

Life at the Top Chapter 686

Jasper was severely injured and in shock. When he entered the hospital, he was already unconscious.

The entire Southeast Province was in an uproar when news spread to them.

Wendy received a call from Julian in the middle of the night, and she was too shocked by the news to even speak.

Dawson was the calmest and immediately contacted Henry who was also in Nauritus City.

Henry flipped a table at the news.

That night, Henry called for his private plane to fly over from Harbor City. The plane landed in Nauritus City only to fly toward Reed City within ten minutes of landing after Henry and Wendy boarded.

In the shortest amount of time, the situation had progressed at the most terrifying speed.

Its influence involved multiple circles and many people were losing sleep over the knowledge.

The first to know of the news was the chief of the government of Reed City.

After getting woken up by Mr. Powers' phone call in the middle of the night, the composed and sturdy man dropped his cup when he heard of the news in his study.

After exclaiming how ignorant of the law those people were for three consecutive times, Mr. Powers stood in the study frightfully while drenched in sweat.

“The situation is very complicated now, Chief. Everyone in Reed City has their eyes on what’s happening and I heard that Jasper’s family is making their way over tonight. At the same time, tomorrow is Marcus’ deadline to pay up the money. What do we do now?”

While terrified, Mr. Powers braved through as he asked for guidance.

After a moment of silence, the middle-aged man asked grimly, “How’s Jasper doing now?”

“The hospital said it’s a hypovolemic shock, and they’re doing everything they can to keep him alive,” Mr. Powers replied.

“A hypovolemic shock... That’s not exactly a small matter.” The middle-aged man quickly calmed down from his anger and began to analyze the pros and cons of the incident.

“Okay, I want you to keep a close eye on Jasper’s condition at the hospital. If Marcus is unwilling to pay us tomorrow, we’ll put this on hold first. We need Jasper’s help for that.”

Mr. Powers could tell that the chief planned to wait first before they made a move. If Jasper woke up, then everything would continue according to plan. If Jasper passed tonight, then all their previous hard work would have been for naught.

Mr. Powers sighed and replied, “Alright, I’ll keep a close eye.”

“Visit Jasper the moment he wakes. But if he doesn’t, our plan stops here,” the man ordered.

“Yes, Chief.”

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At that moment, Ned chortled exaggeratingly in his hospital room.

“F*cking yes! Who knows if that f*cker is dead yet or not?” Marcus laughed aloud and spoke to Ned whose elation was shown brightly on his face.

“Heh, there should be news about it in a few hours. I heard that he was drenched in blood when he arrived at the hospital. His blood pressure was almost at zero, I don’t think he’ll make it.” Ned smiled wretchedly.

“That’s even better, then.” Marcus’ gaze was filled with hatred. “I’ve got to thank your dad for this, killing him in one go. We’ll get the others together and drink when you’re better, to celebrate.”

“But Mr. Coine, how reliable is this news? I can’t help but feel uneasy,” Ned told Marcus.

Marcus waved his hand dismissively. “What are you afraid of? Your dad made the first move and my dad was there to wrap it up. There’s no way anything could go wrong.

“So what if that f*cker is capable? This is Reed City, what can he do? Don’t you see how the city government hasn’t made a move yet? That means it’s fine.”

Marcus then turned to Ned disdainfully. “Or are you telling me you’re worried now? Just think about it, he broke your arm.”

Ned’s expression was filled with resentment as he spoke, “Worried? My only worry here is that he died too easily! I didn’t even get a chance to torture him yet!”

“Hahaha. Since we’re in such a great mood, how about I get you a few beauties to spend the night with?” Marcus got up happily.

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“Can you?” Ned’s eyes shone, but he seemed a little hesitant.

“Why the f*ck not? You just have an injured hand. Everything else is still working, no?” Marcus snickered evilly.

“Then bring me two! I’m going to f*cking celebrate!”

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At the same time in Nauritus City, Southeast Province.

Someone knocked on the bedroom of a villa.

“Come in.”

Conrad’s tired voice sounded from inside.

