

Elena obeyed him and shut her eyes, but they popped open soon after. Oddly enough, she was not afraid at all, just like that time when Tycoon was raided.

Casper seemed to have some sort of mystical power. A few simple words from his mouth could magically put her at ease.

“Grrr... Casper, you're dead meat! Don't you know who Tyson is? He's one of Firewolf's leaders! How dare you hit him! Your insolent days are over, prepare to die!”

After recovering from the shock, Leo's face broke into a cold smirk as he issued a heinous threat.

Leo had never thought that Casper would make the

first move. He did not see that coming at all.

But he was even more pleased now. Casper had defeated Tyson, and that was akin to inviting trouble. That man must have gotten tired of living!

“What are you lot standing there for? Finish him off!”

From the ground, Tyson raised his voice and ordered his men to attack. Beads of cold sweat resulting from the pain were dripping from his forehead.

He thought this might be the end for him.

Who says he's got nothing but brute force? This guy definitely has loads of combat experience, goddamn it!

At that moment, Tyson ground his teeth, his insides filled with nothing but hatred towards his useless

teammate. He shot Leo a menacing glare.

Leo shivered in fright when he met Tyson's gaze.

“Boys, get him! He dared to do this to Tyson, we'll make him pay!”

The dozen or so of Tyson's lackeys rushed at Casper all at once, each more vicious than the next.

“You guys want a piece of me? Fine! Let's see what you're made of!”

With a smirk hanging on his face, Casper lifted one foot, cast a cold glance at Tyson, and deliberately stepped on his calf.

Crunch!

A loud snap of a bone-breaking rang out. Everyone in

the vicinity heard it.

Tyson instantly wailed in agony. His scarred face flushed a crimson red while his throat became hoarse from all that shouting. Obviously, Casper had broken his calf bone into two.

As the sound of a bone being crushed rang in the air, Casper noticed several objects that had fallen out from Tyson's pocket. They were a baton and two packets of contraceptive pills.

His eyes lit up. What a pervert. Do you bring these everywhere you go?

As a bystander looking in, Elena merely frowned when she spotted those items.

“Leo, don't you remember that crooked baton? I've already warned you, why didn't you believe me? Oh,

one more thing. I really hate the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce,” Casper mocked.

He proceeded to pick up the baton and the contraceptive pills.

“Don't be so smug! You've offended Tyson, and that means you've sealed your fate. I don't believe you can win a fight against all of us!”

Leo was as stubborn as usual. He continued to act high and mighty because he still had a dozen Firewolf thugs fighting for him. He stared at Casper with disdain and contempt.

“Really? Do you want to make a bet?” Casper responded playfully.

He leveled his gaze at Leo as he waved the baton around.

“B-Bet?” Leo, still skeptical, repeated what he thought he heard.

“What are we betting on?”

“This one. Two packets of contraceptive pills. If you lose, you swallow them all. How's that? If I lose, I'll do the same. I'll even pay you one hundred thousand.”

Knowing that Leo was a greedy man, Casper did not mind using money to bait him.

“Fine, let's make a bet, then. I'm not afraid of you. You better not come crying to me when you lose. You interfered with my plans. You made me lose my dignity. I will make you pay today!”

Leo peered maliciously at Casper as an evil grin spread across his face. He looked at Casper as

though the man had been knocked down to the ground and Leo could torture him however he wanted.

“Since the bet's on the table, come at me with all you've got. Don't stop me from generating income for the hospital.”

Wielding the baton in his hand, Casper tauntingly wagged a finger at the Firewolf thugs.

The thugs did not think Casper would strike first, and he did it so mercilessly that the men grew terrified of him.

What made it even more unbearable was that Casper had the gall to bet on them. This was simply blatant provocation!

“To hell with you!”

Just then, a hot-tempered thug who could not contain his fury grabbed his baton and charged at Casper. Twirling the baton in his hand, the thug aimed it at his target.

Before he could figure out what happened, a dark figure flashed across his eyes. The next thing he knew, his arm suddenly went numb, and the pain quickly coursed through his body. He clearly felt his arm being struck real hard. His bones seemed to have snapped.

“Ah!”

The fellow let out a horrifying howl. The baton fell out of his right hand as he slumped onto the ground in pain, his left hand clutching his right.

But that was only because Casper had mercy on him. If he had not, one strike with the baton would not only



break the man's right arm, it would completely cripple it too.

“Anyone else up for a challenge? If not, it's my turn.”

Casper smirked again as he looked at the thugs mischievously.

As soon as he said that, a silver light flickered as Casper raced through the mob. In less than a minute, all the thugs dropped onto the ground. Every single one of them started to moan and groan in pain like inconsolable preschool children.

While that was going on, Casper walked over to Leo with a taunting expression on his face, waving the baton in front of the man.

Having witnessed how Casper had moved like lightning, Leo had a premonition that the brawl would

not end well. This man's definitely not the bookish type who can't hold himself in a fight.

“Hey, monkey! Come on, don't be a sore loser. Here, swallow these pills. I'm sure you're a smart man. Don't make me force you.”

Casper slowly made his way toward Leo and handed him the pills.

“You...”

Leo glared at Casper, his eyes loaded with hatred.

“You're not going to take them? Well, don't blame me for what happens next. I'll cripple your arms!”

Casper raised the baton high, ready to crush Leo's arms. If that happened, even if Leo could be saved in time, he would end up with fractured arms.

Leo was so frightened that he twitched all over. He quickly raised his arms to block the attack.

“Okay, okay, I'll take them!”

Leo learned something that day. That man standing before him was the devil incarnate. If he refused to swallow the pills, his arms would be forfeited.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 32



Leo hesitated as he looked down at the two boxes of contraceptive pills in his hands. Aren't these for preventing pregnancy in women? What will happen to

me if I swallow them? Can men even ingest these things? He wondered.

Leo stared at them for a second, then blinked rapidly, batting away the tears that were welling up in his eyes. He gulped several times.

Tyson would never have believed that the contraceptive pills he'd bought in the hopes of getting lucky would one day be forced down his own brother's throat.

It was absurd that a team leader of the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce could lose to a mere student. Lying on the floor, Tyson clenched his jaw in indignation. How could this have happened? He fumed.

“What are you waiting for? Do you want me to feed you myself?” Casper bellowed at Leo, a savage scowl

on his face. Casper had to resist the urge to unman Leo there and then. After all, Leo no longer had a single shred of dignity left in him anyway.

Kindness towards one's enemies never paid off. Leo's resolve to humiliate Lillian was unforgivable.

I don't love Lillian, but I can't stand seeing Leo's swagger! How could he have made use of the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce to threaten me? Casper reasoned with himself. He shook his head, then reminded himself firmly, The only one I have eyes for is my goddess Giselle!

“Don't eat that, Leo! Give it to me!” Looking at the blubbering Leo from the corner of his eye, Tyson pounded his fist against the floor vehemently.

Leo was the only member of the Hall family who'd successfully entered university and was naturally the

source of his father's pride. If Leo did indeed swallow the contraceptive pills, no one knew how extensive the consequences of that single act would be.

