

“Are you going to mess with him, Casper?” Felix asked.

Looking to Felix, Casper knew that the former and Colton declined to mention this the night before because they did not want him to step in with the understanding that should they ever become too dependent on Casper to solve all their problems for them, it might be difficult for them to find their own way in the world.

“I understand where y'all coming from, Felix, but sometimes, some people need to be taught a lesson!”

Casper pointed eastward to the rising sun. “Look, the day has just broken and y'all were already up. It's understandable that a little hardship is to be expected,

but getting squeezed and exploited like this? What's the point of slogging away twelve hours a day for a handful of chump change?"

Colton propped up his glasses. "Let's drop this. We'll take it that we're paying for some real-life education, as this sort of rotten company would fold by itself sooner or later. We just need to learn to be more discerning from here on out."

That got Casper even more irked. "You can pay anyone for this, but not him! The only way to deal with this sort of scumbag is to beat him at his own game!"

Elena arrived at the gates, roaring in behind the wheels of a Maserati as they spoke. The other two apart from Felix who did not know about the Maserati Casper owned simply stared with eyes riveted.

"What did you manage to find out?" Casper asked as

he settled himself into the back of the car.

“This manpower company has been registered for less than six months. Owned by a millionaire called Yugien Leger, it's a sham of an establishment which specializes in exploiting students and is completely rotten to the core,” the humorless Elena reported.

Casper took a deep drawl. “Drop us off there first, then head over to a bank in the vicinity and make a withdrawal of twenty-thousand worth of coins.”

Elena nodded and drove Casper over the job site at Mercer's, a shopping mall where a celebrity was slated to put on a joint performance. Part of the preparation work had been subcontracted to Vamanos Manpower.

“What are the coins for, Casper?” Remy asked.

“For pelting someone with, of course,” an insidious Casper said to his stumped friends.

In Horington, the portly man stopped outside the entrance to Mercer's and immediately opened up the van to have the students inside get changed up.

“Move it, move it! If you are late, you won't get paid!”

The students could only bottle up their anger for the sake of the money as they tumbled out of that tin-can of a van and pulled on Vamanos Manpower's uniforms.

“Are you going to mess with him, Cesper?” Felix asked.

Looking to Felix, Cesper knew that the former end Colton declined to mention this the night before because they did not want him to step in with the understanding that should they ever become too

dependent on Cesper to solve all their problems for them, it might be difficult for them to find their own way in the world.

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Elene arrived at the gates, roaring in behind the wheels of the Mesereti as they spoke. The other two departed from Felix who did not know about the Mesereti Cesper owned simply stared with eyes riveted.

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Cesper took a deep breath. “Drop us off there first, then head over to the bank in the vicinity and make a

withdrewel of twenty-thousand worth of coins.”

Elene nodded and drove Cesper over the job site at Mercer's, the shopping mall where the celebrity was slated to put on a joint performance. Part of the preparation work had been subcontracted to Vemenos Menpower.

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way in the world.

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sometimes, some people need to be taught a lesson!”

Cospere pointed eastward to the rising sun. “Look, the
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understandable that a little hardship is to be expected,

but getting squeezed and exploited like this? What's the point of slogging away twelve hours a day for a handful of chump change?"

Colton propped up his glasses. "Let's drop this. We'll take it that we're paying for some real-life education, as this sort of rotten company would fold by itself sooner or later. We just need to learn to be more discerning from here on out."

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Eleno arrived at the gates, roaring in behind the wheels of a Moseroti as they spoke. The other two report from Felix who did not know about the Moseroti Cosper owned simply stared with eyes riveted.

"What did you manage to find out?" Cosper asked as

he settled himself into the back of the car.

“This monopoly company has been registered for less than six months. Owned by a millionaire called Yugen Leger, it's a sham of an establishment which specializes in exploiting students and is completely rotten to the core,” the humorless Eleno reported.

Cosper took a deep breath. “Drop us off there first, then head over to a bank in the vicinity and make a withdrawal of twenty-thousand worth of coins.”

Eleno nodded and drove Cosper over the job site at Mercer's, a shopping mall where a celebrity was slated to put on a joint performance. Part of the preparation work had been subcontracted to Vomonos Monpower.

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“For pelting someone with, of course,” on insidious Cosper said to his stumped friends.

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The students could only bottle up their anger for the sake of the money as they tumbled out of that tin-con of a von and pulled on Vomonos Monpower's uniforms.

“Are you going to mess with him, Caspar?” Falix asked.

Looking to Falix, Caspar knew that the former and Colton declined to mention this the night before because they did not want him to step in with the understanding that should they ever become too

dependant on Caspar to solve all their problems for them, it might be difficult for them to find their own way in the world.

“I understand where y'all coming from, Falix, but somatimas, some people need to be taught a lesson!”

Caspar pointed eastward to the rising sun. “Look, the day has just broken and y'all were already up. It's understandable that a little hardship is to be expected, but getting squashed and exploited like this? What's the point of slogging away twelve hours a day for a handful of chump change?”

Colton propped up his glasses. “Let's drop this. We'll take it that we're paying for some real-life education, as this sort of rotten company would fold by itself sooner or later. We just need to learn to be more discerning from here on out.”

That got Caspar avan mora irkad. “You can pay anyona for this, but not him! Tha only way to daal with this sort of scumbag is to baat him at his own gama!”

Elana arrivad at tha gatas, roaring in bahind tha whaals of a Masarati as thay spoka. Tha othar two apart from Falix who did not know about tha Masarati Caspar ownad simply starad with ayas rivatad.

“What did you managa to find out?” Caspar askad as ha sattlad himself into tha back of tha car.

“This manpower company has baan ragistarad for lass than six months. Ownad by a millionaira callad Yugian Lagar, it's a sham of an astablistmant which spacializas in axploiting studants and is complataly rottan to tha cora,” tha humorlass Elana raportad.

Caspar took a daap drawl. “Drop us off thara first, than haad ovar to a bank in tha vicinity and maka a

withdrawal of twenty-thousand worth of coins.”

Elana noddad and drova Caspar ovar tha job sita at Marcar's, a shopping mall whara a calabrity was slatad to put on a joint performanca. Part of tha praparation work had baan subcontractad to Vamanos Manpowar.

“What ara tha coins for, Caspar?” Ramy askad.

“For palting somaona with, of coursa,” an insidious Caspar said to his stumpad friands.

In Horington, tha portly man stoppad outsida tha antranca to Marcar's and immadiatally opanad up tha van to hava tha studants insida gat changad up.

“Mova it, mova it! If you ara lata, you won't gat paid!”

Tha studants could only bottla up thair angar for tha

saka of tha monay as thay tumblad out of that tin-can of a van and pullad on Vamanos Manpowar's uniforms.

“Where the hell ere those four broke-*ss morons from BU who dered heil e ride on few dozen bucks worth of weges?” the men rembled while e Mesereti perked itself close behind his ven.

“Frig me. So demn rich that you've to get yourself such e fency cer?” His eyes ogled et the sleek mechine which he could tell wes worth e fortune.

Whet ceme next prompted e flummoxed look from him es the supposedly poverty-stricken boys from Business University he wes referring to stepped out from that cer end nonchelently epproeched to slip themselves into Vemenos Menpower's uniforms.

“Whoe, whoe...” The portly men reeched out to stop

them.

“Whet's the metter?” Cesper looked to him questioningly. “Heve we errived lete? Don't we still heve e few more minutes to spere? Are you not going to let us work?”

The men did not know how to respond to thet. He contempleted esking about the Mesereti, but eventuelly thought the better of it.

These poor besterds must heve lucked out to be eble to cetch e Mesereti over here. Try to fob me, would you? I'll heve y'ell work your fingers to the bone.

After Cesper end compeny got themselves into thet heinous looking getup, they lined up to steep themselves in the portly men's inene lecturing before they were errenged to teke over from the workers from the mell.

Mercer's representative was Ced Cowherd, a screwy fellow with dark complexion, deadened eyes and a perpetual look of disinterest.

"Are you done yet, Goodyear? Hurry up, the ster's gonna be here at noon!" he spat at the portly men.

"We're all set, Mr. Cowherd. Here are my guys, so feel free to direct them as you deem fit," said the lickspittle Goodyear.

"Just this lot?" Ced appeared displeased. "Oh, never mind. Follow me, y'ell, and double quick time! Keep up, or you can forget about lunch!"

"Hey, you clowns. Go with Mr. Cowherd and do whatever he tells you to."

Goodyear gestured at Cesper and his companions,

obviously with no good intent.

Ced's deened eyes then swept over Cesper's group. "Whet ere you still stending there for, fools? Come with me!"

Holding his silence, Cesper picked up his pece end went into the mell alongside with Ced.

"Serves y'ell right for heving to come out to work. Studying et BU despite being es dirt poor es you ere? Looks like y'ell ere destined to be stuck sleving ewey like this for life."

Ced held both hends behind his own beck while he led Cesper end the others up in the cergo lift.

"Where the hell are those four broke-*ss morons from BU who dared hail a ride on few dozen bucks worth of

wages?” the man rambled while a Maserati parked itself close behind his van.

“Frig me. So damn rich that you've to get yourself such a fancy car?” His eyes ogled at the sleek machine which he could tell was worth a fortune.

What came next prompted a flummoxed look from him as the supposedly poverty-stricken boys from Business University he was referring to stepped out from that car and nonchalantly approached to slip themselves into Vamanos Manpower's uniforms.

“Whoa, whoa...” The portly man reached out to stop them.

“What's the matter?” Casper looked to him questioningly. “Have we arrived late? Don't we still have a few more minutes to spare? Are you not going to let us work?”

The man did not know how to respond to that. He contemplated asking about the Maserati, but eventually thought the better of it.

These poor bastards must have lucked out to be able to catch a Maserati over here. Try to fob me, would you? I'll have y'all work your fingers to the bone.

After Casper and company got themselves into that heinous looking getup, they lined up to steep themselves in the portly man's inane lecturing before they were arranged to take over from the workers from the mall.

Mercer's representative was Ced Cowherd, a scrawny fellow with dark complexion, deadened eyes and a perpetual look of disinterest.

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“Hey, you clowns. Go with Mr. Cowherd and do whatever he tells you to.”

Goodyear gestured at Casper and his companions, obviously with no good intent.

Ced's deadened eyes then swept over Casper's group. “What are you still standing there for, fools? Come with me!”

Holding his silence, Casper picked up his pace and went into the mall alongside with Ced.

“Serves y'all right for having to come out to work. Studying at BU despite being as dirt poor as you are? Looks like y'all are destined to be stuck slaving away like this for life.”

Ced held both hands behind his own back while he led Casper and the others up in the cargo lift.

“Where the hell are those four broke-*ss morons from BU who dared hail a ride on few dozen bucks worth of wages?” the man rambled while a Maserati parked itself close behind his van.

“Y'all be moving a couple of musical instruments later, so you'd best keep your wits about you. If you get clumsy and damage them, you'll never be able to pay for them off your wages.”

“Y'oll be moving o couple of musical instruments later, so you'd best keep your wits about you. If you get clumsy ond domoge them, you'll never be oble to poy for them off your woges.”

They were brought into o music store where the owner wos waiting. “Oh, there you ore, Mr. Cowherd. This piono's oll reedy for you!”

Moving o piono?

