

After giving a call to the Lanes, Casper felt more relieved and was able to fall asleep at the stronghold. The next morning, he was woken up by a commotion and quickly went out to take a look.

Outside, he saw Eugene's table. Taken aback, Casper questioned him, "You've been gambling the whole night. How are you going out tonight?"

Eugene was brimming with energy and excitement, holding a domino tile in his hand. On the other hand, the other men looked washed out and listless. There were dark circles around their eyes.

"Since we're gambling, we should play to our heart's content. Don't worry; we'll go to bed after I win this round. By nighttime, we will be wide awake. We'll walk

away with all the winnings.”

Eugene placed his tile down. “I'm supreme. Winner takes all!”

The men handed over the money to Eugene mechanically. After counting the money, Eugene stood up and declared, “Game over! We'll play again tonight.” He then hobbled away.

Casper's lips curled into a smile as he watched Eugene limp out of the room. “How freaky.”

Stallion looked as exhausted as the others with dark circles around his eyes. He walked up to Casper. “Boss, we can't keep this guy. He's been winning money from all of us the whole night. He said gamblers are all sc*mbags, but he's the biggest sc*mbag of all. We've played throughout the night, yet he showed no signs of fatigue. If you didn't appear,

I'm afraid we would have lost all our savings to him.”

Casper hit Stallion gently on his head. “Did he force you to gamble?”

“No, no, but he won so much money from us tonight. If he continues to stay here, we'll all be done for.”

Stallion was resentful of the fact that he had lost half a year's supply of cigarettes to Eugene.

Casper sneered, “Brat, do you still dare to gamble with him after tonight? Although he's a little strange, he has a sense of propriety. He knows when to stop when he sees me approaching. It goes to show that he is aware that he has to control his gambling habit since he's putting up with us.”

Casper looked at the domino tiles on the table and chuckled when he thought of Eugene's look earlier. It was as though he still wanted to continue gambling. “I

thought he's an injured wolf, but he's actually a hungry tiger. These games are just appetizers to tonight's feast. He's only using it as a warmup.”

The more Casper thought about the upcoming game, the more excited he became. He tapped Stallion on the shoulder and said, “It's my luck to meet such an oddball. He's already won so much from all of you. Can you imagine how much more he can win when he meets our enemies? I'm sure he'll make a bigger killing!”

However, Stallion did not understand why Casper was so eager about tonight's game. “All right then. I'll not gamble with him anymore. Gambling is the parent of all vice. I only gambled for a while, and all my money is gone. It's too shocking.”

Casper kicked Stallion in the butt. “Go get some sleep. We have an important mission tonight.”

Casper went back to the house and took a bath before heading out to look for Wyatt. He was going to bring Wyatt to Tycoon to show him around.

Elena was surprised to see Casper with Wyatt at Tycoon. She was astonished to learn of Casper's intention to make Wyatt the CEO of Tycoon. "Mr. Simpson, who is this person? I've never seen him. Are you sure you want him to be the CEO?"

Casper patted her hand. "Don't worry. This man is a genius. I believe he is capable of leading the company. Tycoon is in good hands. I also trust that you will keep an eye on him. Although Wyatt is an ambitious man, it's his first time taking on a management role. I need you to watch over him. If you think that he's doing something inappropriate, feel free to tell me."

Elena's eyes twitched as she looked at Casper's hand on hers. She said softly, “Does that mean you won't be coming to Tycoon these days?”

“Who says I'm not coming? I'll come whenever I have time. Not just Tycoon, I'll need your help in the other businesses.”

Casper was oblivious to Elena's expression. He took out a piece of document that Wyatt had given him earlier. It was a proposal for the acquisition of Vamanos Manpower.

“Proceed with what's written in this plan accordingly. I want this shell company to go bankrupt,” Casper said.

Just then, Wyatt walked in with his notebook. He would jot down information in the notebook wherever he went.

“Tycoon is more profitable than I thought. Compared to the other hotels, our profit is higher than thirty percent. Your hotel has a good reputation, and we have a steady stream of regulars every day.”

Wyatt placed his pen behind his ear as he looked at his notes. In less than half an hour, he had already learned everything about Tycoon.

“Yes, it's because of a secret recipe for a dish served in our hotel. Many guests come here for this dish.”

Wyatt nodded. “This is a core competency of the business. Such skills will never hurt us.”

He then left to venture elsewhere in the hotel, taking along his notebook. Elena was a very attractive woman, but not once did he cast a look at her. At the moment, he only focused his mind on the company.

“I'll leave everything to you here. I'm going over to look for Sheryl.” Casper left immediately after making Elena in charge of everything in Tycoon.

Elena could only sigh as she followed behind Wyatt. All of a sudden, Wyatt stopped taking notes and turned to Elena. “Do you like Casper?”

Elena shifted uneasily as she looked at Wyatt. “What nonsense are you talking about?”

Wyatt gave her a knowing smile. “The relationship between the core management team members will affect the company's operations. I am just asking. Don't be so nervous.”

He then walked to another area with his notebook. Elena stomped her foot indignantly. “What kind of weirdo has Mr. Simpson hired?”

Earlier, Casper had checked with the underling at Firewolf Chamber of Commerce and confirmed that Sawyer had not sent anyone over to Sheryl's house lately. He then paid Sheryl a visit.

Casper smelled a delicious aroma as he walked up to the entrance. He suddenly got excited, thinking that Sheryl had regained her culinary skills.

Sheryl opened the door when he knocked on it. She was wearing an apron and a pair of gloves. There was a ladle in her hand.

“Oh, you're here just in time to try the lunch that I've prepared.”

Sheryl led Casper into her house before heading back to the kitchen. Casper plonked himself on the couch. Shortly after, Sheryl brought the food out.

“It's just some simple dishes.”

Casper was surprised when he saw the food. The meal consisted of several home-cooked dishes, mushroom omelet, chicken casserole, and beef stew.

“What's wrong? You don't fancy the food?”

Sheryl passed some bread to Casper.

“No, I'm just surprised even homecooked food smells so good.”

Casper took a piece of the omelet and ate it. It was fluffy on the outside but firm enough to contain the mushrooms inside. The taste was delectable.

“You find the food delicious because you're hungry. When one is hungry, even a simple burger will taste good.”

Soon, Casper ate every savory morsel of the food on his plate. His taste buds had been used to gourmet cooking, yet now he was happily chomping on these home-cooked dishes.

“I never like mushrooms, and I didn't expect them to be so tasty.” Casper's appetite was so good that he polished up all the food on the table.

“Mushrooms are very versatile ingredients, and they are a perfect complement to the egg. It's so easy on the palate that you will want to eat more.” Sheryl placed her hand on her chin as she looked at Casper. It was only then that Casper realized that Sheryl had not taken a single bite of the food.

“Sheryl, I've forgotten all about you. Why aren't you eating?”

Sheryl twirled a strand of hair around her finger.

“What's the hurry? I know that you're also a fantastic cook. You can cook the potatoes so well that they taste like meat. I want to try your cooking too.”

“All right then. I'll give it a shot.” Casper went into the kitchen. Using the ingredients he found in the refrigerator, he made two dishes. They were garlic butter shrimp and crab cakes.

Sheryl took a bite. She closed her eyes as she chewed on the food. “These are culinary masterpieces. They look and taste good.”

Sheryl placed the cutlery on the table and sighed. “It's a pity, though. I just want to eat something simple. What a waste of your cooking skills.”

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Chapter 272



Casper froze upon hearing Sheryl's remark. The two dishes he made were indeed not light. However, he decided to show off his cooking prowess with these dishes since Sheryl did not tell him what she wanted to eat.

Sheryl rested her chin on her hand and said, "Casper, do you think there's a dish that everyone in this world will find delicious?"

After pondering for a moment, Casper replied, "Well, I have tasted your sister's beef wellington before. I think you can impress everyone with your version of the same dish."

Sheryl smiled at his answer. “Why is that?”

“Well, for starters, beef wellington is one of the world's most famous dishes. It requires the perfect cooking techniques to make it a successful dish. Besides, with your own twist, it might be the best dish in the world. I'm sure nothing can surpass this dish.”

Casper was telling the truth instead of trying to flatter Sheryl at that moment. Ever since he tasted Sharon's beef wellington, he thought that Sheryl was a once-in-a-lifetime culinary genius.

“Maybe you're right. However, I don't think everyone will enjoy beef wellington. There are many vegetarians in this world or people who don't consume beef. These people won't be tempted even if I put the dish in front of them.”

After listening to Sheryl's explanation, Casper broke into a grin. "You're too harsh, Sheryl. If that's the case, there's no such perfect dish in this world. Everyone has their preferences. For instance, you want to eat light foods now. Therefore, these two dishes I made aren't suitable for you. So, it would be nice if people weren't picky eaters. Things will be much easier if everyone eats to live."

Sheryl frowned at his words. She seemed to be facing some trouble.

Casper did not forget the reason he came to her house. He nodded gratefully at Sheryl and said, "Tycoon has gained popularity thanks to your help. I'm here to learn two more secret recipes from you today."

Nodding, Sheryl said, "I have plenty of recipes. I can give you two recipes. I'll cook again once I'm fully

recovered in the future.”

A hint of happiness flitted across Casper's face.

“Sheryl, does it mean that you want to become the head chef of Tycoon?”

Sheryl shook her head in denial. “No. Your hotel is too big. Plus, you'll be serving all the expensive dishes by then. Sharon will do just fine.”

