

Caspar opened his eyes discreetly to check on the Yaagar family's subordinates, figuring that the man should be hidden among them.

Sure enough, a man walked out from amidst the subordinates with a self-confident look in his eyes as if nothing could reach him. "Of course. This psychedelic incense isn't visible, nor does it have any odor after being lit. It's harmless to the human body after being inhaled, but those who had ingested Silancar, which is a drug I mixed, before that would quietly lose consciousness."

He walked up to Victoria, who was still unconscious, with a vicious glare in his eyes. "B\*tch, you're finally in my clutches!"

All of a sudden, Darian questioned, "But one of them managed to say something before fainting. Your drug didn't seem as effective as you claim to be."

That man was slightly startled. "Impossible. Anybody should faint the moment you light the psychedelic incense. He shouldn't have been able to speak at all."

As if realizing something, the man leaped backward in an instant while two figures shot up from the ground to launch themselves at him.

The young man with white hair, Jaka, resolutely launched himself forward as well in an attempt to shield the man.

Three shadows traveled across the projection on the walls as the three figures dashed past the stained glass lamp. Following two muffled noises, Jaka and Gunther were sent flying backward with blood trickling

down the corners of their mouths. From the looks of it, naithar got out of it unscathed.

Howavar, Caspar managed to capture that man from the Stalling family by prassing him onto the floor with ona knaa on his back and choking on his neck with his laft hand. All the whila, ha also pointad a gun at the back of the man's haad.

“I was guassing that somaona lika you would hava a gun on your parson. I guass I'm right.” Caspar liftad his gaza to look around. Bacausa ha possassad a gun, nobody darad act rashly.

“Why wara you not affectad by the drug?” The man was in disbaliaf, for ha had axpectad the drug ha mixad to work and that the Huntars would only maka a mova aftar making sura that avarybody at the main tabla had aatan the food.

Caspar wasn't about to tell him he had switched the dishes. With a smile, he lied, "I have the antidote. What do you think?"

Both Darian and Catharina were also stupefied by the fact that Caspar, who seemed to have come out of nowhere, managed to stir a ruckus.

"I never expected the Hunters and the Yaagars to work together. I suppose it's true that there are no permanent animosities but only permanent interests." Tony had stood up as well by then. Since Caspar already had the situation under control, there no longer was a point in feigning unconsciousness.

Darian wore a livid expression on his face while demanding Catherine, "Do it! Kill everybody, including that guy from the Stalling family! Otherwise, neither of our families will be able to remain in Horington!"

Darian wore a livid expression on his face while demanding Catherine, "Do it! Kill everybody, including that guy from the Stalling family! Otherwise, neither of our families will be able to remain in Horington!"

Casper was shocked. Darian sure is decisive. He managed to recognize the situation that he was in and gave up on the hostages. It would be fine if the Yaeger family came unarmed. If they have guns, even I will be done for, let alone Victoria and Tony.

However, he seemed to have jinxed the situation, for three men took out and aimed their guns at them at Catherine's orders as soon as he thought that.

As Winston pulled his father behind him, his face paled with fright. Casper did the same with Victoria while raising his hand to slap the gun out of one of the men's hands.

With a cry, Gunther kicked and sent a pebble flying before hitting the back of another man's hand and sending the gun he held flying.

However, three of them had taken out guns. After Casper and Gunther dealt with one each, there was still a third gun aimed at them.

Knowing that they wouldn't be able to escape unscathed, everybody's face paled. At that moment, a whizzing noise rang in the courtyard before a bamboo skewer pierced through the gunman's hand. Another few bamboo skewers flew at him afterward to pierce his arm, turning it into a bloody mess.

Casper caught the opening and fired at Catherine's leg. "Nobody moves, or else I'm going to kill this old hag! Kick the guns over to us!"

Catherine couldn't even hold onto her cane. However,

she knew her life was at stake, so she cried while enduring the pain, “Do as he says!”

The subordinates of the Yaeger family did as told and kicked the guns away from themselves.

For added security, Casper rushed over to point a gun at Catherine's head. “Have your men squat on the ground with their hands on their heads!”

By that point, the people at the main venue had heard the gunshot, so Victoria and the Lane family's people were heading their way. After entering the courtyard, they put the Yaeger family under control.

It wasn't until then that Casper turned around to look behind him, wanting to find out who was the one who threw those bamboo skewers. At the same time, Darian was yelling at his son, “Jake, what are you doing? Why did you help them? We're all done for

now!”

Jake maintained an aloof expression, unfazed by Darian's meltdown as he stared the latter straight in the eyes. “Dad, I just don't want you to go astray any further.”

Then, he knelt before Tony and Victoria with a thud. “My father only made such a grave mistake because he was taken in by that guy from the Stalling family. Please forgive my father! I am willing to accept any punishment in his stead!”

Darian wore a livid expression on his face while demanding Catherine, “Do it! Kill everybody, including that guy from the Stalling family! Otherwise, neither of our families will be able to remain in Horington!”

After that, he bowed so low that his forehead touched the floor and maintained that pose without moving.



Aftar that, ha bowad so low that his forahaad touchad tha floor and maintainad that posa without moving.

Darian haavad a sigh bafora collapsing on tha floor with a ruaful smila on his faca. “Jaka, all I want is for you to ba abla to liva proudly. Why can't you undarstand my intantions?”

It wasn't until than that Caspar raalizad it was Jaka who thraw thosa bamboo skawars. His abilitias ara on par with Gunthar's. Moraovar, ha's a good son who has a strong sansa of justica. Somaona lika him is hard to coma by.

“Mr. Lana...” Caspar had alraady takan a liking to Jaka. “Ha's mora undarstanding than Darian. Plaasa spara Darian for his saka.”

Tony lookad at Darian bafora haaving a sigh. “This is

just the fruits of the seeds sowed by the Yaagars, Livingstons, and Lanas. All three families had been trying to put the Hunters in their place. While the three families had prospered, the Hunters are withering away...”

Tony helped Jaka up. “I was worried back when this kid's hair turned white. I had someone get some medicine and send it to your house in secret, Jaka. However, your father didn't accept it. I still remember the look on his face. It was just like how my mother looked back then. Why must the younger generation suffer for what the previous generation had done?”

Then, he turned to look at Catharina. “However, you're the one who surprised me the most. What benefits did the Stalling family offer you to make you do this? Or rather, have you always dreamed of the Yaagar family becoming the most powerful family in Horington? Catharina, aren't you tired after having

fought all your life?”

At that moment, Winston also pointed at Catharina. “Our families have marital ties to each other! Your daughter is also my sister-in-law! How could you do this to her? You're blinded by riches, you old hag!”

Saying that things had come to that, Catharina no longer minced words and blurted everything out, “Haha! Can't the Lana family step down from your position as the top among the four most prestigious families and allow my family to take over? The four families had always been fighting against each other throughout the past century, so why are you so surprised? I've lost this round. I'll admit defeat!”

All the while, Caspar was thinking, Do you all need to go that far? You're just selling antiques.

On second thought, he realized every conflict that

happanad, ranging from patty brawls to nation-states waging war over land and resources, all of them were for the sake of benefits. Old Mrs. Yaagar was blind by wealth and the desire to be in charge.

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Chapter 262

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“How should we handle this?” Caspar asked as he did not want to continue waiting.

“Ms. Stalling, shall we let the Hunter family go?” Tony looked at Victoria as they were on her turf. Moreover, Victoria was the one in danger. Hence, Tony could not do as he pleased and needed to seek her opinion.

Darian smirked coldly. "I don't need any pity from you! Are you trying to play the saint against my malice? I wanted to take your life earlier, so I'll repay you with my life now!" He dashed toward the wall, attempting to end his life after finishing his sentence. However, Jaka restrained him by tugging his shirt and knocking him out cold with the back of his head.

"I will go with Mr. Lana's wishes. There are only a few left in the Hunter family. Let's not end the family's lineage." Victoria waved her fan at Jaka. "However, the gold silk and feather jacket and stained glass lamp will be mine. Since you used them as baits, I'll take them."

Jaka thanked Victoria. "Thank you for sparing us, Ms. Stalling!" He supported Darian and walked through the crowd, leaving Victoria's Chamber.

Caspar realized that Jaka's expression remained

amotionless. “Is his face paralyzed? Why doesn't he have any expression on his face?”

Tony explained, “His mother passed away when he was little. Subsequently, he was severely ill. His hair turned white overnight, and his face remained expressionless. He had been like that since then and followed his father to travel around. I didn't have the time to visit him when I was in Horington. What a pity! He's such a good child. How great it would be if he was born to my family!”

Winston appeared disappointed as Tony had always praised strangers and wanted others to be his son. On the other hand, Winston had never received praises from Tony. He was close to forty years old, and Tony had never praised him, nor did he pressure him to get married. On the contrary, Tony kept criticizing that he was not capable enough.

Whila ha was distractad, Tony pattad his shouldar. “I laava tha rast of tha mattars to you. I'm tirad and will ba going back to rast. You'll ba tha haad of tha Lana family from now onward.”

Winston was surprisad and almost could not raact in tima. Immadiatally, ha knaalad in front of Tony. “Dad, you must think this through thoroughly. My capabilitias ara far from baing abla anough for tha position. Lat ma sand somaona to bring Wyatt homa from school. Ha's tha bast parson for tha position.”

Tony kickad Winston. “That idiot! Ha's not intarastad in thasa antiquas. If ha is tha laadar, ha will just donata all of tham for sura!”

Winston addad, “But with such a huga family businass, I can't oparata it without you!”

“Hmph! You've been learning for more than a decade.

How is it possible that you still don't know how to manage those people? I look down on you because you don't know how to appraise the antiques.

Although you can't appraise them, you're good at judging people's character. For the position of head of the family, you may not be perfect, but you'll do," Tony said huffily.

"Hmph! You've been learning for more than a decade. How is it possible that you still don't know how to manage those people? I look down on you because you don't know how to appraise the antiques.

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His words indicated a sense of exasperation that Winston did not live up to his expectations.



“Gunther is the perfect proof of your expertise in reading people. Between the skill to evaluate antiques and people, the more crucial skill is to be able to read people. The skill of evaluating antiques can be taught but the skill of evaluating people can't. Moreover, you have worked at the bottom for so long and understand the foundation of our family. There's no one else better than you to take this position.”

