

Once Casper had given Jeremy the instructions, he lay in bed, wanting to get some rest, but he could not. He was bothered by how Giselle acted a few days ago.

Ever since I've confessed to her, she seems to be keeping a distance from me. He was afraid that Giselle would cut off ties with him and reject him totally. Therefore, he could not bring himself to meet up with her earlier.

“Casper, you're back! I haven't seen you for two days. What have you been up to?”

Felix greeted Casper as soon as he entered the dorm.

“There's a lot going on in my life right now. It keeps

me occupied.”

Casper scratched his head and glanced at Felix, who looked radiant and blissful.

“Look at you... How silly can a man in a relationship look?”

Casper teased him although he was actually slightly jealous of Felix and Wendy. How sweet it is for two people who truly love each other to be together! That's the best thing that could ever happen to anyone.

“Isn't it the same for Giselle and I? We both have feelings for each other. So, why can't we be together?”

Casper grew upset at that thought. All of a sudden, he felt that he had countless things to say to Giselle.

Unexpectedly, he stood up and startled Felix.

“What happened to you, Casper? Are you sick?”

Concerned, Felix touched his friend's forehead.

“I'm fine. I'll get going now.”

Fueled with energy again, Casper became like a different person as he dashed out of his dorm.

He jogged all the way to Giselle's hostel. Upon arriving, he sent her a text message: Ms. Clauder, I'm here to see you. Then, he waited patiently for her to answer the door.

Giselle gave him a short reply: The door is opened. You may come in.

He pushed the door, only to realize that it had indeed

been left open for him. Upon entering the hostel, he found Giselle sitting there, staring blankly at her phone.

“Ms. Clauder, what are you looking at attentively?”

Casper approached her, all smiles. He leaned over and took a peek at her phone. Immediately, his smile stiffened as he froze in front of Giselle, at a loss for words.

A photo on the phone screen showed a guy hugging a girl intimately. The girl was Elena, and the guy was Casper.

“This was taken at Lingham Hotel the other day. Who's this?”

Thinking hard, Casper could not identify who set him up. Elena was pretending to be my wife at that time

because she wanted to help me. I didn't know someone took the picture intentionally and sent it to Giselle! It must be one of Sawyer's men. In that case, he has a lot of informants following me around.

Anyhow, none of these matters anymore. The most critical thing now is to explain these to Giselle.

“Gigi, let me explain.”

He only managed to speak a few words before Giselle cut him off. “Don't call me that. Are you trying to tell me that this picture is photoshopped? Don't try to bluff me with a lame excuse.”

Casper nodded slowly. “Yes, this is a real picture, but there's a reason behind what you saw.”

Giselle turned her head away, avoiding any form of eye contact with him. “Don't try to make up stories,

okay? I didn't expect you to be like that. A few days ago, I was still hesitating when you confessed to me. I was afraid of not being good enough for you until I received this photo.”

This is really awful. How can I get out of this pit I'm in?

Casper could totally understand how Giselle felt. She refused to listen to his explanation because she cared about him. She was not being ridiculous.

When any party of a true couple saw a photo of their partner showing affection to a person of the opposite gender, no one would be sensible enough to calmly analyze the situation. The first response revealed the true nature of their hearts.

“I don't dare to listen to you anymore. I don't know if you're spewing any nonsense or are you telling the truth. Maybe you've never been real to me all along.”

Tears streamed down Giselle's face. Casper immediately tried to wipe it off for her but he was harshly pushed away.

The man's heart sank upon realizing how much Giselle hated him at that moment. Her push was full of force and determination.

“Henceforth, we've got nothing to do with each other anymore. I'll withdraw from your live streaming platform and think of a way to return the money you've paid on my behalf.”

Wiping away her tears, Giselle was resolute.

Taking two steps backward, Casper's heart shattered into a million pieces.

Each tear that rolled down her cheek was like a

dagger that stabbed deep into his heart and soul.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 212



Even after some thought, Stallion still felt uneasy. After all, Sawyer was part of the reputable Lingham family. Yet, Casper sounded like he wanted to take it out with Sawyer.

What if Boss acts rashly? Stallion thought anxiously.

Immediately, he phoned Jeremy and explained the situation. It took some time for Jeremy to process it before he finally commented, “Boss is probably fuming. From the looks of it, he might try to teach Sawyer a lesson in person. If Sawyer happens to be

backed by some powerful people, I'm afraid that Boss will be in trouble.”

“Then, should I give away Sawyer's location to Boss?” Stallion asked apprehensively.

“Give it to him because he will still be able to figure out Sawyer's location eventually, even if you hide it from him. Since he has decided on his course of action, we should give him unconditional support.”

Jeremy decisively stated before he paused and added, “With that said, you should also contact Gary and get him to bring along a few others to help Boss.”

“Noted!” Wasting no time, Stallion hurriedly carried out Jeremy's orders.

