

“Nothing's impossible. Those two men at your door did perform a thorough search, but they didn't refuse bribes,” Casper said honestly.

At that moment, Harold felt uncomfortable. The fact that his life was in the hands of the young man beside him made him feel slightly displeased. “This is against the rules!”

“Rules? You didn't say anything about rules when you threatened us earlier. What about this? Why don't you explain the rules to me now? How should I follow the rules?” Casper said with a smile.

“If you kill me, you won't be able to walk out of here alive. Do you think you're the only person with a gun? If I die, I'm going to bring you two along with me.”

“I've got no plans to kill you. I just wanted to say hello and tell you to not act rashly. It's for everyone's sake.”

Everyone at the table fell silent. Finally, Harold decided to give in. “What are you guys planning to do?”

“Raise the minimum bet to two million and stop playing those tricks of yours. As long as you play by the rules, I'll do the same,” Eugene said.

“I didn't play any tricks. Look, I didn't change any cards till now. Besides, won't it be stupid of me to play such tricks in front of King of Cheats?” Harold grinned. His change of expression was incredibly impressive.

Eugene pointed to Harold's ear. “Remove your earpiece. Then, tell the person you hid in the crowd

who's spying on us to get out.”

“Of course. But can you please let me go to the restroom to do this? There are too many people here,” Harold pleaded.

Casper rose to his feet. “Come on. Let's go to the restroom. I want to see you personally giving your orders.”

With that, Harold and Casper went to the restroom. The former then ordered his subordinates to leave before removing his earpiece and microphone.

Only then did Casper nod and let him return to the gambling table. However, Harold extended his hand to stop the former. “Hey, why are you working with such a scum?”

Casper eyed him for some time and asked directly,

“How much?”

“What?” Harold was flabbergasted.

“How much are you planning to bribe me with? I want to hear the price to see if it's appropriate or not.”

Casper looked extremely calm.

Harold scrutinized Casper all over again. At that moment, he was not viewing the latter as a cash cow. Rather, he was viewing Casper as a hungry predator.

“Twenty million. The bargaining chips you own right now are worth thirty-one million. Leave twenty million of it and you can take the remaining eleven million. I'll give you another twenty million, and you can leave with the cash. Leave Eugene and Terrence behind. There's no guarantee you might win a lot if you continue gambling,” he offered.

“Haha! Let's just go back.” Casper waved him off impatiently, gesturing Harold to return and continue gambling.

“Is thirty million not enough to satisfy you? Do you know what kind of person Terrence is? He's the man wanted by Sawyer, the eldest son of the Lingham family, the richest family in the city. All the gambling debts he owes were ordered by Sawyer. You're basically going against Sawyer if you pay for Terrence.”

Not bothering to argue with him, Casper pulled out the gun from his pocket and slapped it, causing Harold to shut up right away.

“Do you know why Eugene's not worried about letting me come with you? He knows I definitely won't be satisfied with the price you offer,” Casper said. “I'd advise you to prepare yourself mentally for gambling

your life with him. Haha!”

Both of them returned to the gambling table, and the third round officially began. The minimum bet had been raised to two million. Hence, no matter who won or lost, it would cost a lot of money.

Initially, each person had twenty-five thousand points. Every thousand points represented two million, and one game consisted of four rounds. If a player were to be as lucky as Casper, that person would have at least secured twenty million.

Suddenly, Eugene asked, “This person seems to have good playing skills. He must be one of your best students, right? Why don't you introduce him?”

One of Eugene's hands only had two fingers, and he used them to hold on to his cigarette. Meanwhile, he used the other to shuffle the cards. When the

question had diverted the other two men's attention, he seized the opportunity to drop some of his cigarette ash onto a piece of card.

“Since matters have come to this point, there's no point concealing it anymore. He's indeed my student. Both of you are on the same side, and the same goes for me and him. There's no seniority among the both of us.” Harold finally came clean with Eugene. “Hurry, Michael. Greet Mr. Yackley.”

While shuffling the cards, Michael said, “Mr. Yackley, you're really skilled. You're so observant that you noticed the tiny trick I did.”

“Hmph. No matter how observant I am, I still can't stop you two from sending signals to each other, can I?” Eugene noticed the card he had stained earlier had been swapped out.

At that moment, they had revealed almost all their secrets before the gambling table. After all, none of them were fools. There was no need to hide anything since they knew what kind of person their opponents were. At the same time, the audience stood far away. Hence, none of them heard what the players said as they lowered their voices.

After arranging their chips, Harold asked Casper, “Casper, may I know how did you meet Aplot's King of Cheats? And what attracted you to my casino?”

Before Casper could even answer, Eugene pointed to his back. “It's all because of that scumbag who owed so many debts at your place. That's why your casino got targeted.”

Harold shifted his gaze upward briefly while Terrence was just watching the game intently. Eugene seized the moment to grab a card and exchanged one of his

with the card that was stained with ash.

It was his first time cheating in rummy, which was very different from poker since the changing of cards was not as easy as the latter. Though he was confident about the cameras not capturing his flaws, it was still risky performing that act in front of Harold, an experienced player, at such a close distance. Even so, he still did it by using the most basic method of diverting their attention.

He did not care if Michael noticed his trick or not. After all, Michael's skills were still too poor. He would not have noticed Eugene changing the cards with just a finger, let alone two.

Not only did Harold not notice Eugene changing the cards, he even scolded Terrence, "That useless bastard has caused so much trouble. Don't tell me he's a relative of either of you."

Casper checked his cards while answering, "That's true. Though we're not related, for now, we'll soon become relatives."

Obviously, he was talking about his relationship with Giselle. Upon hearing that, Terrence, whose gaze was originally fixed on the table, looked up at Casper.

Could he be talking about Giselle? Is he Giselle's boyfriend? Terrence finally connected the dots. No wonder he's helping me out. Giselle has really found a great boyfriend.

Despite that, Casper was oblivious to how grateful Terrence was. After enduring two rounds, the former was finally more familiar with the game. He had the ability to pick things up quickly since young.

He had gotten a great set of cards, which could let

him win in many ways. Then again, Casper wanted to win a bigger amount.

“I win. It's a legal set.” Suddenly, Eugene revealed his cards calmly. Harold's eyes widened in disbelief. He was so shocked that he almost fell from his chair.

“How...” Casper was stunned as well. He had no idea what a legal set was, but he knew it must be an incredible set based on Harold's reaction.

“That's impossible. When did you change it?” Clearly, Harold did not believe someone could end the game and even get a legal set with just four rounds. After all, everyone took turns drawing and playing a card. Whenever all four of them had played once, which meant four cards had been played, it would be considered a round.

“Why don't you think about how much you're planning

to lose to me instead of thinking about such things?” Eugene remained as calm as a toad in the sun. He pointed at the ace of spades in his set of cards. “Do note that there's still an ace of spades that doubles up my points.”

Casper gasped. After making a rough calculation, he realized his total of thirty-one million was not enough to pay up, for Eugene's set had won at least fifty thousand points.

Oh my goodness. One thousand points equal two million. This is basically a hundred million!

Even Casper was shocked by the amount Eugene won.

Harold glared at Eugene's cards. In Jetroina, a legal set was the most powerful combination because it needed an ace card. Hence, it could be worth more

than one hundred million.

Since Casper was on Eugene's side, the former would not face any losses even if he lost. However, it was Harold and his student that were losing their minds over the fact that they had lost. They each had to pay more than thirty million, which was basically two months' worth of profits for the gambling resort.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 282



“I want to see the surveillance footage!” Harold hissed. He was not going to let himself lose so much in one go. It's seventy million! This is basically robbery!

“You'd better think this through. Once you look into it, your casino's reputation will be ruined. Besides, you won't be able to get any information,” Eugene warned with a smile, looking at Harold. The former's hoarse voice sounded like the voice of a devil from hell. It made Harold's face pale, resembling the color of his hair.

Suddenly, Casper understood why Terrence was so afraid of Eugene. That was because Eugene was the worst scumbag on earth. If Casper were to claim himself as a devil who treated scumbags heartlessly, then Eugene would be the devil who devoured those scumbags.

To Eugene, the gamblers, including Terrence and Harold, were just tools for him to earn money. He did not view them as humans.

One hundred million might just be the beginning.

Casper suddenly had a feeling that Harold's years of effort spent in establishing Horington Casino's reputation might be destroyed by the vicious Eugene that night—utterly and completely destroyed.

About five minutes later, Harold finally snapped back to his senses. Between the options of saving the future of the casino and losing seventy million, he chose the latter.

He kept reassuring himself that it was only the first game and he still had a chance of winning his money back. What I have to do next is to watch Eugene closely. That way, he won't have chances to play any tricks.

Almost half of Horington Casino's bargaining chips were brought out. Casper did not care about such

things. Thus, Eugene gave him twenty million worth of bargaining chips. At the same time, to refill their resources, Michael, too, prepared twenty million worth of bargaining chips in front of him.