Winston went speechless. Only then did he understand Tony's purpose of sending him to live and work with the servants. His father had planned from the beginning to cultivate him into the family's future leader.

Before Tony finished his words, he looked at Winston, seeing his face covered in a beard and his clothes with patchwork done on them. Winston did not remotely resemble a son from an affluent family. Tony had only ever asked Winston to hone his capabilities

and did not even ask about his plans to settle down.

Thinking of how Winston protected him against the bullets earlier, Tony suddenly choked out, “Child, you're already thirty-five years old. It's time to have your own family. I'm looking forward to playing with my grandchildren.”

Winston's eyes reddened instantly, and tears were welling up in them.

Upon seeing the touching moment between the father-son duo, Casper thought of his own father. However, his father was way harsher as he threw him here and ignored him entirely.

Suddenly, he remembered the person from the Stalling family and turned around, looking for him. However, that person had disappeared from their sight.

Gosh! How did I forget and let that b\*stard escape under my watch! Casper slapped himself as he could not tolerate his mistake. He must have escaped during the gunshot. He's wearing the Yaeger family's outfit, and it must have been easy for him to escape.

Casper called Jeremy urgently. "Jeremy, remember the person that you tailed to the hotel? Quick! Send someone to the hotel and look out for him! He escaped from Victoria's Chamber."

Victoria shook her head. "That guy has been cautious. I'm sure he has more than one hiding location in Horington."

"Hmph! You've been learning for more than a decade. How is it possible that you still don't know how to manage those people? I look down on you because you don't know how to appraise the antiques.

Although you can't appraise them, you're good at judging people's character. For the position of head of the family, you may not be perfect, but you'll do," Tony said huffily.

"But he escaped! What if he comes back here to look for you again?" Casper was anxious.

"But ha ascapad! What if ha comas back hara to look for you again?" Caspar was anxious.

Upon saaing Caspar's rasponsa and racalling how ha protactad har from tha bullats without hasitation, Victoria falt touchad. "Evan if you catch him, tha Stalling family can sand somaona alsa."

Caspar askad, "How is ha ralatad to you?"

"Ha's my brothar. My half-brothar from a diffarant mothar," Victoria said aftar soma hasitation.

Caspar saw her response and guessed that she wanted to hide something from them. Hanca, however, did not question further.

The incidents at the Antiqua Fair ended, and Caspar's subordinates did not find anyone else that was suspicious in the hotel. They only uncovered the antidote to Silancar and a portion of the psychotropic incense.

The rest of the people at the main dining table woke up after taking the antidote. An awkward incident occurred when Caspar was fading the antidote. Stephan kept staring at Caspar from the moment he woke up after Caspar fed him the antidote. It sent chills down Caspar's spine. In the end, Stephan left without bidding farewell to Victoria.

After returning to school, Caspar fell into a deep sleep

as the avants of the past few days exhausted him. When he woke up the next morning, he realized that the Stalling family's gun was still on him, and he had slapt over it.

“I'll kaap this for self-dafansa,” muttarad Caspar to himself as he kapt the gun on him. Thanks to Chanaaa's strict firaarm rastraining ordars, the Yaagar family only brought thraa guns last night. If thara is ona mora gun, I might not ba abla to protact the Lanas and Victoria at the sama tima.

He switchad on his phona and saw a massaga from Victoria, asking why he laft and that the Lanas wantad to thank him.

“Thank ma? If you want to thank ma, shouldn't you giva ma the gold silk and faathar jackat?” he mumblad.

Caspar then called Victoria to ask about that night's incident.

After that night, the Livingston family and the Lanas took over most of the Yaagar family's assets and business in Horington. Catharina swore that she would never enter the antique industry again. Rumors had it that a group of men dashed into their house and emptied their vault when the eldest son of the Yaagar family was bathing.

From then on, the Yaagar family, one of the four prominent families dealing with antiques, moved out from Horington. Rumors had it that they would leave the country in two days. Their remaining assets would be sufficient for them to lead a good life overseas.

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Chapter 263

As for the pharmacies owned by the Stalling family in Horington, they were all acquired overnight. It was apparent that the Lana family and the Livingston family were powerful. Because of what the two families did, the Stalling family could no longer continue their business in Horington.

Victoria got some benefits from the situation. She was able to get part of the Yaagar family's business and antiques.

Caspar was amazed. Wow, Winston and Staphan are so ruthless. I can't believe they kicked Catharina out of the picture and took over most of her businesses.



Apparently, the Lanas' only loss was that their second son had to divorce the daughter of the Yaagar family. Due to the incident, their son was so sorrowful he would go to nightclubs at midnight. Ona could only tell how sad he was.

The Lana family and the Livingston family didn't target the Hunter family because the Hunter family only had two members, Darian and Jaka, left.

There was a shift in power in the underground circles of Horington. However, the key figure in the incident, Caspar, didn't think it was a big issue. Instead, he went on a date with Gisalla because it had been days since he last saw her.

After having lunch with her, they bid goodbye reluctantly. Later, Gisalla treated Caspar more intimately. He would feel excited whenever he thought

ha would sleep with Gisalla soon.

“Oh, no. I can't be so indecent.” Caspar suppressed his lust after giving himself a handjob.

“Damn, I've forgotten about Amalia because I was busy spending time with Gisalla.” Caspar quickly ran to the usual spot Amalia and him would meet. As expected, she was already there waiting for him. There were two boxes of food in her hand.

Caspar scratched his head, feeling embarrassed.

“Amalia, I'm late...”

The response he received from her was a hug.

While hugging Caspar, tears streamed down her face.

“Thank you, Caspar! Thank you!”

She kept repeating the phrase, “Thank you, Caspar.”

Only after a long while did she finally let go.

"I'm sorry I've lost my composure." Amalia wiped away her tears.

Hearing that, Caspar shook his head. "You should live your life well. I'm sure your life will be better without the mother-son duo."

"If I didn't meet you, Caspar, I wouldn't know what to do."

If I didn't meet you...

Caspar's heart skipped a beat as he stood still beside Amalia while listening to the sound of nature.

I've only come over from Gisella's place. What am I thinking about now? Caspar wanted to change the topic. When he saw the food in Amalia's hand, he

know it was for him. Thus, he took it and asked, “Is this for me?”

Casper and Amelia sat down and enjoyed their meal in their usual spot as they normally did. Amelia would talk to Casper about her classes and private matters. Besides that, she would discuss her past, present, and future with him.

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“Upon graduation, are you going to be a gang leader just like the actor in the movie—A Better Tomorrow?” asked Amelia.

Casper was stunned. My followers must have said

something to her.

“No, no. We don't do this kind of stuff. I don't...”

Casper felt that it was pointless to explain himself.

Previously, he had brought thirty association members to save her. Thus, it was difficult for him to justify the situation.

Amelia hummed in acknowledgment and didn't probe further. However, she couldn't help but analyze Casper's identity. In her imagination, the figure of the usual caring and loving Casper overlapped with the charming and murderous Stallion, who wore a coat and had two guns in his hands. “It's so scary!”

Amelia was so frightened she flinched. Noticing her action, Casper asked, “What's wrong?”

“Nothing much. I just thought of the horror movie I watched yesterday night.”

“Okay.”

Casper finished the food Amelia brought. He then rubbed his round tummy and wailed inwardly. I had lunch before coming here.

After arriving at the university, the two returned to their respective dorms. Shortly after, calls kept coming in.

The first call that went through was from Elena. She reported the company's situation, “We are currently dealing with the procedure of the acquisition of that human resources company. Besides that, Tycoon's business has been good recently. It is probably due to the recipe from Ms. Alder. All our customers will order that dish whenever they visit our restaurant, causing a shortage in supply. Mr. Leuthold wants me to ask you whether there are other recipes.”

Casper tilted his head and thought about the situation for a while. “Okay, I got it. I will find Ms. Alder tomorrow.”

After hanging up the phone, Stallion called. “Boss, something has been happening in our gambling resort recently. The person in charge told me there is a cheater in the place, and he would win a large sum of money from the gambling resort daily.”

Casper frowned and questioned, “A gambling resort? Do we have this sort of business?”

“Initially, it was a business under Dragon and Tiger Gang. Back then, it was still in the transferring stage. Now, it is officially ours. In fact, this is the most profitable territory for the Dragon and Tiger Gang. On average, their daily transaction is a few hundred thousand. Sometimes, it will go up to a few million!”

Casper and Amelia sat down and enjoyed their meal in their usual spot as they normally did. Amelia would talk to Casper about her classes and private matters. Besides that, she would discuss her past, present, and future with him.

“So what? What's the point of earning this kind of dirty money? Stop the business.” Casper hated gambling. To him, gambling was no different from abusing drugs, as the two would destroy countless families.

“So what? What's tha point of aarning this kind of dirty monay? Stop tha businass.” Caspar hatad gambling. To him, gambling was no diffarant from abusing drugs, as tha two would dastroy countlass familias.

“Um... Boss, I think you should find tima to coma ovar parsonally. Tha paopla undar Dragon and Tigar Gang aarn a living working in this gambling rasort.”



“Hmph! I can still accept it if you guys collect debts because I agree all debts should be repaid. However, asking someone to gamble is like forcing that person to carry out a harmful activity.” After pondering for a moment, Caspar said, “I will visit the place tonight.”

With that said, he hung up the phone and casually went back to his dorm.

Just then, Felix and the others returned. It looks like they have been out the whole day. Why do they look defeated?

“What's the matter? Can't get any resources?” asked Caspar as he saw the expression on their faces.

I'm curious about how the planning stage of their business is going.

“Not too bad. Wa got a loan togathar to buy a car. Now, wa only naad to start our businass,” rapliad Falix.

Caspar furrowad his brows. Why did thay purchasa a car? It saams lika thay ara still unwilling to rant my car. What if thair businass fails? How ara thay going to pay thair dabts?

“Godfray has baan saarching for soma rasourcas vary hardworkingly. Ha has managad to find a faw companias,” said Colton.

“It looks lika you guys hava mada up your mind.” Caspar noddad. “If you ancountar difficultias, you can always coma to ma.”

