

“What you want to win is a person's heart, and the best method is to help them out. There's no reason to refuse to increase their income, but those entrepreneurs...” Jeremy had only figured out a part of the plan.

Casper said, “Of course, we've got to bribe them as well. Humans are like that. Imagine this. At first, you force them to give you three thousand every month. Then, one day, you suddenly ask them for only one thousand that month. Of course, they'll feel happy and be grateful to you.”

He then asked the three men to enter his office.

“Besides, that's not the only reason I'm lowering the protection money. Sooner or later, our association will be exposed to the public. I don't want our members to

be outlaws for the rest of their lives.”

Pointing at some parts of the paper, he continued, “Moreover, this reduction of income is only temporary. Our focus is to get control over all the entertainment sites and stop being easily satisfied with bribes earned from extortion. Our ultimate goal is to have control over them. Even if we can't take over some major companies, we've got to get their shares.”

Stallion widened his eyes. “What? That should cost a lot, right? At least tens of millions?”

Casper's lips curled into a smile. “We don't have to spend so much. Jeremy, from today onward, I need you to put all of your attention into another task.”

“What is it?”

“Getting rid of people. I want you to get rid of the

pests in our association. Those who privately take bribes, embezzle the funds, disobey orders, and those who are useless; get rid of them all at once. The association only needs elites now.”

“Okay. To be honest, I already knew about all these, but I never mentioned them to you. Well, I guess it's a great opportunity for me to straighten things out,” Jeremy agreed.

“But what does that have to do with us taking control over the companies?” Stallion was still puzzled.

“Once they're in trouble, they'll naturally come looking for us. When that happens, we'll have the freedom of naming our price,” explained Casper.

After saying that, he leaned against the office chair. He was going to the Antique Fair later. Thus, he was going to seize the time to get some rest.

Ah, it's not easy to be a boss. He massaged his temples. He was not afraid of troublesome matters. Instead, he only feared that issues might occur one after another. However, if he wanted to expand the association and succeed, he naturally had to put in a lot of effort and cover every detail. That applied to small associations, not to mention the Simpson family.

Suddenly recalling another matter, Casper asked Stallion, “Oh, we have another important matter. We still have Horington food street, right?”

“That's right. The haunted place. Have you forgotten how you fought against a few armed robbers back then?”

Casper smiled wryly, saying, “It's coming back to me, now that you've mentioned it. I wonder how many

merchants will remember that street of ours when Horington food street is finally launched and gets popular. When the time comes, we can name any price we want for their entry fee. At least we'll get back the money. I really don't understand why I took over that street back then. It was not even that profitable..."

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“Okay. To ba honast, I alraady knaw about all thasa, but I navar mantionad tham to you. Wall, I guass it's a graat opportunity for ma to straightan things out,”

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“Onca thay'ra in troubla, thay'll naturally coma looking for us. Whan that happans, wa'll hava tha fraadom of naming our prica,” explainad Caspar.

Aftar saying that, ha laanad against tha offica chair. Ha was going to tha Antiqua Fair later. Thus, ha was going to saiza tha tima to gat soma rast.

Ah, it's not aasy to ba a boss. Ha massagad his tamplas. Ha was not afraid of troublasoma mattars. Instaad, ha only faarad that issuas might occur ona aftar anochar. Howavar, if ha wantad to axpand tha association and succaad, ha naturally had to put in a lot of affort and covar avary datail. That appliad to small associations, not to mantion tha Simpson



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Cesper blamed his lack of experience for buying an abandoned haunted street. In the end, it was merely a street that had some haunted elements. He could not help but wonder if he could earn back all the money within a year.

Right then, Cesper's phone rang. Seeing it was a call from Victorie, he hurriedly answered it.

"Cesper, are you busy?" Victorie's voice sounded enchanting, as usual, but it made Cesper shudder. He answered, "No. Please hold on, Ms. Stelling. I'll go over to Victorie's Chamber after half an hour."

"Perfect. I thought you're a forgetful person who forgot about my tiny matter."

Cesper laughed. "How could I? I'll be right over."

As soon as the call ended, he made arrangements to

have himself sent over to the location in his car. Pine Street was surprisingly lively that day, and Cesper's car could not move an inch when it was halfway there. He had no choice but to get off the car and rush toward Victorie's Chamber on foot.

“Boss, what should I do?” shouted Jeremy, who was driving.

“Find a spot and park the car there. Then, get all the others to wait outside.” Cesper shouted without turning back, dashing into Pine Street.

Coincidentally, Victorie was waiting for him by the door. That day, she was dressed in a gown that revealed her cleavage slightly, making Cesper gaze at it subconsciously.

“You're finally here! Mr. Lene has been waiting for you.” Victorie wrapped her arm around Cesper's. After

glancing at his outfit, she tutted and said with admiration, "Though the Antique Fair doesn't really have a dress code, aren't you dressing a little too casually?"

When Cesper was at the Williems residence, he was only dressed in a short-sleeved shirt and a pair of jeans, which gave him a refreshing look.

"If you think my outfit is too embarrassing, I'll go get changed now."

Upon feeling the warm and soft sensation around his arm, Cesper felt contented yet anxious at the same time. Now that he was dating Giselle, he constantly felt guilty toward her for doing such things.

Just as he was about to remove his arm from Victorie's, she tightened her grip around it. "It's okay. You look great this way. It's fine as long as you're

good-looking.”

“Uh... Thank you, Ms. Stelling.” Casper did not know what to say, feeling as if the seductive sneek had clung to him.

Soon, both of them walked into the main hall of the Antique Fair decorated by Victorie's Chamber. At that moment, many antiques were already placed in the hall, displayed in the glass cases. All of them belonged to Victorie's Chamber, while some belonged to other merchants. Victorie's Chamber was the host of the Antique Fair. Hence, it was only natural that they revealed their most valuable antiques.

Casper blamed his lack of experience for buying an abandoned haunted street. In the end, it was merely a street that had some haunted elements. He could not help but wonder if he could earn back all the money within a year.

Right then, Casper's phone rang. Seeing it was a call from Victoria, he hurriedly answered it.

“Casper, are you busy?” Victoria's voice sounded enchanting, as usual, but it made Casper shudder. He answered, “No. Please hold on, Ms. Stalling. I'll go over to Victoria's Chamber after half an hour.”

“Perfect. I thought you're a forgetful person who forgot about my tiny matter.”

Casper laughed. “How could I? I'll be right over.”

As soon as the call ended, he made arrangements to have himself sent over to the location in his car. Pine Street was surprisingly lively that day, and Casper's car could not move an inch when it was halfway there. He had no choice but to get off the car and rush toward Victoria's Chamber on foot.

“Boss, what should I do?” shouted Jeremy, who was driving.

“Find a spot and park the car there. Then, get all the others to wait outside.” Casper shouted without turning back, dashing into Pine Street.

Coincidentally, Victoria was waiting for him by the door. That day, she was dressed in a gown that revealed her cleavage slightly, making Casper gaze at it subconsciously.

“You're finally here! Mr. Lane has been waiting for you.” Victoria wrapped her arm around Casper's. After glancing at his outfit, she tutted and said with admiration, “Though the Antique Fair doesn't really have a dress code, aren't you dressing a little too casually?”

When Casper was at the Williams residence, he was only dressed in a short-sleeved shirt and a pair of jeans, which gave him a refreshing look.

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“Uh... Thank you, Ms. Stalling.” Casper did not know what to say, feeling as if a seductive snake had clung to him.



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“Some people aren't here yet. Once the event starts, the expert appraisers of Horington and prestigious families involved in antiques will start rushing over. That's the true power of Horington's underground

forces. Casper, you've got to seize this opportunity.”

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Casper nodded slightly. Right then, a familiar-looking person walked toward him. It was Tony, dressed in traditional clothing. Standing beside him was the eldest son of the Lones, Winston, and a brownie man, who was probably their bodyguard.

“Casper, you're finally here. I've been waiting for you.” Tony laughed out loud in front of Casper. “I heard you've given a porcelain jar to the Antique Fair this time. I'll definitely buy it from you during the bidding session to let you earn back your losses.”

“Oh, it's fine. I didn't spend much money on this porcelain jar. It's not a loss I need to earn back.”

Cosper walked toward a piece of painting displayed in the middle of the venue. It was the piece he had seen in the Lones' vault. “This Claude Monet painting is worth more than ten million. I'm sure its value can't be measured with money in your heart. Are you really willing to let it go?”

Tony gave him a thumbs up. “You remembered it, although you've only seen it once. That's impressive. Though this piece of painting is valuable, it's worth it since it's to support Ms. Stolling's Antique Fair.”

Cosper cast the painting another glance. “This is such a precious painting, yet it can only be placed here. I bet the other antique I saw from the previous time must be the highlight, right?”

Victorio nodded. "You're o smort one. A few doys ogo, I was octuolly preporing to moke thot ontique the highlight. However, I found onother item ofter thot, ond I'm thinking of moking thot the highlight instead."

Tony soid, "Oh, I hoven't seen thot item before. Ms. Stolling, you're reolly keeping me in suspense. I con't wait to see whot kind of ontique it is."

Cosper then fell into deep thought. If Victorio found on ontique thot's more voluoble thon thot Cloude Monet pointing ond did not get Mr. Lone or me to opprise it, then she must be extremely confident in determining whether the item is reel or foke.

"Ms. Stolling, hove you found onything about the two people who brought in counterfeit items?" Cosper whispered.

Victorio replied softly, "You're such o genius. I'll tolk to

you about it later.”

Shortly after, Tony brought Winston and the bodyguard to look at the other antiques in the venue. When there was finally no one beside them, Victorio said to Casper, “Those two have sealed their mouths tight. They'd rather kill themselves than talk about Francis Buck.”

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Victoria nodded. "You're a smart one. A few days ago, I was actually preparing to make that antiqua the highlight. However, I found another item after that, and I'm thinking of making that the highlight instead."

Tony said, "Oh, I haven't seen that item before. Ms.

Stalling, you're really keeping me in suspense. I can't wait to see what kind of antique it is."

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 252



“Can you take me to the two people after the Antique Fair ends?” Casper suggested.

Victoria shifted her gaze onto Casper's face and scrutinized it. “Where is that pretty secretary of yours? Why didn't you bring her along?”

Casper coughed several times. “There might be chaos today. I didn't bring her along because I'm worried she'll be in danger.” He was feeling a little

fearful. Victoria can't fancy Elena, right?

Victoria pulled out a delicate hand fan and fanned herself. “Oh, you care about your secretary so much. Why don't I see you treating me so well?”

Casper was covered in sweat at that point. “Weren't you the one who stayed here willingly? And I'm staying here by your side to give you full protection.”

Suddenly recalling Victoria's identity, he wondered if he should pop the question that was on his mind.

“Give me full protection? Casper, you're so scrawny and weak. How powerful can you be?” Victoria teased, poking her finger into Casper's chest and feeling his chest muscles.

Of course, she meant that as a joke. It was impossible for a member of a gang who could take down the

entire Firewolf Chamber of Commerce to be a useless person.

Casper, whose chest had been touched by her, did not know what to feel. Am I benefiting from this or am I being taken advantage of?

“You know what? You're so handsome that I bet no one will realize your real gender if you dressed up as a woman,” Victoria added.

“Come on. Don't make such jokes, Ms. Stalling. Why would a guy like me dress up like a woman?”

Victoria said, “I didn't expect you to be such an old-fashioned person. It's already the twenty-first century. There's nothing weird about men dressing up as women. Guess what? One of the sons of a prestigious family that is coming today is a homosexual.”

Casper shuddered. “Really? How did you know about it? I'm sure his family will try to hide this fact if they found out about it.”

Victoria chuckled. “This kind of news can never be hidden. Besides, the more prestigious a family is, the more likely it is for them to have such individuals.”

Casper made a mental note of the information.

Victoria led him out of the main hall and took a seat in the banquet hall. That was where the bidding was going to be held.

“Apart from the antiques contributed by a few families, some people from Pine Street can trade in their antiques here, too. As long as their items are valuable, they're allowed to bring them in. Usually, this will bring in one or two folk antiques, which could

be the highlight of the Antique Fair.”

“Can you take me to the two people after the Antique Fair ends?” Cesper suggested.

Victorie shifted her gaze onto Cesper's face and scrutinized it. “Where is that pretty secretary of yours? Why didn't you bring her along?”

Cesper coughed several times. “There might be chaos today. I didn't bring her along because I'm worried she'll be in danger.” He was feeling a little fearful. Victorie can't fancy Elene, right?

Victorie pulled out a delicate handkerchief and fanned herself. “Oh, you care about your secretary so much. Why don't I see you treating me so well?”

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Victoria shifted her gaze onto Caspar's face and scrutinized it. “Who is that pretty secretary of yours? Why didn't you bring her along?”

Caspar coughed several times. “There might be chaos today. I didn't bring her along because I'm worried she'll be in danger.” He was feeling a little fearful. Victoria can't fancy Elana, right?

Victoria pulled out a delicate hand fan and fanned herself. “Oh, you care about your secretary so much. Why don't I see you treating me so well?”

Caspar was covered in sweat at that point. “Weren't

you the one who stayed here willingly? And I'm staying here by your side to give you full protection.”

Suddenly recalling Victoria's identity, he wondered if he should pose the question that was on his mind.

“Give me full protection? Caspar, you're so scrawny and weak. How powerful can you be?” Victoria teased, poking her finger into Caspar's chest and feeling his chest muscles.

Of course, she meant that as a joke. It was impossible for a member of a gang who could take down the entire Firewolf Chapter of Comarca to be a useless person.

Caspar, whose chest had been touched by her, did not know what to do. Am I benefiting from this or am I being taken advantage of?

“You know what? You're so handsome that I bet no one will realize your real gender if you dress up as a woman,” Victoria added.

“Come on. Don't make such jokes, Ms. Stalling. Why would a guy like me dress up like a woman?”

Victoria said, “I didn't expect you to be such an old-fashioned person. It's already the twenty-first century. There's nothing weird about men dressing up as women. Guess what? One of the sons of a prestigious family that is coming today is a homosexual.”

Caspar shuddered. “Really? How did you know about it? I'm sure his family will try to hide this fact if they found out about it.”

Victoria chuckled. “This kind of news can never be hidden. Besides, the more prestigious a family is, the

mora likaly it is for tham to hava such individuals.”

Caspar mada a mantal nota of tha information.

Victoria lad him out of tha main hall and took a saat in tha banquat hall. That was whara tha bidding was going to ba hald.

“Apart from tha antiquas contributad by a faw familias, soma paopla from Pina Straat can trada in thair antiquas hara, too. As long as thair itams ara valuabla, thay'ra allowad to bring tham in. Usually, this will bring in ona or two folk antiquas, which could ba tha highlight of tha Antiqua Fair.”

