

Life at the Top Chapter 801

Walking out of the president's office, Celine stared at Jasper who looked very carefree and asked, "Were you not nervous at all?"

"About what?" Jasper asked despite knowing full well what she was talking about.

"About Paulson. He's not as kind as he looks. The fact that he managed to become Colossal's president despite starting from a normal project manager means that he's more ruthless than anyone if need be," Celine replied.

Jasper smiled and spoke, "His ruthlessness is a testament to how smart he is, and smart men tend to choose options that are the most beneficial to them. He won't get anything by starting an all-out war with me, so he won't do it."

"Bullsh*t." Celine rolled her eyes at Jasper. "Sure, your companies have unlimited potential and they've already grown quite a bit in size, but they're still nothing more than weaklings to Colossal, okay?"

"The investment bank wants to make money and Paulson wants fame. Getting rid of a weakling like me won't bring the investment bank money nor will the world suddenly respect Paulson more for it. Plus, on the off chance that they don't manage to crush me, they'll have a monstrous force to deal with in the future. Why go through all that trouble?" Jasper replied calmly.

"God knows where you got this confidence from," Celine spoke calmly.

Still, despite her words, Celine's eyes shone as she looked at Jasper.

As of that moment, Celine had already lost all ability to ponder and mull over Jasper's words. She would not think about whether Jasper's words were realistic or not.

She only had one thought in mind, and that was how handsome and dominant Jasper was. She just wanted to pounce on him!

"Are you free tonight?" Celine suddenly asked.

"I'll be out celebrating with Jack and the rest. Why?" Jasper asked.

"Celebrate with them another day. Leave your schedule tonight for me," Celine demanded.

"What do you want to do?" Jasper looked at Celine warily.

"You're still scared that I'll take advantage of you?" Celine spoke distastefully.

"Fine." Jasper believed that it was unbecoming of him, as a man, to back down before Celine, a woman, did.

A look of pride was concealed in Celine's shining eyes as she pushed the excitement she felt within her away. She walked out of a long-emptied Nasdaq Exchange Center with Jasper.

A short distance away from the center, the two saw a familiar figure being forced into a police car embarrassingly.

It was William.

When Jasper and Celine saw William, he saw them too.

"F*cking b*tch and b*stard! You cheating wh*res!" William began to shout madly when he saw the duo.

Celine stood in front of William and curled the corner of her lips into a cold smirk.

“Look at you now. What’s the difference between you and a defeated dog?”

Celine’s words greatly bruised William’s confidence. Staring at her wretchedly, he roared, “Don’t you dare look so proud! You only got to where you are today because you seduced some barbarian! I’d like to see how much longer you can keep up this proud act!”

Celine looked at William pitifully and spoke, “Say I did seduce men, I’d still never seduce you. Does that anger you?”

William ground his molars hard. If not for the two burly men holding him in place, he would have rushed over and shown her a piece of his mind.

“You b*tch!” William spat out the words.

The mocking sneer on the corners of Celine’s lips grew, but she showed no signs of anger at all.

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“What a pitiful loser. All the insults you throw at me are nothing more than the rewards of my victory. It sounds better than songs of praise from someone else because the more you insult me, the more tragic you’ve lost. And, the more I’ve won.”

Jasper, who was standing beside, could not help but take another look at Celine when she spoke. In all honesty, women really were superior when they argued. This alone was enough to get rid of a large group of people and their potty mouths.

William's body trembled in infuriation but Celine was no longer interested in arguing with him.

"Do you even know what a true winner is? No, you don't. Look at this man beside me that you called a barbarian. Yet has he paid you any attention from the get-go? Your every insult sounds nothing more than the barks of stray dogs to him.

"You can insult us as much as you want, but remember that you're going to trial soon while we're going to celebrate. This is the true difference between a winner and a loser. It's not about who has the loudest voice."

With that, Celine wrapped an arm around Jasper's arm and the two turned to leave.

William's eyes were bloodshot as he glared at the two retreating figures. He was too infuriated to speak.

After taking just two steps, Celine seemed to have thought of something and suddenly turned with a smile.

"Oh yeah, I've also gotten Paulson's promise that I'll be taking over your position.

"I'll be the president of the Terra regional branch.

"See you, or maybe not. We belong to two different worlds now and there won't be any reason for us to meet again. You've already lost and have nothing left. How tragic."

Celine and Jasper left, leaving William to roar and shout. Following this was the sound of the car door closing and then, silence.

...

Since he had promised Celine, Jasper did not go out to celebrate with Jack and the rest. After all, with a superior like him there, those senior executives might not be able to fully relax.

Jasper may be around their children's age, but his status was completely different. Not to mention that with Jasper's growing wealth, his subordinates' attitude toward him only became more courteous.

Jasper told Jack about it and got into the car Celine had prepared for them. The car made its way deeper into New York City.

Celine brought Jasper to one of New York's, and even the world's, most famous tourist attractions—the Empire State Building.

Jasper joked as he took in the tall Empire State Building that seemed to shoot for the sky. "I can almost taste money in the air when I take a deep breath."

Celine chuckled and spoke, "Come on, I have something special prepared for you."

