

“Don't be so impulsively next time.” Giselle was still shocked that Casper went to confront Sawyer all alone.

Deep in her heart, she was aware that there would always be at least a few women who would appear in a man's life. She also understood that Casper treated her sincerely, but somehow, she felt she did not deserve to be with him.

Giselle sighed once again. I still don't know how to tell him about my father.

After their meal, Casper told Elena to prepare a car so that he could send Giselle home.

“Why don't you take the Maserati, Mr. Simpson?”

You've not driven it before.”

What's with Elena? Did she just call me Mr. Simpson? Casper knitted his brows but did not think further. “It's okay. Just get me a car from the hotel, and leave the Maserati here. We can always get a better car in the future. People in this country might think of Maserati as a luxury car because of its price, but in other countries, it's just a regular vehicle.”

As someone with a broad worldview, he regretted buying the Maserati from the man who beat Felix. He could have spent the same amount of money on a GT-R.

“All right.” Disappointment crept into Elena's eyes. She walked away to get him a car from the hotel.

“I'll be busy in the coming days, but I'll make time for you, honey,” said Casper as he turned around to hug

Giselle. He did not notice the changes in Elena's expression.

“Stop it! We're in public!” Giselle pouted as she watched Elena walked away. She could tell that Elena felt dejected.

“I think you should talk to her.” Giselle made this remark all of a sudden and ran back to her hostel.

“Huh?”

Casper had no clue what Giselle was saying. But that did not bother him as he was losing himself over love.

All he had in his mind was the sweet moments he spent with Giselle today. He could not help but get excited every time he thought of the kisses they had and how he had held her hand.

F\*ck yeah, I'm finally dating Goddess!

Casper was truly on cloud nine.

Once Casper got back to his dorm, Remy went up and patted his shoulder. "Congrats, man! What a surprise!"

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Deep in her heart, she was aware that there would always be at least a few women who would appear in the men's life. She also understood that Casper treated her sincerely, but somehow, she felt she did not deserve to be with him.

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After their meal, Cesper told Elene to prepare the car so that he could send Giselle home.

“Why don't you take the Mesereti, Mr. Simpson? You've not driven it before.”

What's with Elene? Did she just call me Mr. Simpson? Cesper knitted his brows but did not think further. “It's okay. Just get me the car from the hotel, and leave the Mesereti here. We can always get a better car in the future. People in this country might think of Mesereti as a luxury car because of its price, but in other countries, it's just a regular vehicle.”

As someone with a broad worldview, he regretted buying the Mesereti from the men who beat Felix. He could have spent the same amount of money on a GT-R.

“All right.” Disappointment crept into Elene's eyes.

She walked away to get him out from the hotel.

"I'll be busy in the coming days, but I'll make time for you, honey," said Cesper as he turned around to hug Giselle. He did not notice the changes in Elene's expression.

"Stop it! We're in public!" Giselle pouted as she watched Elene walk away. She could tell that Elene felt dejected.

"I think you should talk to her." Giselle made this remark all of a sudden and ran back to her hostel.

"Huh?"

Cesper had no clue what Giselle was saying. But that did not bother him as he was losing himself over love.

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Giselle sighed once again. I still don't know how to tell him about my father.

After their meal, Cosper told Eleno to prepare a car so that he could send Giselle home.

“Why don't you take the Moseroti, Mr. Simpson? You've not driven it before.”

What's with Eleno? Did she just call me Mr. Simpson? Cosper knitted his brows but did not think further. “It's okay. Just get me a car from the hotel, and leave the Moseroti here. We can always get a better car in the future. People in this country might think of Moseroti as a luxury car because of its price, but in other countries, it's just a regular vehicle.”

As someone with a broad worldview, he regretted buying the Moseroti from the man who beat Felix. He



could have spent the some amount of money on a GT-R.

“All right.” Disappointment crept into Eleno's eyes. She walked away to get him a car from the hotel.

“I'll be busy in the coming days, but I'll make time for you, honey,” said Cosper as he turned around to hug Giselle. He did not notice the changes in Eleno's expression.

“Stop it! We're in public!” Giselle pouted as she watched Eleno walk away. She could tell that Eleno felt dejected.

“I think you should talk to her.” Giselle made this remark all of a sudden and ran back to her hostel.

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Felix and Colton got out of their beds and shot daggers at Casper.

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daggers at Casper.

“Dude, how did you manage to get her?” asked Felix.

Colton echoed, “Looks can be deceiving!”

Casper froze for a moment. “You guys know about it?”

“Of course! The whole faculty knew Sawyer had his eyes on your girl and how and you had threatened him. That coward must have run away to hide after you've made that remark,” Felix said, “Do you know how many people came over to look for you today?”

He was not only envious but also jealous of Casper.

“You've become the talk of the town now. So many people started calling you the boss! They even believe that your identity as an undergraduate is just a

big boss in disguise!”

Casper's expression turned grim. Does that mean I can't stay low profile anymore?

Anyway, it would be difficult for Casper to lay low anymore. Before this, Sawyer had hired people to spread the news about him making a lecturer kneel after paying the person a million. Though this had tarnished Casper's reputation, this news that had gone viral on social media had also boosted Casper's popularity.

In the past, Casper was also known for being broke. But ever since he got hold of some dirt on Sawyer, all the people Sawyer hired to tarnish Casper's reputation on social media had vanished. When people began to reflect upon what had happened, they soon realized Casper must have hidden his real identity where he was a powerful man.

Some even deduced that he must have come from a family that was more influential than Sawyer. Yet, no one believed these rumors because Casper had been eating leftovers in the cafeteria for the past year.

All these unverified rumors eventually turned Casper into a mysterious man. No one knew how he became so rich all of a sudden. He was now so powerful that even Sawyer dared not touch him anymore.

Casper had indeed become the talk of the town in the university. Though many just treated this as gossip, some were triggered by the news.

Felix and Colton got out of their beds and shot daggers at Casper.

Among these people were Kitty and Charlie. Ever since Kitty broke up with Casper, she could not wait to

see him fail in life. Yet, everyone seemed to be putting Casper on a pedestal, and she was not happy about it.

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“No way. It's impossible! He's just a broke lad!” Kitty exclaimed in jealousy as she was scrolling down the discussion about Casper on various social media platforms.

Yet, one of her dormmates, who joined the crowd to look for Sawyer, said, “Initially, I thought it wasn't a big deal, but I felt weird after listening to what Sawyer has to say. It was as if he was afraid of Casper,” she continued, “Who exactly is Casper? Kitty, you told us

he lied to you about the acquisition of the Tycoon, but come to think of it, what he said might be true!”

“That can't be true! He doesn't have any money! He only bought me a phone when we dated for a few months!” Kitty went berserk and ran out of the dorm.

Her dormmates exchanged glances with each other but did not run after her.

Why would they run after her? After all, their so-called friendship was merely built upon money.

Kiki went to look for Charlie, and her eyes were glowing with a towering rage. “I must expose him. I must expose that liar and tell the world who he truly is!”

Charlie had had several encounters with Casper, and he knew he was no match for the latter. Even Charlie

began to suspect if Casper had purposely acted as if he was broke just to test Kitty.

“Let's leave him alone. Did you not hear that even Sawyer dare not touch him anymore?” he said.

Charlie took a glance at Kitty and knitted his brows. He was surprised how different she looked without makeup.

“Don't tell me you're afraid of that broke loser?” Kitty sneered in a baffling tone.

Charlie was so annoyed that he turned around as he did not want to see her face. “I'm not afraid of him. Can you please go back and clean yourself up? You look like a lunatic now.”

Among these people were Kitty and Charlie. Ever



since Kitty broke up with Cosper, she could not wait to see him fail in life. Yet, everyone seemed to be putting Cosper on a pedestal, and she was not happy about it.

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Kiki wanted to look for Charlia, and her eyes were glowing with a towering rage. "I must expose him. I must expose that liar and tell the world who he truly is!"

Charlia had had several encounters with Caspar, and she knew she was no match for the latter. Even Charlia began to suspect if Caspar had purposely acted as if he was broke just to test Kitty.

"Let's leave him alone. Did you not hear that even Sawyer dare not touch him anymore?" she said.

Charlia took a glance at Kitty and knitted his brows. He was surprised how different she looked without makeup.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 232



Kitty froze for a moment. “What do you mean? You find me disgusting?”

Charlie suppressed his anger. “Honey, that's not what I meant. Let's call it a day. I'm gonna go now.”

Kitty went nuts and grabbed his arm. “Excuse me? You do find me disgusting, don't you? Or did you get cold feet because you're so afraid of Casper now that you don't even dare to talk to me?”

