

# Life at the Top Chapter 966

Greg was the only relaxed person in the room.

His mother-in-law standing in front of him was absolutely infuriated.

She was about to combust as the man she used to order around like a dog all these years shouted at her.

“Wow, what an ungrateful b\*stard you are! You’re getting brave now, huh? After spending your days leeching off my family, now you’re even daring to talk back to me!”

She slapped Greg across the face as she spoke.

Greg did not hide nor protest as the loud slap echoed through the room upon contact with his face.

The silhouette of a palm was visible on his cheek, but despite this, Greg’s eyes were horrifyingly cold.

“I don’t even know how many of these slaps I’ve endured from you and your daughter over the years.

“Your family eats together, yet I have no right to eat at the table with you and can only eat in the kitchen with the maids. When you chat and laugh with each other, I also have no right to join in. All I can do is clean and do chores by the side.

“Even those maids get to clock out and rest, while I have to be ordered around for twenty-four hours a day!

“You hit and scold me regardless of the mood you’re in!

“I have endured all of this for years.

“But I am not going to anymore!”

Greg’s last sentence was essentially a roar.

One that stunned his mother-in-law.

As Greg had said, he had received all the mistreatment with quiet resignation. Even the Wellington family had gotten used to having someone they could order around endlessly.

However, Greg had argued with them today. He was fighting back.

This was something she could not accept.

Neither could Mary and the young man that entered the house.

“What the f\*ck are you saying, Greg?! What’s with your attitude toward my mom?!”

Mary screamed at Greg.

The young man that entered the room with her also had a dark expression on his face. He glared coldly at Greg and said, “You have a death wish, don’t you Greg!”

“You two are finally here,” The woman shouted when she saw the duo, as if they were her saviors. “Come help me, Shaun. This b\*stard almost hit me before you arrived!”

Shaun was enraged and he raised his hand to slap Greg.

“F\*cking useless trash! How dare you hit my mom?!”

However, Greg grabbed Shaun’s wrist before the latter could slap him. He held the hand in the air and refused to let go of it.

“That slap your mom gave me is the last slap I’m ever going to endure. I will not let anyone slap me anymore!” Greg seethed.

Shaun struggled but realized that he could not pull his hand out of Greg’s grasp. Fear crept up within him and he spoke frantically, “Let go! Do you f\*cking hear me?”

At that moment, Mary pounced over as well and began to grab and pull at Greg. “Let go of my brother! You’ve got no respect for any one of us now, do you?”

Greg scoffed and tossed Shaun’s hand aside before he turned to Mary coldly, “Keep pulling and I’ll hit you too!”

Mary stared at him in disbelief. “You wouldn’t dare! Go on, try it!”

Shaun roared fiercely, “Who the f\*ck do you think you are? Go ahead and try it then!”

Slap!

A slap.

A loud resounding slap.

Sounds of slaps were common in this family.

Albeit all of them were given to Greg by the Wellington family.

This was the only slap Greg had given someone from the Wellington family.

Mary cupped her cheek and stared at Greg frightfully as if she did not recognize the man in front of her.

“You hit me! You actually hit me! How dare you hit me, you piece of trash?”

Mary shrieked crazily.

Both Shaun and his mother were stunned.

No one had expected Greg to hit her.

Greg stared at the family coldly and spoke, “I must’ve been crazy to endure this torture from your family for so long. I’ve decided that I’m not going to endure it anymore, so it’d be nice if you were more polite with me!

“Then again, I don’t care if you’re polite or not. It doesn’t matter to me anymore because I want a divorce, Mary! Right now!

“Like you guys said, everything here belongs to you. However, I don’t care about getting anything. All I’m bringing is my son Terrius!”

Mary looked at Greg in disbelief and shrieked, “You’ll be nothing but a lowly dog if you leave the Wellington family! You don’t even have a spot to beg at! You wouldn’t dare ask for a divorce!”

Mary was not reluctant about Greg leaving at all. She just felt embarrassed about the fact that Greg had suggested it first.

Her image would be ruined if word got out that Greg was the one who wanted to leave her.