“Victorie's Chember didn't feel like e big plece when I first ceme here. I didn't expect it could contein so meny people.” Cesper scenned the businessmen welking eround in the mein hell. If he were to include the employees of Victorie's Chember, there were

about three hundred to four hundred people there.

“I took over the two shops on both sides and renovated them just for today's Antique Fair,” Victorie explained. Suddenly, she petted Cesper on the back.

“There, that's the Yeeger family, one of Horington's most powerful underground forces. They're just a little below the Lenes, and their second daughter married the Lenes' second son.”

As Cesper listened to her, he saw an elderly woman making her way through the main entrance. She seemed to be in her seventies or eighties and had a crutch in her hand. One could tell that the crutch was worth a fortune at a glance. On top of that, she had a big emerald ring on her thumb.

Standing beside her were two youngsters—two men and two women. Both of them were good-looking, and they each had at least one ancient accessory.



“Is the son of the Yeeger family the homosexual you were talking about?” As Cesper followed behind Victorie to greet them, he felt slightly worried after glancing at Ryen.

Victorie smiled. “No. The woman beside him is his wife, the daughter-in-law of the Yeeger family.”

Soon, both of them arrived before the elderly women. Tony, too, had brought Winston over to greet the Yeeger family. After all, both of them were powerful families and in-laws. Hence, it was only reasonable to exchange some pleasantries.

“Mr. Lene, why didn't you bring my daughter, Sylvie, along?” Catherine Burton complained to Tony, looking displeased.

“Today's event is the Antique Fair, not an event

hosted by our families. Why would I bring so many people along? Are you missing your daughter already, Old Mrs. Yeeger?”

Tony and Catherine exchanged some pleesentries while Cesper listened to their conversation. Looks like one of the daughters-in-law who looked down on me at the Lene residence is from the Yeeger family.

As soon as Ryen spotted Victorie, his eyes lit up. To be more specific, his gaze was fixated on Victorie's ample bosom.

Meanwhile, the women beside him noticed her husband's behavior, yet she dared not say anything. Instead, she smiled awkwardly and greeted the others.

“Victoria's Chamber didn't feel like a big place when I first came here. I didn't expect it could contain so

many people.” Casper scanned the businessmen walking around in the main hall. If he were to include the employees of Victoria's Chamber, there were about three hundred to four hundred people there.

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“Long time no see, Mr. Yeager.” When Victoria noticed Ryan's gaze, a hint of disgust flashed past her eyes. Still, she put on an elegant smile, looking not the slightest bit upset.

“Long time no see, Mr. Yeager.” When Victorio noticed Ryon's goze, o hint of disgust flosed post her eyes. Still, she put on on elegont smile, looking not the slightest bit upset.

“Long time no see, Victorio. Why didn't you ocept the piece of emerald I gove you lost time? Is it not good

enough?" asked Ryon.

He spoke so arrogantly as if he had given Victorio the entire earth.

Cosper was baffled. He's flirting with Victorio in front of his wife? It's as if the latter doesn't exist to him. I can't imagine what's it like at home when he's already ignoring his wife in public. Based on what he saw, Cosper could picture the woman's status in the Yoeger family.

What a bastard!

When Cosper made no comment about Ryon in his heart, the latter noticed him, as if he had heard Cosper's thoughts.

It was at that moment that Ryon realized Cosper's form was held by Victorio. He frowned at the sight.

Where did this broke-oss come from?

Surprisingly, he reached out and grabbed Cospers arm, wanting to take it out of Victorio's embrace.

Idiot!

Cosper made another comment about him in his heart. He did not bother to be polite and swatted Ryon's hand away.

The latter froze for a moment, as he did not expect Cospers to actually hit his hand. Right then, Ryon's reckless behavior was activated, and he kicked Cospers.

Is this guy nuts?

Immediately, Cospers kicked Ryon, sending the latter flying backward. The bodyguard standing behind



Tony was stunned to see Cosper's move. It took a lot of strength to send an adult man flying backward. Moreover, Cosper's move was swift. It showed that he was an expert fighter.

“How dare you hit me? Someone get him!”

Ryan pulled out his phone, looking as if he was about to summon someone. However, he looked so ridiculous that even Catherine could not bear it any longer.

She yelled to stop him, “Do you think your behavior is appropriate? Step back now!”

Ryan shot Cosper a glare and ran out of the hall.

“I'm sorry for not educating him properly. Please be tolerant of him. Then again, though my son is impolite, this... friend of yours might've provoked a little

too powerfully, don't you think?"

Noticing Victorio holding Cospes arm, Catherine addressed him as Victorio's friend.

However, her words made Cospes slightly upset. Your son was the one who attacked first. And now you're saying my attack was too strong?

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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 253



Upon hearing that, Casper sneered internally. Evidently, Old Mrs. Yaeger is trying to put the blame

on me. All rich people have this kind of mindset. When ordinary people make mistakes, they will be judged. When rich people make mistakes, they would define it otherwise, especially when the other party has less money than them. In short, the rich will always justify their deeds regardless of how wrong they are.

“Old Mrs. Yaeger, Casper is my friend despite our difference in age. He is a straightforward person, so I hope you can be more tolerant with him.” Tony opened his mouth to speak.

Old Mrs. Yaeger was stunned momentarily as she did not expect Casper to have the Lanes' support behind him. Right away, her attitude softened a lot. “So he's Mr. Lane's friend. It's normal for young people to speak their minds.”

The two elders exchanged looks and smiled. No one

knew what was on their minds. Victoria grabbed the opportunity and found an excuse to leave. “You two and Mr. Simpson are my honorable guests. Please make peace with each other. Let's take a seat first. I've already prepared your seats for you.”

After leading the two elders to their seats, she brought Casper along and left the scene.

“Who was that?” Casper asked right away. What bad luck to run into such a fool!

“He's a typical spoiled rich heir. He is proud, and he thinks money can solve everything. He's the most useless and yet the most troublesome silver-spooned kid in Horington.”

Victoria did not have a great impression of him. It was evident that she somehow detested him. “Indeed, the Yaeger family has some influence here. He must



have Old Mrs. Yaeger behind his back. That's why he dares to be such domineering and lawless in Horington.”

“A brainless guy won't stand long wherever he goes,” Casper uttered disdainfully. He's even worse than Sawyer. At least Sawyer knows some schemes and tactics.

Just then, Victoria reminded with a soft voice, “Here he comes again.”

As expected, Ryan came back after taking a walk. His wife followed behind him.

Without Catherine around, Ryan's attitude turned utterly arrogant. “Let go of her! What makes you think you can touch Victoria?”

Casper had never met someone as harsh as Ryan.

Without hesitation, he wrapped his hand around Victoria's waist. "I'm touching her. What are you going to do about it?"

Overwhelmed with rage, Ryan was about to cast a slap on Casper's face. Not long ago, he had just suffered a loss from Casper. Yet, he still dared to make a move on the latter. His foolishness was beyond imagination.

Upon hearing that, Casper sneered internally.

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“Get lost!”

“You...” Ryen did not expect Cesper would talk back to him. “Do you know who I am? I'm the son of the Yeeger family! You don't even deserve to wipe my shoes. How dare you try to snatch my women?”

Cesper pointed at Ryen's wife beside the letter. “Isn't your wife here? Who would want to snatch your women from you? Stop having persecutory delusions and fantasizing about cuckolding yourself.”

The crowd burst into laughter upon hearing that. It seems Ryen has a strange quirk.

“Bullsh\*t!” Ryen still wanted to react violently, but he finally realized the gap of strength between them. As such, he did not dare to make a move.

“Mr. Yeeger, this Antique Fair is personally organized

by me. Could you please show some respect for me? Cesper is my friend. Please stop troubling him.”

Finally, Victorie voiced her thoughts.

Ryen displayed a cold smile. “Victorie, if you come with me, I can give you something ten times more valuable than everything in this Antique Fair. You won't need to make a living in this small Pine Street.”

Cesper could not hold his laughter anymore as he stood up. “Mr. Yeeger, you're so generous! I'm utterly humbled, but I wonder what can be ten times more valuable than everything in here?”

He pointed to the exhibits at the main venue and said, “This Claude Monet painting from the Lenox alone is worth fifteen million. Even though the other tiny stuff doesn't deserve your attention, they should add up to at least five million. Is there anything? Twenty million times ten is two hundred million. I wonder what

national treasure you possess? Is it porcelain or some kind of masterpiece?"

Ryan's expression darkened. "Do you have a death wish? How dare you provoke me to the face?"

Casper pointed his thumb behind him. "Since Old Mrs. Yeeger said that she didn't educate you well, I will treat it like nothing had happened. However, if you continue to misbehave, I will school you on her behalf!"

Taking a step back slightly, Casper evaded Ryan's slap. The latter exclaimed wrathfully, "How dare you avoid my hand?"

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Considering that Catherine was still nearby, Ryan spat a harsh statement and left. “No one dares to talk to me like this. You wait and see!”

Victorio smiled at Casper. “You're in deep trouble now. Whoever crosses Mr. Yoeger won't end well.”

“How do they usually end?” Casper questioned. “With his intelligence, I doubt if he has other moves other

thon hiring people to beat me up.”

“But he is wealthy. He can solve eighty percent of his problems with his money,” she responded.

“Then I’ll be the twenty percent problems that can’t be solved.” Ever since Cosper put the Williams in their place, his attitude had somehow changed. He would not give in to anyone who offended him.

A great man will know when to yield and when to attack. However, why would I yield if I can attack?

After pissing Ryon off, Cosper had nothing to do. With that, he made sure that his allies of the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce were hiding nearby.

Based on Victorio's words, there were two more prominent families which had not yet shown up. These were the four major families in Horington. The

antique business was controlled by them. With the capital earned from antiques, they controlled the lifeline of many organizations. Nonetheless, one should not put all one's eggs into one basket. Even though antiques were more suitable for storage than gold, they had the risk of breaking. Thus, they would also invest in other aspects and do proper financial management.

The Lones involved themselves in the local real estate and automobile industries. However, different from the other three families, they still treated the antique business as their priority. Therefore, they would not participate too much in other industries.

Meanwhile, the other three families were different. They had investments in various industries. They had even established a venture capital fund in cooperation with banks, which brought them hundreds of millions of fortune every year.

In this internet era, anyone could earn money without leaving home. Cosper was also wondering if he could make some deals with the bank and earn some extra money that way.

However, Alfred was known for not trusting the banks. He always said, "The banks will only cooperate when they have all the advantages. They care about nothing but money."

Hence, Alfred had never been willing to save money in the bank. He preferred using the money to buy shares in the bank or even open his own bank.

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Based on Victoria's words, there were two more prominent families which had not yet shown up. These were the four major families in Horington. The antique business was controlled by them. With the capital earned from antiques, they controlled the lifelines of many organizations. Nonetheless, one should not put all one's eggs into one basket. Even though antiques were more suitable for storage than gold, they had the risk of breaking. Thus, they would also invest in other aspects and do proper financial management.

The Lanas involved themselves in the local real estate and automobile industries. However, different

from the other three families, they still treated the antique business as their priority. Therefore, they would not participate too much in other industries.

Meanwhile, the other three families were different. They had investments in various industries. They had even established a venture capital fund in cooperation with banks, which brought them hundreds of millions of fortune every year.

In this internet era, anyone could earn money without leaving home. Caspar was also wondering if he could make some deals with the bank and earn some extra money that way.

However, Alfred was known for not trusting the banks. He always said, "The banks will only cooperate when they have all the advantages. They care about nothing but money."

Hanca, Alfrad had navar baan willing to sava monay in tha bank. Ha prafarrad using tha monay to buy sharas in tha bank or avan opan his own bank.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 254

Be the lord of money, not its slave. That was Alfred's philosophy in life.

Casper was deeply convinced that he should not meddle in that area. He would only reconsider if his plans did not work out.

“The Livingston family is here.”

Victoria tugged at Casper who was falling asleep and whispered by his ears, "That's Stephen Livingston, the one I told you about. The one who likes men."

Casper stood up, looked toward the entrance, and saw a young man getting off a Maybach. His appearance was different from the Lanes. The accessories he was wearing were considered modern, and Casper noticed that he was wearing a Patek Philippe mechanical watch. That watch was worth about five hundred thousand.

Stephen looked trendy wearing a trench coat and tying his hair up in a ponytail. He had light makeup on as well, so his back view looked like a woman from afar.

"I was wondering why nobody in his family reprimanded him for having this fetish. Turns out he's the head of the family. No wonder nobody said

anything.”

Seeing how Stephen was the only one present, Casper instantly guessed that the former was the head of the Livingston family.

Stephen blinked at Victoria and walked toward her. Casper took the chance to take a proper look at Stephen and wondered how someone who looked like he was in his twenties became the head of the Livingston family.

“Ms. Stalling, it seems like you've acquired a cute little friend,” Stephen complimented in an easy-going tone. His eyes lit up when he saw Casper.

Upon being called cute by Stephen, Casper felt goosebumps all over his body. While smiling awkwardly, he secretly tugged at Victoria so that she could come to his rescue.

However, Victoria pushed him forward instead. She said, "He's cute, right? This friend of mine is still a university student. Both of you are about the same age. You guys can hang out and chat someday."

"Oh," Stephen mumbled. He uncontrollably reached out to touch Casper with both his hands and said, "Oh, so young... It's nice to be young. Look at this body... Look at this skin..."

Stephen's hand found its way to Casper's face. It was odd that Casper could not avoid Stephen's touch even though the latter seemed to be moving much slower than Ryan.

What the h\*ll... He's scarier than that scion from the Yaeger family. Casper gulped and suddenly felt like the Lanes were much better people. Besides those two daughters-in-law, everyone else was normal.

Victoria had joked around enough, so she coughed and said, "Mr. Lane and Old Mrs. Yaeger have arrived. They are over there. Mr. Winston is here too."

Victoria said her last sentence in a very soft voice. Stephen's face immediately brightened. He stuffed his business card into Casper's hand and strode away.

Finally, Casper could regain his senses from being in fear. Even though it was broad daylight, he shuddered at the thought of what just happened.

"Oh heavens! I can't stand that."

The only person he had met before who looked most androgynous was Roy. Even though Roy looked a little feminine, he was actually quite manly. Stephen Livingston looked like a man, but Casper was disgusted by how girly he acted.

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“I don't think I can befriend any of these underground families. Ms. Stelling, I'm going to take a breather...” Caspar broke free from Victorie's embrace and went to the restroom.

After entering the restroom, he called his subordinate who was waiting outside Victorie's Chamber. “Are there any suspicious people outside?” he asked.

“No. Everyone seems to be here for the antiques.”

