

The sight of Casper's arrogant face made Brandon's blood boil. Blinded by rage, Brandon slashed frenziedly through the air at the broom but was baffled to find that his knife made no mark on the broom whatsoever.

On the other hand, Brandon felt a searing pain each time the broom landed unfeelingly on his body.

It was the middle of summer, and Brandon was attired solely in a light cotton t-shirt. This afforded Brandon no protection whatsoever from the heavy blows of the broom.

Brandon seemed to have returned to a nightmarish version of his childhood. He was once again being disciplined for his disobedience, only ten times more

brutally than any punishment Brandon had ever received.

“I'll kill you!” Tormented by the pain, Brandon glowered at Casper with a murderous gleam in his eye. He rubbed his back fervently, attempting to soothe his agony, but to no avail.

Immensely humiliated, Brandon weighed his knife in his other hand. He could not fathom how this knife, which had so easily sliced the other into half, could have been defeated by a mere broom. It was even more confounding that Brandon had received such a severe beating from this lean youth.

“Don't you think it's time to start putting your money where your mouth is? Stop saying you'll kill me and do it!” Casper challenged, looking at Brandon with an expression of exaggerated disdain. “Your knife is a good one. I had my eye on it, but you know what they

say. Every inch counts, doesn't it?"

"Go to hell!" Brandon bawled. His dignity was at stake and he was ready to defend it at all costs.

Brandon had learned from his earlier mistake. Instead of charging recklessly towards Casper, Brandon inched forward, biding his time to seize the best opportunity to strike.

"Stop your bravado. Prove it with your actions. Come on! I'm still waiting," Casper said. He had instantly seen through Brandon's plan and had begun pacing, seemingly casually, down the length of the room. He winked at Brandon, then wiggled his little finger at him.

When encountering sly rogues like Brandon, one had to be equally wily, if not more. Besides, Casper had figured out early on that triggering Brandon's anger

was the key to incapacitating him.

“I'll kill you!” Brandon repeated doggedly. His hand was already aiming the knife towards Casper's stomach. Brandon braced himself for retaliation by covering his head with his right hand, then sprinted forward.

Casper, fortunately, had already anticipated Brandon's next move. As Brandon's fingers closed around the handle of his knife, Casper, too, had already grabbed his broom. Casper hit Brandon mercilessly on the head multiple times as leisurely as if he was swatting a fly. The amount of strength with which Casper delivered those blows, however, far exceeded his previous force.

Brandon ignored the pain shooting up his arm, enduring it in pursuit of his ultimate goal. When he was almost standing next to Casper, Brandon

summoned all his strength to plunge the knife into Casper's side.

Just as the knife was mere inches away from Casper's belly, the broom came crashing down on the arm wielding the knife. Brandon instinctively reached forward with his left arm to block it. In that instant, there was the ear-splitting sound of bone breaking, as if a stick had snapped into two.

“Ah!” Brandon yelled in pain. It sounded as terrible as the squeals from a slaughterhouse. Brandon instantly dropped the knife and cradled his broken arm, keening in agony.

“How... How do you have so much inner energy?” Brandon stammered. He stared dazedly at Casper, a look of confusion and fright on his face.

Brandon had witnessed seasoned practitioners of

various martial arts harness inner energy before. They were, however, mostly older folk who had spent years honing their craft to perfection. One had to be familiar with all sorts of weapons, to the extent that wielding it felt like an extension of one's body.

Inner energy was thus a general term used to describe the hidden strength that one possessed. One was far more vulnerable to an invisible danger than an obvious threat.

“Wow, someone who knows what he's talking about, finally. Do you think you're still capable of killing me, then?” Casper asked, casting a glance at the shiny knife, now lying perfectly still on the ground. He stepped forward and kicked the knife behind him. “Are you going to surrender on your own accord, or do you need me to beat it out of you?”

Without waiting for Brandon to respond, Casper had

already raised the broom in his hand and brought it decisively down on Brandon's body. Ten blows followed in quick succession. Unable to withstand the force of the multiple hits, Brandon's traumatized body collapsed onto the ground.

Brandon, however, refused to concede. Glaring at Casper, he choked, "Have you had enough? You're going to beat me to death!"

"Sorry, sorry. I thought that was the intention," Casper replied pleasantly.

The sight of Casper's unrepentant face upset Brandon more than any physical injury could have done.

Brandon had been utterly humiliated that day. As a human trafficker, Brandon had already compromised his basic human morality. Casper's actions had now affirmed that Brandon was worth little more than an

animal to be cruelly tortured and beaten at will.

Reflecting on his pathetic state, Brandon felt tears spontaneously well up in his eyes.

How could I have been so unlucky to have met this fellow? Brandon thought bitterly. He looked like a wimp! Who would have thought he'd be such a terror to deal with?

“If you let me go, I'll return all of the money to you! You can take that girl, too!” Brandon's tone had grown feeble, almost pleading. His body was beginning to ache with every blow that Casper had inflicted on his body.

“Let you go? Don't you think you should leave something else behind, like the monastery's treasure, for example?” Casper asked aggravatingly. “You punk! Return everything that you've stolen!”

Brandon took a deep breath, then exhaled slowly. “Does this mean that you'll release me as long as I hand those things over?”

“Mr. Cabot, you seem to be mistaken. I'm the one holding the figurative knife to your throat right now. You're not in the position to negotiate. Hand everything over!” Casper mocked, rolling his eyes. He stepped forward and towered over Brandon, fixing him with a stern look.

“Hey, aren't you afraid I'll take revenge on you? Don't be too greedy!” Brandon retorted. Even from his lying position on the ground, he managed to direct a vicious look at Casper.

“Why would I be afraid? I think you won't even be able to live beyond this month. You're under investigation for murder, and I'm fully confident that they'll be able to find everything out. Don't worry. On the day you're

given your sentence, I'll surely be there to send you off," Casper said with a smirk.

Without wasting another second, Casper immediately began searching Brandon for the treasure map. He examined it for a moment then hooted with laughter. It looked just like an illustration done by a child.

"What... What are you laughing at?" Brandon stuttered nervously.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 62



"Do you have any brains at all? How is this a treasure map?" Casper said incredulously. "It's a child's

drawing! How did you manage to survive as a human trafficker when you can't even discern this?"

Casper shook his head in disbelief. He tore up the map with one swift motion, then forced Brandon's bank account password out of him. Mournfully, Brandon watched as Casper transferred the million back to himself.

"Listen up! You've been surrounded. Come out with your hands where we can see them!"

Right after Casper had initiated the transfer, a loud voice thundered from beyond the doors of the monastery. To everyone's surprise, it was unmistakably female.

Seeing that Brandon had lost all ability to retaliate, Casper flung open the door of the monastery.

“Don't move! Come out with your hands up!” A clear voice rang out solemnly. Casper squinted in the direction of its speaker, and his eyes widened upon catching sight of her.