It did not take long for Casper to receive a message on Sawyer's location. With the address etched in his brain, he flagged down a taxi and rushed over.

Every week, Sawyer would religiously head to the spa for treatment at this timing. It was in the middle of Horington and was only visited by the rich.

As soon as Casper alighted from the taxi, he spotted the extravagant-looking entrance of the spa. Taking a deep breath, he confidently strode in.

“Sir, we can only allow members to enter.” The security guard at the door held up his hand to block Casper's path. Eyeing Casper's cheap clothing, he assumed that Casper could not afford the service there.

“Move away. I'm looking for someone,” Casper growled.

The cold voice sent a shudder down the security guard's spine, who quickly took a step backwards

when his eyes met Casper's death glare.

What a terrifying look in his eyes! Instead of a human being, he seems more like a beast looking for his prey.

The big and burly security guard stammered,
“Who...are you here for?”

“Mr. Lingham. Is he here?”

“He...” How could he, as a security guard, reveal such information?

Impatient, Casper roared, “Spit it out!”

The dominating tone made the security guard's knees weaken as he collapsed onto the ground in fright. “He is on the third level.”

With the piece of information he needed, Casper shot a look at the man on the ground. “If you don't wish to die, you should get out of my sight this instant.” Then, he barged into the spa, leaving the security guard covered in a cold sweat at the entrance.

Trembling, the poor man at the entrance raised his walkie-talkie to his mouth and switched it on. He warned, “There is some trouble! Please send back up!”

Meanwhile, Sawyer was having a good soak in a wooden hot tub. He casually wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead with a towel. After he snapped his fingers, a pretty waitress appeared before him within seconds.

“Change the scented candle that is burning. I hate the smell of it.”

The waitress glanced at the scented candle burning beside the hot tub. It costs at least a thousand, yet Sawyer was not satisfied with it.

“Mr. Lingham, we don't have anything else that is more expensive than this.” She lowered her head, fearful of the consequences.

“Is the most expensive candle the best one out there?” Sawyer's eyes fluttered open. Glaring at the waitress, he snorted, “Let your boss know about this. He will know what to do.”

With her face flushed, the waitress quickly picked up the half-burnt candle in embarrassment and prepared to leave.

“Wait.” Sawyer made her stop in her tracks. “I have not seen you before. Are you new here?”

“Yes, I am s new employer,” she replied politely.

“You look good. On my next visit, I will request for you to serve me too.” Sawyer smugly asserted before he closed his eyes and sank deeper into the hot tub.

The girl's heart leaped with joy. She could not believe how lucky she was to be acknowledged by a member of the Lingham family. The family was one of the wealthiest in Horington, and there was plenty to benefit from servicing one of them. Who knew, she might end up being part of the family if she spent enough time with Sawyer.

At that moment, the door flung open, and two men in black suits rushed in. Taken aback, the waitress stared at them in confusion. Aren't they Mr. Lingham's subordinates? Why did they barge in here all of a sudden?

“Sir, you should leave now!” one of them cautioned.

There were cuts on both their faces, indicating that they were in a fight earlier. Ah! The waitress let out a sharp scream when she turned to look at the door.

Out of nowhere, dozens of subordinates hired by the Lingham family had fallen limply to the ground, and she could hear a brawl occurring outside.

Aware that there was trouble, Sawyer frowned and quickly got out of the hot tub. He wrapped himself in a towel and allowed his subordinates to escort him to safety.

“We can't exit from the main door, and the rest will only be able to hold him off for a while. Sir, I think it will be best for you to escape through the window.”

Looking out of the window, Sawyer panicked. “This is

the third floor! How am I supposed to jump down from here? Aren't all of you well-trained enough to stop him from coming in? How many other people does he have with him?"

"He came alone..." His subordinate stuttered before looking back anxiously. "There isn't much time. Sir, please come with me."

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 213



"Let me go, and I'll do whatever you want me to!"
Sawyer begged.

With terror in his eyes, the air of arrogance that used to surround him had also disappeared.

Much to his dismay, Casper threw him a dirty look and scoffed, “You will do whatever I want you to do? Why didn't you say that when you pitted yourself against me in the first place?”

“I'm sorry. I will never try to take Giselle away from you again,” Sawyer stuttered. “She is not that important to me anyway, and I only wanted to toy with her.”

He might have been better off staying silent because as soon as Casper heard it, he became livid. Staring at the man before him, he could only recall the numerous occasions he was framed and obstructed by Sawyer.

Anger coursed through his veins, and he yelled, “I want you dead!”

He exuded a murderous aura as he lifted Sawyer and strangled his neck.

“You are acting rashly. Casper, you were never someone like that,” someone said in a calm voice.

A figure hidden in the shadows walked out. At this point, Casper was acting like a mad man, so he could only be stopped physically. Picking up a brick, the mysterious man chucked it across the room, and it flew towards Casper's face.