As Leo's older brother, Tyson had always felt responsible for him.

“What a touching scene. What makes you think you can help your brother? You can't even help yourself!” Casper jeered. “Your brother doesn't seem very adept at controlling himself. He'd better eat these to stop him from harming any other girls in the future. There aren't many innocent girls left nowadays.”

The look on Casper's face was one of utter disdain. He picked up the stick and walked over to Tyson's side.

There was a dull thump as Casper swung the stick and brought it crashing heavily down on Tyson. The

howl of agony that Tyson unleashed sounded as if it came from the slaughterhouse.

“I detest people like you the most, only pretending to be sentimental once guilt sets in,” Casper spat. “You punk, if you don't quickly swallow those pills, I'll continue beating your brother,” Casper said icily.

Squatting down where he was, Casper had already begun casually jabbing at each of Tyson's fingers in turn while speaking.

The magnitude of each thrust wasn't as great as the first blow, but Tyson's constant yelps of pain seemed to align with Casper's speech perfectly.

In fact, Casper had artfully chosen the precise points where he could inflict maximum pain with minimum force.

All Leo knew, however, was that Casper was slowly but surely mutilating Tyson. With every cry of pain that Tyson heaved, Leo felt his heart shudder accordingly.

“No, no, don't beat him up anymore! I'll eat it! I'll eat it!” Unable to bear the torment of guilt any further, Leo broke out into loud sobs. A mixture of tears, sweat, and snot flowed freely down his face.

“That's what I wanted to hear. It'll be just like eating candy. Is it sweet?” Casper teased, nodding his head approvingly.

“Ha!” At Casper's words, Elena cackled. Casper's got a rather odd sense of humor!

Leo's mournful look, however, did look pathetic enough to incite scorn from anyone who saw him.



Leaning his weight on one knee, Casper turned to look at Elena and cocked his head, winking at her. When he whipped around to face Leo again, however, a menacing expression had replaced the playful one on Casper's face.

“On account of your good behavior this time, I'll let you go. If I ever see you trying to harm Lillian again, you can be sure that you won't get off so lightly next time,” Casper warned. He stood up, brushing his hands.

Casper and Elena then turned away. When they could no longer hear the squeals of Leo and Tyson, they flagged a taxi down and sped off.

Inside the taxi, Casper turned once again to look at Elena. If she'd been born in a different age, her dainty face might have been the one to sink a thousand ships. It wasn't hard to deduce why Tyson had chosen

to set his lustful eyes on Elena.

“You haven't eaten dinner, have you? Neither have I. Let's get supper,” Casper said. His stomach was growling. He hadn't eaten a bite for the whole night.

“T-There's no need,” Elena stammered uncertainly. Was her superior trying to proposition her? She did not know what the appropriate response under such circumstances was.

Does Casper like me? Should I agree to this? Is it a date? Elena privately fretted.

“You didn't get to eat anything this afternoon, and that operation held you up for the longest time. Let me compensate you for your time, at least,” Casper offered frankly.

Why the fuss over a meal? Casper wondered. Or

does she think that I'm trying to hit on her?

“I know a restaurant that's pretty famous around here. The food they serve is rather delicious. Let's go there,” Elena let out the breath she'd been holding, then meekly volunteered.

Jobs were hard to come by these days. Elena had always maintained a modest manner at work to avoid being preyed on by lecherous men old enough to be her grandfather. Casper was different, however. He was young and brilliant and didn't seem like a bad character, in any case.

Elena struggled to come to a decision. She eventually agreed to supper, mainly in consideration of Casper's eligibility as a date.

“Can you direct us there, then?” Casper asked.

Stumped by Elena's sudden change of heart, Casper found himself momentarily at a loss for words.

He'd observed a faint blush steal over Elena's cheeks, along with a smile that hovered over her mouth. It was identical to the bashful look that inevitably appeared on Lillian's whenever she looked at Casper.

Now, Elena had fixed her adoring gaze on Casper.

Casper was a wealthy young man who feared nothing, not even the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. He'd even managed to subdue Tyson. He was the perfect embodiment of a Prince Charming.

After winding through several side roads at Elena's instruction, they finally arrived at the door of the eatery. Nestled amongst a whole street of other cafés and eateries, people flowed ceaselessly through the streets. Much like any other city, Horington was at its

most vibrant at night.


When they'd alighted from the taxi, Elena led Casper to a stall.

Casper was amazed by the familiarity with which Elena navigated her way first through the streets, then the stall. She was evidently a regular patron there.


“Elena, is this your boyfriend?” A woman cooed, turning to look at Elena and Casper as they approached. A wide beam spread over her face, which had been creased with anxiety just moments before.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)



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Casper noticed that there was a distinct pallor on her face. However, the radiant smile that had suffused her face distracted him from her otherwise sickly appearance.

The woman was Candace, the wife of the owner of the restaurant. Candace was familiar with Elena, including the fact that Elena always came to eat supper alone. Despite Candace's prodding, Elena had never hinted at being in a relationship or even displaying interest in any male.

Today, however, Elena's bearing, along with the way she looked at Casper, was different than usual.

Having once been a young woman in love, Candace had a keen eye for the budding of young romance.

“He's my boss,” Elena mumbled shyly as her face turned pink.

“Your boss? You look very young indeed,” Candace said, appraising Casper with a look of surprise and respect. Then, a twinkle appeared in Candace's eye, and she gave Elena a conspiratorial wink.

“Remember to seize every opportunity you get!”

I'm not buying your silly excuse! That wink declared.

The moment Candace left Casper and Elena alone to browse the menu, Elena said earnestly, “Mr. Simpson, please don't take Candace seriously! She was only joking.”

She was terrified that Casper would have mistaken Candace's words as Elena's own feelings.

“Only joking? I thought she made quite a bit of sense.

Is she sick, though? She looked rather pale,” Casper remarked casually.

He turned and fixed his dark gaze on Elena, deciding to put her at ease by steering the conversation away towards a less awkward topic. Besides, Casper had already set his heart on Giselle. He was determined not to be distracted.

One unrequited love was more than enough for Casper. If Elena, too, developed feelings for him, Casper knew that things would get considerably trickier.

Focus! Casper reminded himself, making up his mind to pursue Giselle wholeheartedly and win her over as soon as he could.

Elena had been dreading Casper's reply. Seeing that he had breezily glided over it and changed the



subject, Elena heaved an inward sigh of relief.

“The owner of this restaurant is Larry, but everyone calls him Mr. Langston. His wife's name is Candace,” Elena informed Casper. “She indeed has an illness of some sort, but the Langstons aren't too well-off. They've also got two children to put through school.”

As they waited for their food to arrive, Elena quickly outlined the moving love story of Candace and Larry with a few brief sentences.

Larry and Candace had come from their village to the city seeking work. As they were both uneducated, Larry and Candace worked as laborers on a construction site. The site chief turned out to be a nasty pervert who had frequently harassed Candace. Larry's strong sense of justice made him unable to stand by idly. One day, Larry had pummeled the site chief to a pulp.

