

Casper stared. He didn't want to butt in.

“Ugh, this is no fun.”

It seemed that the bullies lost interest when Amelia refused to react to them. They kicked her and almost got her to fall before letting her go.

Despite all that, Amelia never fought back. It was as if she didn't know how to resist at all. With everyone staring in distaste, she bought an enormous cup of cappuccino and left with her head down.

“Women nowadays really are pretentious. She is so obviously poor, but she still insisted on getting a cup of expensive coffee. That coffee was probably equivalent to her parents' wage for the week,” sighed

an onlooker. Most shared the same opinion. They pitied the girl and were angry at her at the same time.

Casper sighed internally as well. What a waste.

She is so beautiful, but she is too materialistic. A cup of coffee isn't a necessity, after all, and she could've gone somewhere else to get a cup of cheaper coffee. Why come all the way over to buy something so luxurious and overpriced? Using her financial aid to buy a cappuccino... that is just crazy.

Just then, Casper sensed that he was targeted. He couldn't help turning around and was surprised to see that everyone was staring at him.

“Pfft, yet another pretentious idiot.”

With Amelia gone, the three ladies shifted their targets to Casper.

These idiots are f*cking blind. This get-up is deliberate! I'm pretending to be poor. B*tches really have terrible instinct.

Casper didn't really care too much about how others were staring strangely at him, though. He fished some cash out of his wallet and bought a cup of latte to wake himself up. After that, he downed the drink and crumpled the paper cup up before tossing it into the bin while the girls stared, flabbergasted.

The whole process took less than a minute.

When he walked past the three ladies, he rolled his eyes at them before walking right out with his head held high.

Casper saw Amelia a short distance away from the cafe. She looked lonely, and for some unknown

reasons, he felt compelled to follow her. He had the strangest feeling that something was about to happen.

He tailed her carefully so that she wouldn't detect him.

He didn't need to, though. Amelia was not in a good state, and she wouldn't have noticed anyone following her.

She went all the way to the mountain behind BU and found a quiet spot. The place had tons of trees and shrubs, so it was perfect for hiding. Past the shrubs, Casper vaguely made out a tiny figure.

Truth was, they were in an undeveloped spot within the university. A famous lake called Lake Salton was located there. The place had tons of fish, and one could enjoy the beautiful early sunrise as they fished in the morning.

No streetlights were installed, so most would not go to that spot. Casper got curious about why Amelia walked all the way over. Did she come here just so that no one would see her drinking that expensive coffee?

The shimmering stars in the sky did little to illuminate the place, so it would not be possible to enjoy the scenery. Hence, no one could see her.

Casper was quick to dismiss his theory, though. That is not likely. She showed no shame when she bought the coffee in the cafe, so why would she be bothered about drinking it?

Amelia sat down while facing the lake. Well... the way she sat would actually be better described as kneeling, though. She carefully got the cappuccino out of her possession and took a small sip of it before

licking her lips. She looked like she was having the most exquisite elixir in the world.

Casper couldn't help shaking his head when, from a distance, he saw her acting that way. He couldn't believe that the woman was that materialistic. I knew it. My Gigi is way better.

Even a poor student should have some dignity. How is she so shameless?

Casper could tell that the cost of the coffee was hefty for her. If she had spent the money on food, she would've been able to afford groceries for the next two months. He knew because that was how much he used to spend on groceries.

Yet, she wasted it all on a cup of coffee. What a waste.

Just then, Amelia set the cup of coffee on the ground. She had only taken one sip, so she was careful because she didn't want any of it to spill.

After that, she crossed her arms and hugged her tiny figure tightly. Her head tilted downward once more. Her head of black hair draped down like a curtain that had just been untied. It didn't even take a minute before her shoulders started trembling uncontrollably.

Why is she secretly crying here?

Casper was completely stumped when he saw Amelia suddenly sitting up and humbly bowing to the cappuccino.

He found that to be even stranger. What kind of crazy culture is that? Is she on her knees and worshipping a cup of coffee? This woman has got to be cuckoo.

Earlier, the three bullies went after her, but she never budged or voice up. She simply had her head down. Now that she has gotten her coffee, she should be hiding away and secretly enjoying it in peace.

Any normal fellow with poor financial standings would shy away from wasting over two hundred on a cup of coffee. They probably won't even set foot inside the cafe.

Yet, this woman went in, bought the coffee, took one sip, then started worshipping it. This is seriously beyond strange.

“What a lunatic,” muttered Casper.

He honestly couldn't think of a better adjective to describe that woman.

After that, he let out a heavy sigh. What a waste. The

angels ended up putting a beautiful face on a crazy person.

Casper didn't want to figure out what was going on anymore, so he turned around to leave.

Splash!

He had only taken a few steps when he heard a loud splash from the lake. That shook him to his core. Lake Salton wasn't an undeveloped lake, but it could still drown someone. Moreover, the spot where Amelia likely jumped from was over ten meters deep!

Casper hurried back to the place where he saw Amelia kneeling. He noted that she was nowhere to be seen and knew that it was a terrible sign. His heart started thumping faster as he thought, That woman is committing suicide!

Casper didn't dare to dilly dally. As he ran to the lake, he stripped until he was only wearing his undergarment. He jumped into Lake Salton immediately after.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 72



It was essential for the heirs of the Simpson family to learn how to swim because they had an annual tradition. Everyone had to go underwater and pay their respect to their ancestors' graves.

Casper was the best swimmer of his generation and could hold his breath for up to ten minutes while underwater.

To top it off, he also had training on how to rescue a drowning person, so the task at hand was not a difficult one for him.

The natural lighting was virtually non-existing, so Casper could not see anything under the chilly lake. Hence, he had no choice but to search blindly for Amelia. It took him some time before he saw a dark figure sinking downward. The figure showed no signs of struggle and was obviously trying to commit suicide by drowning herself.

Is all this really necessary?

Casper didn't hesitate to swim toward her. He had to use both his arms and legs to reach her and grab her waist.

Amelia suddenly opened her eyes. She glared at

Casper and shook her head endlessly to tell him that she wanted to die.

Unfortunately for her, there was no way that Casper would let her die. She spared no effort in struggling away from him, but it was all a waste. He still dragged her all the way up to the surface.

“Let go of me. I don't want to live! Just let me die.”

She started struggling once more and kept pushing Casper away as hard as she could. To her dismay, she couldn't break free, no matter what she did.

Casper glared over fiercely and growled, “Then drag me to my deathbed with you because there is no way I'm letting someone die in front of me!”

His sudden howl scared her straight. Her watery eyes were like those of a malicious ghost when she glared

at Casper. It seemed that she hated him for not letting her die.

Casper worried that Amelia would jump back into the lake when he wasn't looking. It would be troublesome and tiring for him to rescue her again. Hence, he swung her over his shoulder and walked all the way to the spot where she knelt down earlier. He set her down there.

“Why didn't you just let me die? Why did you save me?”

Amelia was already sitting on the grass, but she remained agitated, and her fuming glare was burning with hatred when she glared at him. She acted like he had made a terrible mistake.

Gasp!