Shaun looked at Greg coldly and sneered, “You really think you’re some sh\*t, don’t you, Greg? The only divorce you’re getting is if Mary divorces you, not the

other way around. You can dream on if you think I'll let you bring the child with you!

"You know exactly what the Wellington family is capable of here in Brac County! I'll make sure you don't get to see the sunrise tomorrow if you p\*ss me off!"

"You think the Wellington family is above the law?"

Jasper's voice sounded out from the corner of the room.

Jasper walked over to stand beside Greg. Peering casually at the three members of the Wellington family, Jasper spoke in a calm tone.

"If you ask me, Greg should've divorced you long ago. Even I think a divorce is long overdue. All you people do is call him trash and threaten his life, aren't you... thinking a little too highly of yourselves?"

Mary glared at Jasper and screamed, "It's you! You're the guy! I don't know what you did, but Greg's been acting completely different since you arrived!"

"I don't care who you are, but I'm warning you: You'll die a tragic death if you poke your nose into the Wellington family's business!"

Shaun glared at Jasper darkly and spoke.

"I'm not interested in the Wellington family's business. However, if it involves my friend, there's no way I'm going to stand by and watch you trample all over him."

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Shaun and his family chortled at Jasper's claim.

"Where'd you come from, you weirdo? Acting like you're some bigshot. Who do you think you are?"

Shaun sneered at Jasper from the corner of his eye, his expression mocking.

"I really don't understand how there'd be people stupid enough to talk big when they can't even read the room."

Shaun continued to speak proudly, "I suggest you look at who you're talking to before you start acting like you're the sh\*t. No one dares to talk to the Wellington family like that in Brac County!"

At the same time, Mary glared at Greg and said, "You better think carefully, Greg. Walk out this door now and I'll never let you back in even if you kneel and beg me.

"How stupid can you be? He just said a few things and you're already getting ready to leave. Have you ever thought about what you'd have left without the Wellington family? You'll have nothing without us! They wouldn't even employ you for construction labor because you'll cost them more to feed than you can give back!

"What can you even do, huh? Nothing! I'm telling you, without me keeping you alive, you'd die of hunger on the streets in one day!"

Greg looked at Mary coldly and snapped back, "I rather starve and die then!"

Mary did not expect Greg to be so firm in his decision. Having gotten used to Greg bending to her whims all the time, his stubbornness now had her grinding her teeth.

“No! You can’t get divorced!”

Mary’s mom suddenly spoke up.

“The Wellington family is prominent here in Brac County. We’ve already suffered enough shame when Mary got married to you back then. You’re telling me you want a divorce now that people have finally stopped mocking us? The Wellington family will be a laughing stock for the rest of our lives if news of this gets out!”

“People will end up speculating that the Mary Wellington got dumped because you grew tired of her! The Wellington family cannot afford to lose our reputation!”

Greg laughed out loud, his expression filled with disdain. “What reputation does the Wellington family still have anyway?”

“Everyone in Brac County knows that the Wellington family sells their women for business. You think I don’t know how you and Mary are the same? Like mother like daughter.

“The two of you gave yourselves to the Zions, the father and son duo, when they were still here just so you could continue to do business. Everyone in Brac County knows about this.”

Mary and her mother’s expressions changed at Greg’s words.

“You b\*stard! Who let you say such things?” Mary screamed.

Greg sneered. “You had no qualms doing it, so why have qualms with me pointing it out?”

“I don’t care what you think, but this divorce is non-negotiable.”

Greg then lifted his son and motioned to leave.

However, Shaun stepped in front of Greg and spoke coldly, “Where do you think you are? You think you can cause a ruckus and leave just like that?”

“What do you want?” Greg demanded coldly.

With a chuckle, Shaun looked at Jasper and narrowed his eyes. “Weren’t you talking big just now, you brat? If you dare walk out of this door today, I can promise you that there’ll be two bodies floating in Brac County’s seaside tomorrow morning.”

“You’d go so far as to murder people?” Jasper chuckled.