When Casper heard the voice, he instinctively turned to the source of the sound. As such, he was unfortunately hit squarely on his forehead.

“Who are you?”

Casper snapped as he staggered backward. Using a table before him as a shield, he looked down and saw

the weapon that hit him. It was a small piece of brick, and it looked like the person used great strength to pull it out from the wall.

With this amount of strength, he must not be a simple man.

Although he was enraged, he could still think logically. This other man was too powerful. If he threw a knife instead of a brick earlier, Casper knew he would be dead by now.

Suddenly, the figure jumped out of the window, and Casper hurriedly rushed over to identify the person. Unfortunately, the man was nowhere in sight when he got to the window.

That man was able to hide in this room without being noticed by me for so long, and it would be an easy feat for him to take me down. Who is he?

Staring in the distance, Casper pondered over what had just happened. He was probably trained in the army, given how sharp and clean his moves were.

Is he trying to drop me a reminder?

Casper frowned. Indeed, I was way too emotional earlier. The man must have thrown the brick in my direction to wake me up from my trance.

Looking at his hands, it finally hit him. He was about to kill Sawyer.

If that happened, the Lingham family would never forgive Casper and would haunt him down. Everything he had built up in Horington would collapse to the ground then.

I was too impulsive...

As he let out a sigh, he noticed Sawyer slipping out of the door. Realizing how scared he looked, a smile crept onto Casper's face. I've already come all the way here. There's no reason why I should not teach him a lesson.

Meanwhile, the spa owner, Roy, watched the surveillance tapes with a stern look on his face. When he heard they had an uninvited guest in his building, his first reaction was to order his subordinates to throw the troublemaker out.

“What do you mean? He still insisted on barging his way into the spa and even beat up all my men?”

After hearing the news, he changed his mind. “I want you to catch him and tie him up! Who the hell made him do this? I have to know. Isn't he aware that I am not someone to be trifled with?”

However, the news that he received later made him speechless.

He did not expect the man to make it to the third floor all by himself while bringing down dozens of security guards. Not only that, but he also managed to defeat all of the Lingham family's bodyguards and head into the room that Sawyer occupied.

“Mr. Johnson, let's call the police,” his secretary suggested.

“There is no hurry. Let's wait and watch how it plays out.” Roy furrowed his brows. His appearance leaned towards the more feminine side, and his temperament was no different from a woman, even though he was a man. Even so, Roy was no sissy. When he had to assert his dominance, he would not hesitate to show it. Therefore, everyone named him after an actor,

Roy, who played both female and male roles.

Roy explained, “This man had the guts to mess with the Lingham family. Coupled with how highly-skilled he is, he is not someone we should provoke easily.”

Still feeling wary about the situation, his secretary cautioned, “But what if he hurts Mr. Lingham?”

“We shall call the police when that happens.” Roy mindlessly responded.

“Others may be afraid of people dying on their turfs, but I'm not one of them. Look around you. All of my security guards are down, and I have no one else anyway. If the Lingham family asks about it, I can say that there was nothing else I could have done. If we show them this surveillance tape, we could prove that we had tried our best.”

He rambled on while pointing to the monitor. At that moment, an image flashed across the screen, and he widened his eyes in shock. A butt-naked man was crawling out from the room, and he looked like Sawyer.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 214



After hearing Roy's response, Casper grunted. "You have indeed helped me a lot by not calling the police. No one can stop me from taking him away now."

"Are you telling me that you want to abduct Mr. Lingham in front of me?" Roy's hands flew to Sawyer's arm almost immediately. He looked like he was ready to fight Casper.

Afraid that her boss might madden Casper, the secretary tugged one of Roy's arms and whispered, "Mr. Johnson, are you courting your death?"

"Your boss is not crazy, but he is just trying to test me. Don't worry. Although I almost killed someone here today, I have held myself back." Casper bitterly chuckled. "I can draw the line and will not kill your client. All I wanted to do is to talk to him about something."

"You can talk to him here!" Roy did not budge.

"You are a daring one, aren't you?"

Casper looked irritated, but Roy still stood his ground. "If you killed Mr. Lingham in the room earlier, I have nothing to say. Unfortunately, you are trying to drag my client out in front of me, and I can't allow that to

happen.”

“What logic is this? Can't you pretend not to see me?”
Casper joked.

“I'm afraid not!” Roy pulled Sawyer over to his side before leading Casper out the door.

It caught Casper off-guard. As soon as the two of them went out, Roy's expression changed. His lips curled upwards into a smile, and he lightheartedly laughed. “Hey, I had to put up a show for Sawyer earlier though I know that you will not kill him. After all, when he returns to the Lingham Residence, he might blame me for the lack of protection.” He shrugged and sighed. “Well, I have to prove to act like I did everything I could. Here, you can pretend to knock me out and take him away.”

