

# Life at the Top Chapter 811

It was very rare for Jasper to see Henry desire something so passionately.

Thinking about it, Jasper realized it made sense. Henry's family background ensured that he would have everything he wanted.

Even though the Law family was much stricter with him, they would not throw Henry to a farm somewhere to train his endurance like a ridiculous plot from a novel considering their wealth.

It was unrealistic.

A private plane, however, was a different story.

A private plane burned a lot of resources and while money did not mean much to the Law family, they were rather strict. The only reason Zachary had a private plane was that there was no alternative since he had to take frequent business trips since taking over the family's business.

To Henry who had been given anything he wanted since he was a child, the best things to him were those beyond his reach.

Henry had been extremely excited these days now that buying a private plane was no longer just his wishful thinking.

Jasper took the pamphlet and flipped through it.

'What the f\*ck is this?'

'Helicopters too?'

“Which one do you have your eyes on?” Jasper asked, looking at Henry suspiciously.

“This one.” Henry pointed at a plane on the pamphlet and began to describe it, “The Dassault Falcon 2000. It’s 20.2 meters long and its main wings are 21.4 meters. Its height is 7.1 meters tall. This private plane can fly up to a speed of 851 kilometers per hour and is estimated to be able to fly 7,030 kilometers in one go.

“It’s cool right?”

Seeing how proud Henry looked, Jasper replied, “It is. But this plane costs 80 million. Do you have that much?”

Henry cleared his throat and whispered, “I borrowed 30 million from Anna.”

Jasper was shocked. “How did you persuade her?”

Henry sighed and replied, “I promised that I’d pay her back with interest in a year. And the money has to come from a legitimate business.”

“And if you can’t?” Jasper asked with a smile.

According to his understanding of Anna, her conditions would only be backed up with countless ruthless punishments.

As expected, Henry’s expression darkened. “Then she’ll confiscate my plane and freeze my credit cards, leaving me to fend for myself for two years.”

At that train of thought, Henry sucked in a cold breath and glared at Jasper. “You’d better do something instead of watching me suffer. I’m expecting you to start new companies and make them go public. I’ll come and join in on the profits.”

“Don’t worry, it shouldn’t be too hard.” Jasper consoled him as he could not bear to watch Henry wandering on the streets.

Henry immediately beamed. It was as if a nod from Jasper meant that making 30 million was no problem.

He leaned over to Jasper and spoke gleefully, “This Falcon 2000 is perfect no matter how I look at it. It has a cool appearance and awesome specs, so why don’t you get one too? Then we can ask for a discount.”

“I’ve already decided.” Jasper tossed the pamphlet back to Henry and continued, “These aren’t good enough for me.”

“F\*ck you too, man!” Henry was enraged at how someone was bashing his precious love. Harrumphing, he asked, “What are you buying, then?”

“When it comes to private planes, everything is child’s play compared to the Gulfstream series.”

Henry’s eyes widened as he looked at Jasper, and the corner of his lips twitched.

While he was upset about Jasper calling his Falcon 2000 child’s play, he did not have the courage or the facts to argue since the man was comparing it to the Gulfstream.

There was too big a difference! Even the cheapest of the Gulfstream series cost at least 100 million!

Henry’s net worth was not even enough to buy that.

Henry looked at his pamphlet and his treasured plane no longer felt as valuable anymore.

Just then, Jasper had already made a call to Jameson.

“Jameson, could you contact General Motors for me? I remember that they acquired Gulfstream Aerospace last year, and I’d like to buy a private plane.”

With Jameson at his disposal, it would be a waste for Jasper not to use him.

Not to mention that Jameson contacting them on behalf of Colossal Investments would be much more efficient than if he went to look for them himself.

A wealthy man’s time was precious.

Jameson replied with an extremely envious tone, “Alright, I’ll contact them right away.”

After seeing the miracle yesterday with his own two eyes, Jameson now treated Jasper as a VVIP and immediately went to contact General Motors.

