent if it was because of the effects of alcohol or because of the long-suppressed anger that had reached the point of exploding, but Greg let out a furious roar.

“That’s enough!”

After all, Greg was a tall man of 1.8 meters with a burly figure, so his roar was enough of a deterrent.

Mary was taken aback by that yell, her screams and curses coming to an abrupt halt.

“I’m a f\*cking kept man of yours, but so what? All these years, you’ve just been raising a dog. Even if I only wag my tail in front of you every day, I should still get some benefits, right? I deserve all of that!

“I’m a man. Don’t you think I want to go out and work? It’s you who looks down on me and refuses to let me out, incessantly saying that I’m your kept man. Your Wellington family is rich, the shipyard you established is very influential, and you have assets worth tens of millions. I’m not worthy of you, but does that give you the right to insult me like this?”

Hearing this, Jasper raised his eyebrows.

A shipyard?

There were only two shipyards in Brac County.

One belonged to him, while the other one was called Eastwind Shipyard. It would seem that it belonged to this Mary Wellington’s family.

As for the problems faced by his shipyard, the order was taken away by this Eastwind Shipyard. Right now, Lucas and the others were suspecting that Eastwind Shipyard had bought off some of their internal people which led to this mess.

It would seem that the waters ran deep here.

While Jasper was thinking about this, Greg was still talking.

“All these years, I’ve been working my \*ss off for you. If you wanted to wash your feet, I’d carry a basin of water and wash them for you. I cut your toenails, I wash your underwear, and I’ve done all sorts of dirty things for you. I’m even more of a mother to you than your own mother, but how do you treat me?”

“Even if you yell at me the whole time, I can put up with it. Who told me to choose this path in the first place?”

“But how many men do you have outside? Do you really think I don’t know? I’ve seen six of them with my own eyes! Six!”

“There was that bald old man from three months ago. When you thought I was asleep, you took him to our wedding room for the night and I listened to it next door all night! That bald old man even took pills for it! You really aren’t picky at all, are you?”

“And that guy with a fat head and big ears just now. He’s old enough to be your father and the grease on his face can be used as cooking oil. He’s the big boss from Harbor City who you’ve been accompanying the past few days, right? He gave the Wellington family a big order and just look at you... You can’t wait to kneel at his feet and lick his toes. You slept with him too, didn’t you?”

“Now, I can even encounter a man who has slept with you before even if I just go out to buy a pack of cigarettes. Mary Wellington, don’t you find yourself dirty?”

A series of shouts from Greg made Mary turn pale.

It could be from shock or anger.

However, looking at her appearance, the latter was more likely.

At this time, Mary did not display any shame of being caught cheating at all. Instead, she cursed more vigorously, “Fine, I’ll go out on a limb today and just admit it to you. I’ve slept with many men, so what? Who told you to be so useless?”

“A capable man can find a wife and also keep a few outside. You’re not capable, so you can only watch your wife go out and find a new man every day!

“If you have the ability, why don’t you divorce me? I can kick you out of the house immediately. At that time, you’ll end up begging on the streets! I’ll see what you can do then!”

Mary’s words were like a knife that stabbed through what remained of Greg’s little self-esteem.

He gritted his teeth and stared at Mary with bloodshot eyes, wishing he could swallow this woman alive.

The anger made Greg’s body tremble, and he seemed to be trying desperately to restrain his impulse to explode completely.

Seeing Greg’s appearance, Mary sneered and crossed her arms while saying coldly, “You don’t dare to, right? I’ve already said you’re a man with no balls. You have the anatomy of a man but not the ambitions and abilities of a man. You’re already scared to death when you hear that I’ll kick you out of the house.

“Are you willing to give up that big house? Are you willing to give up that Audi? You’re not. I gave you all that. I can reward these things to a dog and I can take them back just as easily!

“So, you should just do your part properly. If you piss me off again, you can pack your bags immediately and f\*ck off!