Casper was dumbfounded. “You're saying that...”

Putting away the cutlery, Sheryl began to eat the garlic butter shrimp. “I want to make dishes that everyone likes to eat. Furthermore, I want to fill everyone's stomach.”

“I thought that old gentleman has already done this deed? Sheryl, is it possible that you don't want to cook anymore? Are you planning to become a farmer

instead?” Casper scratched his head, feeling confused.

Sheryl nodded solemnly at him. “The most important thing is to make sure people are full. Most of the local and foreign cuisines contain wheat and meat. This combination has been passed down for generations. People are familiar with it. No one would get hungry if we served them foods like these.”

Casper was still contemplating Sheryl's words as he walked out of her house. He always felt that her words carried some deeper meaning.

“Industry is the foundation. People's livelihood is the key. However, can one earn money like that?”

Casper felt slightly hesitant. With the money he possessed at the moment, he was still far from building the infrastructures. However, he could

engage in the industry after successfully passing the test and inheriting the family business.

Why am I behaving like a capitalist who thinks about whether they can make money every day?

Casper slapped his thighs and said, “Fine! Even if I don't have the money, I'll still do it anyway. There will be opportunities to make money down the road.”

At that thought, Casper immediately called Wyatt. He told the latter that he planned to get involved in infrastructure construction. However, Wyatt instantly burst his bubble. “What are you thinking? You should wait until you have over five billion in assets before you start planning. It may seem that everyone can do this successfully. Nonetheless, Chanaea isn't lacking in terms of population. The most important things for the people are food, drinks, housing, and transportation. There are hundreds of billions of

Chanaean people. It's going to cost you more than a billion to feed everyone. You don't have that much money at the moment. Forget about it. Just give up on the idea.”

After hanging up the phone, Casper looked dejectedly at the sky for a while. “Did you hear that? I have to earn money first before I can help the country and the people,” he muttered under his breath, sighing.

The moment Casper got into his car, he received a call from Winston. The latter told him that Gunther and two gunmen had arrived and were waiting for him in front of his campus.

“Back to school, then.”

Casper felt it was time to drive his Maserati. He had to go to several places every day. Therefore, he needed to have an excellent car to get around.

Gunther wore a floral shirt with a pair of sunglasses. Squatting outside the gate of Business University, he had a dogstail grass hanging from his mouth. The two men standing next to him looked tensed. Their gazes were as sharp as lasers. They looked like skillful shooters at first glance.

After picking up the trio, Casper drove to Belinda's house to fetch Terrence.

“Mr. Simpson, where are we heading to later tonight?” Gunther glanced out the window. Students were coming in and out of the university. He could not imagine that Casper was one of these people.

“We're heading to the gambling resort,” Casper replied. Then, he glanced at the two gunmen of the Lane family. Unlike Gunther, who would initiate a conversation with Casper, the duo preferred to stay

silent.

Looking at Gunther, Casper asked, "Why don't you use a gun?" Judging by Gunther's speed of reaction and his intuition, he would make a sharpshooter.

Gunther pointed to the two gunmen beside him and said, "They're two experienced gunners who came from the military. They've been using guns for more than three years. They can solve anything with guns. Meanwhile, I have only been involved in combats before. I only know how to use old-fashioned weapons. Even if you hand me a gun right now, I still can't aim properly."

Casper touched the gun in his pocket. I have to find a way to get more people to work under me. This gun is simply not enough.

"You're quite a capable fighter. Besides, you're not

bad with a gun. Are you from the army too?”

Casper did not reply to Gunther. Instead, he probed, “What's your background? Winston told me that he met you while you were fighting for someone. How did you end up like this despite having all these skills?”

Taking his sunglasses off, Gunther said, “Do you think I can live a good life if I have the skills? Just look at Jake of the Hunter family. Despite having so much potential, he's currently starving in hell knows where.”

Hearing the name, Casper immediately thought of Jake, the agile white-haired young man who left a lasting impression on him. He asked, “Are Jake and his dad living so miserably? His family should have some money left, right? With their line of business, they should be able to live comfortably by selling an antique.”

Gunther scoffed. “They made a grave mistake when his dad cooperated with the Yaeger family. No one in the antique community wants to buy their stuff anymore. Even though Mr. Lane let them off, they're no different from street rats at the moment.”

An idea struck Casper right then. It would be beneficial for him in the long run if he could make Jake his subordinate. Casper made a mental note to himself. I can earn money anytime. The most important is to hire talented people.

Even though Casper had several capable people working for him, Sheryl was the only one who shone brightly at present by bringing profits for Tycoon. Furthermore, Wyatt had only recently come on board, whereas Eugene would show his gambling prowess later tonight.

“I'm going to make Sawyer pay for what he did to Mr.

Clauder.”

Casper had thought of using the video to threaten Sawyer so that he would get rid of Terrence's gambling debts. However, he did not want to alert the enemy. Besides, if Casper could handle this matter properly, he could turn Sawyer into his subordinate.

“I'm going to catch him off guard. I'll use Eugene to teach him a lesson!”

When the group arrived at Terrence's house, Casper knocked on the door. Belinda opened the door soon afterward. She immediately frowned upon seeing a group of men behind Casper. “What are you doing here with all these people?”

“Don't worry, Mrs. Clauder. I'm here to help Mr. Clauder to clear his gambling debts.” As soon as Casper said that, Terrence immediately rushed out of

the house. Grabbing Casper, he barked, “You lied to me! You promised that you would take me to the gambling resort. Instead, you brought me back home. You're nothing but a liar!”

Looking at Belinda, Terrence implored, “Belinda, you must trust me. My luck will turn soon. You have to believe in me. This kid is rich. He will give me the money to continue my gambling.”

Belinda turned her head away in disdain. “That's enough! Go ahead and have fun with your poker. Giselle and I have had enough of your nonsense!”

Then, Belinda ran straight into the house. It looked as though she did not care about Terrence anymore.

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Chapter 273



“Trust me, Belinda. I'll be sure to win it all back!”

Terrence was in a stubborn state. He ignored Belinda, who had left, and held onto Casper's arm instead.

“Don't run away again this time. As long as you give me money, I'll be able to win it back!”

Casper sighed inwardly. Yet, to make sure that the plan would work, he promised Terrence, “No problem. I'll help you to win everything back. We'll make Mrs. Clauder see you in a different light!”

Casper led Terrence away, and they left together. Before entering the elevator, Casper glanced at the door of Terrence's home. In the end, Belinda

appeared at the entrance. She looked at them worriedly.

Casper returned her look, his gaze telling her not to worry. He had promised Giselle's mother to settle this, after all.

The six of them could not fit into a single car. Hence, Gunther and Casper called a taxi instead. They let Terrence and the other gunmen head back first.

“Why did you bring this gambling addict along?” Gunther asked, confused.

“I had no choice. He's my relative, so I can't turn a blind eye to his condition. I will help him and also settle my scores with the underground circles of Horington,” Casper replied.

Gunther spat out the dogstail grass he was chewing

on. "I don't think that's a good idea. People who get addicted to gambling usually find it very difficult to quit gambling. Did you see how he acted? He's really addicted."

"No, he's not a serious gambling addict. There's an even worse gambling addict staying in my base," said Casper.

Gunther moved his fingers and pulled his shades down his nose bridge. "Don't tell me that person is someone who cheats at gambling? What do you plan to do tonight? Use that man to earn money from the gambling resort?"

"Why not?" Casper shot back.

"Well, it depends on which gambling resort you're going to. If it's a big one, then it's going to be tricky. If you get caught cheating, they will chop your limbs off.

You called us here to prepare for a fight?”

Casper shook his head. “No. I called you all here to prevent the gambling resort from getting violent once they lose too much money.”

Gunther wanted to ask further, but the taxi had already arrived. They shut their mouths as soon as they got in the taxi as it was not a good idea to continue their discussion there.

Soon, they reached the base of the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. The moment they got off the taxi, they could hear Terrence screaming, “You fooled me! I want to go to the gambling resort! Why am I here?”

Casper quickly went to pacify Terrence. “Don't be impatient, Mr. Clauder. We need to get some money first. Which gambling resort would you like to go to later?”

Terrence quietened down and looked at Casper. “Are we really going later?”

“Of course. I'll never lie to you. If you don't believe me, look at this money.”

Casper clapped, and Gary lugged a bag of money over. The bag was full of cash. There were five million in it. Casper had arranged for Gary to withdraw this amount of cash earlier.

“D*mn it! Do we not have a briefcase to keep the money in? Why are we putting money in a plastic bag? We should have more class than this,” Casper complained.

He was annoyed. How can this guy be so undiscerning? We don't need to act as if we're poor or weak for the plan. So, why are we making ourselves

look so lame?

However, Terrence believed him the moment he saw the cash. “That's great. You really can be trusted. Casper, it's great that my daughter is a friend of yours.”

He had asked Casper for the latter's name before. After Casper told him, he mumbled about how he did not remember Giselle mentioning this name before for a long time. However, he no longer cared about that at this moment. Casper was his lifesaver, so he had to cling to him.

“Mr. Clauder, which gambling resorts do you usually lose your money at? Where are they located? How did you lose your money? Tell me in detail.”

Casper had asked Timothy, who used to own a gambling resort under Dragon and Tiger Gang, to join

them. Once Terrence had told them about the gambling resorts, he would ask Timothy who owned the said gambling establishments.

