

Life at the Top Chapter 961

“Coming,” Mary shouted at the door, her coquettish voice a stark contrast to the dominant attitude she normally used with Greg.

“Hehe, is your husband inside too? Let me meet him.”

The man outside spoke before directly opening the door himself.

Jasper and Greg watched as a chubby middle-aged man walked into the private room pridefully.

The man showed no reserve when he entered the room and directly reached out to pull Mary into his arms. Then he turned to Greg and Jasper, the former looking very embarrassed, and grinned playfully. “Which one’s your husband?”

Mary leaned against the man’s chest without protest and pouted before pointing at Greg. “This useless piece of trash over here.”

The man laughed out loud and stretched out a pudgy hand as he spoke to Greg, “So you’re Mary’s husband? Hello, I’m Baxter Daniels, from Harbor City. I assure you that your wife’s been very well entertained during her stay the past few days. I envy you, you know? Hahaha.”

With the way Baxter was acting, it was obvious that he had come here with the intention to humiliate Greg.

Baxter had his arm around Greg’s wife, yet he still took the initiative to shake Greg’s hand. Had it not been for Baxter’s shocking words, anyone who saw the scene would believe that Mary was actually Baxter’s wife instead of Greg’s.

A vein bulged on Greg's forehead as the man drilled his gaze into Baxter's suspended hand. Jaw clenched, Greg's stubbornness and dignity refused to let him shake the hand.

The urge to beat the adulterous swine before his eyes to death overwhelmed him.

Mary glared at Greg and shouted ferociously, "Don't you dare offend Mr. Daniels, useless trash! I'll divorce you right away if he ends up blaming me! I'll make sure you leave with nothing to your name!"

Mary then continued to speak without regard for anyone else in the room, "It's not like this is the first time I've cheated on you anyway. Just humor Mr. Daniels and shake his hand so we can all move on from this."

Anyone with morals or ethics should not have been able to say such a thing.

Yet, here Mary was, speaking as if she had done nothing wrong.

Baxter's hand remained suspended in midair. The man was not angry as he laughed out loud, "Exactly. We're in the same 'field' aren't we? My hands have spent a long time in your wife's arms; Shake it and you're indirectly touching her too. As men, we should always be more generous and open-minded."

'Gnarl gnarl...' This was the sound of Greg grounding his molars together.

His eyes were bloodshot and the man was shaking slightly. Greg balled his fists, feeling as if he were moments away from breaking down.

"I'm giving you one last chance, Greg. Shake his hand if you don't want me to chase you out of our home!" Mary shouted frantically and fiercely at Greg when she noticed Baxter's smile beginning to fade.

Greg's hand shook and it began to rise slowly. It seemed like Greg had caved in to his wife's demands.

“Greg, don’t make me lose respect for you.”

Jasper’s icy tone was heard from the side.

Greg’s hand froze midair as he turned to look at Jasper.

Greg’s eyes were a sight to behold.

Reddened with extreme anger and humiliation, the man’s eyes were teary as if he was forced to his limits, moments away from breaking down.

Mary’s expression grew cold and she shrieked at Jasper. “You have no right to join this conversation! You’d get lost if you know what’s good for you, or I’ll make sure you never leave Brac County alive! My mother’s family can get rid of you in Brac County at any moment, and no one will be able to find you!”

“Someone from the Zion family told me the same thing before, then the entire family ended up fleeing across the ocean.”

Jasper spoke indifferently before he walked over to Baxter.

Jasper pulled out his name card and placed it into Baxter’s hand, the same one that was suspended in midair waiting for Greg to shake it.

“Let me introduce myself. The name’s Laine, Jasper Laine.”

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“Jasper Laine? I can already tell that you’re a poor man from your name.”

Mary mocked him, “I can’t believe you made yourself a name card just because you saw other people doing it. Look at yourself in the mirror first. Who’d want your name card anyway? Save the money and use it to buy some proper clothes, would you?”

However, Mary had not noticed that next to her, Baxter froze upon hearing the name Jasper Laine.

While Jasper’s current status had yet to reach the point of being a household name, his name was no stranger among those of a high enough rank and influence.