The doors had opened to reveal a gorgeous female police officer. Her almond eyes, straight nose, and luscious lips looked as if they had come straight out of a picture book. She wore her hair in a French braid and looked every inch like an actress on TV playing a role, rather than the actual officeholder herself.

As the policewoman stood there, pistol gripped tightly in both hands, Casper felt a fierce aura emanating from her. She was not just playing a role but knew the authority she had and was intent on wielding it.

At that moment, her frosty stare was fixed firmly on Casper, as if he was the perpetrator of the crime.

“Hey! I'm not a criminal. I came to rescue her,” Casper said, gazing down the barrel of the gun distastefully.

“Hands behind your head! Get down on the floor!” She hollered determinedly, refusing to dignify Casper with a response.

“Ma'am, he's my classmate. He's not a criminal. Don't point the gun at him!” Felix gasped. He had only managed to recognize Casper after peering at him for a long while.

“That's right! He's my roommate!” Remy and Colton added, nodding vigorously. The trio had had difficulty reconciling Casper with the man standing before them in a monk's robe.

“Shut up! You over there! Place your hands behind your head and get down on the floor, or I'll shoot!” The policewoman declared obstinately, showing no

inclination towards lowering the pistol or wavering. She regarded the broom in Casper's hands cautiously, as if privy to the earlier destruction he had wrought on Brandon with it.

Casper saw that the policewoman had already condemned him in her mind. However, self-preservation was of utmost priority to him. Casper obediently placed both his hands behind his head and knelt down.

The policewoman immediately gestured towards her fellow officers, who swarmed into the monastery at her cue. The policemen hauled the human traffickers into the main hall, all of them having resigned themselves to their fate.

The policemen were baffled by the state of these human traffickers. Besides Casper, the rest of those present in the room were either moaning in affliction

or already unconscious. Some had even soiled their pants from pain or fear.

“Did you do this to them?” The policewoman turned to Casper with a bewildered look on her face. She subconsciously tightened her grip on the pistol, causing a sense of uneasiness in Casper.

What's wrong with her? Why does she keep staring at me like that? Can't I even act in self-defense? Casper thought to himself, resenting the accusatory glare with which the policewoman had pinned on him.

“What's wrong? You don't think I'm one of them, do you?” Casper demanded, arching an eyebrow. He struggled to keep his tone calm. When he saw Felix and his other friends enter, Casper had immediately shed his robes and cast them aside.

“They're human traffickers! They're violent criminals!

How did you manage to subdue them?” The policewoman questioned Casper cynically.

“As long as they're still human, they're not invincible,” Casper explained. He strode over to where his friends stood, then announced coolly, “If there's nothing else for me to do around here, I'll be making a move first, then.”

Meanwhile, Lillian and Wendy had rushed over to help Mandy up. As they passed Casper on their way out of the monastery, Mandy glanced at him as if to speak. However, she seemed to think better of it and left without addressing him.

“That's right. These human traffickers have already sold two women and committed two murders besides. Please do a thorough investigation,” Casper said by way of a parting shot. “Ma'am, it'll be quite a scoop if you manage to convict them. You can take all the

credit for that. I didn't say anything; I was never even here. Goodbye!”

Casper had snuck a look at the policewoman's rank. Even more notable than her stunning looks was the fact that she held the position of Superintendent at Horington's police station.

Casper marveled at the success the policewoman had achieved at such a young age, feeling a deep admiration rise within him.

“You...” The policewoman stared at Casper, then said icily, “I'm Yasmine Larson. Thank you for your contribution to the success of this operation. We'll indeed follow up closely with these three.”

“I didn't do anything. You were the ones who arrested them,” Casper said politely. “Ms. Larson, we'll be going now. Thanks for everything.”

Yasmine watched helplessly as Casper and his friends turned to leave. She had to admit that they had played a significant part in this operation, with Felix reporting the case to the police and Casper providing the exact location of the criminals.

“Go ahead, then. Don't forget that we might call you up anytime to assist with our investigations. Please leave your contact details with us,” Yasmine said formally as she slid her pistol back into its holster.

As she gazed after their departing figures, a strange gleam appeared in Yasmine's almond eyes. She muttered to herself, “Hmph! Don't think you'll be able to get away so easily!”

“Chief, how should we handle this situation? They're indeed the human traffickers who have been dealing online. It's a huge case. The incentive will be at least

a million,” A policeman commented, jostling his way over to Yasmine to provide an elaboration of the situation.

“Bring them back to the station. Organize the investigators to look into these three men, then assist the victims,” Yasmine instructed without hesitation.

As the policemen set to work at the scene, Casper, Felix, and the rest were already descending Terragon Hill.

“Casper, did you know that you nearly scared us half to death when you took those three criminals on by yourself? You're really reckless!” Felix remarked in dissatisfaction as they arrived back at the car.

“We've been roommates for the longest time. If you do anything like that ever again, it'll be the greatest sign of inconsideration of our feelings,” Remy added.

Colton patted Casper on the shoulder, joining in.
“Even though I'm not the strongest fellow, I'll make up for it with my loyalty! Don't leave us out next time.”

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 63



The three of them all looked mad with anger in their eyes, but Casper was glad. That was an indication that they were true friends that would do anything for each other.

“Don't worry. I'll bring you guys along next time, okay?” Casper raised both his hands up, appeasing them. He did not want to dwell on the subject any

longer than needed.

“Hmph. That's more like it.”

Felix looked satisfied after hearing that and gave Casper a pat on the shoulder before turning over to chat with Wendy.

Nevertheless, Casper could still see that neither Remy nor Colton was talking to Nancy, Jenny, or Mandy. He had to ask Lillian to comfort Mandy even though she wanted to sit with him since Mandy's day was awful, to say the least.

After that, Casper went on to talk with Remy and Colton about something else rather than the incident prior.

Casper's seat was closer to Wendy and Felix compared to Remy and Colton, who sat at the back of

the car with Lillian and Mandy in front of them.

On the other hand, Nancy and Jenny were in the first row. They were more spread out than they were when they came, which made Casper feel a little weird.

“Hey, Felix. I noticed that the people in our dorms didn't really interact with each other after our descend from Terragon Hill. On top of that, the men in your dorm all looked so average. Casper has something going on, but his wardrobe's ugly as heck! The other two, Remy and Colton, looked average at best. Nancy and Jenny didn't even look interested.” Wendy sounded very disappointed.

“They didn't even talk much during the climb, Felix.”

“I'll have you know, all three of them have great personalities! Especially Casper. I would be weight down with guilt for the rest of my life if anything

happened to Mandy if it wasn't for him.”

Felix proceeded to whisper into Wendy's ears, “Did you know how amazing Casper was? He bought Kitty a brand new phone with his hard-earned cash, and she still hasn't returned it even though they broke up.”

He did a brief pause. “That's just dumb. Kitty should be regretting her decision every second of every hour.”