Casper couldn't resist gasping aloud when he saw her that angry. Huh, I didn't realize that she is so beautiful when she is angry. She could almost compete against Giselle.

He had never seen Giselle being mad before, but he could imagine and guess that she'd be stunning.

Amelia was drenched, and water was dripping from her hair. Those droplets soon merged with her tears and made her look like a fragile flower.

Her eyes were beautiful, to begin with, and her tears only made them more breathtaking. She would most definitely be mistaken as an artistic young lady if anyone were to see those eyes wandering down the streets. Amelia was still glaring angrily at Casper, but he didn't find her intimidating at all. If anything, he found her stubbornness to be quite impressive.

Hearing her previous words got Casper to change his stance completely, though.

What the f*ck? I risked my life and jumped into the lake to rescue you! Now, you're complaining and saying that I shouldn't have done that? What a b*tch!

“You're right. Your death doesn't affect me anyway, so maybe I should've let you die,” growled Casper.

He was angry as well, but not because she was glaring at him. He was mad at her for being that persistent in killing herself, so he dissed mercilessly, “You know, even newborn babies cry to attract attention and survive, but you? You're a fully grown woman with functional arms and legs. How could you give up on your life just like that? Have you ever considered how your parents will feel?”

“Death is an easy option for you, but not for your

parents. They raised you and loved you unconditionally. They even paid for your education! Is this how you're going to repay them? What will they do if you die?

“Just look at yourself. You knew that your family is struggling financially, so why go for expensive coffee? Is it really that important to satisfy your cravings? Have you thought about how heartbroken your parents will be if they learned that you're wasting money like that? Your family is struggling to make ends meet, so why can't you behave? Are likes on social media really that important?”

Casper sighed heavily. He glared like he was furious at her for not treasuring what she had, and in his agitated state, his words slipped out of his tongue like a vicious waterfall.

That was the first time he spoke so much in one go.

At first, he thought that Amelia would snap back at him and argue against him after hearing everything he said.

However, things did not progress the way he thought. She simply curled up into a ball and hid her head away to cry helplessly like a child who had lost all hope.

“I forbid you from talking about my parents. You're not allowed to talk about them...” murmured Amelia.

She suddenly tilted her head up and glared evilly at Casper. Her bloodshot eyes were terrifying, and her tears rolled down fiercely like a tsunami. “So what if I tried having an expensive cup of coffee this one time?” challenged Amelia.

She cried even louder, and her tears shed even

fiercer before she could finish speaking. Her entire body was trembling as if her earlier ordeal with the lake had frozen her.

However, it was summer, and Casper knew that she shouldn't be cold despite being drenched. If anything, she should feel refreshed.

“I just wanted to know what expensive coffee tasted like before I die. Is it really so bad that I don't want to die with any regrets?” demanded Amelia as she glared stubbornly at Casper. She looked terrible in that state.

“Why? Why must everyone judge and reprimand me? Jessica and her friends insisted that I am materialistic, and the others just chimed in and scolded me without learning the truth. Now, even a stranger like you is saying the same. Well, guess what? You're all wrong! I am not a bad person. Yes, I am poor, but I have

never been materialistic! The only thing I ever bought from the cafeteria was bread. I don't want the others to make fun of me, so I will take my bread and walk all the way over to have my meal here. I even brought my own jam because it is cheaper!" shouted Amelia.

She sprang up and went to a particular bush to reveal a jar of jam hidden there. "See? This is the jam I used! I'm not showing it to you to garner pity. This is just to prove my words!"

Seeing the jar of previously hidden jam surprised Casper to his core. He couldn't believe that the girl in front of him had a harsher life than he did. At that moment, he was truly at a loss for words. It was as if everything was stuck in his throat.

He used to complain that life wasn't fair, and when Kitty dumped him, he felt like his entire world had crumbled. In hindsight, he realized that his life wasn't

that hard, especially if he compared it to Amelia's life.

This young woman may be blessed with beauty, but her life was difficult. She had to keep quiet and endure everybody's humiliation and insult. She was even bullied!

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Chapter 73



“I have never had a beautiful dress or used any make-up. I didn't even have dolls growing up! Bags are out of the question, and accessories are just fantasies. I had none of the things the other girls had, but I never craved them. You know, I've never even had snacks...

“But I am a human, and I am a woman. I like pretty things and enjoy having coffee as well. Despite that, I had bought none of those. I planned on committing suicide today so I went for one, ONE cup of cappuccino. I will have no regrets after tasting it. Is it really that bad that I don't want to die with regrets? Why must everyone bully and reprimand me like that?”

Sob!

Amelia teared up even more at that point in her story. She couldn't stop herself from going crazy anymore, so she screamed aloud.

That scream was so heartbreaking that Casper's heart ached. She is so unlucky. The pressure she endures daily... that is not something an outsider like me can even imagine.

Amelia had always been a thin woman, and the way she cried into the night made her look like a helpless raft fighting against a cruel storm in the sea. It seemed like she would be overwhelmed at any given moment.

Casper was a little stunned. The surprise in his heart had maxed out by then.

Her life truly is a terrible one. Everything she had experienced was so much worse than what I went through.

Everything she did was supposed to be normal and understandable.

Heck, even doctors would suggest letting someone on their deathbed have something they enjoy. So, why can't a girl who likes coffee have a sip?

This is too sorrowful.

Casper never guessed that Amelia had already decided to kill herself when she walked into that cafe. To think that the helpless woman was publicly humiliated, reprimanded, and bullied just before she tried to commit suicide...

And she had to listen to my self-righteous, ignorant speech after I saved her... F*ck, everything I said only made things worse.

Casper couldn't help blaming himself when he thought about that. What right did he have to scold a young lady who had only ever tried to survive? D*rn it, I acted too impulsively. She's not who I think she is.

Casper shifted his gaze to the cappuccino and noted that it was left untouched.

I guess that makes sense.

She only took a sip because her intention had always been to try having some exquisite coffee before she kills herself without regrets...

Amelia acted like someone on their deathbed who wanted to wear something nice before they pass away. It didn't matter that they would only wear it for those few seconds. They just wanted to die without regret.

She was too kind. The belief in this region is that if someone dies while having regrets, their souls will be forced to stay on Earth and scare the living. She didn't want to cause nightmares for everyone else.

Casper suddenly felt heartbroken.

“I'm so sorry. I didn't know,” said Casper.

He apologized sincerely. After that, he picked his clothes up and got a piece of tissue out of his pocket. He handed the tissue to Amelia and advised, "Here, wipe your tears away. Don't do anything stupid again, okay? Think about it. Won't your parents be devastated if anything were to happen to you?"

"M-my dad is not around. My mom's the one who raised me," shared Amelia as she shook her head.

Her emotions were slowly stabilizing, and she no longer wanted to commit suicide. Her change might be due to how Casper was treating her a little differently than others do. He does not look down on me...

Hearing how Amelia's dad wasn't in the picture gripped Casper's heart.

“Then think about it. If I hadn't rescued you in time, won't your mother be devastated? She might even kill herself to be with you. Are you really okay with that?” asked Casper before he shook his head gently and sighed.

