

Lunchtime was almost over, so the busy canteen was slowly turning quiet.

As opposed to all other students who were chatting happily with their friends, a boy with a plain haircut and washed-out clothes was sitting alone in the corner. He caressed his rumbling stomach and was staring at the leftovers on the table.

He waited until almost all the students were gone before he ran to the dining tables and grabbed some leftover bread from the tray. Before anyone knew it, he already shoved it into his mouth.

The students, who were still in the canteen, were flabbergasted when they saw that.

They probably thought that it was ridiculous how a

starving student could still exist in the civilized time they lived in.

“F*cking assh*le. It's the twenty-first century. Why is he still forcing me to play this game?” grumbled the boy sadly as he gobbled the leftovers down.

“Casper? Casper Simpson?”

Just then, a surprised voice with a hint of distaste came at him.

Casper, who was still munching on the leftover bread, turned around to see the woman with heavy makeup on.

“What are you doing?”

“Eating!”

The lady was slightly stunned. A discriminating and disdainful smile crept up on her lips almost immediately after.

“Hah, good thing Kitty is dumping you soon. It'd be so embarrassing otherwise because strangers would assume that everyone in our dorm is a poor sap.”

Boom! A loud explosion went off in Casper's mind as it turned blank.

He couldn't believe it. His girlfriend, who once promised to stay by his side even if they had to starve, would actually leave him.

He didn't really have the time to think about it before he turned around and dashed towards the school's main entrance.

A brand new BMW pulled up at the entrance, and a

couple exited it.

The boy who came out of it was not blessed with aesthetic beauty. In fact, he was rather short and looked a little like an imp. The girl wasn't an exotic beauty either, but she looked youthful and sweet.

Casper panted when he reached the entrance. Seeing the couple exiting the car together instantly petrified him.

The girl who was hugging the rich man's arm was Kitty Campbell. She was Casper's girlfriend of six months.

The rich man, on the other hand, was Charlie Whittaker. Casper hated the guy because the latter tapped into his family's wealth to become a class prefect.

Charlie was also a bully who had a lot of subordinates following him around.

“Kitty!”

That was the name Casper had called out countless times, but at that moment, those words sounded bitter when they slipped out of Casper's lips.

Kitty was wearing a beautiful smile on her lips at the time, but hearing Casper's voice got her to stiffen. Despite that, she showed no hint of remorse when she turned to him.

Charlie, whose family's wealth spoilt him, was glaring discriminatingly at Casper at that moment.

“I wanted to talk to you in private about this, but you caught me, so I guess that's that. Please stop dropping by and visiting me, Casper. I'm with Charlie

now, and I don't want to upset him.”

Casper stumbled backward. He couldn't believe that his girlfriend, the one who used to declare her love for him, had turned into someone that materialistic and cruel.

“Did you not hear what Kitty said, you penniless fool? Leave!”

Charlie shouted in distaste because he felt like Casper's misfortune would spread like a malignant tumor and infect his surroundings.

Casper came around and shifted his gaze up. He saw how bright Kitty's smile was when she rested in Charlie's arms. A pleased grin of acceptance showed up on Casper's lips.

“I guess the old man was right. I pray that you won't

regret the decision you made today, Kitty,” said Casper.

Kitty and Charlie found Casper's words to be the funniest joke in the world.

“Regret? No, I won't regret my decision. If anything, I should've dumped you sooner!”

Kitty's cruel words snipped the last strand of hope Casper had in his heart. He grinned and turned around to leave.

The spectators on-site never pitied Casper. As the student who was notoriously poor, it seemed only reasonable that his girlfriend would dump him. After all, who would want to be with a guy who had leftovers for meals?

Casper dragged his exhausted figure back to his

dorm and slumped down on his bed. Complex emotions were swirling inside his heart as he stared at the ceiling.

“It's gonna be fine, Casper. We'll just work harder and make that woman regret ever leaving you,” said a muscular man.

Earlier, the muscular man was playing video games on his computer, but he put his joystick away and went to tap on Casper's shoulder when he saw the latter in that terrible shape.

The muscular man was none other than Casper's friend and roommate, Felix Junger.