This was no different for Baxter, the face of a large company in Harbor City’s transportation sector. Baxter was well aware that the Law family’s request was why his superior had even made an order with the shipyard all the way in Brac County.

As for who the Law family had made the request for...

It was none other than Jasper Laine.

As a mere representative, Baxter’s status had yet to reach the same heights as his superior, the Law family, or Jasper. Thus, he had no idea what Jasper’s identity implied.

However, Baxter understood that Jasper’s status put him on at least equal footing with his own superior, which meant that this was a formidable bigshot Baxter that could not afford to offend.

Sweat instantly began to bead over Baxter's forehead.

Internally, the man screamed, 'F*ck! Off all the people in the world, it had to be him!'

He shifted his gaze onto the name card in his hand.

It was a simple name card, one without dazzling decorations that covered every corner.

Jasper Laine, President of JW Capital LLC.

Below it was a personal contact number and a landline for his office telephone.

It was all written in simple Somerish, without any English translations that were prevalent in those days.

In an instant, the color drained from Baxter's face.

There were many Jaspers all over the world, yet there was only one JW Capital.

A metaphorical hand clasped over Baxter's throat as he wondered who had turned off the air conditioning in the private room. He started to feel short of breath.

"There's nothing wrong with being poor. What I'm looking down on is people like you who continue to act like you're dignified when you're broke as balls. Just like Greg, that useless filth. Take a good hard look at yourself before you start following other people and handing out name cards. Ridiculous."

Mary continued to mock Jasper.

However, in the next moment, Baxter removed his carefree hand from around her as though he had been electrocuted.

It was as if Mary, who was still prized goods moments ago, had turned into a disgusting pest.

Mary turned around to look at Baxter confusedly, only to be met with a chubby face frozen and devoid of color.

“What’s with all that sweat, Mr. Daniels? Are you feeling hot?” Mary asked curiously.

Baxter ignored her and smiled at Jasper dryly as he spoke, “I, Mr. Laine...”

Jasper interrupted Baxter indifferently, “Mr. Daniels, the owner was it?”

“No, no, I’m just an employee. There’s no need for such a title.”

Baxter was close to tears with how afraid he was. He was screwed to death of what would happen if Jasper discovered that he had told everyone he was the owner of the company just so he could look cool in the Mainlands and suck Mary and her family dry.

“Makes sense. After all, I don’t remember a Mr. Daniels owning Open Sea Shipping Transportations. Your superior should be Mr. Heath, right? How’s the old man doing?” Jasper asked with a small smile.

“He’s doing great, still strong and healthy,” Baxter wiped the sweat off his forehead and spoke.

“Mr. Heath’s growing old, and there are many responsibilities that he might have his subordinates take over. But I’m sure Mr. Heath only trusts intelligent people, wouldn’t you say so, Mr. Daniels?”

Baxter gulped and instinctively averted his gaze. He did not dare to meet Jasper’s sharp gaze as he replied, mouth dry, “Yes, yes, of course.”

“There’s something my friend and I need to talk about. If there’s nothing else, could you please bring this woman away while my friend and I converse with you, Mr. Daniels?”

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Mary almost laughed out loud at Jasper's words.

"Who do you think you are? You think that just because Mr. Daniels was polite to you that it means you can take advantage of him? 'Bring this woman away'? You really don't know when to stop, do you..."

"I don't know this woman!"

Baxter's voice rang out, cutting Mary off.

Mary was stunned.

For some unknown reason, she could not help but feel that Baxter was terrified of Jasper.

'That would be utterly impossible.

'Baxter owns of Harbor City's best transportation companies, Open Sea Shipping Transportations!

'But who is Jasper?'

Mary did not know the answer to that, but she was certain that Greg did not have any outstanding friends.

"I'll be leaving now, right now."

Baxter did not care too much, for all he wanted to do now was escape. He felt that the longer he looked at Jasper, the more danger he was in.

He knew that his life would be over if the news surrounding his solicitation with the Wellington family was brought into the public limelight.

Terrified, Baxter turned and ran.