The gambling resort that Terrence frequented should be the largest underground gambling resort in Horington. It was called Horington Casino and was frequented by both gambling addicts as well as notable upper-class people in Horington. There seemed to be no limits on the kind of betting that went on there. They betted on various things, from horse racing to soccer.

Hearing that, Casper looked at Timothy. The latter had a dark expression. It seemed like this gambling resort had a strong backer.

“Mr. Clauder, when and how did you start gambling?” Casper asked.

“D-Does that matter?” Terrence sounded hesitant.

“Yes, it does!” Casper stared into his eyes and replied. Terrence looked at the ground and slowly told them how he got addicted to gambling.

Originally, he was someone with the status equivalent to a professor. He was well-known among the academia in Horington. Meanwhile, Wyatt was talented, but he had an odd personality and was too young. Hence, he wasn't selected to become a professor. On the other hand, Terrence was both talented and had a good personality. Naturally, he became the youngest professor in Horington.

However, Terrence was not satisfied with that. Although he had gained fame and recognition, he felt that he had not gotten enough wealth. He was not a greedy person, but he had too much he wanted to prove to Belinda.

Even though Belinda had never pressured him about money, every night Terrence thought about how she had fallen out with her family because of her relationship with him. Her family did not approve of him because he was poor. She had given up so much and done so much for him. Hence, he wanted to gather enough wealth so that her family would no longer look down on him but accept him.

Yet, in an age of entertainment and consumerism, it was difficult for one to earn big bucks in academia. While Terrence was worrying about what to do, a friend recommended that he invest in stocks. However, after he invested about one million of his savings into stocks, he could not withdraw the money. He became very anxious and restless.

At that time, someone else showed him a wayward path. That person encouraged Terrence to start

gambling.

Casper could already guess what happened next. Sawyer must have baited Terrence in with some good winnings at first and then led him down the astray path. In the end, Terrence became hopelessly addicted to gambling.

Casper asked Timothy, “Do you know the gambling resort he mentioned? Do you know anyone who works there?”

Timothy nodded. “That gambling resort is backed by many forces, both illegal and legal. It's complicated. Even the Lingham family, the richest family in Horington, is involved.”

Gunther smirked cockily. The Lingham family only appeared to be the wealthiest in Horington. Everyone knew who the real boss behind them was. However,

the Lanes rarely did business with them. They rarely came in contact.

“How complicated is it? Tell me the details,” Casper said.

“The owner of Horington Casino is fearsome. I heard that he is skilled in gambling and used to be the king of gambling in South East Aploth. After quitting gambling, he opened the Horington Casino. Some of his subordinates are from Loang. They're cruel men who are skilled gunners.”

How can a man like him be accepted in Horington? Casper frowned. However, he did not ask Timothy this question. It was too difficult a question, and he did not expect Timothy to have an answer for him.

“The situation sounds tricky this time.” Casper was a bit worried when he heard that the enemy was armed

with guns.

Gunther waved his hand casually. Then, he unbuttoned two of the buttons on his flowery shirt. Casper thought that he was going to show off a scar, but it turns out that Gunther was just feeling a bit warm and wanted to expose his chest to the cool air.

“It's not a big problem. I've been to South East Aploth as well. I've seen even more terrifying scenes,” Gunther said, unfazed.

Casper asked Timothy for more details on Horington Casino. Around two hours later, Eugene came out to greet them. The moment he saw Terrence, he had a mocking look in his eyes. “Not bad. You are good bait. Even though you have no money, you're even juicier bait than those rich people.”

For some reason, Terrence did not dare to make a

sound in front of Eugene. Casper wondered, Is there some sort of hierarchy amongst gamblers?

“Are you ready? Let's go if you are.”

Eugene had just woken up. He had not even washed up yet, but he was already in a hurry to go and gamble.

“Do you know where we are headed to? Wouldn't you like to know before we head out?” Casper asked. He thought that such careless behavior was uncharacteristic of King of Cheats.

“How much money did you prepare this time? It has to be cash.” Eugene lit a cigarette, as per usual.

“Is five million enough?”

After thinking for a while, Eugene shook his head.

“You need another five million. You can only join the game with ten million.”

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Chapter 274

Casper's heart skipped a beat since ten million was not a small amount.

“How would they believe you if you don't pay a little extra?” Eugene said.

Casper turned and was about to tell Gary to get the money, but Gary walked over instead and said to Casper, “Boss, can you even believe that? You want to give him ten million even though he hasn't been

with us for a day?”

“Never use someone that you won't trust.” Casper believed in his own decision and told Gary to take out the money.

Gunther pointed at Eugene. “I recognized you. You were on the mafia's wanted poster in Crounga! Wow, you're really something to still be able to stay alive for this long.”

Eugene just pricked his ears. “I did go to Crounga once and won some money there, but that's all I can remember.”

Gunther said to Casper, “Now I know where your confidence came from.”

Everyone tidied up when Gary came with the money and settled on a simple plan. Casper would be the

first bait as the rich man, Eugene and Terrence would be the second bait, whereas Gunther and a few gunmen would just need to enter the venue.

It wouldn't be safe if too many people were to go to the location that they would be going, so Casper ordered the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce to ambush from outside and not to come in.

The group of people then boarded the car and headed off to Horington Casino. The casino was open and aboveboard as well and was hidden behind a pub. The music outside had swallowed the cheering sounds coming from the inside. Not only that but one needed to provide a code word to be able to enter the gambling house. Someone would lead the way after that.

Casper hid everyone's guns inside the pile of money. Based on what Eugene had said, no one would ever

suspect money.

With that, Eugene and Terrence entered the place first. The pub was quite big. The monthly revenue for this place should be around millions, but the casino inside would make the most money. That was the real money squandering business.

Casper was carrying two big briefcases filled with money when he entered, and the total amount of money combined would be eight million. One hundred and fifty thousand would be for Eugene, and the other fifty thousand would be split three ways to Gunther and the two gunmen. They needed to gamble as well so that no one would suspect them.

There were many people in the pub, and the volume of the music was loud. There were also many people with different hair colors dancing on the dance floor. Casper looked around and quickly found the meet-up

point that Terrence had mentioned.

However, just as he was planning to go over, his hand was grabbed by someone.

“Casper?” A woman's voice sounded from behind him.

Casper's heart skipped a beat with that. He never thought that there would be people he would know here. He just lowered his head and said, “You got the wrong guy.” After that, he carried his two huge briefcases and walked into the crowd.

The woman pulled on Casper's belt after that. He was in a crowded area as well and was carrying two huge briefcases. So, he couldn't really break free even if he had the power to.

“Who are you?” He looked back, annoyed. He was

already rolling his eyes in his mind. Isn't this Emily, Sarah's aunt? I even pretended to be her boyfriend once.

Emily's eyes gleamed. "It's really you! Casper, you actually came to a place like this!" She was wearing a low-cut and short tank top. Casper almost lost his mind when he saw the cleavage.

"I have something to do, so I can't be with you now. Can you let go of me?" Casper said.

Emily's face fell when she heard that. The happiness she felt instantly disappeared. "What? Do you not like me that much? Am I even scarier than the devil? Why are you running away from me?"

This damn woman! I'm trying to earn money, so stop wasting my time! They already went in!

Casper was getting anxious now. There was no way he could hit her, and he couldn't hit anyone anyway with the suitcases he had with him now.

Emily was still pressuring him. "I have a great body and a beautiful face, but I can't believe you dislike me because I'm older? Didn't you know that older women are more experienced?"

Emily was really trying her best since she would usually already be throwing a fit if someone dared mention her age. However, in front of Casper, she was trying her best to attract his attention.

Casper didn't give a damn about her. What is wrong with this woman? Why is she constantly looking for me? Is it my fault that I'm too attractive? I wonder what type of guy would make a woman lose interest in them.

Then, Casper unexpectedly saw a woman dressed in gender-neutral clothes. With that, he thought of Stephen.

Well... Here goes nothing!

Casper gritted his teeth. “Stop annoying me. Truth be told, I'm not interested in women.”

Emily was stunned to hear that, but she immediately retorted, “There's no way! You stared at my body for a long while when we first met!”

“Please, that was all an act, okay? Sis, let's not waste each other's time.”

Casper's “sis” scared Emily, and she immediately let go of his hand. He quickly walked into the crowd after that, leaving Emily behind, dumbfounded. Her eyes seemed to have lost some light as well.

Casper squeezed out from the crowd and walked to a door in the pub. However, two men stopped his path and asked, "What are you doing?"

Casper was wearing a cheap-looking shirt and a pair of jeans. He was also carrying two huge boxes, so the two men thought that Casper was here to fix something.

"On the night sky of the North, there's a cloud. The crow slips into a group of phoenixes."

He provided the secret code. Eugene laughed the entire day when Casper first said the code out loud. Eugene even said that the owner of the gambling house was uneducated since this code was mostly used by gangs when they were robbing. But now, it had become a passcode to enter the gambling house.

Both the men exchanged glances after that since the secret code was correct. Without even looking at his face, they started checking every part of him, starting with his hands. They needed to make sure that Casper wasn't bringing any weapons or surveillance equipment with him.

However, what Casper didn't know was that Emily was actually following behind him. She used her gut feeling to look for him and saw two men touching Casper's body.

She was so shocked that she covered her mouth. Due to what Casper had told her just now, the scene that she was looking at now had a completely different meaning to her.

