

“You... Who are you?”

The sudden escalation of the episode left George trembling incessantly.

“Bodyguard! Bodyguard! Body...”

Before George could finish his words, Casper took a rag out from nowhere and precisely tugged it into the former's mouth. Recoiling in fear, George started struggling and groaning desperately.

“Stop struggling if you want to walk out of here alive,” Casper stated in an extraordinarily composed tone.

Instantly, George did not dare to make another sound while the color drained from his face.

“Very good.” Only then did Casper nod with satisfaction. He then shifted his eyes towards Lillian.

The woman was still sitting on the floor, her eyes flashing with surprise and admiration.

This is not good...

Suddenly, a bad feeling washed over Casper.

Since he helped Lillian get rid of Leo yesterday, she had started to show affection towards him, and she had even kissed him before leaving.

If it were before, Casper would undoubtedly be happy with that. As Lillian was indeed a perfect beauty, all men would wish to have a relationship with her.

However, Casper already had Giselle now, so he

could only play dumb about Lillian's feelings towards him. The previous day after he went back to the dorm, he had decided that he would keep his distance from Lillian. As long as they did not meet anymore, he figured she would soon forget about him.

He could have never predicted that merely after a day, he would encounter her at the school. And coincidentally, he had sensed the trouble in her heart and eventually overheard her conversation with her brother. That was how he had found out about the whole thing.

Thus, that was when he decided to stick his nose into it. After all, he could not bear letting an innocent girl being victimized by her brother, even though Lillian was a nobody to him.

With that in mind, Casper could not suppress his irritation, and he angrily cast a kick towards George,

making him fall to the ground.

This is all this fat prick's fault.

He left another furious kick at the latter before squatting down slowly to remove the rag from his mouth.

Cough, cough, cough...

George was finally able to breathe normally again.

“Son of a b\*tch... how dare you to treat me like this. Do you know who my father is... You're a dead man. Release me now!”

George used almost all of his remaining strength to speak that phrase. Pissed by his words, Casper showed no mercy and stepped fiercely on his chest. Instantly there was a cracking sound, and George

was moaning painfully again on the floor.

Casper's calm voice sounded utterly intimidating as he warned, "Looks like you haven't got the situation clear. I don't know about your father, but I know you're in my hands now. Say another word, and I'll make sure you crack another bone."

"Such arrogance. Do you know who I am? I'm...  
Arghh!"

Before George could finish his sentence, he felt another torturing pain in his left arm, along with the bone-cracking sound. The pain was so intense; he felt as though his heart had stopped.

Casper let go of the man's broken arm and smiled.  
"Haha... You never learn, do you?"

George was panting crazily as he used his other hand

to grab tightly onto his broken arm. His eyes were filled with resentful fear, but he did not dare spit out another word.

“That's right. Why didn't you just shut up earlier? You could have saved the pain.”

Casper stood up straight and dusted off his clothes before speaking once again.

“Lilian's brother... How much does he owe you?”

George kept silent.

“I'm asking you a question! Speak!”

“I... you... You're the one who asked me to shut up.”

After a long while, George spoke hesitantly while staring at Casper cautiously.

“You can speak if I ask you to,” Casper responded coldly.

“Two... Two hundred thousand.” George shuddered while answering.

“Where's the IOU?”

“Here...” George struggled to pull out a crumpled paper from his pocket using his only functioning hand.

Casper saw the same name he saw on the IOU the day before, which was Wayne Thomas. It clearly stated the loan amount as two hundred thousand, with all the signatures seemingly legit.

After confirming that the IOU was not a fake, without a word, Casper tore it into pieces and threw them into the air.

“Now he doesn't owe you anything.”

Staring at the pieces flying in the air, George finally regained his senses regarding Casper's act. He was outraged, and he yelled while trying to stand up on his feet. “You!”

“Leave now,” Casper ordered, his eyes flashing with killing intent.

With that, George's rage vanished rapidly as he timidly crawled out of the warehouse.

“Mr. Darwin... I...” The second he stepped out of the warehouse, his bodyguard appeared and started to explain.

“Useless piece of sh\*t! Get me out of here!”

George did not let his bodyguard finish, running in a



panicked manner towards his car. The bodyguard sensed the urgency and immediately caught up with his pace. None of them turned back to look at Wayne behind them.

Vroom! Vroooooom!

After the car disappeared into the horizon, only then did Wayne get back to his senses. He walked cautiously into the warehouse and spotted Casper standing beside Lilian. Wayne sat on the floor decadently and let out a long sigh.

“He is George Darwin, son of Mark Darwin, the Chairman of Darwin Corporations. He won't let this go like this.” After a long wait, Wayne finally broke the silence.

Upon hearing that, Lillian clenched her fists tightly silently and stared at Casper desperately.

“Is that why you decide to sell out your sister?”

Casper smiled provocatively.

“Lilian has a difficult life with me after all. If she could follow George, she wouldn't have to worry about her life anymore. I'm doing all these for her!” Wayne bit his lips as he tried to reason with Caspar.

“Are you listening to yourself? How could you be sure that she would have a good life? What if that fat guy dumps her after getting bored with her? What a wise man you are.” Casper's tone filled with despise.

Wayne was lost for words and embarrassment was written all over his face.

“Alright. Besides George, how much money do you owe others?” Wayne was startled by Casper's sudden question.

“Why are you asking?”

“Just tell me.” Casper's expression turned stern.

“Three... Three million.” Wayne did not dare to lie as he had witnessed Casper's strength just a while ago.

Upon hearing that, Lilian could not help but let out an astonished yell. “What!”

She was aware that Wayne owed a lot of money all this while, but the amount was way beyond her expectation. She could not believe her brother was in such a deep mess.

“Wayne... How did you...” She choked on her words in disbelief.

Upon seeing Casper today, Lilian's heart was filled

with delight and security. She even started to have optimistic thoughts of borrowing some money from him to pay off her brother's debt.

She had found out the previous day that Casper was from a family of wealth. Or else he would not have given out two hundred thousand without any hesitation.

As for the money, she thought she could pay it back slowly after she graduated. If that were not enough, she would not mind offering herself to him.

However, all those plans vanished the second she heard the amount of three million.

Three million!

She would never get anywhere near this kind of money for her whole life.

Even if she had become Casper's lover, it would be impossible to request such an amount from him. Moreover, they were merely strangers now.

“Now you know, huh?”

Wayne let out a self-deprecating smile. Selling Lilian to George was not exactly a big deal for the man. If he could settle things with George, he would still be doomed by a disastrous future due to the three million debt.

All his debtors were not exactly some legal sources, and he knew he could not possibly escape from their clutches.

It was only a matter of time for the other debtors to find out about his beautiful sister. If one of them got their hands on Lilian, the outcome would be

devastating. Thinking of that, giving Lilian to George was indeed the most brilliant move he could think of.

“You're Lilian's boyfriend, aren't you?” Out of a sudden, Wayne asked Casper.

“Wayne... What are you talking about...”

Instantly, Lilian blushed shyly. She could hear her heart start beating faster.

Upon hearing that, Casper's eyes flickered, but he did not respond.

“Now that George has seen my sister, he won't let her go easily. If you like her, please take her with you. Go as far as you can and don't come back here. I will blame myself to death if something happens to her.”

Wayne wandered towards the door while speaking,

his back figure seeming utterly solemn.

“Wayne...” Staring at her brother, Lilian's heart suddenly twitched in pain. Her eyes started brimming with tears.