A moment later, Jameson called Jasper back. “Laine, they’d like to ask you which aircraft you’re interested in purchasing.”

“Has the first-generation G500 been manufactured yet?” Jasper asked, thinking back to his memories from his past life.

If his memory served him right, the G500 should already have been produced. Flying at a speed of Mach 0.88 kept the G500 as the fastest private plane for six years, until the record was broken by the Gulfstream G650.

Still, the Gulfstream G500 remained to be one of the best private planes.

“Alright, I’ll ask right away. Please hold.”

Jameson brought another phone to his ear and asked before replying to Jasper, “They’re shocked as the first-generation G500 was only commercially manufactured last month. They’ve just obtained a commercial sales license but have yet to give an official statement.

“They’ll send someone over to talk to you about this in person tomorrow because they just so happen to have two planes from their first batch on hand. They’re newly manufactured and if you’re happy with the price, they can sell one to you straight away and you wouldn’t need to wait at all.”

Jasper nodded, evidently pleased.

In the future, people even had to wait to buy cars that were in short supply, let alone airplanes.

There was no reason for manufacturers to keep planes worth hundreds of millions in garages waiting to be purchased, for it would take a toll on their funds.

Thus, most planes were preordered a year or two in advance and only paid when the plane had been manufactured.

To have the plane right now was indeed the best option.

Looking at the time, Jasper realized that it was already Tuesday and he had a meeting with Winston Benett on Wednesday afternoon. As such, Jasper said, “Have them come tomorrow morning. I’m busy in the afternoon.”

Jameson replied, “Alright, I’ll pass the message along.”

Hanging up the phone, Jasper found Henry looking at him sorrowfully.

“I want a Gulfstream too,” Henry wailed pitifully.

“Then go make your own money. It’s not that nice always reaching out and asking your family for money, is it? You don’t even get to choose what you want,” Jasper spoke.

“I know. But I want a Gulfstream now. Won’t you lend me some money?”

“I don’t mind lending you money, but tell your dad or Anna to ask me instead or they’ll hate me. They’re hoping you use this chance and get yourself together. You need to stop wasting your days away.”

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Henry wailed tragically. Upon realizing that it was impossible to scam Jasper of his money, he left with despair on his face.

Despite it no longer being as great, the Falcon 2000 was still a private plane he had been dreaming of owning. Plus, it was more than cool enough to brag about back in Harbor City.

Henry immediately confirmed the purchase after he consoled himself. He did not want to stay by Jasper’s side anymore in fear of suffering more.

Jasper found himself held back by Jack and the other senior executives after Henry left.

“You have to come join our celebratory party today no matter what, Mr. Laine,” Jack told Jasper with a smile.

“Won’t my presence restrain you from fully enjoying yourselves?” Jasper smiled.

Jack waved him off. “The older ones are resting today and they’re planning to buy souvenirs for their family. It’s just a few of us today and we’ve all been following you for quite some time. There’s nothing to be restrained about.”

“Alright then, let’s go celebrate.”

Jasper gave in at Jack’s persistence.

After all, celebrations like this were a good way for him to build better relationships with them.

He may be their superior, but it was still very important to gain his subordinates' favor.

Nothing was going on today anyway, so he was glad to relax his taut nerves that had been getting worse recently.

In Four Seasons Hotel, while Jack dragged Jasper away for daytime drinking.

Wharton was sitting behind the desk in the study with his hands held together under his chin. He was slightly frowning as he looked up at the frantic woman who was shifting in her seat not too far away from him.

This woman was Yvonne Stone, the secretary Celine fired.

Yvonne, who was once a high-spirited and high-ranking white-collar worker, had now fallen into an embarrassing state full of despair all in half a month.

Yvonne looked at Wharton cautiously. While she had a few lovely memories with this man in front of her, Yvonne knew his character all too well.

He had used too many women that he could no longer count them, and none of the women who ever thought that they could gain benefits by selling their bodies had ended well.