“Now, get your \*ss back to your chores right now and don’t let me see you out and about with lowlifes again, do you hear me? Get the hell home now!”

Greg’s body trembled more and more severely, and he almost broke a tooth gritting his teeth so hard.

At this moment, he was in an unprecedented struggle.

He wished he could punch Mary on the cheek, spit in her face, and tell her that she was the one who should get lost.

However, he did not have the courage to do so.

Even so, for him to just give in like this, Greg was afraid he would die from anger.

Especially since all this was happening in front of Jasper, the childhood friend he cared about the most. Greg was not willing to let Jasper see his state now that was even more miserable than a dog's!

“Why are you still here? Have you drunk yourself silly? What a wuss!” Mary said coldly.

Amid Greg's rapid breathing, Jasper stood up.

“Greg, have a seat. We haven't finished drinking yet.”

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Initially, Jasper had no intentions to interfere in this matter.

That was because no matter how excessive Mary was, or how much Greg was suffering due to his weaknesses, this was the couple's domestic affairs.

As a bystander, it was hardly appropriate for him to say anything. No matter how close they were as friends, it was most taboo to intervene in the matters of other families.

Not to mention the relationship between Jasper and Greg. Although they practically grew up together, that was in the past, after all.

Although they were not as unfamiliar as strangers, they had each experienced different growth and changes. It would take some time before they could be as close as during their teenage years.

However, Mary's words and actions, combined with Greg's response, made Jasper unable to bear it any longer.

Regardless of anything else, just because he was suspecting that Mary Wellington was involved with the matter of his shipyard, made Jasper determined to get to the bottom of this.

As soon as Jasper spoke, Mary immediately gave him a sideways glance.

"Who are you? What gives you the right to speak here?" Mary sneered.

"I'm Greg's best friend. We're sitting here drinking and talking, but you started yelling the minute you stepped in. Have you never been properly educated since you were young?" Jasper responded.

Mary was furious and screamed, "Are you saying that I'm uneducated?!"

"It shows in your actions. Do I need to say it out loud? Or don't you realize it at all?"

Hearing Jasper's words, Mary was so angry that she could only say 'well' three times in a row.

She continued, "As expected of this lowlife you call your friend. Greg Costa, just look at the attitude of your friend. By hanging out with such a person, what else do you hope to achieve?"

"Are the clothes he's wearing even worth more than 200 bucks? You can only find a little comfort in such poor people at the bottom of society, right?"

Greg's face paled as he said, "I don't need you to point fingers at my friend."

Mary did not expect that Greg would dare to retort her, so she said angrily, "Well, you've learned to talk back now, haven't you? I'll show you!"

With that said, Mary raised her hand to hit Greg's mouth, but this time, her raised hand was blocked by Greg.

"After all these years, haven't you beaten me enough?" Greg stared at Mary as though he wanted to swallow her whole and said with ragged breathing.

Mary was frightened by Greg's gaze.

She was a woman, after all, and Greg was a tall man. There was an innate difference in their physical sizes alone.

"You've grown some balls now, haven't you, Greg Costa?"

Mary screamed as she acted like a shrew, frantically scratching Greg with her nails. “Do you want to hit me? If you have the guts, just try and touch me! I’ll call my father and brother over to kill you right now!”

Greg stood on the spot like a puppet. Although furious, he had to suppress his impulse and allowed Mary to tear his clothes apart. Even his face was marked by scratches.

When Mary finally got tired of venting, a knock sounded on the door of the quiet private room from outside. It was followed by a man’s voice that had a thick foreign accent.

“Mary, are you done with your business yet? We should return to the room.”

When Mary and Greg heard this voice, both their faces changed.

Mary’s expression was nervous but pleased at the same time, while Greg was absolutely livid.

It turned out that the fat middle-aged man with his arms around Mary earlier had been at the door all along, and Mary had come here with her lover!

Greg felt the utmost humiliation.

This matter hurt him more than ten slaps.