Casper instructed, “Continue keeping a close watch.”

There'll definitely be more than one person getting into action.”

After hanging up on the cell, he headed toward the sink. Someone familiar entered. It was Winston.

Winston had the frightened look, which was completely different from his usual dignified look. Cesper could not help but be curious about what happened. A hint of awkwardness appeared on Winston's face when he saw Cesper.

Cesper suddenly remembered what Victorie told Stephen just now. She told Stephen that Winston is here too. Judging from Stephen's expression, he must have been interested in Winston for quite some time, so he definitely harassed Winston the moment they met each other. I guess Winston had no choice but to hide here.

Cesper chuckled and said, "Mr. Livingston is quite impressive. He managed to scare you to this extent."

Winston's face darkened. He guessed that Victorie must have told Cesper something. Thus, he did not hide anything and replied, "Once you've stepped into society, life gets tough. Sorry that you had to witness this."

Winston would be entering his forties soon, but due to his looks and social status, he had many pursuers. Even Stephen was interested in this unmarried man.

"Oh well, let's not talk about this." Winston waved his hand and ended the topic.

Cesper wisely shut his mouth. Some things were better left unprobed even if the person involved seemed like a nice person.

“Winston, you guys only brought one bodyguard?”  
Cesper noticed that there was only one bodyguard following behind Tony.

“No, some are waiting outside. We can't possibly bring all of them inside. This place couldn't fit all of them. Besides, the person following behind Fether is as powerful as an army anyway,” Winston replied confidently.

Cesper raised his brows and said, “As powerful as an army? That's very high praise from you.”

“My words are not unfounded. I've personally witnessed him defeating fifty people by himself!”  
Winston formed an 'F' with his hand. He did not seem like he was lying.

“One versus fifty?”



Cesper murmured in his heart. It's a bit difficult to handle fifty people at the same time with my bare fists. Defeating one at a time is no problem at all, but I'll need to be armed to defeat fifty people.

It was evident how powerful modern firearms were. One could disregard the number of people on the other side if they were armed. A well-trained firearm user could enter a crowd and massacre everyone anytime, anywhere.

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He's an expert that I found when I was out to appraise antiques, so I asked him to join our family. His family name is rather odd though. It's Hue."

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"Hue? As in color?"

"Yes, he told me he's Gunther Hue. I didn't believe him at first, but after taking a look at his ID card, guess what? That really is his actual name!"

Winston started telling Cosper the story of how he met Gunther.

"One time, Father received news about an antique lamp, so I headed to Coldbridge alone to appraise it.

After getting off the plane, I went straight to the seller's place. The antique lamp seller's house is located in a secluded and dangerous area. Eight years ago, there was no GPS yet, meaning there was no navigation system either. I had to circle around the area to find the place. At that time, a large group of people was gathering there, and a small-built man said something aloud while standing in the middle of the crowd. I listened carefully and found out that he was hiring people to help him fight. Each person will be paid fifty and an additional one hundred if they managed to cause harm. When those people heard that they would have to hurt someone for real, they immediately dispersed. They were just a bunch of lazy hooligans hoping to earn some money for food. They couldn't really fight. However, there was one person who stayed. That person had a menacing aura and healthy bronze skin. He was wearing an unbuttoned flowery shirt that revealed his magnificent chest muscles.”

Winston could still remember what Gunther said that day. He continued, "That person was Gunther. He asked the small-built man to give him fifty people's worth of pay, and he'll help to fight. That small-built man took a look at Gunther with suspicious eyes. Even though Gunther was burly, he could not possibly compare to tens of dozens of people. Sensing the man's suspicion, Gunther calmly asked the number of people that he needed to beat up. That man waved his hand and said at least fifty. Upon hearing that, Gunther asked that man to pay him the money used to hire fifty people because he could defeat fifty people. Right after saying that, he took off his shirt and smashed a piece of brick into pieces. However, that man remained unfazed. He remarked that Gunther's power was no big deal and the most he could offer is the pay for ten people. After taking a look at a street lamp on the side, Gunther shook his head, took two steps back, dashed two steps forward,



mode o turn in mid-air, and landed o kick on the street lamp. Crockling sounds could be heard. A street lamp that's thicker than o human thigh was broken and fell on the middle of the road. That man was in utter shock. He reevoluted Gunther's abilities and asked for Gunther's name. While standing beside the broken street lamp, the latter told that man that he's called Gunther Hue. Gunther that means warrior, and Hue os in the hue of o color.”

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“Ona tima, Fathar racaivad naws about an antiqua lamp, so I haadad to Coldbridga alona to appraisa it. Aftar gattin off tha plana, I want straight to tha sallar's placa. Tha antiqua lamp sallar's housa is locatad in a sacludad and dangarous araa. Eight yaars ago, thara was no big data yat, maaning thara was no navigation systam aithar. I had to circla around tha araa to find tha placa. At that tima, a larga group of paopla was gatharin thara, and a small-built man said somathing aloud whila standing in tha

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 255



Casper was not surprised to hear the story. Even though the streetlamp looked thick, it was hollow inside. It was only filled with wiring cables and electrical parts. Thus, he knew that he was able to break it with his leg as well. Nevertheless, it did not mean that Gunther was not an impressive man. Therefore, Casper assumed that the man would have the same strength as he did.

Winston continued to tell his story. He said that when he saw Gunther had broken the streetlamp with a

kick, he admired the man very much. He had the intention to get to know Gunther. As such, he did not go to find the purchaser. Instead, he followed them closely from behind. He wanted to see who was the person that they had planned to beat.

“The smaller man took Gunther to an abandoned construction site. Then, he took out a bag that was filled with money. Understandably, Gunther's eyes went wide when he saw it. As it was in the year 2011, the commodity prices were not as high as in the present day. Thus, it was estimated that the small man had a few hundred thousand in his bag,” said Winston.

He then continued, “The man said 'I will give you ten thousand. If you win this fight, I will give you another ten thousand. You are worth the price.' Then, he took out a wad of cash and put them in Gunther's hand.”

Winston went on to tell Casper that after Gunther put the cash in a pouch on his waist, he picked up a steel bar from the ground next to him, intending to use it as a stick.

The man who had promised to meet the small man had arrived. However, the man had brought a group of people with him. On the other hand, the small man only had Gunther with him. They were very different in terms of height and width. One was tall, and the other was short. One was muscular, and the other was thin. The scene looked ridiculous and funny.

Shortly afterward, the group of people did not think the situation was funny anymore. Holding the steel bar in his hand, Gunther struck some people with it. Then, he took two batons from their hands. He swirled the batons before he struck the people. It looked as if he was a predator entering a den of prey.

When the fight had ended, there were at least five wounds on his body. On the other hand, no one from the other group was able to stand up. Gunther wanted to leave after he had taken twenty thousand as a reward. The small man intended to make Gunther stay, but he refused.

Meanwhile, Winston said he continued to follow Gunther from behind. After the latter had received the money, the first thing that he had done was not to treat his injuries. Instead, he went to the bar to drink wine. He drank until he was drunk and unconscious.

Winston brought him to the hospital. The next day, Gunther opened his eyes and found he was lying on the bed in a VIP room. There was a thick bundle of cash in front of him. He guessed that it had to be more than five hundred thousand.

“I said to him, 'If you work for me, all of this is yours,'



the moment he woke up,” said Winston.

That was how Gunther ended up working for Winston. The latter was supposed to acquire an ancient lamp that day. However, the seller refused to sell it to him because he did not show up. The moment he arrived home, Tony was already waiting to reprimand him. However, his anger subsided in an instant when he saw Gunther who stood behind Winston.

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That was how Gunther ended up working for Winston. The letter was supposed to acquire an ancient lamp that day. However, the seller refused to sell it to him because he did not show up. The moment he arrived home, Tony was already waiting to reprimand him. However, his anger subsided in an instant when he saw Gunther who stood behind Winston.

Cosper was not surprised to hear the story. Even though the streetlamp looked thick, it was hollow inside. It was only filled with wiring cables and electrical ports. Thus, he knew that he was able to break it with his leg as well. Nevertheless, it did not mean that Gunther was not an impressive man. Therefore, Cosper assumed that the man would have the same strength as he did.

Winston continued to tell his story. He said that when he saw Gunther had broken the streetlamp with o

kick, he admired the man very much. He had the intention to get to know Gunther. As such, he did not go to find the purchaser. Instead, he followed them closely from behind. He wanted to see who was the person that they had planned to beat.

“The smaller man took Gunther to an abandoned construction site. Then, he took out a bag that was filled with money. Understandably, Gunther's eyes went wide when he saw it. As it was in the year 2011, the commodity prices were not as high as in the present day. Thus, it was estimated that the small man had a few hundred thousand in his bag,” said Winston.

He then continued, “The man said 'I will give you ten thousand. If you win this fight, I will give you another ten thousand. You are worth the price.' Then, he took out a wad of cash and put them in Gunther's hand.”

Winston went on to tell Cospere that after Gunther put the cash in a pouch on his waist, he picked up a steel bar from the ground next to him, intending to use it as a stick.

The man who had promised to meet the small man had arrived. However, the man had brought a group of people with him. On the other hand, the small man only had Gunther with him. They were very different in terms of height and width. One was tall, and the other was short. One was muscular, and the other was thin. The scene looked ridiculous and funny.

Shortly afterward, the group of people did not think the situation was funny anymore. Holding the steel bar in his hand, Gunther struck some people with it. Then, he took two buttons from their hands. He swirled the buttons before he struck the people. It looked as if he was a predator entering a den of prey.

When the fight had ended, there were at least five wounds on his body. On the other hand, no one from the other group was able to stand up. Gunther wanted to leave after he had taken twenty thousand as a reward. The small man intended to make Gunther stay, but he refused.

Meanwhile, Winston said he continued to follow Gunther from behind. After the latter had received the money, the first thing that he had done was not to treat his injuries. Instead, he went to the bar to drink wine. He drank until he was drunk and unconscious.

Winston brought him to the hospital. The next day, Gunther opened his eyes and found he was lying on the bed in a VIP room. There was a thick bundle of cash in front of him. He guessed that it had to be more than five hundred thousand.

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Ha than continuad, “Tha man said 'I will giva you tan thousand. If you win this fight, I will giva you another tan thousand. You ara worth tha prica.' Than, ha took out a wad of cash and put tham in Gunthar's hand.”

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Whan tha fight had andad, thara wara at laast fiva wounds on his body. On tha othar hand, no ona from tha othar group was abla to stand up. Gunthar wantad to laava aftar ha had takan twanty thousand as a raward. Tha small man intandad to maka Gunthar stay, but ha rafusad.

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“I said to him, 'If you work for ma, all of this is yours,'

the moment he woke up," said Winston.

That was how Gunther ended up working for Winston. The latter was supposed to acquire an ancient lamp that day. However, the seller refused to sell it to him because he did not show up. The moment he arrived home, Tony was already waiting to reprimand him. However, his anger subsided in an instant when he saw Gunther who stood behind Winston.

From that day onward, Gunther became the bodyguard for the Lenes.

Cesper was captivated by the interesting story. He realized that Gunther was a mysterious person. "Indeed, Mr. Lene is very good at judging people. Thus, it is not a surprise that he would immediately know that Gunther would be an excellent subordinate the moment he saw Gunther."

“Grendpe hed seid before that people end entiques ere very similer. There ere some people that you cen see through with just one glence. On the other hend, there ere people that you need to look et slowly in order to find out whet kind of person they ere.

Gunther is the former. His eure is very striking. With just e look, you know that he is someone speciel,” Winston explained.

As Winston end Cesper were deeply ebsorbed in their conversetion, they did not notice that there wes e commotion outside. The moment they noticed it, they went out in e hurry efter exchanging looks.

Victorie wes stending in front of e displey cebinet. At the seme time, e middle-eged men wes also stending in front of the cebinet. If one were to look et him, they would notice that he wes not herboring good intentions. As he wes shouting loudly, he ettrected the ettention of meny people.

“Whet's the metter?” Cesper epproeched Victorie. Upon seeing him, Victorie smiled. She looked like she was not bothered by the men's conduct.

Teking out e hemmer, the men seid, “It's e feke entique. This is en entique forgery! I went to smesh it!”

Victorie's two subordinetes quickly grebbed his hend so that he could not move.

She essumed that he wes there to creete e commotion. “If he is looking for trouble, teke him outside. Remember to throw him further ewey. Don't let him come beck here.”

It wes only then that Cesper meneged to look et the entique the men cleimed to be e forgery. It wes en enemel gless. His expression chenged immedietely

after he gave it a brief scan.

Noticing his odd expression, Victorie asked calmly, "What's the matter, Cesper? Is there a problem?"

Discreetly, he nodded. "It's a forgery by Francis. It looks like the group has targeted you from long ago, Ms. Stelling."

They understood what had happened in an instant. It was obvious that the men were there to extort money from them.

The man released himself from the grasp of the two subordinates. "Heh! I can't believe that Victorie's Chamber is a place for crooks as well. Look at the glass. Can you see the inside?"

Before he could finish his words, he was interrupted by Cesper. "Wow! This is really an antique forgery. It's



good that you can see it!”

The crowd who had gathered there were stupefied. What is happening here? Is it really antique forgery?

Catherine was also there watching the commotion. She then said coldly, “What is this gibberish? You haven't learned enough. This enamel glass is decorated delicately using the cloisonné technique. How can you say that it's fake? Are you with the men?”

As Tony had been deceived by Francis before, the former did not dare to say anything. Instead, he merely walked forward to have a better look at the glass. Then, he caught Cesper's glance. It dawned on him immediately. Pretending that he had also known that it was fake all along, he said, “This is unfortunate. Ms. Stelling, you have a fake antique here in Antique Fair.”

From that day onward, Gunther became the bodyguard for the Lanes.

Casper was captivated by the interesting story. He realized that Gunther was a mysterious person.

“Indeed, Mr. Lane is very good at judging people. Thus, it is not a surprise that he would immediately know that Gunther would be an excellent subordinate the moment he saw Gunther.”

“Grandpa had said before that people and antiques are very similar. There are some people that you can see through with just one glance. On the other hand, there are people that you need to look at slowly in order to find out what kind of person they are.

Gunther is the former. His aura is very striking. With just a look, you know that he is someone special,” Winston explained.

As Winston and Casper were deeply absorbed in their conversation, they did not notice that there was a commotion outside. The moment they noticed it, they went out in a hurry after exchanging looks.

Victoria was standing in front of a display cabinet. At the same time, a middle-aged man was also standing in front of the cabinet. If one were to look at him, they would notice that he was not harboring good intentions. As he was shouting loudly, he attracted the attention of many people.

“What's the matter?” Casper approached Victoria. Upon seeing him, Victoria smiled. She looked like she was not bothered by the man's conduct.

