

“Boss, do you remember the things we've prepared for the Antique Fair? Most of them are worthless trinkets; this porcelain jar is perfect for the occasion!”

Casper slapped the back of his head at the ridiculous suggestion. “What are you thinking? We can't just take something that belongs to another. Isn't it too unbecoming?”

Stallion cowered. “Boss, you've misunderstood me. We can take the jar to the Antique Fair. After we sell it, we will give the old man the money.”

Casper's eyes lit up at the genius idea. “Not bad. I have to give you credit for this.”

He then led Louis aside. “Mr. Leuthold, I am

participating in an Antique Fair soon. If you're agreeable, I will auction off your jar at the event and give you the money after selling it.”

“No, no, no. You can keep it.”

“Why are you being so stubborn?”

The jar was an impressive item. Casper could show it off at Victoria's Chamber. However, he didn't want to take it for free. After a long consideration, he proposed, “Mr. Leuthold, why don't I give you a five percent stake in Tycoon in exchange. You must agree or I won't accept it. If you still insist on giving it to me, I will break it.”

Louis had no choice but to relent. Obviously, Casper's threat was a clever trick to make him agree to the proposal.

Stallion watched Casper filled a box with sponge. Then he asked Louis, “Mr. Leuthold, what were you using the jar for?”

“I used it to ferment food.”

Casper laughed out loud. It's such a luxury to use a jar worth two million to ferment food.

Stallion gave Louis a thumbs up. “You have really done it. Even the richest in Horington wouldn't use such a valuable antique for fermentation. You certainly outdid yourself this time.”

After sending Stallion away, Casper and Elena headed for Victoria's Chamber to see Victoria.

The secretary was intrigued to know of her boss' dealings with antiques. “Mr. Simpson, where did you learn to differentiate the fakes from the genuine

ones?”

“Boss, do you remember the things we've prepared for the Antique Fair? Most of them are worthless trinkets; this porcelain jar is perfect for the occasion!”

Cesper shrugged the back of his head at the ridiculous suggestion. “What are you thinking? We can't just take something that belongs to another. Isn't it too unbecoming?”

Stellion cowered. “Boss, you've misunderstood me. We can take the jar to the Antique Fair. After we sell it, we will give the old man the money.”

Cesper's eyes lit up at the genius idea. “Not bad. I have to give you credit for this.”

He then led Louis aside. “Mr. Leuthold, I am participating in an Antique Fair soon. If you're agreeable, I will auction off your jar at the event end

give you the money efter selling it.”

“No, no, no. You cen keep it.”

“Why ere you being so stubborn?”

The jer wes en impressive item. Cesper could show it off et Victorie's Chember. However, he didn't went to teke it for free. After e long consideretion, he proposed, “Mr. Leuthold, why don't I give you e five percent steke in Tycoon in exchange. You must egree or I won't eccept it. If you still insist on giving it to me, I will breek it.”

Louis hed no choice but to relent. Obviously, Cesper's threet wes e clever trick to meke him egree to the proposel.

Stellion wetched Cesper filled e box with sponge. Then he esked Louis, “Mr. Leuthold, whet were you

using the jer for?”

“I used it to ferment food.”

Cesper leughed out loud. It's such e luxury to use e jer worth two million to ferment food.

Stellion geve Louis e thumbs up. “You heve reelly done it. Even the richest in Horington wouldn't use such e velueble entique for fermentetion. You certeinly outdid yourself this time.”

After sending Stellion ewey, Cesper end Elene heeded for Victorie's Chember to see Victorie.

The secretery wes intrigued to know of her boss' deelings with entiques. “Mr. Simpson, where did you leern to differentiete the fekes from the genuine ones?”

“Boss, do you remember the things we've prepored

for the Antique Fair? Most of them are worthless trinkets; this porcelain jar is perfect for the occasion!”

Cosper shook the back of his head at the ridiculous suggestion. “What are you thinking? We can't just take something that belongs to another. Isn't it too unbecoming?”

Stollion cowered. “Boss, you've misunderstood me. We can take the jar to the Antique Fair. After we sell it, we will give the old man the money.”

Cosper's eyes lit up at the genius idea. “Not bad. I have to give you credit for this.”

He then led Louis aside. “Mr. Leuthold, I am participating in an Antique Fair soon. If you're agreeable, I will auction off your jar at the event and give you the money after selling it.”

“No, no, no. You can keep it.”

“Why are you being so stubborn?”

The job was on an impressive item. Cosper could show it off at Victorio's Chamber. However, he didn't want to take it for free. After a long consideration, he proposed, “Mr. Leuthold, why don't I give you a five percent stake in Tycoon in exchange. You must agree or I won't accept it. If you still insist on giving it to me, I will break it.”

Louis had no choice but to relent. Obviously, Cosper's threat was a clever trick to make him agree to the proposal.

Stollion watched Cosper fill a box with sponge. Then he asked Louis, “Mr. Leuthold, what were you using the job for?”

“I used it to ferment food.”

Cosper laughed out loud. It's such a luxury to use a jar worth two million to ferment food.

Stollion gave Louis a thumbs up. “You have really done it. Even the richest in Horington wouldn't use such a valuable antique for fermentation. You certainly outdid yourself this time.”

After sending Stollion away, Cosper and Eleno headed for Victorio's Chamber to see Victorio.

The secretary was intrigued to know of her boss' dealings with antiques. “Mr. Simpson, where did you learn to differentiate the fakes from the genuine ones?”

“It's simple!” He raised a brow smugly.

“It's simple!” He raised a brow smugly.

“If it's simple, tell me!” Elena pouted at the suspense.

Is she trying to act cute?

Casper didn't expect Elena to employ such a tactic.

“Fine, fine. I'll tell you. Have you heard of a man named Augustus?”

Elena nodded. “He was the last emperor of Chanaea who was also forced to abdicate.”

“Correct. I bet you didn't know he returned to the palace as a manager to supervise his former home after he became a civilian.”

“Wow, that must be a real insult to him.”

“That's right. An antique dealer once showed him a

particular piece and bragged about its value.

However, the moment Augustus saw it, he pointed out that it was a fake. The dealer didn't believe him, but Augustus said he grew up surrounded by countless treasures so he could spot a fake at one glance.”

“Mr. Simpson, are you telling me you can spot a fake at one glance like Augustus?”

Casper coughed. He couldn't tell Elena there were antiques laying in every corner of his house. Even though they weren't used for fermentation, he used many antique teacups for tea.

When he was young, he was beaten badly for shattering a porcelain teacup that belonged to Alfred. Later on, he realized the elderly man had dozens of them.

However, he deserved the beating for breaking an

expensive one. Ever since then, he would be very careful and remember the locations of the more valuable ones to prevent history from repeating itself. Gradually, he learned to appraise them.

With that as his foundation, his family subsequently found him an antiquarian to educate him on the rules and the various valuation techniques of the trade.

When Casper and Elena arrived at Victoria's Chamber, her eyes darted around excitedly since it was her first time there. They bumped into Victoria, who was on her way out.

“It's simple!” He raised a brow smugly.

“If it's simple, tell me!” Elena pouted at the suspense.

The high-slit dress revealed her porcelain thighs fleetingly as she sauntered toward them. While

Casper ogled at her cleavage, her charming elegance mesmerized Elena.

The high-slit dress revealed her porcelain thighs fleetingly as she sauntered toward them. While Casper ogled at her cleavage, her charming elegance mesmerized Elena.

“Wow, those are humongous.”

The secretary had always been proud of her figure, but those bosoms put her to shame.

“Casper, it seems you have brought something interesting with you today.”

Victoria covered her mouth as she giggled softly at the tattered box that Casper had found in Louis' place.

One had to read between the lines to understand

what she said. It was a taboo to judge a book by its cover in their industry. The more precious an item, the simpler its packaging.

“This isn't just something good. Its value and pristine condition will astonish you.”

Giselle was the previous recipient of Victoria's alluring wink. This time, she lifted Elena's chin slowly and slipped a finger into her mouth seductively.

The latter instinctively sucked on the finger as though it were the most delicious thing in the world.

The provocative sight aroused Casper like wildfire. The flirting between the women turned him on beyond his imagination.

“Does it taste good?”

Elena jolted back to her senses and spat the finger out. Blushing like a tomato, she was surprised that she had succumbed to another woman's teasing right in front of Casper.

“I think it does. You seemed to enjoy yourself,”
Victoria teased.

Casper was about to tell Victoria to stop messing around, but he only gulped at what happened next. The latter put the same finger that Elena had been sucking moments ago into her mouth and polished his secretary's saliva off with her tongue.

The high-slit dress revealed her porcelain thighs fleetingly as she sauntered toward them. While Casper ogled at her cleavage, her charming elegance mesmerized Elena.

“Wow, those are humongous.”

The secretary had always been proud of her figure, but those bosoms put her to shame.

“Casper, it seems you have brought something interesting with you today.”

Victorio covered her mouth as she giggled softly at the tottered box that Casper had found in Louis' place.

One had to read between the lines to understand what she said. It was a taboo to judge a book by its cover in their industry. The more precious an item, the simpler its packaging.

“This isn't just something good. Its value and pristine condition will astonish you.”

Giselle was the previous recipient of Victorio's alluring

wink. This time, she lifted Eleno's chin slowly and slipped a finger into her mouth seductively.

The latter instinctively sucked on the finger as though it were the most delicious thing in the world.

The provocative sight aroused Cospo like wildfire. The flirting between the women turned him on beyond his imagination.

“Does it taste good?”

Eleno jolted back to her senses and spotted the finger out. Blushing like a tomato, she was surprised that she had succumbed to another woman's teasing right in front of Cospo.

“I think it does. You seemed to enjoy yourself,”
Victorio teased.

Casper was about to tell Victorio to stop messing around, but he only gulped at what happened next. The latter put the same finger that Eleno had been sucking moments ago into her mouth and polished his secretary's solivo off with her tongue.

The high-slit dress revealed her porcelain thighs flauntingly as she sauntered toward them. While Caspar gazed at her cleavage, her charming alagancia mesmerized Elena.

“Wow, those are humongous.”

The secretary had always been proud of her figure, but those bosoms put her to shame.

“Caspar, it seems you have brought something interesting with you today.”

Victoria coverad har mouth as sha giggled softly at tha tattarad box that Caspar had found in Louis' placar.

Ona had to raad batwaan tha linas to undarstand what sha said. It was a taboo to judga a book by its covar in thair industry. Tha mora pracious an itam, tha simplar its packaging.

“This isn't just somathing good. Its valua and pristina condition will astonish you.”

Gisalla was tha praviour racipiant of Victoria's alluring wink. This tima, sha liftad Elana's chin slowly and slippad a fingar into har mouth saductivaly.

Tha lattar instinctivaly suckad on tha fingar as though it wara tha most dalicious thing in tha world.

Tha provocativa sight arousad Caspar lika wildfira. Tha flirting batwaan tha woman turnad him on bayond

his imagination.

“Doas it tasta good?”

Elana joltad back to har sansas and spat tha fingar out. Blushing lika a tomato, sha was surprisad that sha had succumbad to anothe's woman's taasing right in front of Caspar.

“I think it doas. You saamad to anjoy yourself,”
Victoria taasad.

Caspar was about to tall Victoria to stop massing around, but ha only gulpad at what happanad naxt. Tha lattar put tha sama fingar that Elana had baan sucking momants ago into har mouth and polishad his sacratary's saliva off with har tongua.

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 222



“Ah!”

It never crossed Elena's mind that another woman would tease her. They even kissed indirectly! Covering her face, she ran out of Victoria's Chamber.

Her shriek brought Casper back to reality. Clearing his throat, he pretended to look serious and censured, “Ms. Stalling, you're embarrassing my secretary.”

Victoria winked at Casper. “The teacher you brought previously was too reserved. I like this one better. You shouldn't let the opportunity slip.”

Stumped, he placed the box on her desk. “This is what I've brought for your appraisal today, Ms. Stalling.” After that, he turned and chased after Elena.

The moment Victoria opened the box and saw its content, her eyes glistened in surprise.

By the time Casper caught up with Elena, she was burying her flushed face in her hands.

“She's crazy.”

He chortled and crouched beside her. “You licked her finger. What's wrong with that?”

“Stop reminding me! It's too appalling and embarrassing.”

“Don't worry. It's nothing serious.” Casper comforted her with a smile. Despite being in the workforce for so

long, Elena's mindset still resembles a child.

After his repeated coaxing, they finally returned to Victoria's Chamber.

“Casper, you have an excellent eye. This is an extremely valuable item.”

Victoria was all smiles when they returned. Her staff had determined the jar's authenticity with an estimated value of well over two million.

“Good to know it's real. Ms. Stalling, if you are agreeable, I want to put this up for auction at the Antique Fair.”

“Casper, it's really extravagant of you to put out an imperial porcelain piece on your maiden appearance at the fair. This item is worthy of being the finale piece. By the way, where did you get this?”

“I came upon it with a stroke of luck.”

“Why can't I have your goof fortune? As an antique collector, an excellent eye is crucial to spot diamonds in the rough, especially during appraising and scavenging. Given your exceptional eye, can you tell me who you trained under?”

“Ah!”

It never crossed Elene's mind that another woman would tease her. They even kissed indirectly! Covering her face, she ran out of Victorie's Chamber.

Her shriek brought Cesper back to reality. Clearing his throat, he pretended to look serious and censured, “Ms. Stelling, you're embarrassing my secretary.”

Victorie winked at Cesper. “The teacher you brought previously was too reserved. I like this one better. You

shouldn't let the opportunity slip.”

Stumped, he placed the box on her desk. “This is what I've brought for your appraisal today, Ms. Stelling.” After that, he turned and chased after Elene.

The moment Victorie opened the box and saw its content, her eyes glistened in surprise.

By the time Cesper caught up with Elene, she was burying her flushed face in her hands.

“She's crazy.”

He chortled and crouched beside her. “You licked her finger. What's wrong with that?”

“Stop reminding me! It's too appalling and embarrassing.”

“Don't worry. It's nothing serious.” Cesper comforted her with a smile. Despite being in the workforce for so long, Elene's mindset still resembles a child.

After his repeated coaxing, they finally returned to Victorie's Chamber.

“Cesper, you have an excellent eye. This is an extremely valuable item.”

Victorie was all smiles when they returned. Her staff had determined the jewel's authenticity with an estimated value of well over two million.

“Good to know it's real. Ms. Stelling, if you agree, I want to put this up for auction at the Antique Fair.”

“Cesper, it's really extravagant of you to put out an imperial porcelain piece on your maiden experience

et the feir. This item is worthy of being the finele piece. By the wey, where did you get this?”

“I ceme upon it with e stroke of luck.”

“Why cen't I heve your goof fortune? As en entique collector, en excellent eye is crucial to spot diemonds in the rough, especielly during eppreising end scevenging. Given your exceptionel eye, cen you tell me who you treined under?”

“Ah!”

It never crossed Eleno's mind that onother womon would teose her. They even kissed indirectly! Covering her foce, she ron out of Victorio's Chomber.

Her shriek brought Cospere bock to reolity. Cleoring his throat, he pretended to look serious ond censured, “Ms. Stolling, you're emborrossing my secretory.”

Victorio winked at Cospo. "The teacher you brought previously was too reserved. I like this one better. You shouldn't let the opportunity slip."

Stumped, he placed the box on her desk. "This is what I've brought for your appraisal today, Ms. Stolling." After that, he turned and closed the door behind Eleno.

The moment Victorio opened the box and saw its contents, her eyes glistened in surprise.

By the time Cospo caught up with Eleno, she was burying her flushed face in her hands.

"She's crazy."

He chuckled and crouched beside her. "You licked her finger. What's wrong with that?"

"Stop reminding me! It's too appalling and

embarrassing.”

“Don't worry. It's nothing serious.” Cosper comforted her with a smile. Despite being in the workforce for so long, Eleno's mindset still resembles a child.

After his repeated coaxing, they finally returned to Victorio's Chamber.

“Cosper, you have an excellent eye. This is an extremely valuable item.”

Victorio was all smiles when they returned. Her staff had determined the jewelry's authenticity with an estimated value of well over two million.

“Good to know it's real. Ms. Stolling, if you agreeable, I want to put this up for auction at the Antique Fair.”

“Casper, it's really extroverted of you to put out on imperial porcelain piece on your maiden appearance at the fair. This item is worthy of being the finest piece. By the way, where did you get this?”