The encounter had landed Larry squarely in prison. Candace had had to sell off several pints of her blood to accumulate the funds necessary to pay off the charges levied against Larry.

Larry and Candace had then conferred and concluded that construction work was tiring and paid poorly. They thus slogged hard for a few years, earning barely enough to rent a space of their own. When they had finally saved enough, the Langstons then poured their life savings into their restaurant.

However, the numerous blood transfusions that Elena had undergone left her body permanently weakened. Visiting the clinic or the hospital cost too much, and Candace insisted on reserving money for their children's education. She'd thus never received any form of medical treatment since.

As regular patrons, Larry and Candace had come to recognize Elena as a familiar face. Upon discovering that she was also from the village, an immediate kinship had blossomed between Elena and the Langstons.

They naturally felt more comfortable discussing matters of a more intimate nature with her.

“Young man, Elena is a lovely girl. You're the first man she's brought here for supper! You must be flattered,” Candace exclaimed as she came over to Elena and Casper's table bearing their orders. Candace gave Casper a nod of affirmation and winked at him.

“Since it's such a happy occasion, here are two bottles of beer on the house! Have a good time!” Larry, too, had emerged from the kitchen both out of curiosity and to give Casper a nod of

acknowledgment. He now set the beer bottles down gleefully onto the table, as if he was presiding over Casper and Elena's wedding already.

The simple but delicious fare went delightfully well with the refreshing beer.

Casper, however, could read the anticipation sparkling in Larry and Candace's eyes. The beer was not just a gift. The Langstons had deliberately sent it to provide Casper and Elena with the final boost of boldness.

Bemused, Casper found himself wondering how he could gracefully dodge this bullet.

“The Langstons are kind folk. It's no wonder that you brought me here. Did you plan on using me to fend off their questions about your dating life?” Casper joked. He gave a polite nod to the Langstons, then raised a

slice of chicken to his mouth. Even before he could taste it, the savory aroma of the chicken was already making his mouth water.

Elena stared down at her plate in embarrassment. The Langstons' eager matchmaking attempts had entirely confounded her original intention to enjoy a simple supper treat from Casper.

Casper had not helped matters, either. His attempts to put Elena at ease had backfired and only served to increase her awkwardness.

All of Elena's concerns, however, were eclipsed at that moment by her hunger. Her belly growled with a low rumble, reminding her that it had been hours since she'd last eaten.

"I can't finish all of this. Please eat," Casper said between mouthfuls of food. He had been starving as

well and had already gobbled up half the food on his plate.

Casper and Elena thus ate for a long while in silence, both of them filling their stomachs intently. Elena had abandoned her usual disciplined diet for that night and ate to her heart's contentment.

While Casper and Elena were eating, several rascals had slunk into the restaurant. Each of them had stiff, bleached hair, and their cruel, shifty eyes darted around the restaurant as they approached Larry.

“I say, Mr. Langston, didn't you say that you'd pay up two days ago? Why haven't you?” One of them demanded in a nasal tone.

Upon hearing the unusual voice and its unreasonable demand, Casper picked up his bottle and turned in the direction from where the sound came. Casper's

eyes rapidly took in the gold chains the group of youths had draped around their necks, their ripped jeans, and the cigarettes dangling from the corners of their mouths.

The Firewolf Chamber of Commerce tattoo emblazoned on their leader's arm caught Casper's eye instantly.

“My dear fellow, my restaurant isn't doing too well now. I'm not running a corporation. If I have to pay you five thousand a month, what will we have left to feed ourselves?” Casper heard Larry protesting.

Larry clearly knew what the group of youths were here to do, and the look on his face was one of tremendous fear.

“That's none of our business! Let me tell you, Mr. Langston, if it wasn't for Stallion's protection here,

you'd have been set straight a long time ago!” Another of the youths stepped forward and yelled hotly. He looked both eager to threaten Larry as well as flatter Stallion.

“Hand us the money now! It had better not be a single cent less than the five thousand we're demanding. That's the rules, and you know it. If you continue to refuse, I'll have to take action. Believe it or not, I won't have a second thought before destroying this place!” The thug who had been referred to as Stallion now appeared. With an arrogant look on his face, Stallion bared his yellowed teeth as he, too, confronted Larry.


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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 34







Stallion sauntered before the front counter as boldly as if he was the owner of the restaurant. He picked up a piece of meat that was still simmering on the grill and popped it straight into his mouth. He nearly burnt his tongue, however. Incensed by the pain, Stallion swept the remaining meat off the grill with his hand and onto the floor. He then stomped on them furiously, leaving bits of smashed meat littered over the floor.

Larry watched Stallion's crude show of bravado helplessly. His mind was desperately thinking of the money he carried in his fanny pack. It was money Larry had set aside to pay for Candace's medical bills, along with the household's daily expenses. Larry could not bear to deliver his money into the hands of these ruffians.

“You clearly have money! You're just unwilling to hand

it over! All of you, take it from him! It's in his fanny pack," Stallion ordered, upset that Larry was not showing Stallion the respect that Stallion thought he deserved. He waved at his lackeys, gesturing for them to charge forward and snatch Larry's pack.

"Have mercy on me, please! Give me another few days," Candace pleaded. "This money is for my children's school fees and for our daily necessities. I'm begging you!"

Alarmed by Stallion's threats, Candace, who had been standing by Larry's side, stepped forward, tears streaming down her wan face as she implored the youths pitifully.

As she spoke, Candace had walked over to Stallion and knelt before him in her desperation.

"I'll pay the money on their behalf," a clear voice rang

out.

“Mr. Simpson!” Elena cried out. She could tell that these youths were scoundrels. If Casper intervened, there was no way Elena could vouch for his safety.

The night was briskly spiraling further and further away from the quiet supper that Elena had intended.

“It's fine, don't worry,” Casper turned and shot Elena a quick smile in reassurance.

“Candace, don't bow down to these people. You've worked hard to earn your money, and you should keep it. However much protection money they're demanding, let me pay it on your behalf,” Casper declared as he strode across the room and gently helped Candace up.

“How... How can we let you do that?” Candace

faltered as she gazed at Casper. Then she shook her head firmly.

“Why not? Will you pay me then, old woman? Move out of the way, or I'll make you!” Impatiently, Stallion shoved Candace aside. She reeled, then fell onto the floor with a thud.

Stallion then stomped up to Casper. “So you'll pay, huh? Look at you! You don't even have money to buy yourself some proper clothes. What are you trying to play the hero for?” He said, sneering.

“That's right! Haha, look at you! Don't think you can fool our Stallion here!” The youth who had spoken up earlier now piped up again. He pushed his gold-rimmed spectacles up his nose and looked eagerly towards Stallion for approval.

“Well, I was going to accept five thousand from these

old folk. Since you're helping them, I'll be generous. It's going to be ten thousand now. Are you sure you still want to interfere, punk?" Stallion announced haughtily. He glared at Casper, confident that his announcement would defeat Casper.

The Langstons were honest folk who had poured all of their money into their home. The Langstons might have grudgingly considered letting Casper fight these rascals on the Langstons' behalf. For him to offer them money, however, was an entirely different matter.