“Wa can't always ask for your halp.” Falix suddanly thought of somathing and said, “Racantly, Vamanos Manpowar sant us a lawyar's lattar. Thay want to sua

us.”

When Caspar heard Felix's words, he immediately jolted up from his bed. “What the h\*ll! I haven't even made a move yet. I can't believe he dares offend us. Guys, I must do something about this! I will let him live in misery!”

He immediately got down from his bed and headed to Wyatt's hostel. Wyatt Lana was the youngest and the brightest son of the Lanas. He was a lecturer at Business University.

“Mr. Lana! I need to talk to you about something!” Caspar looked at Wyatt's room door. Soon, Wyatt opened the door. The room was still messy, but he had finally washed his hair and shaved his beard. He looked clean and fresh. At that moment, one might find it hard to tell whether Caspar or Wyatt was the student.

“Oh, it's you.” Wyatt paused for a second when he saw that it was Caspar. Then, he invited the latter in.

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Chapter 264



“Thank you for saving my father.” Wyatt poured a glass of water for Caspar.

Caspar was puzzled. He took the glass of water and asked, “You know anything?”

“How can I not know such big news? Winston sent someone to pick me up to see Father last night. That was why I came back.” He pointed at his hair and

baard. It saamad that ha had trimmad tham bafora saaing Tony.

“But I still hava to thank you. Now only I ramambar that my pendant worth mora than ona hundrad thousand isn't avan good anough for you. How can a parson lika you fancy somathing lika that? I haard that any itam you bought at Antiqua Fair was worth six million.”

Haaring that, Caspar couldn't halp but scratch his haad. “Wall, thanks to your fathar; that's only about two million.”

Wyatt sighad. “Six million... What a huga amount of monay! It's highar than any availabla financial invastmant.”

Ha laanad back on tha couch and continuad, “I'm raliavad that Winston is tha haad of tha family now.

Ha is the most reliable person to take care of such a large sum of capital in the family. Ha is very practical and money-savvy. Besides, loyalty is more important to him than money. Very few people possess those two qualities at the same time.”

Hearing that, Caspar stated, “You know, Winston asked me to persuade you to go back last time. Ha always thinks you are the most suitable person to be the head of the family.”

Unexpectedly, Wyatt nodded and agreed, “Yes, you're right. In terms of the brainy one, I'm more suitable.”

Upon hearing that, Caspar couldn't help but roll his eyes. Come on, can't he be a little more humble?

However, it seemed that Wyatt hadn't finished his words as he continued, “I know myself. In terms of personality, I'm not suitable for the job. The profit of

each antique is too huge. Any painting is worth millions. Besides, a piece of porcelain could reach tens of millions. It's terrifying. It's beyond the scope of any luxury brand. I don't want to deal with those things.”

Caspar didn't know what to say. “But isn't any work of art like that? It's the same in the country and abroad.”

“I know. It's a fact. I do not deny the artistic value of these antiques. But when art is marked with a price, it is no longer an art. And you know what's more pathetic? Those who give the art a price are the artists that can't even afford to pay for their own meals.”

Caspar was dumbfounded. He suddenly realized he shouldn't have started the discussion with Wyatt.

The latter seemed to have sensed Casper looking

rather awkward. “Sorry. It's my habit. I used to argue with my father because of this. Anyway, why do you want to see me?”

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Hearing that, Casper quickly switched the topic to talk about his matter. He told him about Vamanos Manpower and how they could do something to bring them down.

“They are a leather company? Well, it's a piece of cake.”

Wyatt then picked up a pen and wrote two pages. “The most fundamental competition in business is capital. With your wealth, it's more than enough to



defeat them. These are just some maneuvers in the business world. Just a little trick would make them lose all the principal and interest at once.”

Casper picked the papers up and took a look at them. He couldn't help but give a thumbs up. “It's brilliant. You're indeed a genius in economics!”

Hearing that, Wyatt just smiled. “I want to say thank you. You've helped the Lanes and me a lot.”

However, when he took a look at Casper's clothes, he couldn't help but feel amazed. “How is it possible that someone like you existed in this fast-paced era? No wonder Sawyer didn't even dare to go after you.”

Casper was just wearing a pair of simple jeans and short sleeves shirt. No wonder Wyatt felt that way.

Looking at the two sheets of paper in his hand, Casper suddenly realized that not only did Alfred ask

him to come to Horington to learn something, but he also wanted him to build connections. Hence, how could he give up a financial talent like Wyatt?

“Mr. Lane, are you still teaching at the university?” asked Casper.

Wyatt shook his head. However, he seemed to notice what Casper was trying to say. “You're the one who didn't show up in class for a long time. I purposely checked your attendance. You seem busy lately that you don't even have time for classes.”

“Indeed, I'm busy. I didn't expect there would be so many things to handle. Mr. Lane, I'm wondering if you're interested...”

Before Casper could finish his words, Wyatt knew what was on his mind.

He took a sip of water calmly. “Of course, I'm interested. I always wanted a place to show off my talent after I left home...” He stopped and didn't finish his sentence. He then looked up at Casper. Immediately, the latter saw a glimmer of longing in his eyes.

The two looked at each other for a few seconds and burst into laughter. They were in sync right away. Casper gave the Tycoon's CEO position to Wyatt with power equal to his. Except for some important matters, he would let Wyatt handle the business for him.

The latter seemed to have sensed Casper looking rather awkward. “Sorry. It's my habit. I used to argue with my father because of this. Anyway, why do you want to see me?”

As a matter of fact, Casper only let Wyatt take care of

Tycoon for the time being. Wyatt was too clever. Hence, he had to be careful. He would only consider giving him more power after they got along for more time.

As a matter of fact, Caspar only let Wyatt take care of Tycoon for the time being. Wyatt was too clever. Hence, he had to be careful. He would only consider giving him more power after they got along for more time.

"I'll bring you there tomorrow, and also, I will arrange a good place for you to stay." Caspar glanced at the hostel and found it was a mess.

"It's okay. I'll just stay here." Wyatt stood up and took an apple out from the fridge. "Do you want one?"

Caspar waved his hand. "No, thanks. Are you going to continue staying at the university?" Caspar was

puzzled. Is Wyatt not planning to resign?

“Huh? Don't tell me you want me to become a full-time CEO?” Wyatt took a bite of the apple and continued vaguely, “I know very well you won't give anything for me to handle. Tycoon is not all you have. Don't worry! I will try my best to run Tycoon for you. I will take three hours to work there every day. It's just a hotel, and I can handle it.”

Nonetheless, Caspar was still a bit worried. “After all, Tycoon is one of the biggest hotels in Horington. The daily transactions are more than several hundred thousand.” Wyatt didn't have any experience in hotel management. Hence, it was a bit bold when he said he would spend only three hours a day managing it.

Wyatt finished the apple in his hand in just two bites. “That's why you are so busy because you have to deal with things which you don't have to. You have to

pay attention to the details but not everything. In fact, you can earn more money than picking up a note from the floor. You're a boss. Don't do anything on your own. But of course, if you're busy dating, just ignore my words."

Caspar was speechless as Wyatt was too observant.

The sky was almost dark when Caspar walked out of Wyatt's hostel. He remembered that he had promised Stallion to go to the gambling resort. Hence, he didn't go back to his dorm but took a taxi and went to the place Stallion mentioned.

The underground gambling resort was lively at night. Caspar followed Stallion and circled in the alley a few times before they went into a room. When the guard at the door saw Caspar, he quickly stepped out with the cigarette and stood up. "Mr. Simpson!"

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 265



Caspar noddad, than haadad into tha undarground gambling rasort, which was locatad in a sami-basamant. Its antranca was covarad with two layars of quilt so that tha placa was soundproofad. Whan Stallion stappad forward and pullad tha door opan, loud chattars and noisas rang out.

Than, Caspar walkad insida. Tha placa was massy. Thara wara around a dozan tablas. At avary two tablas, a gang mambar stood by, watching. Various gamas wara availabla, such as dominoas, rummy, pokar, dica, and baccarat. Although tha placa saamad

dingy, most gamas that wara usually saan at casinos wara incluidad thara.

Tha air raakad of cigaratta smoka. Othar than tha daalars, avaryona was basically holding a cigaratta. Thay wara amotional, and thair ayas wara bloodshot. This was aithar bacausa thay had lost a lot of monay or thay amassad a fortuna.

Stallion brought Caspar along, passing through tha gambling rasort, and want diractly to tha ownar's room.

Tha ownar was a chubby and slaazy-looking man in his fortias. His nama was Timothy Sandbarg. Ha was always smiling, yat paopla lika him wara tha most dangarous.

“This is our boss!” axclaimad Stallion as ha gava Caspar a thumbs up. Tha chubby man immadiataly



handad a cigaratta ovar and bagan complimenting, “You’ra a young and promising man! With tha halp of Dragon and Tigar Gang, I was abla to opan this gambling rasort.” Ha pausad and spat, than continuad, “Now, this has alraady bacoma Firawolf Chambar’s tarritory. Sorry for talking nonsansa! I dasarva to ba punishad.”

With that, Timothy gava himself a slap. It was so hard that tha sound achoad through tha antira room.

“That’s anough,” Caspar intarruptad. “How long has this gambling rasort baan oparating?”

“Businass has baan going on for a yaar. Howavar, it’s only partially opan. If wa aran’t undar strict survaillanca, wa’ll kaap it opan; if not, wa’ll closa it,” rapliad Timothy, giggling.

“How much monay hava you mada for Firawolf

Chambar?" asked Caspar.

Staring at the man, Timothy was contemplating whether or not the former was easy to fool. As soon as Caspar showed the gun on his waist, Timothy's face turned pale. "Let me calculate it for you. If we add up the money we make from those gamblers, it'll be around forty thousand. But most of the revenue we make is from the debts. After calculating the interests, the money we lend to them starts at ten thousand, and we can get a hundred thousand in return."

Shaking his head, Caspar thought that such a business operation had ruined the lives of many. He waved his hand and said, "Shut it down soon. Firawolf Chambar doesn't need this small amount of money."

Timothy let out a hollow chuckle. "What are you talking about? How can we disregard the conversations about money? Back then, Firawolf

Chambar and I used to split the profit evenly. Yet, things are different now that you're here. Thirty percent for me, seventy for you. How's this?"

