

Life at The Top – Chapter 1552

“Who can tell me what the f*ck is going on?”

In the trading center of Quantum Fund, Rogers stared at the 50 points on the Dow Jones Index that was chopped in half with red eyes. He felt his scalp turning numb.

He understood what this 50-points drop meant.

The situation was initially at a stalemate, but this 50-points drop meant the complete loss of the 7400-point defensive line, and also meant that panic selling was inevitable.

However, all of this was almost impossible according to the previous budgeting he and his team had conducted.

“At least 200 billion dollars is required to drop the current Dow Jones Index by 50 points at one time. Jasper doesn’t have that much money even if he sells everything he has. Who can tell me what just happened?”

Under tremendous shock and astonishment, Rogers completely abandoned his previous gentleness, refinement, self-confidence and calmness.

At this moment, he was like a male lion who was out hunting. Instead of eating the readily available prey, he returned to the den and found that his lionesses had all been tarnished by the prey.

He lost his dignity and all reason.

If Rogers himself was like this, then the rest of his team was even more confused.

Nobody could believe this. What was happening in front of them was truly magical.

No one dared to say anything, and they also did not know what was going on. Therefore, naturally, they did not dare to attract Rogers' attention, lest they be used as a punching bag.

Under such silence, panic selling appeared. Then, the Dow Jones index fell again by 30 points!

7321 points!

Rogers took a deep breath. He felt a pain in his chest and he almost lost his footing.

“My friend, you have lost your mind.”

A hand patted Rogers’ shoulder. He turned his head and saw Soros’s burly figure.

Rogers’ face was so dark that it looked like ink.

“Impossible!” Rogers gritted his teeth and growled. He was like a coward who did not want to admit his failure.

Soros shook his head, motioned to his subordinates to bring up the data, pointed to the screen, and said, “Maybe this will give you the answer.”



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Rogers looked up. He was silent for a while and then he screamed, “How is it possible? How could we lose so much retail funds? What are those idiots thinking?”

“They are thinking about how to save their souls in this war of the century. When each and every stock is at risk of being hammered, the only choice they can make is to sell, and then divest while waiting out the battle.”

Soros stared at the screen with eyes as wise as a falcon’s and said.

“And all this happened after Softwin joined. Now we understand why Jasper was so courageous to deliberately provoke Softwin while he was facing us. We thought we were plotting against Jasper, but Jasper was plotting against the retail investors.”

Rogers staggered backward, his face pale.

“No matter how big the money and investment is, at the end of the day, the game of capital is still a game of people’s hearts. You’ve lost to Jasper in the first stage of this game, old man.”

Soros’ words made Rogers almost lose his breath. Rogers looked at the screen. The Dow Jones index market was blood red. Bleak blood red lines that represent decline crept all over the screen.

The shocking red looked like blood as they pierced Rogers’ eyes.

“B-But then, Jasper’s own funds are going to run dry while he is simultaneously fighting to pull down the Dow Jones Index? What’s the point of all this?” Rogers murmured.

Soros said faintly, “You will know soon enough.”

“Sir...”