That was why Yvonne did not dare to think that Wharton would treat her any differently because they had slept together before. Instead, all she felt was fear when she learned that Wharton had asked her to come over.

“Yvonne Stone.”

Wharton called out Yvonne's name softly and stood from where he sat. He walked around the desk and stood in front of her before reaching out to gently lift her face.

Reflected in his pupils was a relatively beautiful face with a petrified expression.

"Sir... Sir Wharton," Yvonne spoke shakily and it was evident that she was trying to control her fear.

"You're terrified of me?" Wharton's tone grew even softer as though he was afraid of further scaring or terrifying the woman.

Yvonne was close to tears as she replied, "I'm sorry, Sir Wharton, I... I..."

"Why are you saying sorry? Do you perhaps think that you've done something wrong that you didn't tell me about?" Wharton asked gently.

His tone grew even gentler and his expression was calm, but his gaze was filled with ice-cold disgust.

"Tell me, why did Celine fire you? Who is that man beside her?"

"And why didn't you tell me she fired you? Why was your first response to hide? Did you think you could hide from me?"

Yvonne's heart instantly sank in despair at Wharton's words.

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She gulped and replied, "I didn't mean to do it, Sir Wharton. I just thought that I was of no more use to you, so I didn't dare return to your side."



“Because you’ve seen me get rid of everyone I’ve lost use for, because you were afraid, that’s why you didn’t dare come back. Is that what you’re telling me?” Wharton asked.

Yvonne was too terrified to speak.

“You do not get to decide whether you are useful to me or not, I do!

“If I claim that you are, then you’ll live a great life even if you’re in a persistent vegetative state. If I claim that you’re not, then you can be the most outstanding person in the world and I will still wipe you off the surface of it. I do not need smart\*sses, understood?”

Wharton’s gaze was ice-cold and void of any emotion.

“Un-Understood.” Yvonne nodded frantically.

“Is there a man by Celine’s side?” Wharton asked indifferently.

Yvonne nodded and replied, “His name is Jasper Laine. A Somer businessman, he’s produced great results.”

“Great results, huh?” Wharton chuckled humorlessly. “That makes sense, or he wouldn’t dare touch women like Celine. Nor would Celine like him if he wasn’t an accomplished man.”

Yvonne mustered up the courage to speak, “Sir Wharton, Celine fired me because of that Jasper.”

With that, Yvonne received a harsh slap across her face from Wharton.

This was a strong slap, and it had Yvonne falling on the ground from the impact. Her reddened cheek immediately began swelling as blood trickled from the corner of her mouth.

Yvonne did not dare to make a sound, so she cupped her cheek with one hand and held back her tears. She was too afraid to cry.

“Who gave you the right to call Celine by her name? You lowly b\*tch!” Wharton spoke in a dark tone.

“I’m sorry, Sir Wharton,” Yvonne swallowed and spoke, ignoring the pain and fear she felt.

“From now on, I will ask questions and you will answer them. Do not anger me again,” Wharton warned indifferently.

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Colossal Investments’ headquarters, Paulson’s office.

Celine sat in the wide chair carefreely as she played around with one of the trinkets on Paulson’s desk.

Paulson signed a nominating document and handed it to Celine. “Alright. You’re officially the president of Colossal Investments’ Terra regional branch from now on.”

Celine glanced at the document that countless people could only dream of having and spoke lazily, “Meh. The moment you sign a document handing your position as president to me is when it gets truly interesting.”

“Why? Are you already tired of the position?” Paulson asked meaningfully.

“It’s different.” Celine left the trinket alone and supported her chin on her hand. “I always wanted this position when I couldn’t have it. But now that I do, you realize it’s not actually that big of a deal.

“But it’s different when it comes to people, you know. I’m a good woman who loves all the way to the end.”

Paulson furrowed his brows at Celine’s words and spoke, “Doing that will bring Jasper a lot of trouble. You know that your husband is hardly someone who can be negotiated with.

