

Life at The Top – Chapter 1311

Both Jasper and John shared a look and smiled when they heard Vita praise the food.

Vita's only hobby was eating good food, and this was something the other two had experienced firsthand. Upon hearing the man praise this blowfish dish, Jasper's interest grew.

As the three drank and chatted, the private room door was knocked on and subsequently opened.

A middle aged man in a suit then entered.

“Mr. Layne. I heard my subordinates tell me that you've come to eat today. I didn't believe them but here you are.”

Drogo entered the room and greeted Vita passionately. As the economy flourished, privately-owned enterprises normally require a hefty bank loan to grow. Drogo's behavior right now clearly showed his reliance on this simple fact. This was also proof that Vita's status in Waterhoof City was still quite considerable.

Vita smiled reservedly. Both Jasper and John were here, so he would not put on a big show of things.

“Mr. Rice. I brought my friends over today and we’re all greatly anticipating the restaurant’s blowfish dish.”

“This is Mr. Jackson of the Agricultural Bank, and this is Mr. Laine, a business friend.”

Vita knew that Jasper preferred to keep a low profile, so he did not introduce the man grandly.

As someone who had been working in the business field for years, Drogo could tell from Vita’s behavior that these two guests were special.

However, most of his attention was on John, who Vita claimed was from the Agricultural Bank. He merely assumed that Jasper was the one paying and trying to please the other two. He assumed that Jasper was just a small fry.

After all, the man was too young.

“Hello, Mr. Jackson. This is my name card. Please do come more often, I’ll make sure to give you a discount.” Drogo handed the name card with a wide smile.

He watched how John took the name card happily first before Drogo turned around to give Jasper one respectfully.

“Hello, Mr. Laine.”

The wrong sequence of greeting John and Jasper, combined with the difference in words he used to greet the two showed that Drogo’s attention was mostly focused on John.

Jasper took the name card with a smile, nonchalant about the man’s difference in attitude.

It was evident that Drogo really valued Vita. After greeting everyone passionately, Drogo took a glass of wine and toasted everyone before he downed two glasses.

With a smooth and slick personality now present, everyone ate at ease.

In less than twenty minutes, Drogo’s easy going personality had livened up the private room’s atmosphere.

Just as Drogo planned to excuse himself, someone who looked like the manager rushed in from outside.

“Something’s happened, Mr. Rice.”

Drogo felt embarrassed to see his manager in such a rush and shouted angrily, “What’s with the franticness? Can’t you tell that I’m busy entertaining guests?”

The manager replied embarrassedly, “It’s Mr. Heron, Mr. Rice. Mr. Heron’s throwing a tantrum outside and he’s demanding to see you.”

“Mr. Heron?”

Drogo looked shocked and slightly frantic when he heard the name. Before he could say anything, the private room doors were kicked open loudly.

A young man stood at the door and looked at Drogo sinisterly as he said, “Look, Drogo. I have guests to treat today and we want that blowfish dish. Those f*ckers said they don’t have any, so I’m here asking you if you do!”

“Do you want to humiliate me or not? Think carefully before you reply. Do you have the dish?”

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Mr. Heron’s sudden arrival was akin to a bucket of ice water in winter completely ruined the private room’s warm and toasty atmosphere.

The corner of Drogo's lips twitched, and while he was evidently trying to suppress his anger, it appeared that he was also terrified of this Mr. Heron's familial background and history.

Drogo suppressed the anger he felt and smiled apologetically, "You misunderstand, Mr. Heron. I'm sure you know the restaurant's rules and that every blowfish is prepared on the spot. There are only five blowfishes for five portions. We don't have the ingredients for more."

Mr. Heron scoffed and looked at Drogo before he said ambiguously, "So you want me to embarrass myself in front of my guests, then?"

Drogo's expression changed and he quickly replied, "How about this, Mr. Heron. I'll immediately have someone gather new ingredients and make one for you. But this might take some time."

Coincidentally, two waiters pushed over a cart of food just as Drogo spoke.

On the cart were plates of exquisite food, including the renowned and rare blowfish dish.