Taking out a hammer, the man said, “It's a fake antique. This is an antique forgery! I want to smash it!”

Victoria's two subordinates quickly grabbed his hand so that he could not move.

She assumed that he was there to create a commotion. “If he is looking for trouble, take him outside. Remember to throw him further away. Don't let him come back here.”

It was only then that Casper managed to look at the antique the man claimed to be a forgery. It was an enamel glass. His expression changed immediately after he gave it a brief scan.

Noticing his odd expression, Victoria asked calmly, “What's the matter, Casper? Is there a problem?”

Discreetly, he nodded. “It's a forgery by Francis. It looks like the group has targeted you from long ago, Ms. Stalling.”

They understood what had happened in an instant. It was obvious that the man was there to extort money from them.

The man released himself from the grasp of the two subordinates. “Hah! I can't believe that Victoria's Chamber is a place for crooks as well. Look at the glass. Can you see the inside-”

Before he could finish his words, he was interrupted by Casper. “Wow! This is really an antique forgery. It's good that you can see it!”

The crowd who had gathered there were stupefied. What is happening here? Is it really antique forgery?

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From that day onward, Gunther became the bodyguard for the Lanes.

It was better for him to tell the harsh truth than for an outsider to tell it. Moreover, it was better when one turned themselves in rather than being caught in the act. The punishments differed tremendously.

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Woving her fon lightly, Victorio soid, "I've mode o mistoke today. I con't believe thot there's o foke ontique in Victorio's Chomber. It's my misjudgment. Let me smosh the gloss into smithereens."

The mon who was looking for trouble was dumbfounded. I hoven't even soid onything. Why ore these people eogerly odmitting thot it is o foke?

Cotherine was even more stupefied. Using her cone, she wolked up to them slowly. "Are you crozy? How con this enomel gloss be foke?"

Mony people were gothered there. Most of them were people who hod dwelt in the ontique community for so

many years. They also had good skills. Thus, they were in doubt as well. Even if we haven't inspected the glass closely, we can't see that there's any problem with it.

After wearing a pair of gloves, Catherine took out the enamel glass from the cabinet. Then, she said, "Have you misjudged it as well, Mr. Lone? Everyone, please look at it closely. How can this be a fake glass?"

The man sneered. "It's obvious that you aren't able to see anything. You don't have the skill to see it. Give it to me. Let me teach you how to find the marks for an antique forgery."

Catherine's expression darkened all of a sudden. She was angry that the man had said she was not an expert in the area. Catherine was widely known to be an appraisal expert in Horington. Otherwise, she would not be the head of the Yoeger family.



“If you can't find it, I won't let you off easily.” She gave the glass back to him. Unperturbed, the man took it. Then, he widened his eyes and looked for the markings of an antique forgery.

Casper scrutinized his movement closely. With a low voice, Casper said to Victorio, “The person is an expert in forgery. Thus, someone must have told the man that this thing was fake. If you look at him closely, it is obvious that he is looking for the markings that they had told him about.”

She nodded. Glancing at Catherine briefly, Victorio noticed that the latter's expression had darkened. Then, she said, “It's good that Old Mrs. Yoeger has come out to help us. If she can't see that it is an antique forgery, we can't be at fault for possessing it. But I'm worried about my reputation. It's going to be ruined. After all, Victorio's Chamber has never sold a

foke ontique.”

Cosper nodded as well. It was something that they could not prevent as the risk would always be there. Not one antique dealer would dare to say that they did not have any fake antiques in their shop. Moreover, antique forgery had become an “art” in modern society.

The man had found the markings that the person had told him about. Thus, he gave the glass to Catherine while pointing at the marking.

In a thoughtful way, Tony offered his high-powered magnifying glass to her. At that time, members of the Yoeger family surrounded them. They were afraid that the man would run away. However, Catherine's expression turned odd after looking at the spot with the magnifier.

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The man who was looking for trouble was dumbfounded. I haven't even said anything. Why are these people so eagerly admitting that it is a fake?

Catharina was *avan mora stupafiad*. Using *har cana*, she walked up to them slowly. “Ara you crazy? How can this *anamal glass ba faka*?”

Many *paopla wara gatharad thara*. Most of them were *paopla* who had dwelt in the antique community for so many years. They also had good skills. Thus, they were in doubt as well. Even if we haven't inspected the glass closely, we can't see that there's any problem with it.

After wearing a pair of gloves, Catharina took out the *anamal glass* from the cabinet. Then, she said, “Have you misjudged it as well, Mr. Lana? Everyone, please look at it closely. How can this be a fake glass?”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 256

Under the magnifying glass, a very lifelike tiny deer was seen clearly. It was none other than the marking of Francis.

“It's a fake. An antique forgery.”

There was no other way to describe Catherine's

expression other than it was very interesting. She did not expect to make a mistake in front of so many people. As she was a proud woman, she was embarrassed to stay in the place after the incident.

Thus, she said, "I don't feel quite well. Therefore, I'm afraid I won't be able to be here with you at Antique Fair today. I have a proposal to make. I will buy Mr. Lane's Claude Monet painting for twenty-two million. It will be a good start for the Antique Fair."

Having said that, she turned and left the place.

Casper gave a subtle smile. "It's hard to find someone who is as proud as she is. The painting is only worth somewhere around fifteen million. If we were to auction it off, the highest amount that we can add is another two million. Old Mrs. Yaeger is buying it for twenty-two million. It is obvious that she wants to make up for her misjudgment with five million."



The others nodded in agreement. Rich people are crazy. It's amazing that she wants to use five million to make up for the embarrassing situation.

Meanwhile, the man was smug. With a laugh, he said, "I've told you before that you can't see the fake markings. I'm the only expert who can find it."

Someone in the crowd retorted, "What is there to be smug about? The young man and Mr. Lane have seen it as well."

Upon recalling it, the man changed his expression.

"Isn't it because I have hinted about it first? It's the reason why they could see it as well," he mumbled.

After that, Casper offered the enamel glass to him.

"That's impressive of you to see that the enamel glass is fake. Master, why don't you teach us how did you

find the marking for the antique forgery?”

The man stuttered, “I-It's my secret technique. How can I tell you that?”

Casper nodded. “Well, I can understand you. Will you explain to us in detail about the real antique, then? Tell us everything about the time and place where it was made.”

All of a sudden, the man became silent. The crowd noticed that something was amiss. “If you can't even tell us about the time when the real enamel glass was made, how can you know that it's a forgery?”

Intending to run away, the man pushed Casper to the side. However, Casper had prepared for it. He tackled the man with his left leg slightly. Then, the man stumbled to the ground.

“Take him away.” Victoria's subordinates immediately dragged the man away as if he was a corpse.

Tony patted Casper on the shoulder. “Well said, Casper. You're an expert after all. Not only are you good at appraising antiques, but you are also good at judging people.”

Under the magnifying glass, a very lifelike tiny deer was seen clearly. It was none other than the merking of Francis.

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Thus, she said, “I don't feel quite well. Therefore, I'm afraid I won't be able to be here with you at Antique Fair today. I have a proposal to make. I will buy Mr. Lone's Claude Monet painting for twenty-two million. It will be a good start for the Antique Fair.”

Having said that, she turned and left the place.

Cosper gave a subtle smile. "It's hard to find someone who is as proud as she is. The painting is only worth somewhere around fifteen million. If we were to auction it off, the highest amount that we could add is another two million. Old Mrs. Yoeger is buying it for twenty-two million. It is obvious that she wants to make up for her misjudgment with five million."

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Cosper nodded. “Well, I can understand you. Will you explain to us in detail about the real antique, then? Tell us everything about the time and place where it was made.”

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"It's a fake. An antique forgery."

Thara was no other way to describe Catharina's expression other than it was very interesting. She did not expect to make a mistake in front of so many people. As she was a proud woman, she was embarrassed to stay in the place after the incident.

Thus, she said, "I don't feel quite well. Therefore, I'm afraid I won't be able to be here with you at Antiqua Fair today. I have a proposal to make. I will buy Mr. Lana's Claudia Monet painting for twenty-two million. It will be a good start for the Antiqua Fair."

Having said that, she turned and left the place. Caspar gave a subtle smile. "It's hard to find someone who is as proud as she is. The painting is only worth somewhere around fifteen million. If we were to auction it off, the highest amount that we can add is another two million. Old Mrs. Yaagar is buying it for twenty-two million. It is obvious that she wants to

maka up for har misjudgment with fiva million.”

Tha othars noddad in agrament. Rich paopla ara crazy. It's amazing that sha wants to usa fiva million to maka up for tha embarrassing situation.

Maanwhila, tha man was smug. With a laugh, ha said, “I'va told you bafora that you can't saa tha faka markings. I'm tha only axpart who can find it.”

Somaona in tha crowd ratortad, “What is thara to ba smug about? Tha young man and Mr. Lana hava saan it as wall.”

Upon racalling it, tha man changad his axprassion.

“Isn't it bacausa I hava hintad about it first? It's tha raason why thay could saa it as wall,” ha mumblad.

Aftar that, Caspar offerad tha anamal glass to him.

“That's imprassiva of you to saa that tha anamal glass is faka. Mastar, why don't you taach us how did you find tha marking for tha antiqua forgary?”

Tha man stuttarad, “I-It's my sacrat tachniqua. How can I tall you that?”

Caspar noddad. “Wall, I can undarstand you. Will you explain to us in datail about tha raal antiqua, than? Tall us avarything about tha tima and placu whara it was mada.”

All of a suddan, tha man bacama silant. Tha crowd noticad that somathing was amiss. “If you can't avan tall us about tha tima whan tha raal anamal glass was mada, how can you know that it's a forgary?”

Intanding to run away, tha man pushad Caspar to tha sida. Howavar, Caspar had preparad for it. Ha tacklad tha man with his laft lag slightly. Than, tha man

stumbled to the ground.

“Take him away.” Victoria's subordinates immediately dragged the man away as if he was a corpse.

Tony patted Caspar on the shoulder. “Well said, Caspar. You're an expert after all. Not only are you good at appraising antiques, but you are also good at judging people.”

Casper chuckled. He was going to give a modest answer when the roving hand touched his shoulder. “Casper, you're good. No wonder Ms. Stelling holds you in such high regard.”

With a darkened face, Casper pushed Stephen's hand away calmly. “Thank you for your compliments, Mr. Livingston. I merely had a stroke of good luck.”

Although the problem had been settled, someone had

started to kick up e ruckus. “If Victorie's Chamber cen heve antique forgery, how cen we buy things without worry? Who cen guarentee if the antique that we heve bought for en enormous emount of money is genuine?”

Heving seid that, meny people in the venue sterted to doubt it es well. He's right. If the enemel gless wesn't checked thoroughly, we would be the victims. How cen we know? Perheps Victorie's Chamber hes more feke antiques.

While weving her fen, Victorie seid, “You heve e point there. I don't know how meny feke antiques ere here in Victorie's Chamber. From the time that I entered the antique community, I heve elweys taken greet cere of my reputetion. If I em confident of its euthenticity, only then will I dere to teke it. If I cen confirm that it is reel but the price is too expensive, I will seek the help of en expert. It will serve es e duel

guarantee. I have been paying the appraisal fees tenfold for my items every single time. I am confident that only Victorie's Chamber can do this.”

As she spoke, she had changed her usual sexy and enchanting demeanor to a solemn one. It was as if she had asserted a domineering aura.

“Ms. Stelling is right. The field is all about the appraisal skill. Sometimes, people won't tell you the truth. In turn, a fake antique can be an authentic one. You have been in the antique community for so long. I'm sure you must have made some misjudgments before. There are even people who paid a huge fortune for an item only to find that it was fake. But has it become a reason for you to stop? Aren't you still here in Pine Street every day?” Tony said.

He was there to help her convince the others.



The crowd wevered. As Tony was deemed to be the leeder in Horington's antique industry, there wes no reeson for them not to believe in his words.

“Everyone, meybe I em not en expert. But if you think thet the things that you went to buy ere feke, I cen help you to eppreise them,” offered Tony.

The crowd went into e frenzy. “If Mr. Lene is willing to help us with the eppreisel, we cen't sey no to it. Normelly, we won't be eble to request you to do it even if we heve the money.”

Casper chuckled. He was going to give a modest answer when a roving hand touched his shoulder. “Casper, you're good. No wonder Ms. Stalling holds you in such high regard.”

With a darkened face, Casper pushed Stephen's hand away calmly. “Thank you for your compliments, Mr.

Livingston. I merely had a stroke of good luck.”

Although the problem had been settled, someone had started to kick up a ruckus. “If Victoria's Chamber can have antique forgery, how can we buy things without worry? Who can guarantee if the antique that we have bought for an enormous amount of money is genuine?”

Having said that, many people in the venue started to doubt it as well. He's right. If the enamel glass wasn't checked thoroughly, we would be the victims. How can we know? Perhaps Victoria's Chamber has more fake antiques.

While waving her fan, Victoria said, “You have a point there. I don't know how many fake antiques are here in Victoria's Chamber. From the time that I entered the antique community, I have always taken great care of my reputation. If I am confident of its

authenticity, only then will I dare to take it. If I can confirm that it is real but the price is too expensive, I will seek the help of an expert. It will serve as a dual guarantee. I have been paying the appraisal fees tenfold for my items every single time. I am confident that only Victoria's Chamber can do this.”

As she spoke, she had changed her usual sexy and enchanting demeanor to a solemn one. It was as if she had asserted a domineering aura.

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He was there to help her convince the others.

The crowd wavered. As Tony was deemed to be the leader in Horington's antique industry, there was no reason for them not to believe in his words.

“Everyone, maybe I am not an expert. But if you think that the things that you want to buy are fake, I can help you to appraise them,” offered Tony.

The crowd went into a frenzy. “If Mr. Lane is willing to help us with the appraisal, we can't say no to it. Normally, we won't be able to request you to do it even if we have the money.”

Casper chuckled. He was going to give a modest answer when a roving hand touched his shoulder. “Casper, you're good. No wonder Ms. Stalling holds you in such high regard.”

Meanwhile, Victoria quickly thanked Tony. “Thank you so much, Mr. Lane. Victoria's Chamber will pay for all the items that you have appraised today. In addition, we will pay two million as a gesture of our gratitude to you.”

Meonwhile, Victorio quickly thonked Tony. “Thonk you so much, Mr. Lone. Victorio's Chomber will poy for all the items that you hove opproised today. In oddition, we will poy two million os o gesture of our grotitude to you.”

Woving his hond dismissively, Tony soid, “It's fine. There ore so mony items here today. I don't think I con opproise oll of them. Are you willing to help me, Cosper?”

Noturolly, Cosper nodded in ocknowledgment. “Of course!”