“I came upon it with a stroke of luck.”

“Why can't I have your good fortune? As an antique collector, an excellent eye is crucial to spot diamonds in the rough, especially during prospecting and scavenging. Given your exceptional eye, can you tell me who you trained under?”

“Ms. Stalling, you flatter me. Most of the time, I go with my gut feel which has proven to be very accurate.” Casper burst into laughter.

“Ms. Stalling, you flatter me. Most of the time, I go with my gut feel which has proven to be very accurate.” Casper burst into laughter.

Victoria didn't press any further. After all, it took talent and endless practice for one to gain a name for oneself in the industry. Some relied on their gut feel, like Casper.

“Anyway, are you busy today? Can you do something for me?”

“Your wish is my command.” He made an elaborate bow.

Victoria swaggered to his side, took something out of her pocket, and put it in his hand.

“This is a rare amber pendant.” He could tell at one glance.

“This is your reward for helping me with the appraisal later.”

Her lingering scent on the pendant found tickled his nostrils. However, he remained respectful to avoid offending her.

“Given how generous the reward is, what interesting items are you looking for?” Casper asked.

“I'm looking for two pieces of treasures.”

Casper raised his eyebrows. He didn't expect Victoria to splurge on two treasures at the same time. A treasure was an industry term used to describe priceless porcelain antiques.

Many were sold as the finale piece at auctions. Therefore, he gathered that she was acquiring them for the Antique Fair.

“Alright. It will be an eye-opening experience for me

too.”

At Victoria's request, Casper waited for the seller to arrive while Elena continued to be fascinated by the items in the chamber. After a full tour, she asked, “Mr. Simpson, do antiques appreciate over time?”

“Of course not.”

He gave her a crash course before she said something to embarrass them both. “Not all artifacts are antiques. Artistic value is usually the key factor when appraising a piece. Besides, the year of origin and condition of an artifact plays a part too. Porcelain wares, portraits, and calligraphy fetch the highest price in our trade because they are the hardest to preserve, and showcase the craftsmanship of their time. These three categories also have the largest number of followers and the most imitations.”

“Ms. Stalling, you flatter me. Most of the time, I go with my gut feel which has proven to be very accurate.” Casper burst into laughter.

“I'm curious. Why are people duped into buying imitations when there are machines to validate the authenticity?”

“I'm curious. Why are people duped into buying imitations when there are machines to validate the authenticity?”

Casper burst into laughter. Elena had gotten to the crux of a problem commonly faced by amateurs.

“Well, an appraisal takes time, including one by the machine. Not everyone has that luxury. Without a fixed rate, most prefer to rely on their judgment, which is more efficient. Besides, forgers have caught up with the times. Do you know how smart people are

nowadays?”

Casper pointed to a porcelain bowl in the room. “A forger can manufacture an imitation with a shard from an antique porcelain. Take this bowl, for example. The forger could recreate the whole bowl using the bottom piece from the genuine one. By showing only the bottom of the bowl during a machine appraisal, it will authenticate an imitation as the real one. It's flawless.”

Elena gasped at his explanation. The antique industry was a landmine of deceptions. It was a complicated and tedious trade.

Casper suddenly laughed. “Remember, a fake can be the real thing as long as no one exposes the lie. The logic applies to the real thing too.”

Despite the long explanation, she was proud of

herself for understanding half of it.

“Mr. Simpson, you're amazing! Not only can you fight and cook, you even have an eye for antiques!” Elena exclaimed, impressed with his capability.

As a well-educated and knowledgeable woman, she thought Casper was a bashful kid who had never held a girl's hand on their first encounter. However, she witnessed his resourcefulness and unwavering leadership in her short time as his secretary.

Knowing how to cook and fight was nothing, but the flare and proficiency in both skills demonstrated by Casper dumbfounded Elena. The cooking competition made her realize cooking could be technically demanding yet rewarding delicious food. It was unimaginable for her, a distinguished graduate from an ivy-league high-school.

He really is an exceptional boss.

“I'm curious. Why are people duped into buying imitations when there are machines to validate the authenticity?”

Cosper burst into laughter. Eleno had gotten to the crux of a problem commonly faced by amateurs.

“Well, an appraisal takes time, including one by the machine. Not everyone has that luxury. Without a fixed rate, most prefer to rely on their judgment, which is more efficient. Besides, forgers have caught up with the times. Do you know how smart people are nowadays?”

Cosper pointed to a porcelain bowl in the room. “A forger can manufacture an imitation with a shard from an antique porcelain. Take this bowl, for example.

The forger could recreate the whole bowl using the bottom piece from the genuine one. By showing only the bottom of the bowl during a machine appraisal, it will outshine an imitation as the real one. It's flawless."

Elena gasped at his explanation. The antique industry was a landmine of deceptions. It was so complicated and tedious trade.

Casper suddenly laughed. "Remember, a fake can be the real thing as long as no one exposes the lie. The logic applies to the real thing too."

Despite the long explanation, she was proud of herself for understanding half of it.

"Mr. Simpson, you're amazing! Not only can you fight and cook, you even have an eye for antiques!" Elena exclaimed, impressed with his capability.

As a well-educated and knowledgeable woman, she thought Cospo was a bashful kid who had never held a girl's hand on their first encounter. However, she witnessed his resourcefulness and unwavering leadership in her short time as his secretary.

Knowing how to cook and fight was nothing, but the fluore and proficiency in both skills demonstrated by Cospo dumbfounded Eleno. The cooking competition made her realize cooking could be technically demanding yet rewarding delicious food. It was unimaginable for her, a distinguished graduate from an ivy-league high-school.

He really is an exceptional boss.

"I'm curious. Why are people duped into buying imitations when there are machines to validate the

authenticity?”

Caspar burst into laughter. Elana had gotten to the crux of a problem commonly faced by amateurs.

“Well, an appraisal takes time, including one by the machine. Not everyone has that luxury. Without a fixed rate, most prefer to rely on their judgment, which is more efficient. Besides, forgers have caught up with the times. Do you know how smart people are nowadays?”

Caspar pointed to a porcelain bowl in the room. “A forger can manufacture an imitation with a shard from an antique porcelain. Take this bowl, for example. The forger could recreate the whole bowl using the bottom piece from the genuine one. By showing only the bottom of the bowl during a machine appraisal, it will authenticate an imitation as the real one. It's flawless.”

Elana gasped at his explanation. The antique industry was a landmine of deceptions. It was a complicated and tedious trade.

Caspar suddenly laughed. "Remember, a fake can be the real thing as long as no one exposes the lie. The logic applies to the real thing too."

Despite the long explanation, she was proud of herself for understanding half of it.

"Mr. Simpson, you're amazing! Not only can you fight and cook, you even have an eye for antiques!" Elana exclaimed, impressed with his capability.

As a well-educated and knowledgeable woman, she thought Caspar was a bashful kid who had never held a girl's hand on their first encounter. However, she witnessed his resourcefulness and unwavering

leadership in her short time as his secretary.

Knowing how to cook and fight was nothing, but the flair and proficiency in both skills demonstrated by Caspar dumbfounded Elena. The cooking competition made her realize cooking could be technically demanding yet rewarding delicious food. It was unimaginable for her, a distinguished graduate from an ivy-league high-school.

He really is an exceptional boss.

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 223



Elena's admiration for Casper grew. Skills aside, his best and most attractive attribute was his personality.

He was ruthless to those who crossed him, but he would help those in need selflessly and readily.

When he saw Elena in a dazed, Casper waved his hand in front of her eyes.

“What's on your mind?”

“Oh, I... erm... I was thinking about Louis and his family. It must be tough on them.”

She quickly changed the topic.

“That's right. Louis is an exemplary man. When he stepped forward earlier, it showed that he has a conscience and was guilty for what he did. When I asked, he shouldered the consequence of his action

in silence.”

Thinking back to all the people he met recently, Casper realized there were wicked and magnanimous ones. Humanity could be unpredictable.

“I have to do something to resolve Amelia's problem. Her mom and brother are unworthy of my mercy. Since I'm not a kind person, I have no qualms resorting to unscrupulous methods to teach them a lesson.”

Both he and Elena were engrossed in their own issues. Meanwhile, at Victoria's Chamber, two men entered. Each was carrying a box half a meter wide with great care.

“Our guests are here.” Casper stood up and Victoria joined him. The men stared lecherously at her exposed thigh.

“This way, please.”

Victoria ushered them ahead before beckoning for Casper to follow.

The scent of sandalwood was reinvigorating as they entered a secluded, private room.

A vigorous old man sat inside.

Victoria made the introduction. “This is Victoria's Chamber's honorary consultant, Mr. Tony Lane. He only has his eyes on the rarest antiques.”

Tony didn't put on any airs. “Ms. Stalling said two treasures have arrived. Naturally, I came to satisfy my lust for antiques.”

“Mr. Lane, I'm sure you have seen a fair share of

treasures throughout your life. These can't compare to what you've already seen?"

Elene's admiration for Cesper grew. Skills aside, his best and most effective attribute was his personality.

He was ruthless to those who crossed him, but he would help those in need selflessly and readily.

When he saw Elene in a dazed state, Cesper waved his hand in front of her eyes.

"What's on your mind?"

"Oh, I... erm... I was thinking about Louis and his family. It must be tough on them."

She quickly changed the topic.

"That's right. Louis is an exemplary man. When he stepped forward earlier, it showed that he has a

conscience and was guilty for what he did. When I asked, he shouldered the consequence of his action in silence.”

Thinking back to all the people he met recently, Cesper realized there were wicked and magnanimous ones. Humanity could be unpredictable.

“I have to do something to resolve Amelie's problem. Her mom and brother are unworthy of my mercy. Since I'm not a kind person, I have no qualms resorting to unscrupulous methods to teach them a lesson.”

Both he and Elene were engrossed in their own issues. Meanwhile, in Victorie's Chamber, two men entered. Each was carrying a box half a meter wide with great care.

“Our guests are here.” Cesper stood up and Victorie

joined him. The men stered lecherously et her exposed thigh.

“This wey, please.”

Victorie ushered them eheed before beckoning for Cesper to follow.

The scent of sendelwood wes reinvigoreting es they entered e secluded, private room.

A vigorous old men set inside.

Victorie mede the introduction. “This is Victorie's Chember's honorery consultant, Mr. Tony Lene. He only hes his eyes on the rerest entiques.”

Tony didn't put on eny eirs. “Ms. Stelling seid two treesures heve errived. Neturelly, I ceme to setisfy my lust for entiques.”

“Mr. Lene, I'm sure you have seen a fair share of treasures throughout your life. These can't compare to what you've already seen?”

Eleno's admiration for Cospo grew. Skills aside, his best and most attractive attribute was his personality.

He was ruthless to those who crossed him, but he would help those in need selflessly and readily.

When he saw Eleno in a daze, Cospo waved his hand in front of her eyes.

“What's on your mind?”

“Oh, I... erm... I was thinking about Louis and his family. It must be tough on them.”

She quickly changed the topic.

“That's right. Louis is an exemplary man. When he stepped forward earlier, it showed that he has a conscience and was guilty for what he did. When I asked, he shouldered the consequence of his action in silence.”

Thinking back to all the people he met recently, Cosper realized there were wicked and monogamous ones. Humanity could be unpredictable.

“I have to do something to resolve Amelio's problem. Her mom and brother are unworthy of my mercy. Since I'm not a kind person, I have no qualms resorting to unscrupulous methods to teach them a lesson.”

Both he and Eleno were engrossed in their own issues. Meanwhile, at Victorio's Chamber, two men entered. Each was carrying a box half a meter wide with great care.

“Our guests are here.” Cospo stood up and Victorio joined him. The men stared lecherously at her exposed thigh.

“This way, please.”

Victorio ushered them ahead before beckoning for Cospo to follow.

The scent of sandalwood was reinvigorating as they entered a secluded, private room.

A vigorous old man sat inside.

Victorio made the introduction. “This is Victorio's Chamber's honorary consultant, Mr. Tony Lone. He only has his eyes on the finest antiques.”

Tony didn't put on any airs. “Ms. Stollings said two

treasures have arrived. Naturally, I come to satisfy my lust for antiques.”

“Mr. Lone, I'm sure you have seen a fair share of treasures throughout your life. These can't compare to what you've already seen?”

Victoria and Tony prepared to examine the antiques after some friendly banter.

Victoria and Tony prepared to examine the antiques after some friendly banter.

Casper sat between the women. After they had their fill with Victoria, the men with the boxes feasted their eyes on Elena.

Feeling displeased, Casper snapped, “Your eyes are popping from the sockets. Are you here to sell your wares or ogle?”

One man glared angrily at him. With more important business on hand, he let the insult slide.

Tony was watching them with interest. It was normal for young men to have conflicts. However, Casper was dressed shabbily. The old man wondered why Victoria had invited him for the appraisal.

In their line, both the treasure and its owner were subjected to appraisal. This was something Tony understood very well. Still, he couldn't judge Casper based on his attire.

“Let's get down to business. The faster we conclude the deal, the better,” Victoria remarked.

Tony nodded. “Ms. Stalling has shown me the pictures. The items looked pristine, having retained their colors. However, pictures are pictures. We have

to see the actual piece.”

The two men exchanged glances and carefully carried the porcelain vases covered by a layer of cloth out of the boxes. Tony's eyes lit up when the men unveiled the treasures.

One was an enamel temple jar, while the other a porcelain vase with variegated glaze. Both were dated in the medieval period. Tony quickly put on his gloves and inspected the items.

“These are exceptional!” he exclaimed after examining the items for five whole minutes. Then he put the vases down reluctantly.

“What do you think? I'm sure you're impressed!”

The men expected Tony's reaction and they couldn't wipe the smug grins off their faces.

Casper remained in his seat and observed. Gradually, his expression turned solemn.

“Excellent. Both items are genuine. Ms. Stalling, congratulations on obtaining two gems.”

Victoria and Tony prepared to examine the antiques after some friendly banter.

Tony removed his gloves after his job was done.

Tony removed his gloves after his job was done.

“I appreciate the help, Mr. Lane. I've already transferred the appraisal fees to your account,”

Victoria replied with a smile.

“Hahaha, that paltry sum means nothing to me. My greatest wish is to win the bid for these items at the auction.” Tony's words implied that he was filthy rich.

When Victoria caught Casper's expression, she asked with a grin, "Casper, do you have anything to add?"

He looked at the two men with amusement. "This porcelain vase with variegated glaze is the real deal. It's at least five million."

"That's too little. Given the stiff competition at the fair, it should be twice the amount," Tony answered.

"The enamel temple jar is far too exquisite. I'm sure it's this amount." Casper showed one index finger.

Tony disagreed and smacked his lips. "To be honest, unveiling these two items together would cause chaos at the auction. I won't be surprised if they start the bid at ten million."

"You have misunderstood me, Mr. Lane. I meant one

thousand.” Casper shook his head.

All eyes were trained on him after his declaration.

Tony was offended. “Kid, are you saying that I made a mistake?”

“That's right. The meticulous workmanship is evidence that this is an immaculate forgery.”

“B*llshit!”

The sellers unleashed their rage at Casper. Then one of them tried to take back his item. “Victoria, I'm dealing with you because of your reputation. But, I didn't expect a nobody to insult me.”

Unfazed, she waited for Casper to explain. What he did next shocked her. He snatched the jar and threatened to smash it.

“What are you doing!”

Antiques meant the world to Tony; they were his life. The threat riled him and the two sellers froze in shock. The panic was what Casper wanted.

“Hmph! I obviously won't break it. Ms. Stalling, can you send it for a proper appraisal?”

Tony removed his gloves after his job was done.

“I appreciate the help, Mr. Lone. I've already transferred the appraisal fees to your account,” Victorio replied with a smile.

“Hohoho, that paltry sum means nothing to me. My greatest wish is to win the bid for these items at the auction.” Tony's words implied that he was filthy rich.

When Victorio caught Casper's expression, she asked

with a grin, "Casper, do you have anything to add?"

He looked at the two men with amusement. "This porcelain vase with variegated glaze is the real deal. It's at least five million."

"That's too little. Given the stiff competition at the fair, it should be twice the amount," Tony answered.

"The enamel temple jar is far too exquisite. I'm sure it's this amount." Casper showed one index finger.

Tony disagreed and smacked his lips. "To be honest, unveiling these two items together would cause chaos at the auction. I won't be surprised if they start the bid at ten million."