Even though Wayne had just abandoned her mercilessly, he was her only family in this city. She could not bear watching him in such despair.

Right then, Casper finally opened his mouth.

“Lilian and I are just friends.”

Wayne was not at all surprised by that reply. On the other hand, Lilian lowered her head, trying to hide her disappointment.

“But, I can give you the three million.”

Wayne was stunned, and Lilian stared at Casper in disbelief, covering her mouth with both hands. Her sight started to blur as tears of gratitude welled up in her eyes.

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Chapter 22



“What did you say?” asked Wayne uncertainly as he turned around.

“I said, I can give you three million,” repeated Casper patiently.

It was a few seconds of awkward silence.



Suddenly, Wayne burst into laughter as he shot Casper a strange look.

“Young lad, are you daydreaming? Where will you get three million? Don't tell me you can earn it in the future. That makes no difference at all. Since you refused to admit your relationship with my sister, why are you doing this?” Wayne chuckled. “Don't worry about humiliating yourself. Not everyone is willing to get involved in this. You're not doing anything wrong.”

Wayne thought Casper was trying to show off and gave him a dismissive wave.

Casper might be extremely capable of fighting, but there was nothing special about him. He didn't seem like someone who could afford three million.

Well, even if Casper could afford three million, it was no small amount. Wayne refused to believe he would

just give it to him.

“Lillian and I are just friends. I can give you three million now, and not in the future. Besides that, I have a job offer for you,” revealed Casper calmly.

Wayne was amused. “Now? Where will you get the money from? You aren't worth that much money.”

Folding his arms, Wayne gave him a mocking stare. Nonsense. He has a job offer for me? Does he think he's a businessman or something?

“Give me your bank account number,” Casper uttered. He couldn't be bothered to argue with Wayne.

“Sure. It's 64XXXXXX,” Wayne scoffed and gave his bank account number without suspecting anything.

He added, “So? When are you going to transfer the

money to me?” Inwardly, he felt bad for Lillian.

Wayne had a gambling addiction. He was wading in a sea of debt, so he deserved to die. Lillian wasn't exactly one who went by the rulebook, but he knew she wasn't a wanton girl. She was smart and pretty, too.

To his surprise, she found herself an irresponsible boyfriend who insisted on keeping up appearances.

Ah, I shall let him make a fool of himself.

Casper was quick enough to remember the string of numbers. He fished out his fake phone and started clicking on the screen furiously.

“Done. Check your account.”

Shortly after, Casper pocketed his phone.

Wayne let out a disdainful chortle. Clearly, he didn't believe Casper. Still, he took out his phone and clicked on the screen. To his astonishment, there was indeed a text informing him of the transfer.

He hurriedly clicked into the text and read it carefully. Upon spotting the huge amount being transferred into his account, his eyes lit up. Dropping his jaw open, he stared at the text that reads: Your acc XXXXX has received a fund transfer of 3,000,000 on DD/MM/YYYY...

“One, two, three... Six zeros! It's three million!”

Wayne gasped in disbelief as his hands holding his phone trembled.

He double-checked that it was his bank account that received the bank transfer and his bank's official

number that sent him the text before rubbing his eyes in bewilderment.

It took Wayne a while to regain his composure. Still, he couldn't help but stare at Casper like the latter was a monster.

“Did you receive it?” inquired Casper.

Thud!

Wayne took two steps forward and fell to his knees to give Casper a grateful bow.

“My friend... No, you're my benefactor! I shall lick your boots willingly! Three million! Oh, my. I can't believe it!” Wayne exclaimed excitedly.

“You don't have to do this. I'm not giving the money to you for free,” said Casper in exasperation.

I'm younger than you. Ugh, why are you offering to lick my shoes?

“Don't you worry. You're so generous, so I shall be your loyal dog!” Wayne promised while patting his chest happily.

Casper was speechless.

“Wayne!” Lillian couldn't take it anymore and hissed.

“Ahem, ahem!” Casper coughed twice before saying, “I shall arrange for you to work at my restaurant. You will receive the same pay as the other employees. If you're good at your job, you might get a promotion and a raise.”

Wayne was surprised. “Huh? Is that it?”

This isn't even a request. It's a huge surprise!

“Of course not,” responded Casper coolly.

He shot Wayne an icy glare before continuing, “I shall take half of your monthly salary. Think of it as repaying your debt. How does that sound?”

“Perfect!” Wayne boomed in agreement.

“Since you owe me money and work in my restaurant, your life belongs to me. If there's a relapse, I shall take everything away and make sure you die a horrible death.”

“Yes! I promise I won't ever gamble again!” Wayne gave him his word.

“I hope so,” muttered Casper with a frown.

He knew it was hard for someone with a gambling addiction to get rid of the bad habit. Casper felt Wayne had given his word too easily.

Still, he couldn't predict the future. He had done everything he could.

After all, Lillian and he had only been friends for one day.

“Alright. Give me your phone number and wait at home. I shall inform someone from the restaurant to contact you. I'll take my leave now.”

After getting Wayne's number, Casper spun on his heels and left. Lillian hastily bade goodbye to Wayne and hurried after Casper.

Leaving the warehouse behind them, Lillian caught up to Casper.



“Thank you for today,” she lowered her head and mumbled.

It didn't occur to her to ask why Casper appeared here out of a sudden.

“It's nothing. We're friends, so I should help when you're in need,” answered Casper coolly.

He didn't want Lillian to think he was helping her because he harbored feelings for her.

“Mm...” came Lillian's low reply.

Her head was hung low, so there was no telling what was on her mind.

Around ten minutes later, a taxi stopped in front of Business University. Both Lillian and Casper alighted

from the vehicle.

“Well, I'll be heading back to my dorm now!” Lillian scrambled ahead and waved at Casper with a grin on her face.

“Alright.” Casper nodded.

“I will return the money to you in the future!”

“Okay.” Casper shot her a nod after a brief deliberation. That's a good idea. At least we won't owe each other anything.

Casper thought Lillian would leave after saying that, but to his surprise, she dashed over to him. Standing on tiptoes, she whispered, “I won't give up on you!”

With that, she fled the scene as her cheeks turned a scarlet red.

“Oh, no!” Casper slapped his head in frustration.

I tried my best to stay away from her. Instead of giving up, she grew more determined.

After a long while, Casper let out a sigh. He was about to return to his dorm when his phone started vibrating in his pocket. He took it out and realized it was an unknown number from Horington.

Confused, he answered the call. “Hello? Who is this?”

“Mr. Simpson! W-We're in trouble!”

Casper froze in his tracks when the person on the other end of the line addressed him politely.

“Mr. Simpson, some thugs are kicking up a fuss here. Our manager couldn't stop them, and they had

destroyed our stuff here. Even our manager is hurt. C-  
Can you please come over now?"

It was a young woman speaking. She seemed desperate as her voice choked up.

Casper belatedly realized only those working at Tycoon would call him "Mr. Simpson." The person calling him sounded like a server working there.

Someone is kicking up a fuss at Tycoon? The nerve of him!

A wave of fury crashed through Casper while his gaze turned frosty.

How dare they lay their hands on my property? They have a death wish!

"Calm down. I'll head there now!"

Casper took a deep breath to calm himself down before leaving the campus once again to head to Tycoon.

A few minutes later, outside Tycoon.

“A-Are you Casper Simpson? Mr. Simpson?” a female server greeted him uncertainly once Casper stepped out of his car.