Not only that but especially when one of the men was checking on Casper's lower parts. "What now? I didn't bring any weapons with me," Casper said.

The man's hands remained on Casper's butt as he replied, "You didn't know? This is a good place to hide weapons. So, we need to have a thorough check here."

Emily just felt like she had eaten something disgusting as she retreated a few steps back. She couldn't believe that Casper was someone like that.

"Weapons? There? Blargh!"

She quickly ran into the toilet.

After that, Casper kicked the man away from him.

"Move! I'm here to enjoy myself, not to be touched by any of you!"

Casper immediately opened up his briefcase, and the two men were stunned to see the number of

banknotes in the case.

Casper even took out ten thousand and threw it on the man's face.” Let me in, now! Or I swear your boss will beat you to death when I tell him!”

The two men quickly let Casper pass through the door. They didn't even bother checking the box anymore since the money was real. Naturally, they wouldn't dare stop any businesses for the gambling house.

Casper managed to successfully enter the door. He had to walk a long walkway before he arrived at Horington Casino. He finally got to see what it really looked like.

Horington Casino was even bigger than the pub outside. There were three floors, and each floor was flooded with people. It looked bigger than the

gambling house Dragon and Tiger Gang had. This gambling house would be considered luxurious as well if it was in Marsingfill.

Casper did not have his phone, but both him, Gunther, and the gunmen would be meeting in the restroom. He then walked into the restroom with the briefcases. They did not notice any surveillance cameras there, but they were still careful, acting like they didn't know each other. They passed the gun around under the gap in the toilet cubicle.

To prevent suspicions, they even went out of the toilet in order, and Casper would be the last one to get out.

Based on what Eugene had said before, Eugene would only need one hour to attract everyone's attention in the gambling house onto him. Casper and Gunther would be able to locate him by then.

Casper then looked at his watch. Phones weren't allowed in the casino, but expensive mechanical watches were allowed because it would be easier to spot if any surveillance devices were installed in the watch. Not only that, but the watch was expensive as well and could be used as collateral in times of need. Casper bought a few watches like these at the last minute just for occasions like these.

Casper quickly walked out of the toilet after forty-five minutes had passed and went to the first floor to change his money for chips at the counter. He took out eight million to be exchanged, and the person behind the counter was shocked to see that. After the person had checked the money with a currency detector, he then gave Casper eighty chips worth one hundred thousand each. However, after Casper left, the man quickly took out his phone and dialed a number.

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After Casper had done exchanging his chips, he discovered that there were fewer people gambling on the first floor, while on the second floor there was a table full of people.

The structure here was similar to a shopping mall, with the first floor as the lobby, where one could see the ceiling of the building directly, and looking down from the railing on the second and third floors, one could see the whole first floor.

Casper ran up to the second floor and walked around

with his chips before heading toward the table where Terrence and Eugene were seen.

Those at the table were playing pokers, in which he did not understand the rules as he only saw the game in movies. One would receive two trump cards, then took some money and followed the bet. They went all-in easily, and that looked handsome to him.

Casper watched them play for a while. Unlike Eugene's arrogant face, those who were playing at the same table with him were full of sweat, and Terence who was standing behind Eugene was on cloud nine.

Casper tugged a man next to him. “What's going on here?”

Taking a glance at Casper's outfit, the man sneered and looked away, ignoring him.

The man's action angered Casper. He then took out a chip and shouted, "Who can tell me what happened here, and the chip is yours."

As expected, that statement had an immense effect. Immediately, a hand grabbed the chip. The owner of the hand smiled and said, "You may not know this but this two-finger guy is very powerful. There's no limit in placing your bet while playing pokers at this table, and he won five million elsewhere by just betting a million. Now he's competing with these tycoons."

Upon hearing that, Casper secretly clicked his tongue. From a million to five million? That was fast!

Knowing that Casper was giving out chips, the man who ignored him a moment ago looked shocked while he took a look at the chip worth a hundred thousand. Unable to believe Casper was able to give out so

much money, the man then snorted. “People who forge chips in the Horington gambling house will be beaten up and thrown out, and fingers will be mutilated if things are serious.”

Chips were the currency in a casino, and they could be exchanged anytime. There were games one could play with cash, but the majority of them chose to exchange chips. Not only it was more convenient than holding cash on hand, but the gambling house would also safeguard it on your behalf.

Unlike small gambling houses like the Dragon and Tiger Gang, which just made money from draws and giving out loans, a gambling house could consider one that made a lot of money if it had chips.

“My goodness! How about we take a gamble? We're in a casino after all. Do you dare to take this challenge?” Casper said while pointing at the man.

The latter's face sank, and he said arrogantly, “How dare you gamble with me? What else do you have besides these fake chips?”

With that said, some onlookers gathered and commented, “This doesn't look like fake chips. If you insist on gambling, I can tell that the watch that he's wearing is indeed the real thing, and it costs about ten thousand. That can be used as gambling money.”

When the man heard that Casper was wearing such an expensive watch, his face immediately fell. However, due to his pride, he had to take out ten chips worth a thousand each and said, “I'll bet ten thousand!”

Casper directly led this man to the chip counter on the first floor, then handed his own chips to the person in charge to have them checked if they were real.

“Sir, you've just exchanged chips worth eight million here, how could we possibly give fake chips to you?” the man said respectfully.

Eight million? The people around were taken aback. He was indeed a tycoon.

Knowing that he had messed with the wrong person, the man who accepted Casper's gamble paled visibly. He did not expect that he had really run into such a low-profile tycoon. The only thing he could do was to hand over the chips he was holding while apologizing.

Casper felt smug as he took the man's chips worth ten thousand. Not that he intended to show off, but Eugene said that after he was found, he needed to create some chaos so that those people in the gambling house would feel that he was a nouveau riche and took the bait.

Not long after Casper casually played a few games and lost about half a million, a pretty lady in uniform approached him and whispered, “Sir, I wonder what you want to play here.”

Casper whistled. “There's a lot that I want to play, are you okay with it?”

The pretty lady remained unfazed by Casper's action. “It's my pleasure if you like me. But I don't think you're here just for money, am I right?”

Casper responded. “Nonsense! Who didn't come here for money? I've never gambled before. Thinking this is my first time here, I've just brought some pocket money. Little did I expect your gambling house only looks big, but actually plays small, the most is only around a million. This is so disappointing.”

Hearing what Casper had just said, a trace of greed flashed in the pretty lady's eyes. "We can play something big too. It's just that there are only very few businessmen like you here. Please follow me to the third floor."

Casper nodded. "I'm not in a hurry. I'll go up later. After all, I know nothing, so please let me watch for a while."

Although the pretty lady was anxious to earn his money, she still maintained her smile. "Sure, sure! No problem! I'll bring you around and introduce you to the rules of each station."

Casper waved. "There's no need for that. I'm just curious what's happening with the table upstairs. It's so exciting. Each round playing with these few cards is a million."

That was the second thing Eugene instructed him to do. After attracting the people from the gambling house, what Casper had to do was sit at Eugene's table. Regardless of what games they were playing, all he needed to do was to sit down and lose the money to Eugene.

“How to intentionally lose to you without being noticed?” Casper could not understand. “I don't even know the rules.”

“You just have to play normally,” Eugene said confidently. “And the money will naturally come to me.”

Casper approached the table. At that moment, Eugene had chips worth six million in hand, and one person left the table, so Casper sat down naturally. A trace of panic flashed in the pretty lady's eyes. She hurriedly went forward trying to stop Casper. “Do you

want to play here? You are still a novice. You can't play here.”

Casper threw his chips on the table. “What do you mean? Are you looking down on me? I want to play here. It's not like I can't afford to lose!”

The pretty lady apologized immediately before leaving quietly. She tucked her hair behind her ears, revealing a pair of earbuds and a microphone.

“Boss, he's sitting at that cheater's table.”

“Is that how you do your job? Get your ass up here!”

A nasally male voice sounded. The lady's expression changed drastically and went up to the third floor obediently.

In the monitoring room, an old man with gray hair was staring at the surveillance cameras, with five or six

guys in black suits standing by the side.

“Did you find out where he came from?” the old man asked, referring to the one sitting opposite Eugene on the screen.

“I've checked it out. He is Casper Simpson and seems to be a student at Business University. He has a hotel worth ten million under his name, and the rest is still unclear, for the time is too short to find anything else.”

The old man nodded. “That's enough. It must be a real moneymaker to have these assets at such a young age. I could've squeezed all the money from him, and yet he went to the cheater's table!”

The mere mention of that made him very angry. It just so happened that the pretty lady who just attended Casper entered. The old man glared at her and smashed the cane in his hand directly on her body.

“Useless idiot! What's your use if you don't even know how to seduce him?”

He vented his anger on her through the dozens of blows on her and ordered someone to carry the unconscious lady out when he was done.

“Boss, do you want us to go down and grab the cheater?” A man next to him suggested. The old man immediately glared at him. “Are you an idiot? You can't even see how he cheated by watching the slow playback of the surveillance cameras, and you think you're able to catch him just like that?”

“But our dealers won't deal him such good cards since they're our own people. He must've changed his cards.”

“Idiot! If you said so, everyone around will know that we cheat too!” The old man smashed his cane into

the man's face.

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The old man seemed to be infuriated due to his subordinates' actions. He patted his chest, feeling a little out of breath.