“I know that my mom will be crushed if I were to die. She might even do something stupid,” said Amelia.

Her tears started rolling down her cheeks once more when she protested, “But what else can I do? Being a liability like me meant that my death is the only thing that will set my mom free. I knelt down and bowed in the direction of my mom's house before I jumped into the lake to commit suicide. I'm so sorry, Mom. If I get reincarnated, I promise that I will repay all your kindness in my next life. Please forgive me.”

Her tears dripped into her mouth, and the hopelessness in her eyes became more intense.

Sorrow overwhelmed her once more and tears flowed fiercely down her cheek. She looked terrible.

Casper suddenly recalled how he commented and called Amelia a lunatic after seeing her weird behavior. I never realize that she was saying goodbye to her mother. What a sweet girl. Even in her final moments, she was thinking about her mother.

Casper felt even more guilty upon coming to that conclusion.

“No matter how difficult life is right now, it will pass. Bite down and hold on. There is no hurdle a persistent human can't overcome,” said Casper.

He truly felt bad for the woman in front of him. He sighed a little and asked, “Why don't you talk to me? Tell me what happened. Maybe I can help.”

They lived in a world where most issues could be solved with money.

Unfortunately, it was also a world where being poor could topple even the greatest hero.

Rather than using his money to settle the debt that Lillian's brother owed, Casper felt like his money would be better spent helping this young woman.

He also thought that he should protect someone that kind and sweet.

Naturally, his willingness to help stemmed from his guilt as well. After all, he acted like an asshole and a know-it-all earlier.

She is so strong and persistent, and her kindness is overwhelming. Yet, I misjudged her and reprimanded her like Jessica did.

To top it off, he almost left. If he was further away, he would not hear the splash, and a human would cease to exist. His guilt would've eaten him alive under those circumstances because he would've been the one who left a helpless woman to fend for herself.

“Y-you'll help me? No, you can't help me. No one can,” replied Amelia.

Her emotions were stabilizing once more, so she slowly tilted her head up and looked at Casper.

All she saw was sincerity in his eyes. There wasn't a hint of insult or discrimination. The fact that he was a good-looking fellow didn't hurt either. He is not like the others...

Amelia later noticed that Casper still hadn't put his clothes back on. That got her to blush in

embarrassment. Ah, so he was on standby the entire time. He would've been ready to rescue me again if I tried to commit suicide.

“C-can you please put your clothes back on? I-I won't try to commit suicide again,” informed Amelia in a ridiculously soft voice.

“Ah, right, sorry. I'll go put them on right away,” promised Casper.

He was a little embarrassed and was quick to put his clothes back on.

That was when Amelia realized that the man in front of her had washed out clothes. I guess he is just like me and is a regular, poor student.

Unfortunately, my issue is too big. There is nothing he can do even if I tell him, anyway, so I might as well

just keep it a secret.

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Chapter 74



I will end up getting him in trouble if I tell him the truth and he acted impulsively to try to help me.

Amelia would never do anything to hurt an innocent bystander.

“You can talk to me. Trust me. I can help,” offered Casper with a genuine heart. He had a pleasant grin on as he stared at Amelia.

Casper knew what Amelia was thinking, but more

than that, he understood her. She doesn't know that the person who rescued her is the heir of the Simpson family and has the power to pretty much alter reality.

Amelia turned to the man sitting beside her. His gaze is so clear, warm, and kind.

She noticed that he had a mesmerizing aura that could make women swoon in the sense of security he inspired. It was the kind of strength that radiated from the deeper parts of his soul, and she was tempted to rest her head on his shoulder. She wanted that sense of security to wrap her up.

Amelia was stunned for a moment there. The man in front of me is wearing cheap clothes, and it is obvious that he is not wealthy. Why does he exude an aura this unique?

Despite her suspicion, Amelia stubbornly shook her

head. Her entire body trembled, and her mind cleared, so she said, “You shouldn't ask about this again. The people who are after me are worse than the pretentious, rich brats, so you shouldn't get yourself involved. Stop asking, okay? I won't tell you, anyway.”

“Well, okay then,” said Casper.

He didn't push when he saw how stubborn Amelia was being. He simply got another piece of tissue out of his pocket and handed it to Amelia before teasing, “Here, wipe your tears away or the lake will be jealous of how much water you can generate.”

It's probably not urgent, so I can take my time. I'll ask her after she is more stable and is comfortable sharing her issues with me. I'm sure she'll tell me.

“Okay,” murmured Amelia, before she rolled her eyes

at Casper in annoyance. She accepted the tissue and wiped her tears away before saying, “Thank you for what you did earlier. If it hadn't been for you, I would've already died. I'm Amelia, by the way. I'm studying law.”

“It's nice to meet you. I am Casper, and I am studying finance and business administration,” replied Casper with a smile. He introduced himself, but he kept his secret identity hidden.

“It's nice to meet you, too. Oh, by the way, try this cappuccino. It's really delicious,” offered Amelia.

She used both hands to pick up the coffee placed on the ground and offered it to Casper. Her big, round eyes stared at him.

“Huh? For me? I can't accept something so expensive...”

Casper shook his head to refuse her offer, but seeing how sincere she was prompted him to accept it.

He knew that Amelia was trying to thank him, so he had no choice but to drink it. If he didn't, the ridiculously kind woman would feel bad about it.

Naturally, Casper wasn't actually going to finish the entire cup of coffee. He simply took a sip and handed the cup back to Amelia.

“Here, it's not right to keep something so good for myself. You should finish the rest,” suggested Casper.

He knew that the woman in front of him loved coffee and was especially fond of the cappuccinos. If she didn't, she wouldn't have spent a small fortune on the coffee to make it her last drink.

Amelia felt a little embarrassed when she stared at the coffee she truly loved. However, she couldn't handle it when Casper insisted that she had some as well, so she ended up accepting it and sipping it. She cherished the fragrant taste of the coffee swirling in her mouth and the way the foam spread the aftertaste.

She didn't mind drinking the coffee after Casper had some. Instead, she looked calm about it.

“You should drink some more. There's too much coffee in here, and I will definitely be stuffed if I finished it all.”

Amelia handed the coffee back to Casper as she spoke in an embarrassed tone.

He didn't actually believe that she would be stuffed even if she downed the sizeable cup of coffee.

Moreover, he could tell that she hadn't had her dinner.

“Alright, then, let's enjoy it together,” said Casper.

He took the coffee and sipped some before handing it back to Amelia.

She blushed as she stared at the cup, but she accepted it, anyway.

“Come sit closer... Actually, I can do it,” said Casper.

He inched over to Amelia's side and got close to her, but she didn't find it weird or felt uncomfortable.

Instead, she felt like it was the most natural thing to do.

Hence, as the night passed on, two youngsters sat together on the field near the lake behind BU. The large cup of coffee became the beverage they shared

and marked the beginning of their story together.

Years would pass, and someday, they would reminisce on the memory they made that day by the lake. Their hearts would still stir, and they would feel warm.

Grumble.

Both Casper and Amelia heard their stomachs grumbling in hunger just as they finished that cup of coffee. The two of them turned to one another and laughed simultaneously in embarrassment.