At that moment, many bargaining chips were placed in front of all four of them. Eugene had ninety-eight million, including the twenty million he gave to Casper. Michael had twenty million, while Harold had unlimited. In reality, the latter was facing a great loss.

The cash flow of one hundred million in just one round had shocked the surrounding guests. In the meantime, Eugene had given them two million worth of chips. It was a gambler's habit. They believed by doing so, they could make luck stay by their side. He did the same when he was playing poker earlier.

“Let's continue.” Eugene was feeling proud of himself, waiting for the game to restart.

Harold took a deep breath and calmed himself before getting involved in the game.

Meanwhile, Casper realized Harold's eyes had turned red.

Eugene's right. Gamblers will always be gamblers. He finally had a new understanding of the world of gamblers. At that thought, he felt the gun in his pocket and glanced at Gunther and the other two gunmen hidden in the crowd. Only then did he feel relieved.

When Eugene switched the card that was stained with cigarette ash, he had already wiped off the mark. Naturally, he would not leave any evidence for Harold.

Perhaps it was his lucky day as well. The card he marked was an ace of hearts. At first, he wanted to decide whether he should switch his card after

drawing a card. Never did he expect to draw a legal set from the deck. He, too, was surprised to win after just four rounds.

Being a gambler for so many years, Eugene never once believed luck was a random thing. He chose to believe that it was fate— a fate that was determined by each individual. The more a person longed for it, the easier it was to summon it. The more a person was prepared for it, the faster luck would come to them.

Apart from scheming, playing psychological games, and cheating, another type of skill was needed at gambling. It was luck.

In a gamble among experts, cheating was the most unprofessional trick. After all, all the players would be observant and skilled players. Once a person was caught cheating, he or she would lose everything.

Though the current game could not be considered a battle among experts due to Casper's participation, it was still a battle among three skilled players. Truth was, Eugene's act of switching the cards was quite a risky move. Even though he was skilled and bold, he could not use that method in the next few rounds.

You won't keep winning. Luck will come to my side soon.

Harold constantly chanted in his mind. However, he only got more anxious over time. He was going to lose it if he got another set of useless cards.

Surprisingly, the second round was a draw.

In the third round, Michael won.

During the fourth round, it was as if Harold had

successfully summoned his luck back. He actually won a total of eighteen thousand points. He had won a total of twenty-four million, excluding Michael's bargaining chips.

“Give me my money now! Hurry up! It's twelve million per person.” At that moment, Harold looked completely different from the elderly man earlier, who appeared with an extraordinary demeanor. His eyes were red, and he shouted at Casper and Eugene, demanding bargaining chips like a beggar.

Casper clicked his tongue internally. Gambling is really a scary thing. It can make someone become so crazy and behave in such a humiliating manner.

He then glanced at Eugene, who seemed to be satisfied with Harold's behavior. He was even smiling when he lit his cigarette.

“Harold, don't you think putting two million as the minimum bet is... too little?” he asked.

Casper's heart leaped. Does Eugene still want to raise the minimum bet? Is he mad?

A moment ago, Harold might reject the suggestion instantly. However, he was currently staring at Eugene with bloodshot eyes. “What are you trying to say?”

“Hahaha! I'm just saying. I figured you've lost quite a lot tonight, and we've come to the last four rounds. That means you only have four chances to regain your losses. I'm sure you've noticed it. Casper is getting more familiar with the rules and operations of the game. Besides, his coordination with me is improving. I'm afraid it might be difficult for you to win in the next four rounds...” Eugene uttered, chuckling and smoking his cigarette.

Right then, Casper felt as though Eugene was like the snake from the story of Adam and Eve.

“I have a suggestion for you. We'll combine all of our bargaining chips and divide them equally. We'll pretend all the bets earlier never happened. However, you've got to raise the minimum bet to... ten million,” Eugene continued.

All the players' gazes darted toward him, including Casper's. They stared at him as if he was a madman.

Harold spat out each word clearly, “Are you trying to make me die?”

Casper, too, shook his head at Eugene for the first time. This is too crazy. My current skills might not even guarantee us a win.

“I'm just making a suggestion. Besides, tonight could be your only chance of earning money.” Eugene was still terrifyingly calm.

“Fine. I'll fight you guys tonight. I won't let you get my casino so easily. Do you think I'll fall for your tricks just because I've lost my mind at gambling? Surprise, surprise. I'm still sober!” Harold suddenly got to his feet and pointed his cane at Eugene. “You two are in my casino, my territory. There's no way you're going to walk out of here in one piece.”

Casper was not expecting Harold to lose his temper just like that. Right then, he noticed a few men coming down from the second and third floors. He gripped his gun handle and warned Harold, “I'd advise you to calm down. I'm not the only person who brought a gun in.”

To his surprise, Harold ignored him. Instead, he

continued shouting emotionally at Eugene, “Want my casino? Hah! Dream on!”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 283



In their shock, the crowd recoiled as one upon taking in the new development. They hadn't expected that Harold would go on a rampage like that. From the way they saw it, it seemed likely that a fight would soon break out, and they prepared themselves to flee.

Meanwhile, Gunther exchanged glances with the two shooters. The second Casper gave the word, the trio would proceed to take this casino down.

“Do you think this is the first time I've had a gun pointed at me? You're actually using a mere cane to scare me off? Although you may be old and I can understand that you're unable to come to a decision, this is ultimately merely a simple gamble. Haven't we all been gambling and facing the odds ever since we were born? Every decision we make is a gamble based on whatever information we had at the time,” remarked Eugene with a cold smile even as Harold prodded at him with his cane.

As he spoke, Eugene put out his cigarette using his palm. Despite the burns he received from the heat of the flame, he seemed unaffected by the scorching temperature and didn't seem to mind it much.

He rested his weight on the desk and used it as a support to get up from his seat. Following this, he flashed his crippled right arm at Harold and said, “We both knew what we were getting into when we started

gambling. It's never as simple as losing a mere finger or two. Although you claimed to have washed your hands off gambling when you opened this casino, you've actually been gambling this entire time! You've never given it up! The very moment you started operations, you should've been prepared to lose it all and close down. Since you want to win money from others, you have to make sure you experienced the thrill of a possible loss as well. Everything has been fated to be the second you sat down at this rummy table.”

Harold was literally taken aback by Eugene's intimidating stature and retreated several steps back from him. Eugene saw this and chuckled as he lit another cigarette and declared, “There's no escaping from it tonight! It's either I bring the casino down with me, or you join me in a game of life and death at this table!”

With that, Eugene pulled open his shirt to reveal the jet-black grenade that lay beneath.

The crowd in the casino started to scream in terror, and even Harold and Michael were taken by surprise. Only Casper knew that this grenade was fake, and thus he didn't have much of a reaction.

Back then, when Casper had hidden the gun amongst the cash, Eugene had taken the opportunity to conceal the grenade therein as well. After all, he was the one who had told Casper that the staff at the casino wouldn't search the money.

“Don't move! Not a single muscle!” ordered Eugene in a resounding tone that carried throughout the space to strike every single soul in the gambling house.

“Gunther!” exclaimed Casper. With that one shout, a single figure stood out and weaved smoothly through

the crowd like a seasoned predator. In just a few seconds, several men from Horington Casino fell before his hands.

This was the pre-arranged signal that Casper and Gunther had established before the meet. If he only wanted Gunther to move alone, he would call for him by name. On the other hand, if he wanted the entire trio to act, Casper would yell, "Move!"

As such, the remaining pair remained silent and hidden amongst the crowd. This would ensure that they could project a more intimidating and useful presence when the critical time came for their activation.

Harold took in this scene and immediately guessed that Casper had emplaced other men within the casino to wait in ambush. The fear and shock in his eyes were evident as he exclaimed, "All right! I see

what's going on now! You've made such advanced and extensive preparations just so you could snatch away my money!”

“Snatch?” asked Eugene.

He grabbed hold of the grenade and pointed to the crowd surrounding them as he chuckled and said, “Aren't you snatching away and stealing money from these people as well? Don't forget. This isn't a legal casino but rather an underground one. Every single cent you make here is illegal. In fact, this is the filthiest corner of the city. Look at the people around you! They're either those who have been manipulated and made use of by others or those who have been doing the manipulating. The former is being squeezed dry, whereas the latter is making use of your facilities to launder their money.”

“If I didn't make such preparations, I would have been

fully taken advantage of by you like the first group of people I mentioned. There wouldn't be a single cent left to my name. As such, I brought this here only to ensure that we can arrange for a fair gambling match,” continued Eugene as he gestured toward Harold with the grenade in his hand, which rendered the latter so frightened that he ducked away.

At this point, Eugene chuckled at his mention of the concept of fairness in a casino. He kept the grenade away and took his seat at the table once again.

“Come on. I'll leave the choice to you,” remarked Eugene as he patted at the chips by his side. He continued, “Your first choice is to let me use this eighty million in chips to finish the remaining four rounds of our match. If you're lucky, you can win the money back, but if you're not, you would stand to lose another eighty million. However, if you manage to middle your way through this, you would only lose

these chips I have right here.”