The person next to him immediately brought him a basin. Then, the old man spat out a mouthful of thick phlegm and immediately felt much better. He leaned on his cane and walked to the monitor afterward. As he looked at the ecstatic Terrence on the screen, he said, "That fellow, Sawyer, told us beforehand to let Terrence gamble if he came. And his people will

expedite the gambling debts. I thought it'll be fine since our chips aren't real money. We can win back however much we lend out.”

The emotion in his voice grew more assertive. “I didn't expect this piece of trash to bring a cheater with him to win my money. No, in fact, I have to refer to this person as King of Cheats. Although I made a debut earlier, he is much more famous than I am. This guy, Eugene Yackley!”

His subordinate on the side asked, “How does this person compare to your gambling skills, boss?”

The old man knocked on his cane. “I had a leg broken in the past while he had one of his legs, his fingers, and his ear chopped off on the high seas. Now, I am worth hundreds of millions and run such a large gambling resort, but he still cheats at the gambling resort. Isn't it clear who is the winner here?”

The people around them chimed in, “That's right! How can this cripple be compared to our boss?”

“For now, let's see how far they are taking this. Send someone down to watch Terrence and Eugene. Never let them escape.”

“Don't worry, boss. Terrence owes us twenty-five million. His chips aren't enough for him to exchange money.”

Casper looked at the cards in his hand, and his mind was dazed. By now, he had played the game several times and was slightly familiar with the rules. This time, Casper had gotten relatively good cards. At this moment, Eugene quickly declared he would follow and put in a million. Casper looked at the chips in his hand, and only five million were left. His heart ached a little while looking at the chip he had left.

“All-In!” Unexpectedly, a person next to Casper pushed in all the chips in his hand. Casper was stunned by his action. That person had chips worth over four million in his hand. Yet, he stubbornly went all-in.

When Casper saw that man's reddened eyes, he immediately understood what was happening. That man's brain got hooked on gambling, just like Terrence and the excessive gamblers of Dragon and Tiger Gang.

Casper got overwhelmed by his competitiveness. Therefore, he pushed in all his chips and raised his voice. “I don't lack this money anyway. Bring it on. I'm not afraid!”

Eugene took out a cigarette and wanted to smoke. However, the dealer stopped him. “Sir, we have a

smoking area here. Please go there if you want to smoke.”

A curse escaped from Eugene's mouth. He then pushed his chips and revealed his cards.

Casper glanced at the cards in Eugene's hand before looking at his cards. He wasn't sure who had a better set of cards. Then, the dealer glanced at Casper's cards and said resignedly, “Sir, you have a high card, whereas this gentleman over here has a straight. You have lost.”

The onlookers were staring at Casper as if he had gone crazy. They wondered what gave him the courage to go all-in against a straight.

Although the person next to Casper had a good set of cards, he still lost to Eugene. Immediately, he slumped on the table with a pale face.

Casper shrugged. "Look, you only lost this much money and can't stand it? That's nothing. This amount is only the price of my car. If I were you, I would take it as I had a car accident while I got away unscathed. How great!"

What a rich fool.

These people quickly put this label on Casper.

This time, Casper sighed. "Unfortunately, I took less money when I came out. Well, I still want to show off my wealth. Alas, I guess I'll have to go home." He was about to get up and leave when a deep voice suddenly said, "Young lad, why are you in such a hurry? Our gambling resort is not a stingy place. We will give you some chips if you don't have anymore."

Casper looked up and saw that it was the gray-haired

old man from the monitoring room. He was standing by the betting table with a cane. A man in a suit next to the old man was holding a tray with shiny chips stacked on it, each of them worth a hundred thousand. There were about a hundred chips on the tray. It meant that the chips were worth about ten million.

The people around gasped. They couldn't believe the gambling resort owner gave this person chips worth ten million and wondered about his true identity.

Casper blinked, feeling indifferent about this ten million. He said, "Okay, I think I'll play a few more games. I wonder if I can pay by card here?"

Then, he flashed his black credit card. That made the people around even more dumbfounded. This card wasn't something an ordinary man could own.

The old man chuckled sheepishly. “I apologize. We don't accept payment by card. Everyone who comes here understands that we don't do business with banks. We only accept cash. Young lad, we will trust you since you took out this card. Just remember to bring the money altogether the next time you come.

Just then, Casper showcased his acting skills. “What do you mean? I will lose for sure?”

The old man lightly hit his mouth a few times. “Oh, my bad, what a terrible mouth I have. Bring another five million to this young lad here to play and don't put it on the tab. Even if he exchanges his chips for money and leaves now, no one shall stop him.”

Casper could only curse inwardly and accused the old man of being a cunning old fox on his mind. Still, he said indifferently, “Forget it, that's it. I'm not that unreasonable. Forget about the fifteen million. Give

me twenty million instead. I want to play a few more games with this pro here. Let's see if he can keep winning.”

The old man froze. Naturally, he didn't want to lose money to Eugene through Casper. However, it would be difficult for the old man to stop Casper as he didn't want to infuriate the latter.

Chips worth twenty million got presented to Casper, and he almost couldn't hold himself back. These days, he had been spending lavishly and couldn't make ends meet. He gifted Giselle ten million and saved someone with a few million. Several projects of his had only started making profits. And now, the old man gave him twenty million out of the blue. Truthfully, Casper wanted to leave after exchanging the money.

But he was someone who had seen big money after all. For him, money was just a number. He just

blinked and accepted the twenty million worth of chips.

A man beside the old man whispered, “Boss, are you really giving him these chips? Shouldn't we keep an eye on him first? This guy and Sawyer are both from Business University. Why don't we ask Sawyer about him?”

The old man shook his head in response, gesturing his subordinate not to be nosey.

He had been running a gambling resort for so many years. At a glance, he could tell who was short of money and who wasn't. People like Terrence looked poor even from the outside, while Casper looked filthy rich.

This young man had a temperament that ordinary people couldn't distinguish. However, as an

experienced man, the old man could see at a glance that this was the temperament of wealth. Even if Casper dressed in humble clothes, the old man could still sense his riches.

This young man was someone from an affluent background.

The old man was sure of that. His talent for distinguishing wealthy people had helped him on many occasions, and he had never made a mistake.

“As for this man here, we are also old acquaintances!”

Just then, the old man turned his smiling face to Eugene. Eugene pinned a cigarette to his ear and was touching it unwittingly. He must have felt the urge to smoke. When he heard the old man's words, he looked very indifferent and said, “Who are you?”

The old man was stunned for a moment, and there was a hint of sullenness in his eyes. "I'm Harold Murphy. I used to be well-known in the world of gambling. I remember we met at a South East Aploth gambling conference."

Eugene shook his head decisively. "I don't remember. There were so many people there. Who will remember a nameless nobody?"

"You!" Harold's subordinates were angered and about to teach Eugene a lesson. However, Harold stopped them in time.

Harold wasn't a cultured man. He only didn't want to have a fall out in front of the crowd. "Haha. You are so arrogant, Eugene. You are the same as you were back then. But I was in the world of gambling earlier than you. You should show some respect!"

Politely, Eugene responded, “No problem, senior! I have something to ask. Can I have a smoke?”

Casper nearly laughed out loud. Harold was humiliated. But since this guy showed him some respect, he had to compromise. “Yes.”

Eugene was relieved and quickly put the cigarette on his ear into his mouth. However, his lighter got taken away. Thus, he had to borrow a lighter from Harold.

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“Harold, can I borrow your lighter?”

Eugene sounded like he had phlegm stuck in his throat. Harold felt disgusted after hearing him speak.

Harold took out his own lighter, but before he could pass it over, Eugene had already reached over and grabbed it.

Impatient b*stard. Contrary to his inner thoughts, Harold maintained a pleasant smile. “Eugene, if you wish to smoke, you can come here in the future. I'll grant you a special privilege that will allow you to smoke in any zone.”

After lighting his cigarette, Eugene immediately slapped Harold's lighter onto the table. “I won't be coming again. I'll leave after I help this fellow behind me settle his debts,” Eugene said as he pointed at Terrence who stood behind him.

When Harold heard the man's words, his expression

instantly changed. Just then, he noticed the chips the man had in hand, and he grinned coldly. “I don't think you will. Despite winning so much, I don't believe you're doing all this just to help him pay his debts.”

Eugene flicked his cigarette onto the ground. “Can't I lend a helping hand? Consider this my repayment for the kindness he had shown me.”

Casper chimed in, “Well, I'll be d*amned. For someone like you to intervene... How much does he owe?”

Eugene tapped the huge pile of chips before him. He previously had one and a half million before winning another twelve million. Casper had lost eight million to him. The win from earlier had netted him another half a million. Currently, the chips on the table added up to about twenty-two million.

He said, "His debt should be cleared with the three million I've just won. I'll use these chips to pay off his debt. We also came in with an additional one and half million."

Casper pushed half of his own chips forward. "I'll give this to you. Take the rest of the money and bet a few more rounds! If you lose, this will be mine. If you win, you are free to leave."

Harold could no longer hold himself back. If the two of them continued on, he would be unable to profit. All the advantages would go to Eugene.

Besides, he refused to let Eugene and Terrence leave just like that. He was going to milk the cow and catch the cheater.

Just as Eugene reached out for the chips, Harold stopped him with his cane. "It's boring if the two of you

work together. When the time comes, and the two of you are the last ones standing, there won't be any meaning to this round.”