“Not bad.” Casper was stumped for a moment

because he did not expect Roy to act that way. Grinning, he patted Roy's shoulder. "You are planning this well. Tell me, what can you help me with?"

"My colleagues and I could pretend to have collective amnesia. All we know is that someone came by to abduct Sawyer. As for the rest of the story, they are irrelevant." Roy answered in record time, as though he had already made up his mind.

Although Casper thought he looked like a woman, the way Roy acted decisively made him come across as more dominating than an average man. In particular, when he broke into the security room earlier, Roy stood in front of him to protect his secretary.

"We can do something else. I did act out of a whim today, and I only want to minimize the impact of this whole situation."

A pained smile appeared on Casper's face. It was not reliable to act this way. He flared up and allowed his emotions to take control of his actions, probably because he was overwhelmed when he saw Giselle crying.

“You were so impulsive that you directly took things to the son of the richest man in Horington. You even budged into his room in the middle of his spa session.” Roy reminded. “Why were you so angry?”

Since Casper remained silent, Roy studied his expression. “Looking at you, I don't think you would come here for the money. It's probably because of a woman then.”

Roy was the first man Casper came across who did not judge someone by their appearance. He came here in cheap clothing, yet this spa owner knew that he was not here for the money.

Casper's silence translated into an acknowledgement.

“You are hopelessly in love. Do you think we are living in ancient times? Who even seeks out to kill someone because of love these days?”

“Well, that's not the only reason. We have plenty of history between us, and I have tolerated that man for too long.” Unknowingly, he revealed his true feelings to Roy.

With a frown on his face, Roy looked like he was deep in thought. After a short pause, he asked, “May I know what's your name.”

“Casper Simpson.”

Roy muttered his name a few times. “That's a good name. Anyway, the heart gets what it wants, although

this is not going to be easy to clean up after.”

Sensing that Roy seemed willing to help him out, Casper grabbed the man's hands. “Please give me some advice.”

“I can assure you that the people in my spa are tight-lipped and can prevent the news from spreading,” Roy whispered after scanning their surroundings. “Despite that, I will not be able to control Sawyer's men. If they mention it to their boss, what do you think will happen?”

“Are you telling me to think of a way to ensure that Sawyer never speaks of this again? That will be difficult because if I let him go, he will surely go out of his way to get back at me.” Casper deliberated over it.

Unexpectedly, Roy chuckled. “Didn't you already decide not to kill him? You have no other choice but

to let him go. The only thing that makes a difference now is how he is in your hands. You can do anything to make sure he shuts up about it. Scare him or threaten him for all I care. It is most important to leave a strong enough impact on him, such that he will never engage in a crossfire with you again.”

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 215



“Mr. Lingham, you're next.”

When Casper looked in his direction, Sawyer retreated in fear. “Casper, let's talk about this. I'm sure there must be something you want. I'll agree with anything!”

“I don't have much time, and I'm not sure how to go about this. Killing you is out of the question, so my only choice is to beat you till you become a retard.”

Rubbing his fist, Casper cracked his knuckles loudly. “Don't worry. The advantage of being a retard is that you will only feel bliss for the rest of your life.”

“No! I don't want that. You might as well kill me!”

Gritting his teeth, Sawyer still had a little self-respect left.

Casper shook his head. “Killing you will affect the Lingham's reputation.”

He drew closer to Sawyer.

The latter panicked. “The same will happen if I become a retard. By coming here today, the head of

the Lingham family will find out who did it. Even if you kill everyone in the spa, the clues left behind will lead him back to you!”

“I'm not that crazy to kill everyone here.” Casper shrugged. “But I do know some techniques to torment someone agonizingly before they die.”

“You don't scare me!”

Sawyer had recovered from his initial fear and gathered most of his wits. Despite that, he still looked shaken.

“I understand what you mean. Our score is considered settled and I won't tell anyone what happened when I return.”

Instead of responding to the offer, Casper took another step forward.

“Alright, alright, I'll put it all in black and white so that we will have a gentlemen's agreement,” Sawyer proposed again.

Sensing the lack of sincerity, Casper tripped him, causing him to fall to the ground. He then pulled off the clothing by Sawyer's waist, exposing him au naturel.

Suddenly, he recalled how he threatened Hanson and sneered, “Mr. Lingham, why don't we do this. Since you're handsome, have a good figure, and are well endowed, why don't you come back with me and have some fun with my friends. After that, I'll let you go.”

Sawyer's face turned pale. “Fun? How? What kind of fun?”

“Do you take me for a fool? Of course, we're going to

have fun with you. My friends and I aren't interested in girls. But, we feel differently about handsome boys. As all of them have masochistic tendencies, you might wish that you are better off dead.”

Feeling his b*tthole tighten, Sawyer stammered, “C-C-Casper, you're disgusting!”

Right at that moment, Casper's phone rang. The caller ID showed that Jeremy was on the line.