“You bought the cup of coffee, so let me treat you to dinner in return,” invited Casper sincerely and politely. He was worried about Amelia over-worrying, so he added, “I finished a part-time job earlier and have some extra cash with me.”

He was actually telling the truth. He went to do a part-time job some time ago and earned about a thousand in cash. However, he never had the chance to spend it, so he could use that money to treat Amelia to a meal.

Truth was, Casper really worried that she would reject his offer, so he stared at Amelia in anticipation.

She had already tucked her long, dark hair behind her ears by then, and her stunning facial features revealed themselves to Casper. Her sexy lips, her smooth skin, her beautiful eyes, her cute nose... everything seemed so perfect.

Everything about Amelia screamed grace and beauty.

However, Casper saw something in those aesthetically pleasing eyes. Extreme humility. She had the kind of eyes that told everyone just how low

her self-esteem was, and that made her extremely different from Giselle, who was rather confident.


“Okay,” replied Amelia.


She could feel her stomach protesting, so she accepted the invitation while blushing. Her heart was also beating fast at the time.

She had led a difficult life. It didn't matter if she was in kindergarten, middle school, high school, or university. No one wanted to be her friend, so she was always lonely. Hostile and hateful glares followed her everywhere.

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Hence, no one ever asked her to join them for a meal. They acted as if she was a plague and distanced themselves from her.

Amelia was, in effect, a frightened bunny living amongst a pack of wolves in the wildest rainforest.

Yet, Casper inspired a different emotion within her. His sincerity and warmth filled her, even though he was just being a good friend.

Her eyes stung once more, and tears started gathering again.

She felt like crying.

“Before that, though, you should go change out of your clothes and put on something dry. You're

drenched, and you'll catch a cold even if it is summer,” said Casper as he turned around and stared at Amelia's wet clothes.

“Okay,” replied Amelia.

She nodded firmly. That gesture got tears to roll down her eyes.

That was a tear of joy. She had never had a friend before, and she definitely didn't know what it was like to have another man caring for her. All that happiness made it so that she couldn't hold her emotions in anymore, and her tears reacted to that.

“Ah, don't cry. W-what did I do? Did I make a mistake?” blurted Casper.

He got nervous when he saw her crying again. She's not going to jump into the lake and try committing

suicide again, is she?

“No, no. I'm just really glad to have met you,” said Amelia.

She was quick to clarify the situation because she didn't want Casper to worry about her. It's nice to have someone caring about me.

Amelia and Casper went back the way they came from after her emotions settled down. After that, she changed into a dry outfit, and he took her to the place where he had supper with Ms. Schneider some time ago. He wanted to check out the food street that was about to be his.

Casper went to Larry's restaurant once more. When Larry and Candace saw Casper there with another beautiful woman, their eyes glowed. Neither asked nor commented on anything.

However, they both made a mental note to tell Elena about it and to urge her to work harder to get Casper.

“Order whatever you want. I'll be picking up the tab.”

Casper handed Amelia the menu as soon as they sat down. He was essentially gesturing her to order something she'd enjoy.

The cost of food here isn't expensive, anyway. Their target customers are the public, so even the most expensive dish is cheap. Naturally, it would be difficult for Casper to foot the bill if he was still stuck in his old state. He had more than enough money at that moment, though, so he was not worried at all.

“I-I'll have an egg sandwich.”

Amelia ordered the cheapest option on the menu.

“That's it? That can't be enough. Why not order something extra? You'll go hungry if all you have is an egg sandwich,” blurted Casper. He was half-joking when he teased, “Don't worry. Given your tiny size, filling your tummy won't cost me much. Besides, I can always make more money.”

Amelia's face instantly blushed red after hearing that. She stared at Casper in embarrassment before picking the menu up again and ordered two more dishes. Then, she pointed, “There. I really won't be able to finish anything more. Also, you shouldn't be wasteful even if you have the money.”

“You're right,” agreed Casper.

He nodded slightly and was in agreement because he wasn't going to show his true net worth in front of Amelia yet.

After supper, Casper and Amelia took a walk down the path within their campus. It was quiet, and the yellowish streetlight made the place seem a little romantic.

In her dry outfit, Amelia looked even more serene and beautiful. Casper could tell that she put some effort into looking nice, which is why she seemed sweet despite wearing old clothes.

This is probably the best outfit she owned, thought Casper.

Amelia paused under a tall tree just as they were about to turn the corner and head to the ladies' dorm. She turned to Casper and seemed a little nervous when she said, "Thank you, Casper."

"For what? I'm the one who should be thanking you

for letting me do something nice,” said Casper with a smile, “Everyone says that saving a life would create good karma and send us to heaven. Now that I rescued you, I will definitely make it up there.”

“Yes, you will,” replied Amelia with a straight face on.

“Will I see you again tomorrow if I go to the spot behind the mountain?” asked Casper.

He stared at the beautiful Amelia and couldn't stop himself from asking that question.

“Yeah,” replied Amelia.

She tilted her head up. Her beautiful face blushed once more when her clear eyes looked into Casper's. She was honest when she answered his question, but her heart thumped faster, anyway.

At first, Casper wanted to walk with her a little longer, but Amelia was firm in rejecting his offer.

He smiled when he saw her hopping down the road happily. He was glad because he did something great that day. If nothing else, I saved a woman's life.

Many would brag to others after doing something good, but Casper didn't.

Instead, he thought that it'd be best if that incident could remain a secret between him and Amelia.

The next morning rolled by soon. Casper woke up early to visit Tycoon's employees who were in the People's Hospital. He was just leaving the hospital to go back to school for his classes when he got a call from Felix.

“Casper, please help me inform the teacher that I

won't be able to make it to class today,” informed Felix.

He was great at pretending and hiding the truth, but Casper could still detect the anxiety in Felix's voice. It sounds like something had happened...

Casper instantly pushed and kept asking until Felix eventually confessed. Turned out, Felix was riding his bike back to school when he accidentally scratched a luxurious car. He and the driver are arguing at that moment.

Felix obviously couldn't fix the issue on his own, so Casper rushed to the site of the accident right away.

He had just gotten out of the cab when he saw Felix kneeling in front of a Maserati. Felix's face was bruised and bleeding as he begged for mercy.

A young man was standing beside Felix at the time. The former was in an exquisite three-piece suit and had so much gel on his hair that even an ant would slip. He was pointing, yelling, and kicking Felix.

Seeing that got Casper to fume. That was his friend who had helped him generously when he was in trouble!

Casper hurried over and helped Felix off the ground before glaring at the young man angrily. Casper roared, "Just fix the car if it's been scratched. How dare you cross the line and attack my pal?"

At that moment, Casper was truly tempted to step up and knock the young man out. F*cking assh*le went too far. Felix is barely standing, and his eyes are already swollen!

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“Damn it, I just got this new car which cost me several million, and this tramp here can't afford to compensate for my loss, so I beat him up. Do you have a problem with that? Why don't you help him pay me then!”

The young man sized Casper up and taunted him, “You're not just paying lip service, are you? A few million is not a trivial amount.”