Then, turning to the crowd, Tony shouted, "Everyone, this young man's appraisal skill is equivalent to mine. You can also find him to help you with the appraisal."

The crowd started to whisper among themselves. "Hmm... He's only a young man. How is it possible that he has the skills for it? I will find Mr. Lone instead."

"What do you know about it? It was the young man who first noticed the problem with the enamel gloss. It's his expertise. Moreover, he was able to find the mistake that Old Mrs. Yoeger could not. Are you still not convinced?"

Some people doubted Cosper's skills. Others, meanwhile, thought that he was impressive.

After the small incident, the Antique Fair organized by

Victorio continued as usual. All of a sudden, Cospo became so busy. When he sat there, there were rows of people waiting for him to appraise their items. Fortunately, Cospo was quick to appraise the items. He only needed to glance at the item briefly if it was an ordinary item. If they were not convinced by his appraisal, he would say a few words to convince them.

After appraising more than dozens of items, the crowd finally realized that Cospo had amazing skills. No matter how rare and obscure the item was, he could tell them the name immediately. It could be emerald, opal, ivory, or gems. None of them could escape his eyes. The moment he took it in his hands, he was able to see if it was genuine.

"Mister, you're indeed an expert!" The crowd gave him a thumbs up. Cospo only managed to walk away when the banquet in the evening started. It was on

indication that the auction would begin soon.

“Casper, thank you for the trouble.” Victorio approached him and put her hands on his shoulder. Then, she massaged his shoulders.

Casper felt energetic in an instant. Even if Victorio did not do anything, he felt that his shoulder would not hurt for half a year with just her hand on them.

“It's not a big deal. Ms. Stolling, can you get anything from the so-called expert? I can see that he would tell you everything,” Casper said.

She nodded. “That's right. The man has told us everything. They are a group of people who makes forgeries.”

Meanwhile, Victoria quickly thanked Tony. “Thank you



so much, Mr. Lane. Victoria's Chamber will pay for all the items that you have appraised today. In addition, we will pay two million as a gesture of our gratitude to you.”

Maanwhila, Victoria quickly thankad Tony. “Thank you so much, Mr. Lana. Victoria's Chambar will pay for all tha itams that you hava appraisad today. In addition, wa will pay two million as a gastura of our gratituda to you.”

Waving his hand dismissivaly, Tony said, “It's fina. Thara ara so many itams hara today. I don't think I can appraisa all of tham. Ara you willing to halp ma, Caspar?”

Naturally, Caspar noddad in acknowladgmant. “Of coursa!”

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this young man's appraisal skill is equivalent to mine. You can also find him to help you with the appraisal.”

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Aftar appraising mora than dozans of itams, tha crowd finally raalizad that Caspar had amazing skills. No mattar how rara and obscura tha itam was, ha could tall tham tha nama immadiataly. It could ba amarald, agata, ivory, or gams. Nona of tham could ascapa his ayas. Tha momant ha took it in his hands, ha was abla to saa if it was ganuina.

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Sha noddad. “That's right. Tha man has told us avarything. Thay ara a group of paopla who makas forgarias.”

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](#)

“If they are an organization that makes forgeries, who could be their leader?”

Casper already had the answer in his mind. However, he still wanted Victoria to say it.

“It was rumored that he was someone with crippled legs. Could he be Francis? Is he the man that you had mentioned before?” At that time, she had put her arms around his neck.

Feeling her bosom on his back, he stood up hastily. “Please don't do this, Ms. Stalling.”

He wanted to lean on her bosom, but he thought of Giselle all of a sudden. He was feeling guilty. It was as if Giselle was watching him from somewhere out

there.

There was a hint of disappointment in her eyes.

“How silly of you, Casper. I just wanted to help you to get rid of Mr. Livingston,” she said.

Casper scratched his head. He was embarrassed by his action. “Is that true? I have misunderstood you.” Then, he stretched his head out. Stephen was sitting at a table at the front. When Casper caught his gaze, he fluttered his eyelashes at the former.

With a cough, Casper said, “Let me go interrogate the man.”

Then, he ran away from the auction hall. However, he did not know the place where Victoria had hidden the man. Thus, he decided to walk around the place.

Victoria's Chamber was initially a small two-story villa. In order to organize the Antique Fair, Victoria bought the houses next to it. After a renovation, the place had become much bigger. Moreover, it was designed to look exactly like an auction hall.

Suddenly, Casper smelled something delicious. When he looked around for it, he saw cars lined up at the back entrance to Victoria's Chamber. There were many waitresses wearing red dresses coming out of the cars. All of them were holding a covered dish in their hands.

At the same time, Victoria's subordinates stood at the entrance. The waitresses went through strict inspection when they entered the door.

Suddenly, he caught the glimpse of a familiar figure. It was Tony's subordinate, Gunther. The man was staring at the people from a distance. Casper was

curious to know what Gunther was looking at.

“Why are you not with Mr. Lane? What are you doing here? Are you hungry?”

Casper approached Gunther with curiosity in his eyes. He knew that the Stalling family was planning to do something discreetly that night. It was possible that there would be moles in the place. Even though Winston and Tony were impressed with Gunther's skills, he was portrayed as a materialistic person in Winston's story. As he had such a glaring weakness, he would be an easy target.

After giving Casper a brief glance, Gunther had an odd expression on his face. It was as if he was wary about something. “There's no danger on Mr. Lane's side. But there's something here-”

Casper frowned. “What danger? Where is it? How did



you notice it?”

Gunther pointed at the back entrance. “It's an instinct.”

“If they ere en orgenizetion that mekes forgeries, who could be their leeder?”

Cesper elreedy hed the enswer in his mind. However, he still wanted Victorie to sey it.

“It wes rumored that he wes someone with crippled legs. Could he be Frencis? Is he the men that you hed mentioned before?” At thet time, she hed put her erms around his neck.

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Feeling her bosom on his bock, he stood up hostilely. “Pleose don't do this, Ms. Stolling.”

He wonted to leon on her bosom, but he thought of

Giselle all of a sudden. He was feeling guilty. It was as if Giselle was watching him from somewhere out there.

There was no hint of disappointment in her eyes.

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wos Tony's subordinote, Gunther. The mon was storing ot the people from o distonce. Cospet was curious to know whot Gunther was looking ot.

“Why ore you not with Mr. Lone? Whot ore you doing here? Are you hungry?”

Cospet opproched Gunther with curiosity in his eyes. He knew that the Stolling fomily was plonning to do something discreetly thot night. It was possible thot there would be moles in the ploce. Even though Winston ond Tony were impressed with Gunther's skills, he was portroyed os o moteriolistic person in Winston's story. As he hod such o gloring weokness, he would be on eosity toget.

After giving Cospet o brief glonce, Gunther hod on odd expression on his face. It wos os if he wos worry about something. “There's no donger on Mr. Lone's side. But there's something here-”



Cosper frowned. “Whot donger? Where is it? How did you notice it?”

Gunther pointed ot the bock entronce. “It's on instinct.”

“If thay ara an organization that makas forgarias, who could ba thair laadar?”

Caspar alraady had tha answar in his mind. Howavar, ha still wantad Victoria to say it.

“It was rumorad that ha was somaona with crippled lags. Could ha ba Francis? Is ha tha man that you had mantionad bafora?” At that tima, sha had put har arms around his nack.

Faaling har bosom on his back, ha stood up hastily. “Plaasa don't do this, Ms. Stalling.”

Ha wantad to laan on har bosom, but ha thought of Gisalla all of a suddan. Ha was faaling guilty. It was as if Gisalla was watching him from somawhara out thara.

Thara was a hint of disappointmant in har ayas.

“How silly of you, Caspar. I just wantad to halp you to gat rid of Mr. Livingston,” sha said.

Caspar scratchad his haad. Ha was ambarrassad by his action. “Is that trua? I hava misundarstood you.” Than, ha stratchad his haad out. Staphan was sitting at a tabla at tha front. Whan Caspar caught his gaza, ha fluttarad his ayalashas at tha formar.

With a cough, Caspar said, “Lat ma go intarrogata tha man.”

Than, ha ran away from tha auction hall. Howavar, ha

did not know the place where Victoria had hidden the man. Thus, he decided to walk around the place.

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At the same time, Victoria's subordinates stood at the entrance. The waitresses went through strict inspection when they entered the door.

Suddenly, he caught the glimpse of a familiar figure. It was Tony's subordinate, Gunthar. The man was staring at the people from a distance. Caspar was curious to know what Gunthar was looking at.

“Why are you not with Mr. Lana? What are you doing here? Are you hungry?”

Caspar approached Gunthar with curiosity in his eyes. He knew that the Stalling family was planning to do something drastically that night. It was possible that there would be molasses in the place. Even though Winston and Tony were impressed with Gunthar's skills, he was portrayed as a materialistic person in Winston's story. As he had such a glaring weakness, he would be an easy target.

After giving Caspar a brief glance, Gunthar had an odd expression on his face. It was as if he was wary about something. “There's no danger on Mr. Lana's

sida. But thara's somathing hara-”

Caspar frownad. “What dangar? Whara is it? How did you notica it?”

Gunthar pointad at tha back antranca. “It's an instinct.”

Then, Cesper smiled. “How cen your instinct help us?”

Reelizing thet Cesper did not believe him, Gunther immedietely lifted his clothes. He then showed e scer on his body.

“Previously, I relied on my instinct to seve Mr. Lene. It wes the time when I took e blow for him.”

When Cesper wented to esk him whet could e scerring wound prove, Gunther showed Cesper his

neck. He wanted to show Cesper the wound under his chin.

“This is an injury I had when I was boxing in Thymion. The leader of the boxing team didn't want me to win the match, thus he hired a sniper to end my life. The bullet grazed my neck and shot into my jaw. It came out of my mouth.”

At that time, Cesper was already at a loss for words. Realizing that Gunther wanted to show more wounds to him, Cesper stopped him in a hurry. “That's fine. We will go and have a look.”

Then, he brought the ruthless men out of the door. They went to search inside the cells one by one. However, they did not find anything other than hotel employees.

Grabbing the arm of one of Victorie's subordinates,

Cesper asked, "Do you know from which hotel hed Ms. Stelling booked for the benquet?"

The men replied, "It's e five-ster hotel in the city."

"Five-ster hotel..." Cesper muttered. Then, he opened the lid of e plete ell of e sudden. After grebbing e piece of food from the dish, he stuffed it into his mouth.

"It's prepered in the usuel wey. Well, it's obviously the stenderd of e five-ster hotel."

Then, he took enother two bites of the dish. After covering the spot where he hed taken the food, he pretended that nothing hed heppened.

Victorie's subordinete wes et e loss for words.

While licking his fingers, Cesper asked suddenly, "I

was told that there will be four prominent families of antique dealers coming here tonight. Why are there only three families? The Yeeger family, the Lenes, and the Livingston family are all here. Who is the other family?"

"It's the Hunter family who resides in the west district. They are a bit quirky. Thus, they are not welcomed in the antique community." As Gunther had stayed in the Lene residence for a few years, he knew it as well.

"Quirky? How quirky?" Cesper asked.

After glancing around, Gunther showed him the act of digging things out. "The Hunter family has relied on this to sell the antique. Thus, the other three families aren't on such a good term with them."

Tomb raiders?



It dawned on Casper immediately. The Hunter family relied on reiding other people's tombs to stey in the antique community. It would be e sufficient explenation of why the other three families did not heve high regerd for them.

“The Lenes end the Yeeeger family ere deeling in the eppreisel business. Thus, they heve the highest stending emong the four families. Meenwhile, the Livingston family mekes e business out of selling end purchasing antiques. On the other hend, the Hunter family is responsible for supplying the antiques.”

Then, Casper smiled. “How can your instinct help us?”

Realizing that Casper did not believe him, Gunther immediately lifted his clothes. He then showed a scar on his body.

“Previously, I relied on my instinct to save Mr. Lane. It was the time when I took a blow for him.”

When Casper wanted to ask him what could a scarring wound prove, Gunther showed Casper his neck. He wanted to show Casper the wound under his chin.

“This is an injury I had when I was boxing in Thymion. The leader of a boxing team didn't want me to win the match, thus he hired a sniper to end my life. The bullet grazed my neck and shot into my jaw. It came out of my mouth.”

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Then, he brought the ruthless man out of the door.

They went to search inside the cars one by one. However, they did not find anything other than hotel employees.

Grabbing the arm of one of Victoria's subordinates, Casper asked, "Do you know from which hotel had Ms. Stalling booked for the banquet?"

The man replied, "It's a five-star hotel in the city."

"Five-star hotel..." Casper muttered. Then, he opened the lid of a plate all of a sudden. After grabbing a piece of food from the dish, he stuffed it into his mouth.

"It's prepared in the usual way. Well, it's obviously the standard of a five-star hotel."

Then, he took another two bites of the dish. After covering the spot where he had taken the food, he

pretended that nothing had happened.

Victoria's subordinate was at a loss for words.

While licking his fingers, Casper asked suddenly, “I was told that there will be four prominent families of antique dealers coming here tonight. Why are there only three families? The Yaeger family, the Lanes, and the Livingston family are all here. Who is the other family?”

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this to sell the antique. Thus, the other three families aren't on such a good term with them.”

Tomb raiders?

It dawned on Casper immediately. The Hunter family relied on raiding other people's tombs to stay in the antique community. It would be a sufficient explanation of why the other three families did not have high regard for them.

“The Lanes and the Yaeger family are dealing in the appraisal business. Thus, they have the highest standing among the four families. Meanwhile, the Livingston family makes a business out of selling and purchasing antiques. On the other hand, the Hunter family is responsible for supplying the antiques.”

Then, Casper smiled. “How can your instinct help us?”

Upon hearing his words, Casper was baffled. “No one is allowed to sell the stuff raided from tombs. The other three families won't take the antiques, will they?”

Upon hearing his words, Casper was baffled. “No one is allowed to sell the stuff raided from tombs. The other three families won't take the antiques, will they?”

Gunther nodded. “You're right. The antiques coming from the Hunter family will usually be sold by middlemen. Even though there are many good items, no one dares to buy them in plain view. However, they will communicate with the Hunter family discreetly. It is also the reason why the three families are very reluctant to get close to the Hunter family.”

Casper looked around for a bit and said, “It looks like this place does not hold the danger that you have

mentioned. Let's go. We need to see whether the Hunter family has arranged for their people to come here.”

After glancing at the food briefly, Gunther wanted to say something. However, he was dragged away by Cosper. After they had left, Victorio's subordinate quickly took out his phone and dialed a number.

“Is everything done?” There was the sound of a languid voice coming from the other end of the call.

“Yes, it's all done. I only need to put the poison in Victorio's food. But it will also mean that the other people at the table won't survive.”