Kitty had totally misinterpreted Charlie's reaction. Charlie immediately slapped her on the face as he could no longer contain his frustration. “Are you done? Who do you think you are? I gave you money because I just wanted to have some fun with you, bitch. I can easily get any woman I want in a snap of a finger.”

Rage throbbed in Kitty like a heartbeat. All she wanted was for him to console her. She did not expect Charlie to treat her like this. Kitty exploded with rage, and she picked up a tree branch and started attacking Charlie.

Charlie had yet to recover from his injuries, so he had no choice but to run away from Kitty. Passersby around the area instantly recorded the scene and sent the videos to their respective chat groups.

While Casper was busy updating his dormmates about his relationship with Giselle, Felix suddenly bounced up from his bed. “Kitty and Charlie had a fight!”

All the boys got up and went to his bed to watch the video. The couple started their argument by the stairs, and all of a sudden, the man slapped the woman and yelled at her. The woman then went crazy. She picked up a branch and started whacking him with it.

Casper took a closer look at the video and realized they were indeed Charlie and Kitty. The couple, who used to show off how much they loved each other in front of Casper, was now at each other's throats like



clowns.

Felix burst into laughter. “Damn, the way Kitty ran after Charlie made her look like a ghost!

Colton, too, shook his head. “Look at how she dressed and the way she wielded the branch. She looked like a madwoman who took it out on a dog.”

“You're not wrong, though,” Felix said, “She is beating a dog!”

Felix and Colton started laughing. Even Casper could not stop smiling at the turn of events. Not only had he witnessed how his enemies had turned against each other, but he was also glad to see how happy his buddies were. Above all, he had started dating the woman of his dream.

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they were indeed Cherlie and Kitty. The couple, who used to show off how much they loved each other in front of Cesper, was now at each other's throats like clowns.

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Money indeed changes everything.

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Casper finally understood why Alfred made him go through the test. He must have wanted me to acknowledge the danger of money and how it can change people's hearts.

No matter how powerful Casper was, he must be able to read people's minds if he were to become the head of the Simpson family.

As a result of how broke he presented himself in public, Casper managed to see through Kitty. And by



doing so, he had also differentiated trustworthy from those who approached him with a motive. Like Giselle and his dormmates, Casper knew they would not throw others under the bus. Even Remy, who had once been misled by others, was a good man by nature.

Casper also finally understood why people had a love-hate relationship with money. When money was not a concern for him in the past, he did not believe that poor people existed. Now, he felt how foolish he was to have that “let them eat cake” mentality.

No doubt money changed people's hearts, but it was also money that had helped him muster up his courage to stand up and fight once again.

Even a righteous man like Louis had no choice but to give in and bow to money. But unlike Kitty and Hanson, Louis was still a good-natured person. This

was why Casper chose to forgive him.

Is money the root of all evil? No. People are.

Casper swore he would not become a slave to money like Kitty.

I want to be the master of my own, overcome the desire, and teach all these losers a lesson!

A hard glint flashed across his eyes. Casper had not forgotten his mission. He had not forgotten the Simpson family's motto that had lasted for several centuries.

One billion is just a small sum.

He realized that using a hundred million to earn one billion in a year was not that difficult. Many financial geniuses could achieve this goal within the snap of a

finger.

Alfred had high hopes for him. As the heir to the Simpson family, Casper would eventually inherit an unimaginable sum of the family assets. I can't just fix my eyes on just making one billion and be happy about it.

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He could have invested the ten million in his hands and snowballed the money to one billion, but this did not mean he would pass the test.

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Be the best among the best—this is how Alfred has always taught me. And I've also learned that increasing my profit tenfold was not unattainable, as I can always seize the golden opportunity and put all my money into it. But will Alfred be proud of me?

All of a sudden, Casper slammed the table. “I see!”

That gave all his dormmates a shock. Felix waved his fingers in front of Casper and asked, “Dude, are you okay? I know you're happy with how things have turned out but control your emotions, okay?”

Colton rolled his eyes at Felix. “Casper must be thinking about something else. He has been behaving like this ever since he became a boss.”

“I wanna be a boss too, damn it,” Felix sighed.

“Stop dreaming, man. Go and play your video games. You can do what you want there,” Colton sneered.

“You think you're smarter than me huh, a\*shole?”  
Felix shot daggers at Colton.

Just when they started poking fun at each other, Casper slammed the table once again and exclaimed, “I want to be the richest man in Horington!”

All the boys froze and looked at Casper.

Colton whispered, “Oh, no... I think he has gone mad...”

A corner of his lips quirked up. “I'm not mad. It's not that tough to become the richest man in Horington, isn't it?”

“Are you serious?” the three boys asked in unison and gave Casper a puzzled look.

“I know you're rich now, but come on, you gotta stop daydreaming. Do you know how many decades did the Lingham family take to build their wealth? Their assets now stand at three billion! Do you know that?” Felix said.

Colton started biting his nails. “A lot of people in the finance world can become super rich overnight though. Since Casper has the money, it's not impossible.”

“You mean through stock trading?” Felix asked.

Colton snorted. “You wouldn't have asked this stupid question had you paid attention in class.”

Felix's frustration kicked in. "As if you paid attention in class. You're always watching porn!"

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 233



Colton said, "I'm good at multitasking. I can take notes during lectures while looking at something else. On the contrary, what can you remember with the limited capacity of your brain?"

Although Felix wasn't sure how to refute Colton, he had to save himself from embarrassment. As such, he thumped the bed rail and yelled, "Well, tell me what the lecturer said about making a fortune?"

Colton chuckled in disdain. A few seconds later, he cleared his throat and replied, "Sure, I'll tell you. Do you know how did the 2008 financial crisis occur? Initially, some capitalists and speculators wished to make a fortune through subprime mortgages by obtaining huge profits from their contracts with banks and insurance. In the end, none of them managed to make money, thus leading to the financial crisis."

After listening to it, Felix asked, "Is the financial crisis

that simple?”

“I simplified it so that you'll understand it. If we were to discuss it seriously, I'm afraid we can't finish it in three days.”

While Felix was rendered speechless, Casper was surprised that Colton was knowledgeable. Casper nodded and said, “Indeed, speculations and finance are the easiest ways to make a lot of money now but will eventually lead to various negative consequences. We can only help build the nation together through hard work.”

Colton glanced at him and responded, “You're right, but it is difficult to achieve! Finance is the first choice for many people to get rich in a short time. The greater the risks, the higher the returns. If you wish to work hard from scratch, I think at least eight to ten years are needed to be a little successful.”

Casper pondered over it throughout the night. Early in the morning, he grabbed the bag and rushed to the classroom.

However, he didn't intend to attend classes but wanted to meet the lecturer—a reputed economics professor in Horington.

As soon as the class was over, Casper grabbed his bag and met him with the hope of asking him a few questions.

The professor pushed his glasses and scanned Casper from head to toe for a few seconds. Then, he said with a slight disdain in his eyes, “I'm so sorry. I've to leave due to an emergency. You can ask me again when I'm free next time.”

Casper was sensitive and instantly detected the



professor's contempt toward him. Nonetheless, the professor hid his emotions well and didn't humiliate Casper straightforwardly.

“Sure.”

Casper didn't get angry because the professor declined his request politely. As such, he took a step back to make way for the professor.

Colton said, “I'm good at multitasking. I can take notes during lectures while looking at something else. On the contrary, what can you remember with the limited capacity of your brain?”

Although Felix wasn't sure how to refute Colton, he had to save himself from embarrassment. As such, he thumped the bed rail and yelled, “Well, tell me what the lecturer said about making a fortune?”

Colton chuckled in disdain. A few seconds later, he

cleered his throat and replied, "Sure, I'll tell you. Do you know how did the 2008 financial crisis occur? Initially, some capitalists and speculators wished to make a fortune through subprime mortgages by obtaining huge profits from their contracts with banks and insurance. In the end, none of them managed to make money, thus leading to the financial crisis."

After listening to it, Felix asked, "Is the financial crisis that simple?"

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“Well, since there are so many lecturers in Business University, I can ask Giselle if she knows any accomplished professors of economics.”



When Casper called Giselle, they exchanged sweet nothings for a while and promised to have a date at night. After that, Casper asked if she knew any accomplished professors of economics in Business University.”

“Prof. Sullivan! He's a nationally acclaimed professor and will go overseas to give several talks every year,” Giselle answered without hesitation.

Casper let out a bitter laugh, for the lecturer he met just now was none other than Prof. Sullivan. “I attended his class this morning, but he didn't want to talk to me...”

“I see. Many people said to me that Prof. Sullivan is a snob. I didn't believe them back then and thought he was a nice guy. Now that you said so, I guess he is only good at acting.”