"This is clearly extortion!" Elena shouted as she sprang to her feet, unable to witness this injustice any further.

"Hey, where did this beauty come from? She's accusing us of extortion! Why don't you keep us company tonight? We'll excuse Mr. Langston from

having to pay his protection money for this month, then. Does that sound like a good compromise to you?” Stallion exclaimed, leering at Elena. A predatory gleam had appeared in his eyes.

“You...” Elena burst out, quivering with rage. I'd rather die than spend a second with them! She vowed to herself.

“She's mine. How can I let you have her? It's just ten thousand. I'll pay it,” Casper coolly replied as he nudged Elena behind him, shielding her from Stallion's sight with his body.

A wondering look flitted across Elena's face as she gaped at Casper, startled.

Candace and Larry, who had been clutching each other in fear, were equally awed by Casper's air of authority.

The Langstons could not, however, watch Casper fall prey to Stallion and his gang's demands. Ten thousand was still a hefty sum to give away freely.

“Young man, we know that you have a good heart. It's all right. We'll pay the protection money ourselves,” Candace choked, moved by Casper's kindness.

“No. I've already interfered, so I'll pay,” Casper said with a tone of finality.

“You've said many times that you'd pay, but where's the money? Do you need me to send someone with you to the bank to get it?” Stallion taunted. He threw his head back and laughed raucously at his joke, confident that Casper was merely a fool who had overstepped his boundaries.

“Stallion, as long as he has the money, I'll go with him

to the bank,” Stallion's lackey volunteered readily. The rest of his group were grinning at each other unpleasantly in anticipation of the humiliation that would follow.

Eyeing Casper's simple outfit, Stallion and his gang had decided that Casper would not even be able to pay the original amount of five thousand, much less the raised amount.

“You're wrong. I don't even need to go to the bank,” Casper said breezily. He met the mocking gazes of the crowd levelly, then reached into his left pocket.

“Did you hear that? Haha! He said that he doesn't need to go to the bank! Punk, you're really something! How could you say something as ridiculous as that?” Stallion wheezed. He clamped his hand onto Casper's shoulder and squeezed it twice in derision.



Stallion had never heard such a boast from anyone else. The clothes that Casper was wearing must have cost less than a hundred in total. Who would possibly believe that he'd have ten thousand to spare in his pocket?

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 35

“What's so ridiculous about that? Aren't we just talking about ten thousand?” Casper said as he wrenched his shoulder out of Stallion's grip. After all, Stallion's greasy fingers were soiling Casper's clothes.

Furthermore, the tattoo of Firewolf Chamber of Commerce's logo on Stallion's arm revolted Casper.

“Haha, you're really something! Take the money out and show us, then! If you're lying, don't blame me for what I'm going to do to you next!” Stallion hollered, laughing so hard that tears were running down his face. At that moment, however, Stallion paused and waved his lackeys over, who proceeded to surround Casper. Several youths were already brandishing their fists, ready to strike at the first hint of Casper's failure.

“Don't worry. I'll pay every cent. You'll have to answer a few questions first, though,” Casper replied.

He pointed at the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce tattoo on Stallion's arm, then fixed Stallion with a piercing gaze.

“Do you know what that is? It's the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce's logo! Only someone of significant

standing within it like me would have it. Why are you asking about it?" Stallion proudly declared as he rolled up his sleeve to exhibit the tattoo. A look of suspicion, however, soon crossed Stallion's face.

"Nothing much. Someone else I know named Tyson has a similar tattoo on his arm. Do you know him?" Casper asked.

"He's my bro... Wait, are you going to pay up or not? What's with all these sudden questions? I'll beat you up!" Stallion yelled aggressively. He was convinced that Casper was merely trying to distract them from the present situation. After all, Stallion thought they'd wasted too much time at the restaurant. He should have been out at the nightclub partying with his ill-gotten gains long ago.

Tyson was, in fact, only an acquaintance of Stallion's. However, Stallion had no qualms borrowing the

fearsome name of Tyson and the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce to facilitate his collection of the protection money.

“Stallion, stop being such a bully. Even if your father is the Boss of this area, there's no need for you to barge in here trying to prove yourself. Steed told us before that he wouldn't collect protection money from our stall,” Larry said.

Growing up, Stallion had heard from his father about the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce's dominance. Even Steed himself was not exempt from deferring to that gang. Stallion had thus liberally used the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce's name to coerce protection money from the business owners in his area.

At the mention of his father, Stallion's face immediately grew thunderous. He glowered at Larry, roaring, “Old man, are you looking for trouble? Do you

think that bringing up my Dad's name will make me think twice? I'll collect the protection money any way I want!”

He raised his fist and hurled it vehemently at Larry's head.

Before Stallion's fist could land on its intended target, however, Casper had seized Stallion's forearm with an iron grip. Try as he might, Stallion found himself unable to break away.

“Weren't you asking for money? Why the need to resort to violence?” Casper demanded. He flung Stallion's arm away and flashed him a wry smile.

“Here, take the money and get lost!”

As he spoke, Casper fished out a coin from his pocket and flicked it towards Stallion.

Thinking that it was a valuable object, Stallion raced forward and caught it excitedly. His face, however, turned purple with wrath when he saw that it was a single coin.

“How dare you trick me? The rest of you...” Stallion spluttered, apoplectic. Before Stallion could issue the rest of his command, however, he abruptly felt his body being propelled into the air.

Almost at the same time, a burst of pain erupted in Stallion's gut. Moments later, Stallion landed in the heap of rubbish by the streets with a dull thud.

Stallion sat soaking in the rotting waste from the kitchen that had been dumped there over the course of the day.

“I hate hypocrites the most,” Casper muttered to himself inside the restaurant. He brushed off his

hands and peered at them carefully as if that brief contact with Stallion might have dirtied them.

Shellshocked, the first to recover his wits amongst those present was Stallion.

Blood was pouring from Stallion's nose, and the foul stench of the rubbish made him nauseous.

“How dare you lay hands on Stallion! You're asking for trouble!”

When they realized what had occurred, the group of youths whipped themselves up into a frenzy.

Impulsively, they rushed forward, brandishing their clenched fists in Casper's untroubled face.

“Be careful, Mr. Simpson!” Elena shrieked as she saw the youths fast crowding around Casper.

Casper, however, eyed the youths lazily and dismissed them individually with a single kick or blow before they even had the opportunity to react.

Barely two minutes had passed before the entire group rolling about on the floor, clutching their sides and groaning in sheer agony.

“Get out, and take Stallion with you! Let me have my supper in peace!” Casper announced, surveying his defeated opponents with a frosty glare.

“Yes, yes!” The youths staggered up from the ground and bolted out of the restaurant helter-skelter. As they passed Stallion, who still lay in a heap on the trash, they frantically pulled him up onto his feet and dragged Stallion away with them.

“You punk, you'd better watch out! I'll never let this matter rest! Let's go!” Stallion cried in a hoarse voice



as he stumbled away.

Privately, however, Stallion swore to himself that he would never cross paths with Casper again.