Her manager had informed her what Casper looked like, but she hesitated after seeing the cheap outfit he had on.

“I am. What is going on?” Casper nodded and asked.

“Mr. Simpson, you're finally here. Please come with me!”

The server was relieved to hear his answer and hurriedly led the way into the restaurant.

Without hesitation, Casper squeezed his way through the crowd. At the door, he could hear the sound of glass shattering inside. Instantly, his gaze turned icy.

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Chapter 23



“Wait!” Casper called out to stop the server.

“Ah? Mr. Simpson...” she turned and shot him a stunned glance.

“Appease the customers outside. I shall head in

myself.”

The server hesitated before nodding obediently.

“Yes.”

Without further ado, Casper entered Tycoon and strode past the messy main hall before arriving at the source of the commotion.

Glancing around, he spotted a man whose hands were tied up in the middle of the hall. That man was Tycoon's manager, and there were two men standing guard beside him.

Zoom!

Casper dashed forward swiftly and came to a stop behind a man who was guarding the manager. He swung his leg out toward the opponent's head.

“Ah!” that person screamed as he was sent flying forward. After landing on the ground, his head started buzzing. It took him some time before he realized what was going on.

The other man was in a daze when he felt something landed on his chest. Blood spurted forth from his mouth immediately as his entire body was sent flying. His body soon landed with a loud thump.

The sudden attack promptly attracted the attention of the other thugs who were causing a scene. Shocked, they glared at Casper before marching toward him.

“M-Mr. Simpson! Oh, oh!” the manager yelled before gasping in pain as he had jostled the wound on his face.

“Who are you? How dare you meddle in our affairs?”



Without fear, Casper retorted, “Do you have any idea where you are right now?”

“Ha! I don't care! I—”

Before that man could finish, he suddenly felt his vision turning blurry. A fist appeared in front of his eyes before he blacked out and collapsed on the floor.

“Damn it! Everyone, kill him!” one of them barked out.

There were more than a dozen thugs there who nodded angrily and charged at Casper.

His manager got extremely flustered and yelled, “Mr. Simpson, be careful!”

Casper spun around abruptly and swung his leg out to kick one of them. That kick of his landed on the man

who toppled backward, landing on another accomplice.

“You just don't know when to give up, do you?”  
Casper muttered.

With that, he lunged forward like a panther, weaving between the troublemakers like a shadow.

The thugs' faces drained of color. In their haste, they swung their baton around wildly and attacked those who were in their way, including their comrades. Yet, they didn't manage to hurt Casper.

“Ah!”

“Ouch!”

Soon, cries of anguish filled the air as the troublemakers lay on the ground, groaning in pain.

Each of them was suffering various degrees of injuries. No one knew whether it was Casper who wounded them or they had wounded each other mistakenly.

“Scram!” announced Casper, who was standing among them arrogantly.

“Hurry, let's go!”

The injured thugs climbed to their feet hastily and held each other while fleeing the scene.

“Wait!”

Suddenly, Casper reached out and grabbed a man with spiky hair to stop him from leaving.

“Ah!” Spiky Hair's heart sank in despair. Trembling in fear, he sank to his knees and pleaded, “Please

forgive me! I shouldn't have gone against you! Spare my life!”

“You shall get to speak later. If you don't shut up now, I'll chop off your tongue,” came Casper's cool warning.

Spiky Hair immediately shut up. Sweat poured down his face while his lips shivered.

“Untie the manager,” Casper ordered a few servers who had just arrived.

“Y-Yes.”

The servers had never seen Casper before, but they could see how respectful the manager was toward him. Scurrying toward their manager, they proceeded to untie him and helped him up.

“Mr. Simpson, thank goodness you came in time. Otherwise, those men would've wrecked the entire place. This is my fault, so please punish me,” said the manager as he hung his head guiltily.

Casper waved his hand. “No need. This is beyond your control. You're badly hurt, huh? I'll ask someone to send you to the hospital.”

The manager was overwhelmed by Casper's generosity and thanked him profusely. “Thank you, Mr. Simpson. Thank you!”

Right then, a woman's voice announced, “I've contacted the hospital. An ambulance is on the way here.”

Casper's gaze turned to the source of the voice and saw a lady clad in office wear strutting toward him.

“Mr. Simpson,” greeted the woman.

Casper was baffled. “Who are you?”

“I'm Elena Schneider, your secretary.”

My secretary?

As Casper stood still in silence, Elena parted her lips to ask, “Are you alright, Mr. Simpson?”

“Ah, I'm fine. Hello, Ms. Schneider. I'm Casper Simpson.” Casper snapped back to reality and gave her a polite nod.

“Ms. Schneider, can you explain what happened today?”

After all, those thugs wouldn't have caused a scene without reason.

Elena's expression clouded over. "Actually, this isn't their first time here."

"What?" Casper narrowed his gaze.

Hence, Elena explained how the whole situation started when the ex-chairman of Tycoon, Peter Quinton, was still here.

"At first, these people extorted thirty percent of our monthly profit from Mr. Quinton. In return, they claimed they would protect us."

"What happened next?" asked Casper.

"Tycoon is famous in Horington, so thirty percent of our monthly profit is an enormous amount of money. Hence, Mr. Quinton disagreed, and they didn't come to an agreement. After that, those people kept

causing trouble for us. First, they spread rumors to destroy our reputation. Then, they dined and dashed without paying for their meals. In the end, they resorted to blocking the entrance so our customers couldn't enter our establishment. It had been over a month since they first started.”

Casper furrowed his brows. “Didn't Peter Quinton do anything to stop them?”

“Of course he did. He called the cops, but those men were smart enough to evade the cops. They've always managed to escape in time. After that, Mr. Quinton contacted one of his friends who was in a gang, but his friend told him to let the matter slide. Apparently, it isn't a good idea to offend them. Left with no choice, we had to endure their antics.”

She let out a frustrated sigh before continuing, “Instead of giving up, their behavior soon worsened.



Look, they came to destroy our store today. Mr. Simpson, you might've kicked them out today, but they will soon be back with another scheme.”

As Elena was clearly agitated, Casper fell deep into thought as he contemplated her words.

Soon, he declared, “Okay, I understand. Ms. Schneider, count the losses and send the pdf to me later. If any of the employees get hurt, send them to receive treatment at the best hospital in town. Besides receiving paid leaves, we will take care of their medical bills. Make sure you make the necessary arrangements.”

Elena nodded. “Got it, Mr. Simpson.”

“Go and get it done,” ordered Casper.

Elena inclined her head and turned to carry out his

order.

After relaying his orders, Casper exhaled sharply. He then turned and glared at Spiky Hair, who cowered back in fear.

“Where is the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce located?” Casper questioned.

Spiky Hair kept his mouth shut in resignation as if he was prepared to die.

“Good. You are stubborn, huh?” Casper flashed an eerie grin.

He picked up a steel baton and held its two ends. Suddenly, he exerted force and bent it into half easily. Clank! When he threw the bent baton onto the ground, Spiky Hair's heart thumped nervously.

“I hope you can stay stubborn after this,” declared Casper as he inched nearer to Spiky Hair menacingly.

Spiky Hair's eyes widened in horror. He promptly caved in. “I-I'll say it! Wait!” he choked out as his eyes reddened.

Without warning, he burst out wailing while a stream of yellow liquid leaked through his pants.