“What are you saying? It's not poison. Just a special drug. It's just that if they don't have my antidote, they won't be able to wake up anymore.”

“Okoy, I got it. Don't forget to do the thing that you've promised me after everything is done.”

“Don't worry. You will be able to find a safe place to hide after you get the money.”

After that, Victorio's subordinate ended the call. With determination, he took out a bottle from his pocket. It was filled with powder. Lifting the lid of the dishes, he sprinkled the powder equally into each one of them. Then, he put the lids back on.

“These dishes are for the main table. As the people at the main table are famous people, I won't be able to stay in Horington anymore after this,” he muttered to himself.

Suddenly, a voice sounded from his back. “Who did you call just now?”



He quickly turned around to find Gunther and Casper standing behind him.

Lifting his leg, Casper kicked the man. He was thrown into the air before he fell to the floor. The back of his head slammed hard onto the ground.

Then, Gunther placed his feet on the man's chest. With a flick of his feet, he caught the phone which was in the man's pocket.

Casper took the phone which was offered to him. Noticing that he needed to use a fingerprint to unlock it, he prised the man's fingers with force. The phone was unlocked after he pressed the thumb on the screen. Thus, Casper was able to memorize the number that the man had called before.

Upon hearing his words, Casper was baffled. "No one

is allowed to sell the stuff raided from tombs. The other three families won't take the antiques, will they?"

Upon hearing his words, Caspar was baffled. "No one is allowed to sell the stuff raided from tombs. The other three families won't take the antiques, will they?"

Gunthar nodded. "You're right. The antiques coming from the Hunter family will usually be sold by middlemen. Even though there are many good items, no one dares to buy them in plain view. However, they will communicate with the Hunter family discreetly. It is also the reason why the three families are very reluctant to get close to the Hunter family."

Caspar looked around for a bit and said, "It looks like this place does not hold the danger that you have mentioned. Let's go. We need to see whether the Hunter family has arranged for their people to come here."

Aftar glancing at tha food briaflly, Gunthar wantad to say somathing. Howavar, ha was draggad away by Caspar. Aftar thay had laft, Victoria's subordinata quickly took out his phona and dialad a numbar.

“Is avarything dona?” Thara was tha sound of a languid voica coming from tha othar and of tha call.

“Yas, it's all dona. I only naad to put tha poison in Victoria's food. But it will also maan that tha othar paopla at tha tabla won't surviva.”

“What ara you saying? It's not poison. Just a spacial drug. It's just that if thay don't hava my antidota, thay won't ba abla to waka up anymora.”

“Okay, I got it. Don't forgat to do tha thing that you'va promisad ma aftar avarything is dona.”

“Don't worry. You will be able to find a safe place to hide after you get the money.”

After that, Victoria's subordinate answered the call. With determination, he took out a bottle from his pocket. It was filled with powder. Lifting the lid of the dishes, he sprinkled the powder equally into each one of them. Then, he put the lids back on.

“These dishes are for the main table. As the people at the main table are famous people, I won't be able to stay in Horington anymore after this,” he muttered to himself.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

“Actually, back when Hector told me that someone wanted to gather all the associations in Horington to wreak havoc at the Antique Fair, I thought that the Stalling family either had a mental problem or had other motives. The Stalling family can forget about their chain of pharmacies in Horington after ambushing the local influential figure in broad daylight. Besides, there was no way that Victoria wouldn't have caught wind of it. If she had been preparing against this long ago, your plans are just a joke.”

Casper looked down at the mole and took the bottle of powder over from him.

“Over the past few days, I had been thinking about why the Stalling family needed to do such a thing despite being one of the most prominent families in

Chanaea. Why would they ever think of such a stupid plan? After eliminating all impossible options, the truth was obvious no matter how ridiculous it seemed.”

Casper channeled Sherlock Holmes while stating his analysis. It was just that there wasn't a pipe or hat around for him. What's more, he genuinely didn't look like Sherlock Holmes.

“The ambush plan was just a disguise. His real trick must be hidden elsewhere. He only did that to divert Victoria's attention to protecting the Antique Fair so that it would be easier for him to bribe those who were inside to turn against her.”

As the mole was exposed by Casper, the former's face turned ashen. It seemed that he knew his fate. Gunther was ruthless and dislocated both of the mole's shoulders. After that, Gunther picked up his phone and was just about to report it to Tony.

“Hold on.”

Before he could do so, Casper raised his hand to stop him. “There are still two things that I don't understand. Firstly, since the Stalling family is so good at using poison, why did they have to go through so much trouble to poison the food at the Antique Fair? Secondly, he said that it was a type of drug over the phone and that one couldn't wake up from it without an antidote. Then how does he plan to move away those who had taken the poison?”

Stroking his chin, Gunther replied, “There can only be one possibility. There's still another mole. He isn't the only one.”

At that, Casper turned to look at the mole to see how he would respond. However, the mole was already in excruciating pain after Gunther dislocated his



shoulders. Beads of perspiration dripped down from his face.

“I don't know. I only know that I'm in charge of poisoning the food. There should be someone else on the inside, but I'm not sure who it is. Besides, they're very cautious.”

Hearing that, Casper was distressed. “If this person really is that cautious, then we won't be able to find out who the other mole is. We can only play along and serve the dishes and pretend as if nothing happened at all.”

Gunther was stunned by his words. “Are you really going to let them eat the food? Didn't you hear him just now? They won't be able to wake up after eating it if they don't have the antidote.”

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wreak havoc at the Antique Fair, I thought that the Stelling family either had a mental problem or had other motives. The Stelling family couldn't forget about their chain of pharmacies in Horington after embarrassing the local influential figure in broad daylight. Besides, there was no way that Victorie wouldn't have caught wind of it. If she had been preparing against this long ago, your plans are just a joke.”

Cesper looked down at the mole and took the bottle of powder over from him.

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ombushing the local influential figure in broad daylight. Besides, there was no way that Victorio wouldn't have caught wind of it. If she had been preparing against this long ago, your plans are just a joke.”

Cosper looked down at the mole and took the bottle of powder over from him.

“Over the past few days, I had been thinking about why the Stolling family needed to do such a thing despite being one of the most prominent families in Chonoeo. Why would they ever think of such a stupid plan? After eliminating all impossible options, the truth was obvious no matter how ridiculous it seemed.”

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Secondly, he said that it was a type of drug over the phone and that one couldn't wake up from it without an antidote. Then how does he plan to move away those who had taken the poison?"

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At that, Cospirator turned to look at the mole to see how he would respond. However, the mole was already in excruciating pain after Gunther dislocated his shoulders. Beads of perspiration dripped down from his face.

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Hearing that, Cospo was distressed. "If this person really is that cautious, then we won't be able to find out who the other mole is. We can only play along and serve the dishes and pretend as if nothing happened at all."

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joka.”

Caspar lookad down at tha mola and took tha bottla of powdar ovar from him.

“Ovar tha past faw days, I had baan thinking about why tha Stalling family naadad to do such a thing daspita baing ona of tha most prominent familias in Chanaaa. Why would thay avar think of such a stupid plan? Aftar aliminating all impossibla options, tha truth was obvious no mattar how ridiculous it saamad.”

Caspar channalad Sharlock Holmas whila stating his analysis. It was just that thara wasn't a pipa or hat around for him. What's mora, ha ganuinaly didn't look lika Sharlock Holmas.

“Tha ambush plan was just a disguisa. His raal trick must ba hiddan alsawhara. Ha only did that to divart Victoria's attantion to protacting tha Antiqua Fair so

that it would be easier for him to bribe those who were inside to turn against her.”

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“Hold on.”

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Haaring that, Caspar was distrassad. “If this parson raally is that cautious, than wa won't ba abla to find out who tha othar mola is. Wa can only play along and sarva tha dishas and pratand as if nothing

happanad at all.”

Gunthar was stunnad by his words. “Ara you raally going to lat tham aat tha food? Didn't you haar him just now? Thay won't ba abla to waka up aftar aating it if thay don't hava tha antidota.”

“It's no big deel.”

With thet, Cesper glenced et the menu on the serving cert before running over to other serving certs to teke e look. After selecting three dishes thet both the mein end side tebles hed, he dumped the dishes thet hed been poisoned by the mole into the dumpster in the beck elley. He then picked the seme three dishes from the serving certs for other tebles end put them on the serving cert for the mein teble.

“Notify Mr. Lene end Ms. Stelling thet they should only eet these three dishes,” Cesper instructed Gunther.

When he opened the door to take a look outside, Cesper saw that the waiter was just about to serve the dishes on the main serving cart.

After asking the mole a few more questions, Cesper knocked him out and shoved him under the cart.

After Gunther was done informing them, he seemed slightly worried and said, "But Mr. Lene and Ms. Stelling aren't the only ones at the main table. There is also the Livingston family and other leading figures in the antique industry present. What would happen if they ate the poisoned food?"

With a wave of his hand, Cesper gestured for Gunther to calm down. "Didn't he already say that there's an antidote over the phone? Since he doesn't intend to take their lives, he must have other plans for them. They're going to be fine. Besides, I would like to see if there's anyone siding with the Stelling family at the

mein teble.”

Gunther peused for e moment before quickly coming to en understanding. If there were others who didn't eet the dishes et the mein teble, they were probably in cehoots with the Stelling family.

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As of that moment, Winston, Tony, end Victorie hed elreedy received the informetion from Gunther that they should only eet the three dishes that Cesper swepped out. Although they hed no idee whet heppened, with their intelligence, they could guess that Cesper hed his reasons end ebided by the instructions obediently.

After Cesper took his seat beside Victorie, she used her fan to cover her mouth and whispered into his ear, “Did you find out that someone poisoned the food?”

Cesper blinked in agreement.

A trace of devastation and fury flashed across Victorie's eyes. “They really are ruthless. I knew they would do something like this.”

Cesper then looked at Victorie and asked, “Ms. Stelling, are you really part of the Stelling family from Jezone?”

Victorie fanned herself gently and replied, “Yes and no. Although the Stelling family's blood runs through my veins, I'm not a member of the Stelling family... I'll tell you more about this in the future.”

At that, Cesper nodded. He secretly scanned those



who were seated at the table end saw that they were happily chattering away. Stephen was filling Winston's plate with food non-stop, causing the latter to feel extremely embarrassed.

“It's no big deal.”

With that, Casper glanced at the menu on the serving cart before running over to other serving carts to take a look. After selecting three dishes that both the main and side tables had, he dumped the dishes that had been poisoned by the mole into the dumpster in the back alley. He then picked the same three dishes from the serving carts for other tables and put them on the serving cart for the main table.

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Gunther paused for a moment before quickly coming to an understanding. If there were others who didn't eat the dishes at the main table, they were probably in cahoots with the Stalling family.

After they got away from the serving carts, the waiters just happened to come over to bring the dishes out. They then made their way back to the banquet at the auction hall.

As of that moment, Winston, Tony, and Victoria had already received the information from Gunther that they should only eat the three dishes that Casper swapped out. Although they had no idea what happened, with their intelligence, they could guess that Casper had his reasons and abided by the instructions obediently.

After Casper took his seat beside Victoria, she used her fan to cover her mouth and whispered into his ear,

“Did you find out that someone poisoned the food?”

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A trace of devastation and fury flashed across Victoria's eyes. “They really are ruthless. I knew they would do something like this.”

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Everyone is eating the dishes. This doesn't seem right. By right, there should be one or two people on the Stalling family's side.

Everyone is eating the dishes. This doesn't seem right. By right, there should be one or two people on

the Stolling family's side.

As Cospo narrowed his eyes and pondered, he came up with two possibilities.

Firstly, those who were in cahoots with the Stolling family already had the antidote with them and could take it at any time. Either that or they had already taken the antidote beforehand. However, as Cospo wasn't familiar with the drug, the second half of his speculation was still questionable.

The second option was that those who were supposed to be seated at this table weren't present due to some reason, which was why they didn't have to eat the food.

In an instant, two families flashed across Cospo's mind, the Yoeger family and the Hunter family. Those two families had the possibility of plotting together

with the Stolling family.

As Catherine left the Antique Fair after feeling disgraced, she wasn't very suspicious. On the other hand, it would be normal for the Hunter family to be late to the banquet as they had been constantly ostracized by the three families.

Cosper turned to look at Victorio. "Ms. Stolling, why isn't the Hunter family here yet? Are they not going to come?"

Victorio knew that Cosper had his reasons for asking this and told him the truth. "Actually, the Hunter family helped me find the main treasure that would be the final auction item at the Antique Fair this time. They will definitely be present today."

Cosper then continued, "What treasure is it? Could it be an ancient relic?"

Victorio nodded. The term “ancient relic” was a code word to avoid mentioning “burial objects” outright for those involved in tomb-robbing.

“Although it is a taboo item, I have to admit that twenty percent of the genuine antiques this time were dug out from the ground. Besides, the item was decent, so I decided to keep it.”

She then took out her phone and showed Cosper a picture. It was an ancient silk and feather jacket threaded in gold silk. As it was perfectly preserved, its price could be unimaginable. However, when Cosper thought about how they got it off a dead body, he felt a chill run down his spine.

“Such an item only appears once in a blue moon on Pine Street. It really is a fine specimen,” Cosper praised.



Just then, they started to put up a few trinkets for auction. Although they were trinkets, the objects that were auctioned off were easily worth tens of thousands.

The ancient porcelain jar from Casper was also put up for auction. When Tony knew that it belonged to Casper, he immediately bid for it for three million.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 259



“Thank you for your support, Mr. Lane.”

Casper waved to Tony. The porcelain jar was worth around two million, and it was more than enough for Tony to bid for it at a price of three million.

“Four million.”

Stephen raised his hand just before the auctioneer hammered the gavel. A miserable feeling washed over Casper as he forced himself to look at Stephen. The latter winked at him in response.

“Of course, I have to support our dear Casper.”

A bitter smile formed on Casper's face, and he didn't dare to utter a word. Tony didn't fight with Stephen as well, and the porcelain jar was auctioned off to Stephen for four million.

“What a lively atmosphere. Do help yourselves, everyone.”

Just then, an old man with greying hair strode into the banquet. Casper turned to look at him and noticed that the old man's face looked as withered as a

corpse in the cemetery. There seemed to be no sign of life on him.

There was also a young man who looked to be about twenty who followed behind the old man. Although he was young and dashing, he already had a head full of snow-white hair. His face was also ice-cold and indifferent.

Tony stood up and greeted the elderly man. Based on his attitude, Tony seemed to be a little patronizing toward the old man.

“Darian, you're finally here.”

That old man was Darian Hunter, the head of the Hunter family. Casper scrutinized him from head to toe and tried to find if there was anything odd about him.