Larry had not imagined that he would have the privilege of witnessing Stallion, that arrogant brute, humiliated right in Larry's own restaurant. It was an immensely satisfying feeling.

“Elena, you should take your boyfriend away from here quickly. Stallion will be sure to bring his father back to seek revenge,” Larry said worriedly. He could endure poverty but could not bear to see Casper and Elena hurt on the Langstons' account.

“Mr. Simpson, Stallion won't dare to fight back, but he'll vent his anger on Mr. Langston!” At the mention of revenge, the thought suddenly struck Elena. She glanced anxiously from Casper to the Langstons.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 36



“Are you asking me to help them?” Casper darted a look at the Langstons, then gave them a sly smile. He leaned towards Elena's ear and whispered seductively, “How will you reward me, then?”

Elena blushed furiously under the gazes of everyone present. She reeled slightly, saying as she bit her lip, “I'll treat you to a few more suppers, OK?”

She dared not meet Casper's eyes that were watching her intently. With his piercing gaze, it seemed as if Casper was staring right into Elena's soul. Her heart

was beating so maniacally that Elena thought she might faint.

“Not bad. All right,” Casper said, smirking at the sight of Elena's lovely, bashful face. He strode to the door of the restaurant and bellowed at Stallion's departing figure, “Stallion! Get back here!”

Stallion had not intended to stay a second longer than he could help it. However, he had injured his leg during his fall. Even though he was limping away as fast as he could, supported by his lackeys, Stallion had not managed to vanish from sight quickly enough.

Stallion's courage entirely failed when he heard Casper howling his name. His knees buckled, and Stallion would have crumbled to the ground entirely if not for his lackeys supporting him on either side.

Anguished, Stallion had no choice but to turn back

and face his worst nightmare once more.

“Yes, did you call me? I'll do my best to help,” Stallion said, groveling before Casper.

Stallion's forced smile was almost a grimace.

Inwardly, Stallion was terrified that Casper would fault him for the slightest discourtesy.

Stallion was convinced that Casper's strength had hellish origins, so devilishly quick and potent it was. Having experienced Casper's prowess firsthand and emerged out of it a broken man, Stallion was unwilling to get a second taste.

“Hey, when did you become so obedient? Weren't you bragging to all of us just a little while ago? I heard that you were planning to get your revenge on me,” Casper said evenly, arching an eyebrow.

In Casper's eyes, Stallion was a feeble weakling who was not worthy of Casper's consideration at all.

Casper had thus decided to instill a lasting fear in Stallion to prevent him from stirring up further trouble in Casper's absence.

“I wouldn't dare! I never said anything like that. Someone must be out to slander me!” Stallion denied hastily, flustered. His knees were already knocking together in terror.

“Forget it, then. Let's come to an agreement. Stop collecting protection money from this entire row of shops. What do you say to that?” Casper cocked his head as he questioned Stallion breezily.

Casper knew that the help he could render to Larry was limited. After all, he neither had the capability or obligation to take the Langstons under his charge. However, Casper was comforted that he had relieved

the Langstons of the burdensome protection money, at least.

“All right, all right!” Stallion nodded frantically. He was still hell-bent on escaping from Casper as soon as he could. Besides, the putrid stink of the rubbish still hung over Stallion, making him gag.

“Not bad,” Casper observed. He thought for a while, then ordered, “I'd like to meet your father. Bring me to him.” From what Larry had said earlier, Casper deduced that Steed, Stallion's father, must have clashed with the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce before.

With a common enemy, Casper believed that he could make an ally out of Steed. By meeting Steed, Casper was laying the foundation for his eventual destruction of the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

“What? You want to meet my Dad?” Stallion asked incredulously, gaping at Casper.

Casper was a devil indeed in his relentless hunt, Stallion reflected. He was familiar with how badly the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce had abused his father. If he brought Casper to meet Steed, Stallion feared that he would only be inviting evil into his home.

If Casper struck up a friendship with his father, Stallion knew that his days of terrorizing the streets would be numbered.

“Lead the way, please,” Casper said pleasantly. Reading the reluctance on Stallion's face, Casper challenged, “What, are you unwilling to let me meet him? Would you like to reconsider in that rubbish heap outside?”

At this reminder of his earlier predicament, Stallion reflexively gagged a few times. Quivering with panic, Stallion hastily said, "I'll bring you to him! Can I shower and change my clothes first, though?"

The mere idea of meeting his father in this shameful manner reduced Stallion to tears. He was now almost on his knees, begging desperately for Casper to leave him a shred of dignity.

After all, despite all of Stallion's swaggering and boasting, Steed had always been the one Stallion most sought to impress.

Stallion's venture into collecting protection money had been motivated by the desire to prove his capability to his father.

He had thus never expected that it would be the cause of his ultimate downfall.



“Go on, then,” Casper said. His tone was encouraging, but a sinister smile hovered over his lips. He strolled over to the garden hose that was lying coiled next to the sink and raised it. “Go and stand next to the rubbish. I'll wash you down myself.”

It was a warm summer's night, and one could safely bathe outdoors without worrying about catching a cold.

Stallion was torn between the mortifying idea of being hosed down by Casper and his urge to rid himself of his rank odor. At last, unable to bear the smell any longer, Stallion scampered over to where Casper was standing and submitted to the shower.

After Casper had finished hosing Stallion down, he turned to Elena, grinning impishly. “I don't think I did too bad, do you? Remember to treat me to a good

supper in the future.”

“It's not over yet,” Elena muttered, rolling her eyes.

“That's true. Why don't you come along with me to meet this rascal's father? Or are you too afraid to?”

Casper retorted.

Elena hesitated for a moment, then answered, summoning an air of bravado, “If you're meeting him, I'll come along too. What's there to be afraid of?”

“Don't worry. I won't bring you to walk into a trap with me. We're just going to discuss some matters with Steed,” Casper said, chuckling at Elena's uncertain expression.

He found Elena's naivete rather endearing.

After Casper and Elena bade farewell to the grateful

Langstons, they boarded a taxi and headed towards the Sands Project.

Casper had heard of the Sands project before. Before the rise of Marine Luxworld, the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce's project, the Sands Project had been experiencing red-hot sales. Now, however, the Sands Project was a mere shadow of its former self.

The moment Casper stepped out of the taxi, Stallion had dashed over to him, barricading his way forward. “Mr. Simpson, my Dad is the Boss here. I'm begging you, please don't mention the matter of you beating me up because of the protection money. I'll never be able to live it down,” Stallion implored.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

“Why can't I mention it? If I tell your Dad, won't he be able to take revenge on your behalf?” Casper asked patronizingly. He gestured towards Elena and himself, adding, “Look, there's only the two of us. If your Dad wants to harm us, we won't be able to run away. You'd be able to get back at us then.”

Casper's confidence made Elena smile wryly.

“Casper, you're the boss, OK? If Dad finds out, he won't take revenge for me. He'll ask you to hit me another few times! I don't want to oppose you anymore. Have mercy on me, Casper! I promise I'll never collect protection money there again,” Stallion whined, wringing his hands.