Casper was rendered speechless.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 24



Casper was astonished to find out what a coward Spiky Hair was. Looks like the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce is nothing to be afraid of. I can't believe this person is brave enough to lead a bunch of thugs to come and wreck Tycoon.

“Pfft, how dare you call yourself a thug? Hurry, tell me where the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce is. Otherwise, I will break your other arm!” urged Casper impatiently as a disdainful smirk flitted across his lips.

Huh. Spiky Hair's a disgrace to his gang.

Spiky Hair sobbed and answered, “It's at Marine Luxworld. Our leader is Hector Corneo.”

He sniffled and proceeded to reveal everything he knew about the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

“Leader?” Casper snorted. “Tell your leader that I

shall meet him tomorrow!”

Casper made up his mind. If he couldn't deal with the so-called Firewolf Chamber of Commerce, Tycoon wouldn't be able to open for business. His plan to increase his profit by tenfold would go down the drain.

“Yes, yes,” mumbled Spiky Hair as he nodded profusely.

He was scared out of his wits and dared not go against Casper's wishes.

After Casper fished out the information he needed from Spiky Hair, he dismissed the latter with a wave.

“Scram!”

“Yes, yes. We shall scam now.”

Spiky Hair had no intention of staying with the

terrifying man. He scrambled to his feet and escaped the scene with his accomplices.

Clearly, those thugs were traumatized by Casper's skills.

With his brows knitted up, Casper scanned the messy scene full of battered tables, chairs, and other ruined stuff. He had only been in charge of Tycoon for less than fifteen days, but those people from Firewolf Chamber of Commerce managed to wreck the place up completely.

If I don't teach them a lesson, they would think I'm a pushover! I still need to run my business in Horington.

Casper told the security to close Tycoon up for the time being before returning to his dorm.

Back at the dorm, he was about to enter when Felix,

Colton, and Remy stormed out angrily with a wooden baton in their hands. Both parties crashed into each other.

“Friends, where are you going?” asked Casper curiously as they stepped back.

Did some tactless thug offend my friends? They look like they are ready to go to battle. Hmm, normally they should be engrossed in gaming right now.

“Casper, you're back. We heard that some people have been causing a scene at Tycoon. We're about to go help you.”

“Casper, are you alright?”

“Tycoon's your property, so we must help you take revenge!”

Felix, Colton, and Remy looked furious as though they were ready to risk their lives to chase those thugs away.

Casper was moved by Felix, Colton, and Remy's sincerity. They wanted to offer their help as he wasn't here. Ah, they are my true friends! I'm so proud to get to know them on this big campus.

“Those thugs are gone. Tycoon is currently closed for repairs, so you can put those batons down lest the others misunderstand,” explained Casper as he pushed the three of them back into their dorm.

It would be a bad idea to drag them into the mess as the opponent was the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. They weren't ordinary thugs who would give up after getting beaten up.

“Oh? The thugs had already left? I thought I'd give



them a beating to see if my recent training is working,” uttered Remy in dissatisfaction while he flung the wooden baton aside.

“Remy, what are you talking about? Why would the thugs remain there? To celebrate Christmas with us?” Felix chided and glared at Remy before turning to Casper and asked, “Casper, who are they?”

Both Remy and Colton whirled around to look at Casper. In fact, it didn't take them long to realize someone influential must be backing those thugs out for they dared to cause a scene at Tycoon.

Casper nodded and replied solemnly, “Yes, they are from the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. Stay out of this. I can handle the matter myself.”

As he didn't even know what the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce was all about, he didn't want to drag Felix

and the others into the mess.

“The Firewolf Chamber of Commerce?”

Felix and the boys fell into deep thought.

A moment later, Remy's eyes lit up. “Oh, I remember Leo once boasted that his brother, Tyson is a member of the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. I think he's a team leader of some sort there,” he revealed what he knew to everyone.

Felix declared, “I knew he's bad news. Casper, should we get him and interrogate him?”

After a brief deliberation, Casper shook his head. “Not for now. This isn't as simple as it seems.”

Still, he felt blessed to have such loyal friends.

Silence ensued.

A moment later, Felix broke the silence. “By the way, Casper. Sawyer Lingham, a third-year student at BU, invited you to have tea with him at Weiss Lake Teahouse.”

“He asked me out for tea?”

Casper was stunned, but he swiftly recalled how Sawyer tried to chase after his future wife, Giselle.

“Casper, Sawyer's famous on our campus. He's rich. Of course, compared to you, he's nothing but a scum. His father is the chairman of Lingham Group, which is a listed company worth at least three billion. His father is also the richest man in Horington.

As the most informative person in the dorm, Remy quickly shared everything he knew about Sawyer.

Colton scoffed. “I think he's acting ostentatiously because of his father's wealth.”

Felix was worried. “Casper, I think he's harboring an evil intent. We shouldn't go meet him.” Clearly, this was a set-up to bring harm to them.

Previously, Felix had heard about how Sawyer tricked those materialistic girls by promising he would buy them luxurious stuff. After having his way with them, he'd dump them without hesitation.

Those girls might've brought it upon themselves, but there was no denying that Sawyer was a jerk.

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“Why not? Let's go. If you're free, come and join us.”

Casper rose to his feet and let out a hearty chuckle. He wasn't at all afraid of someone like Sawyer. If he wants to fight, I shall play along.

“A rich guy is footing the bill. Of course we're going.”

The other three exchanged glances before rising to their feet. They followed Casper to the Weiss Lake Teahouse on their campus.

The Weiss Lake Teahouse was located behind the university's library. It was a place where students and lecturers could relax. Besides its elegant interior, which attracted many customers, it also housed many private rooms so the customers could enjoy their tea

in private.

It took Sawyer some effort before he discovered a nouveau riche had appeared on campus recently and humiliated Leo by tossing a wad of cash to him in public. Giselle was also this young man's lecturer.

He must be the netizen who spent so much money on the live stream app for Giselle! At the thought of how his money totaling over six hundred thousand went down the drain, raw anger shot through him. I must let him know that Giselle is mine! Whoever tries to take Giselle from me will be my enemy!

“Sawyer, I don't think that brat has the guts to show up.”

“Yeah. He's just a nouveau riche, right? There's no way he'll come and offend Sawyer.”

“Sawyer, I think he's just lucky to win the grand prize in the lottery. Look at how he's flaunting his wealth.”

“If he comes, should we beat him up?”

Frank, Sax, and the other rich kids started discussing Casper mockingly. They didn't even view him as a threat.

After all, to them, Casper was someone who could easily be disposed of.

Sawyer's expression was grim. “Let's just wait...”

Before he could finish, the door to his private room was pushed open. In an instant, it caught everyone's attention.

Frank and the rest couldn't help but open their eyes in shock when they saw Casper, Felix and two other

young men strode in and sat down boldly.

Casper flashed a smile and uttered, “Oh? This is indeed exceptional tea. I heard you wanted to invite me to have tea together, so I asked my dorm mates to join me. Sawyer, you won't mind, right?”

He ignored Sawyer's disbelief expression and acted as if he was the one who reserved the private room.

Seeing their arrival, Sawyer was so mad that he nearly cursed out loud. I only invited you. Why did you bring three other people along? Do you think the tea is free here?

“Felix, come on. Have some tea. Let's not waste Sawyer's kind gesture. This pot of Earl Grey tea cost five hundred per pot!”

Acting like he had never tasted expensive tea, Casper



filled several cups for Felix and his friends generously.

