

Life at the Top Chapter 1754

"Yes, we're done," said the crippled Brown, as though he did not notice that she was raging.

"What? I didn't even understand what you've said! Also, did you get permission to end the call? I haven't even asked about his next steps!"

He began slowly, "Please put aside your thoughts away. This is a serious matter and God knows how many people have their eyes on us. So, unless you want to be on the receiving end of Grandfather's scoldings, please treat yourself as a spectator. You must not participate in this matter, nor should you follow the trend."

His voice became strict when he said the last few words.

Though he appeared to be an easy-going person who would not lose his temper even when being called a cripple, his tone at this moment was heavy and he exuded a mountainous air of authority. There was no anger in his words, but it sounded somber.

Adele patted her chest and said piteously.. "I won't follow, then. Why are you being so mean to me?"

In an instant, he turned benevolent again and said, "It's okay to be a spectator. Can you push me out for some sunlight? I'm starting to get moldy after a week of rain."

She wheeled him out of the house obediently but remained obstinate. "But what were you guys talking about? What's more, I noticed that when you told him to inform you if he needs help, then he told you to catch some window of opportunity or something and a series of other stuff. How could he behave this way when you offered him help?"

The crippled Brown smiled and said, " This is where things get interesting. You see, , he has been borrowing money from quite a lot of forces. It may seem like a loan on the surface, but it is actually a settlement. It's an entirely different kettle of fish. There's nothing to say if he loses, but if he wins, he's promised to pay every last penny of interest. Though, he won't pay a single cent extra.

"Hence, it'll be a different case if he lets us catch onto the opportunity ourselves because it will then be counted as all our own."

He squinted slightly and said, "However, I'm just curious about where on Earth he found the confidence to play a game like this."

"Maybe he's lost some things and just felt he had nothing else to lose. You're probably just overthinking." She smirked.

“Perhaps.”

The crippled Brown gently shut his eyes and faced the sun. He sighed. “It’s cold. Ah, it’s autumn.”

At this moment, Jasper was on a phone call with Celine.

“Are you sure? My dad should be resting now. If I wake him up and fail to convince him, I’ll be in big trouble.”

She was shocked to learn that Jasper would like to contact her father.

Jasper said in a warm voice, “I have already contacted the domestic forces. As long as there are enough benefits, Sentel and the others will definitely send themselves to my doorstep. The last party I can procure is your family, so I want to give it a try.”

Celine was hesitant. “But our family is quite complicated. Things aren’t as simple as you think. Even my father can’t be dictatorial in many things.”

“Let’s not talk about how I know, but as long as the benefit is sufficient, people will know the right choice to make—and this choice will be shared by the patriarch as well as the family as a whole. The Maynard family of North America have six generations spanning over a few centuries; I’m sure they understand this.”

Hearing what he said, Celine gritted her teeth and said, “Okay, give me a moment.”

10 minutes later, he received an email attached with a video clip from Celine.

After he clicked on the icon, it did not take long for the screen to light up.

The background in the video was a study with a profound sense of history and a peach – wood chair. Sitting on the chair was a middle-aged man in pyjamas, looking slightly exhausted. Although white hair populated his temples, his youthful self was still vaguely visible.

This man who shared Celine’s eyebrows was the current head of the historical Maynard family in North America – Alan Maynard.

“So, you are Jasper Laine.”

Alan’s lips parted to speak.

“Hello there, Mr. Maynard,” Jasper greeted politely.

Alan said with a smile. “I have low blood sugar. Celine would never wake me up without an emergency. So, what’s the matter?”

Jasper was delighted to get straight to the point. He immediately explained, "I'm here to give the history of North America a chance to take itself to the next level."

Alan's expression remained unchanged, but he raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Big words,

lad. Come on, tell me all about it. What makes you so confident?"

Despite the words that fell from his lips, it was rather evident from his expression and tone of voice that he was not taking Jasper seriously.

Jasper did not mind, however. He said softly, "My confidence and certainty stems from some financial turmoil that is about to set off in the States."