Shaun laughed out loud and replied wretchedly, “Of course not. Murder comes with consequences. How could I possibly murder anyone?”

“But accidents are really prevalent these years. Who’s to say that we’re all safe from tragic accidents, hmm?”

At that moment, Jasper’s phone rang.

Jasper glanced at Shaun and accepted the call.

“Mr. Laine, it’s me, Lucas. We found the mole!”

“I’m listening,” Jasper replied.

“It’s an old employee who’s been working for decades in the Zion family’s shipyard. He’s a local and has been working in the shipyard for years, so he knows the place like the back of his hand.



“According to him, a Wellington family from Brac County sent someone to look for him. They had him work together with a group of other people to smuggle inferior-grade steel plates into the shipyard. They told him that the Wellington family would kill him if he didn’t cooperate.

“I’ve also dug up some info on this Wellington family, Mr. Laine, and it seems like they have a shipyard in Brac County too. These two had completely monopolized the shipbuilding industry in Brac County when the Zion family was still there.

“When you got rid of the Zion family, there was a void in Brac County’s shipbuilding market, Mr. Laine. The Wellington family decided to take the opportunity to develop further, and their ambitions grew.

“The main thing is that their reputation in Brac County...”

“I already know about that,” Jasper looked at Shaun as he spoke to Lucas calmly, “I’m well aware of what kind of people the Wellington family is.

“I’m at Pioneer Era Garden, Block A, Apartment 403. Bring him over.”

With that, Jasper hung up the phone.

“What are you doing this time? Who are you bringing over?” Shaun glared at Jasper and demanded darkly.

“You’ll find out very soon.”

Jasper glanced at Shaun before he turned to talk to Greg.

“Don’t leave yet. We won’t solve any problems if we leave now. Since the opportunity arose today, we might as well settle everything all at once.”

Jasper did not wait for Greg to reply before he pulled his phone out and made another call.

A moment later, the call connected.

“Mr. Heath, it’s me, Jasper.

“Haha, hello to you too. How’re you doing, Mr. Heath? Still healthy and strong?

“Yes, yes. About what happened that time, there’s been a misunderstanding. I would never lie to a friend.

“I must say, Mr. Heath, the person you sent over to Brac County is quite the character.

“What did he do? He colluded with someone and plotted against me. He lied to me and you, Mr. Heath.

“Sure, I’m in Brac County now. I’ll wait for him—he’ll know where I am.”

Jasper then ended the call and looked at Shaun. The latter seemed uneasy as Jasper said calmly, “You wanted to know who I was, didn’t you?”

“I can tell you now if you want. I was the one who sent the Zions packing. The Zion family’s shipyard is something I gave my parents so they could kill time. The order for the shipyard was something I got after I put in my name in Harbor City.

“In other words, you plotted with someone to frame my parents, then worked together with Baxter to create the perfect reason to reject the contract with my shipyard. You went through all that so the Wellington family would get the contract instead.

“It’s a good move, I have to admit. But did you ask for my approval first?”

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Jasper's words struck Shuan like a bolt of lightning.

The man looked at Jasper with eyes widened in disbelief. There was too much information contained in those few sentences.

"You crushed the Zion family?!"

"The Zion family's shipyard is yours?!"

"Who are you?!"

Shaun roared in both fear and anger.

At this moment, Mary also realized that something was wrong.

Not that she was willing to believe her gut, though.

"Don't listen to him, Shaun, he's just Greg's friend. Think about it, what kind of outstanding friends can Greg have? We'd have heard of him if he's as powerful as he claims, but we didn't. Moreover, why didn't Greg say anything about it before?"

"You know what kind of person Greg is. He's willing and happy to be ordered around as long as it means he'll have a roof over his head and food to eat."

Jasper glanced at Mary indifferently. He did not even have the mood to explain anything when it comes to women like this.

Despite this, Shuan was evidently panicking.

Unlike Mary, Shaun was the person in charge of the Wellington family's business. He knew the inner workings of the industry like the back of his hand.

Take the large company in Harbor City, for example. While Shaun had yet reached the level of importance to directly contact the owner of the company, he at least knew that the owner's surname was Heath!