Stallion knew full well his father's character. In his

mind, he greatly preferred being at Casper's mercy than having Steed find out that Stallion had been thus disgraced.

Besides, the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce had always been a sore spot for Steed. If Casper exposed Stallion's tattoo, it would only serve to agitate Steed even more.

The Sands Project had been lagging behind Marine Luxworld of late. In addition to the financial stress the failure of the Sands Project exerted on Steed, he was further burdened by the constant harassment from the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

Stallion suddenly brightened visibly. He hurriedly rolled up his sleeves and rubbed vigorously at the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce logo on his arm. To Casper and Elena's amazement, the tattoo on Stallion's arm gradually blurred into an

indistinguishable patch of ink.

So it's not a real tattoo after all! Casper marveled.

“Boss, it's a new method of tattooing. The ink is applied only to the surface of my skin, so I can easily remove it,” Stallion explained, seeing the looks of wonder on Casper and Elena's faces.

“You clever punk! Aren't you attributing all your wrongdoing to the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce, then?” Casper burst out into a high, dry laugh. He had not expected such cunning from an impulsive, reckless youth like Stallion.

“Heh, Boss, I'm not adding to their troubles in any case. This is just what the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce has been doing lately. They've interfered with large hotels, businesses, and projects. Furthermore, they collect protection money from

everyone in sight. Anyone who refuses is immediately crushed,” Stallion informed them.

“Say that again. I'm not your boss, by the way,” Casper rejoined. While waiting for Stallion's reply, Casper began walking towards the entrance of the Sands Project.

Stallion gazed after Casper in admiration, then gritted his teeth. “You're already the boss in my heart! I've already made up my mind to go with you,” he vowed.

Even with his limited intelligence, Stallion had already perceived that Casper was an extraordinary man. Armed with fearsome skills and incredible strength, along with his brilliant mind, Casper was poised to be a man of great authority.

Having seen all of Steed's contacts growing up, Stallion could instinctively tell that Casper was far

superior to anyone he had ever seen.

Instead of bitterly resenting Casper for having beaten him up, Stallion had instead developed a profound respect and awe for Casper. Stallion was thus determined to follow Casper till his dying day.

If Casper knew that Stallion had such a resolve, however, Casper would immediately have done his best to get rid of him.

At the moment, Casper and Elena were preoccupied with following Stallion to Steed's office.

“Are you trying to overpower me and force my hand? Do you think you'll be able to take the Sands Project away from me? How dare you even offer me five hundred thousand? It's a mere pittance of what Sands Project is worth!”



As the trio turned into the corridor leading towards Steed's office, they could already hear Steed bellowing with rage to what was apparently a group of thugs from the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

“Steed, the Sands Project is no longer worth anything. You should be flattered that so many of us came to pay you a visit. Five hundred thousand is a generous enough offer for the Sands Project!” An unfamiliar, dominant voice rang out.

“Tristan, I was the one who trained you to be what you are today. I never thought you'd be ungrateful enough to bite the hand that fed you,” Steed said, his face livid with murderous rage.

Tristan had been a homeless youth roaming aimlessly on the streets when Steed found him. Steed had spent years nurturing, training, and teaching him, pouring as much heart into Tristan as if he were

Steed's own. On several occasions when Steed had been otherwise occupied, Tristan had reliably managed Sands Project, even leading it to tremendous growth.

Things had gone awry when Steed had stumbled upon drug-related activities occurring in the Sands Project. Upon further investigation, Steed had uncovered a massive network of drug trafficking operations that Tristan had not only facilitated but also dabbled in.

The original purpose of the Sands Project had been to position it as Horington's safest development.

Tristan's crimes, however, had upended Steed's life work. Steed had immediately upbraided Tristan, insisting that he cease all drug trafficking activities.

Tristan, however, had refused. He was unable to give up the immense profits that the operations were

raking in, of which he was receiving a sizeable portion.

Unwilling to compromise the integrity of the Sands Project, Steed had banished Tristan from the project altogether.

Resentful, Tristan had proceeded to join the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce and returned to destroy the Sands Project with a vengeance.

“You jack\*ss! How dare you come back? I'll...” At the sight of Tristan's show of blatant disrespect towards his father, Stallion was on the verge of charging into the office without a second thought, his eyes blazing. Fortunately, Casper had grabbed hold of Stallion's collar and yanked him firmly back.

“Wait!” Casper said in a low voice.

Stallion could barely contain his outrage. He blamed Tristan entirely for the downfall of the Sands Project and was infuriated that Tristan had the gall to propose the idea of taking over the Sands Project from Steed.

“Go on and scold me all you like! You won't have many chances to do so in the future. You b\*stard! If it wasn't for me, do you think the Sands Project would even have witnessed any success at all? It was all to my credit! Five hundred thousand's a generous enough offer. If you don't want it, we'll be happy to keep it,” Tristan said, sneering. His gaze, as he looked toward his benefactor, was one of utter contempt. He thought Steed entirely unworthy of managing and even owning a significant development like the Sands Project.

In Tristan's mind, the Sands Project belonged to him. Five hundred thousand was already verging on absurdity, considering Steed's ineptitude.

“How dare you? We live in a society with laws in place! As long as I refuse to sign the Transfer Agreement, don't even think about laying your filthy hands on the Sands Project!” Steed hissed. His face had turned white as a sheet, and his entire body was quivering with rage.

“Is that so?” Tristan scoffed.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 38



Steed, in my opinion, is just a pathetic wretch, and his son is even more useless. They can't manage Sands Project well.

Sands Project was situated at a high-traffic, strategic place. No doubt it would reap huge profits. That was why Tristan was interested in taking it over.

Otherwise, he would not have spent so much effort on it.

Steed scoffed loudly upon hearing Tristan's words.

Tristan is nothing but an ingrate!

“Why don't you give it to me? Is it because you want to pass it to your good-for-nothing son?” Tristan curled his lips in disdain. “Haha. Even if you pass it to that piece of trash, do you think he can retain the ownership for long? After all, it'll fall into my hands no matter what. Perhaps your son would have been dead by that time, too.”

Stallion, who was standing outside the office, quivered in fury. If it weren't for Casper, he would have burst through the door and beat Tristan up right away.

This guy actually called me a piece of trash? How dare he insult me!

“Even if he's useless, it's better than passing it to an ungrateful wretch like you!” Steed was seething with rage. “Tristan, I'll never let you have the project.”

He knew that Tristan was the one who caused the drop in business of Sands Project lately. He often sent his subordinates to make trouble and even threaten the customers.

He had considered retaliating, but those thugs from Firewolf Chamber of Commerce were not afraid of him at all.

I initially thought to let things slide, but who would have thought that this b\*stard is so greedy that he wants to snatch Sands Project from me?

Tristan heard the determination in his voice. “Haha. I guess we can't talk it through then.”

With a cold glint in his eyes, he raised his right hand slightly and said, “Seems like Mr. Steed wants me to do it the hard way, so don't blame me then. Go...”

Bang!