“How much is it exactly?” As Casper took a glance at the scratch and then at the bruises on Felix's face, his voice turned icy.

“I can tell that you're penniless as well, and you're still playing the big shot in front of me.”

The young man in a suit glared at Casper with a disdainful look and added, “I'll tell you what. Don't play rich if you're broke, because you'll not only fail to show off, but you might also lose everything.”

Casper bore a faint smile on his face and patted Felix on his shoulder as he comforted him, “Felix, don't worry, just leave it to me.”

With that, Casper walked over to the car where it was scratched. He could see that the door to the passenger seat was dented, and a coat of black paint came off. It was indeed a jarring sight.

“How much do you want us to compensate you?”
Casper shot a look at the young man.

The young man shook his head lightly, and his eyes were filled with contempt and disdain. “Does a bumpkin like you know that this is a luxury car? Have you any idea that it costs a few million?”

“Why can't you be more decisive? We're all young people; is there a need to be so secretive?” Casper shrugged as he replied with displeasure.

This man has repeated 'a few million' thrice now, but he just won't state an exact figure. He looked around and noticed a brick, so he went forward and picked it up.

“Well, at least three hundred thousand, you-” Looking at Casper's reaction, the young man was very puzzled. He raised three fingers nevertheless, but before he could even finish his sentence, “Bang!” Casper had slammed the brick heavily against the hood of the car.

“How much should we pay you now?” Casper turned and looked at the young man as he asked.

Meanwhile, his face puckered into a ferocious look.

Back at the dorm, Felix, Remy, and Colton treated him like he was their brother. When he was so impoverished he had not even a single cent to spend on meals, they scrimped and saved up some money to spare him some cash, and when someone humiliated him, they were the ones who stood up for him.

And now this jerk is making Felix kneel before him. That's way over the line.

Bam!

Before the young man could answer, Casper

smashed the windshield of the Maserati with the brick again.

“And how much should we compensate you now? Have you done your calculations?” Casper's voice was frosty to the bone, and he raised the brick yet again.

Every time the brick landed on the car, Casper pulled no punches. Even as the brick was smashed into pieces, he showed no sign of yielding. Instead, he looked around again, and when he realized there was no more brick to be found, he simply pulled open the door and got in the car.

“Hey psycho, what are you trying to do! Get off the car!” Previously, the young man was perplexed at what Casper was doing, but he finally got around his head at that moment and came running in Casper's direction as he reached out to pull Casper's hand and

shouted.

Vroom!

Nonetheless, before he could even reach Casper's arms, the car had already been started and sped off in a flash, crashing into a low wall not far from them before it finally came to a stop.

“You goddamn son of a gun! How much do we owe you now? Tell me the figure!” Casper opened the door and strode toward the young man as he said with a face full of mockery.

Looking at his precious Maserati, the young man in an expensive suit was so heartbroken that he yelled, “You're a damn psycho! Pay for my car!”

The young man was half-roaring toward the end, and tears welled up in his eyes.

“Just give me the figure. I won't pay you a cent less than that,” Casper repeated so resolutely and unquestionably.

“You're really a psycho. This car is brand new, and I just got it today. You pay me back for my damages!”

The young man in a suit walked over to the front of the car and swept his hand on the dented hood heart-wrenchingly as though he was caressing an injured lover.

It was his new car, and he just received the car key that day. Before that, he had waited half a year for that favorite car of his but never had he expected that it would be damaged by a psycho using a brick. And as if that wasn't awful enough, he ran it to the wall, turning it into the ghastly sight that it was.

That made his heart ache terribly.

Before the young man said anything, Casper saw a document folder in the passenger seat, so he picked it up. There happened to be the documents relating to the car inside the folder, so Casper pulled out the receipt and took a gander. It was three million and eight hundred thousand!

“Three million and eight hundred thousand; it's not too expensive. Give me your account number, and I'll transfer the money to you. You can purchase a new one of the same model. This is mine now.” Casper gave the young man a hug and turned around, making both of them face the scenery of Lake Salton.

“You're a psycho; you're a wolf in sheep's clothing. What's the acting for?” the young man turned and looked at Casper with irritation as he asked bitterly.

Casper didn't really care about what he said and proceeded to transfer him the amount of three million and eight hundred thousand for purchasing the car.

“Hey, young man, I've paid you the sum for purchasing the car, but my friend was beaten by you. Don't you think you should give me an explanation?”

Casper glanced at Felix whose face was covered in bruises and continued in a stern manner, “Do you understand now the feelings I had when I saw my friend being bashed up by you just now?”

Casper could tell that the anguish and grimace on the young man's face were real when he saw his precious luxury car being smashed.

“I...” The young man froze on the spot.

But very soon, he paced toward the back of his car

and took out a dark leather bag from the trunk. Within the bag were cash lying in wads.

Looking at the wads of cash, even Casper couldn't help but gasp. This jack*ass is really rich.

The young man took out a wad of notes from the bag, walked over to Felix, and shove it into his arms.

“I'm truly sorry for what I've done to you today,” the young man apologized to Felix in a very solemn manner.

Casper could sense the sincerity in the young man's tone. He was genuine and direct, unlike Charlie and Sawyer who were hypocritical. That piqued Casper's interest. That's an interesting young man.

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Casper had a hunch that the young man before him was not just any other rich kid coming from a wealthy family. He showed no sign of fear just now; looks like he's seen the world.

After being forgiven by Felix, the young man turned around, and the frustration on his face earlier on had vanished. He flung the leather bag on his shoulder and walked over to Casper, giving him a thumbs up. “Never have I yielded to anyone who showed off in front of me, but I have to say that you're the first person who convinced me of your ability today.”

“Convinced? I'm just keeping a low profile,” Casper

grinned and waved his hand in modesty.

“Alright, low profile it is then. We shall consider this matter ironed out now. Let me introduce myself. I'm Joshua Smith, and I've come to Horington to settle something,” Joshua was all smiles as he reached out his hand to Casper.

“Nice to meet you. I'm Casper Simpson.” Casper shook his hand as though they were old friends who hadn't met each other in a long time.

“Casper, you're my friend now. I still have matters to attend to, so I got to go now. Let's grab a drink together when we have the chance next time,” Joshua returned excitedly. After exchanging contacts with Casper, he hailed a taxi and left.

Looking at the taxi driving away, Casper laughed softly as he wiped his forehead with his right hand. He

had never expected that the matter would be solved in such a way.

Even though Joshua looked like a suave rich kid, he was not overbearing at all and seemed nice.

Just then, Felix walked over to Casper with the wads of notes Joshua gave him and said, "Casper, you take the money. I don't think I should keep it."

"Just take it. You can keep it for your family expenses or as the capital to start your own business in the future."

Needless to say, Casper would never take the money. After some persuasion, he asked Felix to take it and put it in the bank.

As to how the money should be allocated and used, it was up to Felix, so Casper wouldn't really care about

it.

Looking at the Maserati which he had damaged, Casper was extremely upset in that instance. He had fun smashing and crashing the car, but now the car was his...