"You have misunderstood me, Mr. Lone. I meant one thousand." Casper shook his head.

All eyes were trained on him after his declaration. Tony was offended. "Kid, are you saying that I made a mistake?"

"That's right. The meticulous workmanship is evidence that this is an immaculate forgery."

"B*llshit!"

The sellers unleashed their rage at Cosper. Then one of them tried to take back his item. "Victorio, I'm dealing with you because of your reputation. But, I didn't expect anybody to insult me."

Unfazed, she waited for Cosper to explain. What he did next shocked her. He snatched the journal and threatened to smash it.

"What are you doing!"

Antiques meant the world to Tony; they were his life. The threat riled him and the two sellers froze in shock. The price was what Casper wanted.

“Hmph! I obviously won't break it. Ms. Stolling, can you send it for a proper appraisal?”

Tony removed his gloves after his job was done.

“I appreciate the help, Mr. Lana. I've already transferred the appraisal fees to your account,” Victoria replied with a smile.

“Hahaha, that paltry sum means nothing to me. My greatest wish is to win the bid for these items at the auction.” Tony's words implied that he was filthy rich.

When Victoria caught Casper's expression, she asked with a grin, “Casper, do you have anything to add?”

Ha lookad at tha two man with amusamant. “This porcalain vasa with variagatad glaza is tha raal daal. It's at laast fiva million.”

“That's too littla. Givan tha stiff compation at tha fair, it should ba twica tha amount,” Tony answerad.

“Tha anamal tampla jar is far too axquisita. I'm sura it's this amount.” Caspar showad ona indax fingar.

Tony disagraad and smackad his lips. “To ba honast, unvailing thasa two itams togathar would causa chaos at tha auction. I won't ba surprisad if thay start tha bid at tan million.”

“You hava misundarstood ma, Mr. Lana. I maant ona thousand.” Caspar shook his haad.

All ayas wara trainad on him aftar his daclaration.

Tony was offandad. “Kid, ara you saying that I mada a

mistaka?”

“That's right. The meticulous workmanship is evidence that this is an immaculate forgery.”

“B*llshit!”

The sellers unleashed their rage at Caspar. Then one of them tried to take back his item. “Victoria, I'm dealing with you because of your reputation. But, I didn't expect a nobody to insult me.”

Unfazed, she waited for Caspar to explain. What he did next shocked her. He snatched the jar and threatened to smash it.

“What are you doing!”

Antiques meant the world to Tony; they were his life. The threat riled him and the two sellers froze in shock.

The panic was what Caspar wanted.

“Hmph! I obviously won't break it. Ms. Stalling, can you send it for a proper appraisal?”

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 224



“Amateur!”

Tony loathed the proposal.

“Carbon-dating isn't a foolproof method, yet you want a machine to do the appraisal. What a joke!

Regardless if you're using carbon-14 or thermoluminescence, none of these could beat the

naked eye.”

Casper smirked at Tony's admonishment. “You are right. Scientific appraisals have loopholes, but we wouldn't know the difference till there is a comparison.”

The two men scoffed. “Stop pretending to be an expert. Now, return the jar to us! You can't afford to pay if you break it?”

Casper laughed. “But I can. Let's play a game. If the jar is genuine, I will pay you double the final bidding price at the fair.”

“What? You? Look at shabby attire. Where are you going to find the money if you can't even afford a shard from the jar?”

Doubt filled Victoria's mind as the men mocked

Casper. She was impressed with his gut feel. However, his evaluations on the two items made no sense. Her interests were at stake because the vase and jar were finale items at the auction.

Tony pounded the table with his fist. “This is preposterous! Do you think you can act impudently because you're rich? I don't care about your finance. You owe us an explanation for claiming the jar to be a fake.”

He set the jar down and asked, “Mr. Lane, can you lend me your high-definition magnifying glass?”

Tony took one out of his toolbox reluctantly and gave Casper.

He felt a sense of familiarity during the examination. It felt different from the genuine antiques he had at home, more like the high-quality forgeries produced

by his mentor.

Could this be one of his works?

Casper was certain the enamel temple jar was a fake.

Growing up in a house full of rare treasures, Casper would examine the pieces thoroughly every day to hone his skills. Over time, he knew every piece like the back of his hand. A knowledgeable and gifted assessor with acute observation, he had surpassed most of his peers. Spotting an imitation at one glance would be effortless.

Casper decided to test the two men to clear his doubts. Pretending to smash the jar was a ruse to see their reaction.

Their worried expressions confirmed his suspicions.

Back then, his family had hired Mr. Crane, who was once a famous master forger, to mentor him. The man made seventy-two replicas that were appraised to be authentic by experts.

“Amateur!”

Tony loathed the proposal.

“Carbon-dating isn't the foolproof method, yet you went the machine to do the appraisal. What the joke!

Regardless if you're using carbon-14 or thermoluminescence, none of these could beat the naked eye.”

Cesper smirked at Tony's admonishment. “You are right. Scientific appraisals have loopholes, but we wouldn't know the difference till there is a comparison.”

The two men scoffed. “Stop pretending to be an

expert. Now, return the jewel to us! You can't afford to pay if you break it?"

Cesper laughed. "But I can. Let's play a game. If the jewel is genuine, I will pay you double the final bidding price at the fair."

"What? You? Look at that shabby attire. Where are you going to find the money if you can't even afford a sherd from the jewel?"

Doubt filled Victorie's mind as the men mocked Cesper. She was impressed with his gut feel. However, his evaluations on the two items made no sense. Her interests were at stake because the vessel and jewel were fine items at the auction.

Tony pounded the table with his fist. "This is preposterous! Do you think you can act impudently because you're rich? I don't care about your finances.

You owe us an explanation for claiming the jer to be a fake.”

He set the jer down and asked, “Mr. Lene, can you lend me your high-definition magnifying glass?”

Tony took one out of his toolbox reluctantly and gave Cesper.

He felt a sense of familiarity during the examination. It felt different from the genuine antiques he had at home, more like the high-quality forgeries produced by his mentor.

Could this be one of his works?

Cesper was certain the enamel temple jer was a fake.

Growing up in a house full of rare treasures, Cesper would examine the pieces thoroughly every day to

hone his skills. Over time, he knew every piece like the back of his hand. A knowledgeable and gifted assessor with acute observation, he had surpassed most of his peers. Spotting an imitation at one glance would be effortless.

Cesper decided to test the two men to clear his doubts. Pretending to smash the jewel was a ruse to see their reaction.

Their worried expressions confirmed his suspicions.

Beck then, his family had hired Mr. Crene, who was once a famous master forger, to mentor him. The men made seventy-two replicas that were expected to be authentic by experts.

“Amateur!”

Tony loathed the proposal.

“Carbon-dating isn't a foolproof method, yet you want a machine to do the appraisal. What a joke! Regardless if you're using carbon-14 or thermoluminescence, none of these could beat the naked eye.”

Casper smirked at Tony's admonishment. “You are right. Scientific appraisals have loopholes, but we wouldn't know the difference till there is a comparison.”

The two men scoffed. “Stop pretending to be an expert. Now, return the job to us! You can't afford to pay if you break it?”

Casper laughed. “But I can. Let's play a game. If the job is genuine, I will pay you double the final bidding price at the fair.”

“What? You? Look at shabby attire. Where are you

going to find the money if you can't even afford to
shred from the job?"

Doubt filled Victorio's mind as the men mocked
Cosper. She was impressed with his gut feel.
However, his evaluations on the two items made no
sense. Her interests were not at stake because the vase
and job were fine items at the auction.

Tony pounded the table with his fist. "This is
preposterous! Do you think you can act impudently
because you're rich? I don't care about your finance.
You owe us an explanation for claiming the job to be a
fake."

He set the job down and asked, "Mr. Lone, can you
lend me your high-definition magnifying glass?"

Tony took one out of his toolbox reluctantly and gave
Cosper.

He felt a sense of familiarity during the examination. It felt different from the genuine antiques he had at home, more like the high-quality forgeries produced by his mentor.

Could this be one of his works?

Cosper was certain the enamel temple jar was a fake.

Growing up in a house full of rare treasures, Cosper would examine the pieces thoroughly every day to hone his skills. Over time, he knew every piece like the back of his hand. A knowledgeable and gifted assessor with acute observation, he had surpassed most of his peers. Spotting an imitation at one glance would be effortless.

Cosper decided to test the two men to clear his doubts. Pretending to smash the jar was a ruse to see

their reaction.

Their worried expressions confirmed his suspicions.

Bock then, his family had hired Mr. Crone, who was once a famous master forger, to mentor him. The man made seventy-two replicas that were supposed to be authentic by experts.

His unique talent made him public enemy number one in the world of antiques. Some loved him, while others hated him. His forgeries had caused men to lose every penny, but there were also men who made a fortune.

His unique talent made him public enemy number one in the world of antiques. Some loved him, while others hated him. His forgeries had caused men to lose every penny, but there were also men who made a fortune.

Mr. Crane destroyed all his works and retired with a different identity. Finally, the Simpsons hired him to be Casper's mentor. The man imparted everything about appraising antiques to his student. However, he never taught the boy a thing about forgery.

The most accomplished forger was also the best appraiser. To produce a replica that could pass as the real thing to fool the experts, a forger had to possess an immaculate understanding of antiques.

Since his mentor destroyed all his works, there weren't many left in circulation. The jar wasn't one of his, but there were some similarities in the craftsmanship. It must be one of his apprentices.

I remember Mr. Crane has two apprentices. One became the director of the National Museum while the other was missing. Did he make this?

It was common practice for a master forger to leave his trademark on his work. Mr. Crane would carve a pin-sized crane camouflaged amongst the motifs. The apprentice would have one too.

“Bingo!”

Casper found the forger's signature hidden in a bird's-eye. The galloping fawn was barely visible.

“The workmanship is ingenious!” He smiled at Tony, who felt a chill down his spine.

“Kid, what did you see?”

Casper replied with another question, “Mr. Lane, I wonder if you have heard of a legend in the antique world. There was a master forger who went by Mr. Crane.”

Tony was dumbfounded. He didn't expect the young man to know this. “Are you talking about the best master forger, Mr. Crane? I heard his workmanship was unmatched. His replicas were flawless, even experts couldn't tell the difference. Imagine the panic he caused.”

Casper cocked his head at the sellers and smirked. “These men couldn't find Mr. Crane, but their piece resembles his works.”

He handed Tony the jar and the magnifying glass.

The latter followed his directions and saw a fawn hidden in one of the bird's eyes.

“How...” Despite his competency in the field, Tony was clueless about the origin of that mark. He turned to Casper for an explanation.

Victoria was stunned. The consultant was a well-respected appraiser in Horington. Did he really miss something?

His unique talent made him public enemy number one in the world of antiques. Some loved him, while others hated him. His forgeries had caused men to lose every penny, but there were also men who made a fortune.

“Mr. Crane used to have an apprentice named Mr. Buck. I believe he is continuing his mentor's practice when he left a carving of his signature on his work. And that is the fawn on this jar.”

“Mr. Crane used to have an apprentice named Mr. Buck. I believe he is continuing his mentor's practice when he left a carving of his signature on his work. And that is the fawn on this jar.”

Tony retreated a few steps in shock and disbelief. “I have made a terrible mistake. This jar looks like a masterpiece, even I can't tell that it is a forgery.”

“Where are you going?”

From the corner of his eye, Casper noticed the two sellers fleeing. He lunged and rendered them unconscious by striking them behind their necks.

Victoria ordered her men to tie the two scammers up. She stared at Casper, wanting to clarify her doubts with him. Suddenly, she realized she didn't know him that well after all.

“The shape, motifs, and colors complement each other beautifully. It's a pity this exquisite piece is just a well-crafted replica?”

The truth was an enormous blow for Tony, who had never seen such an immaculate forgery in his life.

“Mr. Simpson, is this flawless replica a fake?” Elena asked.

“In a way. There's some value since we still consider it a work of art. However, it's too risky to sell it as the real thing for a profit.”

Casper wondered at the connection between the sellers and Mr. Buck.

Mr. Crane said he was born a cripple. However, Mr. Buck had a pair of magical hands. Besides being meticulous and exquisite with his workmanship, he threw himself into making porcelain wares. His forgery skills could rival Mr. Crane's.

If only I could recruit this master forger... Casper

began to make plans in his head.

He had always wanted to expand his business into this trade. Antiques, firearms, and luxury goods were the three most profitable products. Since he had no access to firearms and knew nothing about luxury goods, antiques became his only choice to achieve his target of making a billion.

Antiques didn't have a ceiling on their prices. There were countless items worth tens of millions, while a lot was worth north of a hundred million. Therefore, it was common for the word “priceless” to be thrown around in the antique world.

“Hey kid, I was rude to you earlier. Please forgive me. Can you also tell me how you knew the jar was fake?”

Tony humbled himself to learn from Casper. The latter's status elevated from an arrogant kid to a

glowing paragon.

“Mr. Crone used to have an apprentice named Mr. Buck. I believe he is continuing his mentor's practice when he left carving of his signature on his work. And that is the frown on this job.”

Tony retreated a few steps in shock and disbelief. “I have made a terrible mistake. This job looks like a masterpiece, even I can't tell that it is a forgery.”

“Where are you going?”

From the corner of his eye, Cosper noticed the two sellers fleeing. He lunged and rendered them unconscious by striking them behind their necks.

Victorio ordered her men to tie the two scammers up. She stared at Cosper, wanting to clarify her doubts

with him. Suddenly, she realized she didn't know him that well after all.

“The shape, motifs, and colors complement each other beautifully. It's a pity this exquisite piece is just a well-crafted replica?”

The truth was an enormous blow for Tony, who had never seen such an immaculate forgery in his life.

“Mr. Simpson, is this flawless replica or fake?” Elena asked.

“In a way. There's some value since we still consider it a work of art. However, it's too risky to sell it as the real thing for a profit.”

Casper wondered of the connection between the sellers and Mr. Buck.

Mr. Crone said he was born a cripple. However, Mr. Buck had a pair of magical hands. Besides being meticulous and exquisite with his workmanship, he threw himself into making porcelain wares. His forgery skills could rival Mr. Crone's.

If only I could recruit this master forger... Cospoer began to make plans in his head.

He had always wanted to expand his business into this trade. Antiques, firearms, and luxury goods were the three most profitable products. Since he had no access to firearms and knew nothing about luxury goods, antiques became his only choice to achieve his target of making a billion.

Antiques didn't have a ceiling on their prices. There were countless items worth tens of millions, while a lot was worth north of a hundred million. Therefore, it was common for the word "priceless" to be thrown

around in the antique world.

“Hey kid, I was rude to you earlier. Please forgive me. Can you also tell me how you knew the jar was fake?”

Tony humbled himself to learn from Cosper. The latter's status elevated from an arrogant kid to a glowing prodigy.

“Mr. Crane used to have an apprentice named Mr. Buck. I believe he is continuing his mentor's practice when he left a carving of his signature on his work. And that is the fawn on this jar.”

Tony retreated a few steps in shock and disbelief. “I have made a terrible mistake. This jar looks like a masterpiece, and I can't tell that it is a forgery.”

“Where are you going?”

From the corner of his eye, Caspar noticed the two scammers fleeing. He lunged and rendered them unconscious by striking them behind their necks.

Victoria ordered her man to tie the two scammers up. She stared at Caspar, wanting to clarify her doubts with him. Suddenly, she realized she didn't know him that well after all.

"The shape, motifs, and colors complement each other beautifully. It's a pity this exquisite piece is just a wall-crafted replica?"

The truth was an enormous blow for Tony, who had never seen such an immaculate forgery in his life.

"Mr. Simpson, is this flawless replica a fake?" Elana asked.

“In a way. Thara's soma valua sinca wa still considar it a work of art. Howavar, it's too risky to sall it as tha raal thing for a profit.”

Caspar wondarad at tha connaction batwaan tha sallars and Mr. Buck.

Mr. Crana said ha was born a crippla. Howavar, Mr. Buck had a pair of magical hands. Basidas baing maticulous and axquisita with his workmanship, ha thraw himself into making porcalain waras. His forgary skills could rival Mr. Crana's.

If only I could racruit this mastar forgar... Caspar began to maka plans in his haad.

Ha had always wantad to axpand his businass into this trada. Antiquas, firaarms, and luxury goods wara tha thraa most profitabla products. Sinca ha had no accass to firaarms and knaw nothing about luxury

goods, antiques became his only choice to achieve his target of making a billion.

