

Oh my god! What's happening?

I think some rich kid's got his eyes on a new star?

Damn, she's at the top of the charts! That's freaking crazy!

We gotta check this out!

The notice popped up in all the major live stream channels on the app. Stunned, many viewers thronged Giselle's live stream channel out of curiosity.

Giselle sat frozen in her seat. She blushed in disbelief at the attention her live stream was rapidly gaining.

Oh my god, I never thought my live stream could become this popular!

Amazing!

Wow!

Damn she's good!

You go, girl!

Comments flooded the live stream channel, till Giselle herself was obscured by the rows of words onscreen.

“Damn it!”

Casper scratched his head at the explosion of comments in her live stream. His phone began to overheat.

“This is mad.”

Shocked by the impact of his actions, he wished he had the foresight to get a better phone.

He restarted his phone in a hurry.

Casper sighed in relief when his phone cooled down considerably. I thought it was going to explode.

He clicked open the app after successfully restarting his phone. To prevent his phone from overheating again, he did not immediately enter Giselle's live stream.

Ding!

Just then, an alert popped up on his phone. It was a private message from Giselle.

My goddess is texting me!

Ecstatic, Casper clicked on the message.

Thank you.

She had sent him some simple words of thanks.

You're welcome. I've been your fan for a long time. I always knew you were going to be a star. I hope you never lose your unique charm. All the best!

Casper smiled despite his white lie.

Technically, I'm not lying. I've followed her for a long time; she just doesn't know it isn't via the live stream.

Giselle stared suspiciously at his reply.

Clicking open her fan page, she noticed that “Mr. Simpson” had only started following her live stream that day; even the account was new. It did not seem

like he was a long-time fan of hers.

Did he create a new account on purpose?

She did not know what to make of this “Mr. Simpson”. I guess it's possible.

From his text message, he seemed like any average fan of her live stream. She believed that he did not harbor filthy thoughts toward her.

I never show my face in my live stream anyway. I might be an ogre for all he knows. Even if he's curious about me, no one's going to spend that much effort to gain my favor.

Giselle could not deny that his apparent sincerity and support had surprised her.

She hesitated for a long time before replying to his

message. Her fingers flew across the keyboard as she typed out a reply.

Could I perhaps meet you?

Casper jumped off the bed in shock when he saw the message.

M-my goddess is interested in meeting me?

His phone pinged with another message. You've helped me to gain so many fans in my live stream. I'd like to thank you by treating you to a meal.

The message seemed like an afterthought as if she was worried that he might misunderstand her intentions.

Casper's eyes glowed with happiness. He took a deep breath to calm himself before he could respond to her

invitation.

Don't worry about it. We can always meet next time.

He closed the app without waiting for Giselle's reply. Cupping the back of his head with his hands, he leaned against his bed in pleasure.

Meanwhile, Giselle had been waiting nervously for Casper's reply. She was mildly surprised when her phone pinged with his message.

His reply perplexed her. She pouted as she muttered to herself, "What? Did he refuse my treat? This is the first time I've invited a man!"

Crash!

A wine bottle shattered into pieces as it was thrown viciously on the floor. Wine splattered everywhere

while Sawyer raged, “F\*ck!”

How could this be? I put together half a million; things should've ended there. I didn't expect him to respond like this. How did he come up with a million? One freaking million!

Even his dad Lewis would have been hard-pressed to spend such a fortune in one go.

Sawyer suddenly recalled his snide remarks from earlier. He could not help but feel like he was mocking himself.

He fumed in embarrassment, “Who the heck is this dude?”

Sawyer's lackeys had been rendered speechless by Casper's actions as well. It was a while before one of them spoke up.



“Sawyer, if he can come up with a million that easily, he must be some bigshot. We shouldn't offend him,” Frank advised as he knitted his brows.

Though Sawyer was a prominent figure in Horington, it was but a fringe city in the district of Drieso, unlike the administrative center of Vertsilver. His status became practically inconsequential when it came to the state of Jazona.

Frank knew that there were some powerful and mysterious families in Chanaea. Their wealth and influence were beyond the average person's imagination.

Most of these families kept a low profile. If they wanted to, they could squash Sawyer as easily as killing an ant.

“F\*ck it! I don't know who he is, but he's just a student at BU,” Sawyer roared.

“There aren't that many prominent figures in Business University; I should know all of them. Which one of them thought it would be funny to insult me?”

“Sawyer, please calm down,” Sax piqued up.

“Even if he's from BU, it won't be that simple. Let me put out some feelers first, and we should be able to ferret out his true identity.”

“You're a genius, Sax!”

Sawyer calmed down considerably at Sax's plan. After a moment's thought, he said, “I'll hand this to you then. Get it done ASAP.”

“Got it, Sawyer. You should have a little more faith in

me, you know.”

Sax smirked as he pulled out his phone to call someone.

“Casper? Casper? Hey, are you deaf?”

In the dorm, Casper was daydreaming about his beautiful professor. Felix eventually planted himself before Casper to get his attention, only to realize that the latter was smiling stupidly into blank space.

He took a deep breath as his eyes filled with suspicion. Waving a hand in front of Casper's eyes, Felix asked, “Casper, are you daydreaming?”

“Ah? Oh, hey Felix! What's up?”

Casper broke out of his reverie and looked at Felix.

“What's up? Are you planning to skip lunch? Did you forget about your afternoon class?”

“Oh right, let's go.”

Casper got off the bed as his head finally returned to reality. He tossed a sweater over himself before leaving.

“Let's go!” he yelled as he walked to the door.

“Casper, we're holding a gathering this weekend. I've asked Wendy, and she said the girls are up for it. Are you excited?”

Casper slung his arm around Casper's shoulder as he grinned wickedly.

Casper, however, shoved his hand off.

“Nah, I'm happy with my goddess.”

Dumfounded, Felix, Colton, and Remy stared at Casper. Was he hypnotized by that Jetroina piece?

Casper shrugged at their expressions and smiled mysteriously, making no move to explain himself.

The four of them headed to class after lunch and gathered at the gym in the evening.

A year into their studies at BU, they would always visit the gym when they had a free spot of time in the evenings.

Felix had always been in the habit of exercising, and he looked more buff than the other guys.

As the heir of Chanaea's powerful Simpson family, Casper needed to train his physique as well as his

brains.

Enemies were unavoidable for a family as well-known and wealthy as the Simpsons. Though none of their enemies dared to publicly confront the Simpsons, they needed to take precautions to protect their safety.

Hence, the Simpson family heirs, including Casper, would receive physical training since they were young. Exercising at the gym had become an ingrained part of Casper's life.

Under Felix and Remy's influence, Casper got into the habit of training daily at the gym.

Colton, however, shared different views.

He immediately settled on one of the gym benches. His only motive for coming to the gym with his friends

was checking out the female visitors.

He especially admired their forms when they were exercising.

“Hey, Colton, you game and sleep all day. Shouldn't you exercise a bit? Take care of your health, man.”  
Felix doled out the same advice to Colton once more.

“Alcohol does not linger in my guts; it's my special skill. It's natural for normal men like you to be baffled,”  
Colton replied with his eyes glued to one of the women running on a treadmill.

Felix could only roll his eyes at Colton's distorted logic.

“Ah!”

Just then, a piercing scream sounded through the

gym, and everyone turned to look at the commotion.

In the corner of the gym, a beefy man had grabbed hold of a woman's wrist. The woman looked frightened.

“W-what are you doing?”

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