Casper could feel the pinch now that he became its owner.

In fact, Casper had been contemplating buying a relatively humble car for his own use, but that Maserati which cost three million and eight hundred thousand was now his.

Nevertheless, before he could drive the car, he had to fix it first.

“Felix, accompany me to send this car for repairs. It is now my other lover.” Looking at the totally disfigured

Maserati, Casper walked around the car in discouragement and waved at Felix.

When Casper was a senior in high school, he had already obtained his driver's license. Hence, he was totally unafraid of the traffic police.

He drove the car to the after-sales service center and proceeded with the formalities to transfer the ownership of the vehicle to himself and the formalities of its repairs. The center was managed by a pretty manager, and as soon as she saw the deformed condition of the car, she quoted a five hundred thousand reparation costs to Casper.

“What the f*ck? It's that expensive?”

Casper was absolutely remorseful and upset. If he had been aware that it would cost so much, he would have exerted lesser force and not smashed the car so

violently. It was regrettable that even the repair alone would cost him a full five hundred thousand.

“Mr. Simpson, this is the lowest price we can offer. Rest assured, we'll fix it for you and restore it to its original condition,” the pretty manager said in a direct manner.

“Alright, get it fixed then.” Casper waved his hand and turned his head away from looking at the car as it would remind him of the exorbitant price he had to pay.

After settling everything, they were told to return to the center after half a month to get the car. Then, Casper hailed a taxi and rushed back to the campus with Felix.

When they reached the university, the last class before noon had already started.

When the class was over at noon, Casper didn't go for lunch with Felix and the others, instead, he came to the back of the hill. When he got there, he saw Amelia sitting by herself on the lawn under the big tree, overlooking the calm water of the lake. A faint smile appeared on her face from time to time.

Upon hearing the noise behind her, Amelia hurriedly turned around and found that Casper had come. A sweet smile bloomed so brightly on her face as though it was mid-spring.

"You've come. Here, it's shadier under the tree."
Amelia waved at Casper and beckoned him to sit over under the tree.

It was afternoon and it was the hottest hour. Exposing oneself for an extended period of time under the sun would lead to one getting a heatstroke.

Casper paused for a brief moment as he thought Amelia wouldn't come in such weather. Therefore, he was taken by surprise.

“This is for you.” When Casper finally sat down, Amelia reached out her slim arms and handed over a plastic container to Casper.

Taking over the container, Casper took a glance inside and saw that there were slices of honeydew and other fruits including apples which were aptly placed within. It looked just like a fruit platter. It was so neat that anyone looking at it would have a better appetite.

Casper knew all too well it was the product that came from the heart and effort of the girl before him.

“Did you buy them? Fruits are very expensive

nowadays. Don't buy them for me anymore.”

Casper knew that Amelia won't have much money to spare. Hence, buying that assortment of fruits would be costly to her. It made him feel quite sorry for her.

Over their conversations the night before, Casper got to know that Amelia was from a humble background. Now that the fruits are all being sold at a high price, does she really have enough money to even buy food after spending so much on these fruits?

“This didn't cost much. I bought them from the fruit stand, and because half of them had gone bad, the vendor sold them to me at a cheaper price.”

And as if she was worried that Casper would mind, she added in particular, “Don't worry. I've disposed of the spoiled ones and have cleaned them many times.

They're safe to eat. Quick, taste them.”

“I see. Thank you very much.”

Casper was moved. He couldn't help but visualize the image of that pretty girl cleaning the fruits attentively.

“You're welcome. Come on, take a bite and see if they're delicious,” Amelia urged as she waved her hand and looked at Casper expectantly. That was the first time she made a fruit platter for a boy.

Therefore, she put her heart and soul into it and was especially earnest.

“Let's eat together. I can't finish them on my own,” after picking a few of them, Casper handed the container back to Amelia and said.

“No, it's fine. I've eaten a lot just now. It's all for you.”

Amelia turned to look at Casper sincerely.

To her, the boy in front of her needed the fruits even more than her, as he seemed to look a lot slimmer compared to other men.

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One glance at her told him that she was underfed and obviously still hungry. Gosh, she's poorer than I am, yet she treated me to dinner yesterday! What a nice girl! We've only just met, but she's so considerate.

Of course, Casper had no idea of knowing what was going on in Amelia's head. If he did, he might not

know how to react. The truth was, she was born that way. She would not gain weight no matter how much she ate. She would not call herself skinny. She was just “dapper”.

Growl...

Amelia barely finished talking when her stomach decided to protest, telling her that it was fed up with her lies.

Instantly, her face flushed red with embarrassment.

Casper regretted not having gone to the cafeteria to get some food first before coming to meet her. He could have shared the food with her.

Amelia said the fruits she bought were generally rotten ones. Considering how expensive the fruits in the market were nowadays, even the bad ones were

not cheap. She must have bought them to save what little lunch money she could, but she probably did not have enough to afford a decent meal that day.

Amelia's such an angel. She's willing to share her fruits even if it means she has to go hungry. She's certainly good-natured, but she shouldn't have to do that.

Casper could not bear to hurt her. He considered what else he could do to offer assistance, and get her out of her current dilemma. Such a beautiful girl should not receive such unfair treatment.

“Come on. Let's go to the cafeteria. I have some money with me.”

Casper could see that Amelia was not really full. He helped her up and took her to the cafeteria next to the female dorm.

“That's okay. I'm full.”

Not used to having a boy hold her hand, Amelia's face flushed red again as she firmly shook her head.

“Perhaps, but you could use a little more food,” Casper insisted.

Soon, Amelia relented and agreed to follow him to the cafeteria.

When they got there, Casper went to purchase some simple meals, skipping over the pricier ones and brought the food to their table.

He did not intend to reveal his true identity in front of Amelia yet. He preferred to go with the flow and allow her to accept it naturally as time passed.

He could tell that Amelia was like a little rabbit, easily spooked, and could run away at any time.

Casper had decided long ago that Giselle would be the future daughter-in-law of the Simpson family, but he still wanted to protect this girl to the best of his abilities.

As he sat opposite Amelia and watched the girl eat, one small mouthful at a time, he began to space out. Amelia looks so pretty even when she eats.

“Um, why are you staring at me like that? You should help yourself to some food too.”

Amelia shyly lifted her head when she felt Casper's burning gaze on her. Her flushed cheeks made her face look even prettier.

“Alright.”

Casper did not want to scare her off. Instead of cracking jokes like the other guys would, he obeyed Amelia and dug in.

After the meal, the two exchanged contact information. They were both young people of the new generation, yet Amelia was not on WhatsApp or any other social media platforms. The mobile phone she was using was a really old model which came in a black-and-white screen.

After dropping her off at the female dorm, Casper heaved a sigh of relief and considered himself lucky that he had not met Lillian along the way. Otherwise, he could not very well explain himself.

The sun was high up in the sky as he walked back to his dorm. Casper felt so joyful that he did not feel hot at all. Perhaps inner peace really could cool down the

body.

However, right at that moment, his phone rang.

The caller was neither one of his roommates nor Jack, his teacher. The president of the table tennis club had summoned him to run an errand.