When he saw the path the cart was taking, as well as and the private room number on the cart, Drogo knew that this was the plate of blowfish Vita had ordered.

Mr. Heron's eyes lit up when he saw the cart and he immediately raised his hand to stop it.

"Isn't there one here? I want this one."

Drogo's expression turned bitter at the words, and he looked at Vita instinctively.

This time, Vita was the one whose expression changed. It was rare for him to have the chance to treat others, and now that both John and Jasper were here, Vita refused to be humiliated in front of them.

"That is the blowfish I ordered."

Vita said calmly.

His tone was light, but the implications were clear.

Mr. Heron scoffed and looked at Vita before he snorted disdainfully, "Where the f*ck did you come from? How dare you take what's mine!"

“You...?!”

Vita was enraged.

He was still someone of high status. Due to his special identity and the fact that he was an authoritative senior executive of the bank, people were almost always kind and respectful toward him.

However, Mr. Heron was just in his twenties, around the age of Vita's nephews and nieces. Therefore, Vita immediately flushed red when he was scolded without warning.

“Don't, don't!”

Drogo quickly interrupted Vita. He put his hands together with a pleading expression and said, “Both of you are extinguished guests. Business is good when there is peace, right? Let's not strain any relationships and end up appearing like fools to other people, yeah?”

Vita glanced at Drogo angrily but changed the words he wanted to say. “You decide how to deal with this issue then, Mr. Rice.”

This sentence was brash considering the setting.

Drogo could understand this. Moreover, the man's expression looked bitter.

Yet, Mr. Heron scoffed and told Drogo, "Look, Drogo, you know who I am, don't you? Do you still want your restaurant or not? If you don't, then I'll have someone demolish it for you tonight."

Veins bulged on Drogo's forehead.

After a long moment of hesitation, he turned to Vita and said pleasingly but with great difficulty, "Mr. Layne, perhaps, we could give Mr. Heron this plate of blowfish first? I'll have someone prepare new ingredients and send another plate over immediately. And all your expenses tonight will be free."

Drogo made his decision.

After weighing his options, he chose to stand on Mr. Heron's side.

After all, Vita was just the vice president of a bank. If he could not ask ICBS for loans, then he could always seek out another bank.

Mr. Heron, though, was different.

As far as Drogo was concerned, Mr. Heron was more powerful than Vita.

Vita's instantly complexion flushed dark red.

Drogo's decision made him feel like he had been humiliated in front of John and Jasper.

"Hahaha!"

Mr. Heron burst into laughter and said, "Good, very good. So you still do know what's good for you, Drogo."

Delighted, Mr. Heron glanced at Vita and the other two before snorting. "Who are you to challenge me? You think f*ckers that came out of nowhere can steal what I want? Go home and eat bread. F*cking idiots."

Jasper frowned slightly in displeasure.

Drogo's way of handling problems alone doomed him to a life of small businesses.

However, John could see Vita's embarrassment and he immediately told Vita, "It's alright, Vita. It's just a dish, we don't have to eat it."

"No!"

Vita suddenly shouted, startling John.

Vita glared at Mr. Heron and Drogo, and said icily, "I ordered this plate of blowfish so it must come to my table. I'd rather feed it to the dogs than give it to someone else!"

"Motherf*cker! You're taking advantage of my kindness, huh?" Mr. Heron accused disdainfully.

Drogo's expression was also dark. He felt extremely conflicted before he made the decision.

However, now that a decision was made, Vita's insistence annoyed him.

"Please don't make it difficult for me, Mr. Layne," Drogo said icily, "My business is small and I can't afford to offend anyone."

“Is that so? So, you think I can easily be offended, then?” Vita asked Drogo frostily.

Drogo took a deep breath and replied, “If that’s what you think, Mr. Layne, then there’s nothing I can do but apologize.”

Drogo then turned to stand by Mr. Heron’s side.