After answering, the latter's voice rang out. “Hello, boss. My men and I have arrived at the spa. How are you coping? Do you need any assistance from us?”

Casper was caught by surprise. It appears Stallion has informed them, causing them to rush over for my safety. Glancing at Sawyer, Casper smiled deviously. “It seems my friends are getting excited.”

Checking the surveillance feed, he saw Stallion and his men at the entrance. Pointing at Jeremy, Casper remarked, "This particular friend is nicknamed Piledriver. He ravages b*ttholes like a demon. When he sees how handsome you are, he will jump on you like a starving zombie."

Sawyer trembled at every word. Finally, he gritted his teeth and relented. "What can I do for you to let me go?"

Casper took out his phone and waved it at him. "I just want to film you in the nude."

Sawyer's expression drastically changed. "You're despicable!"

"Despicable? Admit it, Mr. Lingham, I'm nothing compared to you. Anyway, I just want to know what you prefer, a climax from behind or a nude

photoshoot?”

When Casper pointed at Jeremy on the screen again, Sawyer had no choice but to nod in fear.

“Mr. Lingham, can you put on a sexy pose?” He turned on the camera on his phone.

“Hmm, that's right. It's perfect. What a great angle. Please tilt over here a little more.

“Mmm-hmm. That's a great vibe you got going there. You should consider a career as a pornstar.

“Mr. Lingham, can you pose more coquettishly?”

Roy, who was pretending to be unconscious, almost burst out in laughter when he sneaked a peek. Many years later, when both Casper and he thought back to their days in Horington, they would recall this incident.

To them, there was only one word to describe what happened: Unbelievable!

“I didn't expect to be actually good at this,” Casper praised himself as he went through the videos on his phone. “Mr. Lingham, your skin is flawless. The spa really did wonders for you.”

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 216



Casper nodded at him while scoffing in his mind.

After Sawyer was forced to finish filming all the videos, he picked up his clothes to cover up. “Can you let me go now?”

Casper waved the phone in his hand. "I'll see you some other time. Anyway, I hope you won't do anything stupid when you go back. If you think stealing the phone would prevent your video from leaking onto the internet, you are dead wrong."

Thereafter, Sawyer quickly put on his shirt and woke his men. Then, he fled as fast as he could.

His bodyguards were puzzled by why he was so energetic. However, they didn't dare comment or ask about it. All that mattered was their employer was safe.

Roy and his secretary stood up as they dropped their act in the security control room.

"Beatrice, do you remember the new girl who entered Mr. Lingham's room earlier? I realized she was materialistic and wanted to seduce a rich man.

Hence, I sent her to Sawyer to teach her a lesson. She was still in the room when everything happened. You should go look for her and get her to keep her mouth shut about today.”

He then added to his secretary, “That woman is greedy, so you must not pay her. Instead, force her into silence using Sawyer's ordeal as an example. Understand?”

“Thank you for your help, Mr. Johnson. I will repay the favor one day.” Not knowing what else to say, Casper bowed in respect.

He almost made a huge mistake tonight because of his recklessness. If it wasn't for his two benefactors' help, he couldn't have resolved the crisis. The first was the mysterious man who knocked him awake with a shattered glass and the second was the attentive yet androgynous man before him, Roy

Johnson.

“Mr. Simpson, you definitely are something!”

“You're too modest. It takes one to know one.”

Roy chuckled. “I don't think anyone has ever said this to me. Anyway, there are many powerful figures in Horington, Mr. Simpson. You ought to be careful going forward.”

With that, Casper turned and left the spa.

“Mr. Johnson, the business might face challenges after news of the spa being thrashed today leaks,” Beatrice remarked.

The VIPs they usually served cared a lot about safety. Now that their security was compromised, these guests wouldn't frequent the spa anymore.

“If business is bad, we will just close it. I've had enough stress here. Besides, I've long planned to sell this plot of land, marry you, and return to my hometown together.”

Roy stared at the screen of the surveillance feeds nonchalantly. While his expression emitted a masculine vibe, there was also a tinge of femininity that made him strangely attractive.

Surprised by his sudden confession, Beatrice blushed. “What are you talking about, Mr. Johnson? Don't you like men? Why do you want to marry me?”

All this while, they were more than friends but not yet lovers. Roy finally broke that barrier. Although it was a joking confession, his full sincerity backed every word.

“Silly gal. Aren't you considered a man, given how

tomboyish you are?” He lifted his gaze at her and feigned exasperation.

From the surveillance feeds, Roy confirmed Casper and the men from Firewolf Chamber of Commerce had left the spa. Suddenly, he sighed.

“After today, the balance of power between the prominent families in Horington will be reset.”

“My friends, I have acted recklessly earlier. And for that, I apologize for my actions.”