Eugene spoke carefully and at a measured pace to ensure that each word was carved indelibly in Harold's mind. He continued, “If that's the case, the damage and losses you've suffered tonight will still be acceptable. Even if people knew that there are issues with your casino, they will ultimately still return. After all, which casino doesn't have something fishy going on the backend?”

Finally, Eugene added, “Your second choice is to clear off all the debts you're tracking on your account. Whatever wins and losses you've racked up in the past won't count any longer. Distribute the winnings equally. Since you have the chance to win all our money, we should have the opportunity to do the same to you as well. Now, without any cameras or conniving techniques at hand, let us finish our match before all these eyewitnesses! Starting bet will be ten

million!”

An awkward silence ensued in the gambling house as everyone considered the ramifications of Eugene's proposal. The silence was only punctuated by the occasional whirring of the slot machines and their moving mechanical components, as well as the steady thumping of everyone's hearts as they waited in anticipation. Finally, Harold broke the silence and said, “I choose the second option.”

Once the chips had been reassigned, each person now held about forty million worth of chips in their possession. However, they were fully aware that this was still insufficient for use since the starting bet already amounted to ten million. With that starting amount, anyone could easily walk away with triple of that amount just by winning via the lowest possible tier available in the match.

Everyone held their breath in anticipation as they waited anxiously. Casper was no exception.

Only the last four rounds of the match remained, and Casper made sure to play each of his hands with utmost caution. In the first round, he managed to get one over the other players by securing an easy victory. Once he accounted for the bonuses, that meant he racked up a win of sixty million from each player for that round.

He couldn't believe what had happened, and his arms trembled as he realized that he had managed to make more than a hundred million just like that.

As there weren't sufficient chips for the game, they used the chips that represented a ten-thousand denomination to represent a hundred thousand. With that, Michael, Harold, and Eugene each tossed six of such chips over to Casper.

At this point, Eugene suddenly exclaimed, “Surely you don't intend to exclude your student's share when we do the final accounting later on, do you?”

Michael's face turned pale-white in response since he had long considered such a possibility. If he made a mistake later on or lost quite a sizeable amount of money, the debts he would incur would be substantially reduced if Harold evicted him from the game.

“What are you thinking, Michael? Who do you think has been providing for you and guiding you along this whole time?” asked Harold incredulously as he took in Michael's expression and realized the latter was contemplating that option.

Michael hurriedly replied, “Of course, it's you! I wasn't thinking of anything else. I'm loyal only to you.”

“Hmph! Don't you dare let your imagination roam wild! These people can't be trusted, and they're not easy to deal with!” exhorted Harold firmly as he brought Michael's musings to a screeching halt.

As this was going on, the game had already arrived at the second round, and it was clear that everyone was preparing to play major hands of their own. As they continued to guess at what cards their opponents were holding on to, they simultaneously devised strategies to let their teammates get what they needed to win. It was such an intense match that if something went awry, it was easy for any one of them to dive too deep and fall into a bottomless abyss.

At this stage of the game, Casper's hands were drenched in sweat amidst the tension that permeated the space. Although an amount in the hundreds of millions wasn't much to him personally, this was a

critical moment. He turned to look at Eugene and saw that the latter had become serious despite his usual poker face and inscrutable expression. The cigarette he was smoking had very nearly burnt to its end.

“Game!” yelled Eugene.

He had seen the card that Harold had thrown out, and his eyes flashed triumphantly as he immediately snatched it up and revealed his hand. With the addition of Harold's discarded card, Eugene managed to complete a relatively low-tier combination to win the round.

Even though the win wasn't particularly spectacular and wasn't augmented by any bonus considerations, it nevertheless still cut Harold deeply as it represented a direct win that Eugene had over him.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 284



Harold looked unwell when he lost the game. Now, he had to give sixty million all by himself.

He tremblingly took six pieces of chips out of his stack as if it was not the chips but his heart.

At that moment, it was not a gambling technique showdown, but a competition to see who had a stronger heart. Casper worriedly looked at Harold's ashen face as if the latter would faint in the next second.

When it came to the last two rounds, it was all silence. Eugene stopped smoking and stared at the cards on

the table like a scanning machine.

Harold glanced at Michael, signaling the latter to give him a cover so he could start cheating.

It would be dangerous and risky to cheat in front of Eugene. However, he reckoned that even King of Cheats was just a human, and a human could naturally be distracted. Once Eugene lost his focus, Harold would risk it all in desperation.

Yet, Michael's facial expression revealed his reluctance. How can I distract Eugene when he has his full attention on the table?

Michael trembled uncontrollably as Harold stared at him threateningly.

Casper was aware of their eye contact, but he did not speak out. If he could notice these little tricks of them,

Eugene must be alert as well. Noticing that the latter wasn't making any moves, Casper remained silent.

As long as they keep their little tricks off the cards, everything will be fine. If they have special abilities that allow them to share their cards with each other using their brainwaves, I will have no choice but to admit defeat.

But the truth was, the cheaters had their own signals to report their cards using their facial expressions. Though it was very complicated, it could be as precise as the Morse code. Casper was new to this, so it was obvious that he would not know about that.

“Ouch!” Michael screamed suddenly and slumped to the ground holding his belly. Casper gave him a quick sidelong glance, but Eugene never flinched a bit with his eyes fixed at the table.

He is such a tough nut to crack. Harold panicked. But to play along with Michael's act, he quickly stood up and asked, "What's the matter, Michael? Is it your usual stomachache?"

Casper frowned slightly. Stomachache at this moment? They are up to something!

"Stop acting. Sit back and continue playing seriously!" Casper raged at Michael. Feeling helpless, Harold helped Michael to get up and return to their seats. Harold could not find any chance to cheat as Eugene had never shifted his gaze away from the table, even for a second.

However, Eugene got his chance instead.

He stared at his cards. He had one tile that was useless as it couldn't be connected into any combinations. However, at the turn of events, that

single tile had become his trump card to winning after he switched it for a different one in secret. He could win at any time now.

As of now, the game payout was calculated according to the player's points. The minimum bet was ten million, and players were betting hundreds of millions now. So, a winning of a million wasn't considered a big win.

Harold had no idea that his little scheme had backfired. Eugene asserted a lot of pressure on him, and he couldn't stop wiping his sweat. Harold was so stressed that his judgment was no longer sharp. He lost his focus on the game.

Initially, Casper was thinking of lending Eugene a hand in winning the game. However, after taking a glance at Eugene's next move, it was apparent that he was one step from winning the game.

“I don't need you to light my cigarette for me. Do you understand me?” Eugene looked at Terrence and spoke suddenly. He then swept a meaningful glance toward Casper.

This is such an obvious signal. Doesn't need help to light up the cigarette? He's trying to say he can win the game by himself, right? Casper mused.

At the thought of that, Casper almost smacked himself in the head. What was I even thinking? Help Eugene? That'll be doing something that's not necessary. The object of the game is to get the most points. The object of each hand is to get rid of all the cards in hand. If I help him win this game by keeping the most cards in my hands, I will have the biggest face values, which will cause me to lose points. Now, it seemed obvious that there were only two teams gambling on the table, which were team Harold and

team Eugene. It didn't matter if Eugene or Casper won the game, as they could win all of the chips. However, if Casper held the most cards, he could lose the game and pay out all his chips to the others. So, he should try to lay off most of his cards and remain the smallest values in hand.

After finally coming back to his senses, he started thinking about how to reduce his cards. Eugene would win the game anyhow. So he would just let Harold be the one with the most cards in hand.

On the other hand, Harold gave up the hope of winning the game but tried hard to reduce his cards as well.

Luckily, all of the Joker cards were on the table, so Eugene would not win easily by using the wild cards to represent any card in a meld.

The game continued until the players almost ran out of cards. The crowd was nervous when Eugene picked up his last tile. However, the man was smiling.

“Harold, Lady Luck's on my side,” Eugene teased. Just like that, he had won big.

Harold and his men had no idea Eugene had cheated by swapping his useless tile when he and Michael put on their little show earlier.

“Two hundred and ten million...” Harold mumbled in shock. Then, he quietly gave out his chips worth seventy million.

“It's the last round. Anyone wants to say anything?” Eugene lay back against his chair and lighted up his cigarette. He then asked, “By the way, Harold, how many assets do you have here?”

Harold gave him a cold glare. "It's none of your business. I don't need you to worry about that. I can still afford it. Come on, win or lose, let's finish the last round."

Eugene nodded and said to Casper, "Did you hear that? Prepare your multi-hundred million assets. Harold is going to play seriously right now."

Casper wondered what multi-hundred million assets he had. But he could not say that, so he replied, "Just a few hundred million? It's nothing to me."

Eugene then said to Michael, "I almost finished my packet of Hemsworth. Why don't you buy me Liesfield back then?"

Michael glared at Eugene. "You said you wanted a good one. Isn't Hemsworth cigarettes better than Liesfield?"

“Well, I think I've changed my mind. I want Liesfield cigarettes right now. Do they sell them?”