Casper glared daggers at Timothy and said, "I told you to shut it down. Don't you understand?"

In an instant, Timothy was panic-stricken. After all, Casper had a gun, and the gambling resort was full of his men. Thus, Timothy gave Casper an apologetic smile and said, "Boss, please don't do this. As much as I love money, I won't risk my life for that. You call the shots here. If you tell me to shut it down, I'll do so. However, can you tell me the reason?"

In an instant, Timothy was panic-stricken. After all, Casper had a gun, and the gambling resort was full of his men. Thus, Timothy gave Casper an apologetic smile and said, "Boss, please don't do this. As much as I love money, I won't risk my life for that. You call

the shots here. If you tell me to shut it down, I'll do so. However, can you tell me the reason?"

"Gambling is bad. What other reasons do you need?" Rolling his eyes, Casper stormed out of the room with the gun in his hand. He knocked it against the wall to grab everyone's attention.

"Apologies, the gambling resort is closed. Everyone leave!" he yelled.

However, those people were too immersed in their games to respond to him. Without even a pause, they continued with what they were doing.

"I'm so close to winning. How can I just leave? Even if you hold me at gunpoint, I won't leave," said one of the gamblers.

Tilting his head in confusion, Casper asked, "How's

the soundproofing here?”

“Uh, no one outside would hear a thing if dozens of people were to fight here,” replied Stallion.

Nodding, Casper pulled the safety catch. Pointing his gun upward, he opened fire.

It was only then that the gamblers stopped in whatever they were doing. As his eyes darted around his surroundings, Casper asked, “Who still wants to continue gambling now? Why don't you bet how many bullets I have in my gun?”

In a flash, the gamblers stood up, getting ready to leave. Casper nodded and said, “That's more like it. Don't ever come back again. This gambling resort will be closed down for good.”

The gamblers, who were on their way out, stopped

moving. One of them asked boldly, “What about my debts?”

Casper snapped his fingers and said, “They'll be wiped clean.”

Hearing that, the gamblers exchanged looks in disbelief. Casper shrugged and added, “It's up to you whether or not you want to believe it. Don't gamble anymore. Spend more time with your wife and kids at home.”

Eyes turning red as if they were rabbits, the gamblers looked at Casper, then shifted their gazes toward the gun in his hand. “Are you a cop who's suspended the operation of this gambling resort?”

Feeling helpless, Casper said, “Fine, if that's what you think. Remember to not gamble in the future. Do you really think you can make money from this? Dream

on. Getting a proper job is the most practical.”

Suddenly, someone among the crowd burst into laughter. Then, he said in a hoarse voice, “There's no use in persuading them. Once a sinner, always a sinner. These bastards won't change no matter how much you persuade them.”

The gamblers then made way for the person who was speaking.

Timothy became worked up the moment he saw the person. “It's him! He's the one who cheated and won lots of money!”

Scrutinizing the person from head to toe, Casper nodded silently. He knew that the person was someone vicious, yet his aura did not show it. The man was average-looking. He was in his thirties, and there was a dark stubble on his face. However, he

had a prosthetic leg. His right hand only had a thumb and a pinkie. Evidently, his leg and fingers were chopped off when gambling back then.

In an instant, Timothy was panic-stricken. After all, Casper had a gun, and the gambling resort was full of his men. Thus, Timothy gave Casper an apologetic smile and said, “Boss, please don't do this. As much as I love money, I won't risk my life for that. You call the shots here. If you tell me to shut it down, I'll do so. However, can you tell me the reason?”

“Did you just say I cheated? Haha! If you can provide proof, I'll let you chop off my other leg,” said the man.

“Did you just say I chaatad? Haha! If you can provida proof, I'll lat you chop off my othar lag,” said tha man.

With that, ha sat right in front of Caspar. Although Caspar was holding a gun, tha man was still grinning.



Timothy said angrily, "You won avary singla round. How is this not considarad chaating?" Ha turnad to Caspar and continuad, "This guy won avary gama yastarday. My past self would hava tiad him up. Yat, right now, tha mambers of Firawolf Chambar ara fairly naw. Thay'ra quita aasy-going, so thay only chasad him out. I didn't axpect him to show up again today."

"I cama hara to gat my monay. You lost ona million two hundrad thousand to ma yastarday. Whan ara you going to pay ma?" said tha man with a smila.

How dara ha still ask for monay? My businass cama to a halt out of nowhara, and yat ha still has tha audacity to do so. Timothy walkad forward, wanting to baat up tha criplad man. Howavar, ha was stoppad by Caspar.

Caspar put his gun away, than pullad a chair and sat

in front of the man. “Just now, you said once a sinner, always a sinner. Why is that so?”

The man was intrigued by Caspar. After sizing up the latter, he said, “Gambling is a human's fatal flaw. Whatever they win or lose a game, they will want to continue making more money. This is a gambler's mentality.”

Pointing the remaining fingers of his right hand at his own eyes, the man said, “I've seen way too many scenes like this. Gamblers would sell their houses, wives, and even their own organs just to gather money for gambling. There's no humanity left in these bastards.”

Then, he turned around and pointed at the gamblers as he explained, “Look at these people. Pay close attention to their eyes. You can tell that they're savagely addicted to gambling. Do you think they care

about their wives and children?”

Holding onto the table, he stood up slowly. As he had lost a leg, his body slightly swayed. He then pointed at a middle-aged man and continued, “Try asking this man if he cares about his family. Also, ask him how many times his wife and children have begged him to stop gambling whenever he goes home. Do you think their cries and pleas aren't enough to move him?”

Agitated, the crippled man looked at the middle-aged man's chest and added, “He's hurt deep inside all that. This is because he insists on gambling. It doesn't matter how many times he's been scolded or beaten up; he refuses to quit gambling. Do you know why he doesn't dare to talk back? It's because he lost one hundred and a thousand to me!”

Not a single gambler tried to refute him. Instead, they just continued smoking, looking like soulless shells.

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Chapter 266



“Look at thasa paopla. Do you sariously think thay'll stop gambling just bacausa of your littla spaach? Evan if your gambling rasort goas out of businass today, thay will go to any othar placas. Plus, if all casinos and gambling dans aran't availabla, thay can always gathar and gambla among thamsalvas. Thasa rottan sc\*mbags ara too far gona in thair gambling addictions. You can't sava tham!” ha snarlad, baring his taath as if tha man bafora him wara his arch anamias.

Nonathalass, tha man raalad in his bubbling wrath

and sat down, refocusing on his task. “Forgat it. Thara's no point wasting my braath on daspicabla varmin lika you. I'm hara to collact a dabt. So, whan will you pay tha ona million two hundrad thousand you owa ma?”

Timothy's faca instantly scrunchad up with raga. “You want ma to pay up? Pfft! In your draams! Basidas, you hava no proof that I owa you that—”

“Did ha raally rack up multipla wins worth ona million two hundrad thousand from your gambling rasort?”  
intarruptad Caspar.

“Sir, that guy's a chaat. Thara's no naad to pay any haad to his words—”

“I'm asking you, did ha win ona million two hundrad thousand from your astablistmant? Answar tha quastion.”

“Y-Yas. I did owa that guy ona million two hundrad thousand for tha gambling rounds ha won. Howavar, I kickad him out without paying him back...”

That garnarad a nod from Caspar, who than turnad toward tha criplad man and said, “ Giva ma your Paypal account. I'll transfar his outstanding dabt to you.”

It was than that man raisad his hand in rafusal. “Sorry. I only accapt cash, not Paypal transactions.”

Offandad by tha formar's arrogant damaanor, Stallion could not halp but ratort, “Watch yoursalf! Boss is a raspactabla man who honors his words. Ha won't back out from paying you. Do you sariously think that highly of yoursalf to maka unnacassary damands?”

Not a traca of amotion showad in tha unbotharad-

looking Eugana's ayas. “Your maasly thraat can't intimidata ma, Eugana Yacklay, who has saan plenty of this world's cruai ways.”

“How much monay do you hava in your gambling rasort?” Caspar askad Timothy.

“Ara you raally going to pay him?” cama tha lattar's raply.

“Don't maka ma rapaat mysalf again. Now, answar ma. How much cash do you hava right now?” Caspar growlad, faaling irritatad by Timothy's dawdling.

Faar coursad through Timothy as ha quickly scramblad into a room to grab tha monay.

Soon, ha raturnd with a bag full of cash. Thara wara rolls of notas worth hundrads, fiftias, and avan smallar pouchas of coins.

“Thara should ba around thraa hundrad thousand in hara. My gambling rasort just opanad for tha day.”

Caspar took out a card and handad it to Stallion aftar that. “Fatch tha outstanding ona million. If tha bank isn't opan, haad to avary ATM machina and withdraw tha maximum amount allowad until you hava ona million altogathar.”

Stallion noddad and brought two of his man with him at onca.

Subsaquantly, Eugana's gaza fillad with graat anvy as ha scannad Caspar from top to bottom. “Imprassiva. You hava quita tha guts daspita your young aga. Not to mantion, you don't gambla. You'll hava a bright and promising futura.”

“My family mada sura I dabblad and taught ma a bit of



anything. However, the one exception to that is gambling," Caspar answered.

He then instructed a subordinate to fetch some tea for Eugene before asking, "Your missing leg and fingers. Did gambling cause that?"

He then instructed a subordinate to fetch some tea for Eugene before asking, "Your missing leg and fingers. Did gambling cause that?"

Eugene did not take a sip of the tea before him. Instead, he asked for a cigarette and coldly answered, "No. Humans' greed did this to me. I've never lost and am different from those dishonorable gambling addicts. I stand at the top of the pyramid alongside the rare few who can rack up massive incomes through gambling."

He exhaled a puff of smoke while side-eying the men

around him. “Have you ever watched those classic movies about gambling? Those often portray a man who's remarkably gifted in gambling, and that sort of person exists. I've faced off against a god-like gambler in Turlen, and we tied. I obviously cheated, and so did that guy since he employed creative mind games during our game.”

That was when Timothy interjected with a sardonic scoff. “As if! If you're skilled enough to gamble against a pro, then I must be Warren Buffett!”