“Hey, Casper! Get your ass over to the table tennis court at Vermillion Complex! Pronto!”

A girl's voice, loud and commanding sounded from the other end of the line as soon as Casper picked up the call.

“Um, but I...”

Casper did not want to go. He desired rest, so he tried to come up with an excuse.

“Stop babbling! Do you dare to go against the president's instructions? Get over here now! I'll only say this once.” The girl cut in before he could say anything, and hung up the call without even waiting for him to explain.

Casper just wanted to return to his dorm and take a nap. He looked up at the scorching sun, pondering his fate. At last, he took a deep breath and made his way to the Vermillion Complex in East District Two.

The Vermillion Complex was actually the messiest stadium in Business University. This description rang especially true for the table tennis court, where all sorts of sports equipment were piled up all over the floor. It was not at all an ideal place to play table tennis.

But that place had air-conditioning. The summer heat was absolutely brutal, so the members of the club

opted to enjoy the cool air while practicing there.

Casper signed up for the table tennis club right after he entered the university. He just wanted to get a hobby. Yet, in the two years he had been there, he hardly ever got to play.

“Oh, look. The ball boy's here.”

“Come on, hurry up. We don't have all day.”

“Can't you run with those legs?”

A group of young men and women stood around the table. They beckoned to Casper as soon as they saw him enter the court, motioning him to pick up the pace and go collect the balls.

For two whole years, that was what he had been doing the most. He was never a player.

One girl stood out among the many members. She wore a pink sports T-shirt paired with a pair of culottes. On her feet were a pair of Nike sports shoes. Her hair was tied into a ponytail. Her overall attire practically screamed youth and vitality.

She was the vice president of the table tennis club. Beside her was a burly, dark-skinned young man with hairy arms, donned in Adidas sportswear. He was David Gordon, the club's president.

“What's wrong with you, Casper? Don't you know you should be here? The vice president had to give you a call. Proud of yourself, aren't you? If you're still late the next time around, I'll kick you out of the club!” David yelled as he glared sternly at Casper.

He had looked down on Casper from the get-go. He did not think the skinny man was qualified to join the

table tennis club.


“You're just so goddamn slow! It's been over ten minutes since our call. Don't you know we paid to use the air-conditioner and the court? It's twenty per hour, mind you. We couldn't play because you weren't here. You've wasted fifteen minutes of our precious time,” the vice president mumbled, clearly irritated.


“President, Vice President, I'm really sorry for being late. Something came up.”

Casper decided to keep a low profile to the very end, so he simply explained with utmost humility.

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The girl's name was Sarah Jung. Within the table tennis club, she and David were basically cut from the same cloth. The two of them despised Casper.

The rest who were standing around David and Sarah were members of the table tennis club, just like Casper.

Casper kept a low profile on purpose. The school did not deliberately publicize the donation the other day, so naturally, not many people knew about it. Even if someone did, at best it would only be talked about for several days.

A week had passed since then. Only a handful of people still remembered what happened.

“Forget it. We'll begin practice now. As usual, your job

is to pick up the balls for us.”

Sarah chose to ignore Casper. Instead, she turned around to speak to the other club members.

“Everyone, we'll be practicing the basics today. And we have a ball boy now. So, let's not waste any more time and start your training.”

“Good!”

“Ready!”

Most of them were on Sarah's side, so by default they were largely disinterested in Casper. He was only a ball boy to them.

“This place is cluttered. You better not lose any of the balls. They are all of Double Happiness brand, just so you know. You lose one, you pay back with your lunch money. Got it?” David glared at Casper as he

spoke, brimming with irritation. He hated the sight of the poor bum.

He did, however, have a crush on Sarah, and he kept pursuing her every chance he got, but she totally ignored his advances.

In David's view, someone as poor as Casper should not have joined the table tennis club in the first place. That guy practically dragged down their financial capacity and ruined the image of their little club.

If it had not been for the fact that they really needed someone to look for the scattered balls, David actually considered finding ways to kick Casper out of his club.

When everyone paired up and began their practice, Casper sat down on a stool nearby.

“How did you become their ball boy anyway? Why don't you get up there and play? As far as I know, table tennis requires lots of practice.”

Just when Casper was taking a rest, enjoying the cool air that the indoor court had to offer, a girl approached him and sat down on his left. She spoke to him first.

Casper had never seen her before. He could discern that she was not a member of the table tennis club. All he knew was that she came with Sarah, so she was probably Sarah's friend.

The new girl was rather good-looking. She wore a light yellow sports top and a pair of black sweats to go with it, matched with a pair of Converse shoes. The top complemented her fair skin very well. And when she smiled, grinning from ear to ear, it was an amicable one.

“Oh, him? He doesn't know how to play. It'll be a waste of time if we let him, so he's better off being our ball boy. Besides, each of us has to pay the venue fee to use the stadium for practice. He's so poor that he can't afford it, so we assign him to pick up the balls for us. It's actually a good offer, because he gets to use the air-conditioner too.” The president inserted himself into their conversation while using his paddle as a fan.

He spoke with the tone of an oppressor, one filled with contempt toward Casper, as though that was the only way for him to feel good about himself.

In his opinion, being poor was a sin.

Allowing someone like Casper to enjoy the air-conditioner was considered a form of mercy.

“He can learn, can't he? Isn't that how everyone starts off?” The girl frowned as she jumped to Casper's

defense.

“You want to let him practice? That's kind of you, really, but the venue fee's not cheap. One session would cost him his lunch money. He'll have to skip a meal every time he gets to play.”

David raised his head high and boasted with an air of superiority. “I don't know what he's thinking when he chose to join our noble table tennis club. A paddle costs at least two hundred. Do you think he can afford one? What a joke! I'm not being mean, just stating the facts.”

As though to prove a point, and to show off, David stopped fanning himself and showed them his paddle. “See, mine costs one thousand five. Table tennis is an expensive sport. It's not at all like what people say, that you can just play with two simple paddles.”

David somehow seemed to have given himself a confidence boost with that show he put on.

Table tennis was supposed to be a sport where everyone could play, but the way he described it made it sound like a game for the elites.

But Casper knew that David's table tennis skills were nothing to talk about. He only became president because his family had the financial means to get the position for him.

David greedily drank in the new girl's beauty as he admired her through his small, narrow eyes. "Hi, I'm the president of the table tennis club here. My name's David. You came here with Sarah, right? Nice to meet you. Care to play?"

"No, thank you," Sarah politely rejected him. "I don't play table tennis. My name's Rosaline Sanders. Yes,

I'm Sarah's friend, but I'm from BU.”

David hyped up upon hearing that. His eyes lit up like a lamp. “That's alright. You can learn to play the game. Look, there's a free table over there. I can even teach you personally. You'll get the hang of it in no time.”

Eager to please, he got his other paddle and showed it to Rosaline too. “Here, you can use my other one. I guarantee you can learn very quickly.”

“No, really. There's no need. I'll just watch.” Rosaline waved her hand dismissively, making it clear that she was not interested.

Then she turned to Casper again. “Oh, excuse me. I haven't asked for your name.”