“As a man, I’m very well aware that no man will remain unaffected in face of such a situation. He will do everything he can to take revenge on you. Jasper will also end up a target of his revenge.”

Celine scoffed and replied disdainfully, “Wharton? Forget it. He’s only got a few tricks up his sleeve at most. He’s not shameless enough to take revenge on us blatantly.

“Or our secret divorce would immediately spread throughout Great Britain. He’ll become a laughing stock and the Welling family will be faced with humiliation.”

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At that, Celine suddenly smiled.

“As to him suspecting that I’ve committed adultery, well, I didn’t. Any intimate relationship I’ve had with other men can’t be considered that since we’ve already gotten a divorce long ago. Nothing happened between Jasper and me before we got the divorce.

“Not that anything happened between us after.”

Adding that last part, Celine then sighed, looking rather despondent.

After that great opportunity last night, it was going to be difficult for her to find another chance to pounce on Jasper.

That man was too smart and too difficult to persuade. He was still able to remain sober after all that drinking.

Celine spitefully speculated whether Jasper was even a man at all.

Paulson listened quietly as Celine spoke. He waited for her to finish speaking before he slowly said, "Honestly speaking, I would've fully supported you choosing Jasper if he had appeared before you got married."

Celine chuckled. "I don't remember seeing you stand up for me when the family forced me to marry Wharton for their benefit, though."

"The situation was special, then. Plus, it was a matter among the Maynard family. I'm merely an outsider and, at most, the man your father asked to watch over you after he passed."

"Let's stop here, Mr. President. You promised me not to speak of our personal feelings here at work." It was evident that Celine did not want to continue the conversation.

"Alright, then, let's talk about something else. What are your plans after this? Take this as a review from a superior to you, the new president of the Terra regional branch." Paulson changed the subject.

"What else can I do? I'm going to make the Terra regional branch greater so that it'll have the best results among the five branches under the headquarters. Then hopefully I'll get to use that to get a spot for myself in the board of directors and you'll get to retire two years earlier than your original plans."

"I told you this before when you first became the general manager of the Terra regional branch. The situation there is more complicated than you think, and

many people are reluctant to see such a strong character of Somer descent appear...”

At that, Paulson looked at Celine intently. “Suppressing private Somer businesses from taking the path of internationalization and globalization is one of the most important things to them!

“This is something Colossal Investments’ shareholders as a whole cannot prevent, let alone me. As second in line to inherit the Maynard business, you should know better than I that businesses frequently rely on politics for survival.”

Celine frowned slightly. “You mean that Somer businessmen like Jasper would have to trek a rocky path when they try to spread beyond Somerland?”

Paulson chuckled aloud when he saw that Celine understood what he meant. Then, he diverted the conversation away from such a sensitive and secretive topic.

There were many things better hinted than said, for being too blatant about it might only reap the opposite results.

“As to you wanting me to retire two years before my plan, I’m afraid your wish will come true very soon.”

Celine frowned at Paulson’s words and sat straight, looking at the old man in front of her seriously and silently.

“I’m retiring next year. It was a decision made among the shareholders during their general meeting. As of now, it’s still absolutely confidential,” Paulson explained.

“Thos b\*stards!”

“You’ve worked your entire life to make Colossal Investments the best investment bank in the world. You’ve put decades of hard work into this and they’re kicking you out just like that?” Celine was enraged.

“Haha.”

Seeing how Celine was genuinely angry, Paulson smiled in gratitude and spoke, “It’s not that exaggerated. I’ll still get 3.8% of Colossal Investments’ shares and I’ll become one of Colossal’s investors.

“You have to understand that Colossal Investments is a professional internationalized enterprise. Its ordinary share rights are very complicated.

“There is no individual large shareholder and the shares are all distributed to all sorts of large companies. With everyone holding a small portion of shares, the company itself may be able to make its own decisions, but rights to the company are also spread out.

“That was why as humiliated I felt when Jasper rejected Colossal’s investment, I was also very grateful.