Immediately, Felix knew what his plan was. "I shall fill my stomach with the tea so as not to waste Sawyer's kindness, then," he announced and finished the tea in one gulp as though he was drinking water.

Both Colton and Remy followed suit and acted as though they were country bumpkins.

They weren't even drinking tea; they were gulping it down without even savoring the taste.

A fresh swell of rage rose in Sawyer when he saw how rude they were. His gaze darkened, but he swiftly tamped down his fury.

"You're Casper Simpson, right? You're quite the popular guy on campus, huh? Do you know why I

invited you here?'

“Didn't you invite me to have some tea? What else could it be?”

Casper raised his head and smacked his lips as though he had thoroughly enjoyed the tea. He blinked his eyes innocently at Sawyer.

Sawyer felt the corner of his eyes twitching in frustration. Does he seriously think he's here to drink tea while I foot the bill?

Ignoring Sawyer's murderous look, Casper continued, “I thought the popular guy in our university will take turns to invite everyone to have tea, and it's our dorm's turn today. Well, I even thought of asking my classmates to join in the fun so they can see how handsome and generous you are, Sawyer.”

Sawyer parted his lips, but all he could choke out was, “I...” If they weren't in public, he would've cursed Casper without hesitation.

“Are you asking me to invite the others? Okay, I'll call my classmates to come over now.”

Casper whipped out his old smartphone and started dialing.

Finally, Sawyer couldn't take it any longer. “That's enough!” he roared.

“Enough? Ah, I won't ask them to come then. We should drink this expensive tea among ourselves instead of sharing it with others.” He paused before pretending to ask, “By the way, you're an influential figure on campus. Why did you invite me? I'm a nobody.”

Casper smirked and scanned Sawyer carefully. He didn't even flinch when Sawyer roared suddenly.

Ha! You snob. I shall ruin your plan today! Casper snorted silently.

Hearing Casper's words, Sawyer nearly suffocated in his fury. F\*ck this b\*stard!

He couldn't help but wonder if he had invited the wrong person. Look at him clad in a cheap outfit which is clearly cheap as f\*ck. He's acting like a country bumpkin. Is he the one who competed with me to become Giselle's top rewarder? Can he afford to spend millions on her? I don't think so. He must've won the lottery. That's it!

“Sawyer, don't look at me that way. You're scaring me. I have to be honest. I'm not gay, and I'm not into guys.” Casper acted as though he was terrified and

inched away from Sawyer. “By the way, I think Hank from our class is one. Do you want me to invite him here?” he patted his chest and offered.

Sawyer lost it as Casper's incessant chatter was too annoying. “Enough, Casper. Stop putting up an act. I have a question for you,” he barked impatiently. “Were you the one who rewarded Giselle with one million in the live stream back then?”

Sax, Frank, and the other rich kids were dumbfounded by his reaction. They couldn't believe their eyes, as Sawyer was usually a polite person. He had never yelled at anyone before.

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Because of his noble comportment, no matter how fumed he was, he wouldn't really lash out at anyone. Hence, he was nicknamed 'Mr. Modest'.

Felix and the others widened their eyes in shock. The usually mild and gentle Sawyer was so pissed at Casper that he actually lost control and cursed aloud, and it was due to the reward given to an online streamer worth a million.

Remy, Colton, and Felix exchanged looks. They had only read about such incidents on the news whereby someone had supported the online streamer with gifts worth millions which resulted in an angry outburst of his family member that led to death. They had been very disdainful of such behaviors, but they had never expected that Sawyer would actually do the same.

Most importantly, Casper also did that. Is our imagination really stifled by destitution?

“Sawyer, can it be that you're mistaken? How can such an impoverished soul like me reward an online streamer with millions worth of gifts? Who's that Giselle you mentioned? Is she pretty? Did you really spend a million on gifts for her? You must be very rich,” Casper took a sip of the tea served and licked his lips in satisfaction as he replied impishly.

Of course, Casper would never confide in Sawyer the actual reason he rewarded Giselle was that he had deemed her as his future wife. Hence, even if he had to spend two million, he was willing to, let alone a million worth of gifts.

Nevertheless, to Sawyer, it was utterly different. He lost over six hundred thousand in just the glimpse of an eye, and he would have topped the rewarder

leaderboard easily in the first place without having to pay such a high price if it wasn't for Casper. On top of that, he was confident that given some time and effort, Giselle would be moved.

In this world, there's not a woman who cannot be bought with money.

If there is, that would mean that the amount offered is too little, and the man isn't generous enough!

Sawyer had never failed to hook up with any used-to-be chaste woman with this trick of his.

“Casper Simpson, aren't you a Simpson? That Mr. Simpson who appeared out of nowhere in the live stream is also from Business University,” Sawyer's face darkened as he glared mockingly at Casper and asked.



“Although Simpson is not a particularly prominent surname now, it is very common. How can you be so certain that I'm that Mr. Simpson in the live stream? Look, the value of everything that I'm wearing now doesn't even add up to a hundred. My phone is also an outdated model which cost only five hundred, and I had to scrimp and save to afford it. How can such a hard-up person like me spend in that way?” Casper froze for a brief second and continued in a timid and petty manner.

The way he looked in that instance was in no way comparable to that of the well-off.

Furthermore, Felix and others were very cooperative and acted as though they were some country bumpkins stuck in the city, and everything seemed new to them. They drank the tea like they were boozing. From the second they were there up till that instance, three pots of premium Earl Grey tea were

drunk up by them.

“Earl Grey tea, please!” Just then, Felix called out, and immediately, a server came in, taking away the pot and replacing it with another pot of premium tea.

Felix's loud and clear voice gave Sawyer a shudder. This jerk of a follower of Casper is drinking a pot after another. Is he ever going to stop?

Nevertheless, he had no time to pay attention to Felix and the other two men, so he shifted his gaze back at Casper.

“Is it really not you? That Mr. Simpson made me lose six hundred thousand. It's a score yet to settle. Also, let me tell you, Giselle is mine!” Sawyer forced the words out of his bared teeth as he fixated his eyes on Casper with a gloomy face.

If it wasn't because of the potential adverse impact, Sawyer couldn't wait to rumble with Casper. It's exasperating!

“Oh, really? I think you're just one of her many admirers. If you announce it through the campus broadcast, I'll regard you as a real man. It's meaningless to tell me all these.” Casper was indeed a slayer with his words. A fatal blow was cast on Sawyer in just a few sentences.

“You may leave now,” Sawyer didn't want to spend another second with Casper, so he asked them to leave.

He knew all too well that even if he compelled Casper to stay, he would be resolute and calm as a lake, and Sawyer wouldn't be able to get what he wanted. Instead, it would only make his blood boil and rush to his head, driving him even madder.

“Haha, since you've invited us over for tea, we should at least finish this pot of tea before leaving. Forget it. I better just go with takeaway. Colton, where's the tumbler you brought? Come fill it up with this tea and bring it back to the dorm. This pot of tea means nothing to Sawyer but we shouldn't waste any bit of it,” Casper uttered as he turned to Colton, totally disregarding Sawyer whose face was so gloomy it might just rain out of it.

“Sure. I think this Earl Grey tea is delicious, too. I've never had it before. Thank you for such a good treat, Sawyer.”

Colton hurriedly took out a large tumbler and emptied out the water in it. Then, in front of Sawyer and everyone present, he filled it with all the Earl Grey tea from the teapot, pouring every last drop of it into the tumbler.