“I think Kitty's actually just stupid.” Wendy pursed her lips, showing signs of pity for Kitty.

“I don't think so. But she's definitely too naive. She doesn't see the bigger picture.” Felix grinned.

Wendy shook her head lightly. “Nancy's skincare products alone cost more than two thousand. And that's excluding her cosmetics. Sigh. I doubt there will

be a next time after this. It just feels like they weren't meant to be.”

“What can I do now? I was really hoping they could all get along nicely.”

Felix agreed with what Wendy said.

All that time, he had never seen any interactions between his mates and the girls, not during their climb up Terragon Hill, nor during Mandy's incident.

Despite that, Felix did not want to see his friends being looked down on.

Then, he let out a sigh. “Let's leave this as it is for now and take some time off after this.”

“That's the only way, I suppose. You can't force this sort of things.” Wendy was also out of options.

Casper also felt helpless after overhearing what they said. You really can't force it. Things won't end well.

While they were on Terragon Hill, Casper also realized that neither Nancy nor Jenny really talked to Remy and Colton. Their back and forths were short and brief, not wanting to embarrass Felix and Wendy.

Colton and Remy were very talkative people under normal circumstances. They could go on about something ten times longer than others usually do. Furthermore, they would often interrupt or interject themselves into people's conversations. However, with two pretty ladies before them, it was like cats caught their tongues as they could barely think of a response, let alone hold a conversation.

It was like that throughout the trip, making Casper anxious for their sake.

Casper figured that he might be able to help them out if Lillian did not keep on pestering him.

When they reached the school, Felix proposed that they share a meal at the cafeteria, but Nancy, Jenny, as well as Mandy, turned down the invitation, saying that they had other plans.

Lillian, whose hands were tightly around Casper's arm, and Wendy were the only ones that tagged along as even Remy and Colton both headed off to the dorm room.

Casper knew that they wanted to head back to play games, so he let them be.

“Casper, did you know how dangerous it was today?” Felix said. “The superintendent told me that those people were all vicious thugs. I can't even imagine

what would happen if you didn't save Mandy.”

He was still shaken by the incident. “Casper, you don't know how grateful I am towards you right now. From now on, I, Felix Junger, will follow you to the ends of the world.”

“I'm not looking for lackeys, yeah.” Casper snickered. “We're bros, so don't say stuff like this ever again, okay? Besides, Mandy's safe, right?”

“That, we are. We'll be brothers for life!” Felix puffed up his chest and replied earnestly.

Seeing that, Casper knew full well that Felix was not joking around and definitely meant what he said.

“Casper, can you tell us about what actually happened? It must have been intense, no?”

Wendy stared at Casper with curiosity written all over her face, blinking innocently like a child that discovered something new.

“You even changed your outfit. Was it like how it is in movies? Did you disguised yourself to blend in?”

Meanwhile, even though Lillian was quiet, her eyes were still focused on Casper. It was clear that she cared for Casper and wanted to hear what he did in that situation.

When Casper sent the message notifying of the human traffickers in the monastery, Lillian's heart literally skipped a beat. She was worried about his safety, to the point where she lost all her appetite.

She was only able to feel relief when they went to the monastery with the police and found Casper still alive.

Hence, Casper had no choice but to give them a brief summary of what happened, obviously leaving out anything about the treasures and the fight.

“That sounds so dangerous, man. Don't ever act alone like that again! I could at least help you hold those goons off if you brought me along, lessen the risk, you know? What if, and I mean if, something were to happen to you? Do you think I can go on living normally?” Felix looked resolute as he patted Casper's shoulder.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 64



Casper shook his head lightly. He was at a loss for words as he replied, "Don't think too much about it, okay? It's all in the past now. We should be looking towards the future! There are so many things that we need to do."

"Yea. We do have a lot of things to do." Felix nodded in agreement.

After their meal, Casper escorted Lillian to the entrance of her dormitory building before heading back. However, before he could leave, Lillian grabbed his arm and stopped him.

"What's wrong?" Casper was puzzled.

"Let me take you to the infirmary?" Lillian looked at him with her beady eyes, pointing towards his left arm. "You're hurt."

“Hurt?” Casper knitted his brows.

He turned his head and took a look at his left arm before realizing there was a hole on his sleeve. It was the hole that Brandon left with his knife. He was still bleeding before the robe dried it out, and none of the boys even noticed it.

“It's alright. I don't feel any pain from it, so I think I'll just pay the pharmacy a visit and treat the wound myself.” Casper rolled down his sleeve, seeing that the injury was not that serious.

He said that mainly because he did not want to stay with Lillian any longer as things could get messy if he developed feelings for her.

“Let me take a look.” Lillian was persistent.

She went ahead and faced Casper, rolling his sleeve

up with her smooth and tiny hands. Her eyes turned red when she saw the injury. “You come with me to the infirmary right this instance.”

Lillian's hands tightened around Casper's arm as she was determined, dragging him towards the direction of the infirmary.

“What are you doing? My injury isn't even that serious. Why are you crying?”

Casper was starting to panic when he saw Lillian's bloodshot eye as he was not someone who could handle a crying girl. Thus, he allowed Lillian to drag him forward while he comforted her.

“You're such a big dummy! How could you risk your own life to save someone else's? What's going to happen to me if anything happened to you?” Lillian's voice was shaking, but she sounded very serious

about it.

She looked like her boyfriend just abandoned her, and that made Casper confused. He knew his body very well, so a wound that size might have actually healed by then.

Moreover, Casper did not feel any pain coming from his arm, not to mention having an extraordinary healing rate since young.

Having said that, he was at a loss for words after hearing what Lillian said. So, he went along with her until they arrived at the infirmary.

“Your wound's healing nicely, but it still needs some general treatment.” The doctor took a look at Casper's wound.

He gave his glasses a little nudge and raised his

head, looking at Casper profoundly as he was astonished.

He was astonished that Casper's wound was healing at an almost inhuman rate. He could barely tell that it was a knife wound. Nevertheless, the doctor was a smart guy, so he did not let his feelings show as he treated the wound swiftly.

When everything was done, the doctor personally escorted the two to the entrance of the infirmary. He watched them as they left, pushing his glasses, once again with a profound look on his face.

“That guy really is something special... “

His expression gradually changed into something more peculiar as he turned and walked into his office. Then, he took out his phone and made a call.

“See?” Casper said as they walked away from the infirmary. “Didn't I tell you this wasn't a big deal? You really like fussing over small matters like these.”

“Shouldn't your wound be bigger than that? The hole on your sleeve was huge! Why was it almost healed when the doctor was treating it?” Lillian looked at Casper, inspecting him bewilderingly.

“That's because I'm superman. I have superhuman regeneration.” Casper shrugged and said playfully.

After all, he had been bathing in medical potions since young, so his body was way sturdier than a usual human. On top of that, his recovery was also faster.

Truth be told, the rate of recovery for his arm was considered slow because the knife actually left quite the gash.