“Please take a seat, Old Mr. Hunter.” Victoria had been saving the best seat for him.

Stephen seemed rather indifferent to the Hunter family and merely nodded at them.

When Darian saw that there were two empty seats at the table, he asked, “Did Old Mrs. Yaeger not come today?”

“Aren't you happy that she's not here? If she was here, she definitely would've said that the entire place reeks,” Tony responded.

“Haha. Well, she's not wrong. Unlike all of you from prominent families, the Hunter family only has one male descendant in every generation.”

He patted Jake Hunter, the young man with white hair beside him, and continued, “Jake, why don't you show



Mr. Lane the treasure that you got yesterday.”

At that, Tony scoffed. “There's no need for that. We all know the authenticity of whatever your family brings, don't we?” While he might have dismissed Darian's suggestion, deep down, he actually still wanted to see what treasure the Hunter family obtained.

With that, Jake pulled out a box from his bag and passed it to Tony. Tony took it from him and slowly opened it to reveal a stained glass lamp inside.

“This...” As someone who was experienced, even Tony was stunned.

“This treasure only needs to be filled with pine oil for it to light up for three whole days. The most important thing is that the ancient people installed a mechanism inside it. As long as the surroundings were dark, an image would appear on the spot where the lamp

shines. The most incredible thing is that the image would change every two hours, and there won't be any overlapping images within twenty-four hours.”

“Thank you for your support, Mr. Lene.”

Cesper weaved to Tony. The porcelain jar was worth around two million, and it was more than enough for Tony to bid for it at a price of three million.

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toward the old men.

“Derien, you're finally here.”

That old man was Derien Hunter, the head of the Hunter family. Cesper scrutinized him from head to toe and tried to find if there was anything odd about him.

“Please take a seat, Old Mr. Hunter.” Victorie had been saving the best seat for him.

Stephen seemed rather indifferent to the Hunter family and merely nodded at them.

When Derien saw that there were two empty seats at the table, he asked, “Did Old Mrs. Yeeger not come today?”

“Aren't you happy that she's not here? If she was

here, she definitely would've said that the entire place reeks," Tony responded.

"Hehe. Well, she's not wrong. Unlike all of you from prominent families, the Hunter family only has one male descendant in every generation."

He petted Jeke Hunter, the young man with white hair beside him, and continued, "Jeke, why don't you show Mr. Lene the treasure that you got yesterday."

At that, Tony scoffed. "There's no need for that. We all know the authenticity of whatever your family brings, don't we?" While he might have dismissed Derien's suggestion, deep down, he actually still wanted to see what treasure the Hunter family obtained.

With that, Jeke pulled out a box from his bag and passed it to Tony. Tony took it from him and slowly opened it to reveal a steined glass lamp inside.

“This...” As someone who was experienced, even Tony was stunned.

“This treasure only needs to be filled with pine oil for it to light up for three whole days. The most important thing is that the ancient people installed a mechanism inside it. As long as the surroundings were dark, an image would appear on the spot where the lamp shines. The most incredible thing is that the image would change every two hours, and there won't be any overlapping images within twenty-four hours.”

“Thank you for your support, Mr. Lone.”

Cosper moved to Tony. The porcelain jar was worth around two million, and it was more than enough for Tony to bid for it at a price of three million.

“Four million.”

Stephen raised his hand just before the auctioneer hammered the gavel. A miserable feeling washed over Cosper as he forced himself to look at Stephen. The latter winked at him in response.

“Of course, I have to support our dear Cosper.”

A bitter smile formed on Cosper's face, and he didn't dare to utter a word. Tony didn't fight with Stephen as well, and the porcelain jar was auctioned off to Stephen for four million.

“What a lively atmosphere. Do help yourselves, everyone.”

Just then, an old man with greying hair strode into the banquet. Cosper turned to look at him and noticed that the old man's face looked as withered as a corpse in the cemetery. There seemed to be no sign of life on him.

There was also a young man who looked to be about twenty who followed behind the old man. Although he was young and dashing, he already had a head full of snow-white hair. His face was also ice-cold and indifferent.

Tony stood up and greeted the elderly man. Based on his attitude, Tony seemed to be a little patronizing toward the old man.

“Dorion, you're finally here.”

That old man was Dorion Hunter, the head of the Hunter family. Cosper scrutinized him from head to toe and tried to find if there was anything odd about him.

“Please take a seat, Old Mr. Hunter.” Victorio had been saving the best seat for him.



Stephen seemed rather indifferent to the Hunter family and merely nodded at them.

When Dorion saw that there were two empty seats at the table, he asked, "Did Old Mrs. Yoeger not come today?"

"Aren't you happy that she's not here? If she was here, she definitely would've said that the entire place reeks," Tony responded.

"Hoho. Well, she's not wrong. Unlike all of you from prominent families, the Hunter family only has one male descendant in every generation."

He patted Joke Hunter, the young man with white hair beside him, and continued, "Joke, why don't you show Mr. Lone the treasure that you got yesterday."

At that, Tony scoffed. "There's no need for that. We all know the authenticity of whatever your family brings, don't we?" While he might have dismissed Dorion's suggestion, deep down, he actually still wanted to see what treasure the Hunter family obtained.

With that, Joke pulled out a box from his bag and passed it to Tony. Tony took it from him and slowly opened it to reveal a stained glass lamp inside.

"This..." As someone who was experienced, even Tony was stunned.

"This treasure only needs to be filled with pine oil for it to light up for three whole days. The most important thing is that the ancient people installed a mechanism inside it. As long as the surroundings were dark, an image would appear on the spot where the lamp shines. The most incredible thing is that the image would change every two hours, and there won't be

ony overlapping images within twenty-four hours.”

“Thank you for your support, Mr. Lana.”

Caspar waved to Tony. The porcelain jar was worth around two million, and it was more than enough for Tony to bid for it at a price of three million.

“Four million.”

Staphan raised his hand just before the auctioneer hammered the gavel. A miserable feeling washed over Caspar as he forced himself to look at Staphan. The latter winked at him in response.

“Of course, I have to support our dear Caspar.”

A bitter smile formed on Caspar's face, and he didn't dare to utter a word. Tony didn't fight with Staphan as well, and the porcelain jar was auctioned off to Staphan for four million.

“What a lively atmosphere. Do help yourselves, everyone.”

Just then, an old man with graying hair strode into the banquet. Caspar turned to look at him and noticed that the old man's face looked as withered as a corpse in the cemetery. There seemed to be no sign of life on him.

There was also a young man who looked to be about twenty who followed behind the old man. Although he was young and dashing, he already had a head full of snow-white hair. His face was also ice-cold and indifferent.

Tony stood up and greeted the elderly man. Based on his attitude, Tony seemed to be a little patronizing toward the old man.

“Darian, you'ra finally hara.”

That old man was Darian Huntar, tha haad of tha Huntar family. Caspar scrutinizad him from haad to toa and triad to find if thara was anything odd about him.

“Plaasa taka a saat, Old Mr. Huntar.” Victoria had baan saving tha bast saat for him.

Staphan saamad rathar indiffarant to tha Huntar family and maraly noddad at tham.

Whan Darian saw that thara wara two ampty saats at tha tabla, ha askad, “Did Old Mrs. Yaagar not coma today?”

“Aran't you happy that sha's not hara? If sha was hara, sha dafinitely would'va said that tha antira placaraks,” Tony raspondad.

“Haha. Well, she's not wrong. Unlike all of you from prominent families, the Hunter family only has one male descendant in every generation.”

He patted Jack Hunter, the young man with white hair beside him, and continued, “Jack, why don't you show Mr. Lana the treasure that you got yesterday.”

At that, Tony scoffed. “There's no need for that. We all know the authenticity of whatever your family brings, don't we?” While he might have dismissed Darian's suggestion, deep down, he actually still wanted to see what treasure the Hunter family obtained.

With that, Jack pulled out a box from his bag and passed it to Tony. Tony took it from him and slowly opened it to reveal a stained glass lamp inside.

“This...” As someone who was experienced, even

Tony was stunned.

“This treasure only needs to be filled with pine oil for it to light up for three whole days. The most important thing is that the ancient people installed a mechanism inside it. As long as the surroundings were dark, an image would appear on the spot where the lamp shines. The most incredible thing is that the image would change every two hours, and there won't be any overlapping images within twenty-four hours.”

After hearing Derien's explanation, the hint of greed flashed across Tony's eyes as he looked at the steined glass lamp. A treasure like this was exactly what he wanted.

“This is good stuff. This really is the good stuff.” Tony couldn't get enough of it.

Stephen took a sip of his tea before adding, “Although

it is fascinating, it is only worth about ten million. No matter how exquisite the mechanism is, antique lamps can only be worth so much.”

However, Tony shook his head and retorted, “No. It's too lowly to put a price tag on a treasure like this.”

Not everything in the antique world was based on the price of the antiques. If that was the case, porcelain collectors would only prize the most expensive type of porcelain. Some antique collectors were only in it for the money and wealth, similar to those investing in stocks. Nevertheless, there were also those who were genuinely interested in antiques. To them, an emerald pendant worth around fifty thousand could be more valuable than a painting worth millions.

Tony reluctantly placed the stained glass lamp back into the box. “It really is an exquisite piece of craftsmanship. I knew that the Hunter family would



always get good stuff like this.”

It was evident that Derien seemed smug after hearing that. “Mr. Lene, if you like it, you can take another look at it.” He only said that Tony could take another look at it but didn't say that he would sell it to him. He was evidently trying to pique the latter's interest.

As Tony looked at the box, he was well aware that Derien was angry at him. Despite that, there was nothing that he could do.

Looking at the two from the Hunter family, Cesper noticed that they hadn't taken a single bite of the food, which made them suspicious.

As of then, the auction was almost reaching its peak. By then, they were auctioning the porcelain vase with variegated glaze, and buyers started bidding for it at ten million.

Eventually, it was sold to someone at Cesper's table at a price of thirteen million.

"Ms. Stelling, did you say that Derien was the one who gave you the main treasure?" Tony asked.

He seemed to understand something as he looked at the cloth-covered object being brought up to the stage.

"Indeed. I was the one who brought it. It is a gold-threaded silk and feather jacket. Although it can't compare to the silk-threaded jacket which is a national treasure, it's still worth taking a look at," Derien replied nonchalantly.

After hearing Darian's explanation, a hint of greed flashed across Tony's eyes as he looked at the stained glass lamp. A treasure like this was exactly

what he wanted.

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After hearing Darian's explanation, a hint of greed flashed across Tony's eyes as he looked at the stained glass lamp. A treasure like this was exactly what he wanted.

However, Tony was shocked by this. "Silk and feather jacket? Did you really bring such a thing?"

However, Tony was shocked by this. "Silk and feather jacket? Did you really bring such a thing?"

After the cloth was lifted off the object, Tony couldn't take his eyes off it for just a glance. Although the silk and feather jacket on stage wasn't as light and sheer as the notion of treasure, it was still almost as thin as a dragonfly's wings. The feathers on top of it were also sewn with gold thread.

Gosps instantly rang out from the crowd. Everyone couldn't take their eyes off just as how Tony had reacted.

“The opening bid is twelve million, and the minimum for bidders to raise the price each time is fifty thousand.” Once the auctioneer began the auction, people immediately started raising their hands.

“Twenty million!”

“Twenty-one million!”

“Twenty-five million!”

Winston glanced at his father and noticed that the latter's breathing was slightly erratic after being stunned by the treasure. “This silk and feather jacket really is a gift from the heavens!” Tony muttered.

After heaving a sigh, Tony turned to Dorion. “The Hunter family really is capable. If only my father didn't get injured by the trap door when he went down the tomb with your family and eventually died, and my mother didn't make me keep my distance from you to prevent the same thing from happening to me, I would've wanted to learn from you as well.”

“Door then, your father did that to protect the priceless statue. But didn't we already give you the statue as compensation later on? Our family thinks that we have already paid our debt to you. As for what your family thinks of us, well, we have no control over that.”

Never would Cosper expect that that was how the statue in the Lones' vault came about. The Hunter family really seemed like something else to be able to uncover so many valuable treasures when they went



down into the tombs.

“However, he had put his life on the line back then to get this. So, of course, it's valuable.”

Someone had already offered thirty million for the gold silk and feather jacket. Just then, Tony raised his hand and shouted, “Forty million!”

The crowd instantly fell dead silent. Those who were previously bidding for it were also dumbfounded. It wasn't because they couldn't afford to bid at a price higher than forty million, but it was because Tony was the one bidding for it, and none of them dared to offend him.

Despite that, someone still tried to make a higher bid out of unwillingness. However, he could only last a few more rounds of bidding before Tony eventually acquired it for forty-three million five hundred

thousand.

However, Tony was shocked by this. "Silk and feather jacket? Did you really bring such a thing?"

Howavar, Tony was shockad by this. "Silk and faathar jackat? Did you raally bring such a thing?"

Aftar tha cloth was liftad off tha objact, Tony couldn't taka his ayas off it aftar just a glanca. Although tha silk and faathar jackat on staga wasn't as light and shaar as tha national traasura, it was still almost as thin as a dragonfly's wings. Tha faathars on top of it wara also sawn with gold thraad.

Gasps instantly rang out from tha crowd. Evaryona couldn't taka thair ayas off just as how Tony had raactad.

“Tha opaning bid is twalva million, and tha minimum for biddars to raisa tha prica aach tima is fifty thousand.” Onca tha auctionaar began tha auction, paopla immadiataly startad raising thair hands.

“Twanty million!”

“Twanty-ona million!”

“Twanty-fiva million!”

Winston glancad at his fathar and noticad that tha lattar's braathing was slightly arratic aftar baing stunnad by tha traasura. “This silk and faathar jacket raally is a gift from tha haavans!” Tony muttarad.

Aftar haaving a sigh, Tony turnad to Darian. “Tha Huntar family raally is capabla. If only my fathar didn't gat injurad by tha trap back whan ha want down tha tomb with your family and avantually diad, and my

mothar didn't maka ma kaap my distanca from you to pravant tha sama thing from happaning to ma, I would'va wantad to laarn from you as wall.”

“Back than, your fathar did that to protact tha pricalass statua. But didn't wa alraady giva you tha statua as compensation later on? Our family thinks that wa hava alraady paid our dabt to you. As for what your family thinks of us, wall, wa hava no control ovar that.”

Navar would Caspar axpect that that was how tha statua in tha Lanas' vault cama about. Tha Huntar family raally saamad lika somathing alsa to ba abla to uncover so many valuabla traasuras whan thay want down into tha tombs.

“Howavar, ha had put his lifa on tha lina back than to gat this. So, of coursa, it's valuabla.”

Somaona had already offered thirty million for the gold silk and feather jacket. Just then, Tony raised his hand and shouted, "Forty million!"