This was something only people familiar with the industry knew.

Shaun was certain that Jasper had spoken the truth.

When he thought of this, Shaun began to tremble.

He was not the only one, for even Greg looked at Jasper in disbelief.

Greg had always seen Jasper as a rather introverted child from a poor family who did not know how to talk to strangers.

Greg liked to consider himself someone who used to have dreams and ambitions. He wanted to be a multimillionaire at a young age, but he did not remember Jasper ever having such dreams or passion. If anything, Jasper seemed the kind to be content with a peaceful and simple life.

Greg thought that people like Jasper were most suited for set office hours with a fixed salary. It was not a luxurious lifestyle, but at least it was straightforward, and he would not die of hunger.

The sudden turn of events suddenly reestablished Greg's understanding of the man. Ever since they had reunited, he had realized that Jasper's behavior was drastically different from how it had been in the past.

This confident and energetic man was glowing brightly from the inside out.

This was no longer the same Jasper he recognized back then; no longer the introverted boy that could not hold a conversation with girls and was too broke to fit in.

Soon enough, Lucas arrived with a large group of people in tow as he escorted a man past his fifties into the room.

Realizing that Shaun's family was also in the house when he arrived, Lucas was shocked for a moment before he chuckled coldly. Then, he walked over to Jasper and greeted the man courteously, "I've brought him over, Mr. Laine."

Shaun's expression sank completely at the greeting.

As his biggest competitor in Brac County, Shaun and Lucas had met multiple times. He also knew that Lucas was the actual manager of what used to be the Zion family's shipyard.

The old couple overseeing it were outsiders who knew nothing.

Lucas's courteous behavior toward Jasper instantly confirmed all of Jasper claims from before.

Jasper glanced at the man Lucas had brought over.

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Old and slouching, the man's expression was filled with fear and unease. It was a rather pitiful sight.

"What's your name?"

The man shivered and replied with a sorrowful expression and a heavy Brac County accent, "Dwight Hewitt."

"I won't waste time on unnecessary nonsense, and I'm sure you are well aware of what you've done. Take a look around the room, is there anyone here you conspired with?"

Shaun's expression darkened immediately at Jasper's words.

He glared at Dwight fiercely.

Just as the man looked at Shaun with hesitation.

"What're you looking at me for, old man? Watch your words, no one in Brac City would dare to frame me for something I didn't do," Shaun stated biting.

"Did I ask you?" Jasper looked at Shaun.

"Or is this the guilty talking?"

Shaun was enraged. "Who do you think you are? What does me talking have to do with you?"

"You'll know who I am soon enough," Jasper replied indifferently.

With that, he turned to Dwight and spoke, “The situation’s still classified as the shipyard’s internal affairs. You’re growing old and I’d like to believe you were coerced and didn’t have any other option. So, I’ll make you two promises.

“Promise number one, no one will be able to threaten you or your family’s safety after this is over.

“Promise number two, as long as you’re honest and willing to point out who the person is, as well as tell me the details of your conspiracy, then I will not investigate further nor hold you accountable.”

Holding Dwight captive had never been part of Jasper’s plan.

People like Dwight were too much of a small fry to be Jasper’s pawn, so there was no point targeting the man.

All he needed was to use this mole as a turn state’s evidence and expose the true culprit behind it all.

As expected, Dwight clenched his jaw after he heard Jasper, then pointed at Shaun. “It’s him, the general manager of the Wellington family’s shipyard. He was the one who found me and told me to cooperate with him. He said he’d give me 50 thousand if I brought his men to place a batch of materials in the shipyard’s warehouse area.

“Either I cooperate and take the 50 thousand, or I decline and he hurts my children!

“Mr. Laine, Mr. Wadler, I really didn’t mean to cause harm to the shipyard! I’ve been working at the shipyard for decades, I love that place. I... I’m a horrible excuse for a human being!”

Dwight began to slap himself harshly as he spoke, like he had found an outlet to vent his terror.