“Tsk. If you're not going to tell me, forget about it.”

Lillian pouted.

She was extra happy, skipping and hopping as she walked in front of Casper.

When they reached the dormitory building, Casper saw to it that Lillian bounced her way inside before leaving.

“Casper, wait!”

Lillian suddenly called out and stopped him.

“What is it... “ Casper turned around rather bemused.

“Muacks!”

Lillian sprinted to him like a rabbit towards him and wrapped her hands around his neck, kissing Casper

on the forehead before he could finish his sentence.”

Her kiss took quite the minute, and Casper's expression froze throughout the duration as if he was possessed.

Casper never thought that Lillian would be so bold to kiss him like that again, and he was getting amorous. Thus, his hands quietly wrapped around her waist and kissed her. It took another minute before Lillian finally pushed him away.

“You better not think too much about this! Alright, I'm going up now.” She gave him a sweet smile before skipping her way into the building again.

Casper slowly wiped the moisture on his forehead away and watched as Lillian disappeared into the building. He shook his head, speechless at what just happened. How could I have feelings for Lillian when I

already know Giselle is the one for me?

“Sigh. Things just got complicated.”

After that, he head back to his own dormitory building situated in the west area. On the way there, Casper passed by the lecturer's dormitory building and noticed two suspicious silhouettes. They had a long pole with them and were trying to snag the underwears that were hung on the second-floor balcony.

“Isn't that Giselle's room?” Casper halted and observed the situation, realizing it was, in fact, Giselle's balcony.

He stayed there once, so it left some lasting impressions in him.

As soon as he realized what was going on, Casper

was infuriated and immediately rushed over to them. Upon closer inspection, he was able to identify the two. It was Charlie's two goons, Jim and Bobby.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 65



Jim and Bobby were the ones that Casper and his friends got into a fight with back then, but Casper only wanted to beat Charlie down and forgotten about them.

Nonetheless, he remembered the injuries that Felix, Remy, and Colton suffered and got even madder. He had been looking for a chance to deal with those two for some time. And now, by god's grace, he found

one.

Even though he did pummel Charlie into the ground and got his revenge.

“You perverts really are something, huh? Stealing Ms. Clauder's underwear? Do you want to die?” Casper walked straight over.

He looked at them with rage-filled eyes. He was extremely upset at what was going on, and his fist flew right at the two.

Jim was caught off guard, not that it mattered, seeing that Casper was too fast. His fist smashed right onto Jim's face, and blood came spewing out of his nostrils. Thank goodness I dodge that. I really don't want bloodstains on my shirt.

Seeing his companion took a punch in the face,

Bobby immediately tossed the pole to the side. He rushed straight at Casper and swung out a punch at him, but he was no match for Casper. The instance Bobby raised his fist, Casper's leg landed on him and sent him flying.

“Ahhhh!”

Bobby howled in pain after crashing onto the ground. The pain he felt was excruciating.

Right then, Jim also threw his pole away and charged towards Casper, throwing out a punch at him. He wanted to take Casper out with one clean hit, but Casper acted first and flung a kick into his waist. Jim cried out in pain as soon as the attack landed and crouched down.

The way he looked at the moment was terrible, to say the least.

“I'm going to kill you perverts here and now! How dare you steal Ms. Clauder's underwear!” The more Casper thought about it, the angrier he was.

Even I don't have a piece of Giselle's underwear! And you two thought you could steal one? You guys are scums of the earth!

With that in mind, Casper gave Jim another kick on the butt, kicking him face-first onto the ground.

Casper was not afraid of going against someone like Charlie as he knew he could just beat him down. Thus, ordinary people like Jim and Bobby, who did not know martial arts, stood no chance against him.

“Spill it. Did Charlie tell you to do this?” He questioned, knowing that these two men were Charlie's followers.

However, Jim and Bobby kept quiet, so Casper raised his feet, ready for a more violent approach.

“Stop... “ A soft voice came from behind him.

At that moment, Casper immediately raised his head. It was Giselle. She was in a slip dress, exposing her snow-white shoulders under the faint light.

His gaze slowly shifted downwards, from her huge breasts to her hourglass waistline, ending at her slender legs. Casper froze at the sight of her and gulped. Beautiful. Truly magnificent. You are indeed the woman I chose.

“Casper, what are you doing here? Did you get into a fight with those two?” Giselle frowned and stared at Casper after seeing the two boys on the floor grunting in pain.

“Ms. Clauder, Casper attacked us out of nowhere! Look at what he did to us! Please do something about this!” Jim exclaimed.

He was trying to shift the focus onto their injuries and brush off the fact that they were stealing her underwear.

“Ms. Clauder, Casper thinks he's all that just because he's good at fighting, so he's taking revenge on us for beating his friends!” Bobby was no slouch, chiming in.

Tears and snot leaked profusely from his face as he made Casper out to be the scumbag of the century.

“Is that true, Casper? Were you taking it out on them? I'm disappointed...”

Truth be told, Giselle came running down because

she heard the painful cries. She was actually doing her makeup before that as she was getting ready to go live. So she could not help but get mad at the sight of Casper beating people up.

After hearing what Jim and Bobby said, Giselle was sure that Casper beat them up for no good reason.

However, Casper interrupted her mid-sentence. “Ms. Clauder. You can't just take their word for it, right?”

He pointed towards the two and said, “These two are perverts. They were trying to steal your underwear, and I got them back for you! You can also see the poles they were using right there.”

While he was talking, Casper pulled out a piece of black lingerie, one that had minimal coverage, from behind him and handed it to Giselle.

Giselle's face flushed when she saw it as it was indeed her personal belonging. She wanted to look sexier, so she specifically chose one that was half see-through, so she felt extremely embarrassed when she saw it in Casper's hand.

With that, everything lined up perfectly. Giselle realized that she misunderstood Casper and that Jim and Bobby were indeed underwear thieves. Hence, she immediately snatched her underwear from Casper and held it tightly in her hand.

This is so embarrassing!

At the same time, a sense of hatred came welling up from within her as she stared at the two boys on the floor, secretly condemning them for acting like perverts even though they were students. Thank god Casper spotted them.

Having said that, Casper actually did not know what Bobby had in his hand and just decided to take it from him. So, he was surprised to see that it was Giselle's bra.

That felt nice to touch. It was thin and see-through. Oh, how I wish I get to see her wear it in front of me. She'd definitely look sexy as heck!


Casper had to stop himself from going down the rabbit hole as he was burning up from within, though he still could not help but take a few more glimpses of Giselle.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 66





“Ms. Clauder! He's framing us! We were just passing by!” Jim quickly refuted and gave Casper a death stare.

“Yeah! We were passing by when I saw Casper with a pole trying to steal your underwear. He's the real pervert here!” Bobby caught on and did everything he could to paint Casper as the real culprit.

After all, there were no surveillance cameras around, nor were there any witnesses.

Furthermore, even Giselle did not see them when they were using the pole, so things were still up in the air.