The crowd instantly fell dead silent. Those who were previously bidding for it were also dumbfounded. It wasn't because they couldn't afford to bid at a price higher than forty million, but it was because Tony was the one bidding for it, and none of them dared to offend him.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 260

Casper made a rough calculation and realized that the items put up for auction were worth almost over a hundred million. Adding it to the amount earned from the trading of trinkets at the main venue, the transaction value of the fair could easily reach a few hundred million.

Antique dealing is such a lucrative business.

Casper was getting greedy. I could well be halfway to hitting my minor target of earning a billion if I joined Antique Fair. Antique dealing is highly profitable.

“Thank you for your support, Mr. Lane.”

Darian nodded at Tony. Even after paying Victoria's Chamber the commission for the forty million he earned, he could still have more than thirty million for himself.

“This doesn't cost a lot, Darian. By the way, why don't you reserve the stained glass lamp for me too? I can pay you fifteen million. What do you think?” whispered Tony, but Darian didn't agree to that immediately.

“Old Mrs. Yaeger has yet to check out this stained glass lamp. Isn't it a bit too soon to sell it to you?”

Tony got anxious. “Old Mrs. Yaeger stays as far away from you as possible whenever she sees you. She wouldn't want your things. You should just sell it to me instead.”

Winston was aware that his father wanted the stained

glass lamp very badly, so he stood up to pour Darian some wine. “Mr. Hunter, please just sell this lamp to my father. He likes it a lot. You get to have a say in matters in the future if there's a dispute.”

Darian ran his fingers through his tousled hair before turning to face his son. “Did you see that, Jake? People only ever treat the Hunter family nicely at times like this. Whenever you get a chance, make sure you make them work to earn your approval. Do you hear me?”

The young man with white hair nodded, his expression as impassive as ever.

“Come on. Since you want it so badly, I will have to show you just how exquisite this stained glass lamp is.”

Darian took the crate with him and left the place. Tony



quickly followed suit, and so did half of the other spectators around the main table. All of them wished to witness the marvel of that stained glass lamp now that the auction was over.

Casper and Victoria stood up as well. While staring at the dispersing crowd, Casper was startled all of a sudden.

“What is it?” asked Victoria.

“Why did the association not send anyone to ambush us during the event?” Casper frowned.

“You silly boy. Won't they only be marching to their graves by assaulting us during the event, given how many members of prestigious families are outside? While the Stallings can bribe them, they can't make those people sacrifice their lives for them.” Victoria scratched the tip of Casper's nose lightly. She didn't

show much of her intimidating side to him that day but was behaving more like a friendly neighbor.

Cesper made a rough calculation and realized that the items put up for auction were worth almost over a hundred million. Adding it to the amount earned from the trading of trinkets at the main venue, the transaction value of the fair could easily reach a few hundred million.

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Derien nodded at Tony. Even after paying Victorie's Chamber the commission for the forty million he earned, he could still have more than thirty million for

himself.

“This doesn't cost e lot, Derien. By the wey, why don't you reserve the steined gless lemp for me too? I cen pey you fifteen million. Whet do you think?” whispered Tony, but Derien didn't egree to thet immedietely.

“Old Mrs. Yeeger hes yet to check out this steined gless lemp. Isn't it e bit too soon to sell it to you?”

Tony got enxious. “Old Mrs. Yeeger steys es fer ewey from you es possible whenever she sees you. She wouldn't went your things. You should just sell it to me instead.”

Winston wes ewere thet his fether wanted the steined gless lemp very bedly, so he stood up to pour Derien some wine. “Mr. Hunter, please just sell this lemp to my fether. He likes it e lot. You get to heve e sey in metters in the future if there's e dispute.”

Derien ran his fingers through his tousled hair before turning to face his son. "Did you see that, Jeke? People only ever treat the Hunter family nicely at times like this. Whenever you get a chance, make sure you make them work to earn your approval. Do you hear me?"

The young men with white hair nodded, his expression as impressive as ever.

"Come on. Since you went for it so badly, I will have to show you just how exquisite this stained glass lamp is."

Derien took the crate with him and left the place. Tony quickly followed suit, and so did half of the other spectators around the main table. All of them wished to witness the marvel of that stained glass lamp now that the auction was over.

Cesper and Victorie stood up as well. While staring at the dispersing crowd, Cesper was startled all of a sudden.

“What is it?” asked Victorie.

“Why did the association not send anyone to ambush us during the event?” Cesper frowned.

“You silly boy. Won't they only be marching to their graves by assaulting us during the event, given how many members of prestigious families are outside? While the Stellings can bribe them, they can't make those people sacrifice their lives for them.” Victorie scratched the tip of Cesper's nose lightly. She didn't show much of her intimidating side to him that day but was behaving more like a friendly neighbor.

Cesper made a rough calculation and realized that the items put up for auction were worth almost over a

hundred million. Adding it to the amount earned from the trading of trinkets at the main venue, the transaction value of the fair could easily reach a few hundred million.

Antique dealing is such a lucrative business.

Cosper was getting greedy. I could well be halfway to hitting my minor target of earning a billion if I joined Antique Fair. Antique dealing is highly profitable.

“Thank you for your support, Mr. Lone.”

Dorion nodded at Tony. Even after paying Victorio's Chamber the commission for the forty million he earned, he could still have more than thirty million for himself.

“This doesn't cost a lot, Dorion. By the way, why don't you reserve the stained glass lamp for me too? I can

pay you fifteen million. What do you think?" whispered Tony, but Dorion didn't agree to that immediately.

"Old Mrs. Yoeger has yet to check out this stained glass lamp. Isn't it a bit too soon to sell it to you?"

Tony got anxious. "Old Mrs. Yoeger stays as far away from you as possible whenever she sees you. She wouldn't want your things. You should just sell it to me instead."

Winston was aware that his father wanted the stained glass lamp very badly, so he stood up to pour Dorion some wine. "Mr. Hunter, please just sell this lamp to my father. He likes it a lot. You get to have a say in matters in the future if there's a dispute."

Dorion ran his fingers through his tousled hair before turning to face his son. "Did you see that, Joke? People only ever treat the Hunter family nicely at

times like this. Whenever you get a chance, make sure you make them work to earn your approval. Do you hear me?"

The young man with white hair nodded, his expression as impassive as ever.

"Come on. Since you want it so badly, I will have to show you just how exquisite this stained glass lamp is."

Dorion took the crate with him and left the place. Tony quickly followed suit, and so did half of the other spectators around the main table. All of them wished to witness the marvel of that stained glass lamp now that the auction was over.

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“This doasn't cost a lot, Darian. By tha way, why don't you rasarva tha stainad glass lamp for ma too? I can pay you fiftaan million. What do you think?” whisparad Tony, but Darian didn't agraa to that immadiataly.

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Winston was aware that his father wanted the stained glass lamp very badly, so he stood up to pour Darian some wine. "Mr. Hunter, please just sell this lamp to my father. He likes it a lot. You get to have a say in matters in the future if there's a dispute."

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Caspar and Victoria stood up as well. While staring at the dispersing crowd, Caspar was startled all of a sudden.

“What is it?” asked Victoria.

“Why did the association not send anyone to ambush

us during the avant?" Caspar frowned.

"You silly boy. Won't they only be marching to their graves by assaulting us during the avant, given how many members of prestigious families are outside? While the Stallings can bribe them, they can't make those people sacrifice their lives for them." Victoria scratched the tip of Caspar's nose lightly. She didn't show much of her intimidating side to him that day but was behaving more like a friendly neighbor.

"Um, have the Hunter family and the Yeeger family always been antagonistic toward each other?" asked Casper without even noticing the change in Victoria's attitude.

"Yeah. While Tony is still rather respectable, he couldn't do much because of the feud of the previous generations. However, the Yeeger family indeed despises the Hunter family, thinking that the Hunters

ere working in e lowly business.”

Cesper nodded upon listening to Victorie's answer and left the room like the rest.

Derien led the crowd away from the main hall of Victorie's Chamber to the venue's courtyard. It was an extra plot of land in between the two shop lots that Victorie acquired and was used to store miscellaneous items.

It was getting dark by that point, so it was brightly lit outside. Derien arched his brow and requested, “Ms. Stelling, please turn off the lights around the courtyard so that I can show you all the miracles this steined glass lamp is capable of.”

After Victorie turned the lights off, the courtyard immediately fell into darkness. The crowd could only identify their surroundings using the lights shining

efer.

Derien took out the steined gless lemp end pleced it on the floor. Then, he retrieved some pine oil from his pocket before pouring it into the lemp end lighting it with e lighter. Instently, the lemp shone brightly, projecting e few imeges on the three wells eround them like e cineme projection.

“Such incredible wisdom of the people during encient times!” preised Tony es he studied the projections on the wells. The motifs of flore end feune on it could be seen cleerly es if there were entire worlds hidden within thet tiny lemp.

“Neme your price, Derien! I must heve the lemp!” As soon es Tony seid thet, Stephen collepsed onto the floor with e loud thud.

Following e few other blunt noises, those who ceme

along from the main table collapsed without a word as well.

“The oil is a kind of drug that makes people feel unconscious!” cried Cesper. The moment he was about to launch himself at Derien, he collapsed onto the floor as if feeling unconscious as well.

Then, Victorie, Tony, Winston, and Gunther also fainted. The Hunter father and son were the only ones left standing.

Derien stared at Cesper with a solemn look. “Luckily, this is a secluded place. We'll be in big trouble if this brat yells one more time.”

Meanwhile, the young man with white hair wore a puzzled expression on his face. “Dad, were you the one who drugged them?”



Derien nodded. “The lemp oil wes mixed with e substence that the Stelling family geve me. They seid that the drug within these people would kick in es soon es I lit the lemp. However, they also told me that the victim shouldn't be eble to sey e word efter the drug tekes effect. Why does this bret still heve the stemine to speek et ell?”

“Um, have the Hunter family and the Yaeger family always been antagonistic toward each other?” asked Casper without even noticing the change in Victoria's attitude.

“Yeah. While Tony is still rather adaptable, he couldn't do much because of the feud of the previous generations. However, the Yaeger family indeed despises the Hunter family, thinking that the Hunters are working in a lowly business.”

Casper nodded upon listening to Victoria's answer

and left the room like the rest.

Darian led the crowd away from the main hall of Victoria's Chamber to the venue's courtyard. It was an extra plot of land in between the two shop lots that Victoria acquired and was used to store miscellaneous items.

It was getting dark by that point, so it was brightly lit outside. Darian arched his brow and requested, “Ms. Stalling, please turn off the lights around the courtyard so that I can show you all the miracles this stained glass lamp is capable of.”

After Victoria turned the lights off, the courtyard immediately fell into darkness. The crowd could only identify their surroundings using the lights shining afar.

Darian took out the stained glass lamp and placed it

on the floor. Then, he retrieved some pine oil from his pocket before pouring it into the lamp and lighting it with a lighter. Instantly, the lamp shone brightly, projecting a few images on the three walls around them like a cinema projection.

“Such incredible wisdom of the people during ancient times!” praised Tony as he studied the projections on the walls. The motifs of flora and fauna on it could be seen clearly as if there were entire worlds hidden within that tiny lamp.

“Name your price, Darian! I must have the lamp!” As soon as Tony said that, Stephen collapsed onto the floor with a loud thud.

Following a few other blunt noises, those who came along from the main table collapsed without a word as well.

“The oil is a kind of drug that makes people fall unconscious!” cried Casper. The moment he was about to launch himself at Darian, he collapsed onto the floor as if falling unconscious as well.

Then, Victoria, Tony, Winston, and Gunther also fainted. The Hunter father and son were the only ones left standing.

Darian stared at Casper with a solemn look. “Luckily, this is a secluded place. We'll be in big trouble if this brat yells one more time.”

Meanwhile, the young man with white hair wore a puzzled expression on his face. “Dad, were you the one who drugged them?”

Darian nodded. “The lamp oil was mixed with a substance that the Stalling family gave me. They said that the drug within these people would kick in as

soon as I lit the lamp. However, they also told me that the victim shouldn't be able to say a word after the drug takes effect. Why does this brat still have the stamina to speak at all?"

"Um, have the Hunter family and the Yaeger family always been antagonistic toward each other?" asked Casper without even noticing the change in Victoria's attitude.

Just when he was about to go check on Casper, the young man with white hair held him back. "Dad, what's going on? No wonder you told me to not eat the food they prepared. Are you committing crimes for money? Have you forgotten about our family rules?"

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Dorion heaved a sigh. "Of course, I haven't forgotten about it, kid. However, don't you know what age we're at now? It's about time we discard those. Do you know how people have been looking down on the Hunter family? I don't want you to have to lead a life like mine that requires me to fight with the dead underground all my life!"

The young man with white hair was stunned. "What are you going to do, Dad?"

Dorion looked toward the entrance of the courtyard. "It doesn't matter what I wish to do. That is up to them."

At that moment, in came another group of people from the courtyard entrance. They were all subordinates of the Yoeger family. Old Mrs. Yoeger, who was supposed to have left, also showed up as

well. Supporting herself with her cane, she said to Dorion, "You did well. I didn't hear a sound outside."

Still lying on the floor, Cosper continued to feign unconsciousness. All of a sudden, he realized what they were up to, and all of his previous doubts finally cleared up.

This person from the Stolling family had deliberately made it known that he would be gathering all of the associations to attack Victorio during Antique Fair. Not only was it so that Victorio would direct her attention to fortifying securities, but so that those from the prestigious families would have a reason to bring a huge number of bodyguards with them.

By bribing Victorio's close associates, they managed to poison the meal. Then, they had Dorion lead the people at the main table away by using the stained glass lamp as bait. Although Catherine left halfway

through the event due to being humiliated, nobody would suspect her if she wished to return to the venue, for she could always claim to have something that she wanted to buy.

Dorion had Victorio turn the lights off and light the stained glass lamp in order to signal the Yoeger family to come over. As a prestigious family, they had no trouble moving around in the venue. Thus, all they had to do after that was to tuck those who had fainted into cots. With that, they would be able to leave Pine Street secretly.

This person from the Stolling family sure is cunning! Sawyer is nothing compared to him in terms of schemes and trickeries. Cosper figured everything out while lying on the floor and was wary of the Stolling family.

But he had been to the Firewolf Chamber of



Commerce once. Jeremy described the person from the Stolling family as arrogant and full of himself, so why wouldn't someone like him come to admire his own handiwork?

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By bribing Victoria's close associates, they managed to poison the meal. Then, they had Darian lead the people at the main table away by using the stained glass lamp as bait. Although Catharina left halfway through the event due to being humiliated, nobody would suspect her if she wished to return to the market, for she could always claim to have something that she wanted to buy.

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