Before he could finish his sentence, Stallion could no longer hold his temper as he slammed the door open and barged into the room. Shooting daggers at Tristan, he rebuked, “A\*\*hole! My father was the one who saved you back then, and this is how you repay him for his kindness? Those who want to hurt my



father must get through me first!”

Stallion stood in front of Steed resolutely, blocking him from Tristan and his subordinates.

Casper let out a sigh and followed Stallion inside with Elena trailing behind him.

Seeing that the people in the room were staring at him, he gave them a nonchalant shrug and beckoned them to continue. “Go on. I'm just an onlooker. Don't mind me.”

He then pulled Elena with him and sat down on the couch at the side, acting as if he belonged here.

Stallion almost fainted upon hearing his words.

Is he for real? Can't he see that Tristan is blackmailing my dad?

Unfazed, Tristan retracted his gaze from Casper and eyed Stallion with contempt. “Stallion, you worthless piece of trash! Did you think that I'd stop after seeing you here? I don't want to kill you. Get the f\*ck out of my way!”

Stallion let out a scoff and puffed up his chest courageously. “If you want to hurt my father, do so over my dead body!”

I've been cowering behind my dad for my whole life. Growing up, I've always felt that my dad is invincible, but today I realize he's getting old. Therefore, from today onwards, let me be the one who protects him.

Growing impatient, Tristan motioned his subordinates. “Take this brat away! I need to get this old grouch to sign the contract today!”

The two thugs were way more buff than Stallion. Their faces were filled with smugness as they closed in on him.

Just as the two men were about to land their hands on Stallion, Casper stared at them mockingly and chimed in, “Hey, you two can't do that. It's not in the script.”

Two versus one is unfair.

“Who the hell are you? Tristan's face turned grim instantly as he glowered at Casper. “Don't you know who we are? We're from Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. Stop butting in on our business. Do you have a death wish?”

Does he think that he's here to watch a play? How dare he treat us as if we're some stupid actors to entertain him! We're obviously here to get Sands

Project! If he is just an onlooker, he should shut his mouth and stop meddling in our affairs.

“Ah, Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. Oh, so scary.” Casper's voice was dripping with sarcasm.

He flashed them an innocent grin and continued, “I thought you guys were acting as villains to fight against the protagonists, the father-and-son duo. I expect the play to end with the good guys kicking the bad guys' butts.”

“You're asking for trouble. I could knock you down in one punch!” Tristan yelled, seething with rage.

Unperturbed by his anger, Casper put on a stern expression. “Hey, don't be like that. I'm just an onlooker, remember? I just think that your acting skills are terrible, so I want to point it out to you all. Punching me for that is low.”

It was as if he had truly regarded himself as an audience of a play.

As soon as Stallion heard his reply, his eyes widened in disbelief. Holy cow! Boss is really one of a kind! He makes Tristan go berserk with just a few sentences, but Tristan doesn't dare to hit him at all.

“I don't care!” Tristan felt that if he continued the conversation with Casper, he would burst with rage at any second.

Pointing his finger shakily at Casper, he shot a look at his subordinates and yelled, “Throw him out right now!”

Hearing so, the two muscular men walked away from Stallion and strode toward Casper menacingly.

“Hey, hey! You don't have to do this. I'll shut my mouth, I promise.” Casper held his hands up in defeat and turned to Tristan. “Sir, can you please don't chase me out? I've never seen such a thrilling, dramatic play before.”

He then put his hand into his pocket to search for his phone. “Especially a play about an ingrate repaying good with evil. Can you let me film it as you guys continue the act? I promise I'll keep quiet after this.”

After he took out his phone, he shook it deliberately in front of Tristan as if he was really excited to watch the show.

Stung by his words, Tristan's eyes blazed with anger as he ordered, “Kill him! Kill him now!”

He did not want Casper to be in the office anymore, not even for a second more.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 39



Receiving Tristan's command, the two subordinates rolled up their sleeves and shot icy looks at Casper, who was sitting cross-legged on the couch.

“Dude, chill. I'm just voicing out my opinion.” Casper cast a glance at Tristan, feigning ignorance. “If you don't want to hear it, I'll keep my mouth shut.”

As for the fierce-looking muscular men in front of him, he could not care less about them. Currently, he had his eyes fixed on Tristan. This b\*stard has been using the power of Firewolf Chamber to attack his savior

unscrupulously. Nevertheless, I believe Steed has a Plan B in tackling Tristan. Otherwise, he wouldn't have chosen to meet Tristan alone in the office.

Despite Casper's protest, Tristan did not want to hear any more from him. He gritted his teeth and shouted to his subordinates, "Throw him out! Now!"

"Why don't you let me watch this fascinating show? This is just like a modern adaptation of the fable, The Farmer and the Viper. Don't you think that it's interesting, too? You should let me watch this play." Casper continued to act goofy.

He wanted to provoke Tristan on purpose so that he could have a reason to beat them up in front of Stallion and his father.

Besides, he also did not want Sands Project to fall into Tristan's hands. It has such a strategic location. If



I can have a share in it, I'm sure I can reap substantial profits from it.

Tristan rammed his fist into the armrest, the veins on his forehead throbbed with exasperation. “Are you two deaf? Take him down!”

“You don't get to do whatever you want here. This is my place.” Steed could not stand Tristan anymore.

“Tristan, what he said is true. You're indeed the same as the viper in the fable!”

“Viper? I don't care if I'm a serpent or not. You have to sign this today!” Tristan roared, staring at Steed intensely. A moment later, a smirk surfaced on his face as he fished out a few photos from a document holder and hurled them onto the desk. “You wouldn't want your son to get into trouble, do you? Do you know he's been using the name of Firewolf Chamber to collect protection money recently? Did you enjoy

yourself, Stallion?”

Before Stallion could answer him, Steed exclaimed, “What do you mean? These photos don't mean anything.”

As he spoke, one of his eyebrows twitched uncontrollably. It was clear as day that he had no idea about his son's misdeed. Although he was infuriated, he composed himself and kept his cool.

“Yes, they don't mean anything, but, for some, these photos might mean a lot.” Tristan flicked a disdainful look at Stallion. “Old man, if I pass these to the police, your son will probably be convicted and become a criminal. If I were you, I would sign this as soon as possible. Your useless son is more important, isn't it?”

“Y-you...” Steed shook like a leaf, his fists clenched tightly.

“I'll bear the full responsibility of it,” Stallion growled, giving Tristan a fierce glare. “Don't Firewolf Chamber do it as well? You guys even physically assault them if they refuse to give the money!”

“Where is your evidence? If you have none, I can sue you for slander.” Tristan snorted, looking down his nose at Stallion.

No doubt he knew about the criminal activities Firewolf Chamber of Commerce had done recently. Even though many were affected, no one dared to report them due to their notoriety.

The reason they could act with such impunity was because of the support they had from the powerful forces behind them.

His brazen statement and attitude totally infuriated

Casper and Elena.

Isn't the wrecking of Tycoon the work of Firewolf Chamber? This guy is absolutely shameless.

Seeing Tristan's arrogant attitude, Casper interrupted again, "Haha, this play is really engrossing. Tristan, the Viper, has finally revealed his fangs. I wonder what happens next."