“Ha! You think you can frame me just because I'm the only one here?” Casper said as he took out his phone.

“Give it a rest already. If you guys like framing people so much, let's call the police. I'm sure that there are fingerprints on those poles. Oh, we can throw the thing you stole in for a test as well.”

Hearing what Casper said, Giselle instinctively tightened her grip on the garment in her hand and rolled her eyes at him. There's no way I'm sending this in as evidence! I'd die of embarrassment!

She figured that he did not need to go that far as she could tell who was lying and who was not. I know they're trying to incriminate you, you know? I'm not that stupid.

“What happened to you two? You're students! Why are you stealing underwear?” Giselle turned and shouted at Jim and Bob.

Nonetheless, Jim was a sly guy, so he was still trying to defend himself. “Ms. Clauder, we didn't steal that! We merely picked it up, but Casper insisted that we stole it and beat us up for it. Now we have to go to the hospital.”

“Ms. Clauder, please don't listen to Casper. He can call the police if he wants to. After all, the poles weren't used to steal your things. I was using it as a walking stick.” Bobby gritted her teeth.

“Is that so? Where did you get such a long walking stick?” Casper snorted.

“I think you guys actually forgot about the night vision surveillance cameras that the school installed last year. Or did you perhaps think you were invisible?”

A similar case occurred last year, but the school could not catch the culprit even after a long investigation.

Hence, the school decided to place cameras here. Having said that, Casper did not know whether it was intact since he heard it malfunctioned the month prior.

“You two should stop this.” Giselle glared at them. “Do you really want Casper to call the police? Aren't you afraid of going to jail? This will be on your records for the rest of your lives. It's going to seriously affect your work opportunities.”

She was also worried that the process might be caught on camera as the police would definitely take a look at it. If that were to happen, Giselle's bra would become vital evidence and the whole school would know about it. That was something she did not want.

On the other hand, Jim and Bobby looked at each other as they undoubtedly did not know about the cameras. Then, they looked toward Giselle with a pleading gaze.

“Ms. Clauder, please. We're sorry. Please don't call the police.”

Even though their families were well to do, Jim and Bobby still needed to look for jobs after they graduated as their family merely ran small businesses. They could not afford to have a stain on their resumes.

“So you admit what you did wrong? Then apologize to Casper!” Giselle's eyes narrowed.

She wanted this embarrassing incident to end as soon as possible.

“You don't have to apologize to me. If you want to, you should apologize to Ms. Clauder,” Casper remarked.

He, too, did not want to dwell on the matter. All Casper wanted was to be alone with Giselle, so he wanted those two scoundrels gone immediately.

Thus, he let them both go as soon as they apologized to Giselle.

Meanwhile, Giselle was very self-conscious and could not even look at Casper as she tightened her grip around her garment.

“Follow me,” Giselle suddenly instructed after seeing the wound on Casper's arm. She assumed he got injured from his fight with Jim and Bobby.

“Okay,” Casper complied and followed Giselle into the building.

He was ecstatic at the thought of being able to go into her room again and very much looked forward to it.

When Giselle got back to her room, she dropped the bra into a tub of water in the washroom and soaked it before cleaning it with soap. She felt disgusted knowing that those two boys had their hands on it and wanted to scrub it down.

“Casper, you really ought to know how to pull your punches,” Giselle spoke when she came out of the washroom. “If I didn't stop you there, you'd get into a lot of trouble if security saw what you did. They were both bloodied, for god's sake.” She condemned him for what he did.

Truth be told, Giselle was dumbfounded when she saw Jim's bloody face. She was worried that the school would put it on Casper's school record. Moreover, Casper had already clashed with Jack. He'd definitely do all he could to get back at you if he found out.

“Ms. Clauder, you can blame me for doing that. Those two are scumbags. They could've stolen anyone's underwear, just not yours!” Casper said with a straight face.

“What are you saying?” His word pulled at her heartstrings. “It's not right no matter whose underwear they steal. Be careful next time. Remember to pull your punches, even if you caught them red-handed. I don't want you to get in trouble, understand? You are a smart boy. You have a bright future ahead of you.”

“I understand. I'll take note not to hit them in the face next time. I'll do body shots instead. That way, no one would notice.” Casper nodded.

“You little rascal. Why would you say something like that? No messing around next time, got it?” Giselle responded

“I'm doing this for your own good, you know?” She realized that she was being too formal with her speech, so her tone softened.

“Yes, I know.”

“Alright then, let's change the subject. I want to have a good chat with you. You okay with that?” Giselle calmed herself down and sat down opposite Casper, looking at him with her pair of sparkling eyes.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 67



To Giselle, Casper really was somewhat of an enigma. There was too much mystery surrounding him. Just the other day, he even made one million donations.

Is he from a wealthy family? But why couldn't he pay his school fees? Why does he eat people's leftovers in the cafeteria? His actions really don't match his status if that were true.

Giselle took a look at Casper's cheap and tacky outfit. It doesn't make sense.

“Sure! I'd love to. What do you want to talk about, Ms. Clauder? I'll tell you everything I know.”

Casper would never want to miss a chance like that.

Are we talking about life? Or are we talking about something else? It's a little too fast, but I don't mind

talking about something else. I like it.

Giselle shook her head gently when she saw how excited Casper was, rolling her eyes at him. He must be thinking of some weird ideas right now. His eyes never left my body the moment he entered the room. You really are a perverted young fellow!

She secretly scolded, not realizing that she actually did not reject the feeling of being stared at by Casper. It was as though he was about to swallow her whole, but she welcomed it, liked it even.

However, she quickly suppressed the little fondness she felt as she thought of Mr. Simpson. He was the man she liked. I wish I knew where he was. I really want to meet him.

“Ahem! I want to thank you for last time. I'll definitely pay the two hundred thousand back.” She

intentionally cleared her throat to grab Casper's attention before thanking him.

“You already thanked me last time, right? I should be the one thanking you for bailing me out of that. If it weren't for you, I would have joined some gangs, I reckon. I would have lost my chance to sit face to face with a beautiful teacher and talk to her,” Casper spoke from the heart.

He was grateful to her for stopping Jack from expelling him, even though he was planning to spend some money to embarrass Jack.

“Aren't you just making fun of me at this point? You're rich. You even helped me paid off that two hundred thousand. You didn't tell anyone, right?”

Giselle rolled her eyes at Casper. She thought about what happened back then and realized how rash she

was. Casper already had the money in his bag, but she foolishly stood up for him even though she was in debt.

“How am I making fun of you, Ms. Clauder? I'd have actually forgotten about this if you didn't bring it up.” Casper wore a straight face.

“Alright then. Don't tell anyone about it. I don't want anyone to find out.”

“By the way.” Giselle stared at Casper with her beautiful beady eyes. “I need to know. Where did you get all that money? Are you from a rich family? Does your family own a mine?”

“You're quite the imaginative one, Ms. Clauder.”