Mary shouted and frantically followed after him, paying Greg and Jasper no attention.

The more she chased him, the faster Baxter ran in fear of Jasper realizing something.

Jasper's gaze in the direction of their retreating figures turned icy until the duo was nowhere to be seen.

Turning around, Jasper looked at an embarrassed Greg with renewed calmness and said, "Get a divorce, Greg."

Greg kept his head down but did not reply.

His mind was a mess and he did not realize many of the details earlier. Even if he did realize those details, he did not have the mental capacity to dwell on them.

Jasper pulled out a chair and sat down before he spoke, "You told me the same thing when I was still with Penelope. All I'm doing is repeating your word of advice. The two of you aren't the same type of people. She's not the one for you."

Greg let out a deep sigh and covered his face with both his hands. His dry voice drifted out from the gaps between his fingers.

"But what do I do now?"

"You f*cker."

Jasper was enraged by Greg's useless behavior.

Jasper grabbed Greg's hand and roared at him, "You have hands and legs, don't you? You're a man—there's no way you won't be able to make a living!

"Start from scratch if you have to, work for people, earn buck by buck. What is housing and cars for anyway? You are a man and if you can't move on from this, then I don't know how I'm supposed to f*cking respect you anymore!

"One word, Greg, one word is all you need. Tell me you're willing to walk out of this and I'll give you a new start in life!"

Jasper stared intently at Greg and spoke heavily.

At that moment, Greg had absolutely no idea what the implication of Jasper's words were. If word of this got out, it would surely cause an uproar.

Jasper did not offer this option because he was a saint, but rather that he was aware that Greg was a capable man. Greg had a lot of talent and courage when it came to managing an enterprise, and all he needed was an opportunity.

Jasper could not even save himself in his past life, so there was nothing he could do then. However, now he was capable of giving Greg the chance he needed.

"But if you can't move on, then forget it. You can continue wallowing in self-pity and not getting anything done. If that's the case, then I won't with you anymore either."

Greg looked like he was in pain after hearing Jasper's words.

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“Think about your son. Do you want your son to grow up and find out what kind of dad he has? A father that’s reduced to nothing but his mother’s dog, forced to take humiliation and to live in the shadows?”

Jasper’s words struck Greg like a bolt of lightning.

Greg’s head shot up and he stared at Jasper while replying, “No. I can’t let that happen.”

“Then make your decision now,” Jasper said.

Greg clenched his jaw and replied firmly, “Yeah, you’re right. Even if not for myself, I have to think of my son.

“I can’t let him learn that he has such a useless dad when he grows up. I’d rather tell him his mother died than let him know what kind of woman his mom actually is.”

“So make your decision.” Jasper clasped Greg’s shoulder.

“I’ll divorce her!”

...

At the same time, Mary was frantically trying to get Baxter to stay.

“Didn’t you say that you were staying for a few more days, Mr. Daniels? Why’re you in such a rush to return to Harbor City?”

Baxter was not in the mood for anything involving the alluring woman before his eyes, and he barked out irritably, "Don't think that I don't know what you and your family's intentions are. You just want me to sign the papers and give the order to you, right?"

"But I don't get to decide things like that. The company hasn't told me anything yet, and I don't want to stay here."

Mary's expression changed and she immediately replied, "You can't do that, Mr. Daniels. My family and I are already happy and ready to sign the contract. Not to mention that we've already done so much prep work for the order already. This is the last step. Didn't you say that it'd be fine?"

Baxter scoffed and replied, "It used to be fine, but at least take a look at who just arrived. There's no way I would dare to stick around while he's here—I'll be screwed if he found out about this."

"What person? There's no special person here." Mary was confused.

Baxter felt irritated as he saw the look of confusion on Mary's face.

He could not believe that he had slept with a woman that only had looks and no brains.

Had it not been for the fact that Mary was good in bed, Baxter would have cast her aside and left long ago.

"Good luck."

Then Baxter turned and left without looking back.

Mary grit her teeth in frustration as she watched Baxter leave.

The benefits, including her body, she had given him over the past few days were for naught!

