

Life at the Top Chapter 806

Jasper felt it at this moment.

The sports car sped up without his awareness and dashed through a rather short distance before it screeched to a halt at the hotel lobby's entrance.

Jasper immediately alighted and opened the car door. Then, he carried the soft woman in his arms and made his way straight to the hotel's concierge without looking back.

Jasper tossed both his and Celine's passport to the check-in counter and said, "The room's already booked, give me my card."

While the concierge in Four Seasons Hotel had seen his fair share of things, Four Seasons Hotel was still one of New York's most prestigious hotels and it was rare to see such a rushed couple.

However, upon reading the information from the system and realizing this Eastern couple had booked a Deluxe Presidential Suite that cost 20,000 US dollars a night, the concierge immediately changed his mind.

Rich people were just different and it showed in the ways they booked a hotel room for salacious activities. They were especially extravagant and carefree. They were much better than broke hypocrites who arrogantly pretended to be gentlemen.

Just as Jasper carried Celine to the hotel lobby and checked in under plenty of the guests' gazes, an exceptionally handsome and gentlemanly Westerner was also staring at them from the lobby's lounge.

Precisely speaking, he was staring at Celine.

The young man oozed an air of nobility, and while his expression was calm, anger and humility swirled in his eyes.

Sitting opposite him was a middle-aged man.

“Sir Wharton?”

Wharton snapped back to reality when the middle-aged man called out to him.

Smiling apologetically at the man, Wharton spoke, “My apologies, my mind drifted somewhere else. I’m a little tired today, so I’ll send someone to contact you about what we discussed just now. That’s all.”

At that, Wharton watched as the stranger carried Celine toward the elevator and immediately left the confused middle-aged man alone as he made his way to the concierge.

“I want a room right next to those two,” Wharton demanded the concierge expressionlessly.

“My apologies, sir, but those two booked Four Season Hotel’s Deluxe Presidential Suite. You’ll need to book three days in advance if you want the room next to them...”

Before the concierge could finish his formal reply, Wharton pulled out a low profile black card.

“Your president is a common visitor in my backyard. Could you quickly get to it? I’ll explain it to him for you if it comes to it, but do not waste my time. Understood?” Wharton looked at the concierge calmly and spoke.

The concierge’s eyes widened greatly at the sight of the black card.

This was a top-notch card with no limits from the Swiss Bank. Only extremely formidable and powerful people around the world had one. It was an existence the concierge could never imagine having for himself.

Coupled with Wharton's words, the man did not dare to hinder him and frantically replied, "I apologize for my disrespect, noble sir. I'll check you in right now."

Ignoring the frantic concierge before him, Wharton turned to look at the elevator.

Just then, Jasper was facing the elevator while princess carrying Celine. The woman had her arms around Jasper's shoulder and her eyes met Wharton's.

Wharton could clearly see the inexplicable smile that hung on the corners of Celine's lips.

There was mockery, disdain, and indifference, but no hatred and definitely no love.

With a ding, the elevator doors opened and Jasper carried Celine inside.

The elevator doors closed and cut off the gaze shared by Wharton and Celine.

"Sir Wharton, that was?" The middle-aged man rushed over and quickly asked when he noticed Wharton staring at the young couple who walked into the elevator.

"That woman is my wife, Celine Maynard, the second in line to inherit the Maynard business in the eastern United States." Wharton had a small smile on his face when he spoke, but his tone could not be more chilling. The middle-aged man sucked in a cold breath at the words.

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The United States was rather special.

Excluding Alaska and Hawaii, which were not connected to the main country, the United States was separated to its eastern and western parts at the Mississippi River.

The political center of the eastern United States was headed by Washington DC.

While the western financial center was headed by New York.

The formidable Maynard family, a group of Somer descents who were second to none, had a special existence in the east.

Despite clearly being of Somer descent, the family had an exceptional status and authority in the east.

The middle-aged man was born and raised in the United States, so he knew quite a bit about this family.

As to how strong the Maynard family was, it could be seen in their marriage partner.

Wharton was a member of the Welling family.

As a noble family from the era of the British Empire, the Welling family was limitlessly powerful and they had quite an influence over Continental Europe.