Michael ignored Eugene, but the latter seemed to be unusually demanding. “Hey, are there any? If there are, I can get one when I head out later.”

“Yes!” Michael huffily replied.

It's the last round. Win or lose. Live or die. Instead, this wicked Eugene remains so calm and unruffled. Apparently, he wants to infuriate Harold and Michael on purpose. It's definitely clever to mess with someone's heart and mind first.

Casper was proud that he learned something new from the gambling geezer. However, he did not know that the conversation between Eugene and Michael was insinuating something else.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 285



By the time they got to their sixth turn of the final round, Harold had calmed down and was less agitated. He knew he had lost the money, and fury would not improve the situation in any way, so he recollected himself to focus on the game.

If he wanted to win the final round, he had to give it his all.

When he scanned the tabletop, he noticed that there weren't a lot of good cards and that he should've dealt with the situation during the previous turns. There

were a few cards that he could use, but not enough to form a sequence. At the same time, he checked the card Eugene played, which seemed to be forming a pure sequence.

Slightly unnerved by the situation, he and Michael checked each other's cards. It wasn't until he knew that Michael had two cards that could be used to form a pure sequence that he felt more at ease.

You can spend all your time waiting to form a pure sequence. If I manage to form a winning set, I can salvage some of the losses I suffered earlier. Then, I'll kick Michael away when we settle the accounts, which means I wouldn't be losing that much tonight. I'll just have to release Terrence and Eugene, and I'll let Sawyer settle the rest on his own. I've looked after Michael for long enough. It's time he repays his debt. My dear disciple, this will be your master's final lesson for you. Never trust anyone while you're gambling!

Harold had made up his mind to sacrifice his disciple to save himself.

After taking a look at his hand, Harold noticed that he now had a few cards of the same suits as well as three different suits.

Eugene would definitely stop me from forming a winning set. He's currently passively waiting, but he'll never be able to clear his cards in one shot. If he's solely aiming for a pure sequence, I will definitely win.

Ascertained of the situation, Harold stopped worrying so much as he discarded his cards. Casper hadn't even formed a sequence yet, so he was certain that he could win if he managed to form a winning set before the other two.

Meanwhile, Casper had no idea that the situation had

changed and was still figuring that he might be able to form a nice sequence. However, as time went by, the more he felt that something was off. He had yet to combine any of the cards that could determine a definite win.

It wasn't until then that he realized belatedly that someone was trying to form the ultimate winning set.

The heck?

His hands shuddered as he discarded a card because he noticed he had an Ace among his cards. If one of the players were trying to form a winning set, he would have the remaining three Aces.

A rough calculation indicated that that person could likely win a total of two hundred and seventy million.

“D*mn!” Casper shot up from his seat while looking at

Eugene and Harold, knowing that either of the two would have a winning set.

Why didn't Eugene give me any tips? What if we lose the game?

After some consideration, Casper figured that even if Eugene might be the one aiming for the winning set, he shouldn't discard his Ace either.

Thus, he ended up laying three random cards. Since neither of the other players reacted, he supposed he was safe.

Casper was the third person, while Harold was the fourth, so it was Harold's turn after his. Without hesitating, Harold laid down a sequence.

“Game over,” said Eugene all of a sudden.

“Huh?” Casper didn't hear him clearly.

“It's over.”

As Eugene lit a cigarette, his serious expression had given way to a casual one.

“Are you faking this?” Harold snickered. “You can't frighten me.”

Instead of speaking, Eugene spread his cards out to reveal all of them.

“A pure sequence and two impure sequences.”

Harold had a look of disbelief on his face. “This is impossible! How could you have three of that card?” All of a sudden, he seemed to have realized something as he stood and turned to yell at Michael, “You d*mn brat! Did you lie to me?”

Michael was also wearing an impassive look on his face as he faced Harold. "Let's call this even, Master. Not only would I have gotten nothing if you had won, but you would have also kicked me away if you had lost! Do I look like a fool?"

While Harold was enraged, Eugene said, "The game has ended, Harold. Please calculate our earnings."

"Don't you dare do anything fishy. Pay up everything that you've lost," Casper demanded. For security's sake, he took out his gun and unlocked it.

All the while, Harold's face contorted with anger. Although he wanted to go back on his word, there was a grenade and handgun in front of him. Between his own life and money, he ended up choosing the former.

With Michael's betrayal and the fact that Harold never intended to pay him anyway, they only had to calculate how much Harold lost to them because Casper and Eugene were a team.

During the final four rounds, Casper won the first round, so Harold owed him sixty million. During the second round, Harold's move helped Eugene win, so he owed the latter sixty million. Eugene won during the third round, so Harold owed him seventy million.

However, the fourth round was when Harold lost the most money. He helped Eugene form a pure sequence, losing to the latter a whopping six hundred forty million.

After deducting Terrence's debt of twenty-five million and the chips worth twenty million that Horington Casino lent to Casper, Harold lost a total of seven hundred eighty-five million.

“Oh, I should be paying you a million, so the total will be seven hundred eighty-four million.”

Eugene was even merciful enough to give Harold a discount of a million.

“Does this guy have this much savings? Will he even pay us obediently?”

Casper was a little worried when he noticed that the staff of Horington Casino around them had placed their fingers on the triggers of their guns.

Eugene stood up and cried, “Hmph! They're nothing but dogs! We don't have to fear them now that their master has collapsed. Why would they want to engage in a gunfight with you when the customers of Horington Casino are still around? Don't make me laugh! They're delighted to witness this old guy's fall!

According to the rules, your boss lost more than seven hundred million to us, so this gambling resort is officially bankrupt. You can step up now if you still wish to fight for this old guy. However, those who are delighted can come to the ground floor and clap their hands. Whoever claps the loudest will be offered one million.”

What happened next made Casper's jaw drop. Eighty percent of Horington Casino's staff came to the ground floor to clap. The cacophony managed to even make the tables tremble slightly.

“F*cking hell.”

Casper wasn't sure what to say about those people, so he could only swear to express his astonishment.

“This is an age where wealth dictates everything.” Eugene snatched Harold's cane away from him. “Go

on. Show us the way to your tiny vault. All gamblers are the same and will never trust banks. They must have stashed their cash away.”

“Before that, let's take everything to the counter where people exchange their chips for money on the ground floor,” Casper suggested.

Both of them dragged Harold, who was drained of all strength, along to the counter on the ground floor. There was still some thirty million in cash. Casper scratched his head as he thought about calling his subordinates to come and retrieve the money, but his phone was left outside.

At that moment, Michael handed Casper's phone back to him smilingly, seemingly having just taken it from where it was kept.

Casper glanced at him in surprise. Despite feelings of

disdain toward the latter, he praised, “Not bad. You have a keen eye.”

After making the call, the other customers walked up to them. They wanted to return their chips and leave the place as soon as possible.

Those customers were all privileged in some sense, so Casper figured he should best not offend them. After taking a look at the thirty million on the floor, he instructed Gunther and two gunmen to exchange the chips the customers held with the cash and put the remaining cash away if there were any left.

What followed was the most important part. The men of Firewolf Chamber of Commerce rushed into the space, after which Casper led them to the third floor. There were a few rooms over there that were either used for illegal gambling or money laundering, a surveillance room, as well as Harold's office.

Although Harold kept on throwing a hissy fit along the way, it didn't work on someone as heartless as Eugene. In the end, Harold was forced to unlock his vault behind a hidden door. Casper estimated that there should be ninety million worth of cash, gold, and diamonds.

Is that all? Casper heaved a sigh mentally, thinking that they perhaps wouldn't be able to get back the full amount Harold owed them. I think he might have purchased a yacht or stored more cash at home.

“Professional gamblers would only spend a tenth of their money on here. There must be more,” said Eugene.

After spending another ten minutes dealing with Harold, Eugene finally managed to pry the location of the second safe out of him. Casper nodded internally.

Cunning people always have a backup plan for everything. It's expected of this sly fox to have two secret vaults.

There was a lot more loot in the second vault. There was almost twenty million worth of cash, a few passbooks, and stock receipts.

“Didn't you say gamblers don't trust in these? Why does he have so many of them?” Casper made a rough calculation. Damn! This is worth around six hundred million. Harold is capable of making money.

“Both parties are merely using each other,” Eugene replied after a brief pause.

Upon listening to Eugene's words, Casper couldn't help but feel like the former sounded rather proud.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 286



The first half of the night was dedicated to winnings and the second half to money collection. The partial confiscation of Harold's real estate scarcely made it past eight hundred million. Casper decided to maintain Harold's possession of his mansion in Machia worth millions and five million in cash while the rest was absorbed.

The largest underground gambling resort in Horington was completely decimated on this day.

Casper dismissed all of Horington Casino's original employees as they weren't of use to him now with their one-track knowledge of the gambling resort. In

addition, he commandeered several small-bore pistols. Though the guns were initially only intended to intimidate instead of inflicting physical harm, the unprecedented appearance of Casper changed that.