Casper added, “Exactly. After all, my Gigi is probably the only one who isn't obsessed with fame and fortune like the mediocrities.”

“You're annoying!” Giselle pretended to grunt, “Anyway, another lecturer just came to my mind. He used to be famous but hasn't been selected as a professor, for he's tactless and offended many people.”

Casper immediately asked, “Who is he?”

“His name is Wyatt Lane. Many think that he is a weirdo who doesn't like to be restrained. However, he's knowledgeable about economics. There was a time when he published an academic paper and instantly caused an uproar.”

Giselle only knew that the university provided a house for him. As such, Casper decided to visit him based

on the information Giselle provided.

The bell rang when Casper knocked on the door.

As soon as the door was opened, Casper was greeted by a foul smell. Judging from Wyatt's outlook, Casper guessed he probably hadn't washed his hair for at least two months. Casper also noticed that his face was unshaven and looked dirty.

It was the first time Casper thought those who judged him by his appearance were reasonable to a certain extent. After all, even Casper found it hard to believe that the man was a lecturer.

“Who are you?”

Wyatt rubbed his nose and didn't care if someone was standing in front of him.

After the professor left, Casper heaved a sigh while carrying his bag. He was dissatisfied because he had many unanswered questions.

“He's too carefree, isn't he?” Casper murmured to himself in a low voice. Nonetheless, he still bowed politely and said, “I'm Casper Simpson, a student at Business University. I wish to ask you a few questions.”

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Wyatt turned around to glance at his house. Perhaps thinking that it wasn't a suitable place to welcome a guest, he said, “I see. What are your questions? If your questions are simple, I'll stand here and answer

them right away.”

Instantly, Casper had a good impression of Wyatt, for he was not a snob like Prof. Sullivan.

Casper began to tell Wyatt the questions that he had pondered over last night. However, when he was only halfway, Wyatt picked his nose and interrupted, “Wait a second. Do you know that some of your questions are unrealistic? Your questions are neither about observing the market objectively nor making money subjectively. I mean, you'll only be qualified and have the right to think about solving the problems when you have tens of billions.”

Gazing at Wyatt, Casper could see the bewilderment in his eyes.

“Mr. Lane, let's assume that I have the money. How should I solve the problems?” Casper dwelled on it.

Wyatt shook his head and responded, "It's not difficult to make a fortune by joining the finance sector. However, one must always keep his feet on the ground. Thinking too highly of yourself will only bring you harm. So, I would advise you to be cautious."

Wyatt advised Casper out of sincerity, but Casper was determined to ask his questions. As such, Wyatt put his hands behind his back and began to share his opinion. Meanwhile, Casper immediately took out his notebook to jot down the points.

Although Wyatt looked disheveled, he was top-notch in his field. Apart from quoting many prominent economic theories effortlessly, his views were very unique and bold. As Wyatt finally finished, Casper had already used three sheets of paper to jot down his points.

“Mr. Lane, are you thirsty? Let me get you a bottle of water.” Casper was touched, for Wyatt spent about half an hour answering his questions whole-heartedly.

Before Casper moved, Wyatt held his shoulder and gazed at him. “I think you're frugal. You don't have to spend the money on that. Anyway, learning new things is good for you, because I can tell that you still haven't grasped the basic knowledge. Also, you should play games less and read more. That'll be all. I'm a bit sleepy now.”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 234



With that, Wyatt closed his door and went to his bed.

“What a weirdo.”

Casper smiled before he left the house. However, as Casper was leaving, he saw two tall and sturdy guys coming closer. Also, he felt that they were ferocious and didn't look like students here.

As Casper glanced at the two guys, one of them glared and yelled, “Piss off.”

Casper thought about teaching them a lesson but held in his anger. Instead, he pretended to leave but

followed them.

The two guys walked cockily around the university as though they were students. Casper followed them until they stopped at the accommodation area for lecturers.

“Are they planning to do something to the lecturers?”

As Casper was deep in thought, he rolled up a book and prepared himself to act anytime. Meanwhile, the two guys made a phone call to confirm that the one they were looking for was here.

After confirming that their target was here, they put down the phone and knocked on the door.

Casper was shocked because they knocked on Wyatt's door. Deep down, he thought to himself that the chance to repay Wyatt's favor arrived so soon.

Wyatt opened the door and poked his head out. Feeling that they were probably bad guys, he wanted to close the door. Unfortunately, it was too late, for they pushed him to the floor effortlessly. Wyatt, who was nothing but a lecturer, was no match for the two sturdy guys. Casper guessed they would beat the hell out of him later.

Within seconds, Casper came up to the mobs from behind and hit their heads with his cone-shaped book. The next moment, Casper threw kicks at their waists, and both of them kneeled in pain.

“Boy, you have to run!” Wyatt was still lying on the floor and wailing. Since his house was dimly lit, he wasn't aware that Casper already took down the gangsters. As such, he asked Casper to escape when he saw Casper coming over.



Much to his surprise, Casper replied smilingly, "I'm alright. Mr. Lane, as you can see, they've also collapsed."

Casper kicked them at their butts, pushing them into the house. After that, he stepped on one of the men's chests and said, "You're so stupid, yet you have the guts to abduct someone in the university? Mr. Lane, we should call the police right away."

However, Wyatt immediately waved his hand and replied, "Don't call the police. I think I know who they are."

With that, Wyatt closed his door and went to his bed.

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“Did you guys look for me because of my father?”

Meanwhile, Wyatt sat against the wall after the two men pushed him to the floor. “Well, you got the wrong guy. Why would you abduct his youngest son, who is insignificant to him?”

“Hey, my lecturer is talking to you!”

Since the two men fell silent, Casper stepped on one of their bodies harder. While the man wailed in pain, his partner was frightened and held his hand up apologetically. “It's foolish of us to have offended you. It's our fault. However, we only followed orders and failed this time. Please let us go and don't ask questions.”

Casper chuckled. “Do you think you're doing a

respectable job? Why must I let you go?”

“I think I know why they are here today. After all, my family background is complicated. Please don't make it difficult for them, for I can't cope with the sight of blood.”

The two men were relieved because Wyatt seemingly wanted to let them go. However, Wyatt added, “Let me blindfold myself before you do something to them. If you need something sharp, you can get a fruit knife from the kitchen. Besides, there is also a pair of gloves. Wear it before you act, and you won't leave any fingerprints.”

Casper's eyes twitched. Mr. Lane is ferocious!

“Damn it. Mr. Lane, you win! We're here because of your father. We intended to abduct you as a warning to him.”

After they finally confessed, Wyatt heaved a sigh and said, "You are so stupid. Do you think you can force him to forgo those bottles by abducting me?"

Unfortunately, he values them more than the lives of his family members. Go back and tell your boss to stop making trouble for me."

Upon listening to their conversation, Casper asked coldly, "Which gang are you from?"

Before they could answer, Wyatt pointed at them and said, "Many gangs go against my father. Nonetheless, I believe they are from the Dragon and Tiger Gang. You can remove their clothes to look for their tattoos. They are undoubtedly from the Dragon and Tiger Gang if there are tattoos of a dragon and a tiger on their backs."

Casper turned one of them around and confirmed that

there were tattoos of a dragon and a tiger.

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As Casper was curious about why Wyatt knew all these, Wyatt began to grumble, “Don't you think it's funny that they apply tattoos on their skin as a symbol? I mean, are they trying to make it easier for others to identify them once they get caught? What's the point of having them? What a time-consuming and useless act!”

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Meanwhile, Casper blushed as he recalled that his friends from the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce also had a tattoo of a wolf's head each. “Is it the rule in their gang? I mean, such a rule serves like a corporate culture that nurtures the spirit of the gang among their members.”

“What kind of a spirit do gangsters have? They become gangsters only for money and social status. To achieve these, they can betray their gangs anytime. When that happens, will you believe that the symbols can persuade them to stay? If the symbols work, why don't they have a tattoo of Je\*us to remind them to be loyal?”

The two men answered right after Wyatt finished, “I did plan to have such a tattoo. However, my back is already full of tattoos, and I feel that having a tattoo on my chest doesn't look good. Anyway, I've planned to apply the tattoo on my arm.”

Casper was rendered speechless. Are you guys here to chat? The next moment, he hit them at their necks to knock them out.

Wyatt shifted his gaze toward Casper and commended, “Boy, I didn't think that you're good at martial arts. You're not bad.”

“I'm just a student. On the contrary, you're an outstanding man,” Casper replied thoughtfully.

Wyatt let out a bitter smile. “I'm not outstanding. Being born in such a family, I've no choice but to learn about all this.”