The person entered and Conrad switched his desk light on. “What is it? Why did you come looking for me in the middle of the night?”

“We’ve just gotten news from the people we sent to keep a close eye on Jasper and the Schuler family. Something has happened to Jasper in Reed City and he’s currently in the emergency room in the hospital. We don’t know if he’ll make it through the night.”

Conrad’s head snapped up as he asked in a raspy voice, “Are you certain?”

The man nodded. “Wendy took a midnight flight over in Henry’s private plane. From that, I think we can pretty much confirm that the news is true.”

Conrad furrowed his brows. He was elated a moment ago, yet now he was in despair. He did not even know what exactly he was feeling anymore.

After a long while, Conrad asked, "Do we know who did it?"

"To prevent Jasper from realizing anything, we didn't dare keep too close an eye on him. All we can confirm is that he was attacked by a local family, most likely due to conflict over a plot of land."

Conrad chuckled weirdly. "What a powerful family. Jasper's a man not even I, Conrad Monty, could win, yet they managed to send him to the hospital so easily. What brutal countrymen from unremarkable villages!"

"What's next, Mr. Monty?"

Conrad closed his eyes and leaned against the headboard. After a long moment of thought, he replied, "Nothing. We continue constructing our factory for the MP3 players. Regardless of whether Jasper lives or not, this is still a largely profitable business.

"As for those villagers in Reed City, it'll only be a matter of time before they know how horrifying the consequences of sending Jasper to the hospital is. Leave them be."

The man nodded. "I understand, Mr. Monty. I'll be leaving now if there are no further orders."

Waving him off, Conrad waited for the soft sound of the door clicking shut before murmuring to himself, "I thought I'd be elated to know that you're dying soon, Jasper. So why can't I seem to feel happy about it at all? Who's going to be my opponent here in Southeast Province if you die?"

"It's too lonely here without a rival."

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When Jasper opened his eyes again, the first sight he met with was Wendy's reddened and teary eyes.

Jasper was stunned as his mind had yet to realize what was happening. He then felt a sharp stabbing pain from his shoulder where his wound was, and Jasper could not help but make a muffled sound.

That sharp stabbing sensation woke Jasper completely, and all the memories of what had happened rushed into his mind.

"You're awake! You're awake!" Wendy shouted happily. She tightly grabbed Jasper's hand with both of hers and spoke with a tremble in her voice, "You have no idea how scared I was."

Jasper smiled at the sight of Wendy's haggard features. "How'd you get here? It's just a small injury, I'm alright."

"What do you mean it's just a small injury? The doctor said you would've been drained of all blood if you had arrived a moment later! You scared me to death!" Wendy wailed as she forced herself not to cry.

Jasper chuckled. "Shh, it's okay. I'm awake now, aren't I?"

"I'll make them pay a price they can never afford!"

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"You have to take revenge!"

Wendy's usually gentle and calm gaze was now laced with never-before-seen hatred and anger.

Jasper was just about to speak when he heard Wendy continue, "You can't stay here anymore. It's too dangerous."

Jasper smiled bitterly. "I was careless. It won't happen again, I promise... By the way, what time is it now?"

Indeed, Jasper had successfully distracted Wendy and changed the subject. "You've been asleep for more than a day already."

Jasper rubbed his temples. "That's not too bad... Where's Jul?"

"He's been kneeling at the door for more than a day."

Wendy sighed.

"He said he had to apologize."

Jasper arched his brow. "That idiot. This has nothing to do with him at all. Call him in."

Wendy spoke exasperatedly, "You think I haven't tried to? He just won't get up."

"Tell him I'm awake and I asked him to come in," Jasper spoke calmly and patted Wendy's hand.

He knew that kneeling was Julian's idea, but it did not mean Wendy did not have any intention to vent her anger on him. After all, Wendy did not know what had happened then, and considering Julian's personality, he would surely put the blame on himself when he tried to explain things.

As such, it was absolutely understandable that Wendy was angry at Julian when all she knew was that Jasper had gotten injured.

Wendy nodded and got up to ask Julian to enter.