“It amuses me to imagine how Sawyer Lingham will react to the news tomorrow morning since part of the shares still belongs to Lingham Group!” Casper cackled with his hands full of stock futures. The mere thought of winning all these with only ten million as bankroll would put him in a jolly mood for days.

But there was still one problem left unresolved. Casper had questioned Eugene on how the spoils were to be shared between them before the operation, but his only reply was that they'd cross the bridge once they got to it while lighting a cigarette.

“How much would you like?” asked Casper warily. He was aware that Eugene was a strong contributor to

the success of their mission and it would be unwise to be miserly now. Casper and Terrence would have floundered miserably if not for Eugene's leadership.

“Give me one hundred and thirty million, out of which thirty million will go to Michael,” replied Eugene after some consideration.

“Are you sure that's enough?” exclaimed Casper in disbelief.

Eugene directed his stare at him. “We gamblers are all slaves to our own greed. I have my eyes set on bigger returns in the future is all. Besides, I owe you my life, so this amount will suffice.”

Casper gave a silent nod of acknowledgment and proceeded to empty the upper floor of cash to Eugene. Eugene then magnanimously doled out 5 million to Stallion, an underling of the Firewolf

Chamber of Commerce.

Stallion was agog at the tiny fortune stuffed in his hands.

“This is good and all, but don't forget that you guys still owe me,” said Eugene amusingly. This was his closest attempt at cracking a joke.

Stallion's perception of Eugene the gambling geezer was instantly altered. The gods of gambling seemed to favor him, and he claimed to cover the purchase of all their cigarettes in the future.

Casper continued to hand out money to Gunther and the other two gunners, but they shook their heads in refusal. “We were just acting on the orders of Mr. Lane. It's not our place to accept this.”

It wasn't until Casper decided to call Winston that the

three men finally relented in accepting the sum.

While handing over the cash, Casper entertained the possibility of recruiting Gunther as a man of such prowess would surely be valuable to him.

Out of the corner of his eye, Casper caught sight of Michael and wondered when exactly he had betrayed his mentor and fraternized with Eugene right under his nose.

He pulled Eugene aside and discreetly questioned him about the matter.

Eugene lit himself a cigarette and answered, "Michael approached us under the guise of a merchant intent on having a good time as instructed by Harold. We figured that Harold would only dispatch someone highly skilled and trustworthy and soon put two and two together..." When Harold had to excuse himself to

the bathroom for the first time, Eugene requested to purchase a pack of cigarettes and passed Michael a hundred. Concealed within it was a paper strip detailing Eugene's instructions.

These were the words written: Subterfuge, dividends, agree, Liesfield, neutral, Hemsworth.

Basically, Eugene was asking Michael whether or not he was willing to commit subterfuge. If so, he would then need to choose between two cigarette brands to represent his answer. Hemsworth if he consented, and Liesfield if he were to remain undecided. It was unnecessary for him to provide a third option as Michael would have directly reported to his mentor and exposed Eugene's scheme if that were his choice.

“What if both of them were actually playing the long game instead?” Casper puzzled.

Eugene scoffed. "Michael's response would not have mattered as I ignored him throughout the first three rounds and relied on myself. I commend your astute observation, lad. It's also why my plan went smoothly for the first three rounds, and it wasn't till the fourth round that my adumbration began to surface."

Casper thought of what he had overheard Eugene saying during the first round of betting. "Harold, you can't possibly be thinking of excluding your apprentice when tapping out, right?"

It was then that Michael's determination began to waver. Eugene's revelation substantiated the fact that Harold would get rid of him once he lost. With each of Harold's losses, the more dire Michael's circumstances became. During the third round, Eugene started chatting with the three men, and a dialogue ensued between the two.

“I'm finishing my packet of Hemsworth. Why didn't you get me some Liesfields back then?” inquired Eugene.

Michael fixed Eugene with a glare. “Didn't you mention that you wanted high-quality cigarettes? Hemsworth cigarettes are certainly more premium than Liesfield cigarettes.”

“Well, I guess I've changed my mind. Are there still any Liesfield cigarettes on sale out there?”

Michael continued to disregard Eugene, but the latter was unusually adamant. “Come on man, are there any? Do get me one when you head out later, all right?”

“Fine!” grumbled Michael disdainfully.

This ostentatiously innocuous conversation was rife

with intent to those who were in on the plan.

“Well then Michael, you've been spectating all this while, and we're soon to near the end of our rounds. Why choose to do so now?” queried Eugene.

“This is the first time my mentor has suffered such a loss,” responded Michael.

“I will ask you once again then, subterfuge or not?”

Eugene left no room for discussion by following up insistently, “It's obvious by now who has the upper hand. Help me, and you may still get a share of the winnings. Suit yourself.”

Michael had no other choice but to take Eugene up on his offer.

Eugene and Michael colluded against Harold in the

final round. They created a diversion, resulting in him showing his hand and losing his advantage.

“Harold thought that his signals were only decipherable by his apprentice. Little did he know that they were vague iterations of former games and could easily be understood.”

“Why then were you so fixated on bribing the fellow?” asked Casper after a moment of deliberation.

Eugene took a drag on his cigarette, his eyes gleaming. “Enemies may come and go but profits prove substantial. Michael, like his mentor, is a man well-versed in weighing the benefits and drawbacks. He would do anything to save his own skin regardless of ethics, just like anyone else.”

Eugene was awash in memories, and his voice wavered. He was reminded once again of another

identical act of betrayal committed against a mentor by an apprentice, only that he was the victim.

Casper was in awe of Eugene's finesse.

“Amazing! I was not even able to do that during a gunfight.” Casper stole a glance at Michael. “How should we deal with him?”

“Give him thirty million. His gambling skills are mediocre at best, just like his mentor. He may be well capable of toadying to us after his betrayal, but men like him have no loyalties. It'd be best to release him instead of risking the possibility of being double-crossed by keeping him close.”

Casper nodded in assent and instantly got down to first handing over twenty million worth of cash to Michael, then transferring the remaining ten million to Michael's bank account.

“You're too good for this place. I suggest you leave in search of a better alternative.”

The thirty million silenced Michael's protests, and there was little else he could do other than stomach his dissatisfaction with a nod before departing.

“This entire place belongs to me now.”


Casper gazed at the newly vacated Horington Casino and felt overcome with emotion. Even the pub outside which functioned as a shell business was his now.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 287





“Let's not open a gambling resort. We should renovate it and do something else. The pub outside is considered to be one of the best ones in Horington. Besides, its monthly income can go up to millions.”

Casper began to calculate his profit for the day. After removing the 130 million that was given to Eugene and Michael, he still had about 600 million worth of bonds and stocks in his hands that were transferred to him by Harold. With the real estate under Harold's name, as well as about 20 million worth of deposits in the bank, Casper had more than 40 million.

“This family has achieved so many goals...”

Casper felt as if everything was a dream. This amount of money seems so surreal.

“No, it wasn't easy to earn them. The time, effort, and

power that was invested into Horington Casino this time were more than anything we've ever done. It also required more judgment skills and willpower than the norm. If a single thing were to go wrong, we wouldn't have been able to achieve this result...”

At this time, the sky gradually turned bright as the night came to an end.

All of Harold's assets had been handed over. Horington Casino was crowded during the first half of the night, but only Casper and the members of Firewolf Chamber of Commerce stayed throughout the night. Two bankers and lawyers would occasionally drop by for the handover.

“The pub outside has closed too. Let's go back when we're finished.” Feeling slightly drained, Casper rubbed his eyes. The fight of wits that night was too exhausting for him.

“There's more to Horington Casino than this.” Eugene stood by the door with a cigarette in his mouth. “It's one of the largest places outside of Horington for money laundering and gambling. There are also many external influences who are involved. It's better to be prepared for what's to come now that you've severed their connections with Horington.”

Casper did not immediately respond. Instead, he glanced at Eugene and asked, “Is it really that fun for you to smoke?”

“Do you want one?” Eugene pulled out a cigarette from the pack and offered it to Casper, but the latter rejected it and said, “No, thanks. I can't stand the smell. Besides, it's harmful to the body.”

Eugene smiled and replied, “That's because your time isn't here yet. When you have many more things in

your head, you'll naturally start smoking. Nicotine might be poisonous, but it can also calm you down quickly.”

Hearing Eugene's reply, Casper shook his head in response. He was convinced that he would never smoke nor gamble. These things are terrifying. It can ruin my life in the blink of an eye.

However, Eugene's words were realistic and logical. Everything in life was a gamble, and people had been playing this game throughout their lives. The only difference was that they bet on different things, and it was not done on the betting table.

However, there was another key problem to be solved, and that was Terrence.

Casper had helped Terrence pay off his gambling debts, but the latter was still addicted to gambling.

Casper had no idea how to help him quit that addiction.

At that moment, Terrence was behaving in an abnormal manner. His eyes turned red as he was ecstatic when he had won some money earlier. However, he was feeling melancholy as he sat on the ground. Nobody knew the thoughts that were running through his mind.

If I don't break his addiction to gambling, he will continue to gamble again in the future. In that case, whatever I've done tonight was only to treat the symptoms and not the root cause of the problem.