Mr. Heron laughed out loud and told Vita proudly, “Don’t think that just because you’ve lived a few years longer that it means you’re powerful, old f*cker. If you’re doing business in these times, then open your eyes and take a good look at who you’re talking to. Or you’ll be the one who ends up getting embarrassed.”

Vita clenched his jaw and balled his fists. He looked extremely humiliated and furious, but also exasperated. He knew that there was nothing he could do now that Drogo had chosen to side with Mr. Heron.

He was just a vice president with a lot of authority within ICBS. However, his range of influence outside the banking industry was small.

These businessmen only flattered him so they could get a bank loan, but people like Drogo could easily seek out other banks if ICBS was no longer an option.

For the first time, Vita felt like he held too little power, and his face burned in embarrassment. He felt like he had been completely humiliated in front of Jasper and John.

John could tell that his old friend was furious, but there was nothing he could do.

He understood the humiliation Vita felt since he was also a member of the banking system.

John sighed deeply and thought about how he should comfort his friend when he saw Jasper put his chopsticks down slowly.

At the same time, Mr. Heron was also about to leave pridefully alongside Drogo who was fleeing the scene.

“Stay right there.”

The two words were spoken clearly and powerfully.

“You can leave.”

“But the dish stays.”

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Both Drogo and Mr. Heron were stunned when they heard him.

Even Vita was shocked.

He did not expect Jasper to speak up.

The only one unsurprised was John.

After all, John had known Jasper for a long time and he knew that Jasper was a man who did not like being disrespected, nor did he like the people around him getting disrespected.

If he spoke up and interfered with this tonight, it at least meant that he saw Vita as a great friend.

Vita could understand this as well, so after the initial shock, he felt was touched.

“Yo, which moron is it this time?”

Mr. Heron turned around and looked at Jasper icily. Drogo’s expression was one of complete annoyance now.

He already planned to offend Vita, so who cared about the young man beside him?

“Enough. Are you done yet?”

Drogo shouted at Jasper, “I’m the owner here. I already said I’ll send you the same dish later! Don’t take advantage of my kindness!”

If Drogo was conflicted before he made his decision and guilty after deciding, then he was completely annoyed now as he faced Jasper.

He thought that Jasper could not read the room.

“Can you stop causing trouble? Do you want all of us to turn against each other and become enemies? Is that what you want? ”

Mr. Heron was elated when he heard Drogo and snickered icily. He was in no rush to join in just yet; “It’s just one dish. I don’t care whether I get to eat it or not.”

Jasper said, then he looked at the table full of dishes and exotic food before continuing calmly, “I also don’t care whether this table of food is free or not.

“But if we ordered something and you don’t send it over, then of course I’ll ask you about it.”

Drogo scoffed and replied darkly, “Don’t think too highly of yourself, young man. You’re just a youth, what right do you have to talk here?”

“Ask me about it? It’s not like I’m looking down at you or anything, but if I’m not even going to entertain Vita, then why would I entertain you?”

Jasper looked at Drogo intently but ignored him.

Drogo was enraged. He felt furious to be ignored by Jasper, the supposed weakest person present.

Jasper’s gaze had fallen on Mr. Heron instead.

“Heron’s not an extremely common nor extremely rare surname, but there aren’t many in this small land of Waterhoof City that can be considered powerful. Who is Gerry Heron to you?”

Jasper’s words caused Mr. Heron’s expression to change immediately.

Beside him, Drogo was also stunned.

He was terrified of Mr. Heron because his father was Gerry.

A renowned old thug in Waterhoof City.

To be honest, Gerry was a lowly person.

Ever since the Strike Hard Against Crime Campaign, Waterhoof City’s gangsters had diluted, while Gerry, a boss from the days before the campaign, had also successfully changed industries and started doing legitimate business. Nevertheless, the man had quite the reputation within Waterhoof City’s underground.

Therefore, no one dared to offend young Mr. Heron. After all, his father Gerry was a cruel man that could not be reasoned with.

When Mr. Heron threatened to demolish his shop tonight, Drogo had not doubted him.

However, when he saw this so called Mr. Laine call out Gerry's name so easily, Drogo felt uneasy.