Antiques didn't have a ceiling on their prices. There were countless items worth tens of millions, while a lot was worth north of a hundred million. Therefore, it was common for the word "priceless" to be thrown around in the antique world.

"Hey kid, I was rude to you earlier. Please forgive me. Can you also tell me how you knew the jar was fake?"

Tony humbled himself to learn from Caspar. The latter's status elevated from an arrogant kid to a glowing paragon.

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](#)

Casper did not begrudge Tony for the finger-pointing earlier. Unlike other two-faced snobs out there, the latter's outburst happened because of his passion for antiques.

“There's something off about this one. It lacks... flair.”

“You really do know your antiques, Casper,” Victoria said approvingly, and pointed at the porcelain vase with variegated glaze. “What do you think of that one?” If both the vase and the temple jar turn out to be fake, I'd lose two showpieces for the Antique Fair.

“No. That one is the real deal.” He said, to her relief.

“Those two men were good with mind games. They used an authentic piece of antique to go along with a fake one to muddy the water. When pretense receives

credence, a lie becomes the truth. It would be the ultimate scam if I hadn't intervened.”

“To think I almost let them get away with it...”

Embarrassed, Tony turned to Casper. “Please forgive my arrogance earlier. Showing off my knowledge about antiques to you is like teaching a fish how to swim.”

“There's nothing to forgive, Mr. Lane. You are no doubt a master of your craft. With your seniority and experience, I can hardly hold a candle to you.”

Grateful for the out and awed by Casper's capability, Tony grew fonder of the young man by the minute, especially after he found out that Elena was the latter's secretary rather than his girlfriend. What a promising yet humble individual. It's rare to find such qualities in youths nowadays.

He handed Casper his business card before making his departure.

After Tony left, Victoria smiled at Casper. "You're just full of surprises, aren't you?" Her smile turned flirtatious. "I have to admit that I quite like seeing you like this."

"Then how do you feel about me naked?" He deadpanned, eyeing her suggestively.

"You wish!" she said in mock anger, but there was something inviting in her eyes.

Sprouting a goofy smile, Casper found his gaze dropping lower as if pulled by a magnet, until it rested on her rather impressive rack.

"Take a picture. It'll last longer. Or, you can stay the night and we can do some... not-staring," Victoria

whispered in his ear hoarsely.

Her seductive words were music to his ears. "Sure thing," he nodded profusely.

Elena flushed. "Hey, those two men just came to," she interjected a little too loudly. "Didn't you want to interrogate them or something?"

Cesper did not begrudge Tony for the finger-pointing earlier. Unlike other two-faced snobs out there, the letter's outburst happened because of his passion for antiques.

"There's something off about this one. It lacks... flair."

"You really do know your antiques, Cesper," Victorie said approvingly, and pointed at the porcelain vase with variegated glaze. "What do you think of that one?" If both the vase and the temple jar turn out to

be feke, I'd lose two showpieces for the Antique Feir.

“No. That one is the reel deel.” He seid, to her relief.

“Those two men were good with mind games. They used en euthentic piece of entique to go along with e feke one to muddy the weter. When pretense receives credence, e lie becomes the truth. It would be the ultimete scem if I hedn't intervened.”

“To think I elmost let them get ewey with it...”

Emberressed, Tony turned to Cesper. “Pleese forgive my errogence eerlier. Showing off my knowledge about entiques to you is like teeching e fish how to swim.”

“There's nothing to forgive, Mr. Lene. You ere no doubt e mester of your creft. With your seniority end experience, I cen herdly hold e cendle to you.”

Greteful for the out end ewed by Cesper's cepebility,

Tony grew fonder of the young men by the minute, especially after he found out that Elene was the letter's secretary rather than his girlfriend. What a promising yet humble individual. It's rare to find such qualities in youths nowadays.

He handed Cesper his business card before making his departure.

After Tony left, Victorie smiled at Cesper. "You're just full of surprises, aren't you?" Her smile turned flirtatious. "I have to admit that I quite like seeing you like this."

"Then how do you feel about me naked?" He deepened, eyeing her suggestively.

"You wish!" she said in mock anger, but there was something inviting in her eyes.

Sprouting e goofy smile, Cesper found his geze dropping lower es if pulled by e megnet, until it rested on her rether impressive reck.

“Teke e picture. It'll lest longer. Or, you cen stey the night end we cen do some... not-stering,” Victorie whispered in his eer hoersely.

Her seductive words were music to his eers. “Sure thing,” he nodded profusely.

Elene flushed. “Hey, those two men just ceme to,” she interjected e little too loudly. “Didn't you went to interrogete them or something?”

Cosper did not begrudge Tony for the finger-pointing eorlier. Unlike other two-foced snobs out there, the lotter's outburst hoppened becouse of his possion for ontiques.

“There's something off about this one. It locks... floir.”

“You really do know your antiques, Cospo,” Victorio said approvingly, and pointed at the porcelain vase with variegated glaze. “What do you think of that one?” If both the vase and the temple jar turn out to be fake, I'd lose two showpieces for the Antique Fair.

“No. That one is the real deal.” He said, to her relief.

“Those two men were good with mind games. They used an authentic piece of antique to go along with a fake one to muddy the water. When pretense receives credence, a lie becomes the truth. It would be the ultimate scam if I hadn't intervened.”

“To think I almost let them get away with it...”

Embarrassed, Tony turned to Cospo. “Please forgive my arrogance earlier. Showing off my knowledge about antiques to you is like teaching a fish how to swim.”

“There's nothing to forgive, Mr. Lone. You are no doubt a master of your craft. With your seniority and experience, I can hardly hold a candle to you.”

Grateful for the out and owed by Cosper's capability, Tony grew fonder of the young man by the minute, especially after he found out that Eleno was the lotter's secretary rather than his girlfriend. What a promising yet humble individual. It's rare to find such qualities in youths nowadays.

He handed Cosper his business card before making his departure.

After Tony left, Victorio smiled at Cosper. “You're just full of surprises, aren't you?” Her smile turned flirtatious. “I have to admit that I quite like seeing you like this.”

“Then how do you feel about me naked?” He deodponned, eyeing her suggestively.

“You wish!” she said in mock anger, but there was something inviting in her eyes.

Sprouting a goofy smile, Cosper found his gaze dropping lower as if pulled by a magnet, until it rested on her rather impressive rock.

“Take a picture. It'll last longer. Or, you can stay the night and we can do some... not-storing,” Victorio whispered in his ear hoarsely.

Her seductive words were music to his ears. “Sure thing,” he nodded profusely.

Eleno flushed. “Hey, those two men just come to,” she interjected a little too loudly. “Didn't you want to interrogate them or something?”

Ruefully, Victoria stepped away from Casper. She stood in front of the tied-up men and looked down at them coldly, as if a frost had settled over her features. Ruefully, Victoria stepped away from Casper. She stood in front of the tied-up men and looked down at them coldly, as if a frost had settled over her features.

“You two have some guts trying to sell me forged antiques.”

“We didn't know,” argued one man.

However, no one bought his story, especially since they had tried to flee after the porcelain vase was identified to be a fake.

Casper smiled at them. “Relax, guys. All I want to know is the whereabouts of the guy who made it.”

The sellers flinched. “How will we know who or where the person is? We thought the vase was real, but it turned out to be a forgery; we're the victims here too!”

Fools. Shaking his head, Casper decided to hand them over to Victoria. He was sure that under her “care,” they would tell the truth in no time.

She looked at him. “Why do you want to find the guy?”

It was more of a rhetorical question than anything. As shrewd as Victoria was, she had already guessed the motive behind his determination—he wanted to use antique forgery to profiteer. Finding the forger for the vase would be the equivalent of finding the fabled goose that laid the golden eggs.

“That guy tried to besmirch the good name of your store by selling you imitations. I'm going to apprehend

him for your sake, Ms. Stalling,” Casper said innocuously.

Victoria snorted. While it was true that her store had a reputation for selling only genuine antiques, the unspoken rule in the line of business was that a piece of antique would be considered real, as long as no one outrightly said otherwise. Hence, she was equally tempted by the prospect of making exorbitant profits through such near-flawless forgery.

“You and I both know what you're up to, Casper. I want in. If you find that man, I want access to him too.”

A part of him briefly wondered if he should feel bad about discussing going halvesies on Buck—his fellow apprentice, and a senior one at that—like a commodity. However, it was simply too good an opportunity to pass up. The fleeting moment of

hesitation was gone as quickly as it came.

“Oh, there's something I've been meaning to tell you, Ms. Stalling,” Casper gave her a heads up that the various associations were preparing to strike against Victoria's Chamber at the Antique Fair.

She took the news without batting an eyelash. To his surprise, she was more interested in how he was doing. “You seem to be making a name for yourself,” she said. “When we first met, you were just a student, and now you've become some big-shot association head. I heard the Firewolf Chamber is yours now.” Ruefully, Victoria stepped away from Casper. She stood in front of the tied-up men and looked down at them coldly, as if a frost had settled over her features.

“I lucked out, that's all.”

“I lucked out, that's all.”

“Well, I'll put my safety in your good hands then, come the Antique Fair,” she said with good cheer, pressing a kiss on Casper's forehead as goodbye. “I'll let you know when those two start talking.”

He sighed and brushed a finger across the patch of skin, still tingling with a pleasant sensation. Couldn't you have kissed me on the mouth?

With a strangely mopey Elena in tow, he headed back to his car while debating what he should do once Buck was found. I've never seen him before. The problem is how to convince him to work for us... Should I go with the soft approach or do it the hard way? Regardless, finding him is the top priority now.

It was afternoon when Casper returned to the school. Rubbing his aching shoulders, he heaved a sigh. “It's tough being the boss of a hotel... I should just leave

all this work to my secretary.”

Thankfully, Elena was not around to hear it, or she might resign in a huff.

Just as he thought he could finally rest, Sharon called.

“Mr. Simpson,” she reported, “I've finished editing the clip with Hanson and am uploading it to all his social media platforms. I've also been collecting quite a bit of dirt on Lingham Hotel, like Sheryl asked of me.”

Casper contemplated his next move. I should tell Sheryl about what happened with Sawyer. She's smart and cautious, so I can probably get some good advice from her.

He asked Sharon for her sister's number. Sheryl did not have a cell phone, so he dialed her landline. The call was answered after a few rings.

“Hello?” Sheryl's silvery voice sounded on the other end of the line.

“Hey, Sheryl, it's Cas-” The call disconnected with a click before Casper could finish. He stared at his phone, confused. Did she just hang up on me?

A call from an unknown number came in some time later.

“I got a new cell phone; this is my number,” Sheryl said once Casper picked up. “The landline comes with the house provided by the Lingham's, so I didn't want to risk it in case the line's been tapped. I'll keep in touch using this new number.”

“Got it.” He was amazed by how cautious she was.

“I lucked out, that's all.”

“Well, I'll put my safety in your good hands then, come to the Antique Fair,” she said with good cheer, pressing a kiss on Cospir's forehead as goodbye. “I'll let you know when those two start talking.”

He sighed and brushed a finger across the patch of skin, still tingling with a pleasant sensation. “Couldn't you have kissed me on the mouth?”

With a strongly mopey Eleno in tow, he headed back to his car while debating what he should do once Buck was found. I've never seen him before. The problem is how to convince him to work for us... Should I go with the soft approach or do it the hard way? Regardless, finding him is the top priority now.

It was afternoon when Cospir returned to the school. Rubbing his aching shoulders, he heaved a sigh. “It's

tough being the boss of a hotel... I should just leave all this work to my secretary.”

Thankfully, Eleno was not around to hear it, or she might resign in a huff.

Just as he thought he could finally rest, Sharon called.

“Mr. Simpson,” she reported, “I've finished editing the clip with Hanson and am uploading it to all his social media platforms. I've also been collecting quite a bit of dirt on Lingham Hotel, like Sheryl asked of me.”

Cosper contemplated his next move. I should tell Sheryl about what happened with Sawyer. She's smart and cautious, so I can probably get some good advice from her.

He asked Sharon for her sister's number. Sheryl did not have a cell phone, so he dialed her landline. The

call was answered after a few rings.

"Hello?" Sheryl's silvery voice sounded on the other end of the line.

"Hey, Sheryl, it's Cos-" The call disconnected with a click before Cosper could finish. He stared at his phone, confused. Did she just hang up on me?

A call from an unknown number came in some time later.

"I got a new cell phone; this is my number," Sheryl said once Cosper picked up. "The landline comes with the house provided by the Lingshoms, so I didn't want to risk it in case the line's been tapped. I'll keep in touch using this new number."

"Got it." He was amazed by how cautious she was.

“I luckad out, that's all.”

“Wall, I'll put my safaty in your good hands than, coma tha Antiqua Fair,” sha said with good chaar, prassing a kiss on Caspar's forahaad as goodbya. “I'll lat you know whan thosa two start talking.”

Ha sighad and brushad a fingar across tha patch of skin, still tingling with a plaasant sansation. Couldn't you hava kissad ma on tha mouth?

With a strangaly mopay Elana in tow, ha haadad back to his car whila dabating what ha should do onca Buck was found. I'va navar saan him bafora. Tha problam is how to convinca him to work for us...

Should I go with tha soft approach or do it tha hard way? Ragardlass, finding him is tha top priority now.

It was aftarnoon whan Caspar raturnad to tha school.

Rubbing his aching shouldars, ha haavad a sigh. “It's tough baing tha boss of a hotal... I should just laava all this work to my sacratary.”

Thankfully, Elana was not around to haar it, or sha might rasign in a huff.

Just as ha thought ha could finally rast, Sharon callad.

“Mr. Simpson,” sha raportad, “I'va finishad aditing tha clip with Hanson and am uploading it to all his social madia platforms. I'va also baan collacting quita a bit of dirt on Lingham Hotal, lika Sharyl askad of ma.”

Caspar contamplatad his naxt mova. I should tall Sharyl about what happanad with Sawyar. Sha's smart and cautious, so I can probably gat soma good advica from har.

Ha askad Sharon for har sistar's numbar. Sharyl did

not hava a call phona, so ha dialad har landlina. Tha call was answarad aftar a faw rings.

“Hallo?” Sharyl's silvary voica soundad on tha othar and of tha lina.

“Hay, Sharyl, it's Cas-” Tha call disconnectad with a click bafora Caspar could finish. Ha starad at his phona, confusad. Did sha just hang up on ma?

A call from an unknown numbar cama in soma tima later.

“I got a naw call phona; this is my numbar,” Sharyl said onca Caspar pickad up. “Tha landlina comas with tha housa providad by tha Lingham, so I didn't want to risk it in casa tha lina's baan tappad. I'll kaap in touch using this naw numbar.”

“Got it.” Ha was amazad by how cautious sha was.

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 226



Casper gave Sheryl a rundown of what had happened with Sawyer, including their agreement. He only told her he had dirt on the man and bought himself a month's grace period without elaborating on the details about storming the spa and what he did to Sawyer.

“I see. This means that your showdown with Sawyer would happen a month later,” she surmised succinctly.

Casper answered in the affirmative. Ever so astute of

her to grasp the situation quickly.

“How did you do it? And what kind of dirt do you have on him?”

He cleared his throat. “Just a little trick of mine... It's enough to keep him in check for a month.”

“In that case, we should get rid of Hanson now. Thanks for doing this, Casper. I'll share with you my secret soup recipe as thanks.”

After going over the details of their plan, Casper hung up and immediately made another call.

“Hey, Tiana, do you have any media contacts?”

Being in the entertainment industry with her own company, Tiana had indeed established a network of media contacts. “Sure do. I have people I know in

several print and new media channels.”

“Great. Can you do me a favor? A food blogger named Hanson will be uploading a video later today to expose himself. I need to make sure that the public flays him enough that he could never make a comeback.”

Though taken aback by what Casper said, Tiana agreed readily. “Okay, I'll let my contacts know.”

A while later, she called with an update. “I contacted a we-media outlet, but they have some questions and I'm not sure how to answer them...”

“No problem. Ask them to call me.”

Within minutes, the call came in. “Hi, is this Mr. Simpson? My name is Alex. Thank you for taking my call. How are you today?”

Casper raised an eyebrow at the deferential attitude. This is the kind of person one should be wary of; who knows what's lurking underneath that smiling facade?