Then, Wyatt stood up and grabbed the phone on his table. Nonetheless, he thought for a while and decided not to make a phone call.

“Are you thinking of giving your dad a call to remind him that someone is going to scheme against him?” Casper could tell what was on his mind.

Wyatt nodded in response. “I'm not sure if I should make the call. Since I was a boy, I could overcome almost all problems by myself. However, the only thing that troubles me is the way to get along with my dad. Have you ever heard of a quote by Leo Tolstoy in *Anna Karenina*—“Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its way”?”

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born in such a family, I've no choice but to learn about all this.”

Then, Wyatt stood up and grabbed the phone on his table. Nonetheless, he thought for a while and decided not to make a phone call.

“Are you thinking of giving your dad a call to remind him that someone is going to scheme against him?” Caspar could tell what was on his mind.

Wyatt nodded in response. “I'm not sure if I should make the call. Since I was a boy, I could overcome almost all problems by myself. However, the only thing that troubles me is the way to get along with my dad. Have you ever heard of a quote by Leo Tolstoy in Anna Karenina—”Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its way”?”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 235

Casper unknowingly thought about Amelia upon hearing that. The quote reflected the reality well, for Amelia had a mother and a brother who were ruthless.

Realizing that he strayed too far from the subject of their conversation, Wyatt coughed slightly and said, “Anyway, I've to thank you for rescuing me today. May I know your name?”

“Casper Simpson!”

“Casper or Gaspar?”

“Casper. Casper Simpson!”

“What a nice name. Well, can you do me a favor?”

Wyatt continued.

“Please say it. I'll do my best.”

Wyatt patted Casper's shoulder smilingly. “You're a nice guy. I mean, you've agreed to my request before knowing what it is about. Apart from helping you in your studies, I can only give you some money as a token of appreciation.”

With that, he took out a gorgeous and high-quality pendant from his pocket. “I think this jade is worth fifty to sixty thousand, but I don't need it. Hand over the two men to my dad and tell him everything about what happened. It is perhaps the best way to warn him about the dangers ahead.”

Since Wyatt didn't even blink his eyes when he took out the expensive jade, Casper guessed he had a well-off family background.

Casper pushed it back to Wyatt and replied, “Mr. Lane, you underestimated me. I don't need this jade, for it means nothing to me. On the contrary, I'll be delighted if you can answer a few more questions from me.”

After scanning Casper for a while, Wyatt felt that he wasn't lying. “It seems that I have made a wrong judgment about you. My dad always tells me that it's easy to identify good stuff but difficult to see through a person. From now on, feel free to come and see me should you have any questions.”

Later, Wyatt wrote two phone numbers on Casper's notebook and said, “This is my number while that is my dad's number. Give him a call and tell him that you



got two men from the Dragon and Tiger Gang. He will then send his subordinates to pick you up. If he refuses, tell him it was me who asked you to make the call.”

Meanwhile, Casper's heart skipped a beat once he saw the phone number of Wyatt's dad. “It's him!”

When Casper met Tony in Victoria's Chamber, he gave Casper his name card. The phone number on it was the same as the number that Wyatt gave him now.

Cesper unknowingly thought about Amelie upon hearing that. The quote reflected the reality well, for Amelie had a mother and a brother who were ruthless.

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When Casper met Tony in Victorio's Chamber, he gave Casper his name card. The phone number on it was the same as the number that Wyatt gave him now.

What a coincidence.

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Casper remained composed and didn't tell Wyatt that he knew Tony. Shortly after, he carried the two men out of Wyatt's house.

Given that the area was secluded, no one saw Casper carrying two sturdy men as he walked. If someone recorded the bizarre scene, the video would be more popular than the one about Kitty fighting Charlie yesterday.



Once Casper arrived at the three-meter-high wall of the university, he threw both men over it.

“Argh! My legs!”

“Argh! You're on top of me!”

The men instantly wailed in pain outside the wall. After shaking his head annoyedly, Casper jumped over the high wall effortlessly.

The gangsters from the Dragon and Tiger Gang curled themselves up and rolled around in pain. Since they were disrupting the peace, Casper knocked them down and called Tony.

“Hello, is that Tony? I'm Casper, the one who spotted the antique forgery on that day.”

“Oh, Casper. How may I help you?” Tony asked

politely.

“I've caught two small potatoes from the Dragon and Tiger Gang. It appears that their presence has something to do with you. So, I wonder if you have some information about it.”

“Dragon and Tiger Gang... Casper, where are you now? I'll ask my subordinates to pick you up right away.”

Casper stayed still after giving Tony his location. Then, he sat on the two men and began reading the answers given by Wyatt just now.

After reading the notes for a while, Casper was surprised that Wyatt's answers had solved many of his doubts.

“It seems that there are extra obstacles in my future

journey.” Casper was lost in thought after closing the notebook.

“Alfred, is it why you wanted me to be here? I get it!”

Despite the obstacles, Casper never thought of giving up and was determined to overcome all of them.

Tony's subordinates arrived in two cars within half an hour. They respectfully picked up Casper in one car and put the gangsters in the next one.

“You must be Mr. Simpson!”

Two strong and seemingly competent men in casual wear hopped out and greeted Casper.

“Yes, I am. Are you Mr. Lane's subordinates?”

After greeting each other, Casper finally stood up and

let them put the gangsters into their car.

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“Sorry to keep you waiting. Please get in. Mr. Lane is waiting for you at his house. Also, he purposely instructed us to prepare lunch to welcome you.”

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Given that the man was polite, Casper grinned and replied before hopping in, “That is very nice of you.”

“Is Mr. Simpson a student at Business University?”

The man asked casually after starting the engine.

Casper nodded and said, "Yes. Otherwise, I won't be waiting for you here."

The man didn't speak but only focused on driving. Not long after that, they came to a residential area on the outskirts, where several mansions were here. Casper glanced around and felt that the scenery here was indeed beautiful.

"Mr. Simpson, I wonder how Wyatt is doing now?"

Casper was startled when the man who drove asked all of a sudden. After observing his face, Casper realized that he looked like Wyatt to a certain extent.

"Are you Mr. Lane's brother?" Casper was surprised to find out that Tony's son was that low-profile. After all, Casper thought he was a subordinate all the while.

“Yes, I'm his elder brother, Winston,” Winston replied smilingly, “Since my brother doesn't get along with my dad, he stays in the university and doesn't come back. I thought my brother was probably threatened by the Dragon and Tiger Gang because you brought two of their thugs from Business University.”

Casper murmured a response and said, “Mr. Lane wasn't hurt. After all, the two gangsters were too stupid.”

Winston nodded. “Dragon and Tiger Gang is just a rabble. However, I'm afraid there are other agendas behind this incident.”

As Winston spoke, he observed Casper's facial expression from the rearview mirror. Given that Casper didn't look impatient, he continued, “May I know how Wyatt is in the university?”

“He's doing great. I mean, he is one of the most outstanding figures in the field of economics at the university,” Casper lied without blinking an eye.

Winston said delightedly, “Really? That's good news. My brother has been smart since he was a boy. To be exact, he is the smartest among all the siblings, for he can learn anything by merely glancing at it once. He's not like me because I always resort to brute force.”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 236



Winston was complimenting his brother when he suddenly changed the topic. “It's too bad that the better he's doing there, the angrier Father is at him. He's the one who's most suitable at handling the antique business, but he's not the tiniest bit interested

in antiques at all.”

Casper narrowed his eyes slightly. The Lanes are really something. Not only is Mr. Lane talented and intelligent, but Winston is also humble and polite. I've only met him for less than half an hour but he sounds so genuine when he talks. He's the oldest son of the Lanes but he's not arrogant at all!

The Lanes were definitely not ordinary people. One would just have to look at the people in a family to determine if they were strong. Casper could tell that they were a powerful family judging by Winston's attitude.

“Mr. Simpson? Mr. Simpson, are you listening?”

Winston's voice brought him back to reality and he scratched his head while saying, “Please don't call me Mr. Simpson, Winston. You're much older than me

and you're also the Lane family's oldest son.”

“You're worrying too much. My father has been praising you since he came back from Victoria's Chamber. He said that you're very knowledgeable ever since you're young and he wanted us to learn from you. How could I not properly address you when he treats you as his good friend?”

Casper didn't know how he should answer. Mr. Lane is sure zealous.

They drove into a manor and stopped in front of the mansion.

There were a few servants who came forward to Casper the moment he got down from the car. “This way please, Mr. Simpson. Mr. Lane is waiting for you in the dining hall.”

They treated him like a king. Feeling embarrassed, he told them that he could make his way there on his own.