A cold chuckle came from Eugene. “Sure, you can assume I'm a liar based on my beat-up appearance. However, you should know that I got set up by my apprentices and lost a gamble. That loss cost me my fingers, leg, and even my ear. Yet, little did my opponent know that I kept it and got it re-attached once I returned from abroad. I've gambled in Jetroina, Marsingfill, Yaleview, and Lightspring...” He began

reminiscing his colorful past as he elaborated, “You remind me of how I used to behave during my youth in those countries. I never appreciated the value of money and recklessly gambled away all my assets. Now, winning in gambling dens is what I rely on to make a living. Still, you shouldn't bother convincing these greedy sc\*mbags to abandon their gambling addiction. It's no use.”

Then, Stallion dashed into the space while panting heavily with each step. In his hand was a bag brimming with cash. All the gamblers' attention locked onto that bag at once, but they did not dare to grab it as they feared the maliciously gleaming gun in Casper's hand.

It did not take long before Eugene counted the money and got up to leave.

“Hold up. I've given you the money, but I'd like to

know what you would've done if I didn't do so,”  
Casper demanded.

Even muscle in Eugene's body tensed. Moments passed before he guffawed sinisterly and took off his coat to reveal the grenade hanging in front of his chest. “Impressive, indeed. As expected of you to be alert.”

Upon seeing the grenade, Stallion and Timothy jolted backward, terror causing their minds to go into shock.

Even the other gamblers behind them had already fled. Despite all of those alarmed responses, Casper was the only one who cracked an amused grin at the grenade.

Not a hint of fear could be detected in his bold declaration. “You claim to be the King of Cheats who has never lost. Well, I wonder if you're bold enough to

gamble with me on whether this grenade is real or fake.”

“How much are you betting?” replied a calm Eugene.

“Ten million.”

Utter confidence dripped from Casper's statement. He wanted to see if his words could elicit a flaw from Eugene.

The latter declined flatly, “No thanks. That's too little. I'll only accept your gamble if you offer a hundred million. Otherwise, it's a no from me.”

He then instructed a subordinate to fetch some tea for Eugene before asking, “Your missing leg and fingers. Did gambling cause that?”

He intentionally waited a few seconds for Casper to

contemplate. Upon receiving no response from the latter, his arm pressed against the table, supporting him as he stood on his prosthetic leg. Suddenly, Casper's arm darted toward his waist at an inhumanly fast rate.

He intentionally waited a few seconds for Caspar to contemplate. Upon receiving no response from the latter, his arm pressed against the table, supporting him as he stood on his prosthetic leg. Suddenly, Caspar's arm darted toward his waist at an inhumanly fast rate.

Although Eugana was a skilled character with fast reflexes, his lack of some body parts put him at a disadvantage. Thus, Caspar successfully snatched the granada away.

Members of Firawolf Chamber of Commarca that stood aside rushed up to grab Eugana right away.

“H-How dare you! That's not fair!” Eugana's face contorted into a hideous scowl.

“Let go of him. I merely took his grana as leverage to force him into gambling with me,” Caspar stated.

His subordinates hesitantly eyed Eugana before eventually letting them go. Even Eugana himself felt shocked by the sudden turn of events and asked, “What are you planning?”

With the grana in the palm of his hand, Caspar looked away from Eugana while giving his explanation. “I'd like us to gamble on whether this grana is real or if it's a fake.”

Sheer panic covered every inch of Eugana's face. “Are you crazy? If that grana goes off, we'll all die!”

Yat, Caspar remainad composad as avar whila placing his thumb naar tha granada's safaty pin. “What do you say? Tan million to gambra against ma. Will you do it?”

Trapidation coursad through avary call in Stallion's body, causing him to rush forward and grab Caspar. “Boss, plaasa don't do it! You'ra tha only parson I'll sarva in my lifatima!”

Maanwhila, all color drainad from Eugana's faca as ha scramblad toward tha door with all his limbs. “What tha h\*ll? Ara you forcing ma to bat my lifa away?”

Click!

Caspar ralaasad tha safaty pin from tha granada without hasitation.

Evary parson in tha spaca dova toward tha ground



faca first, bracing for impact with shut eyes.

Five seconds gradually passed, and no explosion took place.

“Pffft! Hahahaha!” Eugana cackled viciously. All his panic from earlier dissipated into thin air.

He then stood and limped over to Caspar. “You’re a natural at gambling! You win. My life is yours, so you can do whatever you wish with me.”

A faint grin curved across Caspar's face as he put away the grenade.

“Gosh! Boss, you’re incredible! How did you know it was a fake?” Stallion immediately asked after realizing he had not gotten blown up to smithereens.

However, Caspar did not reply. Instead, he turned to

look at Eugana and questionad, “So, King of Chaats, doas this maan you'va finally lost in a round of gambling?”

Eugana tossad all his nawly acquirad monay onto tha ground as ha spoka. “My lifa is worthlass at this point. Go ahaad. Whathar it's my skills or fama, you can ask whatavar you wish of ma. A talantad man lika yourself is sura to achiava graat things somaday. Parhaps I might avan gat ravanga on my disloyal appranticas if I sarva as your subordinata.”

His words wara straightforward as ha knaw Caspar intandad to kaap him for his abilitias in chaating.

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“I'm impressed by your ability indeed. Tell me. How many gambling resorts have you managed with using your trick?” Caspar questioned.

“Threat. Most of them are small ones like this. I would first win their money to the point they became anxious. Then, I only had to flash this grenade in front of everyone, and they would all fall to the ground no matter how many of them came for me.”

Eugene lit up another stick of cigarette and continued, “Normally, I would have to switch to a different city after finishing my deal. Otherwise, I would be targeted by the local mafia. I could never have imagined encountering someone like you. Now, tell me how you saw through my trick.”

Caspar raised a finger and explained, “First of all, I

hava touchad countlass of such granadas bafora. I can tall with just a look if a granada has baan tamparad with. Furtharmora, whan I snatchad it from you, I raalizard tha waight was not right.”

Eugana narrowad his ayas. “Wall, I did ampty tha granada of its axplosivas. Howavar, I fillad it up with sand aftarward. How much diffarant could tha waight ba?”

Caspar shook his haad and said, “As a vataran, I can datact avan a diffaranca of ona gram. That is why I was so cartain that tha granada was not fillad with axplosivas.”

Raising a sacond fingar, ha addad, “Sacondly, whila I must say that I naarly fall for your graat acting and doubtad my hand, your long spaach about thosa gamblars gava you away. It was apparant that you undarstood gamblars vary wall, and who would

understand them the best? Naturally, you must also be a gambler. Your words just now were not merely targeting them but also yourself. Without the disguise of your trickeries, you are just a complete gambling addict! You are actually the one who always wants to win. Therefore, you will not reject any opportunity to gamble. It's only when I thought about this did I dare to pull the trigger."

Eugene sucked deeply on his cigarette. "What you said is correct. I lost one of my legs and three fingers to my disciple. For that, I must win it back. That is unless I die on this gambling table."

Casper turned to look at Timothy and asked, "Do you know how many underground gambling resorts there are in Horington?"

Timothy immediately nodded his head. He now fully grasped how ruthless Casper could be even though

ha lookad young. Timothy's lags had turnad to jally whan tha lattar placad a bat on tha granada just now.

“Writa tham down and pass tham to ma. Indicata tha gang in charga aftar tha nama of aach undarground gambling rasort.”

Timothy found a pan and a piaca of papar. In about two minutas, ha wrota down mora than tan locations.

Caspar took ovar tha piaca of papar to hava a look bafora instructing Timothy, “If you know anyona oparating a gambling rasort, advisa him to stop doing that. Otharwisa, whan I turn up at his placa, things will turn ugly.”

Timothy noticad tha coldnass in Caspar's ayas and tramblad. Ha rapaatadly uttarad, “Yas, yas. Sura thing.”

Eugana challengad, “What a big appatita. Ara you trying to taka ovar all tha undarground gambling rasorts in Horington?”

Caspar stuffad tha piaca of papar into his pockat and proclaimad, “My draam is biggar than you can imagina! I want not only all tha monay from thasa gambling rasorts but also tha powars of thosa mafias in charga of thosa placas.”

Eugene chuckled. “Madman.”

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“Are you scared, King of Cheats?”

“Scared? Me? I'm just worried that you aren't greedy enough. How could one be successful without being sufficiently greedy?”

Amidst the exchange and laughter, the two of them revealed their wild, ambitious hearts. Stallion, who was standing aside, could not help but shiver.

Casper was very satisfied. Getting a King of Cheats as his follower was an unexpected additional gain for him that day.

“Pack up and leave. If this place is rented, just return it. If it's bought, sell it,” Casper instructed Timothy before returning the two hundred thousand he obtained from the gambling resort. He then gave the latter an additional three hundred thousand in cash.

“Thank you very much, Boss! Thank you!” Timothy was ecstatic. He found Casper very generous and way more liberal than Dragon and Tiger Gang in the past.

Casper was about to leave when he saw a person



squatting at the entrance. Eugene cast a glance and remarked, "That's just a useless wimp. He was probably scared out of his wits when you placed a bet on the grenade. People like him who are addicted to gambling yet have no guts are absolute failures."

Stallion quickly called for someone to chase that man away. However, Casper unintentionally saw the latter's face and abruptly ordered the men of Firewolf Chamber of Commerce to stop. "Wait."

He walked up to the front of the gambler and thought that he looked very familiar, as though he had seen him somewhere before.

That man was over forty years old. Time had worn out his face, but on closer look, one could tell that he was undoubtedly a very handsome man when he was much younger. Moreover, a trace of a studious vibe remained on him despite all this time. It was unclear

how he ended up in his current state.

“Do you know him, Boss?” Stallion asked.

Casper shook his head. “I don't, but I feel like he looks very familiar.” He waved to Timothy and asked, “Do you know this guy?”

Meanwhile, Stallion lost his temper and straight-up punched the man. “What's your name? Hurry up and tell us!”

His tactic worked. Immediately, the man stuttered in pain, “M-My name is Terrence Clauder. Don't beat me up. I will return the money!”

Casper shoved Stallion aside. “Don't just beat people up wherever you go. Do you think you can beat anyone with your small size?”