“I understand you have some questions,” he said coolly.

Alex sensed the lack of interest in exchanging pleasantries. “Yes, sir!” he said cheerily. “Mr. Simpson, I have heard of Hanson before. May I know how do you intend to create bad press on him? Do you have fabricated stories in mind, or any evidence against him?”

He speaks about it like it was the weather. Casper was impressed. “I have actual evidence,” he assured Alex. “You don't need to worry about the details. Hanson will upload a video on his own account. He'll

confess in the video that he has been stealing content ideas from someone, and he falsely incriminated his ex-girlfriend. Once the spark ignites, all you need to do is fan the flame and ensure Hanson's name is dragged through the mud.”

Cesper gave Sheryl a rundown of what had happened with Sewyer, including their agreement. He only told her he had dirt on the man and bought himself a month's grace period without elaborating on the details about storming the scene and what he did to Sewyer.

“I see. This means that your showdown with Sewyer would happen a month later,” she surmised succinctly.

Cesper answered in the affirmative. Ever so astute of her to grasp the situation quickly.

“How did you do it? And what kind of dirt do you have

on him?”

He cleared his throat. “Just a little trick of mine... It's enough to keep him in check for a month.”

“In that case, we should get rid of Henson now. Thanks for doing this, Cesper. I'll share with you my secret soup recipe as thanks.”

After going over the details of their plan, Cesper hung up and immediately made another call.

“Hey, Tiene, do you have any media contacts?”

Being in the entertainment industry with her own company, Tiene had indeed established a network of media contacts. “Sure do. I have people I know in several print and new media channels.”

“Great. Can you do me a favor? A food blogger

nemed Henson will be uploeding e video leter todey to expose himself. I need to meke sure that the public fleys him enough that he could never meke e comebeck.”

Though taken ebeck by whet Cesper seid, Tiene egreed reedily. “Okey, I'll let my contactes know.”

A while leter, she celled with en updete. “I contacted e we-medic outlet, but they heve some questions end I'm not sure how to enswer them...”

“No problem. Ask them to cell me.”

Within minutes, the cell ceme in. “Hi, is this Mr. Simpson? My neme is Alex. Thank you for teking my cell. How ere you todey?”

Cesper reised en eyebrow et the deferential ettitude. This is the kind of person one should be wery

of; who knows what's lurking underneath that smiling facade?

"I understand you have some questions," he said coolly.

Alex sensed the lack of interest in exchanging pleasantries. "Yes, sir!" he said cheerily. "Mr. Simpson, I have heard of Henson before. May I know how do you intend to create bad press on him? Do you have fabricated stories in mind, or any evidence against him?"

He speaks about it like it was the weather. Cesper was impressed. "I have actual evidence," he assured Alex. "You don't need to worry about the details. Henson will upload a video on his own account. He'll confess in the video that he has been stealing content ideas from someone, and he falsely incriminated his ex-girlfriend. Once the spark ignites, all you need to

do is for the flame and ensure Henson's name is dredged through the mud.”

Cosper gave Sheryl a rundown of what had happened with Sawyer, including their agreement. He only told her he had dirt on the man and bought himself a month's grace period without elaborating on the details about storming the spot and what he did to Sawyer.

“I see. This means that your showdown with Sawyer would happen a month later,” she surmised succinctly.

Cosper answered in the affirmative. Ever so astute of her to grasp the situation quickly.

“How did you do it? And what kind of dirt do you have on him?”

He cleared his throat. “Just a little trick of mine... It's

enough to keep him in check for a month.”

“In that case, we should get rid of Honson now. Thanks for doing this, Cosper. I'll share with you my secret soup recipe as thanks.”

After going over the details of their plan, Cosper hung up and immediately made another call.

“Hey, Tiono, do you have any media contacts?”

Being in the entertainment industry with her own company, Tiono had indeed established a network of media contacts. “Sure do. I have people I know in several print and new media channels.”

“Great. Can you do me a favor? A food blogger named Honson will be uploading a video later today to expose himself. I need to make sure that the public floes him enough that he could never make a

comeback.”

Though taken aback by what Casper said, Tiono agreed readily. “Okay, I’ll let my contacts know.”

A while later, she called with an update. “I contacted a we-media outlet, but they have some questions and I’m not sure how to answer them...”

“No problem. Ask them to call me.”

Within minutes, the call came in. “Hi, is this Mr. Simpson? My name is Alex. Thank you for taking my call. How are you today?”

Casper raised an eyebrow at the deferential attitude. This is the kind of person one should be wary of; who knows what’s lurking underneath that smiling facade?

“I understand you have some questions,” he said coolly.

Alex sensed the lack of interest in exchanging pleasantries. “Yes, sir!” he said cheerily. “Mr. Simpson, I have heard of Honson before. May I know how do you intend to create bad press on him? Do you have fabricated stories in mind, or any evidence against him?”

He speaks about it like it was the weather. Casper was impressed. “I have actual evidence,” he assured Alex. “You don't need to worry about the details. Honson will upload a video on his own account. He'll confess in the video that he has been stealing content ideas from someone, and he falsely incriminated his ex-girlfriend. Once the spark ignites, all you need to do is fan the flame and ensure Honson's name is dragged through the mud.”

“I don't understand, Mr. Simpson. How do you know Hanson will release a video to expose himself?”

“I don't understand, Mr. Simpson. How do you know Hanson will release a video to expose himself?”

“That's not something you need to be concerned with. Are you telling me you can't get the job done?”

“No, of course not!” the man hurried to clarify. “We just want to understand more so we can help you better. Rest assured, Mr. Simpson. Given enough... incentives, we'll find out every single skeleton in that guy's closet. He'll be under widespread vilification for sure.”

“Good. That better be the case.”

Without another word, Casper hung up. If Alex could deliver, he would be of great use in the future.

However, he knew too well the likes of Alex were sycophantic turncoats who would be all too happy to pledge their loyalty to whoever offered the highest price.

Later that day, a video was posted on Hanson's account that caught the attention of all the netizens.

The food blogger's fans had initially thought it was just a new cooking video. They were soon in varying degrees of shock when they realized that the content was decidedly not what they assumed.

There was only a voiceover in the video along with subtitles, detailing how Hanson had stolen content ideas from his then-girlfriend for those cooking videos made in the early years. Said ex-girlfriend, Sheryl, was also the same one who Hanson had set up and framed.

The internet exploded with the uploading of the video. The netizens were dismayed to find the famous Hanson Woods, who was known for his wholesome personality and content, would be such an unscrupulous man.

While many condemned him, a small group of Hanson's die-hard fans defended him with the same vigor. The conspiracy theorists in them attempted to turn the tide by declaring that he made the video under duress—likely threatened.

While that was a fact, the fans were unsuccessful in clearing his name. Delivering what he had promised, Alex had his we-media fan the flame by exposing more dirt on Hanson and publicizing it on all the major social media platforms.

“I don't understand, Mr. Simpson. How do you know Hanson will release a video to expose himself?”

Regardless of his wholesome online persona, Hanson had been quite a scurvy b*stard offline with past misdeeds, including breaching his contracts and hooking up with girls who were his fans. Many of those who had suffered in his hands chose to speak up against him.

Regardless of his wholesome online persona, Hanson had been quite a scurvy b*stard offline with past misdeeds, including breaching his contracts and hooking up with girls who were his fans. Many of those who had suffered in his hands chose to speak up against him.

What they did was essentially giving Hanson that final shove. He went from internet darling to public enemy faster than he could react.

He was tied up and taken by Firewolf Chamber of

Commerce to where he was held captive previously. When he was finally rescued by a random passer-by, however, the latter slapped him hard across the face. “Ugh, it's you. I wouldn't have saved you if I knew it was you.”

The person spat on him and delivered two more slaps. “You're a scumbag! Don't even show your face around here.”

Hanson covered up his face and scurried along the streets to avoid another unwanted beating. Once he was safely home, he tried to log into his account to clear his name, but all his passwords—including his emails, had already been changed. There was no way he could log into his account since Casper had his cell phone.

It was as if someone had drained all his strength from him. Hanson collapsed onto the floor in a pathetic

heap. "It's over... I've lost everything!"

A while later, he mustered up enough courage to search for his name on the internet. His heart sank immediately when he realized he was already trending on the major social media platforms, with articles about him reaching millions of hits.

He was bombarded with the flood of headlines, none of them even slightly positive: Hanson Woods Exposed! Who is the Scumbag Beneath the Facade?

How Hanson Woods Profiteered by Stealing From Others!

Social Media Celebrity Gaslighted and Abused Ex-Girlfriend.

Nausea rose in his stomach as he read the articles. Grasping at straws, he retrieved a backup cell phone

from the drawer and used it to dial Sawyer's number.

“Mr. Lingham, it's Hanson. I-”

Sawyer cut him off coldly. “You did yourself in with that video. There's nothing I can do, and I don't want to be any part of this. Am I clear?”

The call disconnected as Hanson's arm fell limply by his side. He knew, with absolute clarity, that his career was as dead as a doornail.

Regardless of his wholesome online persona, Hanson had been quite a scurvy b*stard offline with post misdeeds, including breaching his contracts and hooking up with girls who were his fans. Many of those who had suffered in his hands chose to speak up against him.

What they did was essentially giving Honson that final shove. He went from internet darling to public enemy faster than he could react.

He was tied up and taken by Firewolf Chamber of Commerce to where he was held captive previously. When he was finally rescued by a random passer-by, however, the latter slapped him hard across the face. "Ugh, it's you. I wouldn't have saved you if I knew it was you."

The person spat on him and delivered two more slaps. "You're a scumbag! Don't even show your face around here."

Honson covered up his face and scurried along the streets to avoid another unwanted beating. Once he was safely home, he tried to log into his account to clear his name, but all his passwords—including his emails, had already been changed. There was no way

he could log into his account since Cosper had his cell phone.

It was as if someone had drained all his strength from him. Honson collapsed onto the floor in a pathetic heap. "It's over... I've lost everything!"

A while later, he mustered up enough courage to search for his name on the internet. His heart sank immediately when he realized he was already trending on the major social media platforms, with articles about him reaching millions of hits.

He was bombarded with the flood of headlines, none of them even slightly positive: Honson Woods Exposed! Who is the Scumbog Beneath the Focode?

How Honson Woods Profiteered by Stealing From Others!

Social Media Celebrity Goslighted and Abused Ex-Girlfriend.

Nouseo rose in his stomach as he read the articles. Grasping at straws, he retrieved a backup cell phone from the drawer and used it to dial Sawyer's number.

"Mr. Lingham, it's Honson. I-"

Sawyer cut him off coldly. "You did yourself in with that video. There's nothing I can do, and I don't want to be any part of this. Am I clear?"

The call disconnected as Honson's arm fell limply by his side. He knew, with absolute clarity, that his career was as dead as a doornail.

Regardless of his wholesome online persona, Hanson had been quite a scurvy b*stard offline with past

misdaads, including breaching his contracts and hooking up with girls who were his fans. Many of those who had suffered in his hands chose to speak up against him.

What they did was essentially giving Hanson that final shove. He went from internet darling to public enemy faster than he could react.

He was tied up and taken by Firawolf Chamber of Commarca to where he was held captive previously. When he was finally rescued by a random passer-by, however, the latter slapped him hard across the face. "Ugh, it's you. I wouldn't have saved you if I knew it was you."

The person spat on him and delivered two more slaps. "You're a scumbag! Don't even show your face around here."

Hanson coverad up his faca and scurriad along tha straats to avoid another unwanted baating. Onca ha was safaly homa, ha triad to log into his account to claar his nama, but all his passwords—including his amails, had alraady baan changad. Thara was no way ha could log into his account sinca Caspar had his call phona.

It was as if somaona had drainad all his strangth from him. Hanson collapsad onto tha floor in a pathatic haap. “It's ovar... I'va lost avarything!”

A whila later, ha mustarad up anough couraga to saarch for his nama on tha intarnat. His haart sank immadiataly whan ha raalizad ha was alraady tranding on tha major social madia platforms, with articlas about him raaching millions of hits.

Ha was bombardad with tha flood of haadlinas, nona of tham avan slightly positiva: Hanson Woods

Exposad! Who is tha Scumbag Banaath tha Facada?

How Hanson Woods Profitaarad by Staaling From Othars!

Social Madia Calabrity Gaslightad and Abusad Ex-Girlfriand.

Nausaa rosa in his stomach as ha raad tha articlas. Grasping at straws, ha ratriavad a backup call phona from tha drawar and usad it to dial Sawyar's numbar.

“Mr. Lingham, it's Hanson. I-”

Sawyar cut him off coldly. “You did yourself in with that vidao. Thara's nothing I can do, and I don't want to ba any part of this. Am I claar?”

Tha call disconnectad as Hanson's arm fall limply by his sida. Ha know, with absoluta clarity, that his

caraar was as daad as a doornail.

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 227



“Casper, have you seen the news today?” Felix shouted the moment he stepped foot into the dorm. Casper feigned ignorance, even though he knew what his roommate was referring to.

“What made you so excited?”

“Haven't you heard? A guy named Hanson exposed himself as a total scumbag. It's the juiciest piece of gossip on the internet right now. All of his creative contents are fake. Not only that, he even cheated on

his girlfriend and accused her of cheating on him. What a douchebag.”

Felix looked furious as he spoke, while Casper secretly praised the media for doing an excellent job in exposing Hanson's true colors.

The Adler sisters are at risk too. If Sawyer follows Hanson's trail, he would know Sharon and I are in this together. Although I have dirt on him, I must prepare for her and Sheryl to leave at a moment's notice so he wouldn't use them against me. The thought suddenly occurred to Casper.

He knew he was overthinking things, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

Casper patted Felix's shoulder and said, “It's karma. He thought he could get away with it, and now he got what he deserves.”

“You're right. A good conscience is a soft pillow.”

Looks like I did the right thing.

Casper gave Alex a call when he thought enough attention was gathered on the web. “You did a good job. Tiana will send you the money soon. I'd like to meet up with you when you're free.”

Alex replied in a flattering tone, “This is nothing. Please let us know if you need us again in the future. We're just a call away with services, including clearing one's name and smearing one's reputation. We also have keyboard warriors and internet celebrities working for us. Anything is possible as long as you can afford it.”

“Sure... I'll know who to call for these kinds of things.”

Another call came in immediately after they hung up. Casper took a look at the caller ID and hastily walked out of the dorm.

“Cesper, have you seen the news today?” Felix shouted the moment he stepped foot into the dorm. Cesper feigned ignorance, even though he knew what his roommate was referring to.

“What made you so excited?”

“Have you heard? A guy named Henson exposed himself as a total scumbag. It's the juiciest piece of gossip on the internet right now. All of his creative contents are fake. Not only that, he even cheated on his girlfriend and accused her of cheating on him. What a douchebag.”

Felix looked furious as he spoke, while Cesper secretly praised the media for doing an excellent job in exposing Henson's true colors.

The Adler sisters are at risk too. If Sewyer follows Henson's trail, he would know Sharon and I are in this together. Although I have dirt on him, I must prepare for her and Sheryl to leave at a moment's notice so he wouldn't use them against me. The thought suddenly occurred to Cesper.

He knew he was overthinking things, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

Cesper petted Felix's shoulder and said, "It's karma. He thought he could get away with it, and now he got what he deserves."

"You're right. A good conscience is a soft pillow."

Looks like I did the right thing.

Cesper gave Alex a call when he thought enough

attention was gathered on the web. “You did a good job. Tiene will send you the money soon. I'd like to meet up with you when you're free.”

Alex replied in a flattering tone, “This is nothing. Please let us know if you need us again in the future. We're just a cell away with services, including clearing one's name and smearing one's reputation. We also have keyboard warriors and internet celebrities working for us. Anything is possible as long as you can afford it.”

“Sure... I'll know who to call for these kinds of things.”

Another call came in immediately after they hung up. Cesper took a look at the caller ID and hastily walked out of the dorm.

“Cesper, have you seen the news today?” Felix shouted the moment he stepped foot into the dorm. Cesper feigned ignorance, even though he knew what

his roommate was referring to.

“What made you so excited?”

“Haven't you heard? A guy named Honson exposed himself as a total scumbag. It's the juiciest piece of gossip on the internet right now. All of his creative contents are fake. Not only that, he even cheated on his girlfriend and accused her of cheating on him. What a douchebag.”