He studied the interior of the Lane family mansion as he walked. Even though the land wasn't expensive in the suburbs, the decorations in the building must have cost at least ten million. Besides, they were also involved in the antique industry, and hence there had to be a lot of treasures hidden in the mansion.

Casper followed the servants down the corridor and into a dining hall. Plates of dishes were arranged on the table and Tony was waiting for him with a smile on his face.

“You're finally here, Casper. You must be hungry after your journey here, right? Let's eat first. We'll talk after our meal.”



The latter invited him to take his seat and instructed his servants, "Go call the others so that I can introduce them to Casper."

Casper knew that the rich followed a lot of etiquette rules so he sat quietly while waiting for the rest of the Lanes to arrive. Tony smiled. "You don't have to be so cautious with what you do at my place. I know that youngsters aren't fond of pointless formalities. You don't have to be so tense."

Winston was complimenting his brother when he suddenly changed the topic. "It's too bad that the better he's doing there, the angrier Fether is at him. He's the one who's most suitable at handling the antique business, but he's not the tiniest bit interested in antiques at all."

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A few moments later, a few people who looked just a few years older than Casper walked in. They must be Mr. Lane's children.

Since Winston was the oldest, he started to introduce his siblings. Tony had four sons and two daughters in total, including Wyatt. All of them were polite and it showed that the Lanes had taught them well.

While their family was polite, the same couldn't be said for the rest. The wives of Tony's second and third

sons were disdainful after they saw what Casper was wearing.

Everyone took their seats and Winston whispered after sitting down beside him, “My sisters-in-law are from rich families. Please forgive them for their arrogant attitude.”

Casper nodded to let him know that it was okay. Besides, he was quite fond of Tony, so he wouldn't have gotten angry in front of him.

“It's too bad that none of my children are as accomplished as Casper,” Tony sighed suddenly.

His children instantly lowered their heads in shame at his words.

“I finally had a promising child but he just had to anger me. He would always go against me no matter what.”

He was obviously talking about Wyatt from Business University and it seemed like he valued his son a lot.

“It seems I've embarrassed myself in front of Casper. Let's just start eating. Sigh... The times have changed. There used to be a rule where we wouldn't talk while eating in this household. Now, even I find the rule troublesome, so I have abolished this rule.” Tony smiled bitterly as he picked up his cutlery. Only then did the others dare to start eating.

“Rules are fixed but people are not. The point of not talking while eating is to develop good habits. To me, it seems like everyone from the Lane family is respectable and polite. This shows that even without this rule, you have all achieved the original purpose of establishing the rules.”

Tony laughed at that. Anyone would be happy when praised. After sipping on his glass of wine, he said,

“It's fun to chat with you, Casper. Judging by your sitting posture and your etiquette before the meal, you must be from a rich family too, right?”

Casper was slightly shocked but was relieved that he had only mentioned it instead of asking more questions.

The former chuckled upon hearing that. This old man seems pretty easy going, so why is there a conflict between him and his youngest son?

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Her husband quickly gestured for her to shut up. Tony looked unhappy after hearing what she said but stayed silent.

“Casper, you're studying at Business University. Do you speak to my youngest son frequently?” he asked.

“To be honest, I just met with Mr. Lane earlier today. I had some questions for him, and he's quite famous when it comes to economics,” Casper answered.

Tony stared at the glass of wine before him and he sounded joyful as he said, “That brat. He actually has people calling him Mr. Lane. That must mean he's putting his talents to use.”

He started to chat away at the mention of his youngest son. Casper noticed that the father and son

actually had quite a good relationship and were unlike fire and ice, like how Wyatt had described them to be. He also realized that the only other time he had seen the look in the former's eyes was when he was examining the authenticity of the antiques.

“How old do you think my son is, Casper?”

“He should be about thirty. He wore a beard when I met him and he looked quite old,” he replied after giving it some thought.

Tony shook his head. “He's only twenty-five, just a few years older than you. He never cares for his appearance and people would always assume that he's older than his actual age. He had graduated from university when he was nineteen and went abroad to study for his PhD. After that, he became a lecturer at Business University. He was a child prodigy and had an IQ of 160 when he got it tested when he was

younger. Everyone was talking about how we had a genius in the house and that the Lane family finally had an heir. Yet God had only given him the brains.”

He became more emotional as he spoke and Winston quickly reminded him, “Calm down, Father. You're going to fall sick!”

Tony glared at him and said, “Have you been watching too much drama? Do you really think that older people have such weak bodies? That we'll get a stroke or a heart attack when we're angry? You've got to change your perceptions and attitude. You're very thoughtful and would have backup plans for everything. However, the fact is that you're just not shrewd enough nor good at strategizing. If only you had thirty percent of your brother's capabilities, I could have retired and lived in peace.”

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have retired and lived in peace.”

“A rich family? Him?” the second son's wife uttered,  
“The clothes he's wearing right now don't even cost a hundred. Which rich family is he from that's so stingy?”

Her husband quickly gestured for her to shut up. Tony looked unhappy after hearing what she said but stayed silent.

“Caspar, you're studying at Business University. Do you speak to my youngest son frequently?” he asked.

“To be honest, I just met with Mr. Lana earlier today. I had some questions for him, and he's quite famous when it comes to economics,” Caspar answered.

Tony stared at the glass of wine before him and he

soundad joyful as ha said, “That brat. Ha actually has paopla calling him Mr. Lana. That must maan ha's putting his talants to usa.”

Ha startad to chat away at tha mantion of his youngast son. Caspar noticad that tha fathar and son actually had quita a good ralationship and wara unlika fira and ica, lika how Wyatt had dascribad tham to ba. Ha also raalizad that tha only othar tima ha had saan tha look in tha formar's ayas was whan ha was axamining tha authanticity of tha antiquas.

“How old do you think my son is, Caspar?”

“Ha should ba about thirty. Ha wora a baard whan I mat him and ha lookad quita old,” ha rapliad aftar giving it soma thought.

Tony shook his haad. “Ha's only twanty-fiva, just a faw yaars oldar than you. Ha navar caras for his

appaaranca and paopla would always assume that ha's older than his actual age. Ha had graduated from university when ha was nineteen and went abroad to study for his PhD. After that, ha became a lecturer at Business University. Ha was a child prodigy and had an IQ of 160 when he got it tested when he was younger. Everyone was talking about how he had a genius in the house and that the Lana family finally had an heir. Yet God had only given him the brains."

Ha became more emotional as he spoke and Winston quickly reminded him, "Calm down, Father. You're going to fall sick!"

Tony glared at him and said, "Have you been watching too much drama? Do you really think that older people have such weak bodies? That we'll get a stroke or a heart attack when we're angry? You've got to change your perceptions and attitude. You're very thoughtful and would have backup plans for

avarything. Howavar, tha fact is that you'ra just not shrawd enough nor good at stratagizing. If only you had thirty parcant of your brothar's capabilities, I could hava ratirad and livad in paaca.”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 237

Casper couldn't help but feel amused at his words. He thought that he was about to encounter some kind of classic internal conflict within rich families, but had almost spat out his food when he heard Tony saying, “Have you been watching too much drama?”

“This old man is quite forward-thinking,” he mumbled to himself as he shoved food into his mouth.

It wasn't his place to say anything at that moment. Although it was a little awkward, it wasn't a big deal for someone as shameless as him.

“I'm sorry that you have to see this. My children are all good-for-nothings. I'll show you my collection once we're done eating and we'll talk about the Dragon and Tiger Gang too.”

“Alright. It must be my lucky day today for I'm able to see your collection,” Casper replied with a nod.

Tony's children left after the meal and as the servants came to collect the dirty dishes, he sighed. “Do you think I was wrong to form a temporary alliance with other families in exchange for my sons' happiness? It used to be such a normal thing in the past but it seems like it's an absurd thing to do now.”

“I think it's fine. Your daughters-in-law are quite beautiful too,” Casper said as he scratched his head.

The older man's expression was odd and he didn't know what to say. I asked about my family's problem but you're telling me that my daughters-in-law are beautiful?

“Let's just go take a look at my collection.” He began to lead the way to the second floor.

As they went up the stairs, Tony pointed at the paintings hung on the wall and said, “Our family had collected countless antiques in the many years we have been developing and growing. Out of the many foreign antiques we have, these paintings are the only ones my son had bought in an auction. He told me that the works of the top foreign masters are as valuable as our country's national treasures. So I told him, 'Why are you stating the obvious? Which country



wouldn't have their own national treasures when history existed? These are the essence of a country's culture.'“

Casper stared at one of the paintings for a moment. He realized that it was authentic and it would cost at least ten million.