“Well, thank you very much for the tea, Sawyer. We shall get going and not spoil your pleasure further. You don't need to see us off; we're all from the same university. We can do without the pleasantries.” Casper got up from his seat and waved at Sawyer deliberately, looking very well-mannered.

As soon as Casper and his friends left, Sawyer could no longer suppress the fury within himself and slammed his fist forcefully on the table.

“Son of a b\*itch!” Sawyer cursed.

“Sawyer, cool down, don't sink to that tramp's level.”

“Is he really not the Mr. Simpson online? Did we really get the wrong person?”

“Sawyer, should we send someone to teach Casper a

lesson?”

Sax, Frank, and others quickly comforted Sawyer, and each started giving his own opinion.

“Let's probe into this and ignore that tramp for the time being. Hmph, I've lost over six hundred thousand; of course, I'll not let the matter rest. Besides, Giselle belongs with me!” A ferocious glint glowed in Sawyer's eyes as he gritted his teeth and uttered.

In the meantime, a vicious plan started brewing in his mind, and a spooky smirk crept up on the corner of his lips.

“Hahaha, did you guys see that just now? Sawyer was so maddened. Wasn't it just a few pots of tea? What a cheapskate. Casper, there's no one else here right now. Tell us, did you really reward the online

streamer a million? What does that online streamer look like? Is she really incredibly gorgeous?” Felix looked around them and laid his arm on Casper's shoulder before winking at him and asked.

That was also the matter which Remy and Colton were most concerned about, so they turned to look at Casper all at once, eager to hear him admit that he was in fact the Mr. Simpson who rewarded the online streamer with gifts worth a million.

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Chapter 27



“What are you thinking? Do I look like some moneybags? Sawyer was deliberately revealing and

bragging about the fact that he spent up to a million rewarding an online streamer. His real purpose was for us to help spread the word for him about how wealthy he was, and you guys can't even get that? Sigh, you've drunk all of that Earl Grey tea for nothing.” Casper rolled his eyes before them and shook his head in affected disappointment.

“Ah, so that's what it was. No wonder he didn't even say a word when he saw us drinking the tea up like boozing.” Felix patted heavily on his own thigh as he thought he finally understood what happened.

“Casper, do you think we should help him publicize it?” Remy turned to Casper and asked curiously. Right then, both Felix and Colton also turned to him eagerly, as though all of them had regarded him as the person-in-charge in their dorm.

“Well, since we've been treated by Sawyer and drunk



so much of the tea, if we don't help him promote it, it's unjustifiable. Listen, here's what we should circulate. We'll just say that yesterday, Sawyer rewarded a female online streamer with ten thousand worth of gifts, and later he thought she looked hideous, so he found her and forced her to return the money to him," Casper pondered for a while before his lips curled into a wicked grin and he said to Felix and others as he winked.

As long as that piece of news was spread, regardless of whether it was true or not, Sawyer's reputation within the campus would be impaired. After all, such is a society in which bad news, especially those exaggerated ones have wings.

Certainly, to Casper, the more the news spread, the better. It would be best if it eventually reached Giselle. Hmph! Trying to steal my future Mrs. Simpson? You're asking for it!

“Casper, I notice that you've changed, but I like it. Let's just pass it on that way. He despised us for drinking too much Earl Grey tea just now. Damn it, that tea tastes so good.” Felix was all smiles as he put his hand on Casper's shoulder and blinked.

“My opinion is that this matter isn't wild enough to pique others' interest. If we spread it out like that, it wouldn't bring about the intended result,” Colton frowned and expressed his concern.

“I'm sure you have a better idea. Well, we'll leave it to you then. Let's give Sawyer a huge surprise, just not a pleasant one. Hahaha, why do I feel like I've changed as well? Mmm, but I like it.” Plain joy was painted all over Felix's face. He looked very complacent with what they were plotting.

“How can I not take part in such an interesting thing?”

Oh right, the class president has organized an outing next week, are we going?" Remy patted on his chest, signifying his intention to join in their plan, but he was soon reminded about another event.

As they walked toward their dorm, they came up with an outing plan in just a heartbeat. Casper wouldn't want to miss out on such an event for sure. Hence, he agreed on the spot.

When the afternoon class ended, they walked back to the dorm, but when they reached the building, Casper thought about visiting the injured manager and staff at the hospital, so he made an excuse to leave and threw his books to Felix to be brought back to the dorm.

Felix and the other two knew that there were certain things they couldn't help Casper with, so they just stayed in the dorm and played games.

As he headed to Tycoon, an idea popped up in Casper's mind. The influencer economy has been on the rise these days, it'd be great if I can venture into this industry.

Turning a hundred million into a billion was a goal Casper had to accomplish in order for him to inherit the Simpson family's wealth.

The reason why he had spent such a huge sum to support Giselle was also that he wanted to see how crazy the fans in the live stream could get. You'd never know the full extent of something until you see them for yourself.

The fans were indeed out of their minds. They didn't hesitate to go all out just to support the online streamer they liked.

Sawyer was the perfect illustration. He was willing to throw in a million to support Giselle without a second thought.

When he arrived at the entrance of the university and met up with his secretary, Elena, they took a taxi together and headed to People's Hospital.

“Mr. Simpson, the arrangement for Mr. Gray and other staff have all been done, and the medical fees have been settled. Here's the statement of losses for the restaurant. We've suffered damage amounting to a hundred and twenty thousand in total.” Sitting next to Casper, Elena took in a few long breaths before handing the statement to Casper.

Looking at the statement of losses, Casper's brows furrowed and his expression turned gloomy. This Firewolf Chamber of Commerce is atrocious enough to smash so many items at the restaurant. I'd be sorry

to myself if I don't make them pay for it.

“Generate a statement of the costs incurred for Mr. Gray and other staff's treatment at the hospital as well. It'll be of use to me,” Casper instructed in a straightforward manner.

He didn't plan to let those ruffians from the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce off the hook so easily. He would make them bear the consequences of damaging his restaurant.

“Mr. Simpson, you...” Sensing the aura wafting from Casper, Elena shifted a little nearer to the car window unwittingly as she was compelled by the murderous air around her.

“Nothing,” Casper responded with a brief laugh and hurriedly suppressed his rage, dissipating his previous emanation in the air.

No one said anything else along the journey and soon, they reached the hospital. Casper followed Elena and trod toward the ward.

In the ward, Casper saw the general manager whose head was bandaged, but he looked a lot better than before.

“Mr. Gray, focus on recuperation in the hospital and don't worry about the medical costs. When you recover, you'll continue to manage Tycoon. You can take the opportunity to renovate the restaurant and let Ms. Schneider send me the statement of all the costs,” after comforting the general manager, Russell Gray, Casper spoke his mind.

“Thank you, Mr. Simpson.”

Listening to Casper's words, Russell was particularly

excited and moved, especially when he saw that the owner of the restaurant had come to the hospital to visit him personally.

“Ms. Schneider, please check on the condition of other workers.” Seeing as Russell was hesitant to speak, Casper sent Elena away.

“Mr. Simpson, to be honest, I've carried out my own investigation on the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. It has been developing in recent years, and its leader is a man called Hector Corneo. They've gained a solid footing in Horington, and even some notorious gangs would stay out of their way. The biggest nightclub in Horington, Marine Luxworld, was also under Hector's control. It might be just a project under the chamber, but its business is going very well, and it operates until two to three o'clock past midnight every day,” in his patient gown, Russell spoke about the information he gathered as he leaned against the wall. There was



even an envious glint in his eyes.