Casper was lost in his own thoughts when Eugene suddenly said, "If you really want to help him quit gambling, I think it's best to first see if his addiction is curable."

“How do I know if it's curable?”

“You'll be able to tell at a glance.”

Casper walked toward Terrence. It was only when he was close to him did he manage to hear what Terrence was muttering under his breath. Casper pricked up his ears to listen as Terrence muttered, “I finally won. I finally won. I can finally face Belinda...”

Casper squatted down and looked Terrence in the eyes. “Mr. Clauder, now that your gambling debts have been paid off, I can give you tens of millions to see Mrs. Clauder. But first, you'll have to answer my question. Will you gamble again in the future?”

Terrence hesitated for a moment before he pursed his lips and let out a long sigh. “That's not enough...”

Casper's heart sank. Has he gone mad from

gambling? How could he say that winning tens of millions isn't enough?

Terrence continued to say, "I promised Belinda I'd let her go back. But how is that amount enough? I need more money..."

Casper furrowed his brows and did not know what to say. He looked toward Eugene, who shook his head as if to say that Terrence was a lost cause.

"What can I do? He's Giselle's father. As long as there's a glimmer of hope, I'll never be able to give up on him. I'll have someone monitor him every second if I have to! Mr. Clauder, please sober up a little.

Gambling won't make you rich at all. What I did today was an exception. You'll either lose or win whenever you gamble. You've lost so many times, but why can't you understand that?"

Casper grabbed Terrence's shoulders and added determinedly, "Mr. Clauder, if you promise me that you'll never gamble again, then I will give you the 20 million so that you could return to Mrs. Clauder and give her a proper explanation. But if you can't do that, then I won't give you a single cent!"

Eugene nodded in agreement when he heard Casper's words. The best way to tie a gambler down was with money. Money meant everything to them. They would not listen to anything but money.

"You're not a man of your words. How did my daughter become friends with someone like you?" Terrence was beginning to be angry.

"Mr. Clauder, I'm only breaking my promises for your own good. Since you're addicted to gambling and won't heed any advice, I have no choice but to fight fire with fire. I don't care what you say now. You'll

never get a single cent as long as you continue to gamble,” Casper said courteously.

Terrence's body began to shake as he shook off Casper's arm. “You promised! You promised to give me money!” he shouted loudly.

Casper did not want to argue with Terrence. He shook his head and walked out of Horington Casino, leaving Terrence shouting from behind.

“So what now? Are you sure you don't want to give up on him?” Eugene asked.

Casper had arrived outside of the pub, and the look in his eyes was filled with turmoil. “Yes, I'm sure. He's not someone I can give up on. He means too much to me. I need him.”

Casper's eyes lit up at the thought of Terrence's

words when he said that he wanted to provide Belinda with an explanation. There must be a reason as to why he's in desperate need of money. Maybe I could speak to Giselle's mother to find out what actually happened.

“He said tens of millions is not enough. What do you think he meant by that? What could possibly cost tens of millions?” Casper was slightly confused.

Eugene, however, smiled and said, “Don't you understand? Tens of millions mean nothing when he wants to become rich. He wants to be a rich man who is listed on Forbes, and he wants to prove himself using money.”

Casper was even more confused. “But he's not of low status. As the youngest professor in Horington, he has an unexceptionally bright future. Why does he care so much about money? It just doesn't make any

sense.”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 288



With Terrence being a prominent figure in the academic sector, his prestige was certainly related to Giselle for being able to become a lecturer at Business University at such a young age. Fame should have been inconsequential for a person like Terrence, who devoted his mind to academic research. If it were not because of his desire for fame and wealth, he would not have fallen into Sawyer's trap.

“He must have some other reasons. It should be

related to Mrs. Clauder. She comes from a prestigious family. I once heard from Mr. Clauder that she left her family because of him. Since she also mentioned before that tens of millions are nothing to them, it seems to be an aristocratic family. Perhaps Mr. Clauder wanted to earn money so badly so that her family would look at him differently.”

Hearing Casper's words, Eugene responded, “If he had gone into gambling seriously because of his woman, he isn't rotten to the core and hasn't lost himself in wealth yet. There's still a glimmer of hope to save him.”

“I thought you said that gamblers are all sc*mbags, and there's no cure for them? Why are you changing your mind now?” asked Casper.

Eugene stepped on his cigarette stub. “Sc*mbags are humans too, and every human gets their moment to

shine. Being involved in gambling for years, I've never expected a good man among gamblers. However, I've met a guy who behaves like a real man, at least. He has changed my perspective, but he wasn't able to do so himself in the end..."

Casper was intrigued. "It sounds like a touching story, doesn't it?"

Eugene smiled wryly. "Don't tell me you're interested in listening to a story after battling for the whole night."

"Why not? I get to unwind." Casper slumped on the seat at the bar of the pub. After he snapped his fingers at two waiters, who were cleaning up, they then handed a glass of wine over.

Harold used this pub as the coverup for Horington Casino in the first place, and the manager of this pub was once his subordinate too. The manager merely

fell asleep in the middle of the night and woke up to find that his boss had been replaced by someone else. Even though clueless about what had happened, he was relieved deep down to hear that everything at the pub remained usual.

The core staff of the pub basically knew about what happened in the gambling resort and would even help with attracting customers sometimes. Therefore, most people who came to the pub would play a few games in the gambling resort.

Casper merely greeted the staff without giving further instructions. All of a sudden, they found it hard to believe he was an approachable person, as an ordinary young man like him turned out to be a formidable character who was capable of winning everything from Harold overnight.

Casper gulped down a mouthful of wine, waiting for

Eugene to start the story which had changed his life.

“Forget it.” Eugene sighed, seemingly reluctant to bring that matter up.

“Why? Don't tell me... the person is one of your family members?” asked Casper.

“How's that possible? I'll never allow a person like that around me. Once someone starts to gamble, he'll have to give up kinship, and his family is going to abandon him in the end. No one is going to care even if he dies out there.” When Eugene said those words, his face was surprisingly cold, without a shred of emotion.

At this time, members of Firewolf Chamber of Commerce had already retreated from Horington Casino after searching through it and taking everything they could.

“After being informed of the news that the biggest gambling resort in Horington has been shut down tonight, other gambling resorts would better behave and do the same. Otherwise, by the time I take action, I'm going to take everything away. No one will be able to get away with that.”

Casper was in rather high spirits. He had nothing to be afraid of since the most troublesome gambling resort had now been taken down.

However, even though Casper could shut down the gambling resorts, he was incapable of making those gamblers turn over a new leaf. They would still figure out a way to gamble, not at all bothering about working hard and merely wasting their energy on thinking about becoming rich overnight, which was something with a null possibility.

“Horington is huge with places everywhere for those gamblers to hide all the time, just like the rats in a ditch. But you're different. Horington is too small for you, and you've to make yourself out of here into the bigger world sooner or later. I'll walk out of here just in time with your ambition and then find that apprentice of mine to seek revenge.”

Casper drank the wine by himself before turning around and asking again, “So, you're still not intending to tell me the story?”

Eugene raked through the stubble on his chin and replied, “I don't mind telling you about it if you're truly interested. The person is not important anyway.”

Before Eugene became lofty and shrewd like he was at the present moment, he encountered several gambles that he found problematic.

The most unforgettable one among them would be the gamble twenty years ago when he had just debuted after mastering the skills.

Eugene was still very young that year. While his mentality and shrewdness might not be as impressive as that of right now, he was non-disabled and had all of his fingers at the time. His invincible cheating techniques worked at every gamble.

A tycoon from Jetroina harbored a grudge against Eugene after losing millions to him. Therefore, he invited Eugene to a grand gamble.

Being young and ignorant, Eugene figured it was impossible for him to lose given his skills and thought of the gamble to be undoubtedly offering him money. Therefore, he attended the gamble without thinking too much about it.

Out of his expectations, other than poker, rummy, dice, and dominoes, there was something else in the world that could be put at stake. The gamble that he went on was organized together by multiple international gangs, and they were betting on human lives!

They built a two-hand-wide iron panel as a bridge between two buildings of one-hundred-meter high and demanded those gamblers to walk over the bridge one by one, which was connected to a high-voltage current. Those gamblers were only given a pair of insulating shoes without any other safety equipment on their bodies. If their hands happened to touch the bridge, they would be electrified and fall from a hundred meters above, resulting in instant death.

Eugene never expected himself to fall into the trap of the Jetroina tycoon. He turned out to be one of the participants, having to put on the clothes with a

number and cross the bridge.

If the bridge were located in a two-meter-high place, the two-hand width would be enough for many people to walk back and forth. However, with it being positioned a hundred meters high in the air, someone would be struck with vertigo at the view underneath by taking a mere step forward.

Even if Eugene was not afraid of heights, he became nervous about facing such. Be it a hesitation or a tremble; someone could have fallen off the bridge and turned into a dead body.