Jasper was a little shocked but did not ask any questions, opting instead to follow Celine into the Empire State Building.

Jasper once again realized how broad Celine's contracts were.

This woman had actually transformed the rooftop area on the Empire State Building into an open bar.

Frankly speaking, a mere general manager of Colossal Investments' Terra regional branch should not be able to invite Winston Bennett for an interview, nor make the rooftop of the Empire State Building into her own private garden and bar.

Jasper was curious about Celine's family background, but if she did not want to tell him, Jasper would not waste his time asking either.

They were friends, after all, and family background did not matter.

Jasper did not have a great family background, so all he could do was be the background for his future generations. He would not envy others who came from wealthy families, or it would truly be bad for his heart to spend every day by Henry's side.

"Come and look at the city's skyline. Stand here. You're going to own a building even taller than the Empire State Building soon and it'll only be a matter of time before countless people look up to you like they look up to the Empire State Building!"

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Jasper felt a ripple of emotion in his heart as he looked at Celine who stood by the roof railing of the Empire State Building and listened to her speak.

He walked over to stand beside Celine by the railing.

Feeling the chilly and raging winds 400 meters up in the sky, his surroundings were dimly lit this evening and Jasper felt as if the entire New York City was beneath his feet.

The neon lights in this immense city spread from under his feet and stretched all the way to the horizon beyond what he could see. The city bustled with liveliness.

No one could tell for sure how many separations and reunions the city, populated by millions, went through each day.

Or what went on in the families behind every lit window.

As one of the busiest cities in the world, New York was indeed heaven for the powerful and the rich.

“One day, I’m sure,” Jasper murmured to himself as he stared at the night sky, now brightened by the city lights.

Beside him, Celine turned to focus her gaze on Jasper’s side profile, completely besotted.

She loved these moments of Jasper.

Unlike how gentle and reserved he normally was, the man’s aura was now tinted with dominance and fame. It was as though Jasper was in his true form at this very moment. He was a man waiting for the right timing to stun the world.

Celine personally believed that men should not be too humble or keep too low a profile. A man was supposed to walk with an aura of dominance to him, and a man who could make her look twice had to be one with the strength to conquer the world.

Jasper fitted her requirements perfectly right now.

“For tonight, you’re the king,” Celine spoke softly.

“What did you say?”

The wind blew loudly on the rooftop and Jasper turned to ask Celine what she had said because he did not hear her.

“Nothing much.” Celine chuckled, turning to walk over to the sofa where the wind was not as strong. Sitting down, she asked, “Is there something you’d like to drink? I can have someone prepare a lot of alcohol for you.”

“White wine. I’m not really used to drinking stronger spirits, and I’m so-so with red wine,” Jasper replied.

Celine pulled out her phone and made a call.

Less than ten minutes later, ten bottles each of white and red wine were brought up.

Following this was a table full of mouth-watering and colorful Somer dishes.

Jasper glanced at the bottles of white wine that had all been aged for at least ten years and bottles of collection-grade red wine that were all from the same oak cellar. “Is the Empire State Building your wine cellar and kitchen?”

Celine took off her shoes and curled up comfortably on the sofa barefoot. Smiling mirthfully, she replied, “It’s not that exaggerated, all I did was borrow the rooftop. Plus, when it comes to alcohol and food, nothing is impossible in New York as long as you’re willing to spend money.”

Jasper’s stomach was starting to feel uncomfortable by the Western food he had been eating these days, so he was undoubtedly elated to be able to enjoy the taste of home again.

Celine seemed to have loosened up as well, no longer complaining about being on a diet as she dug into the scrumptious dishes that filled the table.

Jasper drank the bottles of white wine while Celine drank the red. Under the strong cold winds on the rooftop of the Empire State Building, the two toasted and ate.

After finishing an entire bottle of white wine, Jasper began to feel a little tipsy.

Sitting on the single sofa, Jasper stared past the railing at the skyline, all the way to the horizon until he could not see anything anymore. Then only did he pull his gaze back.

“What are you looking at?” Celine looked at Jasper and asked, her cheeks slightly flushed after drinking one and a half bottles of red wine.

“Looking at whether New York City has an owner,” Jasper spoke.

“It does,” Celine replied with certainty.

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Jasper turned to look at her. Celine chuckled and pulled out a 100 US dollar banknote and waved it. “Look, the city’s owner.”

Stunned for a moment, Jasper then laughed aloud. “You’re right. So very right.”

“I want to own this US banknote of yours,” Jasper suddenly spoke after he finished laughing.

Celine’s smile vanished after he finished speaking and she stared intently at him, to the point where Jasper felt his hair rise out of caution.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Jasper asked.

Celine did not respond, but she stood and walked over to Jasper.

Jasper sat on his single sofa with Celine standing before him.

The wind continued to howl on the rooftop but it could not dissipate the warming tension between the man and the woman.

Suddenly, Celine put her arm on Jasper’s shoulder so he would not get up and then turned around to plop herself on his lap.

All of a sudden, there was a woman in his arms.

Feeling the gentle softness and shocking suppleness of the woman in his arms, Jasper's mind sobered substantially.