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Chapter 28



The thought of being tied to the chair by Spiky Hair and the other thugs still brought pain to his face, while his eyes twitched fervently.

Hearing his story, Casper's eyes widened in shock. Damn them! They have such a profitable project in the works, but apparently, that isn't enough! They still want to extort protection money from Tycoon! Who's protecting whom, exactly?

“It seems that you've done a thorough investigation.

What do you know about their current situation? How many fighters do they have?”

Casper would not fight an unprepared battle. Since he was determined to abolish that dreaded Firewolf Chamber of Commerce, he had to dig up everything there was to know before he made a move.

“Mr. Simpson, I've also found out that the reason the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce could grow so quickly was that Hector's employed two incredibly strong fighters to do his bidding. One of them is called Sabre, the other Lupin. The two of them have defeated many other mobsters in the underworld. If you want to do away with the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce, you have to take them out first.”

Russell gazed at Casper intently. Facing off Sabre and Lupin might be inevitable, but he still worried for the man.

Yet he most certainly could not allow the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce to extort protection money from Tycoon, especially after they had used him as a punching bag.

If he were the boss of Tycoon, he would refuse to pay.

In order for Tycoon to stay in operation, the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce had to be dealt with to prevent unspeakable events from happening down the road.

Initially, Russell did everything in his power to collect all this information for the former owner of Tycoon so that he could take down the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce, but that man simply turned tail and fled.

Later on, Casper took the reins as the chairman.

Having had plenty of experience in reading people all these years, Russell could tell that the young man was an ambitious idealist. He knew Casper would not allow the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce to continue their antics.

Otherwise, he would not have confronted Spiky Hair.

“Indeed. Thank you for providing such valuable information. You've been of great help, Russell. You seem to have a knack for collecting intelligence. Tell you what, once you recover, I'll set up an intelligence office and appoint you as office director.”

Looking at Russell, Casper was quite impressed by his ability to gather detailed information. He had hoped for his business to flourish in the future, and he could not possibly collect data and do the research on his own. It would be wise to set up an intelligence office.

That way, he could utilize Russell's talents to his advantage, providing his business with strong intelligence support.

Other than talent, the most valuable asset right now would be intelligence.

“Sure.”

Russell nodded frantically, his excitement made evident by the constant twitching of his facial muscles.

He had finally found someone willing to bring down the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. Casper fit the bill.

“Mr. Simpson, before you do that, you'll have to look for more people to join your cause. You can't fight alone. You'll need to be fully prepared.”

Russell added a reminder when Casper remained quiet. He would not want the man to fail his mission and get himself in trouble as well.

As the general manager of Tycoon for many years, Russell had gotten the habit of making careful arrangements while planning for the worse.

“Take a good rest. I'm going to check on the others.”

Casper took a deep breath, adjusted Russell's covers, and rose to his feet.

He got what he came for, so he ought not to linger and disrupt Russell's rest. He stepped out of the ward.

Casper was about to turn around and pay a visit to the other injured workers when he felt the urge to relieve himself, so he searched for the toilet.

As he passed a stairway, a familiar voice drifted into his ears.

“Ty, Casper insulted me a few days ago. I want him to suffer tenfold!”

Standing behind a wall, Casper chanced a peek at what was happening. It was Leo who spoke. He must be up to something.

Next to him was a man with a scarred face. Leo called him Ty. Could that be Tyson?

If it was really him, then Casper totally lucked out. He had been searching high and low for Tyson and here he was!

Intrigued by their conversation, Casper snuck over to eavesdrop, the urge to relieve himself temporarily

gone.

Leo had come to the hospital today for a medical checkup. After being beaten up by Casper last time, his ribs still hurt. He got Tyson, one of the infamous thugs out there, to accompany him.

Leo planned to have Tyson and his gang come with him to Casper's school to exact vengeance after the checkup.

They had not expected Casper to come across them right here.

What a small world!

“Do not worry, Leo. I'll deal with him.”

Tyson made a stern promise as he patted Leo's shoulder. He had a mouth that stuck out and his chin



resembled an ape's. Together with that scar on his face, he was certainly a frightful sight.

Tyson's followers echoed his sentiment by patting their chests. They looked eager to seek out Casper and cripple him for life.

“Ty, there's something you need to know about Casper. He's a force to be reckoned with. You have to be careful,” Leo reminded them out of worry.

Flashbacks of Casper's unholy might still haunt Leo. He could not understand how an average human like Casper could possess such formidable strength.

Leo himself held a black belt in Taekwondo too, and he had had his fair share of fights.

“Relax, Leo. You have me. It doesn't matter how strong he is. I can take him. Don't forget, I'm with the

Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. If we can't win, I can call Lupin and ask for a favor.”

Tyson totally disregarded Leo's reminder. Nonchalantly, he patted Leo on the back.

They had sorted out their enemies one by one. They had come so far, and now half of Horington's underground world belonged to the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

Tyson paid no heed to Leo's accounts of how powerful Casper actually was. At best, the man possessed sheer, brute force, but that alone was useless if he could not hold himself in a fight.

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He had seen many cases like that. There was one time he defeated a brute who stood at five feet tall. Just thinking about it greatly boosted his confidence.

Casper's lips curled into a smirk as he sneered at them under his breath. Tyson seems to think I'm all about brute force with no actual combat experience. Tsk, how naïve. Leo, that idiot. He's not afraid of death, is he? He's still fixed on seeking revenge on me. Well, since he wants to die that badly, I shall play their little game. I have time to spare anyway.

Casper took one last glance at the gang before slinking back. This was the hospital, not the right place to start a fight.

He counted the time in his head. It was not likely

these people would leave anytime soon. Then, he went back to check on the other workers of Tycoon. He expressed his condolences and assured them that they did not have to worry about the medical expenses.

The injured workers gazed at him in gratitude. A few simple words were all it took to put them at ease. Elena, his secretary, had a strange glow in her eyes as she observed him. She was certainly impressed.

The first time she met Casper, she thought he was a university student who had no experience with the real world. He could not possibly win over his workers and have them serve him willingly. Apparently, he exceeded her expectations.

There was something fishy about this, she thought. The young man before her seemed too mature and sophisticated for his age.

Of course, Casper knew nothing about the weird thoughts going on in Elena's head. He turned towards her and said, “Ms. Schneider, I'm heading back now. When can you have the list compiled for me?”

On that note, Elena quickly snapped back to her senses. “Ah! Mr. Simpson, I'll get it done soon!” she responded, her face flushed.

“Good. Oh, by the way, I need a list of items for the renovation of the entire hotel lobby. Please get green, eco-friendly materials, and professional designers to pitch their designs. I want to review the drafts first before we start work.”

Ignoring the fact that Elena had been spacing out, Casper relayed all his ideas to her. They were all part and parcel of her job as the executive secretary anyway.

A woman with an angelic face and a sexy figure. That described her to a T.

Casper could feel his eyes lit up at the sight of her confused look from time to time.

Her beauty was comparable to that of Giselle, and she had applied light makeup as well.

If he had not taken a good look at her, Casper would not have noticed that Elena was quite attractive too. She could practically take his breath away. The acquisition of Tycoon had not been in vain.

Casper and Elena entered the empty elevator.