“Baxter Daniels!” Mary shouted indignantly.

“I’ll report the things you did to your company immediately if you leave now! Worse comes to worst, we’ll go our separate ways! My family might not get your order, but you’ll be fired by your superior! Think carefully before you decide!”

Baxter’s expression changed drastically once he heard Mary say this, and he turned to glare at Mary. “Are you threatening me? How dare you threaten me, you b*tch!”

Mary spoke with a forced calmness, “I’ll stay with you if you’re willing to work with us and sign the contract. I’ll give you whatever you want, including the 500 thousand I promised.

“But if you leave now, then all the effort my family put into this will be for naught. Hence, you can’t blame me for threatening you. If anything, blame your own greed.

“Our plan would not have worked so smoothly if you didn’t agree to it.

“The company’s already requested for us to end the contract with that old Laine’s shipyard, and you’re about to sign the contract with us. Yet, here you are leaving. Tell me, how are we supposed to let you go just like that, hmm?”

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Baxter cursed in a rage, but he did not have any other choice.

He knew that the Wellington family would come after him if he left now.

The moment the company in Harbor City came to know of such news, he would be screwed.

Despite this, when he thought of Jasper, Baxter did not dare to stay either.

Caught between a rock and a hard place, Baxter truly understood what it meant to dig one's own grave.

Mulling over the thought, he replied darkly, "I'll go back to the company to speed up the process. With the company's agreement, I'll return to sign the contract immediately. We shouldn't see each other until then, so I'll be returning to the hotel now. Please wait for my message."

With that, Baxter left in a hurry.

Mary harrumphed as she watched Baxter leave and cursed him quietly, "Damn pig. I'd like to see how much longer you can keep this arrogant act up!"

Just then, Mary's phone rang.

Seeing that it was her mom, Mary accepted the call without further thought.

Before Mary could speak, a middle-aged woman's scream rang out from the speakers.

“Has Greg gone mad, Mary? That has to be it! Find a chain and tie him up if that’s the case, don’t let him hurt my grandson!”

Mary was shocked by what she heard and quickly asked, “What happened, Mom? Calm down and tell me slowly. Useless trash like Greg would never dare to offend you! What happened?”

“Never dare to offend me? He almost hit me just now! I was walking by your house and I decided to check in on my grandson, but who’d have thought that Greg, this mad dog said he wanted a divorce and was going to bring the child away... Come home now, I’ll call your brother. Greg’s got no respect for anyone now!”

The call ended immediately after this.

Mary was both shocked and angry at the contents of the phone call.

She was shocked that Greg dared to suggest a divorce and take the child, but angry about how ungrateful Greg was acting.

Even so, there was no point in saying anything now, so Mary immediately got into her car and made her way home without another word.

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At the same time, in Greg’s home, Jasper was currently standing by the side with a cold look in his eyes while a woman in her fifties, with a bloated figure and covered with jewelry, pointed at Greg and scolded him.

“Who do you think you are, Greg? Ter is my grandson; He’s a Wellington! He has nothing to do with you, Greg Costa! You want to leave? Fine, get lost then! But there’s no way I’ll let you take Ter with you! I’ll kill you if you do!”

“You ungrateful b*stard! You’ve been living under our roof for so long, using our appliances, and eating our food, and here you are suggesting a divorce? Who

gave you the right to ask for that? Huh? Even if you get a divorce it'd still be Mary divorcing you, not the other way around! Who do you think you are?"

Greg carried the wailing child in his arms and stared coldly at his mother-in-law that continued to shout and berate him.

At that moment, he suddenly realized how he had made the correct decision by listening to Jasper.

This divorce was long overdue.

He had spent the past few years enduring endless accusations and humiliation in this household.

Now, he was finally deciding that he would not endure such mistreatment ever again.

"I am Terrius' dad. Why can't I bring him with me? I don't care what you think, nor do I care who divorces who. It's not going to stop me from bringing my son with me, and I'm going to change his surname as well! He'll be a Costa, like me!"

Greg finally voiced out the words he had hid within him for years. Now that they were finally out in the open, he felt extremely relieved and relaxed.