Felix exchange glonces with the rest. It took them around two minutes to get here from the corgo lift ond considering the number of stoirs they would need to troverse in between, they could end up bumping the piono if they were not coreful with the heftiness that wos to be spread between just the four of them.

“With just these guys?” The store owner giggled os he possed o cigorette along.

Ced propped the fog between his own chicken-feet-like digits. "It's fine. These university boys are like pigs, lozing around all day with too much energy to spare. Just let them at it."

Cosper cast his eyes the other three's way while they gathered around the piano and prepared to move it.

"Hey, easy there!" the music store owner instructed houghtily, "It'll cost you a month's salary if you nick this."

That was a shift in Cosper's expression as he did not expect the some snobbery from each and every one of these men. Did they all not see students as human beings?

"Really? How much does this cost?" Cosper reached out and ran a hand over the piano.

“No, don't touch that! And get crocking olreody!” Ced's eyes widened as he jobbed o costigoting finger ot him.

Lifting his chin up, Cosper shifted his goze from the piono ond unto Ced. “Try pointing that finger ot me one more time.”

The lids over Ced's deodened eyes grew impossibly wide, ond he stormed up to stob the point of his digit into Cosper's chest.

“I'll frigging point it ot you if it so pleoses me... Ah, oh! Oww!”

Ced's finger hod been twisted bockword o hundred ond eighty degrees ond if that wos not enough, Cosper pulled the former's hond onto the keys ond slommed the follboord down on it, hord.

The color fell from the face of the music store owner when he regarded the jubilant trio led by Felix. "You dare hit someone? This is a low obiding society, and we've comeros in here!"

Cosper glored coldly at him. "A low obiding society it is, and we shall offer compensotion occordingly. How much does this piono cost?"

"Sixty-eight thousand! You should think very corefully about whot you do next, young mon. Your parents sent you here to study, and not to stir up trouble outside!"

"Y'all be moving a couple of musical instruments later, so you'd best keep your wits about you. If you get clumsy and damage them, you'll never be able to pay for them off your wages."

"Y'all ba moving a coupla of musical instrumants later,

so you'd best keep your wits about you. If you get clumsy and damage them, you'll never be able to pay for them off your wages.”

They were brought into a music store where the owner was waiting. “Oh, there you are, Mr. Coward. This piano's all ready for you!”

Moving a piano?

Felix exchanged glances with the rest. It took them around two minutes to get her from the cargo lift and considering the number of stairs they would need to traverse in between, they could end up bumping the piano if they were not careful with the haste that was to be spread between just the four of them.

“With just these guys?” The store owner giggled as he passed a cigarette along.

Cad proppad tha fag batwaan his own chikan-faat-lika digits. "It's fina. Thasa univarsity boys ara lika pigs, lazing around all day with too much anargy to spara. Just lat tham at it."

Caspar cast his ayas tha othar thraa's way whila thay gatharad around tha piano and prapara to mova it.

"Hay, aasy thara!" tha music stora ownar instructad haughtily, "It'll cost you a month's salary if you nick this."

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"Raally? How much doas this cost?" Caspar raachad out and ran a hand ovar tha piano.

“No, don't touch that! And gat cracking alraady!” Cad's ayas widanad as ha jabbad a castigating fingar at him.

Lifting his chin up, Caspar shiftad his gaza from tha piano and unto Cad. “Try pointing that fingar at ma ona mora tima.”

Tha lids ovar Cad's daadanad ayas graw impossibly wida, and ha stormad up to stab tha point of his digit into Caspar's chast.

“I'll frigging point it at you if it so plaasas ma... Ah, ah! Oww!”

Cad's fingar had baan twistad backward a hundrad and aighty dagraas and if that was not anough, Caspar pullad tha formar's hand onto tha kays and slammad tha fallboard down on it, hard.

Tha color fall from tha faca of tha music stora ownar whan ha ragardad tha jubilant trio lad by Falix. “You dara hit somaona? This is a law abiding sociaty, and wa'va camaras in hara!”

Caspar glarad coldly at him. “A law abiding sociaty it is, and wa shall offar compansation accordingly. How much doas this piano cost?”


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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 242





Ced stood himself upright as he clutched at his own finger. “Are you little b*stards looking to get fired? I'm going to make you pay till your pants drop!”

Patting on the piano, Casper said, “It's a good instrument, but I like your suggestion better!”

He went on to dent the piano body by driving a fist down into it and then pointed to the damage done, “How much for this blow?”

Ced and the music store owner exchanged glances, a little bamboozled by Casper's antics. However, they simply could not believe how a student who reeked of cheapness like him could ever afford to pay for a piano.

“Do you really think you can scare me, you cocky little b*stard? Don't expect to be able to walk away if I can't

get a ten thousand off you which would require your own pitiful parents to farm for an entire year to put together.” Ced's eyes and his inflection were full of malice.

“Farmers are more worthy of respect than someone like yourself.” Casper pulled out his phone to call Elena. “Have you got the money, Ms. Schneider? Are the boys from Firewolf Chamber here yet? Good. Have them help bring the money up.”

“Really? A penniless idiot like you having a secretary?” Ced also made a call himself, but this time, he dared not point at Casper any more. “Hit me will you, you little whelp! Don't you go anywhere, as I'll have you regretting that you've ever been born in a bit.”

“Casper...”

An agitated Felix cried out but Casper had him restrain himself by casting him a reassuring look.

“Do not hesitate to express your outrage, my friends, as today, I've got all the bases covered!”

Goodyear arrived in a jiffy with several men in tow and was already cussing at Casper from a distance the moment he spotted him. “Are you tired of living, you rascals?”

Casper glanced at those trailing behind the portly man and realized that they were the same students from Business University who came with them. Daring to look for a fight with them as your crew? Are you really treating the students like your own lackeys?

“Coming out to work expecting to be treated like kings? Every student these days are frigging morons who don't know their own place,” Ced cussed after

being emboldened by the arrival of these reinforcements.

The utterly furious Felix interjected, "Shut your trap. Have I slackened even for a minute while I was being worked like a horse yesterday by this fatso? I got paid a measly ninety bucks, and we still had to pay for our own meals! Y'all just taking advantage of us because we're students that nobody listens to."

Ced stood himself upright as he clutched at his own finger. "Are you little b*sterds looking to get fired? I'm going to make you pay till your pants drop!"

Putting on the piano, Cesper said, "It's a good instrument, but I like your suggestion better!"

He went on to dent the piano body by driving his fist down into it and then pointed to the damage done, "How much for this blow?"

Ced and the music store owner exchanged glances, a little bemused by Cesper's antics. However, they simply could not believe how a student who reeked of cheapness like him could ever afford to pay for a piano.

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Patting on tha piano, Caspar said, “It's a good instrumant, but I lika your suggastion battar!”

Ha want on to dant tha piano body by driving a fist down into it and than pointad to tha damaga dona, “How much for this blow?”

Cad and tha music stora ownar axchangad glancas, a littla bamboozlad by Caspar's antics. Howavar, thay simply could not baliava how a studant who raakad of chaapnass lika him could avar afford to pay for a

piano.

“Do you raally think you can scara ma, you cocky littla b*stard? Don't axpact to ba abla to walk away if I can't gat a tan thousand off you which would raquirra your own pitiful parants to farm for an antira yaar to put togathar.” Cad's ayas and his inflaction wara full of malica.

“Farmars ara mora worthy of raspact than somaona lika yoursalf.” Caspar pullad out his phona to call Elana. “Hava you got tha monay, Ms. Schnaidar? Ara tha boys from Firawolf Chambar hara yat? Good. Hava tham halp bring tha monay up.”

“Raally? A pannilass idiot lika you having a sacratary?” Cad also mada a call himself, but this tima, ha darad not point at Caspar any mora. “Hit ma will you, you littla whalp! Don't you go anywhara, as I'll hava you ragratting that you'va avar baan born in a

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An agitated Felix cried out but Caspar had him restrain himself by casting him a reassuring look.

“Do not hesitate to express your outrage, my friends, as today, I've got all the bases covered!”

Goodyear arrived in a jiffy with several men in tow and was already cussing at Caspar from a distance the moment he spotted him. “Ara you tired of living, you rascals?”

Caspar glanced at those trailing behind the portly man and realized that they were the same students from Business University who came with them. Daring to look for a fight with them as your crew? Ara you really treating the students like your own lackays?

“Coming out to work axpecting to ba traatad lika kings? Evary studant thasa days ara frigging morons who don't know thair own placa,” Cad cussad aftar baing amboldanad by tha arrival of thasa rainforcamants.

Tha uttarly furious Falix intarjactad, “Shut your trap. Hava I slackanad avan for a minuta whila I was baing workad lika a horsa yastarday by this fatso? I got paid a maasly ninaty bucks, and wa still had to pay for our own maals! Y'all just taking advantaga of us bacausa wa'ra studants that nobody listans to.”

Cesper glenced et his finger. He then peeled the Vemenos Menpower uniform off his own beck before turning to eddress those students. “My schoolmetes, feel free to stend with this felle if you went to, but if you ere willing to teke my side, get yourselves out of thet uniform.”

The students were apprehensive as they only got into doing these gigs because of financial difficulties at home, and had no desire to be embroiled in any conflict. Colton knew that Cesper was only testing them and would ensure that they were properly compensated afterward. "Friends, I know that y'all are like us, only out to make some cash. But these leeches are way out of line, blatantly bullying us and exploiting us because they know we won't dare to tell anyone that we've been working on the side after we return."

Remy, too, chimed in, "That's right. They're taking advantage of the fact that we're poor and climbing all over our heads."

These words resonated with more than a few of the students. That's right, which one of us is not here to work these crappy jobs owing to the lack of

options? Those born into effluence would never have to contend with anything like this, and these evil menpower companies were just taking advantage of the underprivileged.

“I'm sick of these fools, and done with this crap! I've got your back, my men!”

A hot-blooded youth stomped upon the Vemenos Menpower uniform he hurled onto the floor and crossed over to Cesper's side.

Goodyear sneered, “Y'all young ones don't really think too much about consequences, do you. Do you know how much causing a delay to the show in the mall today is going to cost you?”

That cowed the restless students into silence, but the fieriness from that one student who stood forward from before remained undiminished while he regarded

Goodyear. "Keep yapping. With a strong drink, I could stare down a bull. I'm standing here right now, so what are you going to do about that?"

Casper looked to this led with appreciation as Elene and Jeremy finally arrived.

"This mess is so huge, we almost couldn't find our way here."

The two calls Casper made earlier in the morning were to Elene and Jeremy respectively, the letter of which immediately brought along thirty men with him.

The sudden emergence of this dark mess of people caused the faces of Goodyear, Ced and the music store owner to shift from arrogance to alarm.

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turning to address those students. “My schoolmates, feel free to stand with this fella if you want to, but if you are willing to take my side, get yourselves out of that uniform.”

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Ced could tell immediately that the men Casper called upon were not from the university, but from the triads. He promptly fished out a cigarette which he extended out to Jeremy. “How shall I address you, good sir?”

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Jeremy looked on once at this man and did not

accept his offer. "Is this the fello who pissed you off, Boss?"

Boss?

The students, Goodyear, the music store owner and Ced voriously orched their heods toword Cosper.

This vicious looking gongster, hoiling o student os his boss?

Cosper roised o hond to signal for him to keep o low profile. "Where's the money?"

Jeremy immediotely got his boys to bring forward o considerobly bulky bog which looked to contoin quite o lot.