Facing Gary, Stallion, and Jeremy, Casper bowed. However, they quickly stepped aside. “Boss, don't say that. As gangsters, it's our duty to follow you to the death. Moreover, what you did today was amazing.”

Casper shook his head. His ambition was almost put to an end. Therefore, he couldn't forgive himself.

“A mysterious man sent me a message, just like what had happened with Hector at Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. I finally realized people have been helping me from the shadows all this while.”

Biting his fingers, he wondered if Alfred had sent someone powerful from the Simpsons to protect him. As a few faces popped up in his mind, he eliminated them one by one.

“Given Alfred's disposition, it seemed unlikely. Someone else must have done it.”

After sending them off with a reminder to keep their lips sealed, Casper returned to school with his phone that contained the evidence to clear his name.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 217



“Giselle, that's not important. Let's watch the video.”

When he handed his phone over to her, she pushed it away.

“This is important! Promise me you won't do something as reckless as this again.”

Giselle stared sternly at Casper, who was speechless at her pitiful expression. He could tell she had cried earlier because of him.

“I promise.” He nodded earnestly and swore, “I, Casper Simpson, will think before I act from this

moment on. I will not do anything impulsive. If I go against my word, may lightning strike me down!”

After he finished his oath, Casper exchanged glances with Giselle. The misunderstanding between them resolved itself instantly without her watching the videos.

No words were needed as they embraced each other. Their emotions ran high.

Feeling the tenderness pressed against his body, Casper felt a warm sensation swelling within him. The fragrance Giselle emitted from her body was beckoning to him like a siren, causing him to lose all rational thoughts.

“Perhaps, I might lose my virginity today.”

When he started to caress her, Giselle didn't resist. It

wasn't until he was stroking her sensitive spots that she suddenly froze. "I... I'm not ready yet..."

Casper stopped at once. Although lustful, his last bit of rationality kicked in. After all, he still couldn't marry her legally because he hadn't completed the mission assigned by his family. She could not be a daughter-in-law of the Simpsons until that was done.

"Sure, we'll not do it."

He removed his hands from her for fear of losing his self-control.

They're really big and soft!

Suddenly, an awkward silence filled the room. All they could hear was their panting.

"In that case... I'll head home now."

Scratching his head, he covered his crotch and headed for the door as he desperately wished for Giselle to stop him.

Meanwhile, she watched his silhouette with slightly parted lips. He was definitely the man for her, but her dad's problems could burden him. That kept her from calling out for him.

After hesitating at the door for about three seconds, Casper sighed and left.

“I'm an idiot. Am I still a man?”

He gave himself a slap once he was out of the room. Feeling frustrated still, he gave himself another slap.

“D*mn it! Next time, I will not let go of such an opportunity.”

He grasped at thin air as he recalled her soft body. Unfortunately, there was no other way to replicate it.

Feeling depressed, Casper returned to his dorm. The locked entrance wasn't stopping him.

When Felix saw the way he plonked himself on the bed, the roommate removed his headset in the middle of an intense gaming session and asked, "What's wrong, Casper? What did you do? Why do you look drained?"

"I almost... hit the... third... base. Don't remind me."

Looking at his hands, Casper wondered how he could bring himself to stop earlier. Refusing to think about it anymore, he buried his head in his blanket to force himself to calm down.

Felix stopped his game immediately and came by Casper's bed. "D*mn, how was it? Who is the girl? Lillian? I want details!"

Colton, too, peeked over from his bed, wanting to hear if his roommate's experience was as described in the books.

"There's nothing to talk about; nothing happened!. I'm a good kid, alright?"

Casper smiled bitterly as his roommates rubbed salt into his wounds.

"It can't be. How could you let her off when she's right in front of you? Casper, are you having trouble getting it up?"

"Those who did it are animals. You're worse than them. You couldn't even finish the job! Are you sure

there's nothing wrong with you?”

Colton lost interest and returned to bed.

“You're the one who can't get it up! I'm a stallion still, alright?” Casper defended himself half-jokingly. After being teased by his friends, his mood improved significantly. He no longer felt stupid for respecting Giselle. After all, it was the right decision.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 218



The next day, Casper headed to Tycoon early in the morning with the list from Sawyer to cleanse the staff of moles.

Once all the staff showed up for work, he gathered them in the main lobby.

There was no need for pretense since he had absolute authority. Walking in front of the crowd, he looked at them condescendingly, especially those on the list.

To prevent Sawyer from sabotaging him, Casper ran the list against the results of his own investigations to determine the real traitors.

“Mr. Simpson, what is it? Are you going to teach us how to cook?”

Many chefs were impressed after he demonstrated his culinary skills in the kitchen. His generous treat to Beef Wellington, an expensive dish, also lifted their morale.

All the staff, especially the chefs, saw Casper as a kind and approachable boss who could cook really well. Hence, they dared to joke with him.