Casper's finger tapped the table rhythmically. “If you're saying that, does that mean you'd like to join us, Mr. Murphy? Sure, I don't mind.”

Overjoyed, Harold said, “How about this? Let's go to the VIP room on the third floor. No one will interrupt us there.”

Eugene smiled. “You want me, a handicapped person, to enter a private room with all my winnings? A room that is isolated from the public and filled with your subordinates? Forget it, Harold. I wish to live a little longer. What if I gave you back all the chips? You can pretend I was never here.”

Obviously, Harold had no intention of doing so.

Unless he intended for his casino to close down, how could he possibly take the chips of a customer in plain view of the public? He would be shooting his own business in the foot.

Harold smiled awkwardly. “Hey, now. What are you talking about? I was only trying to—”

“You brought up a good point. I quite like it here, and I do enjoy having an audience.”

Casper's and Eugene's partnership made things difficult for Harold. The latter glanced at the dealer. The dealer could only signal “no” furtively. Eugene's cultivation level was so high that his tricks did not work on the former.

Despite that, Harold was a seasoned veteran. He had more tricks up his sleeve. “Then, how about this? Let's stop this game. Why don't we play something

else with simpler rules? I'll take good care of you.”

Hook, line, and sinker. The bait was set. Casper could not refuse this opportunity. “All right, I can't keep losing anyway. I want to win a few rounds too. What are you suggesting, Mr. Murphy?”

Eugene stroked his chin, deep in thought. He was considering if he should agree to Harold's suggestion.

At that moment, Casper started to feel somewhat nervous. Their plan was about to truly begin.

His thoughts went back to when they first discussed their plan of action. Everyone was gathered at the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

According to Eugene and the information provided by Timothy, the owner of the casino, Harold Murphy, was an old hand in the business. Harold was a ruthless

man and his greatest weakness was greed. As long as there was a large sum of money in front of him, they would be able to distract him.

Casper played the part of a gullible bait in order to deceive Harold. If Harold's attention was on Casper, the former's vision would be narrow. They would be able to limit his moves.

Eugene's and Terrence's presence was necessary to stir up Harold's negative emotions. They played their parts and provoked the old man into gambling with Eugene.

“Firstly, there is no surefire method for constantly winning at the gambling table. Only cheating will ensure a win. A casino is a place that is purely built for profit. They will definitely use various methods, be it in tampering with their equipment, dealers, attendants, or even their customers. Those people

are like their hands and eyes. If we want a steady win, we need to take care of these factors.”

Casper immediately shook his head. “That's impossible. Unless they agree to gamble with us at a different location, that's not possible.”

Eugene said, “It's all right if we can't. As long as their methods aren't too sophisticated, I have my ways to counter them. However, Harold will never let me continue my winning streak. He will definitely suggest a different game.”

“We would need to build up a steady momentum and force Harold to give us a perfect environment without interference from his equipment and people. If he wants to win, he will definitely take the bait,” Casper added.

“Baiting him should be easy. That is the second point

I was about to bring up. How much would he be willing to bet? How much would we walk away with? A person will sober up quickly if he loses too much. If Harold comes to his senses midway and stops gambling with us, we will only be able to win a small sum. Our aim is to swallow him whole!”

Gunther said, “Simple. All we need to do is to infiltrate the place. If he regrets and changes his mind halfway, we can force him to hand over the money at gunpoint.”

“Then, what would be the point of the gambling? The whole point of sending you all in is to prevent us from having a fallout with him. If we are going to rob him so openly, there would be no need for this whole setup. We could have just worn masks and settled things with a fight.” Eugene disapproved of Gunther's suggestion.

Gunther went quiet as Eugene's words made sense to him.

“Put yourself in his shoes. Imagine if you're the owner of the casino and you own such a large asset.

Obviously, you won't casually put everything on the line and bet your entire fortune,” Casper continued. It wouldn't be too bad if they were content with just winning a few million. Perhaps it was better if they abandoned thoughts of cleaning the man out.

“You don't understand gamblers. A gambler is always ready to lose everything at a moment's notice,”

Eugene said as he took a puff of his cigarette. “I have a way to force him to bet his entire fortune. We can bait him with the promise of a large profit. We can make him feel invincible and absolutely certain of his win. Only then will he feel safe enough to bet all his assets.”

Back in the present, Harold was hooked. Now, they only had to wait and see if he bet everything with Eugene.

Just then, Harold suggested that they swap to another game. He had obviously made preparations beforehand. If Casper and Eugene went over, they were bound to be monitored.

Since Casper was playing the role of the sacrificial lamb, naturally, he agreed. They turned to look at Eugene, awaiting his decision.

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Eugene had two choices. One of them was to follow Harold and gamble at a more advantageous place for the other party. He might lose that round, but Harold would increase the stakes because he had not failed.

Second, he could open another table in front of the customers and remove all the elements of Harold potentially cheating. Eugene could beat Harold with his gambling skills, and the latter would take a loss. Harold would probably stop playing once he lost ten million or so.

“What do you want to play?” Eugene did not make a move. He wanted to see what Harold had in mind.

Harold was uneasy and said, “Something like poker has simple rules and is advantageous to how you play.”

Eugene shook his head and said, “That won't do.

There are no such rules. Gambling looks at how good the players are.” His words were meant to reject Harold. Casper was delighted as it seemed that Eugene was picking the second option. That was the safest option, and the risk was minimized despite lesser winnings.

However, another question surfaced in Casper's mind. How could Eugene, who loves to gamble, give up an opportunity to raise the stakes? He must have another motive!

As expected, Eugene said, “Then we'll pick a game on the first floor and play. What do you think?”

Harold was taken aback. He thought the sly Eugene would ask them to open another table. Harold was planning to lose millions to tempt Casper, the millionaire. Then, he would get the money back once Eugene left.

Harold did not expect Eugene to be dim in the head after losing his leg. How could he suggest gambling on the first floor? How would I earn money if I didn't tamper with everything in this place?

“All right, then we'll go downstairs to gamble,” he agreed.

Most of the gambling games on the first floor were machine-based. There were slot machines, Pachinko, the game of dice, rummy, dominoes, and a few poker tables in the corner, but the stakes were low.

Eugene limped down to the first floor. When he arrived, he observed all the machines, and Harold generally modified them all. The probability of winning was only twenty percent, and the probability could be manipulated manually. The banker would be able to push a button at a critical moment to let the banker

win.

“Which one would you like to play?” asked Harold.

“There are too many things that I want to play, but I'm afraid of touching all the machines here.”

Harold's expression changed when he heard Eugene's words. “What are you implying? The machines at my place are legitimate. There are so many customers here. You should watch what you say!”

Eugene laughed coldly and said, “Don't spout nonsense. You want to win back the money in my hands, but I want to take it home. I'm not a fool. How could I allow myself to get ripped off by your machines?”

“What do you want to play then?” interrupted Harold

quickly when he saw they were about to have a falling out and was afraid that Eugene would expose more things.

“Since I already said that I'll pick a game on the first floor, what about the game of rummy, then?”

Eugene did not allow any objections and immediately sat beside the table. Harold's heart skipped a beat. That rummy table might not have been tampered with, but he had set a hidden camera that faced the rummy table. Harold could see all the cards clearly by signaling to his subordinates.

He wanted to go there instantly but asked Casper's opinion to keep up pretenses. “What do you think? The game of rummy may be complicated, but it's also exciting.”

Casper naturally nodded and said, “Right on time. I've

always wanted to learn. I've heard that the game of rummy is one of Chanaea's treasures, so I'm willing to try my hand today.”

Eugene glanced at the rummy table and the cards on top of it. He wore a relieved expression and sat down, saying, “How can we play without enough players? We need four players. We can't possibly play with just the three of us.”

Harold immediately made a secret signal to the crowd, and a player walked out, saying, “How about I join you all?”

Eugene did not even spare him a look and said, “Harold, there's no point if you tamper with the game now. Aren't you just hoping that I'll lose by sending someone of yours beside me?”

The player hurriedly denied, “What are you saying?”

I'm not related to the boss. You're probably looking for excuses because you don't want to play.”

Casper knew that that guy was definitely Harold's man. He circled the man and sighed, “By the looks of you, how much money can you afford to gamble?”

The man had Harold behind him and was naturally unafraid. “I can gamble however much you want. Don't think that you're the only wealthy person in Horington.”

Just as the both of them were stuck in a stalemate, Eugene suddenly opened his mouth and said, “Forget it. Let him come. He can't do anything under public scrutiny.”

A hint of surprise flashed across Casper's eyes, but he quickly concealed it.

Harold was delighted as he was sure to win. “All right, then let us begin,” he said.

The four of them sat around the table. Eugene sat in the east, Casper in the west, the other player in the south, and Harold in the north.

Casper was puzzled as to why Eugene was willing to allow Harold's man on the table. Isn't he looking for trouble?

However, Eugene expressionlessly smoked a cigarette and kicked Terrence, saying, “Go, help me block people from seeing my cards. Your debt will not be cleared otherwise.”

Terrence stood beside Eugene, and Harold could feel his head starting to hurt. This sly fox has excellent eyesight. He accurately blocked the hidden camera I set up.

However, it was not a big problem as the fourth player was his subordinate and would send him information. Casper's cards were still under his subordinate's surveillance, and Harold would be able to guess Eugene's cards after analysis.