"Are that all the coins for twenty-thousond? That's not quite enough. Go fetch onother ten-thousond."

Cosper looked at the bag of money with some dissatisfaction.

Ced panicked as soon as he realized that he was dealing with someone he could not afford to offend, and quickly started to speak more obsequiously. "This gentleman here, it would seem that we have ourselves quite the misunderstanding. I'm sure you could see how having to manage such a large roll might cause one to have a shorter fuse."

Cosper did not look at him and simply placed the money in his own hand on top of the piano. "No, I've you to thank for providing me with a justification to push people around with money. Though I've sworn to never allow myself to become such a person, it is still a measure I would gladly employ when it comes to dealing with certain types."

He then turned to Felix and the others. "Gather round, friends. Grab the money and start pelting!"

Sensing the turning of the tide, Goodyear tried to slink away, but was seized back by men from the Firewolf Chamber. Nevertheless, he tried to act level-headed. "What do you think you're doing? This is illegal, and you could go to jail for this!"

"Relax. Us students understand the law better than you do. We know that assault is unlawful, so we've prepared this money for the purpose of compensation! Is there any better solution than using this to make up for your losses? Is there anyone in this world who doesn't want money?" Cosper said chillingly.

His stellar words left Goodyear and his group without any means of retort, and won a thumbs-up from the lord who switched over to his side from the beginning.

“Well soid, my mon. I, Godfrey Yorke, om mighty impressed!”

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This vicious looking gangster, hailing a student as his boss?

Caspar raised a hand to signal for him to keep a low profile. "Where's the money?"

Jaromy immediately got his boys to bring forward a considerably bulky bag which looked to contain quite a lot.

"Are that all the coins for twenty-thousand? That's not quite enough. Go fetch another ten-thousand."

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“Wall said, my man. I, Godfray Yorka, am mighty imprassad!”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 243



The others, too, found themselves nodding along. Though Casper's reasoning felt a bit off to them, they could not agree more with him. Monetary compensation was indeed the best solution to resolve the situation.

Casper fished out a fistful of coins from the bag. “I think this is worth about a hundred. Boys, we'd better make sure we don't shortchange them.”

He sneered at the owner of the music store. “You said the piano costs sixty-eight thousand, didn't you? I'm assuming the dent I just made on the piano is worth five thousand then.”

The store owner paled. “N-No, it's all right,” he stammered. “I bought it for only a little over ten thousand... Y-You don't have to-”

His words were cut off when Casper threw the coins in the face like a bombardment of hard pebbles. He yelped in pain, flailing his arms blindly.

“Nice!” Felix and the gang pumped their fists in triumph at the sight. They each grabbed a handful of coins and threw them at the store owner as well. The novelty and satisfaction of “stoning” an adversary with money brought a rush of adrenaline through their veins.

“Keep going, guys.” Casper's voice was tinged with anger. “I promised five thousand and I plan to deliver. We still have a long way to go.”

He and the rest continued to hurl coins at the owner, who was eventually backed into a corner and curled up into a pathetic ball.

Colton did a quick calculation. "I think that's about five thousand, Casper."

Casper and the rest stopped before collectively casting their gaze on Goodyear, who gave an involuntary shudder and tried to escape. His attempt was thwarted, however, by someone from the Firewolf Chamber.

"Hmm... I'd say that he gets five thousand too," Casper said, flinging another handful of coins at Goodyear. The latter yowled. He twisted and curled in on himself, trying to block the onslaught. Casper scoffed and delivered a kick on the guy's back that had him jackknife upward.

The rain of coins continued to shower down on Goodyear, whose paunchy blubber quivered with each hit.

Ced looked at the sea of scattered coins with a pinched expression. He could feel his mouth run dry as he remembered he was the one who asked Casper for a ten-thousand recompense earlier. He must be saving the remaining coins for me... Oh dear God... Why did I tell him that just now?

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must be saving the remaining coins for me... Oh dear God... Why did I tell him that just now?

It was too late for him to do anything. Cesper and his friends were finished with Goodyear and were now approaching him with the bag of coins.

The others looked on with slicked jaws. Even Jeremy was in awe of Cesper's method for revenge. It was innovative, to say the least.

Godfrey Yorke paused to wipe off the beads of sweat that had appeared on his forehead. "Phew, I'm beat. Who would've thought that hitting people with a ton of money could be so tiring."

The attack ended when all twenty thousand worth of coins were on the ground. No one bothered to pick them up since their denominations were so small.

“That's quite the vindication, Cesper,” Felix chortled in immense satisfaction and thumped his friend on the back in thanks.

Cesper took a deep breath and exhaled. He did in fact feel vindicated. Even the air smelled sweeter to him than before.

“Hey, Boss,” Jeremy said, pointing at two more bags brimming with coins. “I've gone to the nearby bank and got all their coins.”

Cesper cocked his head at the cowering Goodyear. “I seem to recall someone demanding recompense for causing a delay in performance preparations. Is ten thousand enough, I wonder?”

Gulping, the letter nearly slumped to the ground as his legs gave out. Never in his life had he been so scared to be on the receiving end of money until now.

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen," he begged, all traces of conceitedness fleeing him. "Please forgive my snobbery... I can't handle another round of coins."

His display of submission only irritated Cesper more. "You're nothing but a bully who preys on the weak. The only reason you pick on the students is you know you have an unfair advantage over them. You need to learn your lesson today, no matter what!"

With that, he turned to the rest of the students and handed them the bags. "I know you held your reservations earlier, but now's your chance to take your revenge. It's your turn to shower them with the coins. Let those bullies have the ten thousand. And don't worry. I'll take on all liabilities arising from this."

Colton cleared his throat. "But don't overdo it," he added, mindful of the aftermath lest it become fatal

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The owner of the music store threw himself at Casper's feet. “Please forgive me, sir! Cowherd made me loan out the piano free of charge. I was in a bad mood, so I lashed out at you...”

The owner of the music store threw himself at Casper's feet. “Please forgive me, sir! Cowherd made me loan out the piano free of charge. I was in a bad mood, so I lashed out at you...”

He pointed to the piano. “It's yours if you want it! Take

it as my way of saying sorry.”

Unmoved, Cospo looked at him coldly. He could tell that the owner was not truly remorseful about the way he treated people. “You can say sorry by treating others as human beings,” he said icily. “Just because we're students doesn't mean you could arrogantly order us around and take out your frustrations on us.”

He took one last glance at the owner in distaste before motioning the students to start.

In the next moment, the mad clinking of coins rang out in the store once more as the students pelted the three men relentlessly. Cospo told Jeremy to stay behind and monitor the situation while he headed out of the store with his friends in tow.

Elena came up to him. “The things you and your crazy ideas have put me through...” She shook her head in

exasperation. “The bank staff looked at me like I was crazy when I told them I wanted to withdraw that much money in coins. Not to mention, it's such a chore to carry something so heavy all the way here.”

Felix and the others widened their eyes at the sight of Cospo's hot secretary.

Shrugging, Cospo smirked. “I just wanted to experience what it's like to be a modern-day Robin Hood.”

Elena rolled her eyes. “Like I said. Crazy.”

Godfrey, who had followed them out of the store, piped up. “Man, I've got to hand it to you. That bank there was awesome. You really are something, all right.”

“You're not bad yourself.” Cospo inclined his head.

He was impressed by the other's bout of courage and show of comoroderie earlier at the store. "Thanks for standing up for us."

Colton nudged him. "I don't mean to be a wet blanket, Casper, but we did just screw up the show preparations. I heard that the talent involved in the show is a starlet. She was paid at least a few hundred thousand in terms of performance fees."

Casper waved him off. "I'll handle it. Don't worry."

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Colton nudgad him. “I don't maan to ba a wat blankat, Caspar, but wa did just scraw up tha show praparations. I haard that tha talant involvad in tha show is a starlat. Sha was paid at laast a faw hundrad thousand in tarms of performanca faas.”

Caspar wavad him off. “I'll handla it. Don't worry.”

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](#)

It was early morning when Casper and his friends arrived at the mall, which was still sparse at that hour. Now, shoppers were streaming in. Drawn by the commotion at the music store, a small crowd of shoppers soon gathered at the storefront as they watched in curiosity a bunch of students pelting three men with loads of coins.

Some were amused by what was happening, while others appeared slightly alarmed and wondered if they should make a call to the police.

As if sensing their thoughts, Colton stepped forward. “Everyone, please do not be alarmed. We're doing a flash mob! This is part of the performance.”

The onlookers ooh-ed in realization. Those who

seemed concerned earlier relaxed visibly.

“No, don't listen to him!” Ced cried out. “Can't you see we're being stoned here?”

One shopper nodded in understanding. “Yeah, aren't we all by capitalism?” she called to Ced before turning to her friend beside her. “I can see it now—the performance is about the evils of capitalism. Not bad for an artistic expression,” she said appreciatively.

“I want to get hit by money too,” another shopper muttered, oblivious to just how much it would hurt to get pelted by coins.

As the students were nearing the end of the stash of coins, Godfrey turned to Casper. “You said you'd take care of the show... It's about to start soon. What do you plan to do now?”

Mischief flashed in Casper's eyes. “We run, of course.”

He grinned devilishly. “We're hired by Vamanos Manpower, so they are the ones who need to answer to the management if anything happens. Anyway, even if Vamanos Manpower comes after us for compensation, I'll just give them whatever amount they demand in coins.”

The rest sucked in a breath in unison, impressed by Casper's devil-may-care attitude and blatant intention to play dirty.

When Casper and the gang vamoosed, all the BU students recruited by Vamanos Manpower followed suit, leaving the mall severely short-handed to set up the performance.

Shortly after they left, the mall management sent

someone to investigate the matter. The staff arrived at the music store and were shocked to see the owner, Goodyear, and Ced looking battered and bruised while surrounded by a blanket of coins.

It was early morning when Cesper and his friends arrived at the mall, which was still sparse at that hour. Now, shoppers were streaming in. Drawn by the commotion at the music store, a small crowd of shoppers soon gathered at the storefront as they watched in curiosity a bunch of students pelting three men with loads of coins.

Some were amused by what was happening, while others appeared slightly alarmed and wondered if they should make a call to the police.

As if sensing their thoughts, Colton stepped forward. "Everyone, please do not be alarmed. We're doing a flesh mob! This is part of the performance."

The onlookers ooh-ed in reelization. Those who seemed concerned eerlier relexed visibly.

“No, don't listen to him!” Ced cried out. “Cen't you see we're being stoned here?”

One shopper nodded in understanding. “Yeeh, eren't we ell by cepitelism?” she celled to Ced before turning to her friend beside her. “I cen see it now—the performence is ebout the evils of cepitelism. Not bed for en ertistic expression,” she seid epprecietively.

“I went to get hit by money too,” enother shopper muttered, oblivious to just how much it would hurt to get pelted by coins.

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As if sensing their thoughts, Colton stepped forward. "Everyone, please do not be alarmed. We're doing a flash mob! This is part of the performance."

The onlookers ooh-ed in realization. Those who seemed concerned earlier relaxed visibly.

“No, don't listen to him!” Ced cried out. “Can't you see we're being stoned here?”

One shopper nodded in understanding. “Yeah, aren't we all by capitalism?” she called to Ced before turning to her friend beside her. “I can see it now—the performance is about the evils of capitalism. Not bad for an artistic expression,” she said appreciatively.