“Who the f*ck are you?! How dare you refer to my dad by his name?”

Mr. Heron did not think too much into it and pointed at Jasper's nose while scolding.

“What's wrong? Isn't the point of your dad's name is so he can be referred by it?” Jasper asked calmly.

He had already dialed Gerry's number while talking.

He did not want to waste time over brainless trust-fund children like young Mr. Heron.

Jasper put his phone on speaker and out came Gerry's utterly courteous and surprised voice.

“Mr. Laine? Why’d a busy man like you spare the time to call me? Is there something I can help with? Just say the word, I’d gladly go to extreme lengths to get it done for you!”

Ever since the incident with the little prince, Jasper’s status in Gerry’s eyes was that of a god’s.

He would do anything just be on Jasper’s side, but the man had never given him any chances to do so. Therefore, he was elated to receive Jasper’s call today.

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He had no idea that his voice resonated through the private room and reached everyone’s ears because he was put on speaker.

Vita and John still seemed fine, but Drogo looked like he had just seen a ghost.

The most terrified person present was Mr. Heron.

He did not expect Jasper to know his father, let alone hear his father talk to Jasper like a servant to their master.

"I'm having dinner at a private kitchen with a very famous blowfish dish," Jasper said calmly.

While confused, Gerry still replied pleasingly, "That restaurant? I know of it. I've eaten there twice. The blowfish dish is pretty good. Hehe, are you there too, Mr. Laine? Could I come and toast you?"

'Gerry, the ex- gang leader, wanted to come over to toast Jasper!'

'And this was suggested by Gerry himself!'

From his tone, it did not seem like Gerry was kidding. At this moment, both Drogo and Mr. Heron had sweat beading over their forehead.

They both looked at Jasper as if they had seen a ghost.

Jasper replied slowly, "There's no need to toast me. But there's a Mr. Heron here who pointed at my nose and gave me a scolding. This blowfish dish sure does seem delicious, but it doesn't seem like I have to right to eat it becomes this Mr. Heron wants it instead."

Gerry's breath immediately turned heavy on the other end of the line.

He was also surprised by what he heard.

“Mr... Mr. Laine, could I ask if this Mr. Heron is my son Geoffrey?”

Gerry's voice was shaking when he asked this.

From anger, but more so from terror.

He knew Jasper's methods and understood his son's character well.

If his stupid son had offended Jasper, then Gerry should start packing to leave Waterhoof City that night itself.

“Let him tell you himself.”

Jasper directly handed Geoffrey the phone.

Geoffrey shuddered and took the phone. Putting it to his ear, he said sorrowfully, “Dad, it... it's me.”

Geoffrey was not stupid, for he immediately turned the speaker off once he received the phone.

No one knew What Gerry said over the phone, but Geoffrey's entire body shuddered and his complexion paled as well.

He then looked at Jasper with utter fear in his eyes.

A moment later, Geoffrey walked over to Jasper shakily and...

Thud.

Geoffrey directly knelt before Jasper.

He did not actually fall to his knees too hard.

Yet, it made Drogo shiver from where he stood at the door. His legs felt weak and he almost knelt onto the floor himself.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Laine!”

Without another word, Geoffrey began to slap himself. His face was swollen after four to five slaps, and his nose began to bleed. He looked both pitiful and tragic.

After slapping himself, Geoffrey handed Jasper the phone with both hands courteously and wailed, “Please forgive me, Mr. Laine!”

Jasper crossed his legs and looked at Geoffrey with a crescent eyed smile. He did not take the phone back nor did he say anything.

Geoffrey clenched his jaw and put the phone on the table in front of Jasper, then raised his hand to slap himself another seven to eight times.

Slap slap slap.

The sounds of flesh smacking flesh rang out continuously.

He did this as if he showed no desire to stop as long as Jasper did not ask for it.

A dull thud rang out and Jasper looked up to see Drogo's legs going limp and him finally falling to the floor.

At that moment, a figure also appeared at the door.

It was a young and energized man with quite a dignified aura around him. One glance was all it took to tell that this was the son of a wealthy and renowned family.

