

Life at The Top – Chapter 1316

“It makes sense, since the Royal family’s of such highstatus. How could someone as insignificant as you have the opportunity to come into contact with us?” Ainsley laughed out loud.

“Jasper, it’s fine.”

Vita immediately said this, afraid that Jasper did not know the implications of offending the Royal family.

“Let’s just forget it.”

Despite this, Jasper shook his head and gave Vita a reassuring look.

“I also happen to know a friend that’s also a Royal. Do you know him?”

Jasper tossed out a name card as he asked.

It was a rectangular shaped card, that flew from Jasper's hand before landing right in front of Ainsley who was laughing out loud.

"You have a friend that's also a Royal? What a hilarious joke. Do you even know what the Royal family name means in Waterhoof City..."

Ainsley said mockingly while his gaze fell on the name card in front of him.

It was a simple snow white name card without any unnecessary decorations. On it was just a name and a number.

The name was Dominique Royal.

Ainsley suddenly halted mid speech like a duck whose throat has been seized mid quack.

His eyes widened and he stared at the name card in disbelief.

Dominique Royal!

The little prince!

The Royal family's direct heir!

Both Dominique's identity and status were far beyond his, the latter just a child of the insignificant extended family.

Ainsley might still be able to show off to the public as a member of the Royal family and be fawned over by trust-fund children like Geoffrey, but when it came to the internal members of the family, Ainsley had no right to even speak to Dominique.

It would be easier to think of it as an international group. The person manning the doors was technically still the group's employee, but he was no match for the president of the group.

One of them belonged on the ground while the other was destined for the skies.

Most importantly, this was Dominique's personal name card.

Only people the little prince valued were allowed to contact his personal number!

This was a treatment not even Ainsley would dare to dream of, let alone outsiders.

Eyes wide and expression shocked, Ainsley looked at the name card in disbelief as all four of his limbs shook slightly.

This was done out of fear.

He knew that in comparison to this name card, an insignificant relative of the Royal family was nothing.

“I... I...”

Ainsley could not say anything.

All the dignified, confident, arrogant aura he wore a moment ago completely disappeared now.

All that was left was fear and terror.

“Do you recognize this friend of mine?” Jasper asked with a crescent eyed smile.

Naturally, Jasper did not know of the Royal family’s strict hierarchy, nor did he know what Dominique represented among the younger generation of the family.

However, from Ainsley’s behavior, he could tell that this name card was quite powerful.

Jasper’s voice had Ainsley quaking in his boots. Without another word, he quickly took the name card and handed it back to Jasper respectfully.

While he did not kneel on the floor as Geoffrey did, the look of superiority in Ainsley’s face had totally vanished.

“I’m sorry. I was blind to look down on you. Could I ask for your name?”

The stark contrast between before and after had Vita’s eyes blown wide open as his tongue tied in disbelief.

‘This was someone from the Royal family!’

'How could he be so terrified of a mere name card?'

Then, a stinky smell permeated the room. Drogo who had seen the contents of the name card from where he sat on the ground by the door, and had peed himself in fear!

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"There's no need to be so courteous, my surname is Laine," Jasper replied calmly.

"Young Master Laine, I see."

Ainsley instinctively took in Jasper's age and referred to him in the same way the youths liked to refer to each other as of late.

Despite this, Jasper chuckled.

Ever since he started his business, Jasper had always been referred to as 'Mr. Laine', with the occasional 'president' or 'sir'. This was the first time anyone had called him a young master.

It sounded weird and embarrassing.

“I’m not a young master, nor do I come from a renowned family.” Jasper shook his head. He did not like this title that was filled with negative connotations.

“Mr. Laine!” Ainsley immediately changed the way he addressed him while wearing a flattering and apologetic smile on his face.

“My sincere apologies. I did not know that you were good friends with the little prince, Mr. Laine. Let me go set up a new table next door to apologize, Mr. Laine.”

Ainsley said sincerely.

However, he had no idea of the ‘damage’ his words caused Vita and John.

Just because John did not think of the little prince when he heard the surname Royal did not mean he was oblivious to the implications of that three word title.

Now that he understood what was going on, John immediately looked at Jasper.

'Since when did this young friend manage to get in touch with the little prince without my knowledge?'

'And this Ainsley is from the Royal family too?'

'From his behavior, it's almost like Jasper and the little prince are close!'