Casper figured it was still too early to reveal his identity to Giselle, so he made something up. “I hit the

jackpot and won the lottery back then. That's why I suddenly had so much money on me. Promise me you'll keep this between you and me, Ms. Clauder.”

Giselle was stunned for a brief moment before bursting into laughter. It was a little manic, but she looked beautiful nonetheless.

“Do you think I'd believe something like that? The odds of that happening is just too low. But if you don't feel like telling me, it's okay.”

Giselle's focus shifted towards Casper's injury on his arm. Her brows furrowed as she was displeased.

“How did you get hurt? Did you get in a fight outside? This is a knife wound, right?”

“You can think of it as me doing what was right, I think. Yeah. That's it. I didn't take any credit, though.”
Casper took a look at the scar.

It looked like it had almost fully recovered.

“I believe you,” Giselle spoke after she was certain that Casper was not lying. “But you should be careful. If your parents found out about this, they'd be heartbroken. Now, take off that shirt. I'll patch it up for you.”

She requested after noticing how frighteningly clean the cut was.

Casper froze for a brief moment after hearing that. “Umm. Is this really okay, Ms. Clauder? I should probably patch it up myself when I get back.”

He did not want to bother her, so he instinctively refused.

“You're a grown man! Cut that shy guy act and give it

to me. Are you trying to say I'm bad at this? Or are you telling me you're going to throw it away since you're rich now?" Giselle was having none of it.

"Alright then. I'll take it off."

Casper had no choice but to take off his shirt and handed it to Giselle.

Having said that, he was secretly thrilled. Who would have known that my Gigi knows how to sew! I love it! You're a million times better than Kitty, no, than any woman out there!

When Casper took off his shirt, Giselle's eyes lit up. His masculine body exuded intense male hormones, freezing Giselle for a brief moment as she quickly snapped out of it and took the shirt to the washroom.

Grrrr...

All of a sudden, Casper heard Giselle's stomach rumble. It was a clear indication that she had not eaten.

It's my time to shine I guess.

“Ms. Clauder, I'm a little hungry right now. Do you have any food here?”

He shot up from the couch and headed straight towards the refrigerator. Inside were some eggs and tomatoes.

“There's some spaghetti in the cabinet, I think. Do whatever you want with it.” Giselle responded after seeing what Casper got from the fridge.

Casper already had dinner before coming back, so the rumbling noise could only have been from Giselle.

She was busy during dinner hours, so she did not get to eat. She thought she could cook up some instant noodles later in the night when she could no longer bear with it.

Lo and behold, Casper heard her stomach rumbling but did not expose her. Instead, he used himself as an excuse to cook for her.

He's definitely an interesting young fellow. It'd be nice if he was Mr. Simpson.

“Wow! You're surprisingly good at cooking! It tastes even better than what I normally make!” Giselle complimented after tasting Casper's cooking.

She was drawn there by the aroma after hanging his shirt up to dry.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 68

Giselle couldn't be bothered about keeping her image intact anymore. In fact, she was practically gobbling the food down like a pig. Something like that would never have happened in the past.

Her reaction was understandable. After all, Casper's meatball spaghetti was borderline perfect. The juicy meatball, the incredible sauce, the spaghetti made just right... Every bite was heavenly bliss.

Casper was a little stunned when he saw how Giselle ate like she was going to swallow the entire bowl down. He didn't expect his spaghetti to be so well-received. Okay, I did not see that coming.

Giselle tilted her head up and looked at Casper upon sensing his gaze on her. She asked curiously, "What's wrong? Don't just sit there and watch. You should chow down too. Didn't you say that you're hungry as well?"

"Right, I should eat."

Casper picked up his fork and tasted his spaghetti. It's not that good, thought Casper. He didn't use any complicated culinary skills, and that wasn't even a third of what he was capable of. Yet, Giselle had already turned into a mindless glutton...

Maybe she only finds it that delicious because she is just too famished. That makes sense since she skipped dinner.

Casper couldn't deny that Giselle looked rather cute

when she gobbled things up, though. She was being as carefree as a kid and seeing her like that mesmerized Casper. Watching the woman he loved enjoying the spaghetti he made for her... that, in itself, was a pleasant experience.

Truth was, Casper was the kind of guy who had always acted like someone from a low-income family. He was mature from an early age and lived on his own when he was in high school. He cooked for himself and would try making something new whenever he got some extra cash. At the time, he wouldn't use any exquisite ingredients, but he still managed to make something great.

Casper was a perfectionist as well, so he wanted to do everything to perfection. That included cooking.

He went all the way to the bookstores to read all the cookbooks and learn how to make the best dishes.

Naturally, him being a perfectionist wasn't the only thing that prompted him to do all that. He also put in all that effort because he wanted to enjoy delicious meals.

Giselle was content and rested on the sofa after she had an incredible supper. A stunning smile donned her beautiful face. She didn't seem to care that an outsider like Casper was inside her dorm and staring at her.

"It's late, Casper, and I have an extra bed here, anyway, so just stay for the night. You can use the bed you slept on the last time you are here," informed Giselle after burping. As she spoke, she pointed at the extra room.

"Will that really be alright? I don't want to intrude," said Casper.

Truth was, Casper was so happy that he almost jumped when he heard her offer. I never thought that I'd be able to stay at her place tonight! He had been praying for a chance to stay with her for quite some time, but he didn't jump at that opportunity right away. Instead, he asked for reaffirmation politely.

He said all that because he didn't want Giselle to take him as a flirt. He wanted her to see him as a kid for the moment.

Casper understood that he must take things slow with women like Giselle. I have to leave a good impression and cannot afford to let her see me as a playboy!

He could tell that Giselle was into grounded, mature men.

"It's not a problem at all. They would've already locked the gates to the dorm, so you can't go back,

anyway. You're not allowed to behave the way you did the last time you were here, though. Go shower before you sleep. Oh gosh, you know, you made such a mess the last time. You were so drunk that you threw up all over me, and I spent all night cleaning up," replied Giselle.

Her beautiful face instinctively blushed red when she reached the end of the sentence. It was as if she recalled an embarrassing event that had been etched into her mind.

Casper was drunk at the time, so Giselle had to help him up the stairs. Unfortunately, he did not behave at all! He kept moving wildly and squeezed her butt several times. He even pinched her breast. Giselle was ever so thankful that no one was around at the time. She would've died of shame if anyone were to see them like that.

Naturally, there was no way Giselle would share all that with Casper.

“I was blackout drunk. I'm so sorry. Do you still have those dirty clothes with you? I'll wash them for you to make up for what I did,” suggested Casper as he stared endlessly at Giselle. He sounded a little embarrassed, even though she was the one who was lounging on her sofa and caressing her tummy.

It'd be a pretty great experience to wash the famous Gigi's clothes for her, especially if those clothes include her undergarments...

Don't worry, Ms. Clauder. I will definitely make sure that they are spotlessly clean.