“He's Casper. The pitiful, poor kid on the block.” David

cut in again before Casper could answer for himself.

Since he could not have Sarah, he could try to woo Rosaline. Either way, he had nothing to lose.

But when he saw Rosaline striking a conversation with Casper, his fury caught up with him, and he wanted so badly to beat up the younger man.

“I'm Rosaline Sanders, from Horington Polytechnic University. Pleased to meet you.”

Rosaline deliberately ignored David. Smiling at Casper, she suggested, “Hey, you don't know how to play table tennis, right? Well, me too. Why don't we learn it together when we have time?”

She looked so lovely when she smiled, especially her eyes. They were like the stars that lit up the night sky.

“You don't have to worry about the venue fee. I can pay for your share.”

Rosaline figured Casper might feel burdened by the rent, so she added, “Or you can come to my school. Our court's free to use.”

Casper turned to look at her.

He had to admit that Rosaline was a stunning beauty. The sunlight spilling through the glass just so happened to shine on her, highlighting her good features.

Her doe-like eyes gleamed at him, wearing a faint grin.

At such a close distance, Casper could feel the purity in those orbs. She did not have a single shred of ill will toward him at all.

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Chapter 80



Rosaline was fully dressed in luxury brands and demonstrated the manners of a classy lady while Casper, whose entire outfit cost no more than fifty, was forced to be the club's ball boy.

Despite all that, Rosaline was an advocate for equality, sincerity, and peace.

David did not like the way Casper looked at Rosaline. His face darkened. He tried speaking to the girl, but she would not even give him the time of day. She pretended he was not there, and seemed to be much

more interested in hanging out with Casper.

Unable to bear it, David shouted at the poor junior, “Hey, Casper! I didn't call you here to chat with girls and enjoy the cool air! What are you, stupid? Pick up the balls!”

I can't yell at Rosaline, but at least I can take it out on that loser, right? Goddamn it! He's trying to steal her from me! That insolent fool!

First, he had wasted his time loitering around the court, then he had been summoned to play a game. With all his attention on Casper and Rosaline, he could not focus on the ball at all. Eventually, with a final stroke of the paddle, the ball flew out of the court and ultimately landed among a pile of equipment.

David was burning with jealousy. He deliberately made a scene to separate Casper and Rosaline.

What makes him think he's qualified to win the pretty girl's favor? I'm the president of this club, and yet she doesn't even bat an eye!

“Don't bother. The ball's among the equipment now.”

Rosaline frowned when she spotted the ball. “There's so much junk over there. How are you going to get it back? It's too dangerous. Don't do it. I can buy another one to replace it.”

“It's fine.”

Casper gazed at her gratefully. He waved his hand, dismissing her worry, but deep down he was not happy with what he had to do.

Since he was determined to keep a low profile, he should stick to it. He had come this far anyway. He

ought to get the ball back.

He wanted to avoid being the target of gossip as well.

So many sports equipment were piled up over there that the place resembled a storeroom, perhaps even messier than one. There was no solid guardrail around the tables, so the balls could easily bounce off the table and roll onto the ground.

Casper spent a great effort looking for the ball. He eventually found it and threw it back to David.

He returned to his seat next to the court. He was about to sit down when Rosalind stopped him. “Don't sit down yet. Turn around, will you?”

He did as he was told. Rosaline pointed at a gash on his arm. “Look at that! Your arm's hurt. It's bleeding.”

Casper looked down. Sure enough, there was indeed a gash on his arm. He did not even know he had been injured. His shirt was torn too. Blood had begun to soak through it.

“What gives them the right to order you around? Picking up balls and stuff. It's dangerous. Can't you just... don't do it for them?”

Rosaline frowned as she examined Casper's wound, a look of indignation painted on her face.

“It's nothing. Don't worry about it.”

Casper got out a napkin and wiped the blood around the wound. Then he threw it into the nearest trash can.

“No, we can't leave it like this. I'll stop the bleeding first, and then we need to get you to the infirmary. We

don't want you to be infected with tetanus.”

Rosaline spoke as she rose. Next, she opened the water bottle that she had brought along with her, grabbed Casper's arm, and used the water to clean his wound before carefully wiping it dry with a piece of tissue.

Casper was apparently touched by Rosaline's kind actions.

For a moment, he believed that there was still good in the world.

David had witnessed their little interaction and did not feel good about it at all. His face turned grouchy as he grimaced in frustration. If he could, he would gobble up Casper in one go. How can a poor scum like him receive my goddess' attention? This is getting way out of hand! I've got to teach that rascal a lesson.

So David walked up to Sarah and reported the incident to her. She despised Casper too, so when she got wind of what had happened, she frowned in disapproval.

“Hey, Rosaline! What are you doing?”

Sarah quickly walked up to her friend and grabbed her hand, determined to drag her away from Casper. “Don't get too close to him. He's dirt poor, and he's disgusting. Why are you treating his injury?”

“Why do you call him that?” Rosaline retorted as she wrenched her hand out of Sarah's grip. She was done being polite.

Rosaline's reaction surprised Sarah. The vice president had not expected that her friend, who was afraid of blood, would willingly wipe away the

bloodstains on Casper's arm. Certainly, she was being too friendly to the poor scum.

Sarah was on the brink of losing her composure.

In her opinion, Casper was a worthless nobody, so she did not get why Rosalind was so nice to him.

She also did not understand why someone like Casper even bothered to join the table tennis club.

Ring, ring!

When Sarah was just about to put a stop to Rosalind's actions, the phone in her pocket buzzed. It kept on going. Sarah relented and put her hand down, opting to answer the call first.

“Hello. Um... Yes, of course, I sympathize with you... You can try lowering your standards... Of course, your

expectations aren't high at all... As long as it's a guy, right? But you should keep an open mind... You don't have to go to the matchmaking session if you don't want to... Wait, no... Look, I can't help you...” The more she talked on the phone, the more helpless she felt. Luckily, the call ended rather quickly.

“Who's that, Sarah? I heard something about matchmaking...”

A young man who was on good terms with Sarah joyfully came up to her with an opened bottle of water. Out of curiosity, he asked about her predicament.

“Who else? That's my aunt,” Sarah replied in exasperation.

She accepted the bottle and took a huge gulp.

“Oh, your aunt! That gorgeous lady who came in a

Bumblebee last time? She seems classy and has good taste. What about her?" he asked in a concerned manner.

"Exactly."

"I take that the matchmaking didn't go well? Or was it something else...?" Not giving up, the young man asked some more.

"You're certainly much nosier than the girls."

Frowning, she let out a sigh, and began to tell her story, "See, my aunt's not getting any younger. My grandparents want her to get married as soon as possible, but she's always been single. Now they're nagging her again, so she's turned to me for comfort."

"Seriously? Hey, I'm single too. Why don't you introduce your aunt to me?" The young man put on a

shameless grin as he let his lust do the talking.

“You?”

Sarah glanced at him with disdain. “No offense, but my aunt has really high standards when it comes to men, and she's quite a catch herself. Just because your father runs a small business, doesn't mean she'll be interested in you, even if you offer yourself to her.”

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