Then, the former continued, “Later on, I told them to stop getting these and collect the treasures we left abroad instead if they wanted to. In the antique industry, the profits are too high and you have to have a great understanding for the industry to be able to do well. An ordinary antique shop might be able to do very well even if they had just opened. Well, that being said, money isn't really something that our family needs to work for now.”

The latter's eyes brightened with amusement and he knew that Tony wasn't exaggerating at all. The

Lingham family were the richest in Horington, valued at about three billion. However, these statistical data were estimated based on the market value of listed companies on NASDAQ.

Under normal circumstances, a company wouldn't be seen as a competition if it wasn't listed. But there was an exception for one of the industries, which was the antique industry under the Lanes. They may only have two listed auction houses, and it may seem like their properties were only worth two hundred million, but the worth of the antique properties that they owned were not calculated. If they had actually done that, the Lingham family were nothing compared to them.

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Thousands of people's careers and livelihoods were affected by the Lingham Hotel under the Lingham Group. As the corporation that had contributed to most of Horington's GDP, they indeed had the right to be the richest in Horington.

However, the Lanes were more powerful when it came to underground circles.

These weren't Casper's guesses as Victoria had told him about it. After he was done with the antique forgery the other day, he told the woman that there might be people stirring up trouble in the Antique Fair but she didn't pay it any mind.

He still couldn't stop worrying about it afterward, so he gave her a call. Yet, she replied calmly, "You haven't been long in Horington but you should know that those working underground aren't just rascals. The power of the family in the antique industry is just as unfathomable."

The huge profits earned by those in the antique industry would sometimes enrage even those in the finance industry. A painting or a porcelain vase could be sold for a price up to billions and an ordinary person would surely be dumbfounded to hear of it.

When Casper was younger, he watched an auction, “The Great View,” happen on TV. One of the paintings was done by the infamous Sanqi and it was auctioned off for 1.26 billion.

Back then, his grandfather had said as he shook his head, “Mr. Sanqi's works are priceless!” before turning to leave. Upon hearing that, the former turned and looked at the painting that was hanging on the living room wall, realizing that it was done by the same painter.

Later on, he asked his mentor, Harry Crane, if he could forge those kinds of paintings. Harry smiled, “How did you think your old man hired me? Your family may have a lot of money but I'm not interested in that. He promised to give me a chance to forge the painting, and that's why I agreed to become your mentor.”

“Have you succeeded, then?” Casper asked.

His mentor pursed his lips for a moment before answering, “Antiques can be forged because time has washed their essence away. But these top modern artworks are too difficult to forge. I might be able to do it if a few hundred years passed.”

Harry was someone with high expectations of himself. When he said that he couldn't forge something, he meant that the artwork he made wouldn't be able to fool everyone, though it was very easy to fool the experts. As long as the actual professionals didn't see it, no one would be caught. However, he would never allow himself to create such an artwork.

Casper shook his head to try to stop thinking about all the irrelevant thoughts. He followed Tony and arrived at a safe room on the second floor. There were two guards with cold expressions standing on each side of

the door.

Of course, due to the particularity of this line of business, the Lanes' economic impact was far inferior to that of the Lingham family. This was also their shortcoming.

“This is a part of our family's collection. Even though there isn't much in there, it's still the fruit of our labors. That's why we assigned people to guard this place,” Tony said.

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After getting his fingerprint and irises scanned, the metal door unlocked and swung open.

“I didn't allow it when they planned to do this originally. However, after losing one of the antiques in here, I felt the need to do so too.”

He opened the metal door that was as thick as the door of a bank vault, revealing the insides of the room. More than a hundred antiques were carefully arranged inside, with the paintings mounted on the walls and porcelain locked in glass cabinets. There were also some antiques with lower value piled up in a corner as there wasn't space for them anymore. Casper took a quick glance and instantly noticed a carving that cost millions.

“The Lanes are really something. These are only a part of their collection but they can already take down half of the Lingham family's stocks with these antiques alone.”

He did a simple estimation and found that the price of



the antiques in the vault surpassed 1.5 billion, and that was the lowest estimated price.

However, this was moderate when compared to his own family's collection.

Casper remained expressionless and was starting to miss home. Seeing the antiques in there made him think of the vault back at home.

Tony had been staring at him the moment they stepped foot inside. He had brought many people to look around previously and everyone had different reactions. Most of them had malicious intentions and they wanted to steal his treasures.

He wanted to see what kind of expression Casper wore but he had not expected him to be so indifferent.

“Does he have facial paralysis?” he mumbled to

himself as he furrowed his brows. The old man wanted to make sure that he wasn't acting but as he studied his eyes, Tony noticed that there wasn't a single hint of surprise in them.

What is going on? Does he not know the value of these things? If these things were to be auctioned off, the antique market in Horington would reach saturation in an instant. He's someone who studies finance so he should understand such a concept, shouldn't he?

He started to get suspicious. Even his youngest son, who was normally cold and indifferent, was stunned for a long time when he saw what was in the vault. Wyatt had also told him that this was the epitome of the abnormal antique market and it was the manifestation of the large gap between the rich and the poor. As a result, both of them started to quarrel.

“What do you think of my collection, Casper?”

Tony decided to take the initiative to gauge a reaction from Casper. He might be so shocked that his mind has stopped working.

“Oh... Wow! It's uh, it's rather... big?” the latter forced the words out through gritted teeth.

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Chapter 238



Tony couldn't help but suspect whether age was  
catching up with him. He scratched his ears to make  
sure that his hearing was fine.

“Rather... big?”

It was the first time Tony had heard such a comment.

It wasn't Casper's fault. After all, such a vault was small compared with what the Simpsons had. The items that the Simpsons had surpassed the Lanes' in terms of value and quantity. Besides, the Lanes' vault was nearly half as big as Simpson's smallest vault. Casper had to think for quite some time before he could come up with the compliment.

Although Tony was shocked to hear Casper's comment, he soon found a reason to console himself. Well, it's probably the way he reacts when he sees antiques, given that he's a connoisseur of antiques. If I exchange the antiques with gold and cash, I bet he will be astounded and kneel.

Meanwhile, Casper began to observe Tony's collection, which comprised of valuable treasures. He paid attention to the jade at the center of the vault, for it was likely a national treasure.

“This is amazing!” At that moment, Casper complimented genuinely. Deep down, he believed the item would be a national treasure if Tony could collect the other half of the jade.

Tony was delighted upon hearing it. “You're truly a connoisseur! This jade is one of my best treasures in the vault.”

Casper shook his head and replied, “Mr. Lane, you're too humble. How could it be merely the best treasure in your vault? I think it can be the best treasure in the city! Unfortunately, half of the jade is missing, or else...”

Tony waved his hand and added, “I'll feel sad whenever someone brings it up. After all, it's a humiliation to the Lanes. The biggest wish that the Lanes have now is to acquire the other half of the jade!”

Knowing that something happened in the past, Casper didn't dwell on it and exited the vault.

Tony asked shockingly, “Casper, don't you want to spend more time visiting the vault?”

“Isn't it enough to gaze at the jade?” Casper replied smilingly.

Tony was startled for a while before he commended, “I'm impressed by the experience and knowledge you have at such a young age.” With that, Tony sulkily asked his subordinate to close the vault. He initially wished to explain the stories about his treasures to Casper proudly, yet Casper was rather unimpressed.

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"Sure, let's settle the trivial matter."

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Tony led Casper to the basement in his mansion. Soon, they saw the two thugs of the Dragon and Tiger Gang, who were tied up. Judging from the wounds on their faces and bodies, Casper guessed that they probably suffered a lot.

“How's it going?” Tony asked.

One of his subordinates reported, “Mr. Lane, these two thugs were sent by the Dragon and Tiger Gang to abduct Mr. Wyatt. They hoped to threaten you not to participate in the Antique Fair!”

Tony frowned upon hearing it. “How could the Dragon and Tiger Gang possibly have the guts to do so? Why did they want to stop me from participating in the Antique Fair?”

“It's probably related to Victoria's Chamber. They

wanted to focus on dealing with Victoria during the Antique Fair and not messing with others. That was why they came up with the idea.”

Tony giggled furiously and replied, “Did they not want to mess with others? How dare they lay their fingers on my son? They must have a death wish!”

As Tony raised his voice, his bellow echoed the entire basement. Although Tony was usually easy-going, Casper thought he could be furious if someone messed with him.

“I guess the younger ones have forgotten about my way of doing things because I haven't gone out for quite some time! Get their person in charge! Within three hours, I want to see the gang leader kneeling before me!”

“Understood!” The well-trained Lanes' subordinates

prepared to execute Tony's order right away.

Meanwhile, Casper rested his chin on his hand as he gazed at them. He remembered Victoria used to say that the Lanes were the top gun of the underworld in Horington. As such, he was interested in finding out if the man who loved antiques was indeed an influential figure.