He admired Elena's curvaceous figure and shapely assets as she walked. He could not deny that the slope of her back was tempting indeed. His eyes lit up

and, without knowing it, he blurted, “Oh, Thirty-four D!”

There were the only ones in the elevator. He was not worried that things would turn ugly.

“Excuse me?” Elena uttered, wondering if she had misheard him.

She had thought that her new employer, being so young, should be quite inexperienced when it came to women. However, he actually managed to guess the size of her chest at a single glance.

Could it be that he's a skirt-chaser?

“Oh, nothing. Nothing at all.”

Casper waved his hand dismissively.

He most certainly did not want to leave Elena with the impression that he was a pervert after having misspoken.

Whether in a hospital or at the restaurant, Casper could see that Elena performed her secretarial duties very well. She was able to handle her work in an orderly manner.

They exited the elevator. Elena was returning to her residence located near Tycoon, while Casper was heading back to his school. So, they walked out of the hospital building together.

When they arrived at the junction connecting the hospital and the main road, Leo and his gang just so happened to turn around.

Casper initially wanted to pass them by. He could always punish them some other time.



Leo had a medical report in his hand as he and Tyson chattered on. It was then that he caught sight of Elena and, very quickly, his gaze fell on Casper who was just right beside her.

It was all because the two were standing side by side that Leo could not possibly notice one without acknowledging the other.

He did a double-take.

Casper?

Leo was overcome with rage when he met his enemy. The hatred boiling within him instantly surged upwards. Pointing at Casper, he nudged Tyson who was next to him. "There! That's him! That's Casper!"

Casper lightly shook his head and sighed. He had not

wanted Leo to recognize him.

The jig was up. Casper spun around to face an angry Leo. He scoffed, “Well, if it isn't the monkey who's too smart for his own good. Wow, I wonder what you're doing here. Generating income for the hospital, perhaps?”

Leo, who was already going mad, felt like exploding when he heard Casper's retort.

F\*ck you! How dare you say that! It's all because you beat me up, you scoundrel!

Leo grimaced as he charged toward Casper, followed by Tyson and his gang. They were clearly up to no good. Their fierce looks and sinister snarls were a dead giveaway.

“W-Who are they?” Elena blurted.

She nearly jumped in fright when she realized she was caught in the middle of a gang fight.

After all, she was just a woman. Apart from that one time when Tycoon was attacked by thugs, she had never seen so many gangsters in one place.

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Chapter 30



Casper showed no sign of fear. He looked over at Elena.

“Just a smartass I bumped into the other day. Taught him a lesson. And now he's brought his men here to

settle the score,” Casper explained to her, however briefly.

After that, he turned away from Elena and fixed his gaze on Leo and the rest of Tyson's thugs. He smirked mockingly. “Hey, monkey! Do you think this is a numbers game? That if you get more men to fight for you, you can salvage your reputation?”

Leo had a well-built physique. So, to be called a monkey over and over again by the same person was nothing short of an insult. He was that close to flying off the handle.

Physically, he was much stronger than Casper. The latter was obviously the scrawny one here. To be called a monkey by the likes of him was so demeaning!

As he approached Casper, Leo's eyes flitted to Elena

instead, and, for a moment, his gaze refused to move away from her. Thankfully, Tyson realized what was going on and gave his brother a good kick. Only then did Leo come back to his senses.

Gah! This idiot seems to lose all common sense and forget what he's doing whenever he spots a beautiful woman! Happens every single time!

Having recovered from his daze, Leo stared greedily at Elena before turning to Casper. With the intent to provoke him, Leo issued a challenge. "Tell you what, Casper. You can have Lillian. I'm no longer interested in her. But this girl, on the other hand, is a pretty good catch. I like her!"

Casper's lips curled into a cold sneer. So, you wanted to insult me in public, is that it?

There were plenty of people passing by the hospital. If

anything happened around here, a crowd of onlookers was basically guaranteed. People were curious and wanted to stick their nose into whatever ruckus was going on. They were free anyway, might as well look for some entertainment.

Elena's expression grew cold. She quirked an eyebrow and snapped back at Leo, "Mind your language."

"No matter. Since you're not his girl, you can be mine! I promise I'll treat you better than he does!" Leo snickered.

He turned to Casper. "Hey, aren't you supposed to rescue the damsel in distress? You can pack a hefty punch, can't you? Let's see how you can get out of this. I'm telling you, you're nothing but a piece of trash who collects leftovers from the cafeteria!"

Leo took a deep gulp. Glaring at Casper in utter contempt, he fired a barrage of insults.

He had spent a great deal of effort to run a background check on Casper. He finally managed to get hold of Casper's university records and everything else the man did. His hard work provided him with a major confidence boost.

But Leo was still wary of Casper's incredible fighting skills, so he had brought Tyson along as backup.

And Tyson was more than willing to lend a hand. He regarded Casper as a man of little significance. A fight was a fight, and he was convinced this one would be inconsequential.

Elena did not like how Leo talked about her boss. She believed that Leo was assailing Casper with insults. If Casper were a nobody, there was no way he could

have the financial capability to acquire sixty percent of Tycoon's shares, and thus becoming the largest shareholder.

“You... Don't you dare insult Mr. Simpson!”

Elena jumped to Casper's defense when the man did not bother to do it himself. She glared sharply at the offender.

She could accept the humiliation thrown at her, but she could not stand by when her boss was the target of defamation.

An insult toward the boss indirectly means an affront to my job and my personal values!

Casper looked over at Elena in surprise. Her pretty face was as cold as ice. Wow, she looks great even when she's angry.



It was then that Elena, who had just finished speaking, finally realized that they were in a very bad situation, perhaps even a dangerous one.

Instinctively, she moved closer to Casper, her right hand grabbing hold of his left, as though doing so would give her a sense of security.

However, compared to the number of thugs in front of him, Casper seemed a lot weaker. He did not look like someone who could fight off all of them.

Out of the blue, Casper felt Elena's cold hands clinging to one of his. Her delicate touch made him lose focus for a brief moment, but he managed to control himself and let her hide behind him, using himself as a shield.

“Come on, pretty lady. They won't appreciate you. Why don't you tag along with me? Don't worry, I'll

treat you to a good time,” Tyson sneered.

“What are you plotting?”

Casper leveled his cold gaze at them, his tone a particularly stern one.

“Why do you want to know? Step aside if you know what's best for you!”

Tyson stared daggers at Casper, like a venomous snake ready to strike. He raised his fist and aimed it directly at Casper's face.

This fist packed an extraordinarily powerful punch. If Casper were to get hit by that, it would ruin his handsome face completely, resulting in a bloody mess.

“Don't hurt him!” Elena somehow mustered the

courage to shout at the top of her lungs.

Tyson's fist was just inches away from Casper's face, but the punch never landed.

Right then, Casper showed off his amazing skills by kicking at the trickiest angle. He managed to strike in between Tyson's legs.

“Ah!”

A terrifying howl rang out as Tyson fell to the ground.

Inflicted with excruciating pain, he could feel his whole body twitching nonstop. He had never suffered such a quick and thorough defeat before.

Oh, the agony!

It all happened so fast that the members of the Felix

could barely react in time. This man named Casper was certainly a gutsy one. He had taken a preemptive strike and managed to take out Tyson in one swift blow.

“Ms. Schneider, stand behind me. And close your eyes!” Casper turned to instruct Elena, a brilliant smile flashing across his face.

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