'How could such a thing happen in the marriage union of two formidable characters?

'How could the second heir to the Maynard family check into a hotel room with another man in front of her own husband?'

The middle-aged man felt immensely regretful. He should have left just now, and he should not have come over to ask. He was screwed now that he had seen such a scandal in Sir Wharton's family.

In a few seconds of silence, Wharton had already regulated his emotions.

A polite smile reappeared on his face as Wharton apologized to the middle-aged man remorsefully, "My apologies, I have to go up now. If there's nothing else, please excuse me."

The middle-aged man looked at Wharton who remained gentlemanly despite being cheated on and felt a chill run up his spine.

'How deep are this man's thoughts? He might as well be a sociopath, or how else can he remain so gentlemanly in such a situation?'

Not daring to hold Sir Wharton back, the middle-aged man quickly replied, "Of course, Sir Wharton. We shall continue this conversation on a later date."

"Then I'll take my leave. Please excuse me." Wharton turned and left for the elevator.

Watching Wharton leave, the middle-aged man's lips twitched slightly. He held a moment of silence for the man who dared touch Wharton's wife before turning and leaving without looking back at all.

At the same time, on the 36th floor of the Four Seasons Hotel, in the Deluxe Presidential Suite.

Celine stood on the floor on her tiptoes with her arms around Jasper's neck. Her head was tilted up to meet Jasper who was looking down at her. The tips of their

noses touched and they could both feel the searing heat of each other's exhales mixed with the scent of alcohol.

Celine suddenly let Jasper go and took two steps back. She pulled out a pair of red high heels that Jasper could not be more familiar with. Then, before Jasper's eyes, she bent down and squatted to change into those heels.

A crude man would believe that a woman looked most beautiful when she took her clothes off, while a man with taste would tell you that a woman looked best when she was putting clothes on.

Yet when it came to a man like Jasper who was with a beauty like Celine, every frown and smile from her was the best view he had set his eyes on.

Despite how she was merely changing into a pair of shoes, her demeanor was elegant and poised. A mischievous lock of hair hung beside her ear when she looked down. Celine lifted her hand to tuck the lock behind her ear, and that act alone was filled with the essence of a woman's beauty and charm.

"How do I look?" Celine smiled and asked Jasper after she turned around in place upon changing into her pair of heels—almost as if she wanted to show off her figure to him.

"Stunning."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

Celine's soft words and gaze were laced slightly with anticipation and chiding, but there was also a flash of well-concealed shyness and determination.

Jasper no longer hesitated, marching forward to grab Celine and throw her aggressively onto the bed.

This was a room that cost 20,000 US dollars a night, more than 100,000 Somer Dollars. This was how much it cost in 2001, and all decorations and furniture in the room were of the highest quality.

Celine's shapely figure was tossed unceremoniously onto the bed, and her body bounced on the extremely springy Simmons mattress before landing on it again. It seemed more like she had landed in a pool of cotton—soft and comfortable.

Jasper looked down at Celine as he hovered himself above with his arms supporting his weight.

From that angle, the slightly flushed and glossy-eyed woman under him looked naturally coquettish. She was akin to the most valuable treasure in the world.

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"I don't want you to regret this," Jasper spoke.

Celine reached out to loop her arms around Jasper's neck and chuckled. "Do I look like someone who's going to regret it?"

"Have you two divorced?" Jasper asked in a serious tone.

Celine chuckled. "Why? Isn't adultery always more exciting to you men?"

After the entire trip over, Jasper had more or less sobered up. He replied, "This is a moral issue. I have no interest in involving myself with other people's marriage."

"Don't worry about it."

Seeing how serious Jasper looked, Celine pointed at the purse she had thrown by the bed and said, "Open the zipper on the outside and you should see a compartment. Take out what's inside."

Jasper got up and did as Celine told. There was a very thin piece of paper in the compartment and Jasper was shocked when he looked up to find that it was a divorce agreement.

"He and I divorced last month. Do you remember my former secretary who was always at odds with you? She was one of the people he sent over to keep an eye on me. If it weren't for the divorce, how could he not have rushed over to look for me when I got rid of her?"