“Look at it this way, Mr. Maxus founded Colossal Investments in 1869, yet his descendants have all been thrown out of the bank at least 100 years ago. There’s not even a sign of them left.

“Jasper has his eyes on a very long-term goal, so if one day...”

Paulson’s gaze was profound. “Jasper will become the king to his own business kingdom one day, and no one will be able to doubt his power.”

Celine sighed after she heard him. “That path is too difficult to tread.

“Other large international capitals aren’t like Colossal Investments and Colossal Investments won’t be the same once someone else takes your position. That

person might not be as easy to talk to, so if I can't take it, I might as well destroy it before it gets too strong for me to do so. That's just how the world works, no?"

"Which is why..."

Paulson stood up and placed a beloved trinket that he had kept on his office desk for years into Celine's hand. Then, he patted her shoulder with the affection of an elder and spoke, "If Jasper really manages to open a bank one day, go help him and leave Colossal.

"Then again, this is if such a day ever comes.

"I'm giving you this trinket now. This was something your father gifted me to celebrate my promotion as Colossal Investments' president, and it's also the only thing I've never changed in my office all these years. I'm returning it to its owner now."

...

Jasper, Jack, and the rest spent the entire day moving between bars and places to drink, having a ton of fun. Jasper had lost count of how many places they went and how much alcohol he drank.

All Jasper remembered in his blurred mind was receiving a call from both Anna and Wendy who congratulated him and nothing more.

In the end, Jasper remained the last one standing. He was proud of the fact that he had outdrank Jack and the rest thanks to his strong physique and youth.

With great difficulty, Jasper managed to return to the hotel thanks to Julian's help and he fell asleep the moment he hit the bed.

It was 2 p.m. on a Wednesday when he woke.

Jasper reacted instantly when he opened his eyes and looked at the time. He was late!

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“Jul, why’d I sleep in so late? Why didn’t you wake me?” Jasper got up and spoke to Julian who walked in. He pressed a finger against his throbbing temple.

Julian replied exasperatingly, “I came over to wake you twice, Jasper. You didn’t wake up the first time, and you were incoherent when you replied the second time only to fall right back asleep after. I realized that you weren’t in a good condition anyway, so I let you sleep.”

Jasper got off the bed and went to clean himself up. Jasper saved a mental note to himself to not drink so much next time. Making him late was one thing, but the hangover the following morning was horrible.

“Have the people from General Motors arrived?” Jasper asked while brushing his teeth.

“They arrived half an hour before the agreed time at 9:30 this morning. They’re still waiting,” Julian replied.

“I’ll be there right away,” Jasper spoke.

“Won’t you eat something first?” Julian asked.

“It’s fine. I’ll be meeting Winston Benett later anyway and there’ll be food to eat for afternoon tea,” Jasper replied.



In DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel's executive lounge sat two irritated men clad in suits.

"It's already 2:10 p.m., Dalton. I don't think there's any need to wait anymore," the slightly chubby man spoke irritatedly.

Dalton was also irked as he glanced at the time. "Let's wait another ten minutes. We'll leave if we don't see him. It seems like this person isn't sincere at all."

"What if they're just joking? The Gulfstream G500 costs 47 million US dollars. How could someone with such horrible time management afford that?"

"I don't think that's possible. This is someone whom Colossal Investments' Jameson introduced..." Dalton spoke hesitantly.

"If he's not coming to buy later then we're not going to be very polite either. People like this need to be taught a lesson."

Five minutes later, Jasper hastily appeared in the executive lounge.

Jasper made a beeline for the two commercial sales representatives. He was about to apologize before one of them spoke impolitely with a frown.

"What on earth is going on with your boss? Where is he? Just tell us if he's not willing to buy the plane and stop wasting our time. Why'd he send a young man like you over anyway? To apologize?"

Dalton almost could not conceal his anger when he saw Jasper.

After being made to wait aimlessly for four to five hours, the other party decided not to show up and instead sent a young man over. Dalton felt severely humiliated.

