

Life at The Top -

Chapter 1607

"Are you going to make the call or do I have to do it for you?"

Dean, who was previously struggling and scolding frantically, quieted down suddenly. He looked up at Jasper suspiciously.

"Why are you looking at me? Do you think you can bear such a big disaster with your scrawny body? Does Gale not want to wipe your *ss for you?" Jasper frowned.

"I did this on my own volition, it has nothing to do with him!" Dean snapped loudly.

"What an affectionate and loyal grandson." Jasper chuckled lightly.

Crouching in front of Dean, Jasper looked down at Dean condescendingly and spoke slowly, "The nature of what you did is bad, and the consequences are serious. You are not a fool so you must understand this. Do you think I caught you just to vent my anger? You're overthinking. Your life and death are of no interest to me because you don't carry enough value. To me and Gale, you are just a pawn on the chessboard. Gale also knows this very well, so if you come up with something like this now, he will have to bear the consequences. He doesn't have a choice right now."

"The only person who doesn't understand this is you. This is also what's so lamentable about a nobody."

Seeing Dean's eyes gradually changing from maniacal to shock, to disbelief, Jasper shook his head and continued faintly, "You thought you were manipulating the situation behind the scenes, but Gale and I were sitting on both sides of the board watching your performance. Now, it's time for you to take a curtain call, do you understand?"

Dean was about to have a breakdown.

“How is this possible? No way! You must be lying!”

Jasper raised his head and said to Henry, “He is still confused. Tie the evidence to him and send him back to Gale. Let Gale give us an explanation.”

Dean shuddered as he looked at Henry’s smile that was gradually turning maniacal.

“I’ll call! I’ll make this call by myself!”

Henry pressed his lips together in disappointment after he heard what Dean said.

“You also want to confirm that what I said is true, right?”

Jasper glanced at Dean with a faint smile.

“Go on, you will get the answer you want right away.”

Dean grabbed the phone with his blood-stained hand and dialed the number that he could recite backward with his eyes closed.

Soon, the call connected.

“Grandpa, it’s me.” Dean tried to calm his voice.

“Oh, Dean, what is the matter? Why are you calling me so late? The weather has turned cold recently. Even if you are busy with work, you must pay attention to your health.”

On the phone, Gale’s warm and benevolent voice could be heard.

Dean felt a lump in his throat, and he almost burst into tears.

He wanted to raise his head and tell Jasper, 'Look, this is my grandfather's attitude toward me. It's not like what you said at all.'

"Grandpa, I gave Fabian the intelligence surrounding Jasper."

Dean said. Then, there was a long silence on the other end of the phone.

"Hand the phone to Jasper," Gale said slowly as if he could envision the scene himself.

His voice was still low and hoarse like an old man, yet there were some inexplicable changes to it when he said this.

Jasper smiled and said, "Old Master Hurlbutt, you're on speaker. If you have something to say, you can just tell me right now. I can hear you."