As the young master of the Simpsons, I've to be here anyway to find ways to make money...

After that, Tony and Casper visited the garden. What happened next was quicker than Casper thought. Two hours after receiving Tony's order, his subordinates returned and flung a middle-aged man with a swollen face to the ground.

“So, are you Samuel, the gang leader of the Snake and Cat Gang?” Tony asked sternly.



“It's Dragon and Tiger Gang... Ah!” Samuel shrieked in pain. Tony's subordinate stopped stepping on Samuel only after Tony instructed him to stop.

“Sure, let's settle the trivial matter.”

Tony led Casper to the basement in his mansion. Soon, they saw the two thugs of the Dragon and Tiger Gang, who were tied up. Judging from the wounds on their faces and bodies, Casper guessed that they probably suffered a lot.

“You can call my gang whatever you like. I beg you to let go of a nobody like me,” Samuel murmured.

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“Why didn't you think so when you planned to lay your

fingers on my son?” Samuel shivered upon hearing Tony's words. The next moment, he kneeled before Tony and kept kowtowing. “Someone forced me to do it! Please forgive me!”

The Dragon and Tiger Gang only had less than a hundred members. Hence, they dared to mess with the Lanes because they were either stupid or supported by someone powerful. However, Casper thought both were valid reasons.

“Who is that?”

“It's the Stalling family...” Samuel hesitated for a while but answered it in the end.

Tony frowned upon hearing it. “Stalling family? I've heard that Victoria is a member of the Stalling family. However, why would the Stalling family try so hard to suppress its family member?”

Casper squatted and stared at Samuel. “Has the Stalling family arrived?”

Samuel nodded and said, “Yes, many local gangs have received the invitation. The Stalling family promised to give us a lot of benefits on the condition that we have to make trouble during the Antique Fair.”

Casper's eyes twitched. “Are they stupid? Why on earth would they come up with such a plan?”

Nonetheless, Casper was also delighted because he would soon be able to acquire more territories and men.

He immediately said to Tony gratefully, “Thank you, Mr. Lane.”

Tony laughed heartily and replied, “Don't mention it.

After all, I hadn't thought about how to repay you for saving my son. So, since you like the gift, I'd be more than happy to give it to you!”

Then, he pointed at Samuel and said, “What are you going to do with the gang leader?”

Samuel was scared to death and begged, “Please don't kill me. I'm still useful!” He hugged Casper's legs and continued, “From now on, you'll be my boss, and I'll be your subordinate. Once I openly support you, all of the members of the Dragon and Tiger... the Snake and Cat Gang will obey you and won't say no to any of your requests!”

Casper pinched his chin as he pondered over it. After a while, he patted Samuel's shoulder and replied, “Alright. What's your name again? From now on, you'll be my subordinate.”

“Samuel Cook!”

“Samuel, I'll remember you!” Samuel forced a smile as Casper patted his shoulder again and smiled at him.

“You can call my gong whatever you like. I beg you to let go of nobody like me,” Samuel murmured.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 239



Samuel had never thought that the Dragon and Tiger Gang, of which he was at the helm for a few years, changed its name to the Snake and Cat Gang.

“Mr. Lane, what do you think about the Stallings’

plan?” Casper gazed at Tony and asked. Deep down, Casper wished to know how the top gun of Horington would respond to the provocation by one of the prominent families in Chanaea.

“Well, I'm more or less an influential figure in Horington. Although the Stalling family was powerful, I'm not afraid of it at all!” Tony answered determinedly.

“Samuel, is the Stalling family's point of contact still in Horington?”

Samuel was startled for a while before he realized that Casper's question was directed at himself.

“Yes, but I don't know where he is exactly...”

Meanwhile, Tony also tried to help me out. “The Stalling family has a few pharmacies and clinics in

Horington. However, those are commercial buildings with ordinary staff. So, I don't think there are any VIPs inside.”

“Well, do they have pharmaceutical factories?”

Casper asked.

“Investigate it!” Since Tony wasn't sure about it, he instantly instructed his subordinates to acquire more information.

Casper puffed out his cheeks as he was deep in thought. A moment later, he said to Tony, “Mr. Lane, after pondering over it, I suggest that you shouldn't join the Antique Fair.”

Tony was bewildered upon hearing it. “What do you mean? Are you belittling me? Do you think I'm a coward?”

“Not really. It's just that I find it unsafe to join the Antique Fair this time. After all, the Stalling family from Jazona specializes in... poison!”

The Stalling family became one of the prominent families in Chanaea due to its superb medical skills. Nevertheless, its poisoning skills were as perfect.

Poison was terrifying, for it was difficult for others to guard against it. After all, everyone could be easily affected by poison despite their physical strength.

After hearing Casper's advice, Tony sneered, “Why should I be afraid of poison? I'll attend it since I've said so. That is who I am. Since I have always loved antiques for my whole life, no one can stop me from finding the best antiques.”

Casper couldn't dissuade Tony from attending, given that Tony had made up his mind. Nonetheless, he

admired Tony for his courage deep down.

Casper called Stallion and Jeremy, for he wanted them to take over the territories of the Dragon and Tiger Gang.

When Stallion and Jeremy arrived at the Lanes' mansion, they were overwhelmed by the luxurious surroundings. Casper dragged them to the side and instructed, "Bring the man with a swollen face back. He was the gang leader of the Dragon and Tiger Gang but is now our subordinate. So, keep an eye on him, and take over all territories and members of the gang."

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Stallion asked shockingly, "Did you say the Dragon and Tiger Gang? Has it become ours now?"

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Casper nodded in response. "Yes, it is ours now."



Don't ask so many questions but do as I said.”

After Stallion and Jeremy brought Samuel to leave the mansion, Casper and Tony began strolling around the garden.

“Casper, I actually have a question.”

“Go ahead, Mr. Lane.”

“When we saw the enamel temple jar, I was fooled and believed that it was authentic. How did you know that it was an antique forgery made by Mr. Buck? Where did you learn the skills to identify antiques?”

Deep down, Casper felt that Tony's question was indeed sharp.

“I'm afraid you won't believe what I say. Anyway, let me be frank—I'm Harry Crane's apprentice.”

Casper shoved his hand off as he revealed it.

Nonetheless, Tony didn't believe what Casper said and even burst into laughter. Is Harry Crane, cancer in the antique industry and the legendary master in antique forgery, his master? How is it possible?

After a while, Tony gradually stopped laughing, for the possibility of it occurring started to dawn on him. After all, Casper's knowledge and skills in identifying antiques had proven his expertise.

“In that case, is Francis Buck your senior?” Tony asked.

Casper shook his head and replied, “We've never met. Mr. Crane coached me long after Francis left.”

Tony fell silent and didn't dwell on it. Given that

Casper had a lot of secrets, Tony thought he didn't have the necessity or right to ask questions.

His last name is Simpson...

As a thought suddenly flashed through his mind, Tony couldn't help but shiver. However, Tony soon denied his speculation, for he believed Casper couldn't possibly come from the hidden family.

As the night closed in, Casper thought he had to go home quickly. After all, he didn't want to be late because he would be dating Giselle later for the first time.

“Mr. Lane, please excuse me. I still have something on and have to get going now.”

With that, Casper declined Tony's invitation to dinner and was determined to leave. Tony had no choice but

to ask Winston to drive Casper back.

Casper squatted at the mansion entrance while waiting for Winston's car. Suddenly, Casper heard some footsteps approaching him.

Stallion asked shockingly, “Did you say the Dragon and Tiger Gang? Has it become ours now?”

“Who is this? Why are you squatting here?”

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The two daughters-in-law of Tony's had dressed nicely and were about to leave. Although they were going out to have fun, Casper was curious because he didn't see their husbands with them.

“It's the beggar we saw in the afternoon. Well, I wonder how he managed to gain Tony's attention...”

one of them mocked.

“Humph! All the beggars can do is to identify some antiques. I guess he will sell whatever assets he has to buy an antique to please Tony,” the other one chimed in.

Casper could somehow understand why Tony was upset. It's a tragedy to have the sharp-tongued daughters-in-law!

“You're right. I could please Mr. Lane because I'm sharp-eyed. In short, I can see through many things with only a glance.”

Then, Casper stood up and pretended to glance at the two ladies. “Nice clothes! Unfortunately, those who wear them are unworthy.”

Instantly, the two ladies were furious. “Who are

unworthy?”

Casper appeared confused as he replied, “Oh? Do you think I was referring to you?”

“You!”

The two ladies came from wealthy families and were rarely mocked by others. As such, they were exasperated but had no idea how to argue with Casper.