“That Charlie Whittaker truly is an ass*le. You weren't here earlier, but that ass*le dropped by and reminded me that you have some outstanding school fees. He demanded that you pay up tomorrow. I'm

guessing he will make a big deal out of it if you don't. Let's wait for the others to get back. We'll get together and help you figure out a way to make ends meet.”

Warmth filled Casper's heart. He tilted his head up and looked at Felix before shaking his head with a smile.

“Felix, there is no need for you and the others to worry about my school fees. Please do head over to the bank with me tomorrow, though.”

Felix was stunned when he heard Casper talking about going to the bank. The former later misread the situation and put on a complex expression.

“Casper, you'll still need that assh*le, Charlie, to help you. He must hand you the relevant documents before you can apply for a bank loan.”

“I'm not asking for a loan. I'll be making a withdrawal.”

Casper didn't bother to explain everything in detail. He turned around and went to sleep after giving Felix a simple answer.

It had been a year. Everyone in school thought that Casper was poor because he was always picking up changes left on the floor and had done something as extreme as eating others' leftovers.

What everyone was unaware of was that Casper was actually the direct heir of the renowned Simpson family, which had been the richest family in the country for over a thousand years.

Most knew that they were rich, but the public was clueless about a crucial fact. As the only conglomerate corporation in the region, the Simpson family actually had a sizeable influence over half of

Earth's economy. Even the Rothschilds were comparatively mild.

That was the last day of the Chameleon Test, where Casper had to live as a poor student. When the Sun rose on the following morning, he would revert to his original identity, and would no longer be the guy who needed to pick up spare change to make ends meet.

Casper stretched on the following morning. He woke Felix up and dragged the latter to the Sommers Bank.

Sommers Bank was a luxurious bank with exquisite decorations and regal interiors. Even looking at the place got Felix to swallow hard. He couldn't get himself to walk into the bank no matter how hard he tried, so he turned stiffly to Casper.

“Casper, do you know where you brought us?”

“It's just a bank, isn't it?”

Felix finally came around. He put his hand on Casper's forehead to check his temperature. He tried to pull Casper away when he realized that the latter wasn't sick.

“Stop messing around, Casper. This bank is for the rich, and they won't even let you apply for a debit card unless you have a net worth of over ten million!”

Casper parted his lips and was about to explain his situation when a taunting laugh drifted over to them.

“Yo, what a small world. Are you here to hang out so you can skimp on the air conditioning fees at home?”

The sound of a sports car screeching to a stop soon made it to their ears. A brand new BMW was practically brushing against Casper before it was

parked.

Casper's expression turned dark and evil when faced with the blatant insult. Felix was even worse off. He clenched his fists and seemed ready to fight.

Soon, Charlie exited the car with his arm around Kitty's waist.

As opposed to her usual sweet and natural style, Kitty was wearing heavy makeup, and that made Casper feel estranged.

“Oy, Charlie. Don't go overboard!”

“Hah, look! It's the two beggars. Can't you see what a luxurious place this is?” mocked Charlie as he glared at the two of them. After saying his piece, Charlie waved at the security guards posted at the entrance and demanded, “Do your job and chase these

hooligans away already!”

Compared to the exotic clothing and the brand new BMW that Charlie had with him, both Felix and Casper looked ridiculously poor.

The two security guards stationed there turned to each other before they approached Casper and Felix. They politely gestured for Casper and Felix to leave.

“Sorry, but we're here to make a withdrawal,” informed Casper as he grinned politely. All it took was one sentence from Casper to provoke an invisible whirlwind and disrupt the peace there.

For starters, Charlie was laughing so hard that he couldn't even stand up straight, and Felix became so nervous that he was nudging Casper's arm endlessly. It was obvious that Felix wanted to drag Casper away before the latter further embarrass himself.

“You know, I used to think that despite your shortcomings, you are a pretty honest guy. I never realized that in addition to being penniless, you are also a shameless fraud,” dissed Kitty mercilessly as she stared discriminatingly at Casper. The former showed no sentiment toward the latter.

“Alright now, Kitty. Let's not waste our breaths with that penniless idiots. We'll just sit back and enjoy the show as he embarrasses the cr*p out of himself.”

Rather than having the security guards chase the guy away, it will be so much more entertaining to watch him set himself on fire. Hah! I wonder how loud his cries would be after he utterly embarrassed himself.

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