Even Julian would feel the effects of kneeling for an entire day despite his physique, and he was slightly limping when he walked.

“Take a seat.” Jasper pointed at the empty spot.

Julian was about to say something but Jasper glared at him. “Are you refusing to listen to me now?”

Julian then sat on the chair.

“It’s not your fault I got hurt. I would’ve definitely been safe if I hadn’t reached out for Chad then, but Chad would most certainly be dead now if that were the case.

“He’s the new director of the Human Resources Department in JW Capital. He’s a very important character, so I can’t just let him get hurt.”

“But it’s fine if you get hurt?” Wendy piped up unhappily.

Jasper smiled. “I didn’t think much at that time, but I admit that it was rash of me. What happened this time was an accident. None of us knew what was going to happen. Plus, I couldn’t just watch as Chad died after getting attacked by a machete-wielding man right before my eyes, could I?”

“So Jul, none of what has happened is your fault. If anything, you saved me. I wouldn’t be lying here right now if not for you.”

Julian replied stubbornly, “But I exist to protect you, Jasper. You getting hurt is my fault.”

“I’ve never seen you so stubborn before. Are you telling me you’re going to step in when Wendy and I fight next time?” Jasper smiled.

Julian flushed instantly and was too embarrassed to speak.

“Don’t worry about it. No one blames you for what happened this time. In fact, I need to thank you for saving my life.”

Julian quickly spoke, “Jasper, don’t say that...”

Before Julian could finish talking, someone opened the door to the hospital ward.

Chad stood outside the ward with bandages wrapped over his arm. Beside him was a middle-aged woman with red eyes.

“You’re awake, Mr. Laine!” Chad exclaimed as he entered the room and walked over to Jasper’s bed excitedly.

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Jasper smiled. “Are you hurt?”

Chad shook his head. “You saved me at that crucial moment so I just got a small nick in my arm. I’m so sorry, Mr. Laine!”

Chad had just spoken when the woman beside him fell to her knees before Jasper and sobbed. “You’re our family’s savior, Mr. Laine. I don’t know how to thank you for what you’ve done!”

Jasper quickly gestured for Wendy to help the woman up before he smiled and spoke, “You must be Mrs. Wright, then?”

“No, please, call me by my name, Mr. Laine. I’m Alina Tyler.”

“Chad’s older than me by quite a bit. It’s only right I call you Mrs. Wright.

“It’s not that big of a deal, actually. I’m awake now, aren’t I?”

Jasper then turned to Chad. “What has been going on outside these two days?”

Chad sighed. “A lot of people have their eyes on you now. But at the same time, that’s also all the extent of it. Marcus was supposed to pay the 950 million yesterday but he didn’t, and the city government didn’t react either.”

“So they’re all waiting to see if I would make it out alive or not, hmm?” Jasper commented indifferently.

“I suppose my waking up would disappoint quite a few of them.”

“Jasp,” Wendy called out.

Jasper turned to look at her.

Wendy spoke with a slightly weird expression, “I actually came here on Henry’s private plane. He’s been here this entire time too, but I think he found out that the people who hurt you are in the same hospital. They’re in the other inpatient building. Around ten minutes before you woke up, he brought Fallon and went over.”

Jasper was stunned. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

“There’s nothing wrong with Henry teaching them a lesson. Plus, he has Fallon with him. He’ll be fine,” Wendy spoke with a pout.

Women, no matter how knowledgeable, would channel all their thoughts to their men once they had one by their side.

A petty woman whose man was treated badly outside was much more terrifying than a man could ever be.

Jasper rubbed his temples and spoke, "Pass me my phone?"

Wendy was about to grab his phone when the door to the ward was pushed open again.

It had been a few days since they last met. Ned was kicked into the room pathetically with his right arm in a cast and his hospital robe in shreds.

Had it not been for the fact that Ned had a unique physique, Jasper might not even be able to recognize the man before him. Ned had tears and snot streaming down his face that was covered in bruises.

Henry followed into the room after. The sinister look on his face immediately morphed into a wide smile when he saw Jasper's widened eyes.