“The pungent smell would've already killed me if I haven't cleaned them yet. Geez, is that how you see me? As someone who has no regard for cleanliness?”

complained Giselle as she turned to him and roll her eyes at him. She was pouting a little and looked utterly displeased.

She sounded like she was being coquettish with her boyfriend, and the mere sight of that stunned Casper in place.

Giselle is so cute when she's being childish. Ah, my heart is melting! I knew it. My Gigi is the best. I love her so much.

“Not at all. I see you as a beautiful, hardworking, and sophisticated woman. Your future husband is one lucky guy,” replied Casper.

He couldn't help complimenting Giselle because she could've made easy money off of her beauty. Yet, she insisted on making ends meet via her own effort and was truly a remarkable woman with honor and pride.

Awh, Gigi is so elegant and strong. Looks like my future self really is a lucky guy.

“Stop trying to butter me up. Go shower, you punk,” said Giselle.

Even a lecturer as strict as Giselle couldn't help feeling warm and fuzzy when she heard that compliment. She tried to hide it by rolling her eyes at Casper, but her sweet tone betrayed her.

Casper almost turned into a wild animal when he saw her blushing a little like that. He wanted to tackle her and have her mercilessly. Her red lips, her beautiful eyes, her stunning facial features... Everything great about her was combined and revealed at that moment, so she was even more attractive than usual.

It took Casper about ten minutes before he left the

washroom. The first thing he saw was Giselle in her nightwear. It was sleeveless, and Casper couldn't help swallowing hard when he saw that.

“That was fast. You're just in time, though. Come, sit,” offered Giselle as she tapped the empty sofa space in front of her. She was no longer feeling stuffed when she asked, “There's something I'd like to ask you. Do you know someone whose online ID is Mr. Simpson?”

“Mr. Simpson?” blurted Casper. He deliberately frowned to feign confusion. After that, he shook his head gently and pointed out, “Sounds like he used his real name, but Simpson is a common last name, so it'd still be difficult to figure out who he really is.”

“Casper Simpson, your last name is Simpson, too. Are you the Mr. Simpson we're talking about right now?” asked Giselle, as she narrowed her eyes at him. Her beautiful gaze shone with suspicion as she

scanned him from head to toe.

“Hah, I wish,” replied Casper. His heart thumped faster upon hearing what Giselle said, but he knew that it was not the right time to reveal his identity. Hence, he denied it.

“Then please investigate the matter for me. I really want to know who that Mr. Simpson is,” requested Giselle.

She was truly relieved to hear Casper deny being Mr. Simpson. He may be rich now, but that doesn't mean that he is the same Mr. Simpson who has been interacting with me online.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Casper wanted to tell Giselle that he was Mr. Simpson, but he hadn't figured out a way to deal with the matter. Giselle was his teacher at that moment, and he would be in a heap of trouble if he got under her skin.

It was just like how an ordinary man would worry before professing his love. There was a good chance that his friendship with the woman he loved would fall apart if she didn't feel the same. That was why he had to be careful.

Casper was already a millionaire at the time, but some things were simply beyond the reach of money.

Giselle was never one to crave wealth. She would not sleep with anyone for money, nor would she betray

her heart and soul for it.

“I'd really like to meet that Mr. Simpson. I wonder what he looks like and whether he is married...” muttered Giselle as she turned around to leave. Her tone was alluring and filled with so much anticipation that Casper was tempted to change his mind. He wanted to confess that he was the young and rich Mr. Simpson she was talking about.

What is Giselle thinking? Why does she want to know if he's married? Is she falling for him?

“Ms. Clauder, why are you always in the dorm room provided by the school? Don't you have a boyfriend to hang out with?” asked Casper nervously as he stared at her back. His hand was resting on the doorknob when he finally mustered up enough courage to ask that question.

“Well, I guess there's no harm in telling you the truth, so yeah, I'm still single. Why did you ask? Ooh, do you have someone you want to set me up with? I should warn you, though. I have outrageous demands and only want incredible guys,” replied Giselle after she turned around and smiled at him. She put on a mischievous look as she joked about it.

As far as Giselle was concerned, Casper was not just a student. He was a good friend who had helped her a lot, and she saw him as someone she cared about.

That was why she was that honest and straightforward with Casper.

“Haha, okay, if I come across any incredible man, I will definitely send him your way,” promised Casper after he was stunned momentarily.

What he really wanted to say, however, was what was

on his mind. Well, I'm an incredible guy. Shouldn't you consider taking me as your boyfriend?

Casper couldn't speak his mind, but he was delighted, anyway. At the very least, he learned from Giselle herself that she was still single.

That means I still have a shot!

“Oh, then I'll hold you onto it,” joked Giselle with a stunning grin on. “Alright then. Go to bed. It's late, and you have an early class tomorrow.”

Casper murmured an affirmative reply before retiring to his room. He laid on the bed for over half an hour, but he simply couldn't sleep. He turned on his phone to watch Giselle's live show, but she wasn't streaming that night. I guess her show has ended.

That was never going to be an uneventful night. Just

as Casper was unable to sleep, Giselle was also too troubled to sleep. Her father was a drug addict, and he was saddled with debt once more. Hence, even with all the extra income she made online, she still couldn't repay all of his debts.

Mr. Simpson hasn't come online over the past two days. If only he is... I would've shared that with him and ask if he can help me out with that.

Drug addiction was like a bottomless pit. Giselle knew that she could have a treasure chest buried at home, and she still wouldn't be able to clear her father's ridiculous debt. Her family was never a rich one, to begin with, so they had already exhausted all of their savings.

That was why she started streaming online. She needed the money.

To make matters worse, her issue was no longer that straightforward. She recently learned that many online streamers had copied her trend and had become her competitor.

If things kept progressing that way, her followers and income would inevitably become less. She might even be forced to show herself to the online community. That would, in turn, end her career in Business University.

That night, Giselle fell asleep with a dark cloud hanging over her head.

Casper woke up early the following morning, but Giselle was in a hurry to clock in, so she didn't invite him to have breakfast together.

He bumped into Felix when he was heading back into his dorm. The two friends looked into each other's

eyes. Neither spoke, but they knew what the other was thinking, so they grinned and headed back into the dorm.

Casper knew that Felix must've assumed that he and Lillian had slept together the night before.

The former didn't bother explaining himself because he knew that there was no point in saying anything. Hence, he entered the dorm with Felix.

A place like BU was where the heir of rich families gathered, so high-end cafes were set up within the campus.

Casper didn't rest that morning, so he was exhausted when noon rolled by.

“You spent too much energy last night, Casper, so you better go grab a coffee to wake yourself up,”

suggested Felix.

He nudged Casper's arm and gestured toward the cafe when they walked past it. The former had a mischievous grin on when he winked at the latter.

Felix pushed Casper a little toward the cafe's entrance. After that, the former returned to their dorm with Remy and Colton. They had classes all morning, so they wanted to head back and play some video games to blow off some steam.