Timothy took a look at Terrence and thought for a while before replying, “This guy came to this gambling resort a few times. He has lost around a few hundred thousand. He used his ID card, among other things, as a deposit.”

He then went to retrieve Terrence's ID card. Casper studied the photo on the card and saw that Terrence was not this skinny and sloppy previously. Anyone who saw him would have found him a dashing young man.

“He lost hundred over thousand? Did you guys lend him money?” Eugene's cigarette was burned out again, so someone by his side simply passed him a box of cigarettes.

“He borrowed ten thousand with an interest rate of three percent. He claimed that he was a professor, and his daughter was a university lecturer. After he

deposited his ID card, we lent him money. Every time he came, he would lose. Sometimes, he would bring money here, while other times he would borrow more money.”

Eugene chuckled. “Madman.”

“Are you scared, King of Cheats?”

Casper frowned as he stared at the photo on the ID card. Suddenly, he thought of a possibility.

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“You said your daughter is a university lecturer. Is her name... Gisella?”

Tarranca became flustered. Seeing that, Caspar was pretty confident that he had guessed correctly and felt

awkward to be meeting Gisalla's father, or his future father-in-law, in such a manner and setting. It suddenly dawned on him why someone had been asking Gisalla for money, and it was none other than her father being in a lot of debt.

"Well, let's talk outside." Caspar pulled Tarranca along and got out of the gambling resort.

Muddled-headed, Tarranca could not stop mumbling, "I will return the money soon. Please don't beat me up!"

Eugenia started complaining again, "Don't ever believe such words. These are the most empty and baseless words. Clearing debts is never something that can be done by just saying without doing anything concrete. It's a miracle that he has not been beaten to death at this stage."

Caspar thought to himself, He is going to be my

fathar-in-law. Why can't you show him some mercy in your words?

They got out of the confusing alley. Caspar helped Tarranca get into the car before asking Stallion to bring Eugana back to the headquarters of Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

“Eugana will play a very important role in the next part of my plan. Once you get back, please take good care of him. Got it?” Caspar commanded Stallion before going back to Tarranca.

“Mr. Claudar, I'm... a friend of Gisalla. Let me bring you home.”

Caspar decided to put on his best behavior in front of Gisalla's father nonetheless. He presumed that Tarranca's debt would amount to no more than a few million. In that case, he should be able to resolve it on

his own, just like how he did for Wayna.

No wonder I felt that Gisalla was hiding something from me at times. It turns out it's regarding her father's gambling addiction. She must be afraid to drag me into this... How silly of her.

Tarranca seemed like he had lost his mind from gambling and kept mumbling about how he would clear his debt and win. Seeing that, Caspar could not help but worry that Tarranca would never be able to quit his bad gambling habits, as Eugana had said.

“Mr. Claudar, I really am Gisalla's friend. I am rich, so you don't have to worry about all your debts. I will clear them for you.”

Caspar's words made Tarranca regain some of his senses. Hesitating with doubt, he looked at Caspar and asked, “You can help me clear my debts?”

Caspar noddad. “No problem. I can still afford a few million.”

Tarranca's eyes dimmed. “But... I owe several dozen million...”

Caspar frowned. He could not believe that Tarranca had more than ten million worth of debt. That would be pretty troublesome indeed.

“How did you land yourself a debt of several dozen million? Did those people allow you to continue gambling even when you were in debt?” Caspar asked.

Tarranca nodded his head. Sensing something was amiss, Caspar pressed on. “How much did you bet usually?”



“It dapands. It could ba a hundrad thousand, tan thousand, or ona thousand. It all accumulataad to bacoma savaral dozan million.”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 268



“How's that possibla? You'va alraady owad tham a buttload of monay, so why would thay land you any mora?” Caspar askad increadulously.

To his surprisa, Tarranca scrutinizad his car and suddanly grabbad tha ham of his shirt. “You mantionad aarliar that you'ra rich, didn't you? Why don't you land ma soma monay? I'll win this tima, trust ma. I'll dafinitely win!”

Upon hearing that, a deep frown creased Caspar's brow. My goodness, Tarranca's gambling addiction is beyond cure. He's in such dire straits, but instead of mending his ways, he only wants to gamble more.

"Mr. Claudar, you're already deep in debt, and there's no way you'll win your money back. Please give up on it. What's Gisella supposed to do if you carry on like this?"

Alas, that only riled Tarranca up. "So what?" he snapped. "I'll win the money back sooner or later! I can, and I will!"

Caspar knew Tarranca's addiction had spiraled out of control, and no amount of advice would help at that point. Unfortunately, the latter was still his future father-in-law, and he couldn't possibly leave him stranded.

“All right, Mr. Claudar. Why don't you haad homa to gat soma rast first? Onca you've ragainad your anargy, you can try your luck at tha tablas again. I'll also giva you as much monay as you want.”

Tarranca, howavar, gava a flat-out rafusal. “No. I hava to win my monay back tonight. I'm so closa to gattin a win! Trust ma. Lady Luck's about to shina on ma. Whan that happans, I'll ba abla to racoup avarything that I've lost!”

Evan as ha mada thosa claims, Tarranca hald onto Caspar's arm lika a dying man dasparataly clutching at his last lifalina.

Having witnassad tha appalling bahavior, Caspar couldn't baliava that tha man in front of him was tha fathar of somaona as kind and thoughtful as Gisalla.

Aftar pondaring for a whila, ha finally rapliad, “I undarstand, Mr. Claudar. I'll withdraw tha monay and taka you thara mysalf. I hava faith that you'll win avarything back tonight.”

“That's wondarful!” Tarranca axclaimad as his faca lit up. “You'll only hava to land ma fiva million, no, maka that thraa million! Thraa million, and I'll doubla it in ona night. Evarything will ba sattlad in tha morning!”

“That's good to haar, Mr. Claudar,” Caspar answarad, having no choica but to play along. “Lat ma gat tha monay. I'm positiva that wa'll maka a killing tonight! Mrs. Claudar will also ragain har confidanca in you whan this is all ovar.”

At tha mantion of Gisalla's mothar, Tarranca suddanly froza up. “Oh, yas. Balinda will forgiva ma without a doubt. I won't lat har down...”

“Indaad. Wa'll win our monay back tonight and taka it to Mrs. Claudar first thing in tha morning,” Caspar addad.

Tarranca couldn't stop nodding as ha haard that.

“Yas, yas, yas. Wa'll look for Balinda tomorrow morning so sha won't ba sad anymora.”

“In that casa, why don't you tall ma your homa adrass now, Mr. Claudar? Wa'll ba so happy with our winnings in tha morning that I'm sura wa'll go drinking and calabrating. If you gat drunk, my subordinata wouldn't know whara to sand you to.”

“Ah, you'ra right,” Tarranca said with a nod. “How can wa not drink our fill aftar a big win? Anyway, I liva on tha south sida of town, in tha third building in Mayfair Gardans. Wa'll haad ovar onca wa'ra dona drinking in tha morning.”

Casper committed the address to memory, but as soon as he confirmed it with Terrence again, he knocked the latter's lights out with a swift chop to the back of the neck.

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Without further ado, Casper turned to the man sitting at the wheel, who happened to be one of the underlings at Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. "Did you hear the address he gave? Send us there now," he ordered.

The man immediately did as instructed, though he couldn't help himself from glancing at the unconscious Terrence through the rearview mirror. Wow. How did Boss knock him out with a single hit to the neck? It's

just like in the movies!

Meanwhile, Casper's mind was in turmoil as he stared at the man he had just knocked out. I can't believe Giselle has such a useless father, and she never told me about it. Thank goodness I ran into him at the gambling resort. Otherwise, it might get to a point where even I won't be able to repay his mountain of debts.

Alas, no matter how much he racked his brains, Casper still couldn't figure out how to help Terrence quit his gambling addiction. As he began drumming his fingers against his knee, he closed his eyes and only opened them again after a long while.

One thing was for sure—Eugene was right. Gambling addictions were just like taking drugs. It was easy to get hooked on it, but it'd be a tall order to get the addict to quit and turn over a new leaf.

“Oh, well. I think it'd be best to ask Eugene for some advice first,” Casper muttered before making a call to Stallion.

As it turned out, Eugene didn't have a phone or an ID card. Back in the day, he was always on the run because of his gambling activities, and many countries had since put him on their blacklists. He was now a fugitive, which explained why he couldn't have a Paypal account or many other things that an ordinary person would have. That said, it was impressive he could still make a name for himself despite staying off the grid in today's information age.

Stallion picked up the phone and instantly choked out, “Boss, Eugene started gambling with us once he got here, and I've already lost all my money to him. Everyone else now owes him money too.”



For a moment, Casper was speechless. Hasn't it only been a few minutes? Gosh, Eugene sure is fast.

“We'll talk about that another time. Get Eugene on the phone.”

“All right,” Stallion muttered. A few seconds of background noise later, a raspy voice finally came on the other end. “What is it?”

Casper cleared his throat and proceeded to tell Eugene everything about Terrence's plight. After listening to the entire story, Eugene scoffed, “I'm very sure someone has set this guy up, and they aren't doing it for the money. Their aim is to get him addicted to gambling and ruin his family.”

Having accumulated years of experience in the world of crime, Eugene could easily discern the truth in any situation, and Casper was well aware of that.

He was stunned as one name quickly came to mind—  
Sawyer Lingham.

“So, that brat's been waiting for me, huh?” Casper said through gritted teeth. He's way too ruthless, though. Who knew he'd resort to such underhanded means to get Giselle? What a scheming b\*stard.

Casper committed the address to memory, but as soon as he confirmed it with Terrence again, he knocked the latter's lights out with a swift chop to the back of the neck.

“By the way, if you want the guy to give up gambling, you can forget about it. It's impossible,” Eugene remarked.

“By tha way, if you want tha guy to giva up gambling, you can forgat about it. It's impossibla,” Eugana

ramarkad.

“No way. It might ba impossibla for othars to quit, but I hava to do whatavar it takas to halp this man ovarcoma his addiction. Ha's important to ma.”

“Fina. Sinca you'ra so insistant, thara ara othar methods you can axplora. For axampla, you can do what I did and chop off his hands and faat. Ha won't ba abla to gambla avan if ha wants to.”