Being approachable was a good thing, but he had to maintain a boss' dignity for the staff to respect his decisions. He made a gesture for their silence.

“Today, I want to talk about something very important. It relates to the parasites that have taken root in our hotel!” Casper raised his voice, jolting them to his attention.

Those guilty lowered their heads. However, some eyed him arrogantly.

He smiled slightly. “I had a conflict with someone and he persuaded some of you to be on his side. As salaried employees, you naturally want to get paid more.”

Casper snapped his fingers and continued, “Hence, I will offer you this one chance to step out and admit your wrongdoing. This hotel will never employ you again, but you will receive your salary together with a severance.”

He gestured to his right. “Now, you have one minute to come forward. Remember, one minute. Failure to do so will have their pay forfeited and charged with illegally leaking trade secrets!”

The employees went into an uproar. Exchanging glances with each other, they didn't know who amongst them was an industrial spy.

“You can try your luck with me. But know this, time is ticking.”

Casper didn't even allow them time to think. After all,

he was showing the traitors mercy.

After ten seconds, no one stepped forward. Folding his arms, Casper remained indifferent.

Twenty seconds... Thirty... Still, no one came forward.

At the forty-second mark, someone suddenly stepped out, causing everyone to gasp. It was Louis who was known to be impartial.

Elena covered her mouth in unexpected shock.

When Casper first saw Louis' name on the list, he was disappointed. He even thought Sawyer was messing with him. However, the latter replied, "One's honesty can be the most lethal weapon. Like a clandestine threat, it could hurt another undetected."

Casper continued the countdown. "You have twenty

seconds left.”

After Louis took the lead, a few others followed suit. Eleven stepped forward when the minute was up.

Looking at them, Casper raised his hand and pointed at the group. “Ms. Schneider, note down the names that I'm about to list out. Connor Gregor, Luis Diaz, Isa Adesanya...”

In a single breath, Casper spelled out twenty-three names. There were security guards, ushers, and even chefs. Their expressions changed dramatically after their names were called.

“Have you noted them down, Ms. Schneider?”

“Yes, I have.”

“Excellent. Sue them for leaking trade secrets and

deny them their pay and severance.”

Casper's decision was met with an outcry. “You need proof to sack us? Where is it?”

With one glare, he had complete silence. “Do you really want me to show you the evidence? Your employer has forsaken all of you. Remember, never do something like this again. Since you don't appreciate the chance, there's no need for me to be kind. Get out! You're no longer employees of Tycoon Hotel.”

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 219



“Ms. Schneider, ready the car.”

“Where are we going?”

“Mr. Leuthold's house.”

The moment she heard his reply, Elena broke into a wide grin. She knew that his bark was worse than his bite.

They obtained Louis' address from those who knew him well.

“How is his family doing? With his salary, I trust he has no issues supporting them,” Casper asked one employee.

“Something unfortunate happened. His son murdered someone. He had to pay the victim's family a large compensation.”

Casper was stunned. He had assumed it was a terrible disease of some sort. “Murder? Do you know why his son did it?”

The employee suddenly grabbed his hand and patted. “Mr. Simpson, you're a good man. Can you help Louis? He has been an honest man his entire life. If it wasn't for his son, he wouldn't betray Tycoon.”

Casper could see the sincerity among many other emotions in his eyes. “Tell me exactly what happened.”

Leuthold Sr. was a righteous man and a veteran. Louis inherited his father's character. Early in his life, he suffered greatly because of his unwavering principles. His priorities shifted after he was married. For decades, he toiled in a restaurant to save for the down payment for a house.

Leuthold Jr. was as righteous as his father and his grandfather. The access to Internet allowed the young man to aim higher in life. On his way home after a five-year service with the military, he intercepted an assault on a lady. The ruffian died after a couple of punches from him.

The victim's parents were no simpleton. They demanded a two-million compensation from Louis or pressed criminal charges on his son.

Casper and Elena exchanged glances when they heard the story. Nowadays, it's really common for honest men to be beset by disasters.

“Mr. Simpson, please help Louis. Without his job, he can't support his family.” the employee pleaded. As he was about Louis', he understood and sympathized with his colleague's situation.

“All happy families are alike, but every unhappy family is unfortunate in its own way,” Casper mumbled as he dragged Elena up and prepared to head to Louis' house.

A while later, they arrived to find a crowd gathering at the entrance. Many had tattoos on their arms. Casper instantly knew they came with malicious intentions.

“You have only paid seven hundred thousand out of two million. Are you trying to default on your debt?”

One man with a crooked mouth and a tattoo-covered arm pointed at Louis arrogantly. Casper wondered if he was born that way.

“I sold everything... I really have no more money.” Louis' voice was very soft.

“No money? Then your son will have to go to jail!” the tattooed man roared.

Elena frowned at what she saw. “Mr. Leuthold, why don't you fight them in court? Perhaps the judge will take into consideration of your son's righteousness and ruled it a manslaughter with a short sentence.”