"Hey, you're awake! I knew you'd be fine. As if God would take *sshholes like you to cause trouble for him up in heaven."

As expected, that was just how Young Master Law spoke.

Jasper pointed at Ned who was still crying. "What happened to him?"

"What do you think?"

Henry grinned, yet his eyes were terrifyingly dark. "This f*cker thinks that just because he's a trust-fund baby and has a rich dad, he can do whatever he likes. Well then, today I'm going to teach him what it means to be a trust-fund baby."

Henry walked over and grabbed Ned's chin before slapping him across the face, shouting, "Weren't you f*cking proud of yourself just now? Hiring professionals to beat up Jasper, huh? Go ahead then, I'd like to see you call more of them over."

Logically speaking, Henry should not be able to win Ned in a fight. Jasper assumed that it was Fallon who had done the physical work, but when he looked

out the door, he saw ten professional bodyguards in suits standing outside.
'Good job, man.'

"That's my team of bodyguards from Harbor City. I called them over this time as well."

Henry grinned at Jasper.

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Ned had been caught completely off guard when Henry suddenly dragged him off the hospital bed and began to beat him up.

He was still ready to fight and protest at first, but as time progressed, he realized that Henry was not joking and truly planned to beat him to death.

Ned was ready to surrender.

Ned was a patient with a handicapped right arm, so he was hardly a match for Henry and his dozen top-notch bodyguards. Not to mention that there was Fallon, who certainly was stronger than Julian, watching from the sidelines as well.

Ned's end was pretty much already determined.

It was only when Ned was dragged like a lifeless dog from his inpatient building to Jasper's and he saw Jasper upon entering the room did he know that Henry had come for revenge.

At that, Ned calmed down.

“So they’re your men, Jasper!” Ned had taken a beating and was just slapped across the face by Henry. He was in an exceptionally sorry state, yet his expression could not be more arrogant when he looked at Jasper.

“You’re actually still alive! Very good, then!”

“Haha!

“I’ll remember this, Jasper! Just wait, I’m going to kill you very soon!

“You haven’t learned from the last lesson, have you? Guess that means I went too easy on you, then! Don’t worry, I’ll make sure that instead of a hospital bed, you’ll be lying in the morgue next time!”

Jasper remained expressionless at Ned’s threats but everyone else in the room was irked.

“Jul!” Wendy called out.

Julian stood up and slapped Ned across the face without a word.

Julian had slapped him angrily without holding back at all.

Ned felt his cheek grow numb and his vision turned dark for a second. Following that came the burning feeling on his cheek, making him feel as though he had lost a layer of his skin from that slap.

The immense strength behind the slap had Ned flipping onto the floor. Turning his head, he spat out blood and there were several white chunks of what was most likely his teeth. Julian’s slap had lost him half his set of teeth.

Henry snickered and placed a foot over Ned’s head. He spoke in a malicious tone, “You’re still going to act stubborn? Even at this point? And you call yourself a trust-fund baby?”

“The smartest thing a trust-fund baby does is act according to the situation. Your loss is evident here, so surrender and look for other chances in the future to take revenge. You shouldn’t be acting stubborn now and asking for a beating! Have I made myself clear?”

Henry then lifted his leg without warning and used the shiny surface of his leather shoes to kick Ned’s face. Amid the clear sound of Ned’s nose breaking and his painful scream, Henry growled sinisterly. “I asked, have I made myself clear?”

Ned could not use his right hand so he could only cover his face with his left. Lying against the wall while partially drenched in blood, he glared at Jasper and Henry with wide red eyes and roared, “F*cking kill me if you dare! Or I’ll kill you if you leave me alive!”

“F*ck you and your entire family too, you mother f*cking b*tch! I gave you an option and you just had to choose death, hmm?”

Henry’s Harbor City accent laced his words as he was irked by Ned’s arrogance. He reached out, and a bodyguard with a very good understanding of Henry’s temper walked over from behind to hand him a baton.

With the flick of his hand, Henry swung the baton with practiced ease and smashed it against Ned’s left arm. With a crack, Ned’s left arm was immediately fractured.