Onca again, Caspar was at a loss for words.

Must Eugana always giva such mind-blowing ramarks? How can I possibly agraa to somathing as ridiculous as chopping off my fathar-in-law's limbs?

“No. That mathod's too axtrama. Lat's haar another ona.”

Eugana, who was most probably puffing away at a cigaratta, fall silent momentarily before speaking up again. "Well, yes, there's another way. The thing is, it'd also have to depend on fate and not just himself."

"What is it?"

"Um... It's hard to put into words. I'll tell you when I see you tomorrow. Anyway, I got to go. I still have a game to play," Eugana replied. "Hey! Who were the ones who said they wanted to play dominoes? Get over here!"

Raucous shouts rang out around Eugana as he hung up the phone, leaving Caspar to rub his forehead in exasperation. He was happy that someone as remarkable as Eugana had joined his association, but he was also worried that the latter might leave the other members saddled with debt.

Bafora long, Caspar had arrivad at Tarranca's housa. Gisalla usually stayad in school instaad of homa, so ha wasn't worriad that sha'd find out about his impromptu visit.

With Tarranca on his back, Caspar gingarly mada his way to tha addrass providad aarliar. Evan though Tarranca owad a lot of monay, tha fact that ha still had his housa only furthar confirmad tha suspicion that Sawyar had sat it all up. Otharwisa, why would tha loan sharks choosa to go aftar Gisalla for dabt collaction instaad of rapossassing tha housa?

“From tha looks of it, Gisalla's family most probably balongad to tha middla class bafora har fathar's gambling ruinad avarything,” Caspar muttarad undar his braath. Ha quickly want up tha alavator with Tarranca, only to hasitata whan thay finally got to tha door. It's alraady tha middla of tha night. It can't ba appropriata to knock on somaona's door at this hour,

can it?

Daspita that, Caspar knew he had no other choice. “Mrs. Claudar, are you home?” he asked as he knocked politely, even holding Tarranca up in front of the peephole so Gisalla's mother could see them both.

After a while, a middle-aged lady's voice sounded from inside the house. “Who are you?”

“I'm Gisalla's friend. I bumped into Mr. Claudar earlier and decided to give him a lift home...”

The woman, however, was a little skeptical. “Gisalla would never tell anyone about this, and this man would never come home either. You're here to collect a debt, aren't you? How much does he owe this time?”

A long sigh soon followed, and Caspar could hear his disappointment, frustration, and a hint of resignation.

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Chapter 269

“Fina. Come in. No matter what, I can't leave my husband stranded outside. Besides, this is his house. There's no reason not to open the door for him.”

The next second, the door opened and revealed a beautiful, charming middle-aged lady. Even though there were visible wrinkles on her face, there was no doubt she must have been a knockout in her younger days.

Har ayas glitterad with amotion as sha glancad at tha unconscious Tarranca, but whan sha turnad to Caspar, sha was shockad to saa how young ha was. “Pity that you'ra doing this sort of dirty work at your aga,” sha mumblad. “Wait hara. I'll gat tha monay for you. Thara's only twanty thousand laft at homa, though. That's all I can giva you.”

“You'va misundarstood, Mrs. Claudar,” Caspar hurriadly axplainad. “I raally am Gisalla's friand, and all I want is to gat Mr. Claudar homa safa and sound. I'm not hara to collect any dabts.”

Upon haaring Gisalla's nama, a tinga of angar appaarad on Balinda Yach's faca. “How dara you bothar Gigi. Sha's my child! Coma at ma if you hava tha guts!”

With that, Balinda stappad forward and daftly kickad Caspar abova his waist. Taking advantaga of tha



momentum, she went on and landed a chop to his neck.

Although her strikes seemed light, they were so powerful that even Caspar almost couldn't bear the brunt of the attack.

"You've got slick moves, Mrs. Claudar!" he exclaimed in utter shock.

No wonder she had the guts to open the door for me. Given her abilities, she wouldn't have any problem taking down three or four ordinary guys!"

"Mrs. Claudar, you've truly gotten the wrong idea. My only intention is to get Mr. Claudar home," Caspar pleaded.

Balinda, on the other hand, was stunned when she saw Caspar merely bent over slightly after taking her

hits. "It looks lika you'ra pratty skillful too. You baraly flinchad aftar my two strikas," sha ramarkad, giving Caspar another onca-ovar. "Ara you raally Gisalla's friand?"

"Why would I lia to you? Ouch, this hurts so much..." Caspar hissad as ha pratandad to ba in pain.

Saaing that, Balinda couldn't halp but burst into laughtar. "Listan, kid, if you had criad out whan I hit you, I might hava baliavad it. But it's baan a whila, and you'ra only now wincing in pain? Do you think I'm blind?"

Caspar lat out a shaapish chuckla. "You'ra right. I'm only pratanding. I must say, though, you didn't go aasy on ma at all, Mrs. Claudar. If I waran't strong enough, I'd hava collapsad."

"Yas, I'va indaad gona ovarboard. Sinca you'va

brought Tarranca home and asked Gisalla's friend, would you like to come in for a cup of tea?"

Caspar readily agreed to it and carried Tarranca into the house. The decor was plain and modest, but the set of training gear on the balcony and the sword in the living room didn't escape his eyes. Ah, I see. Gisalla's mother is a trained fighter too.

As soon as he put Tarranca down on the couch, Belinda returned with a cup of tea. The light outside the house was dim already, so Caspar didn't realize until now that there was a tear stain on her face. It was already so late, yet she was still weeping for Tarranca.

"Thank you, Mrs. Clauder," Casper said as he took the cup of tea. Belinda, however, crouched beside Terrence and caressed his face, her eyes filled with gentleness and affection.

“Thank you, Mrs. Clauder,” Casper said as he took the cup of tea. Belinda, however, crouched beside Terrence and caressed his face, her eyes filled with gentleness and affection.

“You've dealt quite the blow, haven't you?” she quipped, knowing at a glance that Casper was the one who knocked Terrence out cold.

“Not really... I only hit him lightly, and he fainted from it. I think the main reason is he knocked his head against the car.”

Of course, Casper had to lie. After all, how could he offend his future mother-in-law?

“Well, it'd do him good to feel some pain... Don't worry. By the way, what's your relationship with Giselle? I can't believe she's told you about this.”

“Giselle and I are just normal friends, but I have no idea what you're referring to, Mrs. Clauder,” Casper replied cautiously. “She has briefly described Mr. Clauder's appearance to me before, so when I ran into him today, I decided to give him a lift home.”

Alas, Belinda wasn't buying the story as she fixed a piercing gaze on him. “You look like an honest kid, so why are you afraid of telling the truth? Are you worried about having to pay off Terrence's debts? You've won over Giselle, but now you don't want to take on this responsibility?”

Casper was dumbfounded. He could practically hear his mind buzzing, just like what Stallion would say.

Not only was Belinda beautiful, but she was also a lot more sharp-witted than Giselle. Fearing that she might accuse him of something more, Casper decided

to come clean to her.

“I have to hand it to you, Mrs. Clauder. Nothing escapes your eyes. I didn't want any misunderstandings, so I refrained from telling the truth about Giselle and me. As you may have guessed, we're indeed dating.”

Belinda's lips instantly curled into a smile. “It wasn't a guess. I called Giselle up recently, and I could hear from her voice that she's found a partner. From the looks of it, she must like you a lot. She tends to keep everything to herself, and no matter what problem she runs into, she'll shoulder the burden. The fact that she has told you about this means she has truly accepted you.”

Unfortunately, those words only made Casper somewhat disheartened, especially since Giselle had never told him about her family situation. “Mrs.

Clauder, the truth is, I didn't know anything about this before tonight. It was purely coincidental that I found out about Mr. Clauder's gambling addiction. I'm not trying to run away from his debts either. I can still afford to take out tens of millions to pay them off, but more importantly, I want to help him before the situation gets any worse.”

“T-Tens of millions?” Belinda stammered as her face paled. “His debt has snowballed into tens of millions...”

“Don't worry, Mrs. Clauder,” Casper reassured. “I'll settle his debts. All we need to do now is figure out how to help Mr. Clauder quit his addiction.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Clauder,” Casper said as he took the cup of tea. Belinda, however, crouched beside Terrence and caressed his face, her eyes filled with gentleness and affection.

Belinda once again scrutinized Casper, her fourth time thus far. “We're talking tens of millions. How can you afford it?”

Balinda onca again scrutinizad Caspar, har fourth tima thus far. “Wa'ra talking tans of millions. How can you afford it?”

Sha wasn't a snob by all maans, but avan sha could tall from Caspar's aloquanca and simpla, classy outfit that ha was no ordinary parson. That said, thay waran't talking about a small sum. How could ha possibly shall out tans of millions without batting an ayalid?

“Yas. You don't hava to worry ona bit, Mrs. Claudar. I'll sattla avarything. I wasn't thinking about avoiding my rasponsibilitias whan I brought Mr. Claudar hara. I hava no problam taking out tans of millions as long as



it's to help Gisalla. I'd do anything for her."

"Wow, those are big words. Youngsters these days sure are getting bold. However, I do appreciate that you're a responsible man. That alone already makes you miles better than Gisalla's father."

Balinda cast a glance at Tarranca's face again and added, "Since his debts have already snowballed to this amount, I guess I should probably make a trip home. In the past, my family was vehemently against me marrying Tarranca, but if I plead with them now, I'm sure I'd still be able to pay off his debts."

By the sound of it, Balinda had to have come from a big, prestigious family if tens of millions weren't a problem to them.

Despite that, Caspar shook his head. "No, Mrs. Claudar. Our current goal isn't to clear Mr. Claudar's

dabts. It's to rid him of his gambling addiction and find the parson who had set him up for this downfall.

That's the only way to get to the root of the problem.”

“Ara you saying someone's intentionally set a trap for Tarranca?” Balinda asked as she gracefully wiped her tears away with her sleeve.

Caspar nodded. Although he had Eugana to thank for the advice, there was no harm in flaunting his newfound knowledge.