Casper adjusted his pants. “You can't be too idealistic about it. For example, accidents don't happen often, but they can still happen anytime.”

Elena gazed deeply at Casper. “Not too long ago, you told me we weren't obligated for everyone's mistakes.”

“But there really are people who deserve to be saved. And they are right in front of us!”

Suddenly, all hell broke loose. Leuthold Jr. dashed

out of the house with a cleaver in his hand, prepared to fight off the group of men.

The tattooed man was a vicious and seasoned gangster. He stood inches from Louis' son. "Young man, come at me if you want to die before your parents. I will make sure they have no peace after you're gone."

Trembling with the cleaver in hand, Louis' son felt the urge to hack the troublemakers to death. However, the gangster was right. If he got himself killed, there would be no one to take care of his parents.

"I did the right thing! How did it turn out this way?"

No matter how tortuous his training was in the army, he could endure the hardship. However, he didn't expect himself to cry in the face of his current predicament. As tears streaked down his face, he

could taste the bitterness on his tongue.

“I am different from my father. I know that there isn't real justice in the world. Therefore, we have to fight for it ourselves. Nevertheless, I still choose to stick to my principles. Nothing more, nothing less.”

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 220



As the tattooed man saw Casper easily beat up the actors be brought along, he began to panic.

Nevertheless, he stepped up and demanded, “Hey kid, you've got guts. Tell me your name!”

Giving him a scornful look, Casper wasn't even interested to talk to him. Instead, he turned to a

shocked Louis and remarked, “Mr. Leuthold, don't you worry. Go ahead and fight the lawsuit. I will hire a lawyer and pay for your legal fees. If they dare to interfere, I will expose their actions to the public. Your son won't be in prison for long and will be out in no time on good behavior.”

When the tattooed man saw Casper ignoring him, his expression drastically changed. He scoffed. “Are you trying to stand up for them? Let me give you a piece of advice. I am a member of Firewolf Chamber. Therefore, you'd better be prepared.”

Casper turned his attention to Louis' son. “What's your name? It's really brave of you to take responsibility for your action.”

“Jordan Leuthold!” Louis preempted his son.

With reddened eyes, he choked. “My son is a good

man. Thank you, Mr. Simpson. From the bottom of my heart, thank you!”

When the tattooed man heard Louis addressing Casper as Mr. Simpson, he rolled his eyes. “Looks like you're actually somebody. Soon, the members of Firewolf Chamber will come have a chat with you.”

Just when he wanted to flee, Casper grabbed onto his hair and pulled him back.

The tattooed man swung his fists violently. However, Casper threw a kick into his abdomen and used his heel to stab at him. Suddenly, the gangster's crooked mouth straightened as he held his stomach while screaming in agony.

“Are you really a member of Firewolf Chamber?”

Casper called Stallion as he watched the man rolled

on the ground in pain.

Shortly afterward, Stallion and his men arrived holding batons in their hands. They surrounded the tattooed man. “Are you masquerading as a member of Firewolf Chamber?”

The man paled when he saw the insignia on their arms. “Who are you?”

Squatting down, Casper looked at him. “I'm giving you three days to return the seven hundred thousand you took. No more, no less. Or, you won't be around to bury your parents.”

Casper tossed the tattooed man's earlier threat back at him.

After pondering in silence, the latter lifted his gaze with an obsequious expression. “Sir, if I had known

that this old man was under your protection, I wouldn't have harassed him. Alright now, I'll do what you want.”

Casper slapped his face gently. “Men like you will never turn over a new leaf. If you ever run into me amidst your misdeeds, run away as fast as you can. Do you understand?”

The tattooed man was on the brink of tears. Aren't I a gangster too? Why am I being threatened?

The moment Casper finished, his men opened a path for the tattooed man, who scrambled away at once.

Jordan was surprised that his father knew someone who was influential in both the legal and illegal circles. More importantly, this man was not just younger than him, but also stronger. It's really rare to find someone as capable as he is in Horington.

“Thank you for your help, Mr. Simpson!”

All he could do was to express his heartfelt gratitude toward Casper.

“Live a good life and don't change your values over this matter. Never let your guard down just because I helped you.”

Casper patted Jordan on his shoulder.

“Mr. Leuthold, take today off and come back to work on time tomorrow. Since you did a good job judging the last time, the money you have collected today is your reward.”

Louis was speechless. With a quick shuffle of his feet, he ran into the house and came back out with a porcelain jar.

“Mr. Simpson, please accept this as a token of our gratitude. It's an antique that has been with my family for generations. When I was being extorted, I wanted to sell it. However, the antique dealer only offered me ten thousand. I couldn't sell the family heirloom for so little. Hence, I kept it.”

Scrutinizing the porcelain jar, Casper's eyes widened in surprise. He was astounded that Louis had such a treasure.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.