

Life at the Top Chapter 926

Regardless of whether the trace of blood belonged to Jasper or Zane, things had gotten way out of control.

The nature of the situation had changed completely.

If the blood belonged to Zane, then Jasper had only done it out of self-defense.

If the blood belonged to Jasper, then Zane would be charged with intentional homicide. Even a slight injury would be considered deliberate harm.

No matter whose blood it was, the nature of this whole incident had been raised to a whole new level. This was no longer just an ordinary dispute. This was an intentional crime!

In the room, the sound of physical combat between men, cries of unknown men, clanging of tables and chairs, and crashing of tableware clearly traveled outside of the private room.

Julian, whose nerves were already taut to begin with in preparation to handle any situations, felt a ringing in his head. Without any hesitation, he roared angrily and broke his way in like a dragon that had gone berserk and rushed into the room.

He looked up and found Jasper at a glance. He looked at him up and down. Julian breathed a sigh of relief at what he saw. Thankfully, Jasper was fine.

Jasper stood on one side, and although his clothes were disheveled, his expression was stern with no obvious trauma on his body.

Henry stood next to him holding his arm, glaring furiously at Zane.

Zane was still holding a blood-stained porcelain plate, standing in front of Jasper and Henry as he breathed heavily. He resembled an irritable and mad bull.

When Zane snatched the plate earlier, Henry was able to react in time. Even so, Zane still caught him unprepared and managed to snatch the plate from his hand.

Henry had no time to think at all as he let out a roar and rushed up to Zane.

As soon as he rushed up, he saw Zane waving and slashing at Jasper using the plate that was as sharp as a knife like a madman.

In crucial moments like that, Henry had no time to think and pushed Jasper away. Jasper was unharmed, but there was a wound dripping with blood on his arm.

The wound was extremely deep, but thankfully, it did not cut any veins. Besides, arms were not fatal points, so even though he was bleeding profusely and was in tremendous pain, Henry knew he was okay.

“Are you okay?”

Jasper rushed over, pulled Henry’s arm toward him, and asked with concern.

He looked at the ghastly and horrendous-looking gash on Henry’s arm. From the slit in his clothes, it could be seen that his skin and flesh had been torn apart. His arm was badly mangled.

Jasper flew into a towering rage at once.

He had countless underlings and friends, not but many faithful friends.

John Jackson, Julian, and definitely Henry.

There were only three of them.

From the time he began by carefully interacting with the top-notch prodigal son to getting to know each other, Jasper knew that Henry was not naturally evil. He was different in nature compared to someone like Mitch.

Up until now, even though Jasper often teased Henry and enjoyed looking at his embarrassed expression, he was only doing so because this brat was too egotistical and unbridled. His attitude needed fixing.

However, that did not mean that Jasper did not care about Henry's life.

Jasper had lived two lifetimes and came across all kinds of people, hence he particularly treasured friendships that he had acknowledged.

To be honest, not that he was trying to look cool or anything, Jasper would rather have his arm slashed instead.

"I'm okay." Henry grinned. He felt a gush of warmth in his heart when he saw the genuine expression on Jasper's face.

As a prodigal son, he had plenty of underlings—even more than flies—but never a true friend.

Those guys were either in awe and reverent in front of him yet calling him a spoiled child behind his back, or they were hypocrites who were only with him for the benefits.