He thought back to the time when Jasper first went over to Faith County to settle some business. The man's status was so insignificant then, and most people thought he just enjoyed a bit of luck to go along with his stock trading capabilities. Yet, the man was now a wealthy businessman John could not quite recognize anymore.

John could not help but feel stunned to know that the people Jasper dealt with now are of the same status as the little prince.

Vita was even more shocked.

Since he worked in Waterhoof City, he was even more aware of what the title the little prince implied.

That man was held a status that ordinary people could never achieve no matter how hard they worked throughout their entire lives.

'Even multimillionaires and billionaires are no more than nouveau riche to the little prince.'

'But Jasper is good friends with him?'

'People only make friends with those within their circles.'

'People of different ranks do not belong in the same circle.'

At this moment, both Vita and John thought of the same thing.

'The reason why Jasper remained in contact with them is because they're friends.'

In terms of social circles, Jasper was already miles away from them.

"There's no need," Jasper waved him off.

"I've already eaten dinner. Nor is there a need to apologize."

Jasper's rejection caused Ainsley to feel slightly awkward and afraid, but the man did not dare to get angry.

Jasper, who had the little prince's personal name card, was no longer someone Ainsley could afford to offend.

At this moment, someone rushed into the room.

Gerry had dashed over.

Gerry entered the room and saw Ainsley standing courteously by the side. Something flickered in his eyes as he caught sight of this.

Among everyone within the room, Gerry had the most profound awareness of how terrifying Jasper could be. He had watched with his own eyes how Jasper managed to get his hands on Norman and his daughter.

This was despite the fact that these were people that the little prince said he would protect.

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Now, Norman and his daughter were long gone while Jasper, on the other hand, was completely fine. Therefore, despite knowing his son was supposed to treat Ainsley to dinner, he still had his son immediately apologize to Jasper upon offending him.

As for Ainsley, he could go screw himself.

While he was also a Royal, he was nothing much in comparison to the little prince, let alone Jasper.

Having made this smart decision, Gerry did not dare to dwell on the topic anymore, and after glaring at his son's bloated face, he made a beeline for Jasper and said sincerely.

"I won't say too much, Mr. Laine, but please forgive my stupid son this once! I'll take any punishment you have in mind!"

Gerry knew Jasper's temper, so he made sure not to create any complications at such a time. He had to be sincere and just hope that Jasper would overlook this incident. Otherwise, both he and his son would have to flee Waterhoof City tonight.

It must be said that Gerry had a good understanding of Jasper's temper.

Jasper glanced at Gerry. He had not planned to torment the man at all.

Still, Gerry was not his friend, per se. The two of them started on bad terms, but Gerry had chosen to join the right side in the end. He had also extended Gerry a few opportunities, of which he had made good use of.

“Alright.”

Jasper stood up.

“Don’t put on this tragic act for me. If your son didn’t know better, then go home and teach him well. I’m sure you’ve seen your fair share of a businesses that had been built for decades only to be destroyed by a lone ignorant descendant.”

Gerry began to sweat when he heard Jasper.

As a councilperson of the ex-Haddock Chamber of Commerce’s Waterhoof of City branch, he knew that both the Hull and Gardner family had met their destruction by Jasper’s hand because of their incompetent children.

“I understand! I’ll definitely teach my son well!” Gerry said with a forehead full of sweat.

Jasper looked at Ainsley and asked calmly, "I plan to invite the little prince for a meal in two days, should I bring you up in conversation?"

Ainsley's buttcheeks squeezed tightly and he immediately replied, "No, no need, Mr. Laine. I'm just an insignificant child of the Royal family's extended family. I'm sure what you and the little prince discuss are all important matters. Someone as insignificant as me has no right to be brought up by someone as dignified as you."

Jasper smiled but did not say anything, then he walked out the room with hands behind his back while Vita and John trailed after him.

Gerry, Geoffrey, and Ainsley let out a long sigh at the sight of this.

Thank goodness this was over.

By the time their minds processed what was happening, the three of them, including Gerry, felt their backs drenched with sweat.

Jasper walked to the door and glanced at Drogo, who was sitting in a puddle of yellowish pee.

Drogo shuddered. He did not have the headspace to think about how embarrassing he must have looked when he forced an ugly smile and stammered, “Mr... Mr. Laine. The blowfish, I... I’ll send it to you...”

Before Drogo could finish talking, Jasper had already turned his head and left.

Drogo’s complexion immediately paled.

Behind Jasper, Vita sneered at Drogo. He was not as forgiving as Jasper.