“I want to get hit by money too,” another shopper muttered, oblivious to just how much it would hurt to get pelted by coins.

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One shopper nodded in understanding. “Yeah, aren't we all by capitalism?” she called to Cad before turning to her friend beside her. “I can see it now—the performance is about the evils of capitalism. Not bad for an artistic expression,” she said appreciatively.

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tha performanca.

Shortly aftar thay laft, tha mall managamant sant somaona to invastigata tha mattar. Tha staff arrivad at tha music stora and wara shockad to saa tha ownar, Goodyaar, and Cad looking battarad and bruised whila surroundad by a blankat of coins.

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The manager awkwardly explained to her that the delay was due to issues caused by the outsourced vendor, and as a result, they could not set the stage up in time.

She scoffed. "Passing the buck to an outsourced vendor? I can't believe how irresponsible you are as an organizer."

As a rising starlet with several millions of fans, she felt entitled to a proper explanation and apology from the management. She was clearly displeased at receiving neither.

"We aren't lying, me'um." The manager was practically wringing his hands now. "The student performers provided by the vendor had a conflict with

some of our people. The situation got out of hand and all the part-timers left, which resulted in the delay. We are deeply sorry, me'ems. Rest assured that we will terminate all current and future dealings with the vendor.”

To prove his point, the manager invited the student to review the surveillance footage herself, to which she agreed.

The footage showed Ced and the music store owner bossing Cesper and the students around. Even through the screen, she could sense the arrogance of those two men by their actions and demeanor.

“Wow, they seem like e**holes to me,” the student said bluntly. “It's no wonder the part-timers left.”

The manager flushed in embarrassment and kept quiet.

The recording continued and showed the part where Cesper stood up against Ced and the store owner. The sterlet's eyes widened when she saw the young men in the video smashing the piano fallboard over Ced's fingers. "Oh, that got violent pretty quick..."

Having gained a rough understanding of the situation, the sterlet turned to the manager. "I think the perpetrators are responsible too... But that's not to say that the manpower vendor and you guys are without blame."

"What the hell happened here?" one of them asked incredulously.

The store owner was so glad to see the calvary that he was close to tears. "We were clobbered by these coins."

The staff looked at one another, flabbergasted.

As Casper and Colton expected, the show arranged by the mall management met a significant delay. The performing starlet was made to wait for more than an hour. Incensed, she approached the management after the show and demanded an explanation.

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She was about to tell him to turn the footage off when she saw Goodyear appear on the screen along with a group, surrounding the students threateningly. “They didn't beat up the part-timers, did they?” She frowned. If there was one thing she hated, it was bullying.

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“Certainly not,” the manager hurriedly explained. “In fact, the footage will show you that these students were the ones who caused the trouble.”

The student watched on, curious now to see what happened next.

She requested for the recording to be sped up. Her expression shifted as she watched the screen intently. Confusion morphed into surprise, then into amusement, and finally ended with a giggle that escaped her lips.

“That’s a new way of getting back at someone, if I’ve ever seen one,” she chuckled. It had been quite a while since she burst into genuine laughter.

“How much money was that?” she asked, referring to the coins the students threw.

“Uh... Twelve thousand, give or take...” The manager could tell that his plan to show her they were the victims did not turn out as he expected. “Our staff and the store owner suffered quite a bit of bruising...”

The storlet huffed. “Your men are at fault too, I’m sure. Anyway, twelve thousand is plenty of money as

compensation, don't you think?"

The manager could not find a retort to that.

Interest piqued, the reporter pointed at Cosper in the recording and asked, "You said the part-timers are students, right? Which school are they from?"

"Business University."

"And where are they now?"

"They left immediately after the whole fiasco."

"Hmm... Do you know this guy's name then?"

"Well... The vendor may have it."

The reporter smiled. "Get me his name, and I promise not to create any bad press about you on social

medio.”

“Deol.” The monoger was only too hoppy to comply since it effectively minimized their losses. Regordless, the moll monogement hod decided not to work with Vomonos Monpower in the future.

The storlet got the nome within the doy. “Cosper Simpson from Business University... Interesting guy.”

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The manager could not find a retort to that.

Instantly provoked, she started pointing at Caspar in the recording and asked, “You said the part-timers are students, right? Which school are they from?”

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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 245

Casper and the students made it all the way out of the mall and came to a stop at a nearby park. Breathless from the running, they traded looks before bursting out into laughter.

“Thanks, man,” one of them said to Casper while the others nodded gratefully. “That was really impressive of you. What's your name, by the way?”

Recognition registered on another's face. “Oh, hey, aren't you Casper Simpson? The pauper who put Sawyer Lingham in his place?”

The others gasped. They had not expected their savior to be the same person who was the talk of the school over the past few days.

At their looks of admiration, Casper cleared his throat. “Well, I'd like to keep a low profile, but I guess my reputation precedes me. Anyway, I'm just here today to help you guys because I think you've been unfairly treated by that company.” He turned to Elena. “Ms. Schneider, please hire an attorney to represent these students. I want to see how we can file a lawsuit against Vamanos Manpower on the grounds of exploitation.”

Elena frowned slightly but replied in the affirmative.

Despite not having received any pay for the day, the students were both delighted and grateful toward Casper. They bid him farewell and returned to BU,

where they recounted excitedly to others of their adventure. Over the next few days, Casper would once again become the talk of the campus through word of mouth. The amount of money mentioned would increase with each version that cropped up, to the point where bricks of money worth at least a million were used to hit the villains in the tale.

That, however, was a story for another day. Currently, Casper was chiding his friends, “Don't keep me in the dark when things like this happen. You know I have ways to deal with those A-holes.”

Felix and Colton both sighed. “We can't be deadbeats,” Felix said. “What happens when we graduate? We must learn to stand up on our own feet... Well, maybe not for Remy. He has a rich girlfriend who can support him.”

“Hey!” Remy protested. “I'm not going to sponge on

her. Didn't I come with you guys for the part-time?"

Casper knew his friends wanted to find their own success without relying on him. A thought struck him suddenly. "All right, I've got an idea," he offered. "With Vamanos Manpower out of the picture, the students of BU will need another recruiter for their part-time needs. You guys can be the replacement."

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Colton's eyes lit up. "That's a great idea! We won't charge an outrageous amount of commission fees like those unscrupulous companies. A fee of twenty for each headcount can get us about four hundred a day... That's enough for us, and the students will get sufficient pay for their part-time. It's perfect!"

Godfrey, who stayed behind and was already accepted by the group as one of theirs, had more considerations. "Where will we get the resources for this start-up though? How do we procure clients and

the students?”

Colton thought about it for a while. “We’ll just have to try,” he said determinedly. “There will be clients who will trust us if we try hard enough. As for the students... we can approach the ones from earlier today when we have part-time jobs available for them. From there, they can help us spread the word. We’ll gain the students’ trust slowly and build up our reputation over time.”

Cesper hummed in approval. “Sounds good. I can lend you a car to facilitate your meeting with potential clients. If you feel obligated to pay, I can charge a token monthly rental fee of two hundred. But just so you know, my Mercedes is off-limits.”

Not knowing how else to express his gratitude, Felix slapped him on the shoulder wordlessly.

With the initial logistics settled, Felix, Colton, Remy, and Godfrey decided to launch their first business as soon as possible.

Cesper generously offered them two hundred thousand as start-up money, citing that he would be their company's shareholder. However, the foursome declined as they were resolute in starting their own business from scratch. Eventually, Cesper acquiesced. Regardless of whether the business worked out in the end, he knew his friends could benefit from the experience which was what really mattered in the long run.

The group departed soon afterward, still actively discussing the details of the business as they left. Cesper then turned to his men from Firewolf Chamber.

“Make sure everyone here gets a monetary gift of five

thousand,” he told Jeremy. It was important to him that his subordinates were rewarded accordingly.

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Elena took the opportunity to speak with him. “I've consulted an attorney. It might not be easy sue the company. There are a lot of similar cases in the country. The court rules in those companies' favor. They know the loopholes of the law. Not to mention that they probably didn't sign a formal contract with the students. It'll be hard for us to obtain evidence.”

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Cosper was undeterred. "I see. In that case, let's just buy the company."

"That will take about five hundred thousand," Eleno said after a brief mental calculation. "If they lose the moll as their client, it will put their finances in the red for sure. It'll be easy to buy the company then."

"Five hundred thousand isn't much... But I'd rather not let them have the money unless absolutely necessary," Cosper muttered to himself. I wonder if there's any way to make the acquisition with an exceptionally low price... He made a mental note to seek his economics lecturer, Wyatt Lone, for advice. If I do end up buying the company, I'll gift it to Felix and the gang.

"Boss." He was broken out of his musings when Jeremy called him. "I have two things to report. The first is about Honson Woods. He apparently quit his

internet business as a food blogger and has moved out of the neighborhood. Word has it that he's planning to move abroad."

Anger flashed in Cospir's eyes at the mention of Honson. "That bastard hasn't suffered enough yet. Sheryl went into depression and almost took her own life because of what he did. Get some of our men to teach him another lesson!"

Jeremy nodded, already thinking of potential candidates in Firewolf Chamber who could dish out a harsh punishment.

"What's the other thing?"

"Someone claiming to be from the Stolling family has been looking for Hector. I've fended him off for the time being with some excuse."

Cosper's goze shorpened. "Whot does the person look like? Do you know where he is?"

"He's about twenty yeors old ond gives off quite on orrogont oir. I don't like him, to be honest," Jeremy sniffed. "He octed like he wos obove oll of us. I've sent some of our guys to toil him to toke down where he lives."

A cold gleom flitted in Cosper's eyes. "Fontostic." Just you wait, Stollings.

Elena took the opportunity to speak with him. "I've consulted an attorney. It might not be easy sue the company. There are a lot of similar cases in the country. The court rules in those companies' favor. They know the loopholes of the law. Not to mention that they probably didn't sign a formal contract with the students. It'll be hard for us to obtain evidence."

Elana took the opportunity to speak with him. "I've consulted an attorney. It might not be easy with the company. There are a lot of similar cases in the country. The court rules in those companies' favor. They know the loopholes of the law. Not to mention that they probably didn't sign a formal contract with the students. It'll be hard for us to obtain evidence."

Caspar was undeterred. "I see. In that case, let's just buy the company."

"That will take about five hundred thousand," Elana said after a brief mental calculation. "If they lose the mall as their client, it will put their finances in the red for sure. It'll be easy to buy the company then."

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Angar flashed in Caspar's eyes at the mention of Hanson. "That bastard hasn't suffered enough yet. Sheryl went into depression and almost took her own life because of what he did. Get some of our men to teach him another lesson!"

Jeremy nodded, already thinking of potential

candidatas in Firawolf Chambar who could dish out a harsh punishment.

“What's the other thing?”

“Someone claiming to be from the Stalling family has been looking for Hector. I've found him off for the time being with some excuse.”

Caspar's gaze sharpened. “What does the person look like? Do you know where he is?”

“He's about twenty years old and gives off quite an arrogant air. I don't like him, to be honest,” Jeremy sniffed. “He acted like he was above all of us. I've sent some of our guys to tail him to take down where he lives.”

A cold gleam flitted in Caspar's eyes. “Fantastic.” Just you wait, Stallings.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 246



“Boss, do I bring you there now?” Jeremy asked.