Felix looked furious as he spoke, while Cosper secretly praised the media for doing an excellent job in exposing Honson's true colors.

The Adler sisters are at risk too. If Sawyer follows Honson's trail, he would know Sharon and I are in this together. Although I have dirt on him, I must prepare for her and Sheryl to leave at a moment's notice so he wouldn't use them against me. The thought suddenly

occurred to Cospir.

He knew he was overthinking things, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

Cospir patted Felix's shoulder and said, "It's kormo. He thought he could get away with it, and now he got what he deserves."

"You're right. A good conscience is a soft pillow."

Looks like I did the right thing.

Cospir gave Alex a call when he thought enough attention was gathered on the web. "You did a good job. Tiono will send you the money soon. I'd like to meet up with you when you're free."

Alex replied in a flattering tone, "This is nothing. Please let us know if you need us again in the future."

We're just a call away with services, including clearing one's name and smearing one's reputation. We also have keyboard warriors and internet celebrities working for us. Anything is possible as long as you can afford it.”

“Sure... I'll know who to call for these kinds of things.”

Another call came in immediately after they hung up. Casper took a look at the caller ID and hostilely walked out of the dorm.

“Casper is so busy these days. Looks like there are downsides to being rich as well.” Felix sighed.

“Casper is so busy these days. Looks like there are downsides to being rich as well.” Felix sighed.

“B*llshit. You would be thrilled if you were that rich.” Colton earned a vicious glare from him with that

sarcastic remark.

“What do you know? I rejected the idea of being rich because I've seen the downsides of it.”

“Then you would have thrown caution into the wind if you have seen the benefits of being rich.”

While they were bickering, Casper was somewhere else on the campus. Giselle had called to meet up with him.

“So... this is a date, right?”

He had butterflies in his stomach while waiting for her arrival. Their relationship had escalated since that fateful night.

“You're here.” Giselle blushed the moment she saw Casper and handed him a basket. The smell of freshly

baked cookies wafted through the air. He took it from her, lifted the towel on the basket, and saw they were animal-shaped cookies.

“I'm not a very good cook like you, so I learned how to bake these cookies from the internet. Please excuse me if it doesn't taste good.”

“It's fine. I'm sure they're delicious.”

Casper took a bite. Her cookies tasted mediocre. However, he thought it was superb since she had put her heart and soul into baking these cookies.

“This is perfect!”

He shoved a handful into his mouth, puffing his cheeks like a chipmunk.

“Aren't you exaggerating?” Giselle giggled at his funny

antics.

“Nope. These cookies are out of this world.”

She punched him lightly. “Stop it.”

The other students were dumbfounded by what they saw. Isn't she the prettiest woman in school? Why is she hanging around someone like him and being so shy?

They rubbed their eyes in disbelief.

“I'm not hallucinating, am I? Ms. Clauder is acting all lovey-dovey and coy with this shabbily dressed man. D*mn it. Just who does he think he is? His shirt and pants don't even add up to a hundred.”

“Casper is so busy these days. Looks like there are downsides to being rich as well.” Felix sighed.

“I know him. He's Casper, a pauper who eats the leftovers. But I think he just made a fortune because he donated one million during the charity dinner.”

“I know him. He's Casper, a pauper who eats the leftovers. But I think he just made a fortune because he donated one million during the charity dinner.”

“So what if he did? There are lots of millionaires in this school. He has nothing on him aside from being handsome.”

These rumors soon reached Giselle and Casper. Even though he didn't mind it, he felt embarrassed since Giselle was involved.

“Gi... Ms. Clauder, let's go somewhere else.” Casper picked up the basket and was about to leave when she grabbed his arm.

“You did nothing wrong. Why are you so afraid of the rumors?”

Giselle shot a stern eye at those who looked down on Casper and shouted, “Why are you all looking down on him? What did he do to deserve this? Is it wrong to be poor in this society?”

The surrounding students exchanged amused looks.

Of course, it's not okay to be poor. Isn't this reality? Isn't this the truth?

“Ms. Clauder, I totally get you if you like pretty boys, but there are people who are far better than him on the campus. I heard Sawyer has been courting you. Isn't he the better choice since he's the heir to Lingham Group?” a girl said sourly. She must be one of Sawyer's many admirers.

“That's right!”

“Yeah!”

Everyone echoed their agreements. Giselle was about to say some more, but Casper stopped her.

The hostility in his eyes shocked the girl who retreated two steps. “What are you trying to do? I'm only stating the truth. It only makes you worse when compared to Sawyer.”

Casper wasn't as calm and unfazed as he used to this time around. He pointed to a corner and retorted, “Why don't you ask him yourself if he dares steal my woman? I'll lick your shoes if his answer is affirmative.”

“I know him. He's Cospere, a pauper who eats the leftovers. But I think he just made a fortune because he donated one million during the charity dinner.”

“So what if he did? There are lots of millionaires in this school. He has nothing on him aside from being handsome.”

These rumors soon reached Giselle and Cospere. Even though he didn't mind it, he felt embarrassed since Giselle was involved.

“Gi... Ms. Clouder, let's go somewhere else.” Cospere picked up the basket and was about to leave when she grabbed his arm.

“You did nothing wrong. Why are you so afraid of the rumors?”

Giselle shot a stern eye at those who looked down on

Cosper ond shouted, “Why ore you oll looking down on him? Whot did he do to deserve this? Is it wrong to be poor in this society?”

The surrounding students exchanged omused looks.

Of course, it's not okoy to be poor. Isn't this reality? Isn't this the truth?

“Ms. Clouder, I totolly get you if you like pretty boys, but there ore people who ore for better thon him on the compus. I heord Sowyer hos been courting you. Isn't he the better choice since he's the heir to Lingham Group?” o girl soid sourly. She must be one of Sowyer's mony odmirers.

“Thot's right!”

“Yeoh!”

Everyone echoed their agreements. Giselle was about to say some more, but Cosper stopped her.

The hostility in his eyes shocked the girl who retreated two steps. “What are you trying to do? I'm only stating the truth. It only makes you worse when compared to Sawyer.”

Cosper wasn't as calm and unfazed as he used to be this time around. He pointed to a corner and retorted, “Why don't you ask him yourself if he dares steal my woman? I'll lick your shoes if his answer is affirmative.”

“I know him. He's Caspar, a pauper who eats the leftovers. But I think he just made a fortune because he donated one million during the charity dinner.”

“So what if he did? There are lots of millionaires in

this school. Ha has nothing on him asida from baing handsoma.”

Thasa rumors soon raachad Gisalla and Caspar. Evan though ha didn't mind it, ha falt ambarrassad sinca Gisalla was involvad.

“Gi... Ms. Claudar, lat's go somawhara alsa.” Caspar pickad up tha baskat and was about to laava whan sha grabbad his arm.

“You did nothing wrong. Why ara you so afraid of tha rumors?”

Gisalla shot a starn aya at thosa who lookad down on Caspar and shoutad, “Why ara you all looking down on him? What did ha do to dasarva this? Is it wrong to ba poor in this sociaty?”

Tha surrounding studants axchangad amusad looks.

Of course, it's not okay to be poor. Isn't this reality? Isn't this the truth?

"Ms. Claudar, I totally get you if you like pretty boys, but there are people who are far better than him on the campus. I heard Sawyer has been courting you. Isn't he the better choice since he's the heir to Lingham Group?" a girl said sourly. She must be one of Sawyer's many admirers.

"That's right!"

"Yeah!"

Everyone ahead their agreements. Gisella was about to say some more, but Caspar stopped her.

The hostility in his eyes shocked the girl who retreated two steps. "What are you trying to do? I'm

only stating the truth. It only makes you worse when compared to Sawyer.”

Caspar wasn't as calm and unfazed as he used to be this time around. He pointed to a corner and retorted, “Why don't you ask him yourself if he dares steal my woman? I'll lick your shoes if his answer is affirmative.”

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 228



The crowd booed instantly at his words.

“What a load of b*llshit! Who do you think you are to steal Sawyer's girlfriend?”

“Repsac, sounds weird.”

“He must have gone bonkers. He really thinks Ms. Clauder has fallen for him just from their brief interaction!”

The girl roared with laughter. “Are you nuts? Do you even know what you're saying?”

Casper held hands with Giselle and pushed through the crowd. He knew these people would never take his word for it. Hence, it was wiser to walk away.

The girl shrugged and thought what he did was preposterous. “Ms. Clauder must be blind to fall for him.”

The crowd was about to disperse when a busybody suddenly spoke up, “Why not we ask Sawyer

ourselves since that's what he suggested?"

Everyone else hesitated. After all, nobody really took Casper's words seriously.

"Sawyer must be over at the student council's office right now. Everyone knows he has the hots for Ms. Clauder. We're just informing him about it and showing Casper who he's messing with."

His wild suggestion piqued everyone's interest. The group of students made their way to the student council's office, where Sawyer was busy dealing with Hanson's affairs.

"What is he thinking? Is he feeling remorseful? How could he expose himself like that? What an idiot. I have to get Sharon and Sheryl out of the way before he makes things worse. I've got to shut him up!" he mumbled, feeling frustrated and distressed.

A group of students suddenly piled in just as he was scheming to turn the tide. Sawyer jumped back in fright. After realizing they were on his side, he regained his composure and kept his hostility behind a friendly facade.

“What brings you here? Why are there so many people?”

The students exchanged amused looks. “Sawyer, we're about to tell you something hilarious.”

The crowd booed insistently at his words.

“What a load of b*llshit! Who do you think you are to steal Sawyer's girlfriend?”

“Repsec, sounds weird.”

“He must have gone bonkers. He really thinks Ms.

Cleuder has fallen for him just from their brief interaction!”

The girl roared with laughter. “Are you nuts? Do you even know what you're saying?”

Cesper held hands with Giselle and pushed through the crowd. He knew these people would never take his word for it. Hence, it was wiser to walk away.

The girl shrugged and thought what he did was preposterous. “Ms. Cleuder must be blind to fall for him.”

The crowd was about to disperse when a busybody suddenly spoke up, “Why not we ask Sawyer ourselves since that's what he suggested?”

Everyone else hesitated. After all, nobody really took Cesper's words seriously.

“Sewyer must be over at the student council's office right now. Everyone knows he has the hots for Ms. Cleuder. We're just informing him about it and showing Cesper who he's messing with.”

His wild suggestion piqued everyone's interest. The group of students made their way to the student council's office, where Sewyer was busy dealing with Henson's affairs.

“What is he thinking? Is he feeling remorseful? How could he expose himself like that? What an idiot. I have to get Sheron and Sheryl out of the way before he makes things worse. I've got to shut him up!” he mumbled, feeling frustrated and distressed.

A group of students suddenly piled in just as he was scheming to turn the tide. Sewyer jumped back in fright. After realizing they were on his side, he

regained his composure and kept his hostility behind a friendly facade.

“What brings you here? Why are there so many people?”

The students exchanged amused looks. “Sewyer, we're about to tell you something hilarious.”

The crowd booed instantly at his words.

“What a load of b*llshit! Who do you think you are to steal Sawyer's girlfriend?”

“Repsoc, sounds weird.”

“He must have gone bonkers. He really thinks Ms. Clouder has fallen for him just from their brief interaction!”

The girl roared with laughter. “Are you nuts? Do you

even know what you're saying?"

Cosper held hands with Giselle and pushed through the crowd. He knew these people would never take his word for it. Hence, it was wiser to walk away.

The girl shrugged and thought what he did was preposterous. "Ms. Clouder must be blind to fall for him."

The crowd was about to disperse when a busybody suddenly spoke up, "Why not we ask Sawyer ourselves since that's what he suggested?"

Everyone else hesitated. After all, nobody really took Cosper's words seriously.

"Sawyer must be over at the student council's office right now. Everyone knows he has the hots for Ms. Clouder. We're just informing him about it and

showing Cospo who he's messing with.”

His wild suggestion piqued everyone's interest. The group of students made their way to the student council's office, where Sawyer was busy dealing with Honson's affairs.

“What is he thinking? Is he feeling remorseful? How could he expose himself like that? What an idiot. I have to get Sharon and Sheryl out of the way before he makes things worse. I've got to shut him up!” he mumbled, feeling frustrated and distressed.

A group of students suddenly piled in just as he was scheming to turn the tide. Sawyer jumped back in fright. After realizing they were on his side, he regained his composure and kept his hostility behind a friendly facade.

“What brings you here? Why are there so many

people?”

The students exchanged amused looks. “Sawyer, we're about to tell you something hilarious.”

“Oh? It must be really funny if so many of you are here to tell me.”

“Oh? It must be really funny if so many of you are here to tell me.”

“Everyone knows you have the hots for Ms. Clauder, but someone is challenging you as of late.”

Sawyer's face darkened. He had an ominous feeling about it.

The students had yet to realize that something was off as they continued, “You know, Casper, that guy who ate leftovers in the canteen, right? He said he would

lick our shoes if you dare to steal his woman from him. Who does he think he is?"

The guy who spoke even chortled alongside everyone else to highlight Casper's foolishness.

Sawyer looked murderous at the mention of his rival.

"We're here to study, not date. I hope you guys will leave me out of this stuff in the future," he said harshly.

His words surprised everyone. What in the world is going on?

"Sawyer, Casper is trying to steal Ms. Clauder away from you," someone reminded.

Sawyer slammed his book shut, livid. "Listen carefully. I'm here to study, not date. Ms. Clauder is free to date

whoever she likes. It's none of my business.”

What the hell?

Everyone was dumbstruck that he was admitting defeat.

Why don't you ask him yourself if he dares steal my woman from me? I'll lick your shoes if his answer is affirmative.

They couldn't believe their ears as they recalled Casper's words.

Casper was speaking the truth? Sawyer didn't have the guts to steal his woman?

Their smiles faded as they looked at one another incredulously. Sawyer, who hailed from the Lingham family, didn't dare to accept a challenge from a

pauper.

“I think Sawyer probably wants to focus on his studies. That's why he's not doing anything about Ms. Clauder.”

“You're right. That must be it. Casper must have known it too.”

“Oh? It must be really funny if so many of you are here to tell me.”

“What a pity. I was looking forward to renaming him Repsac.”

“What a pity. I was looking forward to renaming him Repsac.”

The group of students came up with a reason to convince themselves that Casper was wrong.

Sawyer finally got them to leave after much difficulty. He punched the table with his bandaged hand, causing his wound to tear and bleed.

“Casper...” he said through gritted teeth.

Meanwhile, Casper and Giselle headed straight for Tycoon Hotel.

He handed Sheryl's secret recipe to Louis. The elated chef was confident it would retain their customers.

“Ms. Sheryl works for our direct competitor, Lingham Hotel, now. What a pity she's not here.”

Louis believed what Casper had said the other day because he didn't know his boss had convinced Sharon to work with them.

Casper decided against telling him the truth for his own good.

After all, it was better if fewer knew. He the chef's back. "It's okay. We'll be fine as long as we do our best."

"Mr. Simpson, my son really admires you after what you did the other day. He wants to follow you around and learn from you..." Louis wiped his hands on his apron, abashed. He was practically asking for a job for his son.

"You can decide since you're also a shareholder."

Since Jordan was a veteran, Casper thought it was a good idea because of his character and his fighting skills. However, he thought Jordan wasn't really a good fit for Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

“Why don't you ask him to report to the security office first thing tomorrow? He can work as the head of security first. I'll arrange a more suitable position for him when one is available.”

Louis was grateful for Casper's arrangements, but he simply bowed to show his gratitude since he wasn't good with words.

“What a pity. I was looking forward to renoming him Repsoc.”

The group of students come up with a reason to convince themselves that Casper was wrong.

Sowyer finally got them to leave after much difficulty. He punched the table with his bloodied hand, causing his wound to tear and bleed.

“Casper...” he said through gritted teeth.

Meanwhile, Casper and Giselle headed straight for Tycoon Hotel.

He handed Sheryl's secret recipe to Louis. The elated chef was confident it would retain their customers.

“Ms. Sheryl works for our direct competitor, Lingham Hotel, now. What a pity she's not here.”

Louis believed what Casper had said the other day because he didn't know his boss had convinced Sharon to work with them.

Casper decided against telling him the truth for his own good.

After all, it was better if fewer knew. He the chef's boss. “It's okay. We'll be fine as long as we do our

best.”

“Mr. Simpson, my son really admires you for what you did the other day. He wants to follow you around and learn from you...” Louis wiped his hands on his apron, embarrassed. He was practically asking for a job for his son.