Shaun was utterly frustrated when he heard Dwight's accusation. He roared with fear and anger, "What kind of nonsense is that, old man? Do you want to f\*cking die? I'll f\*cking kill you the moment you walk out these doors, I'm telling you!"

"Who can you kill?" Jasper spoke unaffectedly.

"His confession was very clear, Shaun. What more do you have to say for yourself?"

Shaun seethed in place. Fright filled his eyes but he did not dare to say anything, for he was busy thinking of a solution.

At that moment, Mary stepped forward and pointed at Jasper's nose as she screamed.

"Who do you think you are? So what if you're the owner of some stupid shipyard? What can you do to the Wellington family anyway? Scams and lies are prevalent in all businesses. You have no one to blame when it's your incompetence that led to us getting the order instead!"

Jasper smiled. "So, following this line of logic, as long as your capable enough, anything you do is right?"

"Very well, then. Remember your words and don't regret it.

"I love showing people like you how capable I can be."



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As they were talking, a rather chubby figure rushed into the room.

This person was Baxter, who had sped over from the hotel.

His expression changed drastically when he realized that Jasper was there as well.

Shaun and Mary's eyes shone when they saw him. They were about to approach Baxter, only for the man to ignore them and make a beeline for Jasper.

Bowing courteously to the point that his head might as well be between his legs, Baxter spoke with a tremble in his voice and cold sweat drenching his brow, "Mr. Laine, please have mercy."

God only knew what Baxter had experienced.

Baxter was already frantic when he found out that Jasper had come over personally to deal with the issue. However, Mary had threatened him and forced him to stay in Brac County. Thus, Baxter had planned to wrap this up as fast as possible so that he could return to Harbor City, resign, and flee.

Despite this, about ten minutes ago, he received a call from his superior.

His superior, a man who liked to throw people that offended him into the ocean to feed the sharks, only said one thing.

"You cannot afford to offend Jasper, nor do I want to piss him off. If there's some kind of conspiracy behind this, then you better smooth it out yourself. Don't even think about coming back if you can't smoothen it out. Save me the effort, jump into Brac County's waters and kill yourself."

Because of this, Baxter knew his superior was irked.

He did not overthink it as Mary's threat was no longer important. With that, Baxter dashed over just so he could beg for Jasper's forgiveness as fast as he could.

Baxter had no idea what psychological trauma his actions had caused Mary and her brother.

From Baxter's current attitude, even an idiot could tell that Jasper was a formidable figure and someone that even Baxter, a man from a big company in Harbor City, did not dare to offend.

Let alone the Wellington family... Shaun and Mary exchanged a frightened look.

Jasper looked at Baxter and asked calmly, "Forgiveness? What did you do wrong that would require my forgiveness?"

Baxter wiped the sweat from his forehead. Understanding the meaning behind Jasper's words, he spoke with a sorrowful expression, "I'll tell you, I'll tell you everything.

"My mission was simple when I first arrived from Harbor City. The partnership was something my superior had already confirmed, so all I had to do was sign the contract on behalf of the company. It was just a formality.

"But Mary and Shaun suddenly found me at that time and they told me that they were willing to secretly pay me twenty percent of the value of the deal if I gave up the partnership with your shipyard and partnered with them instead.

"Then Mary stayed with me that night and I couldn't resist the temptation."

Baxter did not even look at the Wellington sibling's pale complexions as he continued to speak.

“However, since Mr. Heath was the one who decided on the partnership, I was in no position to change anything. So they came up with a plan. They said that they’d send a batch of inferior-grade steel plates over, and all I need to do is check the shipyard and point it out at the agreed time.

“I did as they requested and found the inferior-grade steel plates as promised. After this, everything else just fell into place.

“I told my superior about the situation and he decided to give up on the partnership. After all, it’s three shipments of 5000 tonnes—a contract involving tens of millions. My superior would be put in a tough spot if anything happened to those ships.”

Baxter watched Jasper’s expression carefully, but he could not read him at all.

Jasper’s expression was exceptionally calm, devoid of anger, shock, or surprise. It was as if he already knew everything from the start.