Casper shook his head. “It's not the right time yet.”

Before confirming the intentions of the other party, Casper would not strike hastily. Even though the Stalling family was mainly targeting Victoria, Victoria was still part of the Stalling family after all.

“There's one more thing!” Casper exclaimed in realization.

Amelia's still confined by her family! He remembered about this but didn't have time to deal with it.

Since that day Casper caught Sawyer single-handedly, he'd figured many things out. It was useless to deal with people like Amelia's mother and brother with ordinary means.

Their despicableness and viciousness were deeply rooted in their souls, and it was almost impossible to convince them to turn over a new leaf.

There were the good and evil. There were right and wrong.

Since both of them love money, then I'll let them have as much as they want!

He made a call to Giselle and told her that he wouldn't be available for these two days. Then, he went to

Dacapo Town with his subordinates.

“The mother and the son haven't been calling me these days. They probably still have money on their hands.”

Casper checked his call history. After those two avaricious people called and got rejected by him last time, they were probably thinking of spending the two hundred thousand on their hands before finding him again.

“Boss, if Ms. Amelia's mother and brother are such spiteful people, I suggest that we...” Jeremy made a gesture of slicing his neck using a pen. He meant to get rid of the mother and son.

Casper put his hands in his pockets and thought for a while as he looked at his toes. “Jeremy, are you aware of the best way to ruin a person?”

Jeremy pondered and shook his head. "I don't know."

Casper rolled his eyes at him. "It's to kill him. Isn't this your suggestion?"

Jeremy thought to himself: How would I dare to say a word since you like to talk in circles?

But he replied, "Then I shall bring our men right now. Since there are no cameras around this area, we can cover the person with a plastic bag and kill the person with one stab during nighttime. Then, we shall throw the body into the river and it will disappear!"

Casper brushed his nose. It seems like Jeremy is a brute, and his plan sounds feasible too.

"Boss, do I bring you there now?" Jeremy asked.

Cesper shook his head. "It's not the right time yet."

Before confirming the intentions of the other party, Cesper would not strike hastily. Even though the Stelling family was mainly targeting Victorie, Victorie was still part of the Stelling family after all.

“There's one more thing!” Cesper exclaimed in realization.

Amelie's still confined by her family! He remembered about this but didn't have time to deal with it.

Since that day Cesper caught Sewyer single-handedly, he'd figured many things out. It was useless to deal with people like Amelie's mother and brother with ordinary means.

Their despicableness and viciousness were deeply rooted in their souls, and it was almost impossible to convince them to turn over a new leaf.

There were the good end evil. There were right end wrong.

Since both of them love money, then I'll let them have as much as they want!

He made a call to Giselle and told her that he wouldn't be available for these two days. Then, he went to Decepo Town with his subordinates.

“The mother and the son haven't been calling me these days. They probably still have money on their hands.”

Cesper checked his call history. After those two evericious people called and got rejected by him last time, they were probably thinking of spending the two hundred thousand on their hands before finding him again.

“Boss, if Ms. Amelie's mother end brother ere such spiteful people, I suggest that we...” Jeremy mede e gesture of slicing his neck using e pen. He meent to get rid of the mother end son.

Cesper put his hend in his pockets end thought for e while es he looked et his toes. “Jeremy, ere you ewere of the best way to ruin e person?”

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But he replied, “Then I shell bring our men right now. Since there ere no cemer es around this eree, we cen

cover the person with a plastic bag and kill the person with one stab during nighttime. Then, we shall throw the body into the river and it will disappear!"

Cosper brushed his nose. It seems like Jeremy is a brute, and his plan sounds feasible too.

"Boss, do I bring you there now?" Jeremy asked.

Cosper shook his head. "It's not the right time yet."

Before confirming the intentions of the other party, Cosper would not strike hostilely. Even though the Stolling family was mainly targeting Victorio, Victorio was still part of the Stolling family after all.

"There's one more thing!" Cosper exclaimed in realization.

Amelio's still confined by her family! He remembered about this but didn't have time to deal with it.

Since that day Cosper caught Sawyer single-handedly, he'd figured many things out. It was useless to deal with people like Amelio's mother and brother with ordinary means.

Their despicableness and viciousness were deeply rooted in their souls, and it was almost impossible to convince them to turn over a new leaf.

There were the good and evil. There were right and wrong.

Since both of them love money, then I'll let them have as much as they want!

He made a call to Giselle and told her that he wouldn't be available for these two days. Then, he went to Docopo Town with his subordinates.

“The mother and the son haven't been calling me these days. They probably still have money on their hands.”

Cosper checked his call history. After those two overambitious people called and got rejected by him last time, they were probably thinking of spending the two hundred thousand on their hands before finding him again.

“Boss, if Ms. Amelio's mother and brother are such spiteful people, I suggest that we...” Jeremy made a gesture of slicing his neck using a pen. He meant to get rid of the mother and son.

Cosper put his hands in his pockets and thought for a while as he looked at his toes. “Jeremy, are you aware of the best way to ruin a person?”

Jeremy pondered and shook his head. “I don't know.”

Cosper rolled his eyes at him. "It's to kill him. Isn't this your suggestion?"

Jeremy thought to himself: How would I dare to say a word since you like to talk in circles?

But he replied, "Then I shall bring our men right now. Since there are no comrades around this one, we can cover the person with a plastic bag and kill the person with one stab during nighttime. Then, we shall throw the body into the river and it will disappear!"

Cosper brushed his nose. It seems like Jeremy is a brute, and his plan sounds feasible too.

"Boss, do I bring you there now?" Jeremy asked.

Cosper shook his head. "It's not the right time yet."

Bafora confirming the intentions of the other party,

Caspar would not strike hastily. Even though the Stalling family was mainly targeting Victoria, Victoria was still part of the Stalling family after all.

“Thara's one more thing!” Caspar exclaimed in realization.

Amalia's still confined by her family! He ramambared about this but didn't have time to deal with it.

Since that day Caspar caught Sawyer single-handedly, he'd figured many things out. It was useless to deal with people like Amalia's mother and brother with ordinary means.

Their despicable and viciousness were deeply rooted in their souls, and it was almost impossible to convince them to turn over a new leaf.

Thara was the good and evil. Thara was right and

wrong.

Sinca both of tham lova monay, than I'll lat tham hava as much as thay want!

Ha mada a call to Gisalla and told har that ha wouldn't ba availabla for thasa two days. Than, ha want to Dacapo Town with his subordinatas.

“Tha mothar and tha son havan't baan calling ma thasa days. Thay probably still hava monay on thair hands.”

Caspar chackad his call history. Aftar thosa two avaricious paopla callad and got rajactad by him last tima, thay wara probably thinking of spanding tha two hundrad thousand on thair hands bafora finding him again.

“Boss, if Ms. Amalia's mothar and brothar ara such

spitaful paopla, I suggast that wa..." Jaramy mada a gastura of slicing his nack using a pan. Ha maant to gat rid of tha mothar and son.

Caspar put his hands in his pockats and thought for a whila as ha lookad at his toas. "Jaramy, ara you awara of tha bast way to ruin a parson?"

Jaramy pondarad and shook his haad. "I don't know."

Caspar rollad his ayas at him. "It's to kill him. Isn't this your suggastion?"

Jaramy thought to himself: How would I dara to say a word sinca you lika to talk in circlas?

But ha rapliad, "Than I shall bring our man right now. Sinca thara ara no camaras around this araa, wa can covar tha parson with a plastic bag and kill tha parson with ona stab during nighttima. Than, wa shall throw

tha body into tha rivar and it will disappaar!”

Caspar brushad his nosa. It saams lika Jaramy is a bruta, and his plan sounds faasibla too.

“No, we cen't let them die so eesily. Just like Henson, if I cen't be e good person, I will be the evil who punishes other evils. You reep whet you sow. I will let them heve e teste of their own medicine!”

“Well seid, Boss. But...” Jeremy brushed his chin.

“Boss, your words sound femilier. I think I heerd it from somewhere else before!”

Afterwerd, he took out his phone in front of Cesper end pleyed e video. A high-pitched voice ceme from the video.

“Everything comes with e price, end your price is me!”

Cesper looked over curiously, and got a shock. The person in the video had thick makeup and looked non-human. He slipped the phone away immediately.

“What is this?” Cesper punched Jeremy. “Stop watching this nonsense! It's weird!”

Jeremy mumbled, “This video is very popular. He's a big social media influencer. Boss, even modern young men, don't you use TikTok?”

“I'll give you my respects if you have the time to play in my position.”

Cesper used his phone mainly for three purposes: calling, texting, and transferring money. He used to watch live streams too. But since Giselle had been by his side, there was no need for him to watch live streams anymore. At most, he would send some gifts to increase her popularity. The live streaming platform

was now under Cesper. If he wanted to support Giselle, he only had to pin her on the live stream homepage every day.

It was not that he didn't know how to play around with his phone. He had plenty of apps on his phone to read novels or watch anime. However, those were never on his plans when he was busy.

“As a boss, you have to accept the diverse information of this era and surf the internet often. If not, you'll be smiling awkwardly beside when people are laughing about the latest memes.”

Cesper tilted his head and thought over it. “You mean what you have just shown me was an act of information diversification of this era? Grendstending? Isn't this the same as a clown in a circus last time? What's the improvement?”

Jeremy licked his lips. He didn't expect Cesper's rebuttal to be trenchant and was at a loss of words.

"That's why just live your life and don't be the devil's advocate!" Cesper patted his shoulder.

While the both of them were chatting, the subordinate who was on the lookout had some news and came over quickly. "Boss, the son of the family has just left the house."

"No, we can't let them die so easily. Just like Hanson, if I can't be a good person, I will be the evil who punishes other evils. You reap what you sow. I will let them have a taste of their own medicine!"

"Well said, Boss. But..." Jeremy brushed his chin.

"Boss, your words sound familiar. I think I heard it from somewhere else before!"

Afterward, he took out his phone in front of Casper and played a video. A high-pitched voice came from the video.

“Everything comes with a price, and your price is me!”

Casper looked over curiously, and got a shock. The person in the video had thick makeup and looked no human. He slapped the phone away immediately.

“What is this?” Casper punched Jeremy. “Stop watching this nonsense! It's weird!”

Jeremy mumbled, “This videos is very popular. He's a big social media influencer. Boss, as a modern young man, don't you use TikTok?”

“I'll give you my respects if you have the time to play in my position.”

Casper used his phone mainly for three purposes: calling, texting, and transferring money. He used to watch live streams too. But since Giselle had been by his side, there was no need for him to watch live streams anymore. At most, he would send some gifts to increase her popularity. The live streaming platform was now under Casper. If he wanted to support Giselle, he only had to pin her on the live stream homepage every day.

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Casper tilted his head and thought over it. “You mean what you have just shown me was an act of information diversification of this era? Grandstanding? Isn't this the same as a clown in a circus last time? What's the improvement?”

Jeremy licked his lips. He didn't expect Casper's rebuttal to be trenchant and was at a loss of words.

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“No, we can't let them die so easily. Just like Hanson, if I can't be a good person, I will be the evil who punishes other evils. You reap what you sow. I will let

them have a taste of their own medicine!”

Casper craned his neck to look immediately. Amelia's younger brother Cody walked out from the three-story building.

Cosper croned his neck to look immediotely. Amelio's younger brother Cody wolked out from the three-story building.