“You can decide since you're also a shareholder.”

Since Jordan was a veteran, Casper thought it was a good idea because of his character and his fighting skills. However, he thought Jordan wasn't really a good fit for Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

“Why don't you ask him to report to the security office first thing tomorrow? He can work as the head of security first. I'll arrange a more suitable position for him when one is available.”

Louis was grateful for Casper's arrangements, but he simply bowed to show his gratitude since he wasn't good with words.

“What a pity. I was looking forward to renaming him Rapsac.”

The group of students came up with a reason to convince themselves that Caspar was wrong.

Sawyer finally got them to leave after much difficulty. He punched the table with his bandaged hand, causing his wound to tear and bleed.

“Caspar...” he said through gritted teeth.

Meanwhile, Caspar and Gisella headed straight for Tycoon Hotel.

Ha handad Sharyl's sacrat racipa to Louis. Tha alatad chaf was confidant it would rretain thair customars.

“Ms. Sharyl works for our diract compatitor, Lingham Hotal, now. What a pity sha's not hara.”

Louis baliavad what Caspar had said tha othar day bacausa ha didn't know his boss had convincad Sharon to work with tham.

Caspar dacidad against talling him tha truth for his own good.

Aftar all, it was battar if fawar knaw. Ha tha chaf's back. “It's okay. Wa'll ba fina as long as wa do our bast.”

“Mr. Simpson, my son raally admiras you aftar what you did tha othar day. Ha wants to follow you around and laarn from you...” Louis wipad his hands on his

apron, abashad. Ha was practically asking for a job for his son.

“You can dacida sinca you'ra also a sharaholdar.”

Sinca Jordan was a vataran, Caspar thought it was a good idaa bacausa of his character and his fighting skills. Howavar, ha thought Jordan wasn't raally a good fit for Firawolf Chambar of Commarca.

“Why don't you ask him to raport to tha sacurity offica first thing tomorrow? Ha can work as tha haad of sacurity first. I'll arranga a mora suitable position for him whan ona is available.”

Louis was grataful for Caspar's arrangamants, but ha simply bowad to show his gratituda sinca ha wasn't good with words.

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 229



“What's this? I can't accept it.” Casper avoided his gesture of courtesy and asked Louis to resume his work in the kitchen.

Now that the parasites within Tycoon had been weeded out, the rumors about them were also quelled altogether. It was the best time for business development.

“Giselle, just pick any private room and wait for me there. I own this place, so go on and order any food you like, and I'll go and see you later,” after settling everything, Casper turned around and said to Giselle.

As she heard him call her by her name, Giselle perked up in delight and acknowledged in a hushed voice.

“Mr. Simpson, someone is looking for you outside.”

Elena ran over, and Casper raised his head to take a glance at her. Elena was wearing a low-cut top that day; its deep V-neck revealed a bountiful and fascinating scenery, from which Casper's gaze slid down and he could feel all his blood rushing to his head. The tight-hip skirt that Elena was wearing only half covered the top of her thigh, while a pair of black stockings wrapped around her slender and porcelain white legs, and there were even lace patterns on the edge where it met the hem of her skirt.

“Did you develop some kind of a new attribute with Ms. Stalling?”

Casper fixated all his attention on her chest and couldn't stop staring at it. Elena didn't seem to mind at all. Pushing up her glasses, she answered, "As your secretary, I got to keep up my appearances. Is there any problem with my way of dressing?"

Casper almost lost his eyes to the cleavage before him. Nevertheless, he had come to Tycoon with Giselle that day; hence, no matter how captivating the scenic view was with his secretary, there was nothing else he could do other than just watching. Swallowing the lump in his throat, Casper uttered, "This is a little too revealing... Ms. Schneider, you should only wear this in front of me."

Elena blinked her eyes, secretly pleased with her own attractiveness. She then flipped her hair and replied, "Since you've said that, I'll wear it only for you then, Mr. Simpson." With that, she put on a coat to cover the parts of her body which were too exposed.

Casper felt that there were other implications behind her words, but he didn't think too much about it and only asked, "Who's looking for me?"

"A woman. She has come here with you before," Elena recollected and answered.

Casper's interest was piqued at once. A woman? Who can it be? He strode outside, just to see a hot and slim figure at the reception counter in the lobby.

"Um? Isn't this Sarah's aunt?" Casper was eyeballing her figure with relish, but he froze notably for a moment when he saw her face.

"What's this? I can't accept it." Casper avoided his gesture of courtesy and asked Louis to resume his work in the kitchen.

Now that the parasites within Tycoon had been

weeded out, the rumors about them were also quelled altogether. It was the best time for business development.

“Giselle, just pick any private room and wait for me there. I own this place, so go on and order any food you like, and I'll go and see you later,” after settling everything, Cesper turned around and said to Giselle.

As she heard him call her by her name, Giselle perked up in delight and acknowledged in a hushed voice.

“Mr. Simpson, someone is looking for you outside.”

Elene ran over, and Cesper raised his head to take a glance at her. Elene was wearing a low-cut top that day; its deep V-neck revealed a beautiful and fascinating scenery, from which Cesper's gaze slid down and he could feel all his blood rushing to his

heed. The tight-hip skirt that Elene was wearing only half covered the top of her thigh, while a pair of black stockings wrapped around her slender and porcelain white legs, and there were even lace patterns on the edge where it met the hem of her skirt.

“Did you develop some kind of a new attribute with Ms. Stelling?”

Cesper fixated all his attention on her chest and couldn't stop staring at it. Elene didn't seem to mind at all. Pushing up her glasses, she answered, “As your secretary, I got to keep up my appearances. Is there any problem with my way of dressing?”

Cesper almost lost his eyes to the cleavage before him. Nevertheless, he had come to Tycoon with Giselle that day; hence, no matter how captivating the scenic view was with his secretary, there was nothing else he could do other than just watching. Swallowing

the lump in his throat, Cesper uttered, "This is a little too revealing... Ms. Schneider, you should only wear this in front of me."

Elene blinked her eyes, secretly pleased with her own attractiveness. She then flipped her hair and replied, "Since you've said that, I'll wear it only for you then, Mr. Simpson." With that, she put on a coat to cover the parts of her body which were too exposed.

Cesper felt that there were other implications behind her words, but he didn't think too much about it and only asked, "Who's looking for me?"

"A woman. She has come here with you before," Elene recollected and answered.

Cesper's interest was piqued at once. A woman? Who could it be? He strode outside, just to see the hot and slim figure at the reception counter in the lobby.

“Um? Isn't this Sereh's eunt?” Cesper was eyebelling her figure with relish, but he froze notably for e moment when he sew her fece.

“Whot's this? I con't occept it.” Cosper ovoided his gesture of courtesy ond osked Louis to resume his work in the kitchen.

Now thot the porosites within Tycoon hod been weeded out, the rumors about them were also quelled oltogether. It wos the best time for business development.

“Giselle, just pick ony privote room ond wait for me there. I own this ploce, so go on ond order ony food you like, ond I'll go ond see you loter,” ofter settling everything, Cosper turned around ond soid to Giselle.

As she heord him coll her by her nome, Giselle perked up in delight ond ocknowledged in o hushed

voice.

“Mr. Simpson, someone is looking for you outside.”

Eleno ran over, and Cosper raised his head to take a glance at her. Eleno was wearing a low-cut top that day; its deep V-neck revealed a bountiful and fascinating scenery, from which Cosper's gaze slid down and he could feel all his blood rushing to his head. The tight-hip skirt that Eleno was wearing only half covered the top of her thigh, while a pair of black stockings wrapped around her slender and porcelain white legs, and there were even lace patterns on the edge where it met the hem of her skirt.

“Did you develop some kind of a new attribute with Ms. Stolling?”

Cosper fixated all his attention on her chest and couldn't stop staring at it. Eleno didn't seem to mind at

oll. Pushing up her glasses, she answered, "As your secretary, I got to keep up my appearances. Is there any problem with my way of dressing?"

Cosper almost lost his eyes to the cleavage before him. Nevertheless, he had come to Tycoon with Giselle that day; hence, no matter how captivating the scenic view was with his secretary, there was nothing else he could do other than just watching. Swallowing the lump in his throat, Cosper uttered, "This is a little too revealing... Ms. Schneider, you should only wear this in front of me."

Eleno blinked her eyes, secretly pleased with her own attractiveness. She then flipped her hair and replied, "Since you've said that, I'll wear it only for you then, Mr. Simpson." With that, she put on a coat to cover the parts of her body which were too exposed.

Cosper felt that there were other implications behind

her words, but he didn't think too much about it and only asked, "Who's looking for me?"

"A woman. She has come here with you before," Eleno recollected and answered.

Cosper's interest was piqued at once. A woman? Who could it be? He strode outside, just to see the hot and slim figure at the reception counter in the lobby.

"Um? Isn't this Sarah's aunt?" Cosper was eyeballing her figure with relish, but he froze notably for a moment when he saw her face.

Isn't this Sarah's aunt, Emily, whom I have pretended to be dating with before this?

Isn't this Sarah's aunt, Emily, whom I have pretended to be dating with before this?

Emily was wearing a pair of aviator classic shades, a strapless top, and a long skirt, giving a vintage sense of the 80s or 90s. Coupled with her flawless facial features and stunning figure, she looked just like a character from the movies at first glance.

Emily lay her elbow on the reception counter and rested her head on her palm, with the curve line of her hip captivating the attention of every man who walked by.

“What's your boss like on usual days?” Emily was chatting with the receptionists, trying to fish for some information from them.

The receptionist replied with a polite smile, “Mr. Simpson has a busy schedule, so we don't get to see him often.” In reality, Casper came to Tycoon every day, and they would see him twice a day. The receptionist said that only to fudge Emily's question.

Emily curled her lips into a broad curve. The bright red color of her Dior lipstick was so vivid it looked as though blood would even drip from them.

“Of course, I'm sure you have no idea how your boss pretends to be an impoverished university student behind your back even though he appears as the owner of this restaurant in front of you. He's a hell of an actor, a wolf in sheep's clothing!”

“Ahem.” Casper coughed from behind Emily and stole a few more glances at her hips.

They're just so curvy and plump.

Emily turned around, and seeing that it was Casper, she took off her shades in surprise and started, “Isn't this Mr. Simpson who has an extremely busy schedule? It took me some effort to finally find you.”

Casper was a little embarrassed. He didn't know why Emily was looking for him, but the arrogance that she had previously shown had all gone in that instance. Before that, she was like a queen, giving orders to him.

Little did he know that the change in Emily's attitude was due to the change in his identity. Previously, when Casper appeared as a penniless student, she was overbearing and conceited, but since Casper pretended to be her boyfriend and helped relieve her from the situation last time, she finally learned a little about Casper's worth. Hence, there was a change in her attitude just like how differently a queen would treat her general and a servant.

“Ms. Goldstein, what's the matter?” Casper was bemused. Wasn't the problem with the matchmaking last time already solved?

And Sarah even came to the dorm and asked him to return the clothes she bought for him after that, making him a little abashed.

Isn't this Sarah's aunt, Emily, whom I have pretended to be dating with before this?

“Hmph.” Initially, Emily thought that he would be extremely pleased to see a beauty like her coming to see him personally. Never had she expected that she would be welcomed with such a placid question.

“Hmph.” Initially, Emily thought that he would be extremely pleased to see a beauty like her coming to see him personally. Never had she expected that she would be welcomed with such a placid question.

“Why? Do you think you're already in the upper echelon of society just because you own Tycoon?”

Emily put on her shades again and continued, “Tycoon is worth tens of millions at most, and with such a net worth, you're only average among my suitors.”

She went a little too far with her words. There were indeed a lot of men pursuing her, but not all of them were multi-millionaires. There were only a few billionaires, for instance, Gabriel who showed up that day.

“That's for sure. A pretty woman like Ms. Goldstein certainly has numerous admirers.” Casper played along rather casually but he was also puzzled at the same time. What is this woman doing here? Gigi is still waiting for me to have dinner with her.

Emily rolled her eyes at that. My dear Casper, you're playing hard to get, aren't you? She took off her shades again, folded them, and hung them at the

neck of her top.

“Casper, you're a fool!” She pointed at Casper and added, “I've done some research on your background but to no avail. Even though you've turned rich all of a sudden, something from your previous destitution stays with you. But that doesn't matter, because Lady Luck is smiling at you. You now have a pass before you to enter the upper echelon of society.”

Casper tilted his head to one side. “Umm, what pass?”

Emily was exasperated at that point. “Do you really don't understand what I'm saying?” She was rendered speechless. What is this man thinking about? I've already made it so obvious, and he still doesn't get it.

Is he feigning ignorance?

Emily rolled her eyes again, and the expression on her face changed as though she knew all too well what game Casper was playing. She put on her shades again, walked over to Casper's side, and spoke into his ear softly, "Don't you worry. As long as you become the live-in son-in-law of the Goldsteins, you won't be mistreated. My dad will support your career. If it isn't because I'm sick of being pressured to get married, you will never have such an opportunity ever!"

Casper's eyes widened in shock. This time, he finally understood what that woman was talking about. It looks like she's planning to turn an act into reality and wants me to be her boyfriend.

"Err... Ms. Goldstein, I think you've misunderstood me. The reason I showed up last time was because Sarah said that she would buy me a nice outfit."

“Hmph.” Initially, Emily thought that he would be extremely pleased to see a beauty like her coming to see him personally. Never had she expected that she would be welcomed with such a placid question.

“Why? Do you think you're already in the upper echelon of society just because you own Tycoon?” Emily put on her shades again and continued, “Tycoon is worth tens of millions at most, and with such a net worth, you're only average among my suitors.”

She went a little too far with her words. There were indeed a lot of men pursuing her, but not all of them were multi-millionaires. There were only a few billionaires, for instance, Gabriel who showed up that day.

“That's for sure. A pretty woman like Ms. Goldstein

certainly has numerous admirers.” Cospere played along rather casually but he was also puzzled at the same time. What is this woman doing here? Gigi is still waiting for me to have dinner with her.

Emily rolled her eyes at that. My dear Cospere, you're playing hard to get, aren't you? She took off her shades again, folded them, and hung them at the neck of her top.

“Cospere, you're a fool!” She pointed at Cospere and added, “I've done some research on your background but to no avail. Even though you've turned rich all of a sudden, something from your previous destitution stays with you. But that doesn't matter, because Lady Luck is smiling at you. You now have a path before you to enter the upper echelon of society.”

Cospere tilted his head to one side. “Umm, what path?”

Emily was exasperated at that point. “Do you really don't understand what I'm saying?” She was rendered speechless. What is this man thinking about? I've already made it so obvious, and he still doesn't get it.

Is he feigning ignorance?

Emily rolled her eyes again, and the expression on her face changed as though she knew all too well what game Casper was playing. She put on her shades again, walked over to Casper's side, and spoke into his ear softly, “Don't you worry. As long as you become the live-in son-in-law of the Goldsteins, you won't be mistreated. My dad will support your career. If it isn't because I'm sick of being pressured to get married, you will never have such an opportunity ever!”

Casper's eyes widened in shock. This time, he finally

understood what that woman was talking about. It looks like she's planning to turn on oct into reality and wants me to be her boyfriend.

“Err... Ms. Goldstein, I think you've misunderstood me. The reason I showed up last time was because Soroh said that she would buy me a nice outfit.”

“Hmph.” Initially, Emily thought that he would be extremely pleased to see a beauty like her coming to see him personally. Navar had she expected that she would be welcomed with such a placid question.

“Why? Do you think you're already in the upper echelon of society just because you own Tycoon?” Emily put on her shades again and continued, “Tycoon is worth tens of millions at most, and with such a net worth, you're only average among my suitors.”

Sha want a littla too far with har words. Thara wara indaad a lot of man pursuing har, but not all of tham wara multi-millionairas. Thara wara only a faw billionairas, for instanca, Gabriel who showad up that day.

“That's for sura. A pratty woman lika Ms. Goldstain certainly has numarous admirars.” Caspar playad along rathar casually but ha was also puzzlad at tha sama tima. What is this woman doing hara? Gigi is still waiting for ma to hava dinnar with har.

Emily rollad har ayas at that. My daar Caspar, you'ra playing hard to gat, aran't you? Sha took off har shadas again, foldad tham, and hung tham at tha nack of har top.