“What rules are we playing by? Turlen rummy or Gablurg rummy?” asked Harold as he looked toward Casper.

Casper shook his head and left the decision-making to Eugene, saying, “I don't know. I've never played rummy before. How would I know that there are so many types? Let the professional decide. I'll listen to him.”

Harold was rendered speechless, but the type of rummy would not affect the outcome too much, and he was able to compromise there.

Eugene laughed and flicked away the cigarette butt to the ground as he asked, “Which type of rummy are you worst at?”

Harold sat up straight when he heard that and said, “I'm already a renowned master in rummy before going to South East Aploth. I'm sorry to say that there is no rummy that I'm not good at.”

Eugene replied, “Hah! I suspect that your leg was broken because of your bragging. Since you're so good, let's play Jetroinian rummy.”

Harold's hand that was covering his cards trembled, and he cursed at Eugene internally as Jetroinian rummy happened to be the one he played the least.

So be it. Since the game of rummy was all almost the same, a professional would get the hang of it within

one or two rounds.

Harold ordered someone to bring over some required sticks in the game. They looked like the sticks of a popsicle and had a red dot on them. That was what they used when they were about to win to increase the winnings.

Casper was clueless and did not even know the number nor the types of cards in rummy.

“Let's play a round with small stakes to be considerate toward the young lad. The minimum bet is one hundred thousand, okay?” said Harold, secretly signaling to his people in the crowd to look at Eugene and Casper's cards.

Eugene glanced at him and instantly knew what he was playing at. “Harold, can you ask the audience to take a few steps back? I'm smoking and am afraid

they will breathe in second-hand smoke,” he requested.

Harold was helpless, and he got the people around them to take seven steps back. They could still see the cards the both of them had, but Harold would have a harder time receiving signals.

They shuffled the cards once the rules were decided and the stakes were placed.

Casper took the cards as he listened to the rules since the first few rounds were just a couple of hundred thousand. He would take it as a learning process.

There were a few types of cards in the rummy game, and Jetroinian rummy was different as it did not involve a kind of card. However, that was not the focus for the moment.

In each rummy deck, there was a Printed Joker and a Wild Card selected randomly at the beginning of the game. The role of both those types of cards was the same. Jokers were used to form sets and impure sequences. A Joker card could replace the desired number when forming the groups.

The rummy game was like poker, which relied on algorithms and luck. The players needed enough cards to win and prevent the other players from winning.

Players should form the pure sequence at the very beginning of the game. Without a pure sequence, a player could not make a declaration. They should discard cards with high points like Ace, Jack, Queen, and King and replace them with Joker or Wild Cards. That would reduce the point load in case the player loses the game. As much as possible, players should

avoid picking from the discard pile. It would give away what hand the player was trying to form. Jokers played an important role in rummy, hence players should try using them to replace high-value cards.

The Joker and wild cards could not be used to form a pure sequence. Players should check and recheck their cards when ready to make the declaration before pressing the button. An invalid declaration could turn a winning game into a complete loss.

The tips and tricks in the rummy game were nothing less than poker. Moreover, it was a game of four players, and one needed courage and luck as opposed to purely using intelligence. No one was able to be sure of the winner until the last card was revealed, and that was the beauty of rummy. Too much wisdom and knowledge were involved in the game, and it quickly became one of the most popular entertainments amongst the middle-aged population

of Chanaea.

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Chapter 279



After losing about a million, Casper finally understood the rules of playing rummy. Harold kept complimenting Casper, “Oh, young man, you are so talented in the game. I can't believe you know how the game works after one round. If so, shall we increase the bet?”

Casper knew the cunning man could no longer hold back his greed. Harold's eyes gleamed when he mentioned money.

“Sure. Let's do it. Why not increase the minimum bet by ten times the amount previously? Let's go for a million, shall we?”

Casper was very daring to raise the bet to a million. It was also an amount that met the expectation of the people at the table.

“Let's spell this out first. What would be the consequences if a person got caught cheating or if they declare a win without a legal winning hand?” Eugene smoked very slowly because this was his last cigarette.

Without changing his expression, Harold said, “Naturally, the person must return all the money they won and break one of their legs! However, King of Cheats, I notice you only have one leg left. Am I right?”

“Haha. Thank you for concerning. Harold, you have so many surveillance cameras around the place. How would I dare to play tricks in front of you?” replied Eugene straightforwardly.

“Please don't misunderstand me. That is not the purpose I set up the cameras.” Harold looked innocent.

While Eugene and Harold confronted each other, Gunther did not idle around. He blended himself into the crowd to find out who Harold's subordinates were. These were the people he had to subdue if a fight arose.

Right now, almost everyone in Horington Casino came forward to spectate the game. Even in this venue, it was rare to have bets that could go up to tens of millions. It wasn't a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand. Ten million was a sum ordinary people

could not even earn in their lifetime.

At the moment, the chips Eugene had was worth twenty-three million. Previously, Casper wanted to give Eugene half his chips, but Harold stopped him. Thus, he now had nineteen million worth of chips in his hand, while another gambler at the table had ten million. As for Harold, he had unlimited chips because he was the boss of the casino and could get any amount he wanted.

The onlookers discussed Casper's identity because they had never seen him around. Which wealthy family is he from? I'm sure he isn't from an ordinary prestigious family because he can place such a large amount of bets.

“Could it be that he is from Yaleview?” someone guessed.

“I can't be sure. However, I think only elite people there have the financial power to spend so much.”

“I've done a background check on him. Last year, he came here to study as a university student. Although he is a student, he has numerous assets under his name. The aggregate value of his assets is worth tens of millions.” Someone who had an impressive network got news about Casper's social and financial status in a short amount of time.

“Tsk! Tsk! He must be the descendant of a distinguished family!”

While the spectators were talking about Casper's familial background, Casper, who sat at the gambling table, had cold sweat beaded across his forehead. He was merely a newbie in rummy. Thus, he felt stressed because three of his opponents were experienced players.

Casper would have to hesitate for a long time whenever he wanted to discard a card. He was afraid that his move would allow his opponent to win.

Casper didn't mind if Eugene won the game, but if the winner turned out to be one of his other two opponents, he would be in a dilemma.

Fortunately, Casper was clever. He gradually got the rules and techniques of the game. However, there were too many things Casper needed to consider. For example, the card his opponent wanted, which card he should or shouldn't discard, and what techniques he could use to minimize his loss. All these questions were like magic spells running through his mind.

Hey, aren't you the King of Cheats? Can't you see I need help? Shouldn't you at least give me some hint? Casper shot a meaningful glance at Eugene when his opponents weren't aware of his actions. Eugene didn't

bother with the former. Instead, he anxiously touched his ears because he had finished smoking all his cigarettes.

“Excuse me, do you have any cigarettes here?”

Eugene discarded a card. Immediately, Harold took the card, melded it with two other cards of a similar number, and placed it on the table.

“I'm sorry. I usually smoke cigars from Corleon. I'm not sure if you are used to it,” said Harold as he got rid of a card he didn't want.

“You're right. I'm not quite used to it. The taste is so strong that it will choke me, and I will feel dizzy.”

Eugene waved as he took Harold's card and made it into a run.

“If that's the case, I can't help you. Most of my employees don't smoke. However, we do provide

alcohol. Do you want some? They are fine wine.”

Harold looked at the card in his hand with hesitation.

A while later, he still decided to discard it.

“Unfortunately, I don't drink. Cigarettes can make a person feel awake, whereas alcohol might cause a person to make a mistake,” rejected Eugene. After that, he looked at the card Harold put on the table and smiled. “Don't think about matching that card. The number you want is in my hand. I suggest you discard as many cards as possible now so the winner will win fewer points.”

The veins on Harold's forehead popped out. It seems like this man is not trying to win. He is merely doing things that will stop me from victory. Eugene's playing skills are far better than mine. He can guess my cards just by looking at what I discard. Moreover, he keeps targeting me!

As expected, Harold didn't win this round. Even though he started smoothly, he still lost in the end.

After everyone showed their cards, Harold was infuriated when he saw Eugene's pile. That was because Eugene had all the cards Harold wanted. It was apparent that the man didn't want to win from the start, and his only motive was to stop Harold from winning.

“Everyone, I need to take a rest. Let's have a short break. I'm an old man, and sometimes my body doesn't function properly. I will head to the restroom now.” Harold bowed and walked out with his cane.

“Mr. Murphy, although we're at your casino, you can't just stop the game whenever you want, can you? Who knows what you're planning to do?” Eugene shouted at him. Immediately, Harold's face flushed red. “Can you please show some empathy to a senior

citizen like me? If you don't believe me, you can follow me.”

To Harold's surprise, Eugene pressed the table and stood up. He looked like he had the intention to follow Harold. The latter's heart skipped a beat. However, he suppressed his feelings and pretended to be calm.

“Are you sure you want to come with me?”

Eugene rolled his eyes and sat back down. “Oh, forget it. I'm not interested in looking at an old man pee. But please empty your bladder in one go. My only hope is you won't go to the restroom in the middle of the game after this.”

After Harold went to the restroom for about a minute, the other gambler suddenly stood up and said, “I want to take a piss too.” Before Casper and Eugene could say a word, the man headed toward the exit.

Of course, Casper wouldn't let the man go just like that. He reached his right arm and pulled the man's sleeve. "Where are you going? Are you going to have a secret talk with your boss?"

That man had good acting skills. He was calm even in this situation. "What are you saying? I really need to use the restroom urgently."