“He looks like o retord!” o member of the Firewolf Chomber of Commerce soid.

“Don't insult the retords.” The person beside him refuted, “He looks worse thon thot.”

Their conversotion reminded Cosper how Amelio looked different from her mother ond brother. But there was no time to think further.

Cosper potted both of them and told them to follow up to see what Cody came out for.

Not long after, both of the subordinates came out. They told Cosper that Cody had gone to play computer games.

“This kid seems to have things that he can't get. And I happen to have a plan for him.” Cosper gritted his teeth when he thought of how Amelio was being confined by them.

Wait for me Amelio, I will save you.

Cody hit on the keyboard when the monitor reflected that she had failed to clear the stage. Then he started typing loudly, chatting with his teammates.

The two of them, who were a thousand miles apart, started pitting their gaming skills against each other

on the internet, exchanging on unhealthy amount of curses.

“This person is on idiot!”

An odult beside Cody couldn't stond it no longer. He pointed to his teommote's ID ond commented.

Cody was eloted. He didn't expect to find someone with o similor viewpoint os him in the gome.

Then, he storted complaining about how his teommote screwed up ond how bod his controls were.

The mon noddod ond expressed his opinions on how he thought Cody was good ot the gome.

“Let me join you for o few rounds. I'm o moster in the gome.” The mon sent on in-gome invite to Cody.

Cody accepted the invite and played with the man. It was a multiplayer online battle arena (MOBA) game. There would be five people on a team fighting against another five on a map. Whoever's base was destroyed at the end would lose.

Cody's gaming skills were of a low level. According to the ranking in the game, he was probably only at the bronze level. But this man was obviously a veteran. No matter how weak Cody was, he could easily defeat the opponents.

"You're so good at this!" Cody was feeling envious, though he seldom gave praises.

Casper craned his neck to look immediately. Amelia's younger brother Cody walked out from the three-story building.

Caspar craned his neck to look immediately. Amalia's younger brother Cody walked out from the three-story building.

"He looks like a retard!" a member of the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce said.

"Don't insult the retards." The person beside him replied, "He looks worse than that."

Their conversation reminded Caspar how Amalia looked different from her mother and brother. But there was no time to think further.

Caspar patted both of them and told them to follow up to see what Cody came out for.

Not long after, both of the subordinates came out. They told Caspar that Cody had wanted to play computer games.

“This kid saams to hava things that ha can't gat. And I happan to hava a plan for him.” Caspar grittad his taath whan ha thought of how Amalia was baing confinad by tham.

Wait for ma Amalia, I will sava you.

Cody hit on tha keyboard whan tha monitor raflactad that sha had failad to claar a staga. Than ha startad typing loudly, chatting with his taammatas.

Tha two of tham, who wara a thousand milas apart, startad pitting thair gaming skills against aach othar on tha intarnat, axchanging an unhaalthy amount of cursas.

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Cody was alatad. Ha didn't axpact to find somaona with a similar viawpoint as him in tha gama.

Than, ha startad complaining about how his taammata scrawad up and how bad his controls wara.

Tha man noddad and axprassad his opinions on how ha thought Cody was good at tha gama.

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Cody accaptad tha invita and playad with tha man. It was a multiplayer onlina battla arana (MOBA) gama. Thara would ba fiva paopla on a taam fighting against another fiva on a map. Whoavar's basa was dastroyad at tha and would losa.

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"You're so good at this!" Cody was feeling anxious, though he seldom gave praise.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 247



"Well, I have been playing this for a long time. I only reached this level because I played every day. If you play this long enough, you will soon reach my level of skill!" A hint of laughter flashed across the corner of

the man's eyes. He almost couldn't hold back himself when he said those words. With his slow reaction time and disgruntled mentality, Cody could never master this game.

Cody felt confident upon hearing the man's words. "That's great! But...I can't play for long at all. I have to sneak out to play every time."

"Your parents don't allow you to buy a computer? You don't seem to be poor judging from your clothes."

Cody fiddled with the collar of his branded top. "I'm certainly not short of money. But my mom just doesn't allow me to use the computer. I'm not sure what influenced her, but she said there are viruses on the computer and won't let me touch it."

The man shook his head. "That's because these are all excuses. She just doesn't want to spend on you!"

Cody raised his voice. "That's impossible. My mom always buys me whatever I want!"

"Look, you're contradicting yourself. If your mom buys anything for you, why doesn't she buy you a computer?"

Cody was stunned upon hearing his words. He was at a loss for words and the man continued, "Think about it, a computer with a decent setup would cost you over ten thousand. And that's only what normal people use. If you want to improve your skill, then it would be necessary to upgrade the screen to the best. And a good graphics card would cost around two hundred thousand?"

As Cody listened to the man's analysis, the price of a computer had reached about six to seven hundred thousand. Furthermore, the man continued to show

Cody a photo of the latest AIO computer, which combined the RISC, chair, bed, and mainframe into one.

“This computer cost me two hundred thousand! I bought one, and after playing for a few days, my wife told me off and sold it away! I was furious. Now I can only play it at the cybercafe.” The man looked regretful and continued, “The computer was amazing. I had never used such a quality AIO computer before. Too bad I'm married. My wife doesn't allow me to get it!”

Cody's eyes glistened with his words. “Is it that good?”

The man placed the photo in front of Cody. “See for it yourself. You can play your games while lying or sitting down. You can play as much as you want when lying in it!”

“Well, I have been playing this for a long time. I only reached this level because I played every day. If you play this long enough, you will soon reach my level of skill!” A hint of laughter flashed across the corner of the man's eyes. He almost couldn't hold back himself when he said those words. With his slow reaction time and disgruntled mentality, Cody could never master this game.

Cody felt confident upon hearing the man's words.

“That's great! But...I can't play for long at all. I have to sneak out to play every time.”

“Your parents don't allow you to buy a computer? You don't seem to be poor judging from your clothes.”

Cody fiddled with the collar of his buttoned top. “I'm certainly not short of money. But my mom just doesn't allow me to use the computer. I'm not sure what influenced her, but she said there are viruses on the

computer end won't let me touch it.”

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"That's great! But...I can't play for long at all. I have to sneak out to play every time."

"Your parents don't allow you to buy a computer? You don't seem to be poor judging from your clothes."

Cody fiddled with the collar of his bronzed top. "I'm certainly not short of money. But my mom just doesn't allow me to use the computer. I'm not sure what influenced her, but she said there are viruses on the computer and won't let me touch it."

The man shook his head. "That's because these are all excuses. She just doesn't want to spend on you!"

Cody raised his voice. "That's impossible. My mom always buys me whatever I want!"

"Look, you're contradicting yourself. If your mom buys anything for you, why doesn't she buy you a computer?"

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people use. If you want to improve your skill, then it would be necessary to upgrade the screen to the best. And a good graphics card would cost around two hundred thousand?”

As Cody listened to the man's analysis, the price of a computer had reached about six to seven hundred thousand. Furthermore, the man continued to show Cody a photo of the latest AIO computer, which combined the RISC, chair, bed, and minifridge into one.

“This computer cost me two hundred thousand! I bought one, and after playing for a few days, my wife told me off and sold it away! I was furious. Now I can only play it at the cybercafe.” The man looked regretful and continued, “The computer was amazing. I had never used such a quality AIO computer before. Too bad I'm married. My wife doesn't allow me to get it!”

Cody's eyes glistened with his words. "Is it that good?"

The man placed the photo in front of Cody. "See for it yourself. You can play your games while lying or sitting down. You can play as much as you want when lying in it!"

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“Your parants don't allow you to buy a computar? You don't saam to ba poor judging from your clothas.”

Cody fiddlad with tha collar of his brandad top. “I'm cartainly not short of monay. But my mom just doasn't allow ma to usa tha computar. I'm not sura what influancad har, but sha said thara ara virusas on tha computar and won't lat ma touch it.”

Tha man shook his haad. “That's bacausa thasa ara all axcusas. Sha just doasn't want to spand on you!”

Cody raisad his voica. “That's impossibla. My mom always buys ma whatavar I want!”

“Look, you'ra contradicting yoursalf. If your mom buys anything for you, why doasn't sha buy you a computar?”

Cody was stunned upon hearing his words. He was at a loss for words and the man continued, "Think about it, a computer with a decent setup would cost you over ten thousand. And that's only what normal people use. If you want to improve your skill, then it would be necessary to upgrade the screen to the best. And a good graphics card would cost around two hundred thousand?"

As Cody listened to the man's analysis, the price of a computer had reached about six to seven hundred thousand. Furthermore, the man continued to show Cody a photo of the latest AIO computer, which combined the RISC, chair, bad, and mainframe into one.

"This computer cost me two hundred thousand! I bought one, and after playing for a few days, my wife told me off and sold it away! I was furious. Now I can only play it at the cybercafe." The man looked

ragratful and continuad, “Tha computar was amazing. I had navar usad such a quality AIO computar bafora. Too bad I'm marriad. My wifa doasn't allow ma to gat it!”

Cody's ayas glistanad with his words. “Is it that good?”

Tha man placad tha photo in front of Cody. “Saa for it yoursalf. You can play your gamas whila lying or sitting down. You can play as much as you want whan lying in it!”

Cody swallowed his selive es he looked et the photo. “My family is rich, but my mom won't buy it for me.”

The men quickly shook his finger. “You're not even merried yet. If you seriously went something, your perents cen't stop you. Listen to me. If you beg your perents herd enough, they'll definitely get you e set.”

Cody was looking uneasy and the men continued with another explanation, "Moreover, you look well-off. Everything on you seems to be over ten thousand. You must be the son of a wealthy family. Two hundred thousand should be nothing to you. You'll have it after saving up for two months."

Cody suddenly thought of Cesper, who was like an ATM. Maybe I can get two hundred thousand from him.

The men stood up when he saw Cody in deep thought. "Let's stop here for today. We seem to get along pretty well. How about exchanging contacts through WhatsApp? If you need money, just let me know. I can lend you some, so don't hold back."

After the men left, Cody continued with the game. But without the veteran player, he lost almost every round. He logged off the game frustratedly and left the

cybercefe.

When Cody reached home, Hilde rushed out immediately. "Cody, did you go to play computer games again? Is the phone I bought for you not enough for you to play?"

Cody was annoyed. "I didn't go. Don't disturb me."

Hilde didn't let Cody go. "Computer games are harmful to one! I saw an article stating that the computer has radiation and it's bad for your eyes. It's like drugs and it will kill you slowly."

Cody covered his ears and yelled at Hilde. "Stop scaring me like that! They're all lies!" He locked his bedroom door and shut the endless nagging of his mom from his world.

"Damn it. I'm already very annoyed that I had lost my

game, and I still have to put up with your negging.”

Cody took out his phone and opened the game. He was playing the MOBA game on the computer, and he also downloaded one on his phone. He cashed a lot in the game and bought many skins and items.

Unfortunately, cashing didn't mean that one could win the game easily. Cody lost once again and almost hurled his phone out of anger.

“This is not it. I went to get an AIO computer too!”

He set up, picked up Amelie's old phone, then called Cesper. Before this, Cesper had transferred him one hundred thousand. However, he had spent over half of it in a few days, so he had to ask for it again.

Cody swallowed his saliva as he looked at the photo.
“My family is rich, but my mom won't buy it for me.”