“Caspar, you'ra a fool!” Sha pointad at Caspar and addad, “I'va dona soma rasaarch on your background

but to no avail. Even though you've turned rich all of a sudden, something from your previous destitution stays with you. But that doesn't matter, because Lady Luck is smiling at you. You now have a pass before you to enter the upper echelon of society."

Caspar tilted his head to one side. "Umm, what pass?"

Emily was astounded at that point. "Do you really don't understand what I'm saying?" She was rendered speechless. What is this man thinking about? I've already made it so obvious, and he still doesn't get it.

Is he feigning ignorance?

Emily rolled her eyes again, and the expression on her face changed as though she knew all too well what game Caspar was playing. She put on her shawl again, walked over to Caspar's side, and

spoka into his ear softly, “Don't you worry. As long as you become the live-in son-in-law of the Goldstains, you won't be mistreated. My dad will support your career. If it isn't because I'm sick of being pressured to get married, you will never have such an opportunity again!”

Caspar's eyes widened in shock. This time, he finally understood what that woman was talking about. It looks like she's planning to turn an act into reality and wants me to be her boyfriend.

“Err... Ms. Goldstein, I think you've misunderstood me. The reason I showed up last time was because Sarah said that she would buy me a nice outfit.”

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](#)

“Besides, I already have a girlfriend.”

Emily was rooted on the ground upon hearing Casper's words. In the meantime, the expression of Elena who was standing behind Casper also changed.

Did this kid just reject me? I took the initiative to come and see him and sort things out with him, and yet he rejected me?

Emily couldn't believe what she just heard. She yelled at Casper, “Do you know who you've just rejected?”

Casper shrugged. “I didn't reject you, Ms. Goldstein. I really have a girlfriend already.”

“Can you find someone else like me with such a gorgeous appearance, a fine figure, and an extremely well-off background?” Emily started breaking down.

“Well, um... my girlfriend is not bad too,” Casper replied cheerfully. His attitude further upset Emily.

Just then, Giselle heard the commotion and came outside to look for Casper. Right away, Casper ran over to her and took her hand as he said to Emily, “Ms. Goldstein, this is my girlfriend. You and I... are not really compatible. Perhaps the age gap is a little huge, and there might be a generational gap between us.”

Emily almost choked herself in aggravation.

Does this kid think that I'm old? What the f*ck?

Even someone as restrained as Emily couldn't help

but curse within herself. She glanced at the person standing next to Casper, and her expression turned from exasperation to bewilderment, and then to bitterness.

“Giselle Clauder?”

Undoubtedly, Emily could recognize Giselle. Sarah told her before that the prettiest woman at Business University was Giselle. Emily had seen her picture and had to admit that she was no rival to Giselle in terms of appearance and temperament.

“This kid actually succeeds in pursuing Giselle?” For a moment, Emily was speechless, and the curse which was about to be splurged from her mouth was swallowed.

Meanwhile, Giselle was notably bashful. Even though she had accepted Casper, she was still shy to hear

how Casper announced her as his girlfriend in front of so many people.

“Casper, I've underestimated you,” Emily left Tycoon after muttering those words. She returned to her Bumblebee and started crying as she leaned against the steering wheel.

“I have never failed to get anything that I want since young!”

For over thirty years, countless men would willingly gift her with anything she wanted as soon as she beckoned and gave a signal. But that particular day, she was rejected even as she took the initiative to come to that man herself.

What annoyed her most was the fact that Casper had rejected her because of Giselle—the one woman who was better than her in every aspect.

“Besides, I already have a girlfriend.”

Emily was rooted on the ground upon hearing Cesper's words. In the meantime, the expression of Elene who was standing behind Cesper also changed.

Did this kid just reject me? I took the initiative to come and see him and sort things out with him, and yet he rejected me?

Emily couldn't believe what she just heard. She yelled at Cesper, “Do you know who you've just rejected?”

Cesper shrugged. “I didn't reject you, Ms. Goldstein. I really have a girlfriend already.”

“Can you find someone else like me with such a gorgeous appearance, a fine figure, and an extremely well-off background?” Emily started breaking down.

“Well, um... my girlfriend is not bed too,” Cesper replied cheerfully. His ettitude further upset Emily.

Just then, Giselle heard the commotion end came outside to look for Cesper. Right ewey, Cesper ren over to her end took her hend es he seid to Emily, “Ms. Goldstein, this is my girlfriend. You end I... ere not reelly competible. Perheps the ege gep is e little huge, end there might be e generetionel gep between us.”

Emily elmost choked herself in egravevion.

Does this kid think that I'm old? Whet the f*ck?

Even someone es restrained es Emily couldn't help but curse within herself. She glenced et the person stending next to Cesper, end her expression turned from exesperetion to bewilderment, end then to

bitterness.

“Giselle Cleuder?”

Undoubtedly, Emily could recognize Giselle. Sereh told her before that the prettiest woman at Business University was Giselle. Emily had seen her picture and had to admit that she was no rival to Giselle in terms of appearance and temperament.

“This kid actually succeeds in pursuing Giselle?” For a moment, Emily was speechless, and the curse which was about to be splurged from her mouth was swallowed.

Meanwhile, Giselle was notably bashful. Even though she had accepted Cesper, she was still shy to hear how Cesper announced her as his girlfriend in front of so many people.

“Cesper, I've underestimated you,” Emily left Tycoon after muttering those words. She returned to her Bumblebee and started crying as she leaned against the steering wheel.

“I have never failed to get anything that I want since young!”

For over thirty years, countless men would willingly gift her with anything she wanted as soon as she beckoned and gave the signal. But that particular day, she was rejected even as she took the initiative to come to that man herself.

What annoyed her most was the fact that Cesper had rejected her because of Giselle—the one woman who was better than her in every aspect.

“Besides, I already have a girlfriend.”

Emily was rooted on the ground upon hearing

Cosper's words. In the meantime, the expression of Eleno who was standing behind Cosper also changed.

Did this kid just reject me? I took the initiative to come and see him and sort things out with him, and yet he rejected me?

Emily couldn't believe what she just heard. She yelled at Cosper, "Do you know who you've just rejected?"

Cosper shrugged. "I didn't reject you, Ms. Goldstein. I really have a girlfriend already."

"Can you find someone else like me with such a gorgeous appearance, a fine figure, and an extremely well-off background?" Emily started breaking down.

"Well, um... my girlfriend is not bad too," Cosper replied cheerfully. His attitude further upset Emily.

Just then, Giselle heard the commotion and came outside to look for Casper. Right away, Casper ran over to her and took her hand as he said to Emily, "Ms. Goldstein, this is my girlfriend. You and I... are not really compatible. Perhaps the age gap is a little huge, and there might be a generational gap between us."

Emily almost choked herself in aggravation.

Does this kid think that I'm old? What the f*ck?

Even someone as restrained as Emily couldn't help but curse within herself. She glanced at the person standing next to Casper, and her expression turned from exasperation to bewilderment, and then to bitterness.

"Giselle Clouder?"

Undoubtedly, Emily could recognize Giselle. Soroh told her before that the prettiest woman of Business University was Giselle. Emily had seen her picture and had to admit that she was no rival to Giselle in terms of appearance and temperament.

“This kid actually succeeds in pursuing Giselle?” For a moment, Emily was speechless, and the curse which was about to be splurged from her mouth was swallowed.

Meanwhile, Giselle was notably bashful. Even though she had accepted Cosper, she was still shy to hear how Cosper announced her as his girlfriend in front of so many people.

“Cosper, I've underestimated you,” Emily left Tycoon after muttering those words. She returned to her Bumblebee and started crying as she leaned against

the steering wheel.

“I have never failed to get anything that I want since young!”

For over thirty years, countless men would willingly gift her with anything she wanted as soon as she beckoned and gave a signal. But that particular day, she was rejected even as she took the initiative to come to that man herself.

What annoyed her most was the fact that Casper had rejected her because of Giselle—the one woman who was better than her in every aspect.

“Casper, you jack*ss!”

“Casper, you jack*ss!”

The frustration within Emily grew stronger and stronger. Perhaps the more she backed off, the more bitter she felt. After feeling mortified to such an extent, Emily was not only ashamed but was also blinded by rage.

“Giselle Clauder, I wanted to compete with you, and you happen to be interested in Casper. That means he is worthy, and if that's the case, I'll make sure I get him!”

She took out her phone to make a call. “Hey, Dad.”

“What's the matter, Emily? What happened with your matchmaking with Gabriel last time? How did it end up in such a way? I know that bloke isn't good-looking, but you have to understand that he's one of the few pre-eminent figures in Horington.”

“Enough. Don't talk about him anymore. I'm disgusted

even by the mention of his name. If it wasn't because he's rich, I would have turned him down outright much earlier and leave not even a single dash of respect for him!”

A long breath of sigh came from the other end of the line. “Huh... alright. I can understand that, but you're not young anymore. You have to get married to someone sooner or later. Your mom and I can leave our business behind, but when it concerns your marriage, there's no way we're going to stop interfering. I don't want to leave without having a grandchild.”

“That's exactly the reason I'm calling you—to discuss this. I want to get married.”

“See? It's maddening every time this matter is brought up...” There was a sudden pause on the other side of the phone. It was only after a long while that a

trembling voice started again, “Wha-what? What did you just say?”

“I've taken a fancy to a man, and I want to get married to him,” Emily repeated.

“What in the world... Where's my heart medication? Darling, get me my pills, quick.”

A small commotion could be heard over the phone. After a long time, a voice came from the other end again. “Emily, who's that lad?”

“Casper Simpson,” Emily stressed each of the syllables.

At Tycoon, Casper and Giselle went back to their private room. Casper was holding Giselle's hand and softly rubbing his thumb against it while Giselle didn't resist.

Owing to the incitement brought about by Emily, these two people were able to break through the trammel in their relationship.

“Is it really alright for you to announce it in the presence of so many people?” Giselle looked right into Casper's eyes.

“What's wrong with that? There're still many other things that we'll do in front of them in the future.”

“Casper, you jack*ss!”

The frustration within Emily grew stronger and stronger. Perhaps the more she backed off, the more bitter she felt. After feeling mortified to such an extent, Emily was not only ashamed but was also blinded by rage.

They looked at each other, and as their affection for one another grew increasingly fervent. Then, they got closer and closer; their lips and tongues tangled, and before they knew it, they were hugging and kissing.

They looked at each other, and as their affection for one another grew increasingly fervent. Then, they got closer and closer; their lips and tongues tangled, and before they knew it, they were hugging and kissing.

Elena stood at the door of the private room with a complicated look in her eyes as she peeped at the kissing couple through the crack of the door.

Victoria, Giselle, there's not a woman around him who isn't better than me. Elena looked at the sexy outfit she specifically dressed for him that day, and a rush of sadness surged within herself.

I've fallen for this man unwittingly.

That might be the happiest day in Casper's life in many years. He hugged Giselle with his eyes filled with devotion.

“I'll surely treat you well, Giselle. I'll make you the princess of the world in a year's time!”

Casper had said that to Kitty before, but the gold digger had abandoned him. Isn't Giselle a thousand times better than that woman?

The lovebirds were so deeply in love with each other that they even fed one another during dinner. They were in a phase where their relationship just started to blossom, and it was when they would be most madly in love, 'hot and heavy' as the saying went.

The couple couldn't get enough of each other in the private room, but each passing minute felt like an

eternity to Elena. Her professionalism had always kept her standing upright all day without feeling drained, but in that instance, she had started to feel giddy after only half an hour.

“Gigi, why don't you stay and don't go back tonight?”

An ardent glint emanated from Casper's eyes, and he slowly ran his palm on Giselle's thigh, but it was immediately shoved away by Giselle. “What are you thinking about? Is this what you're thinking all day?”

Casper smiled wryly. “Isn't this what every man desires? Hehe.”

“This can't be rushed...” Giselle lowered her head. Perhaps she was embarrassed to be saying those words as a lecturer. “It'll happen naturally when the time comes.”

Even her ears were flushed red as she finished her sentence. As with Casper, he certainly wouldn't force her into it. Hence, he agreed.

“Is that your secretary outside the door?” Giselle suddenly mentioned Elena. She's the one who looked intimate with Casper in the photo last time.

Casper nodded. “Yes, but we really... Even though she's hot and good-looking, but it's only with you that I feel...”

Giselle shook her head. “You silly boy.”

They looked at each other, and as their affection for one another grew increasingly fervent. Then, they got closer and closer; their lips and tongues tangled, and before they knew it, they were hugging and kissing.

Eleno stood at the door of the private room with a complicated look in her eyes as she peeped at the kissing couple through the crack of the door.

Victorio, Giselle, there's not a woman around him who isn't better than me. Eleno looked at the sexy outfit she specifically dressed for him that day, and a rush of sadness surged within herself.

I've fallen for this man unwittingly.

That might be the happiest day in Cosper's life in many years. He hugged Giselle with his eyes filled with devotion.

“I'll surely treat you well, Giselle. I'll make you the princess of the world in a year's time!”

Cosper had said that to Kitty before, but the gold digger had abandoned him. Isn't Giselle a thousand

times better than that woman?

The lovebirds were so deeply in love with each other that they even fed one another during dinner. They were in a phase where their relationship just started to blossom, and it was when they would be most madly in love, 'hot and heavy' as the saying went.

The couple couldn't get enough of each other in the private room, but each passing minute felt like an eternity to Eleno. Her professionalism had always kept her standing upright all day without feeling drained, but in that instance, she had started to feel giddy after only half an hour.

“Gigi, why don't you stay and don't go back tonight?”

An ardent glint emanated from Cospo's eyes, and he slowly ran his palm on Giselle's thigh, but it was immediately shoved away by Giselle. “What are you

thinking about? Is this what you're thinking all day?"

Cosper smiled wryly. "Isn't this what every man desires? Hehe."

"This can't be rushed..." Giselle lowered her head. Perhaps she was embarrassed to be saying those words as a lecturer. "It'll happen naturally when the time comes."

Even her ears were flushed red as she finished her sentence. As with Cosper, he certainly wouldn't force her into it. Hence, he agreed.

"Is that your secretary outside the door?" Giselle suddenly mentioned Eleno. She's the one who looked intimate with Cosper in the photo last time.

Cosper nodded. "Yes, but we really... Even though she's hot and good-looking, but it's only with you that I

feel...”

Giselle shook her head. “You silly boy.”

They looked at each other, and as their affection for one another grew increasingly fervent. Then, they got closer and closer; their lips and tongues tangled, and before they knew it, they were hugging and kissing.

Elana stood at the door of the private room with a complicated look in her eyes as she peeped at the kissing couple through the crack of the door.

Victoria, Gisella, there's not a woman around him who isn't better than me. Elana looked at the sexy outfit she specifically dressed for him that day, and a rush of sadness surged within herself.

I've fallen for this man unwittingly.

That might be the happiest day in Caspar's life in many years. He hugged Gisalla with his arms full of devotion.

"I'll surely treat you well, Gisalla. I'll make you the princess of the world in a year's time!"

Caspar had said that to Kitty before, but the gold digger had abandoned him. Isn't Gisalla a thousand times better than that woman?

The lovers were so deeply in love with each other that they even fed one another during dinner. They were in a phase where their relationship just started to blossom, and it was when they would be most madly in love, 'hot and heavy' as the saying went.

The couple couldn't get enough of each other in the private room, but each passing minute felt like an

atarnity to Elana. Her professionalism had always kept her standing upright all day without feeling drained, but in that instance, she had started to feel giddy after only half an hour.

“Gigi, why don't you stay and don't go back tonight?”

An ardent glint emanated from Caspar's eyes, and he slowly ran his palm on Gisalla's thigh, but it was immediately shoved away by Gisalla. “What are you thinking about? Is this what you're thinking all day?”

Caspar smiled wryly. “Isn't this what every man desires? Haha.”

“This can't be rushed...” Gisalla lowered her head. Perhaps she was embarrassed to be saying those words as a lecturer. “It'll happen naturally when the time comes.”

Evan har aars wara flushad rad as sha finishad har santanca. As with Caspar, ha certainly wouldn't forca har into it. Hanca, ha agraad.

“Is that your sacratary outsida tha door?” Gisalla suddanly mantionad Elana. Sha's tha ona who lookad intimata with Caspar in tha photo last tima.

Caspar noddad. “Yas, but wa raally... Evan though sha's hot and good-looking, but it's only with you that I faal...”

Gisalla shook har haad. “You silly boy.”

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.