The organizer also offered them an opportunity to give up. Someone who gave up would be considered in debt of ten million, whereas those who passed would win twenty million.

In between money and life, most people would have

chosen the latter, likewise for gamblers. Nevertheless, the gamblers being assembled this time were basically all heavy in debt with the thought of exchanging their lives for money. Since their debts were piling high in the first place and would end up in death sooner or later if everything was kept the same way, they might as well give it a try here.

Eugene could afford ten million at that time since he could earn money back by just winning a few gambles once he left this place. However, seeing that no one among those gamblers, who were left with no choice but to give up, Eugene actually thought about fighting for those millions of money with his life.

He had always regarded himself highly and felt his courage and intelligence superior to that of others. To him, those gamblers in heavy debt were good-for-nothing in the lowest class of the hierarchy.

He could not accept it if people whom he despised the most could do something that he dared not to.

Perhaps there was only a fine line between genius and insanity. Being quirky as he was, Eugene decided to stay and cross the bridge.

The organizer gave them an hour. With merely a few hundred feet between the two buildings, someone could have walked back and forth in a minute.

However, those people spent half of the allocated time just to muster up their courage to get on the bridge.

No words could describe how they were feeling at that moment. Whether they regretted it or wished to give up, it was already too late for them.

Twenty million were awaiting in front at the end, and there were others behind. If someone hesitated and

stopped, people behind him would even resort to pushing him down to maintain their balance.

Eugene proceeded only after those men had all gone up, as he did not trust them to stay behind himself.

Regardless of whether they were kind or wicked in the past, it would be difficult for those gamblers to hold onto the principles and distinguish between good and evil under such circumstances, as the desire to survive would make them go to great lengths.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 289



When Eugene was about to take his first step on the bridge, he noticed a miserable man curled up at the corner of the balcony. “Uhh, if this man doesn't go on the bridge first, I can't cross the bridge carefreely.”

With that thought, Eugene retracted his leg and decided to talk to the man. I will start crossing the bridge after him. That way, I don't have to worry about the things happening behind my back. If he blocks my path later, I can always push him off the bridge.

Although Eugene had just debuted, he was as cruel as anybody there because he had been in society for many years.

Eugene went forward and pushed that miserable man. The man was skinny, and he looked malnourished and extremely sick.

“Are you going to get on the bridge? If you want to

give up, you can follow the organizer and get down from the balcony. If you still want to cross the bridge, I suggest you hurry up,” said Eugene. I'm eighty percent sure he doesn't have the guts to step on the bridge. However, I still have to scare him, as I will only feel relieved if he leaves the place.

One could see the terror in the man's eyes. He was so afraid that the nails on his fingers pierced through his arms.

“I can't leave. My son is still waiting for the money...” Although the man was afraid, he didn't want to give up.

Eugene snorted at his reply. Why is he pretending to be a great father? Besides me, most people standing here are debt-owing gamblers. They are mostly the parasite of their family. I don't think anyone here is a good father and responsible husband. A person that

is addicted to gambling is heartless!

“If you really want to save your son, you should start crossing the bridge as soon as possible. There isn't much time left,” said Eugene.

The man stretched his head out and looked outside the balcony that was a hundred meters from the ground. After taking a glance, the man almost fainted as he was terrified. “I-I'm scared. I'm afraid of heights!”

Eugene hated indecisive people. He looked at the time and realized there were only twenty minutes left. At that moment, the fastest contestant had only reached the middle of the bridge. Fear was like a heavy shackle slowing everyone down.

“How much is your debt?” asked Eugene. “You can get twenty million if you successfully walk over to the

other end of the bridge!”

“Three million... However, if I die, there is nobody in the family who can take care of my son.”

“If you give up here, you will owe the organizer ten million. When that happens, I'm sure you can't look after your son anymore. Do you understand?” Eugene forcefully pulled the man up and dragged him in front of the iron bridge.

The man immediately cried and crawled back to the balcony after taking a step forward. It seemed like he still couldn't conquer his fear of heights.

“Useless!” Eugene despised people like this. How can he say he is a great and loving father if he doesn't dare to sacrifice his life for his son? All his actions are merely for show.

“Hmm, since he is a coward, it will be easier for me. I don't think he will start crossing the bridge. As time is running out, I should quickly start my journey,” Eugene mumbled.

Eugene decided not to bother the man. He then took his first step on the iron bridge.

All the gamblers were courageous. After a few people died, they finally conquered their fear. Unfortunately, when they were about to reach the finishing line, a strong gust of wind blew on the contestants as they stood on the bridge between the two high-rise buildings.

Instinctively, many of the people hugged the iron bridge. As electric currents flowed through the iron bridge, they passed through the people's bodies and burned them. Along with their cries, they lost their grip and fell to the ground.

The gamblers who felt more confident about the situation moments ago were in a mess again. The cries of the people falling and the howling wind that would occasionally blow on them caused them to have the thought to retreat.

Just like that, two groups of people had a dispute on the narrow bridge. One group wanted to fall back, while the other wanted to move forward. The result of the two fighting parties would mean they would fall off the bridge together. Staring at the scene in front of him, Eugene was worried that the person in front would start moving backward. Thus, he had no choice but to make the first move and push the person off the bridge.

When Eugene was about to do so, he suddenly noticed someone coming toward him from behind. Cautiously, Eugene turned his head and saw the

miserable father, who mustered up his courage, walking in his direction.

“F*ck! Why didn't he overcome his fear just now or afterward? Why does he have the courage to walk on the bridge now! Wouldn't I end up in a difficult situation?” Eugene was frustrated. If the man, who got on the bridge last, had a wicked idea, Eugene's life might end here.

Half of the people in front of Eugene fell off the bridge. At the moment, only a few people were left on the iron bridge. As expected, Eugene was gifted. He could suppress his fear and take every step steadily.

Gradually, he headed toward his destination.

However, the cries from people, who slipped off the bridge, made him feel anxious. In addition, the wind on the high-rise building would blow unexpectedly.

Every time he thought about these, fear arose within his heart. He didn't know when he would mentally

collapse.

There were only five minutes left, and Eugene was about ten meters away from the finishing line. Besides that, only three people remained on the bridge. The person closest to the finishing line was a courageous gambler. As for Eugene, he was the next in line. Therefore, naturally, the person behind him was that miserable father.

However, because the miserable man had acrophobia, he froze on the spot after walking a few meters. He dared not look at the ground. Instead, he stared at Eugene's back.

“Please... help... me...” the man begged for Eugene's help. The latter felt troubled when he heard the man's voice.

“Shut up!” At the moment, Eugene's calves were

shaking profusely due to the tension. He was worried that his calves would cramp because of his mental issues. If that happened, everything would be over.

Suddenly, the gambler at the front yelled. The person fell off the bridge when he was two steps away from the finishing point. His ear-piercing cries echoed between the two buildings.

“D*mn it! I can't believe they will do something so despicable...”

Eugene observed the area and found out that there were two sharp steel thorns near the end of the iron bridge. As a person would feel tensed when walking on the bridge, the steel thorns would be invisible to most people. In other words, the organizers set up a trap and waited for the contestants to step on it.

It was apparent that the people behind this game

didn't want any of the gamblers to win. That was because people were betting on the gamblers. Many people inside the building placed bets on the gamblers through a surveillance camera. If they thought a gambler had the potential to survive, they would place the bet according to their assumptions. Of course, some would buy that all of the gamblers would die. Thus, the two steel thorns should be a way the organizers secure their win.

Eugene inhaled a deep breath. He couldn't concentrate due to the many unforeseeable circumstances happening around him. If Eugene were at the gambling table, he wouldn't be in such an embarrassing state.

“All the best! I'm sure you can reach the finishing line!” When Eugene was still deep in his thought, he heard a person encouraging him from behind. Hearing that, Eugene was shocked as he turned around.

Is that miserable man cheering for me? But why? Why is he encouraging me when he is in a more dangerous state than I am? Isn't he afraid of heights? Moreover, he looks so weak a breeze can send him flying away from the bridge. So, what makes him think he is worthy enough to cheer for me?

Although there were numerous questions running through Eugene's mind, the man's words comforted him. At least his legs were no longer shaking uncontrollably.

“I'm sure I can't reach the finishing point. However, young man, I know you are different from us at first glance. You are a man that can be successful in life. Thus, you must continue to cross the bridge. You must survive.” The man continued to encourage Eugene while he choked up.

Even though Eugene was ruthless, he felt touched when he heard such words during a life-and-death situation. In reality, he was cruel, not heartless.

Eugene was indifferent because he had seen too much evil side of a human being. However, that didn't mean he hated a person who showed love.

“Stop talking. We will cross the bridge together. Your son is still waiting for you,” replied Eugene.

After all, humans could not live alone. They would show unity under extreme circumstances like this.

The man wiped away his tears. “Forget it. I should probably return to the starting point, as I cannot take another step forward. I need to stay alive to take care of my son. I wish you the best of luck! You're almost there! Oh, one more thing. When the wind blows, you can squat down and hold onto your shoes to maintain your balance and counter the electric currents flowing

through the bridge.”