Hearing him, Jasper knew that they had misunderstood.

“I’m Jasper Laine, the person who wants to buy the Gulfstream,” Jasper stated.

“My apologies, I’ve had too much to drink yesterday.”

Jasper did not fault them for their resentment considering he had made them wait four to five hours. He apologized sincerely.

This had nothing to do with wealth but rather a person’s upbringing. Having made them wait so long, Jasper was aware that it was his mistake and there was nothing wrong with being more humble.

“Mr. Laine, we’re only here because you’re Mr. Jameson’s friend. If you can’t even manage your own time, we’re seriously doubting your sincerity in buying our plane. Plus, with how young you are, do you even have the money to buy it?”

Dalton spoke coldly.

Jasper’s brows furrowed slightly. It was his fault for being late and he would not refute them if they scolded him about his lack of time management. However, that last comment did not sit right with him. This was the United States and he did not know looking down on people was a trend here too.

“Age and wealth have no direct correlations. I entrusted Jameson to contact you on my behalf because I sincerely do want to purchase your Gulfstream G500 private plane,” Jasper explained patiently.

Dalton sneered and mocked, “Really? You’re telling me you’re actually going to buy this plane priced at 47 million US dollars?”

At this moment, Dalton still did not believe that Jasper would buy his company’s plane.

Firstly, Jasper was too young.

Secondly, he was of Somer descent.

As far as he was concerned, Somerland was an extremely poor and underdeveloped country. There was no way people from such places could afford a private plane costing tens of millions of US dollars.

“I don’t like joking about serious things, nor will I make a fool of people because of a simple joke.”

Jasper spoke as he looked at Dalton calmly.

Dalton scoffed and replied, “I can’t imagine that people from the poor and underdeveloped Somerland can afford private planes. When Mr. Jameson said it was a Mr. Laine, I thought it would be some big shot from Coreana willing to do business with us. Looks like I’ve misunderstood.”

“How ridiculous of you to make us wait here aimlessly from 9:30 a.m. to now when it’s almost 2:30 p.m.”

Dalton then glanced at Jasper mockingly, saying, “The Gulfstream G500, priced at 47 Million US dollars with no available discounts. There’s nothing wrong with you buying it, but I’m going to need to check your bank account first. Please hand me your bank account card with the most money in it. I’ve already brought my device.”

At that, Dalton pulled out a small machine.

“Imagine if he brings out his payroll card and there’s only a few hundred thousand in it.” The slightly chubby commercial sales representative suddenly turned to Dalton and mocked with a sneer.

“I heard that instead of being given checks, people in Somerland receive their salaries by having it transferred to their bank accounts at the same time. Everyone earns a monthly payment of at least 100 US dollars.”

“Pfft.” Dalton laughed aloud exaggeratingly. “100 US dollars? Damn it, what a big amount. My daily coffee costs even more than that.”

The two shared a look and laughed aloud.

Jasper calmly pulled out a debit card and stared at them, saying, “Here you go.”

Dalton took a look at the normal debit card. Seeing how it was not some limited edition card either, he looked down on Jasper even more and simply swiped it over the machine.

“Please key in your password,” Dalton told Jasper lazily, “I just don’t get it, why do you actively try to make a fool of yourselves? Are all you people of Somer descents like that?”

Putting the machine back down, Jasper received a call.

“Hello, Mr. Laine. I’m Mr. Bennett’s personal life assistant. I previously invited you on behalf of Mr. Bennett for afternoon tea today. Are you free right now?”

“I am,” Jasper replied curtly, “But I’m currently dealing with something in the hotel’s executive lounge.”

“Alright, Mr. Laine. I’ll be there shortly. Mr. Bennett asked that I personally bring you over to meet him.”

While Jasper was on the call, Dalton and his colleague had also seen the balance in Jasper’s debit card on the machine.

Unit: US Dollars.

Balance: 31,294,124.12.