He paid no mind to Tristan's furious expression and continued, "Oh, by the way, I heard that you wanted to buy Sands Project with five hundred thousand. Can you give it to me if I pay you six hundred thousand?"

He sounded as if he was not intimidated by the power of Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

"Do you have a death wish?" Tristan finally realized that Casper was not only making trouble on purpose

but also picking a fight with him. Ultimately, he waved his hand and squawked, “You two, don't let him leave here alive!”

“Yes!” The two brawny brutes clenched their fists, and the muscles on their arms bulged menacingly as they sprinted toward Casper and swung their fists toward his head. If the punches were hit spot on, he would definitely suffer severe traumatic brain injuries and need to be sent to the emergency department right away.

Thump! Thump!

When their fists were about five centimeters from Casper's head, Casper's fists struck upon their heads so heavily that they saw stars instantly.

Not giving them any chance to fight back, he bashed them over and over again. Before the others could

react to the sight, the two subordinates of Tristan had rendered powerless as they sprawled across the floor, wailing in pain.

“Must you all force me to take action?” Casper dusted his hands and headed over to pat Tristan on his shoulder. “Oh, by the way, why did you bring only two men? Where are the rest? You might as well call them out at once. Let's not waste any more time, and let me settle all of them in one go. I was initially here to watch a show, but since you forced my hand, don't blame me for hurting your men.”

“W-Who are you? Don't you fear to face wrath from Firewolf Chamber?” Tristan stuttered in fear.

The two subordinates he brought were once boxing champions, but Casper had defeated both of them in mere seconds.

This guy's combat skills are beyond formidable. Is he a monster?

“Huh? Of course, I'm scared. Even my heart is racing out of fear now.” Casper patted his chest lightly with a feigned frightened look. “I'm just here to watch a play, remember? Oh, I'm interested in Sands Project as well, but I'm different from you. I'm here to establish a collaboration, not snatching the project.”

“Oh, okay.” Tristan nodded in reply.

However, he was no fool. Knowing that Casper was an exceptional fighter, he smiled obsequiously and said, “You're definitely something else. If you're willing to work for me, I'll forgive you for offending me just now. What do you think?”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 40

As Tristan spoke of his offer, he stared at Casper with an air of confidence.

If this guy becomes my subordinate, no doubt my influence in Horington will soar, and I might even have the chance to beat Hector and become the leader of Firewolf Chamber. For years, I've been searching for a man with physical prowess to assist me.

Seeing that Casper was not replying to him, Tristan continued, "You're a smart person, so I believe you'll make the correct choice. The salary offered by Firewolf Chamber is not low at all. You can get at least a hundred thousand per month. Isn't it a



tempting offer?”

After that, he glanced at Steed and Stallion and added, “As long as you agree to work for me, I'll let you have a ten percent share of Sands Project. That would give you a dividend of six hundred thousand per year.”

The offer he made was rather generous and tempting for an ordinary person.

Hearing Tristan's statement, Steed's heart sank. He knew that if Casper were to turn against him, even if he called all of his subordinates to come, they would not be able to stop Casper as well.

Besides, Tristan had his subordinates creeping outside, too. Oh, God. We might lose Sands Project tonight.

Meanwhile, Stallion was as anxious as his father. His hands became clammy, and beads of cold sweat trickled down his forehead.

After all, he knew nothing about Casper. He befriended him solely because he admired his combat skills.

A moment later, Casper waved his hand and replied, "Haha. Your offer is good, but I don't want to join hands with a serpent."

"If that's so, I guess there's nothing else to discuss between us. Do you know whom you're going against? Aren't you wary of Firewolf Chamber?" A cold glint flashed across Tristan's eyes.

"Why should I be afraid?" Casper stared at him as if he was looking at a fool. "If I don't let you go back, Firewolf Chamber won't know about what happened

here. Or, if I turn you into a mute with a drug and break your limbs, do you think that they'll know about this?”

“You're ruthless! Since you choose the hard way, so be it then!” Tristan scoffed. “You're right that I've brought more people here. Come in!”

With that, five men in black vests barged through the door and soon surrounded the office.

With those burly, thug-looking men around, no one could possibly go in or out of the place.

Upon seeing a man with dyed blond hair and a goatee mustache, Steed went pale instantly and raised his voice. “T-Terry? Why have you become Tristan's subordinate?”

He initially expected Terry, his subordinate, to save

him later on, but now that Terry had betrayed him, all hope was lost for Steed.

How can I defeat Tristan now?

“Mr. Steed, I...” Terry's voice trailed off as he looked down in shame.

“What a pleasant surprise for you, old man. Did you not expect Terry to betray you? I'd told you a long time ago that it's time for you to retire and enjoy the rest of your life. Why make yourself suffer? Am I right?” Tristan taunted triumphantly.

As soon as he finished his words, his smile faded and turned into a sneer. “You all, kill this guy!”

“Yes!” The subordinates answered in unison. Led by Terry, the five men immediately charged toward Casper.

Looking at them, his sneer grew wider in satisfaction. I want that b\*stard to kneel in front of me and beg for mercy! If it wasn't for his interference, I'd have rendered Steed powerless and gotten Sands Project already by now.

Needless to say, he hated Casper to the core.

Casper shook his head in amusement and shouted at Tristan, “Hey, you ungrateful wretch. Open your eyes wide and watch how I beat them up. After I'm done with them, I'll chop off your hands!”

He then ducked their attacks swiftly and disappeared from Tristan's sight all of a sudden. In a blur, he swooped and dived as they closed in on him and threw his fists on them as fast as lightning.

Just as Tristan thought that Terry and the others were

going to win, the sound of thumping fists and bones cracking followed by groans of pain rang in the room.

The shock he was experiencing at the moment was beyond words. Before he could snap out of his trance, his subordinates were sprawled across the floor, again.

Soon, Casper came to Tristan's side and patted his face. "Did you not expect this to happen? Haha. It's your turn now."

"W-What do you want from me? No, don't come near me!" Tristan shrieked, looking at Casper as if he was a monster who was going to eat him alive.

It finally dawned on him that Casper was not an ordinary man. He's horrifyingly powerful! I should have brought more subordinates here today.

Before he could scamper away, Casper placed his right hand on Tristan's shoulder and dislocated his arm with a pop sound. He then proceeded to do the same on his other arm, causing Tristan to let out a scream of agony.

“I hate Firewolf Chamber the most, and you actually dared to threaten me with it. This shall be a lesson to you. If I see you again next time, I'll make you a mute!” Casper pushed Tristan to the ground and glanced at his subordinates who were still sprawled on the ground. “Take your boss and get out of here! Terry, stay!”

Hearing his cold voice, those thugs shook like a leaf in fright and staggered to their feet. Except for Terry, everyone else rushed over to help Tristan out.

Within a minute, the office was cleared. Casper boldly sat down on the chair opposite of Steed and beamed

at him.

Stallion was the first to react and said, “Boss, you're amazing! Let me pour you a glass of water. You must be tired.”

Totally in awe of Casper, he immediately went to the water dispenser to fetch him a glass of water.

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