Piqued by the suggestion, Eugene's eyes gleamed. Why didn't I think of this? Now, I am not afraid even if the wind blows on me. At the man's suggestion, Eugene was confident as he overcame his fear.

You've helped me. If I successfully get through this stage and get the money, I will help you pay part of your debts. Eugene was only a few steps from the finishing line. He would be the winner after walking over the two steel thorns.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 290



He did not hear anything from the man anymore. Perhaps, the man had already returned to the starting point, which was too far away for Eugene to hear.

Thankfully I only need a small jump to get over this.

Eugene exhaled slowly. Thinking about the man encouraging and supporting him from behind made his heart fill with courage. Bending down on his calves, he leaped and managed to land on the balcony, which was the endpoint.

“I'm coming now!”

At that point, Eugene's face was teary. As his calves released all the tension from the high anxiety state abruptly, they started to cramp.

Clenching his teeth and bearing the pain, Eugene stood up. It was the first time he realized that there

were still good souls in this world. He had made up his mind to use the twenty million that he had just won to clear that poor man's debt. He also intended to give another million for him to start afresh, thinking that the man could quit gambling for his son's sake since he could already overcome his fear of death for his son.

Eugene looked toward the mansion opposite, wanting to tell that man the great news.

However, no matter where he looked, whether it was on the iron bridge or the balcony, he could not see anyone.

What? Did he leave already? Eugene was confused. Suddenly, a huge shadow loomed over his heart as a thought flashed through his mind. Did he fall off...

He quickly refuted his thought. Impossible. If he fell, he would have screamed. Even if I were as focused

as possible, I would have heard at least the echoes between these two mansions.

In the past, he had seen someone jump off a seven-story building after becoming bankrupt from gambling. That person started screaming shortly after jumping off. The firemen providing assistance at the scene also said that every single person they had seen jumping off buildings regretted it right after doing so and would scream throughout until they made contact with the ground. Sometimes, because the building was too tall, people at the bottom would only hear a splat without the screaming.

The organizers walked up to the balcony. They seemed somewhat unhappy at Eugene's victory.

“Congratulations on being the only person who took on the challenge and survived.”

Eugene frowned. “The only person? Where did that man just now go to?” This time, he suspected that he was hallucinating. Perhaps, that person was just an illusion of his own fear.

While Eugene's mind was preoccupied with this, he was dragged away by those people.

These foreign mafias are really so cruel in their tactics. They simply view human lives so lightly. Casper was secretly terrified.

Eugene said, “The people you've offended this time are involved in underground businesses; some of them are foreign mafias. Their countries do not have bans on firearms, so these people are accustomed to violence and immoral acts.”

“That's nothing to be scared of. Whether we're in Chanaea or not, I am not afraid of these aliens.”

Casper was not worried at all.

Instead, he was more interested in Eugene's story at the moment. He wondered whether that man really existed or was just an illusion. In the end, he was convinced it was the latter. He asked Eugene, "So, what's the ending of your story?"

Eugene grabbed a stick of cigarette in his hand but did not put it in his mouth. "I got the twenty million and went to search for that man. I didn't believe that he was just an imagination and needed to find him."

Therefore, Eugene went to one of the mafia bosses from the organizing party. Since the latter had placed a bet on him and won a lot of money, he treated Eugene rather nicely. Eugene wanted to know the plight of that man whose name he did not know. When he told the boss his intention, the latter waved and said, "You don't have to find. Other than you,

everyone else fell off to their deaths.”

Eugene was shocked. The boss tossed him a tape that contained the recording of the iron bridge challenge between the balconies. The whole process was recorded, so Eugene would know the truth after watching it. He carried the tape in his hands as though it was an important and heavy shrine. His heart felt inexplicably heavy.

It turned out that reality was always more surprising than one's imagination.

The poor man did exist in the recording and was not a result of Eugene's imagination. In the recording, he kept encouraging Eugene to walk to the finishing line while he attempted to return to the starting point.

However, the distance of over ten meters was so great for him that he would never be able to cross it.

One could never know what a height of several hundred meters truly felt like to someone with acrophobia, but to that man, it definitely was like a gigantic moat.

Eugene could see in the recording clearly that the man's face and lips had turned pale, and he was very close to entering a state of shock.

Could it be that he fainted and fell off! Eugene's heart instantly tensed up. However, the man in the recording did not faint. Instead, he squatted with his body curled up while both his hands rested on his insulated shoes in an attempt to maintain his balance. Nonetheless, his body was, in fact, shaking violently due to his intense fear. He was like an exhaust fan.

Meanwhile, Eugene had reached a critical stage in the recording where he was just a few meters away

from the finishing line. He extended both his arms to further stabilize himself and took each step with much care. As he was in a state of high focus, he was unaware of the condition of the man behind him.

At this point, the man seemed to have given up on advancing. He raised his head and turned to look at Eugene. Even such a small action nearly made him fall off.

The man watched how Eugene was about to achieve success with a plethora of mixed emotions in his eyes—envy, relief, and reluctance. His lips started moving, and his voice was very soft, so Eugene could only read his lips to deduce what he was saying.

“Live on... I'm begging you. You must live on...”

With that, he covered his mouth with both of his hands, stood up, and jumped off the bridge, thus

disappearing from the video into the depths.

Eugene was the only person left on the iron bridge. He was oblivious to the fact that the man had chosen to end his life and assumed that he was still cheering for him on the other side. That was why Eugene felt energized enough to conquer the last obstacle.

The recording only showed how the man dropped off the bridge, but Eugene could still imagine how he had covered his mouth with all his might even when he was tormented by his terror on his journey to his demise. This was all to prevent himself from making a noise and affecting Eugene.

He figured that was the only way for Eugene to cross the bridge unperturbed and live on.

Casper's hand trembled slightly while holding onto a wineglass. The ending of the story was somewhat

different from what he had expected.

For once, Eugene's eyes welled up with tears. Even a defiant and vicious person like him would tear up.

He did not light up the cigarette in his hand for a very long time until he placed it between his lips. Without saying a word, he quietly sucked on the cigarette till his tears stopped flowing and when the cigarette ash fell off due to its own weight.

“He was such a fool... But he was the first person to defeat me.”

Eugene grabbed a new cigarette and wiped away the two streaks of tears on his face with his hands.

“His courage defeated me. Although he was such a coward and was terrified of heights and for his life, he still got onto the bridge for his family. That was not

what I expected, and that was the first time I lost to him. He was a useless gambler who could barely protect himself by fighting two wars. Yet, he still could encourage me and help me cross the bridge. That was the second thing he defeated me. He might be someone without any fame, but he could help a stranger he didn't know even when death was imminent. He overcame his natural human instincts with his willpower, and that was the third thing he defeated me in. Hence, I lost to him thoroughly and utterly because that is something I can never do...”

The bar was silent, as no one made a sound. They were all listening to Eugene recounting his story and were shocked.

Casper turned his wineglass upside down and poured the wine on the floor as a show of respect for the unknown man in Eugene's story.

Although that man was not a hero or a great and noble person, he definitely deserved respect from the others the moment he decided to jump off the bridge.

Perhaps, in the eyes of those gamblers at that time, that man was a wimp for being scared witless after only taking a few steps and eventually choosing to end his life. However, at the very last moment, he was braver than anyone else.

Something that could not be done by anybody was, ironically, done by a timid person.

Eugene pulled the shirt covering his body. As the air in the morning was rather cool, he walked straight out of the entrance of the pub and said nothing else.

There was actually a continuation to that story.

Basically, Eugene managed to find the man's son. He was suffering from leukemia since young. In order to

allow him to continue living, the man took on several jobs, sold his blood to the hospital, and borrowed money from different places. Eventually, he started gambling and could not stop himself. Therefore, he got himself a tremendous amount of debt. Afterward, he was tricked by someone to take on the metal bridge challenge to fulfill the participation rate.

Eugene cleared the man's debts and forked out a huge sum of money to cure the child of his illness. However, as a master of trickery, he did not want to be burdened by anyone. Thus, he sent the man's child to a welfare home and sent him some money every month.

Nevertheless, after fifteen years, the child grew up and went to him. He insisted on learning the latter's tricks, but Eugene did not want him to go down the wrong path like him and refused the young man. However, he was extremely stubborn and threatened

to end his life if Eugene refused. As such, the latter had no choice but to relent and break his oath of not accepting any disciple.

Eugene treated this disciple as his own son, but it was precisely him who betrayed Eugene when they were in international waters, causing the latter's fingers and a leg to be chopped off by the others.

Eugene chose not to divulge this whole continuation because he felt that he had let that man and his child down by not educating the latter well and causing him to be engrossed in the fight for fame and fortune. Hence, he was determined to find him again. It was not out of vengeance or honor but his desire to bring him back on the right track personally.

Casper was not a person without use to him. Eugene had placed a huge bet on Casper as a way to return to his glory days.

“You reap what you sow... Casper, I hope I did not put my faith in you wrongly,” Eugene mumbled and got into the car.

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