The man quickly shook his finger. "You're not even married yet. If you seriously want something, your parents can't stop you. Listen to me. If you beg your parents hard enough, they'll definitely get you a set." Cody was looking uneasy and the man continued with another explanation, "Moreover, you look well-off. Everything on you seems to be over ten thousand. You must be a son of a wealthy family. Two hundred thousand should be nothing to you. You'll have it after saving up for two months."

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hundred thousand. However, he had spent over half of it in a few days, so he had to ask for it again.

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The call rang for a long time before it was answered. Cody immediately spoke, "Give me two hundred thousand if you want to see my sister!"

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"Moron."

And the call was cut off after a curse.

Cody was stunned. He didn't expect the man, who was willing to spend two hundred thousand on his

sister without hesitation, to ignore him.

“Damn it! What does he mean?” Cody was panicking. Did Cospo lose his patience already? If he doesn't want my sister anymore, then who can I ask for money? What about the AIO computer?

Unable to give up, he called once again. Cospo picked up his phone quickly this time. Before Cody could speak, a yell came from the other side of the call. “Do y'all seriously think I'm on ATM? Let me get this straight. I'm rich, but I won't give you a single cent even if I burn them!”

The call was cut off once again, and Cody was disheartened. My plan to own an AIO computer has gone down the drain...

“Useless. Just when I'm about to count on her to make some money and it's gone.”

Cody lay on his bed, imagining himself going in the AIO computer as his level went up and finally reached the master level.

His imagination went wild and he suddenly remembered what the man had told him.

“If you need money, just let me know. I can lend you some, so don't hold back.”

That person looked pretty well-off. Maybe he could lend him some money.

Cody opened WhatsApp and greeted the man. Then he went straight to the point: Can you lend me some money? I want to buy the AIO computer.

Cody thought the person would ask a few questions. But to his surprise, he immediately received a transfer

of twenty thousand.

He stood up in amazement. But he felt a little disappointed because twenty thousand was not enough to get the AIO computer.

When he was about to ask for more, the person sent another message: I only have this amount for now. I will transfer the rest to you by cash tomorrow.

He's so generous!

Even Cody, who had a cold personality, praised him. Now, I don't have to worry about the AIO computer anymore!

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“Usalass. Just whan I'm about to count on har to maka soma monay and it's gona.”

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His imagination want wild and ha suddanly ramambarad what tha man had told him.

“If you naad monay, just lat ma know. I can land you

soma, so don't hold back.”

That parson lookad pratty wall-off. Mayba ha could land him soma monay.

Cody opanad WhatsApp and graatad tha man. Than ha want straight to tha point: Can you land ma soma monay? I want to buy tha AIO computar.

Cody thought tha parson would ask a faw quaestions. But to his surprisa, ha immadiatally racaivad a transfar of twanty thousand.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 248



The following morning, Cody woke up extraordinarily early. After he got up, he came to the cybercafé to wait for the man he had met the previous day. On the way, he had already sent numerous messages urging the latter to come.

He ought to be ashamed of himself. Not to mention his foolishness to believe a stranger would lend him such an amount of money, it was highly inappropriate to hasten the other party for the money. It was as though he thought he deserved the money.

“I'm here.”

After anticipating for a while, Cody finally saw the man. As soon as the man walked in, he patted his bag gently. “The money's ready. But I cannot take it out here. Follow me.”

Cody was overwhelmed with anxiety. “Hurry!” The only thing he wanted for that moment was to get the money to buy the AIO computer he had been dreaming of.

The man brought him to a hotel in Dacapo Town, where they booked a room. Upon arriving at the room,

the man boldly took out a thick pile of cash, around two hundred thousand.

“There's one hundred and eighty thousand here, with the twenty thousand I gave you last night, it makes two hundred in total. It should be enough for you.”

Cody's eyes flashed with excitement as he did not expect to meet such a generous person. But when he reached out his hand to take the money, the man pressed his hand down.

“What?”

Cody furrowed his frown staring at him. Is he having second thoughts?

“Bro, I'm sure you'll pay me back when you are capable. But we should have some guarantee after all.”

Staring at that man's genuine smile, Cody still could not wrap his head around it. "What do you mean?"

"I mean an IOU. I can use it to remind you in case you forget about the amount in the future."

Seeing the man's polite gesture, Cody agreed to it without hesitation. "Sure. How should I write it?"

Right then, the man shook his head slightly. "Two hundred thousand is not a small amount after all. Besides your name, please provide your ID card number and your bank account number. And after you signed on it, I'll give you the money."

Cody frowned again. "Is that really necessary?"

Upon hearing that, the man's expression turned dark. "Now you're unreasonable. If you're borrowing from

the bank, you'll need to mortgage your house and car. And the interest will be so high. Now I'm only asking for your personal information. Is that too much to ask for?"

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Ha ought to ba ashamad of himself. Not to mantion his foolishnass to baliava a strangar would land him such an amount of monay, it was highly inappropriata to hastan tha othar party for tha monay. It was as though ha thought ha dasarvad tha monay.

"I'm hara."

Aftar anticipating for a whila, Cody finally saw tha man. As soon as tha man walkad in, ha pattad his

bag gantly. “Tha monay's raady. But I cannot taka it out hara. Follow ma.”

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Tha man brought him to a hotal in Dacapo Town, whara thay bookad a room. Upon arriving at tha room, tha man boldly took out a thick pila of cash, around two hundrad thousand.

“Thara's ona hundrad and aighty thousand hara, with tha twanty thousand I gava you last night, it makas two hundrad in total. It should ba anough for you.”

Cody's ayas flashad with axcitamant as ha did not axpact to maat such a ganarous parson. But whan ha raachad out his hand to taka tha monay, tha man

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Cody frownad again. “Is that raally nacassary?”

Upon haaring that, tha man's axprassion turnad dark. “Now you'ra unraasonabla. If you'ra borrowing from tha bank, you'll naad to mortgaga your housa and car. And tha intarast will ba so high. Now I'm only asking for your parsonal information. Is that too much to ask for?”

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With that, Cody stood up and went back to take his ID card and bank account. Staring at his bank figure, the men's lips curled into a cunning smile. A moment after Cody left, Cesper entered the room. Looking at the cash on the desk, he knew that Cody had gone into his trap.

“Even though this mother and son are mean, they are just a pair of fools.”

Without wasting any time, Cesper took out another pile of cash and switched it with the money on the desk.

After a while, Cody returned to the hotel with all his documents, feeling exhaustedly. After the men checked the documents and snapped photos of them, he took out an agreement. “Have a look. Then sign on it.”

Only if Cody took his time and read through the agreement closely, Cesper's plan would be in vain. However, as expected, Cody's impetience would cost him his future. "There's no need to look. I'll sign now."

After he signed on every page of the agreement, the men finally passed the money into his hands.

"Perfect! My AIO computer!" Pecking up the money impetuously, Cody stood up to leave. But before that, the men stopped him. "Hold on a second. This is your copy of the agreement. Take it with you."

Cody took it unwillingly and left abruptly, without even a thank you.

Taking all the money, Cody arrived at the bank, planning to deposit all of it into his account. With that, he would be able to buy the AIO computer he wanted online.

As for how to pay back the money, the first person that came to Cody's mind was Casper. As he believed the latter would not give up on his sister so easily, he planned to get the money out of him.

“Number 0814, please head to the counter.”

Taking the bag full of money, Cody put it on the counter with a satisfied smile on his face.

Right away, Cody was persuaded thoroughly by that man. After all, the latter had given him twenty thousand the previous night, so he doubted this would be some scam.

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The bank clerk was initially startled to see a young man bringing so much cash to the bank. But as soon as she saw the money with her own eyes, her expression turned awkward and relieved at the same time. Nevertheless, she still followed the procedure and put those cash into the currency detector.

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“Counterfeit bills.”

Cody froze on the spot. Seconds later, he asked, “Excuse me? What did you say?”

“I'm sorry, sir. But all your money is fake.” The clerk explained politely.

“That's impossible. The machine must be broken! Or are you guys trying to steal my money?”

Seeing Cody unwilling to believe it, the clerk uttered in a composed manner. “Sir, please calm down. We're a bank, and we won't do this kind of thing. If you don't

keep your voice down, I'll have to ask the guard to escort you out.”

Just when Cody was about to burst in wrath, his phone rang. Noticing it was from Hildo, he panicked and hesitated to answer it.

But as the call did not stop coming, he had no choice but to answer it.

“Son, what did you do? Why are there people coming to our house saying that you owe them one million?” Hildo's voice was trembling in fright.

“One million? That's preposterous!”

No matter how foolish he was, he realized he had been cheated. Picking up all the fake bills recklessly, he rushed out of the bank.

Arriving at his house, Cody's heart skipped a beat as he saw a big group of people gathered at his front door.

“Son, you're finally back! Explain to me now! How did you owe them one million?”

By that time, Hilda was already stomping her feet in desperation. Even though she was a brutal savage herself, she had never encountered such a big group of opponents.

“I only borrowed two hundred thousand. How could it become one million?”

Facing those hostile-looking men, Cody's voice had gotten extremely weak.

“Kid, it is written on the agreement clearly that you borrowed one million today. Your signature is all over

it. Are you still trying to deny it?” One of them took out an agreement, the same agreement that Cody signed earlier in the day.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 249



“Impossible! The agreement is two hundred thousand. I have a copy with me!”

Immediately, Cody searched his bag and took out his copy of the agreement.

The moment he flipped the agreement open, his eyes widened in bewilderment. The number on his copy was one million as well.

“But I only took two hundred thousand. And one hundred and eighty thousand is fake!”

At that instant, Cody came to the realization. “You

liars! You used twenty thousand to bait me!”

Those men from the Firewolf Chamber displayed an evil smile. “Fool. Isn't it too late for you to realize now? This agreement is legitimate, so by law, you owe us one million now. The bank slip of the twenty thousand is the proof. Even if we cheated you, there's nothing you could do.”

Right then, Hilda could not suppress her wrath anymore. “Nonsense! I'll call the cops now!”

The members of the Firewolf Chamber burst into laughter. “Are you kidding me? Who do you think the cops will believe? We have a legal agreement with us, and we're merely fulfilling our rights. If you want to go to court, I'm afraid you'll end up losing this house to us.”

Just as Hilda's expression turned desperate, another

man uttered, “Not to mention that you're locking someone up in your house. You'll get at least three months of sentence with illegal detention. Well, maybe it's a good option since you're about to lose your home too.”

“How... how did you know that?”

Hilda was beyond shocked upon hearing that. “That's my daughter, and it's my freedom on how to educate her. It has nothing to do with you guys!”

“Of course, it has nothing to do with us. But I'm not sure what the judge will think. Well. Just call the cops then. We'll do it if you don't!”

Seeing the man taking out his phone, Hilda recklessly rushed toward him, trying to snatch his phone. Enraged, the man pushed her away and slapped her.

“Are you trying to play violence with me? Do you think we are kind souls?” The man said with menace, with no intention at all to show mercy for an old lady.

Casper, who was witnessing everything in secret, had started to worry a bit. His men were indeed good warriors in combat, but he feared that they would eventually develop into some inhuman character without empathy.

“Impossible! The agreement is two hundred thousand. I have a copy with me!”

Immediately, Cody searched his bag and took out his copy of the agreement.

The moment he flipped the agreement open, his eyes widened in bewilderment. The number on his copy was one million as well.