“Looks like we’re not fortunate enough to get a taste of the blowfish, Mr. Rice. How about you leave it for yourself!”

Vita then stepped over the pee stain on the floor and left.

John, the last of the trio to leave, looked at the plate of delicious blowfish and shook his head with a smile before sighing, “What a waste of such a good dish. Tell me, why did this blowfish have to be so blind? He just had to get caught, now he loses his life just to be someone’s dish.”

Then John left.

Drogo was about to cry from fear.

He looked at Geoffrey and Gerry palely, then shouted, "Mr. Herons, please, help me put in a word. I only offended Mr. Laine because of you two!"

Gerry glared at Drogo sinisterly and said with a wretched smile, "Don't worry, Mr. Laine is too important to waste time over being calculative with trash like you."

Gerry then continued before Drogo could relax, "But none of this would have happened if not for a stupid f*cker like you! I'll demolish your restaurant tonight!"

Drogo felt his body go limp. He wanted to cry but no tears came out.

He wanted to flatter Geoffrey, but it did not occur to him that Jasper was the truly powerful person in the room.

He had no other choice but to accept his fate now.

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After walking out of the restaurant, Jasper bid Vita and John goodbye.

“Well, since we didn’t get to eat the blowfish today, looks like you’ll have to go and look for something else to eat, Vita,” Jasper joked.

Vita smiled wryly and said in a slightly embarrassedly tone, “The dinner was supposed to be something great. Who’d have thought that this incident would destroy everyone’s good mood.”

“What do you mean destroy?”

Jasper glanced at John and said with a smile, “I was in a pretty good mood tonight. Weren’t you, John?”

John understood Jasper’s intention and internally exclaimed to himself how smooth and slick a person Jasper was. He told Vita, “It’s fine, Vita. Don’t worry about something so insignificant. We’re all friends here, so let’s not dwell on what’s already happened.”

Vita nodded, feeling much less conflicted as he replied, “You’re right. I’ll owe you guys this meal then, and invite you out again when I find something good later.”

“You better tell me in advance. I’ll eat less for breakfast so I can eat more out of your wallet,” Jasper said.

The three exchanged a look before laughing out loud. Jasper had originally planned to talk to the two a little longer before his phone suddenly rang.

Seeing that it was a call from Jake, Jasper knew that the other would not contact him so late at night unless it was something important.

“Alright. I still have a few things to do, so let’s talk more in the future,” Jasper said as he opened the car door.

Neither John nor Vita asked him to stay. The two each promised to meet again before they watched Jasper’s Bentley drive away.

“Sigh. I remember the first time I saw him when he wanted to buy a plot of land in Waterhoof City. He was just a slightly wealthy businessman back then.”

“But he’s reaching higher and higher heights now.” Vita lamented.

What he saw and heard today had truly shocked him. It also made him understand that Jasper’s level had long surpassed his imaginations.

Patting Vita's shoulder with his large hand, John said, "Don't think about it too much. Jasper has the rare trait of someone who remembers his roots. Now that I think closely about it, excluding the brief times when we helped him at the very beginning, he's been helping us the whole time after that, right?"

"From an ordinary bank president of the Faith Country subbranch, I've become the vice president of the Agricultural Bank's Southeast Province branch. Your achievements are even better. From a normal office manager to Waterhoof City branch's second in command.

"While we did get promoted thanks to our achievements and business capabilities, there are also tons of people better experienced, from better families, and more capable than we are. Yet, out of all of them, we're the ones that got promoted."

"All because the higher ups value our relationship with Jasper. Furthermore, Jasper's always helped us when it came to bank business."

"He's a worthy friend to make, and we shouldn't feel uncomfortable about the huge gap between us. If he doesn't mind it, then who are we to care?"

Vita nodded in understanding and agreed, "You're right. I was just lamenting... But John, I had a thought."

"What is it?" John asked curiously.

“I want to leave the banking system to pursue politics!” Vita replied seriously.

John’s expression changed. He knew that what happened tonight had changed Vita’s life plan, so he replied solemnly, “This is a huge decision. Come on, let’s go to your home and talk about this seriously.”

“Alright. I’ll have my wife make a few dishes and we can talk about it. We can ask Jasper what he thinks later on. Everything should go much smoother with his support.”

As he sat in the car, Jasper had no idea that tonight’s incident had changed Vita’s life. After all, the man was currently busy on a call with Jake.