At that moment, Winston had arrived in his car and asked Casper to hop in. Casper made a face at them before he ran away.

“I'm sorry if my sisters-in-law offended you. I mean, they always behave rudely,” Winston apologized to Casper gentlemanly while driving.

“No worries. After all, I've encountered people who were a lot more ill-mannered.” Casper felt that Winston was humble and a down-to-earth man.

“Winston, may I ask why I only saw the two ladies? Is your wife not at home?” Casper asked curiously.

Casper recalled that he hadn't met Winston's wife even though he had dinner with the Lanes for a few days.

After a while, Winston replied calmly, “I'm still single.”

Casper was startled upon hearing it. Then, he stared at Winston, who was driving attentively, and continued, “May I know why?”

Although Winston looked young, Casper figured that he was almost forty years old. Given that Winston's younger brothers were all married, Casper thought it

was a little illogical for Winston to stay single. Moreover, even if Winston didn't want to rush it, Casper thought Tony would be worried about him.

“Well, there are no specific reasons. It's just that I haven't found my true love,” Winston responded casually.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 240



The atmosphere became a little awkward for Casper, who felt a chill run down his spine as he considered inquiring Winston about his sexual orientation.

Could he be gay?

Casper was in some perturbation before Winston continued, “As the eldest son in the Lanes, I've to follow my father around for authentications and



appraisals, but cannot for the life of me grasp the gist of it. I could only work hard in other areas, but overall, the results had been underwhelming in spite of my best efforts. And before I knew it, my two younger brothers had both grown and started families of their own while I remained alone.”

Winston's words roused a bit of sympathy from Casper who was similarly saddled with such expectations from birth to learn and excel in various aspects.

The only thing which set them apart was that one of them came away successful, whereas the other did not.

“I suppose that your father treats you all the same,” Casper said in consolation.

“Deep down, I'm aware that my youngest brother is

most favored. He's the brightest one between us, and also the one person best suited to lead our family into the future.”

Winston stopped his car before a traffic light and suddenly turned to Casper. “I'm older by a few years, but could we just address each other directly?”

Casper nodded in agreement. “Of course we can.”

“Could I make a request of you, Casper?”

“Ask, and I'd be sure to do my utmost.”

“Help me persuade my little brother to come back as our family needs him. I figured that it'll be much more convenient since you both are active within the same school, and with the trust Alfred has in you, I'd like to ask you for this favor.”

Casper gave that due consideration in view of Winston's tremendous sincerity. "I'll do what I can. Mr. Lane's sentiments are hard to grasp and he won't be easily persuaded, so I can only try to convey this message tactfully."

"That's good enough. Thank you so much! Just let me know should you be in need of anything in future," a delighted Winston said before he left Casper with a string of numbers which he was welcome to call at any time.

Casper stood outside the gates to Business University and exhaled while he watched Winston's car disappear into the distance, "Every family has its woes!"

As he was mumbling to himself, he felt a vibration in his own pocket. He fished out his phone and saw that it was a call from Giselle.

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Winston's words roused o bit of sympothy from Cosper who was similorly soddled with such expectotions from birth to leorn ond excel in vorious ospects.

The only thing which set them oport was that one of them come owoy successful, whereos the other did not.

“I suppose that your fother treots you oll the some,” Cosper soid in consolotion.

“Deep down, I'm owore that my youngest brother is



most favored. He's the brightest one between us, and also the one person best suited to lead our family into the future."

Winston stopped his car before a traffic light and suddenly turned to Cosper. "I'm older by a few years, but could we just address each other directly?"

Cosper nodded in agreement. "Of course we can."

"Could I make a request of you, Cosper?"

"Ask, and I'd be sure to do my utmost."

"Help me persuade my little brother to come back as our family needs him. I figured that it'll be much more convenient since you both are active within the same school, and with the trust Alfred has in you, I'd like to ask you for this favor."

Cosper gave that due consideration in view of Winston's tremendous sincerity. "I'll do what I can. Mr. Lone's sentiments are hard to grasp and he won't be easily persuaded, so I can only try to convey this message to the best of my ability."

"That's good enough. Thank you so much! Just let me know should you be in need of anything in the future," a delighted Winston said before he left Cosper with a string of numbers which he was welcome to call at any time.

Cosper stood outside the gates to Business University and exhaled while he watched Winston's car disappear into the distance, "Every family has its woes!"

As he was mumbling to himself, he felt a vibration in his own pocket. He fished out his phone and saw that it was a call from Giselle.

He was gripped by a sense of foreboding as he hastened through the gates, “Damn it! Forgot all about her!”

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Awaiting him was a flurry of fists and a round of berating from Giselle. He soaked it all up without complaint before he pacified her with a sumptuous meal prepared at her hostel.

By the time Casper left, it was almost an hour from midnight. He did not request to sleep over as he did not want to pressure her in this respect.

It was in his opinion that things would happen in due course and he wanted to trust the process.

Casper was humming a little tune as he made his way to the dorm where he ran into Felix and the others who had also just returned.

“Why are y'all back so late, and all covered in dirt? Been getting yourselves some action outdoors?” Casper joked.

Felix and Colton glanced at each other. “We've been working today. Breaking a sweat for some dough!”

Something's up!

Casper eyeballed Remy, who refrained from meeting his gaze and could only play along, “Yeah, it's tough, but not a bad deal for a surefire three hundred a day, with meals provided!”

“Three hundred a day plus meals? A job that rewarding? Is it still ongoing?” Casper said in

disbelief.

“Yeah, openings will be available these few days,” Felix replied without thinking before Colton dug an elbow into him. But it was too little, too late.

“Sweet. I guess I'll be tagging along tomorrow then!”

Casper's response took the trio aback. “You're literally swimming in moolah with Tycoon generating income in the tens of thousands every single day, and you want to work a gig with us?” said Felix.

“What about it? Isn't three hundred money all the same? So that settles it!” Casper retorted in earnest.

Casper left no chance for any protestations by slipping out for a shower, leaving the other three to regard one other in speechlessness.

Early next day when the first rays of dawn hit the earth, as Casper was already up and waiting for the others to take him to work, the exasperated Felix could only lead him outside to the gate where a van was parked. Next to it stood a portly man with cigarette in hand..

“Hurry it up. I'm not waiting around for stragglers.”

He scrutinized Casper's group before he burst into a scornful laugh, “Had to come crawling back to me in the end, eh, kiddo?”

Casper looked at the quietly seething Felix beside him and asked under his breath, “Now, would you tell me what happened yesterday?”

He was gripped by a sense of foreboding as he hastened through the gates, “Damn it! Forgot all about her!”

“This son-of-a-gun told us that we were going to get three hundred a day with meals provided, but only tossed us ninety after we've all busted our asses, saying that he had to deduct two hundred as it was our first day, and another ten for the food.”

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“I see.” Casper then went up and leaned into the portly man's ear. “Would you give us a chance if we want to take up the job today?”

The chunker responded by fingering a row of students queuing to their side. “Register yourselves, then get in the car!”

He was naturally happy for more to sign up as he would be compensated by the headcount.

After jotting down his own details on the notebook, Casper noticed that all the man had for transportation was that one miserable van with which to pack in the twenty odd people alongside the clothing and equipment already on board.

“Did y'all squeeze into this yesterday?” Casper sounded almost enraged.

“Yeah. All the way there.” Felix affirmed with a nod.

“What's going to become of the people who tries to get in?” In Casper's esteem, nothing good could come of packing twenty persons into a space already too tight for six.

“Why don't we do it this way: You give me the



address, and my friends and I would make our own way there,” Casper whispered.

The portly man's lips curled into a smirk. “Sure, but remember that you'll only going to get paid if and when you show up.”

He then saw past Casper before he proceeded to herd the others into the van, and that was when the latter distinctively heard him the man mutter “idiot” under his breath.

Screw you, \*sshat.

Casper almost cussed aloud but managed to rein himself in in time. He noted the name “Vamanos Manpower” on the back of the man's shirt and turned his back to make two calls.

“Are we really going for it? Felix asked as he watched

the man's van depart.

“Heck yeah we are. Keep your eyes peeled 'cause I'm going to put on a show for you later!” Casper said under gritted teeth.

This was a manpower company which bullied and exploited poor students from the Business University who lacked real-world experience and the ability to fight back, using them as cheap labor and cutting back on their remuneration while making off with the lucrative commissions.

This was the modern interpretation of what was previously known as feudalism.

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“I see.” Caspar then went up and leaned into the portly man's ear. “Would you give us a chance if we want to take up the job today?”

The chunker responded by fingering a row of students quailing to their side. “Register yourselves, then get in

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