Eugene said, "It's okay. Let him go. Since we are not in the middle of a game, there is not much they could communicate about. Why not you help me buy a packet of cigarettes? I'll let you leave if you do so."

After that, Eugene took out a wrinkled note with the face value of a hundred from his pocket and passed it to the gambler. "Get me cigarettes of better quality. The lousier ones will choke me."

Upon hearing that, Casper frowned. What is wrong

with Eugene? I seriously don't understand what he is doing.

Even though Casper had doubts, he chose to believe Eugene and let go of the man's hand. That man took the money and ran to the restroom.

“Are you sure you can help the person behind you pay off his debts?” Casper suddenly asked. In reality, he meant if Eugene could win the money from Harold.

With a calm expression, Eugene said, “No matter what happens, this will be my last time coming to this casino.”

It was as if Eugene had seen through everything. Casper knew Eugene was going all out to defeat Harold. Therefore, he nodded to inform Eugene he understood the latter's intention.

On the gambling table, Casper and Eugene were having a discussion. At the same time, Harold was scolding his subordinates furiously in the restroom.

“What is wrong with you guys? Can't you see their cards with the surveillance cameras? Why can't I hear a word through my earpiece?”

The few people in the control room were dismayed. “B-Boss, that cheater, Eugene, is too cunning. I'm sure you noticed that he doesn't show his cards. He can remember his cards just by looking at them briefly. Besides that, he doesn't arrange his cards and Terrence is blocking our view. We can't see a thing!”

After the person explained his situation, Harold turned to the other side. “What about you guys? Do all of you have short-sightedness? Can't you see Casper's cards? Even though Casper covers his cards, he still needs to take a peep every time he makes a decision

because he isn't an expert like Eugene. Hence, I'm sure he will reveal his cards. Why don't I see any signals from you guys?" These were all the men Harold had hidden in the crowd.

"We could see part of his cards, and we did signal you. However, you can't see our signs because we are too far away from you." The bunch of people felt wronged.

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Chapter 280



Harold was upset. Had he tampered with the table earlier, they wouldn't be in such an awkward situation.

“Master.”

The door to the restroom was pushed open, and the fourth gambler at the table walked it. He was Michael Larcher, Harold's apprentice.

“Michael, you're here. Did they give you a hard time when you came?” asked Harold with concern.

Michael nodded. “Yes, but Eugene Yackley had a sudden urge to smoke. Since we're not gambling at the moment, he asked me to buy a carton of cigarettes for him.”

“That smoker is hard to beat!” Harold sneered, “Michael, the camera and human eyes are not much help to us now. We can only count on each other on the gambling table!”

Michael nodded again. “I understand, Master, but

Eugene's gambling skills are extraordinary.
Regardless of how many cards I try to play for you,
|—”

Harold made a hand gesture, interrupting his apprentice, saying, “No, we need to change our strategy. From now on, both of us can make a declaration. If you win, that means I win, too. Eugene may be good, but he can only stop one of us. If we know each other's cards and play a different approach, he won't be able to take both of us down!”

“That's an excellent strategy, Master. How much do you plan to win from him tonight?”

Touching the tip of his chin, Harold said, “Actually... now that I think about it carefully, something's amiss with Casper Simpson as well. Sometimes, Eugene and Casper seem like they're working together. Well, the assets under his name and his black credit card

show he's worth at least tens of millions. Regardless of what his motive is, let's just make him owe a hundred million. As for Eugene and Terrence, I won't let them walk out of Horington Casino tonight!"

After a round of discussion, the few people walked out of the restroom and headed back to the gambling table.

"Where are the cigarettes?"

Eugene asked for his cigarettes right away. Michael rolled his eyes at the former and tossed a pack of cigarettes in front of him.

Narrowing his eyes, Eugene lit up a stick of cigarette and took a long drag. "Shall we begin? Let's end the night early."

"That's right. Let's wrap this up early." A sneer

escaped from Harold as he spoke.

The cards were shuffled, and the four players drew their respective cards.

Casper drew three consecutive cards that were in his favor, and his heart skipped a beat upon seeing them. Has Eugene already made his move?

He had a King, a Queen, and a Jack in his hand. In Jetroina rummy, one who drew such cards had a high chance of winning as he just needed a Joker to complete two sequences.

Casper hurriedly placed his cards face down on the table and drew his next card. When he saw his fourth card, he almost gasped in surprise.

It's a Joker!

Fortunately, Casper knew well to hide his joy in his heart. Despite drawing such good cards, he did not show any emotions on his face.

The only thing on his mind was how to make full use of his cards.

After pondering for a long while, he decided not to aim for the skies.

If it was someone else, they would've assumed their victory with the cards in their hand. However, Casper was a rookie who learned how to play rummy less than an hour ago, and his opponents were world-class elites. Most importantly, this wasn't an ordinary gamble—it was a gamble that could go up to tens of millions.

Harold and Michael could communicate with each other through their secret codes, but Casper did not

have any prior discussion with Eugene. At that moment, there was nothing he could do but hope that Eugene would be able to read his cards faster than the other two and help him secure a victory.

Casper discarded a few cards that were irrelevant to his sequence. He knew getting a pure sequence was rather ambitious, and his mind was getting all jumbled up. He dared not hesitate, for fear that Harold would be able to tell which cards he had on hand.

As he smoked his cigarette, Eugene swept his gaze across the cards Casper had just discarded. He then took a look at the cards Casper had placed face-down, and his eyes immediately lit up. It dawned on him that Casper must have gotten good cards.

Eugene then glanced at the two players beside him, immediately realizing which cards they had in their hands. Evidently, Harold's cards were not ideal this

round, and Eugene doubted the older man could even form an impure sequence.

There was a rule in rummy—to make a valid declaration—a player must have at least two sequences, and one of them must be a pure sequence.

If one could not form a pure sequence, it would be meaningless regardless of how many high-value cards or wild cards they had in hand.

Harold seemed to have noticed Casper had good cards as well. He began attempting to figure out what cards the latter might have, but his plan was foiled by Eugene.

He's targeting me again! Can't he just give me a break?

Harold was beyond exasperated as he could not form a sequence this round. Even so, he had to help his apprentice win. After a soundless discussion with Michael, Harold decided to have Michael win this round.

Michael instantly straightened his back, waiting for Harold to give him the cards he needed to win. At that point, it was Eugene's turn at the moment, and naturally, he wouldn't give up the cards that could help other players win. However, Harold's turn was coming up, and the last thing Eugene wanted was to let Harold discard a useful card for Michael to win.

After pondering for a long while, Eugene eventually discarded a card that Casper needed to win.

“Declaration!” Casper displayed his cards and took the card that was just discarded.

That was the last card he needed to win.

“A pure sequence and an impure sequence! A perfect win!”

Casper was beyond delighted. He managed to form one pure sequence and one impure sequence that comprised of a couple of wild cards.

Harold's face darkened as he looked at Casper. “You two are working together?”

Upon hearing that, Casper felt his heart skip a beat, and he quickly came to a realization. Is that why Eugene hesitated to discard that card? It seems he predicted that our working together would be exposed if I took his card.

Even though Harold's skills could not hold a candle to Eugene's, he still had a clear mind. It was natural for

Eugene to keep him from forming a sequence, but there was no reason for Eugene to help Casper secure such a perfect win. In fact, he would lose a bunch of money.

Is Eugene that kind? No way. If I were him, I would be thinking of how to save my own ass and make sure I win all the money for myself... Unless he's partnering with Casper to win all of my money. This is the only possible explanation!

Harold came to a sudden realization, and that was why he asked such a question.

Eugene remained silent. He merely let out a puff of smoke that dispersed as it reached Harold and Casper.

“I don't know what you mean,” uttered Casper indifferently. “All I know is that I've won.”

Harold let out a laugh as he threw his cards into the pile. “You've pissed me off, kid. As for who's the final winner tonight... I guess we'll find out.”

At that point, both sides had dropped their courteous front, knowing that the real battle had just begun.

In the next round, Casper's luck was great. He won eight million from Eugene, four million from Harold, and four million from Michael.

Eugene had fifteen million in chips, and Harold still had unlimited chips. Meanwhile, Michael had six million, and Casper had thirty-one million.

“I guess we should up the bet this round,” Eugene said all of a sudden.

Harold let out a scoff. “Are you dreaming? You don't

possibly think you can win all of my money, do you? I can stop this game right now if I want to.”

“Even if you stop the game now, I've won enough to pay off Terrence's debt and still walk away with ten million,” said Eugene.

Harold lowered his voice, saying, “Do you think you lot can walk out of here unscathed? I'm merely putting on a show for our customers right now. The moment you step out of Horington Casino with the money, I'll have all of you sunken at sea.”

“You've sure got the guts to be able to threaten me face-to-face.” Casper's gaze sharpened as well.

Leaning back on the chair, Harold threw his hands up. “Look around you. You're in my territory, and these are all my people. With a single snap of my finger and a simple reason, I can have you two captured. The

reputation of my casino won't be affected at all!”

Casper did not say much but only ran his finger across his waist. “Mr. Murphy, I'm afraid you're still unaware I've snuck in a lighter.”

As soon as he said that, he let Harold catch a glimpse of the gun that was secured to his waist. The latter was so shocked that he almost jumped out of his seat. Harold scanned his surroundings and whispered, “How is this possible? How do you have a gun?”

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