“Mr. Laine, from how the current situation looks, I can confirm that there’s someone, or a group of people, who has their eyes on our movements. They’re also targeting us, causing us to lose a lot of money.”

“According to our original predictions, our current orders might go against the market trend, but we shouldn’t lose more than 160 million. But as of this moment, we’ve already lost 220 million!”

“As we increase the amount of our investments, our losses will also only continue to grow since they’re actively targeting us.”

“According to our finance guys, we might lose an extra 400 million after we’ve fully opened all the positions, amounting to a total loss of 1.04 billion.”

“Does that mean this opponent’s appearance will cost our losses to increase by 70%?” Jasper asked calmly.

The original budget estimated a loss of 600 to 700 million by the time the incident occurred. This was an amount that Jasper and Jake had calculated together. However, the 600 million had suddenly become 1 billion. This additional 400 million loss was not a small amount in comparison to the original 600 million.

“Yes,” Jake replied clearly.

After a slight hesitation, Jasper rolled the windows down so that the icy wind could blow away the scent of alcohol around Jasper and clear his mind a bit.

“From your previous description, you don’t know whether this is one person or a group of people targeting us, let alone who this entity is, correct?”

Jake felt slightly embarrassed when he heard Jasper's question.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Laine. The opponent is very crafty and they're only targeting us. They're hiding within the market and we're still in the process of eliminating suspects now. All I can say is that the opponent came prepared, and that we're not capable enough."

"Since they're intentionally targeting us, then they must've come prepared. There's no point in being calculative over your incompetence now either. Follow the original plan. A loss of 400 million is nothing in comparison to the profit we'll make in the future, but you have to find out who this group of people are as soon as possible."

"Otherwise, they might cause us quite a bit of trouble during the last mile of our plan."

Jake immediately became stern and replied, "Yes, Mr. Laine. I'll do my best."

"Go ahead, then. Contact me again if there's more news."

Jasper's expression was solemn when he ended the call. While he did not seem like he had much of a choice, using this opening to involve Lord Alvarado was the correct decision.

The situation did not look good now, and someone had already started to target him.

However, Jasper thought about the earth shattering incident that was about to happen and he understood that this group of people would surely set their eyes on him during the chaos.

While Jasper was confident of his victory, he was not arrogant enough to believe himself peerless.

God did not exist in the financial market. Not to mention, Jasper was trying to profit off the entire western capitalist market this time.

It would be a waste of Lord Alvarado's power if Jasper did not ask for the former's help.

Not only was Jasper going to ask for their help, but he would do it blatantly and broadcast it loudly.

Thinking of this, Jasper pulled out the little prince's name card and looked at it with intrigue.

He had asked the help of one Lord Alvarado, and he would ask the help of another little prince.

Perhaps the dinner with the little prince that he had casually brought tip was going to become reality.

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Waterhoof City's Tomson Clubhouse.

The Tomson Clubhouse was the only high end clubhouse in Waterhoof City with a bowling alley, a golf course, and horseback riding grounds. It simply wasn't a place ordinary people could afford to visit.

This was where Jasper and the little prince agreed to meet.

At the horseback riding grounds, the little prince could be seen lying on a recliner idly. Dressed in professional riding gear, the handsome and casual man oozed with a dignified aura.

Not too far away were a few well mannered members who would glance over from time to time. While each of them looked at man with desire, none of them dared to walk over and greet the little prince.

Thus, a few hundred meter wide radii formed itself around the little prince, with the entire area becoming a vacuum in which no one dared to enter.

Jasper laid on the recliner beside the little prince casually, oblivious to Coffey's intrigued gaze beside the little prince.

"I'm very busy."

The little prince replied lazily without looking over. Jasper said with a smile, "I can't say you look busy with how idly you lie here, Little Prince."

"Being lazy is also serious business."

The little prince chuckled and looked at Jasper, "At least to me, it's a very serious and important business. I don't normally like being interrupted when I'm doing something serious and important."

Jasper replied, "Trust me. I'm sure the reason I'm here today will be worth you taking the time out to meet me."

The little prince yawned lazily but did not follow up on Jasper's topic. He did not even ask Jasper why he claimed such a thing, but instead said, "Someone also laid here as you did half a year ago."

"That man."

The little prince raised his hand and touched his chin before he suddenly snorted, “I don’t know if he turned stupid from all the sandstorms he’s experienced in the great northwest or something else, but he said he wanted to challenge me in horseback riding. Do you know what happened afterward?”