The man glanced around the room before his gaze fell on Geoffrey, who was slapping himself as he knelt in front of Jasper. Something instantly flickered in the man's eyes subtly.

Then a smile graced his features as he spoke to Jasper calmly.

"My friend, Geoffrey is here to treat me to dinner today. Aren't you humiliating him and me by doing such a thing?"

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Geoffrey was stinned when he heard the voice.

He froze for a few seconds.

Jasper's gaze fell on him, and Geoffrey clenched his jaw before continuing to slap himself.

Jasper was rather satisfied with this.

However, it caused Ainsley's expression to darken from where he stood at the door.

"Alright, you can stop."

Jasper's words were like a great gift of mercy to Geoffrey, but his face was already as red and bloated as a pig's.

The words Gerry said over the phone echoed in Geoffrey's head like a curse.

Geoffrey might be an arrogant trust-fund child, but what made him different from the others was that he was slightly smarter.

His father's attitude told him that Jasper was someone too powerful for either him or his dad to offend.

His father knew who he was treating to dinner today, yet the man still warned him not to worry about anything else. He told Geoffrey that if Jasper chose not to forgive him, then not even God could save Geoffrey.

This terrified Geoffrey.

“Look, friend. It's always better to be kind to people when you're outside. You'll gather many enemies by being extreme, and it'll result in a lot of trouble.”

Ainsley looked at Jasper from the doorway and said calmly.

Jasper had ignored Ainsley since the start, while Geoffrey did not dare to stop slapping himself. This truly embarrassed Ainsley.

There was no way people from the Royal family could be humiliated outside.

Not to mention that this was Waterhoof City, the Royal family's territory!

'Who would dare to offend the Royal family in Waterhoof City?'

Ainsley came up blank.

Therefore, he was confident that he could make Jasper pay for looking down on him.

"Who are you?"

Jasper asked calmly.

Ainsley instinctively thought that Jasper was asking a question, so he gave the man a small smile.

He wanted to show off the reserved and arrogant aura of someone from a renowned family. He was about to introduce himself and enjoy Jasper's fear and subsequent flattering words when he heard Jasper continue.

"It's doesn't matter."

What started as a question became a statement.

The second half of it only came out after a slight pause. With his words already at the tip of his tongue, Ainsley almost choked on his saliva. His cheeks flushed red in embarrassment and anger.

Before a mortified Ainsley could say anything, Jasper continued indifferently, "I don't need you to tell me how I should act outside either, understood?"

Ainsley looked at Jasper in anger and sneered. "What an arrogant piece of sh*t. Karma will get you one day, and being too arrogant in a place like Waterhoof City will only cause you to be trampled to death!"

"And before you act arrogant, at least ask around and understand who you're acting arrogant toward! I'll give you a hint, my surname is Royal!"

Drogo, whose presence had been ignored for a long time, suddenly changed his expression when he heard Ainsley say this.

John did not work in Waterhoof City, so he was not acquainted with such powerful people. He did not know too much about the Royal family in Waterhoof City, so he did not react to this.

The same thing could not be said about Vita.

Since he made a living in Waterhoof City, he was very sensitive to the Royal family name. His expression immediately changed when he took in Ainsley's dignified aura and heard him state that he was from the Royal family.

At the same time, Vita became silently regretful. It seemed like tonight's incident would result in great repercussions.

He would never have spoken up to protect his dignity if he knew that Geoffrey was treating someone from the Royal family to dinner.

At that moment, Vita looked at Jasper and felt the need to urge Jasper to let the situation go.

While he was not the cause of the problem, this incident did start because of him. He did not want Jasper to offend someone from the Royal family because of this.

"Does being a Royal make you better than everyone?" Jasper tilted his head and asked curiously.

This reaction was beyond Ainsley's expectations.

He was stunned for a moment before he laughed out loud, “And here I wondered what kind of family you came from. When in fact, you’re just a stupid young man. The last person you can offend here in Waterhoof City is a Royal, do you understand?”