Celine sat up on the bed calmly.

"It's just that both of us come from huge families and for the sake of our family's interests and his dignity, we can't publicize our divorce."

Celine then sneered, "He's already gotten what he wanted anyway. He's taken every single cent of capital that I've saved up over the past seven years."

Jasper looked at Celine and asked, "Is it okay to divorce in secret if this is a union between families?"

"What's wrong with that?" Celine grew calmer as if she was talking about someone else.

"There have never been any feelings between us throughout the entire relationship and we were only husband and wife in name. He married me for my status and had another puppet he could control. I only agreed for the sake of my family. My father left me 15% of the family's shares before he passed but Wharton took that too. All that's left is me as a person while he's already taken all he wanted."

Just then, someone knocked on the room door.

Despite having controlled his emotions, the rather rushed knocks betrayed his anger and frustration.

Jasper frowned slightly, assuming that it was some foolish hotel staff knocking on the door.

Celine, however, knew exactly who the man was, so just as Jasper got up to open the door, she reached out and pulled Jasper over her.

A man and a woman's body was built very differently, to the point that they might as well be two different species.

All Jasper felt then was something soft and plump underneath him. An indescribable scent enveloped his body with the shocking touch.

At the same time, Celine opened her mouth and let out a gentle, feminine sigh.

Her sigh passed through the room door and drifted into Wharton's ears clearly as he stood outside.

Wharton's hand froze in mid-air as he prepared to knock again.

Slowly, he curled his fingers and balled them into a fist. He did not knock again.

Inside the room, Celine told Jasper directly and frankly, "He's the one outside."

"He knows that we're here?"

Jasper was not completely sober from the residual alcohol-induced haze and he began to ponder how he should deal with this complicated situation.

Thank goodness that Celine was a victim of this marriage and they had already divorced. Jasper no longer had any psychological burdens and all he thought about now was how to support Celine through this.

“Are you scared?” Celine’s gaze burned into Jasper as she suddenly smiled.

Jasper did not answer, opting to raise his hand and pull Celine’s arm away from his neck. Then, he got up and opened the door.

The action had Celine’s heart lurching. While she did intend to take her revenge and give Wharton a shock, she had not expected Jasper to face Wharton right this moment.

She was too well aware of the true wretched character Wharton hid under his gentlemanly facade. Jasper was not yet Wharton’s opponent.

When the door opened, Wharton was met with a calm-looking Jasper and Celine who rushed over.

“Was my wife to your taste?”

Wharton stared at Jasper and asked calmly.

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Jasper was rather impressed when he first saw Wharton.

Be it the man’s appearance or his aura, Wharton was surely an exquisite character among men of his caliber.

People like him had to have generations of nobility before them, for they would not turn out like this otherwise.

“From what I understand, you’re divorced,” Jasper replied.

As he spoke, Jasper intentionally took a step to the side to stand in front of Celine protectively.

It was a detail that both Celine and Wharton caught onto.

Wharton's expression remained unfazed as his gaze shifted to land on Celine. "So you dare go against me but you don't dare to admit that you did?"

Celine's face popped out from behind Jasper as she replied lazily, "Would you stop acting like you've caught me having an affair? We aren't related anymore, Sir Wharton."

'Sir?'

Jasper acutely caught on to the information Celine leaked with her words.

This was a modern society, so ordinary people could not possibly be called 'sir'.

This title had thus exposed Wharton's identity.

He was from a noble family, one conferred by the royal family.

While this was a modern society and being conferred by the royal family did not suddenly grant someone more power, it was symbolic enough that it showed this man carried the royal bloodline. This was something others could not and would not impersonate.

Wharton glared at Celine and spoke coldly, "We've already agreed that while we are divorced, it will not be publicized and you must defend the status of our marriage in public. You were not to taint my name and yet what have you done? Checking into a hotel room with another man?"

"You're provoking me, and in extension, the entire Welling family!"

“Did I make such a promise?” Celine asked curiously. Chuckling, she replied to Wharton, “Never believe a woman’s words, because lying comes naturally to women. Don’t tell me such a plain and easy concept is foreign to you, Sir Wharton.”