“I’m sure you beat him by a country mile, Little Prince,” Jasper replied calmly.

“I lost,” The little prince sounded slightly resentful.

“He did grow up in the great northwest, after all. That’s a place that produces great horses in abundance.”

The little prince smiled gleefully as he continued, “The reason why I wondered if he’d gone stupid from all the sandstorms in the great northwest is because he came all the way from the northwest to Waterhoof City just to make a fool out of me. If that’s not an idiot, I don’t know what it is.”

While they talked, staff at the riding grounds not far away cautiously led two horses over.

The one in the front was a handsome and extraordinary horse with well-proportioned and slender limbs. It trotted over as its solid muscles moved under its shiny black hair. Despite being a mere horse, it felt extremely majestic.

Jasper did not know much about horses, but he could tell that this one was special.

“There. Look at that horse, that’s the one that idiot left for me after he won. There wasn’t any fancy pedigree certificate, but it’s a true purebred.”

The little prince became animated and stood up to take over the reins. He patted the horse’s neck and boasted to Jasper with a smile, “This horse eats a daily meal worth more than 1000 bucks, and he needs to be professionally maintained every week. Each maintenance session requires four people and lasts for three hours.”

“Not only that, but this horse also needs to listen to music. Therefore, there’s a twelve man musical team who do nothing but serve it ”

“And that white horse?” Jasper asked about the white horse behind.

Despite being compared to the extraordinary black horse, the white horse no less impressive. At the very least, it did not lose to the black one in appearance.

“A truly great horse certified by the International Equestrian Association. There are less than 3000 of them in the world and they cost more than 6 million each.”

The little prince tossed Jasper the white horse’s reins uncaringly and disgustedly.

“This was still my ride half a year ago.”

“We’ll talk on the horse.”

The little prince climbed onto the horse professionally and handsomely, then told Jasper while he pulled on the reins with practiced ease.

Jasper’s brow twitched.

This Mr. Laine might be able to drive cars and motorcycles, but this was the first time he was trying horseback riding in both his past and current life.

However, Jasper was no longer a troublesome person. He might not have known how to ride it, but he still openly and humbly asked the staff what he should do and what the instructions were before he got onto the horse with their help.

While his posture was rigid and his actions were awkward and not as practiced as the little prince’s, the white horse was obedient and respectful as it did not tum Jasper into a fool.

The little prince laughed aloud when he saw how cautious Jasper looked on horseback and said, "Seriously, you're already a somewhat powerful person. It'd do you good to learn things like this."

"Owners of small enterprises will go to bars and entertainment clubs while owners of huge enterprises might have yachts, luxury cars, and villas. However, true businessmen ride horses."

Jasper did not reply to the little prince, instead focusing on balancing himself on horseback. After ensuring that the white horse would not suddenly throw a tantrum and throw him off, Jasper asked the little prince, "Why did Lord Alvarado agree to leave his horse here after beat you?"

Unsurprised about the fact that Jasper knew that it was Lord Alvarado who came half a year ago from the great northwest, the little prince shrugged and replied, "This is Waterhoof City. What I say goes."

Jasper understood.

"By telling you this, you should also know that I don't really like partnerships. Are you sure you want to continue your earlier discussion?" The little prince asked meaningfully.

The white horse began to slowly walk forward and Jasper narrowed his eyes above it to say, "I'm not Lord Alvarado."

“But I’m still the little prince,” The little prince replied with a crescent eyed smile.

“Lord Alvarado came to race horses in Waterhoof City with you, so a winner and a loser could be determined. But I’m different.”

Jasper turned to look at the little prince.

“I came here to look for you, Little Prince, because I want to win with you.”

The little prince chuckled and replied, “Go ahead and tell me, then. Don’t ask if it’s a small deal, as I don’t have the effort for such a thing. You know how busy I am.”

“I want the US Stock Market index to drop by 3000 points.”

Jasper said.

“Neigh!”

The black horse’s head tilted upward and let out a long neigh in pain.

The little prince loosened the reins that he had suddenly tugged too hard in shock. Then, he turned to look at Jasper and said neither coldly nor warmly, "It's not a good habit to always be such a sensationalist."

Even someone as dignified as the little prince felt his heart tremble when he heard Jasper.

Not because the little prince was not educated enough or weak at masking his emotions, but because Jasper's words were just too extreme.

If Jasper was not such a formidable man, then the little prince would surely have asked Coffey to throw this madman out of the club grounds.