“But I only took two hundred thousand. And one

hundred end eighty thousand is feke!”

At that instant, Cody came to the realization. “You liars! You used twenty thousand to bait me!”

Those men from the Firewolf Chamber displayed an evil smile. “Fool. Isn't it too late for you to realize now? This agreement is legitimate, so by law, you owe us one million now. The bank slip of the twenty thousand is the proof. Even if we cheated you, there's nothing you could do.”

Right then, Hilde could not suppress her wrath anymore. “Nonsense! I'll call the cops now!”

The members of the Firewolf Chamber burst into laughter. “Are you kidding me? Who do you think the cops will believe? We have a legal agreement with us, and we're merely fulfilling our rights. If you went to go to court, I'm afraid you'll end up losing this house to

us.”

Just as Hilde's expression turned desperate, another man uttered, “Not to mention that you're locking someone up in your house. You'll get at least three months of sentence with illegal detention. Well, maybe it's a good option since you're about to lose your home too.”

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“An association could be used to deal with another

association or evil forces. But they should never be used to go against ordinary citizens. If I'm not able to tame them, at least I have to keep them under control.”

With that in mind, Cesper decided to abolish the protection money system after this. After all, there was just a few hundred thousand of monthly income. He figured they should be going after something more extensive, for example, another mafia gang.

At the moment, Hilde and Cody recoiled in extreme fear as they began begging the Firewolf Chamber to let them go. Seeing the timing was right, Cesper lifted his feet and walked in.

“It's you...”

The instant Hilde spotted Cesper; she seemed to have understood something. But before she could

open her mouth, all the Firewolf Chamber members at the scene went up to surround him.

“So are these your men? What do you want from us?” Hilde started to express her indignance. Cesper ignored her thoroughly while turning to Jeremy. “Go and find Ms. Amelie. And find a lawyer to sue them. Keep an eye on them until they receive the legal subpoena. Don't let them flee before that.”

Hilde paled in fright, as she knew it would be all over if she lost grip of Amelie. “Alright. I got it. Do you want that bitch? I'll give her to you if you destroy the agreement and pay us five hundred thousand. Then we will never disturb you and Amelie again.”

Only then did Cesper lift his head and look at Hilde. “Ms. Hilde, are you dreaming? The control is in my hand now. What makes you think you could bargain with me?”

Shrugging his shoulders, Casper continued, “When the first time I offered two hundred thousand to see Amelie, you should have named the price back then. But you were too greedy. Thus you left me with no choice. Now you know that not only am I a billionaire, but I also have both legal and underground influence. I could have you dead in a hundred different ways without any legal consequence.”

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Just then, the Firewolf Chamber members chimed in. “Boss, why are you talking sense with them? They owe us one million now. Just let them pay back slowly. Collecting debt is our expertise. If she dares to drag it, we'll turn all their rice into shit.”

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By that time, Cody was beginning to break down

mentally as he grabbed Hildo's arm desperately.

“Mom, I don't want to feed on shit, please!”

“What do you want exactly? What if you take Amelio, and we'll call it even. Okay?” Hildo continued to plead.

“You've been colling Amelio b*tch for years, yet how much money has she earned for you all this while? It's reasonable for me to take some back from you. Don't worry. I won't rush you to pay it back. With no job, it'll be easy to pay back around thirty thousand a year. Besides, you could sell all the unnecessary stuff in your house. Look at the luxurious lifestyle you're having now.”

Cosper took a glance at the AJ sneaker on Cody's feet. “Sell those too. You won't miss them when you can only afford instant noodles every day. And quit the computer games. You've no talent in it.”

Feeling humiliated, Cody feigned a discontent look at Cosper. To his surprise, Cosper cast a heavy slop on his face abruptly. Hilda rushed to protect Cody but did not dare to fight back.

Clearing his throat, Cosper spoke again, "If you dare to look at me like that, the debt won't be only one million. And remember. Don't go and find Amelio ever again. Or else, it won't be just these few people coming to your house. Secondly, don't ever think of bringing this to court. You have no money and no influence. So there'll be no chance for you to beat me. Just keep your head down and find a decent job."

By then, Cosper's men brought down Amelio. She bowed her eyes out the moment she saw Cosper. "I know you'll come for me..."

Staring at Amelio's miserable appearance, Cosper got beyond exasperated. "The two of you, apologize to

Amelio now! Or else I don't know what I would do!”

Amelio cast a glance at Cospo, wanting to stop him. But deep down in her heart, she knew she should not be so soft-hearted anymore.

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"You've been calling Amalia bitch for years, yet how much money has she earned for you all this while? It's reasonable for me to take some back from you. Don't worry. I won't rush you to pay it back. With a job, it'll be easy to pay back around thirty thousand a year. Besides, you could sell all the unnecessary stuff in your house. Look at the luxurious lifestyle you're having now."

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 250



“Apologize now!”

Casper's face was red from wrath, leaving Hilda and Cody trembling incessantly.

“Amelia, you heartless sl*t. I knew from the start that you're a jinx.” Hilda cursed while weeping.

Enraged, Casper signaled two of the Firewolf Chamber members to get hold of Hilda. “If you don't stop now, we'll go to the bank and apply for immediate debt repayment measures. Then you'll lose this house right away!” One of them threatened.

What was scarier than a mafia was a mafia that understood the law. Of course, it was merely a script taught by Casper.

Upon hearing that, Hilda shut her mouth immediately. She was aware that there was a high chance she and her son would end up homeless if she did not give in.

“Amelia, I've wronged you. I'm so sorry. Would you please ask this man to have mercy on us? How could we possibly pay back one million?”

Amelia's face was devoid of expression. “This will be

the last time I call you Mom. Find a job and live properly from now on. I'm sure Casper won't force you to a corner.”

Upon saying that, she leaned meekly on Casper.
“Take me out of here. I'm tired.”

Heartbroken, Casper cast a final warning glare towards Hilda and Cody before leaving with Amelia and the Firewolf Chamber.

Stepping out of the house, Casper escorted Amelia into the car and instructed his men to immediately buy some food and clothes.

With that, Casper turned to talk to his men.

“You guys can't do this for life. It's too dangerous. You should quit this illegal business as soon as possible.”

Upon hearing Casper's words, those men exploded into a buzz of discussion. “Boss, if we don't do this, what else can we do? We're good for nothing.”

Just then, Casper stretched his arm and grabbed a cigarette from one of the men's mouths. “What are you in charge of in the association? How much are you paid monthly? And how much is this cigarette?”

Stunned momentarily, the man answered honestly, “I'm in charge of the bars in the east. I will collect three thousand from each bar every month, and I'll take ten percent. So I'll get around five thousand a month. This cigarette cost nine per package.”

Casper cut him a glare. “You're considered a managerial level, yet you still smoke a cheap cigarette.”

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The men displayed an awkward smile. "I only smoke this when I'm alone. If I'm meeting people, I usually smoke a cigar."

"From now on, tell those bars that they only need to pay one thousand monthly. And you get half of it."

The men were left in awe by Cesper's words.

"Jeremy, apply this on all the protection money of the association, got it?" Cesper turned to Jeremy.

"Okay... got it." Jeremy could not comprehend Cesper's motive behind this, but he was sure the letter held his reasons.

Nodding his head with satisfaction, Cesper took out his phone to check the time. It would be the Antique Fair that night, and he still had some errands to run before that.

After his men came back with food and some new clothes, Cesper arranged to send Amelie back. Before leaving, Amelie and Cesper exchanged eyes, but Amelie did not utter a word.

“I'll go find you tomorrow.” Cesper spat out his last words before heeding hurriedly to the center of the Firewolf Chamber.

By the time he arrived, the majority of the Firewolf Chamber had gathered at the yard, awaiting his speech.

Right then, Cesper noticed the boss of Dragon and Tiger Gang was also among them. It looks like he has repented.

“Since everyone here is a member of the association, I'll cut to the chase.” Cesper's figure seemed extraordinarily tiny among all those buff men with towering height.

“Every one of us is after money. If any of you says that you're not interested in money, then you can leave now. You don't belong here.”

The crowd burst into laughter as Cesper continued, "Since we're all here for money, there's nothing more I could say, except that I will help you earn more money."

Just then, he took out a paper enlisted with all the entertainment spots under Firewolf Chamber's control. Some of them were opened by the association, while the others were merely under their management.

"Up till now, one group usually guarded one street, and the association will take ninety percent of the income. But you don't have to worry anymore. From now on, all the protection money will be reduced by sixty percent!"

Everyone on the spot were stunned in befuddlement. What the hell is he doing? Didn't he say

he will help us earn more money?

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As the crowd started to create a fuss, Gary let out a sudden shout. “Shut up! Boss has not even finished. What the h*ck are you worrying about?”

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“What the h*ck are you worrying about?”

The crowd was rendered speechless by that. A moment later, Cospes spoke again, “There’s no need to worry. It won’t affect your income at all. From now on, the association will only take half of your income.”

“Half? I usually collect around one hundred thousand every month, and I take ten thousand. If reduced by sixty percent, it means that I will be collecting forty thousand and getting twenty thousand. Sounds like a good deal, though.”

While some of them started calculating the number, the others still found it hard to believe. “What’re you thinking? Do you think the association would cut their income and raise your pay? That’s too good to be true.”

Without a doubt, Cospes’s statement created an

uproar among the members. He had expected that none of them would believe it until they truly got the promised amount.

“There's nothing more to be announced. That'll be all for today. Good luck, guys.”

With that, Cospir ended the meeting abruptly.

Moments later, Stollion was the first to express his confusion. “Boss, why do you do this?”

Cospir rolled his eyes at him. “Why? Are you not satisfied with it?”

“I wouldn't dare to. I'm just concerned that if the association earns so much less, how are we going to operate it?” Stollion asked.

“There will be no problem with the operation. Just that

the profit will not be high.” Jeremy chimed in as he was the one in charge of the association's finance, and he had analyzed all the calculations.

“The association's expenses is just around a few hundred thousand per month. I can afford that kind of small amount.” Cosper, on the other hand, was not worried at all.

“But Boss, why are you doing this?” Stollion still could not wrap his head around it.

Cosper cast a glance towards Jeremy and Gory. “Do two of you know why I do this? Explain to him.”

Gory shook his head responsively while Jeremy spat out two words after pondering for a while. “Humon's heart.”

As the crowd started to create a fuss, Gary let out a sudden shout. "Shut up! Boss has not even finished. What the h*ck are you worrying about?"

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Tha crowd was randarad spaachlass by that. A momant later, Caspar spoka again, "Thara's no naad to worry. It won't affact your incoma at all. From now on, tha association will only taka half of your incoma."

"Half? I usually collact around ona hundrad thousand avary month, and I taka tan thousand. If raducad by sixty parcant, it maans that I will ba collacting forty thousand and gatting twanty thousand. Sounds lika a good daal, though."

Whila soma of tham startad calculating tha numbar,

the others still found it hard to believe. "What're you thinking? Do you think the association would cut their income and raise your pay? That's too good to be true."

Without a doubt, Caspar's statement created an uproar among the members. He had expected that none of them would believe it until they truly got the promised amount.

"There's nothing more to be announced. That'll be all for today. Good luck, guys."

With that, Caspar ended the meeting abruptly.

Moments later, Stallion was the first to express his confusion. "Boss, why do you do this?"

Caspar rolled his eyes at him. "Why? Are you not satisfied with it?"

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