Wharton suddenly smiled. “Good, very good. You’ve finally impressed me.”

Celine replied calmly, “I’ve impressed you? It’s a shame that I’ve already seen through you. You want to talk about promises? Sure, then what about you? You won’t even leave my secretary alone and you made her supervise me for you. You truly have inherited the degenerated style of your so-called nobility, Sir Wharton.”

Anger flashed through Wharton’s fair and clean face due to humiliation. He turned to Jasper and spoke coldly, “I don’t care who you are to her nor do I care what has happened between you two. All you need to remember is that from this moment on, you will be an enemy that I have to eliminate.”

“I’ve never lacked enemies before, so what’s one more?” Jasper spoke calmly.

“Very well, then. At least Celine did not disappoint me on this. She didn’t find a completely useless piece of trash.

“But do not forget that you’ve provoked an enemy you cannot afford to provoke. No matter what your family background is, you have no right to show off in front of me. My power is much further beyond your imagination.”

Wharton glared at Celine and Jasper coldly as he spoke in a bone-chilling tone, “Enjoy your days, for there won’t be many left.”

With that, Wharton then turned and left without looking back.

“Wait.”

Jasper suddenly halted Wharton.

Wharton stopped walking. He did not turn, but he did not leave either.

“It’ll only be a matter of time before the things that do not belong to you get taken away.”

“That’s what I should be saying,” Jasper stated calmly.

Wharton finally turned around and scoffed at Jasper as if mocking how ignorant the man was. Then, he turned and left.

Jasper did not speak anymore and watched Wharton vanish at the end of the corridor.

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Jasper returned to the room and grabbed his clothes.

“Are you leaving?” Celine asked.

“Come with me, I’ll get you a room in the hotel I’m staying in,” Jasper spoke.

“Wharton already knows that you’re staying here, so there’s no saying what he’ll do. Just in case, it’s safer if you follow my suggestion,” Jasper stated.

Celine chuckled and said, “He wouldn’t dare do anything to me.”

“That’s a different story.” Jasper shook his head.

Celine got up and grabbed her purse, replying, “Alright. As you say, then.”

The two walked out of the room and immediately left Four Seasons Hotel.

The moment they left, Wharton also received notification in his room on the same floor.

“Leave, go ahead. I’d like to see how far you can run.” Wharton shed his facade in his room, and his expression turned wretched, horrifying, dark, and stormy.

He grabbed an expensive ashtray from the table and threw it harshly at the television. Panting harshly, the man let out an animalistic roar.

“No man will ever allow being cheated on, Celine! You b*tch! Just you wait!”

After venting it all out, Wharton pulled out his phone to make a call.

Wharton’s mood was regulated once the call connected.

“Charlie, I need all the information you have on the man Celine has been in intimate contact with. And have someone bring that b*tch Yvonne over to me. I have questions that need answers.”

...

Returning to DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel, Jack and the rest had yet to return from their celebration when Jasper booked a room for Celine.

Celine sat on the room’s sofa quietly and obediently as she watched Jasper walk toward the door.

“Get some rest. We’ve had a bit too much to drink today so I’m a little tired. We’ll talk more tomorrow.”

Jasper spoke as he stood at the door.

Celine looked at Jasper intently and said, “We’d be chatting in the bathtub now if not for Wharton, right?”

Jasper chuckled but did not reply. Instead, he wished her goodnight.

The door closed softly and Celine sighed. She settled her chin on her knees that were brought up to her chest, her gaze looking a little lost.

The following morning when Jasper woke up.

All traces of alcohol from last night had disappeared and Jasper's mind could be any clearer.

It was at that moment he found out Celine had checked out of her room an hour ago.

"I went back to hand over my position. Don't worry about me, coward."

Jasper looked at the message and chuckled.

Celine was the same as ever and it seemed like nothing could change her unique, inimitable personality.

Keeping his phone, Jasper opened his door only to knock right into Henry.

"What the f*ck?! You vanished for a day and came back early in the morning to murder me?" Jasper stated distastefully.

Henry had a solemn expression on his face as he shoved a pamphlet in Jasper's face.

"Take a look. What do you think of this airplane I chose?"