"What are you doing?" Jasper asked, instinctively moving to push Celine off and stand.

Yet Celine seemed to have anticipated that, for she pressed his shoulder down with one hand and looked up at Jasper. "Are you really willing to push me away? Do you dare to push me away?"

Jasper instantly froze in place, and at the same time, he realized something. 'How the f*ck is she so strong?'

Just as Jasper made a mental note to spend more time at the gym once he returned, Celine then wrapped herself around him and got closer to him. Her red lips whispered in Jasper's ear, "But don't you want to be my owner?"

"You're married and I have a girlfriend," Jasper replied, trying his best to keep his mind sober.

"So you're throwing me away?" Celine asked pitifully.

Jasper was just about to apologize when he saw a sly expression on Celine's face. He realized then that he had been played.

"Girlfriend? I don't want to be with you anyway. What's the point in doing all that? Marriage is a grave," Celine whispered.

Jasper was just about to speak when a slim and fair finger rested on his lips to quiet him.

"Don't say anything, and don't move.

"Let's keep drinking."

Celine's voice was soft and her mesmerizing tone seemed to be laced with magical power. Jasper sat on the sofa and stopped moving as instructed. He did not say anything either as he looked at Celine.

Celine chuckled and commented, "Men. They just can't hold their ground when you flirt."

With that, Celine then grabbed a bottle of white wine and took a large swig. Instead of swallowing, she put the bottle back down and turned to wrap her arms around Jasper's neck...

Jasper's eyes widened as he felt something soft and damp touch his lips. Following this was the fiery burn of white wine. Those were two very different feelings and the strong alcohol burned as it reached his heart.

Just like that, Celine fed Jasper another two bottles of white wine.

Coupled with the bottle before, Jasper had already drunk three bottles of white wine while Celine drank five bottles of red.

"Let's go! To the hotel room!"

Celine finally got off Jasper's legs, which were now numb.

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There was a complicated yet addictive taste in his mouth.

The aroma of pure white wine was mixed with a hint of indescribable fragrance.

Jasper felt his body heat up as the fragrance and the aroma of the wine entered his throat from his mouth.

Jasper felt rather dizzy after drinking two more bottles of white wine in such a new method. All he knew was that the moment Celine got up, his heart felt empty along with the loss of weight on his lap.

He felt an urge to pull her back, to have her sit on his lap obediently and not go anywhere.

Then, Celine said something that caused Jasper's head to snap up.

"What now, are you scared?"

Celine teased as she looked at Jasper with a shine in her eyes.

With that, Celine slightly leaned down to close the distance between them. Celine's face was so close to Jasper's that not even the harsh winds could dissipate the romantic air between them.

"Or perhaps, you want to do it here?"

A pair of fair and soft arms fell on Jasper's shoulders. Celine half knelt and half squatted before the man, asking her question in such an amorous and attractive posture.

Jasper did not know whether this was caused by the influence of alcohol or if it was something else, but he grabbed one of Celine's snow-white and flexible arms. He flicked his wrist so that he could hold her hand in his. "It's exciting on the rooftop of the Empire State Building, no?"

"I don't want to catch a cold," Celine spoke and then pulled Jasper to his feet from the sofa. Leaning her chin on his shoulder, Celine spoke by his ear, "My body feels weak. Carry me downstairs, I can't move."

Standing up, the harsh breeze cleared a considerable amount of Jasper's drunkenness.

Celine leaned into Jasper's ear to speak again, seeing how the man had yet to make a move. "Are you a man or not? I'm going to hold this over your head for the rest of your life if you bail on me now. I already told you I don't need you to take responsibility."

"Not everything is up to you once they happen," Jasper warned.

Celine scoffed and taunted, "Come on, then! As if I'd be afraid of you."

'Motherf*cker!'

Mr. Laine was a man and he had never once backed down in such a situation in either of his lives, albeit he had spent his previous life as an apple-polisher.

Throwing all rationale and consideration out the window, Jasper princess carried the woman who was leaning against him. Her soft gasp at the movement stroked Jasper's ego.

"It's too late for you to regret now."

Jasper then kicked the rooftop doors once he was done speaking and made a beeline downstairs.

A moment later, in the Empire State Building's underground car park, Jasper followed Celine's instructions and found a car waiting for them. There was a young woman sitting in the driver's seat. She was most likely the assistant or driver Celine had brought along.

Jasper was too lazy to ask so he threw Celine inside and got in behind her.

"Four Seasons Hotel, I've already booked a room," Celine spoke.

Shock flashed through the other woman's face when she heard Celine. After all, Celine had never been so intimate or taken such initiative with a man before.

She did not dare ask more, opting to start the engine instead. With its roar, the car came to life and left the underground car park.

The scent of wine filled the car compartment and the temperature rose. Both Celine and Jasper were flushed.

Not even opening all the windows in the car could quell the frustrating heat within them.

Celine leaned against the chair and reached out to put an arm on Jasper's leg. At the same time, she instructed the other woman, "Drive faster."

The only difference between a beauty and a wh*re was that the former could spark a desire within a man with the simplest actions and words.