Casper seemed exasperated as his pals walked ahead of him. All he could do was stare from a distance.

Back when he was penniless, he would walk past the cafe and be tempted to get a cup of coffee there. The prices, however, were ridiculous, so he never walked into the place.

He sighed and entered the cafe. The first thing Casper noted was that the place was packed with students. Everyone had expensive outfits on, and it was obvious that their parents were rich.

Casper checked the menu displayed on the walls. Holy cr*p, that is expensive! An ordinary cup of coffee was over a hundred, and the fancier drinks were even more expensive.

The mere sight of the menu tempted Casper to turn around and leave. If he was feeling that way, then students from low-income families would be even more discouraged. Casper knew that even if the cafe was located in a more accessible spot, it would still have the same crowd and customers. Even those with full-time jobs will not frequent places like these.

That being said, Casper had more than enough

money, and he was already inside the cafe anyway, so he might as well get a drink.

A long queue was in front of all six counters since there were many students in BU, and most of them were rich. There were at least ten customers queuing up to every counter.

Casper tilted his head down and sighed in exasperation before he queued up as well.

He soon discovered that most customers were women.

The men, on the other hand, had their laptops with them and were typing away with a beautiful woman beside them.

It felt like the men were only there to keep their girlfriends company.

As he walked closer to the counter, Casper heard a series of snickers from the queue beside him. He turned around and saw a group of three or four women judging discriminatingly.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 70



“Look, I can't believe someone in washed-out clothes is actually inside this cafe.”

“How shameless! That idiot is obviously penniless, so why bother showing up here? Only daughters of rich families like ours are worthy of being here. Pfft, talk about being in over one's head.”

“Oh gosh, someone will probably have to go hungry for the month after having a cup of coffee here.”

“Ugh, this is so disgusting. Doing all that just to put on an act? I bet this is all to take a photo and upload it to Instagram later.”

“Parasites like these are basically wasting their parents' money and bringing shame to their family. Just be humble if you are born into a poor family. It is such a disgrace, and the entire family will probably die of shame if they see how their young one is here and trying to look rich.”

The women's words were extremely insulting, and they spoke endlessly as if they were hosting a talk show. Their tone was so discriminating that Casper couldn't help frowning when he heard it. Naturally, he was infuriated.

What the f*cking sh*t? Are those b*tches talking about me? Are you challenging me and trying to get me to embarrass you?

Casper's gaze instantly turned sharp. He scrutinized the three ladies and found their beauty to be abysmal. They truly did not interest him at all.

He was wrong, though, because he came to his conclusion by comparing them to Giselle.

The truth, however, was that they were pretty okay.

The woman standing in the middle was the most beautiful one, and she was the alpha among her friends. She had a black leather jacket on and was wearing a pair of jeans to match her trendy hairstyle. Unfortunately, she dyed her hair silver, and from a distance, she looks a little like a mop.

Her eyes shone with discrimination and ignorance as she chewed on her gum, and her overall aura hinted that she saw herself as the center of the universe.

Yep, she is definitely the alpha of her little team.

The other ladies had similar outfits to their alpha's and were also wearing jeans with leather jackets. They even had sneakers of the same brand, and it was undeniable that their family was rich. No wonder they call themselves the daughters of rich families.

Casper sensed something bad from the ladies, though. Their aura was too strong, and they acted too arrogantly.

To his surprise, Casper realized that the girls never shot a look at him even after he had stared for such a long time. They were actually paying attention to

someone in the other queue.

A skinny woman with a head of straight black hair was queuing up there.

Ah, so they weren't talking about me. They were talking about that woman.

The woman in question was maybe five feet tall, and Casper estimated her t-shirt to cost twenty at most.

She had a pair of ridiculously baggy jeans on and looked a little funny.

That being said, her skin was glowing radiantly. She was as beautiful as Giselle, and her lovely face was hidden behind her long, dark hair. She also seemed lively, and her lips were stunning. Casper was certain that she'd look mesmerizing if she were to smile.

The lady never said a word, though. Her expression showed that she was as cool as a cucumber, but she had her head low. It was as if she was guilty of committing a crime.

Casper found everything to be weird because her outfit showed that her financial wellbeing was terrible. Why would she come to an expensive place like this?

“Oy, Amelia Williams, are you deaf? Didn't you hear us talking to you?”

The three bullies couldn't hold it in anymore. They saw how Amelia had her head down, but she never responded to them, so they left their queue and went to surround her.

Ah, so they knew each other.

Despite all that, Amelia stubbornly kept her head down and never said a word.

“Aren't you still receiving financial aids? Did they release the fund? Is that why you've come to a cafe like this? Just how shameless are you?”

“Hey everybody, come on over. This woman's family is so poor that they are going hungry, but she's using the money from her financial aid to buy expensive coffee. Have you ever seen someone so pretentious and selfish? Come and witness the most shameless human ever.”

“I mean, have you ever encountered someone like this? The school gave you financial aid to help you make ends meet. You are not supposed to waste that money on things like these. It's one thing to be poor, but being poor and pretentious. That is just shameful.”

The three bullies became more aggressive when they saw how Amelia was remaining quiet. They changed tactics and started shouting aloud.

In a world where spectators were always abundant, the bullies' screams were quick to attract a lot of discriminating glares.

Everyone assumed the bullies were shouting the truth.

Amelia was wearing a cheap shirt and a pair of pants that weren't her size, so everyone could tell that she was poor. A poor student, who had just received her financial aid, had shown up in a luxurious cafe...

Anyone would make assumptions.

Distaste and disgust welled up in everyone's gaze as they stared at Amelia.

Even Casper was surprisingly disappointed. That woman is so pretentious.

This... Amelia. I can't believe that someone who is almost as beautiful as Giselle is that stupid. She could've done so much with that financial aid.

The angels really wasted their time in giving her a beautiful exterior.

“Take a good look, everyone. This is what she looks like. Remember her well.”

Just then, the alpha of the three ladies suddenly pulled Amelia's hair and dragged the latter backward. That forced Amelia to reveal her face to everyone.

Casper couldn't help gasping.

That woman truly was beautiful and youthful. She was

even more stunning than a celebrity.

My gosh, looks really can be deceiving.

Amelia had no make-up on her, so her beauty was all-natural. She was blessed with a beautiful face, and her perfect skin seemed to glow under the light. The only thing off was that she was a little malnourished, so her skin tone was a little off.

Her beautiful eyebrows and long eyelashes accompanied her big, round eyes. They inspired a sense of familiarity when revealed, and the frown on her brows showed that she was both pitiful and stubborn.

Amelia was biting her lip and remained quiet the entire time.

The alpha kept pulling at Amelia's hair mercilessly.

Even looking at it would make someone's scalp hurt, but Amelia never shed a tear or moved a muscle.

Casper didn't step up and do anything. He simply stared like he was the background character of a movie.

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