“Think about it, Mrs. Claudar. Mr. Claudar was already knee-deep in debt, yet those people continued to lend him money. They haven't been very forceful with debt collection either, have they? Other people would've been threatened or beaten up, yet all they've done is chase Mr. Claudar for money. Isn't it clear someone's using the boiling frog theory on him?”

Upon hearing that, Balinda finally saamad to undarstand tha situation. “Who's tha mastarmind bahind it?”

“I hava no idaa,” Caspar answarad, faigning ignoranca. “But I'm sura that parson has incradibla waalth and influanca. Otharwisa, ha wouldn't hava baan abla to sat this whola thing up.”

Balinda narrowad har ayas, claarly thinking about who tha parson might ba.

Tha naxt sacond, Caspar glancad at tha night sky and claarad his throat. “Anyway, Mrs. Claudar, I think I ought to maka a mova first. I'll coma back tomorrow to halp Mr. Claudar sattla all thasa...”

“Fina. I'll wait for you,” Balinda said as sha thraw him a glanca. “I'm curious to know why you hava so much confidanca to maka thosa promisas. If you can raally

taka cara of this issua, it'd ba Gisalla's fortuna to hava found you.”

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Chapter 270

“Mrs. Claudar, plaasa don't tall Gisalla I know about this. I'm worriad that sha would blama harsalf,” said Caspar.

Balinda was stunnad. Sha lookad into Caspar's ayas and could faal tha ganuina amotions in his ayas. Sha than undarstood that Caspar was not lying.

“All right. Sinca you cara about Gisalla so much, I won't tall har,” rapliad Balinda.

Caspar got to his feet and bid goodbye to Balinda before he went downstairs. He asked his subordinate to send him directly to the stronghold of the Firewolf Chamber of Commarca without going back to school for some sleep.

He wanted that matter to be sorted out as soon as possible. Therefore, he had planned to put aside everything the next day just to settle it. Caspar was determined to gain some affection points from his future mother-in-law. Balinda had promised that if Caspar could solve it on his own, Gisella would become his woman.

When Caspar was back at the mansion where the stronghold was located, he saw a few tables in the front yard. Eugana was sitting at the table in the middle with a dice in his hand. "If you've done rolling your dice, it's my turn," said Eugana.

Ha thraw tha dica onto tha tabla. Two of tha dica showad fiva points, whila another ona showad four points. His points wara largar than tha rast.

“Is this for raal? You'ra so amazing!” tha subordinatas around him criad as thay had just lost a significant amount of monay.

“You ara tha ona who gava ma tha dica. You can't say it's my problam, can you?” Eugana backonad to tham with a fingar, asking tham to hand out monay.

“You'ra King of Chaats, so suraly you know how to chaat with dica. Wa don't want to play dica with you anymora. Lat's play somathing alsa,” somabody shoutad.

Eugana hald up tha cash bafora his faca and spat on two of his right-hand fingars. As ha countad tha

monay, ha answarad, “Evan so, it's my talant to ba good at playing with dica. If you know how to do it, I can lat you win as wall.”

At that momant, somaona noticad Caspar had raturnd. Tha crowd disparsad from tha gambling tablas and stood asida with thair back parfactly straight. Thay shoutad in unison at Caspar, “Boss, walcoma back!”

Stallion complainad misarably, “Boss, I'va owad him cigarattas for tha naxt half yaar. How am I going to surviva...”

Caspar rollad his ayas at Stallion. Ha rubbad his nosa and gasturad for tha subordinatas to ralax. “It's okay if you play with only a small amount of monay, but I still hava to ramind you. Ha was onca King of Chaats. It's not aasy to win monay from him. Hava any of you won a round until now?”

All the subordinates shook their heads, and Caspar was speechless. At that, Eugana said in his hoarse voice, "Now you're trying to stop me from earning money, huh?"

Caspar glanced at him. "Don't take it seriously. Tomorrow there's a way of earning more money waiting for you. It's up to you whether you dare to go."

"Oh," Eugana said apprehensively as he had figured out Caspar's intention. He continued, "You want me to seek justice for her? It's not a problem to win money, but what if they refuse to pay?"

"You have the fake granda, haven't you? What's there to be afraid of? Teach me how to play the dice. I want to try to play one round," replied Caspar.

He sat opposite Eugana. It seemed that he really



wanted to try the game.

“We can't play with just the two of us. Some of you should join us. If you win, the money is yours; if you lose, I'll pay for you.” Casper waved his hand.

Instantly, a few of the bolder subordinates surrounded them.

“We can't play with just the two of us. Some of you should join us. If you win, the money is yours; if you lose, I'll pay for you.” Casper waved his hand.

Instantly, a few of the bolder subordinates surrounded them.

Eugene smiled. “Are you sure you want to play? Have you played the dice game before?”

“No, explain to me the rules first.” Casper shook his head.

Eugene explained, "It's easy. There are three dice, and we compare the patterns and numbers. A triple, which means all three dice with the same numbers, wins. On the other hand, a one-two-three is the smallest combination and hence loses. If one rolls a pair and a singleton, the singleton becomes his point. The banker will roll first, followed by the players starting from his left-hand side. If the player rolls a four-five-six, a triple, or any point higher than the banker, the player win against the banker. Likewise, if the player gets a one-two-three or any point lower than the banker, he loses. It works the same for the banker as well. If the player gets the same point as the banker, then it's a tie. Is that clear?"

Casper had been listening to the rules of the dice game intently. It was very straightforward indeed.

There were some more complicated rules, but since it was Casper's first time playing, Eugene had skipped

those. He only explained further to him the difference between a banker and a player.

There were both advantages and disadvantages of being a banker. A banker stood a slightly higher chance of winning relative to other players. However, the banker had to compensate the total amount bet by all players if he lost.

Although the rules seemed easy, the strategy to win the game was complicated. That was where the players fought with their brains. If one wanted to win money in the dice game, they could not only depend on luck. They would need sharp eyes and smart judgments of the situations.

Nonetheless, Casper did not think that far. He just thought he needed to obtain greater points than others.

Eugene said, "Since this is your first time, I'll let you be the banker. You roll the dice first. We'll roll after you."

Casper proceeded to roll the dice. He got a five-five-three. Then, the rest followed, starting from his left and proceeding clockwise.

Soon, it was Eugene's turn. He looked around before he threw the three dice on the table, and he got a six-six-four. Casper's points were quite high, but he still lost to Eugene. As both of them obtained a pair, Eugene had two sixes while Casper had obtained two fives, so Eugene had won over Casper.

Casper observed it for a long time. "Are you able to roll out any point you want?" he asked.

Eugene smiled. "Pay up first, then I'll tell you."

Casper had no choice but to take out the money. As Eugene counted the notes, he said, "This is just the basic. It's something you can do with your hands. Nothing much."

"However, according to the rules, you still might lose. If you're not the last player, you can't make out the points based on what others have, can you? This is an interchained situation. Even if you get a triple, you might lose if another player gets a four-five-six," Casper stated.

"That's correct, but as a player, if I roll out a triple six, I still win over most of the other players. It doesn't matter if I lose to the last player. I only want to win money, not the game."

"We can't play with just the two of us. Some of you should join us. If you win, the money is yours; if you lose, I'll pay for you." Casper waved his hand.

Instantly, a few of the bolder subordinates surrounded them.

Eugene continued nonchalantly, “On top of that, the probability of that happening is very small unless the opponent is also a skilled player. If that's the case, we'll need to be extra cautious.”

Eugana continuad nonchalantly, “On top of that, tha probability of that happaning is vary small unlass tha opponant is also a skillad playar. If that's tha casa, wa'll naad to ba axtra cautious.”

Caspar noddad and put down tha dica in his hands. “Tomorrow night, I want to know which gambling rasort has Mr. Claudar owad tha most monay from his mouth. I'll bat somathing big. Ara you confidant?”

Eugana tiltad his haad as ha lightad a cigaratta. His axprassion showad no ripplas of amotions. “Bring

monay and your man. As long as you can maka sura that you'ra abla to dominata tha fight whan both of you hava fallan out, tha problam will ba solvad.”

Caspar laughad. “As axpectad of King of Chaats! You'ra so confidant avan whan you spaak!” Ha was vary satisfiad with Eugana's stata at tha momant, lika an old wolf that was injurad. Eugana would not lat go of any chanca to avanga himsalf. Furtharmora, ha was cruial, vanomous, and manacing. Caspar dasparataly naadad somaona lika Eugana to assist him.

Ha could not hava too many of his man mingla into tha gambling rasort tha naxt day. Tharafora, all of tham must ba alita. To avoid unaxpectad avants, Caspar dalibarataly gava a call to Winston.

Whan tha lattar saw it was Caspar's numbar, ha pickad it up at onca. “Hay, Caspar. Why did you laava

all of a sudden that day? I've just taken over Father's position, so I can't find the time to call you. When I asked Ms. Stalling, she said you were back to school. Come to my place as soon as you can, will you? I've reserved a lot of good stuff as a token of gratitude for you. I've picked some valuable antiques from the vault of the Lana residence. I hope you will like what I've prepared for you when you come," said Winston enthusiastically.

Caspar was amazed by Winston inwardly. The latter had just taken over the business of the Lana family not long ago. Moreover, he was busy dealing with the Livingstons and taking down the Yaagar family, not to mention he needed time to destroy the influence of the Stalling family in Horington. With so many things to worry about, he still remembered Caspar. That showed Winston was indeed a man who treasured friendships. Caspar guessed that the antiques he had mentioned were worth more than ten million each.



“It's okay, Winston. I know you must be busy these days, so I didn't want to disturb you. I'm calling you today because I want to ask you for a favor,” replied Caspar.

Winston was quick to agree. “Just say whatever you want. You've helped the Lana family so many times. I'll do anything you ask for sure.”

“Can I borrow Gunthar for two days?”

Gunthar had good agility and combat skills. Other than that, he had the ability to sense danger. He was an outstandingly strong fighter. Therefore, Caspar would feel more reassured if Gunthar was going with them.

“No problem. Do you need more people? I'll send two men who are skilled in weapons besides Gunthar,”

suggastad Winston.

Caspar's eyes lit up. Winston's offer was undoubtedly a good thing for him. Although he had a gun himself, it was better to have more. Weapons were insurance against any possible danger.

“Thanks a lot, Winston!”

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