

Life at The Top – Chapter 1216

The afternoon market had reopened by the time Jasper returned to the hotel.

Both Jake and Celine began their attack on all three of Prince's listed companies at the same time.

This wave of attack under Jasper's instruction was done extremely fiercely.

Financial battles could be complicated, but they could also be very simple.

The simplest and most aggressive method was to overwhelm them through sheer volume.

Direct oppression without any consideration for wins, losses, or consequences.

This was a game where you attacked at the cost of injuring yourself. There was no need for smarts at all. With enough funds, you could easily crush the battlefield to dust in the shortest length of time.

Prince did not have the chance to celebrate for too long after receiving the financial injection of 1 billion worth of funds this morning. The fierce attack this afternoon stunned him completely.

“How could this be?! Why is there another party?” Prince shouted in the room, his face pale.

The display in his room right now showed a petrifying line of plummeting share price.

“Our funds can’t hold on much longer, Crown Prince.”

A subordinate in charge of trading reported to Prince while sweating profusely.

Prince’s complexion was pale and his expression soured as he shouted, “Jasper that b*stard! He has another attack up his sleeve? Find out who’s causing the trouble right now! I’ll kill him!”

The traders immediately got to work under Prince’s instruction.

More than ten minutes into the chaos later, a subordinate placed their phone down and looked up to report, “Crown Prince, we traced the funds back to Harbor City.”

“The Law family?!” Prince exclaimed resentfully.

“No, it’s Colossal Investments!” The subordinate’s complexion was tragically pale.

“Colossal Investments attacked. They’ve used a huge amount of funds to short shares of all three of our companies. The situation’s looking very dire.

“Our funds will be completely devoured in the next 30 minutes if they continue to attack. All we can do is watch as our share price plummets.”

Prince stopped shouting when he heard his subordinate. He was stunned and stood rooted in place, his eyes blown wide open and his expression filled with disbelief.

Panting heavily, Prince worded his panic, “How, how can this be?! Why would Colossal Investments enter the market now? This isn’t logical at all!”

“Your Highness.”

A middle aged man who had been standing in the corner of the room quietly finally spoke up. He explained calmly.

“According to our sources, Colossal Investments Terra regional branch’s current president Celine Maynard is very close with Jasper Laine. There were signs of Colossal Investments’ involvement in Jasper’s huge battle with Seatreasures Group before too.”

Prince clenched his jaw at the middle aged man’s words and replied with resentment flaring in his eyes, “Contact Colossal Investments and tell them to give up their partnership with Jasper. Otherwise, Clear Seas will launch an attack on all their investments in the Mainlands! ”

The middle aged man shook his head. “Something so important can only be instructed by the old master himself. And even then, the old master has to come to a unified agreement with the other shareholders before it can be carried out.

“I’m afraid that they won’t take you seriously if you order such a thing.

“Not to mention... As the strongest investment bank in the world, Colossal Investments might not pay our threat any mind.”

Prince was enraged. “Then go look for that Celine Maynard and tell her to act smart! I’ll give her whatever she wants, money, status, anything!”

“You’ve already lost all rationale, Your Highness.”

The middle aged man's gaze was indifferent. "Jasper's played a huge part in Celine's assumption as the president of the Terra regional branch. Their relationship isn't something you can win over with a bit of temptation.

"Not to mention that Celine's familial background runs deep too. You'd only be humiliating yourself by attempting to bribe her."

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"Then what do you propose I do?!"

Prince was enraged after his previous ideas was systemically dismantled. He glared fiercely at the middle aged man.

"You're my dad's most trusted confidant, White Glove! Are you going to just watch me get screwed over?"

White Glove replied softly, "The old master already gave me specific instructions before this. I'm only in charge of your personal safety, so I will not interfere in anything else."

Prince panted heavily and roared, "Call my dad right now! I refuse to believe that Jasper is powerful enough to have a say in everything!"

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“Prince is losing.” Jasper said in the hotel room with a crescent eyed smile. Looking at the computer screen in front of him, he took the glass of champagne Henry passed him and tilted his head back to enjoy a sip.

Henry replied excitedly, “Then amp up the attacks and completely crush this motherf*cker!”

“If he doesn’t have any more funds coming in, then I’ll give him one more hour at most before all his defenses fall. All three of his companies will be done for before the market closes today.”

In the beginning, the task of destroying all three listed companies involved a certain degree of difficulty.

After all, the shares listed on the stock market were only a percentage of a listed company’s overall shares.

Even if the company was crushed on the stock market, there would not be much difference to the company’s daily operations. The company would face a tight cash flow, but funding was never a problem when it came to Clear Seas.

However, with Conrad's coordination, this loan contract had just become a weapon that would cost Prince his life.

This greatly sped up Jasper's plan to completely crush Prince.

If Prince is wiped out on the stock market this week, then he would have no choice but to repay his loan according to the contents of the contract.

At this moment, Julian returned,

He had arrived with one other person in tow.

"Jasper, Mr. Law, there's been great progress in my investigation today."

Julian's expression was energized as he pointed at the jittery man behind him and said, "This is Grayson Cash. He clearly saw that after Henry slapped the Burke victim twice, the man then left safely and went to drink at a bar nearby.

"A group of people then brought the Burke victim away afterward. These people were sent by Prince."

Jasper looked at Grayson's terrified expression after he heard Julian.

From how terrified the man was, he must have already had a taste of Julian's ferocity.

"Is what he said the truth?" Jasper asked.

Grayson immediately nodded vigorously. "Yes, it's the truth. I saw it with my own eyes. I wouldn't dare to lie."

Before Jasper could say anything, Henry jumped up from his seat.

"Where're you going?"

Jasper immediately asked as he watched Henry make his way to the doors impatiently.

"Where else? We've got an eyewitness. I'm going kill Prince, that little brat!" Henry shouted.

"Come back."

Jasper felt exasperated. “There’s no need to rush.”

After stopping Henry, Jasper turned to ask Julian, “How did the autopsy go?”

If Jasper wanted to reinvestigate this incident, then the most crucial piece of evidence would not be a living eyewitness, but the deceased himself. Only the evidence found on the victim’s body was conclusive and unfalsifiable.

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Julian immediately replied after he heard Jasper ask this, “We’ve made even greater progress on the autopsy.

“I found the pathologist in charge of the victim’s autopsy. The victim’s verified that the cause of death was blunt force trauma to his temple leading to intracranial hemorrhage.”

“Moreover, according to the type of wound and the heavy bleeding, the fatal injury was completely unrelated to the slap from before.”

Julian might have sounded carefree, but both Jasper and Henry knew that a certain level of aggression was necessary for Julian to get his hands on these pieces of evidence so smoothly.

Grayson's expression of innate fear when he looked at Julian, like a mouse facing a cat, was proof of this.

"Good job."

Jasper nodded.

"Jul, bring this person alongside the pieces of evidence you gathered and hand them over to Timothy. He'll know what to do next."

While the death of Timothy's son had nothing to do with Jasper and Henry, it was still the loss of human life.

Not to mention that Jasper had promised Timothy yesterday that he would give the man a reply within a day.

Naturally, Jasper would not allow Henry, who did not murder anyone, to be framed. The true culprit behind it all had to face the consequences of his actions.

"I'll get to it immediately."

Julian was also very concerned about Henry's incident, and he would not delay the process.

"I'll bring you out for some fun after all this is over," Henry grinned and told Julian.

Henry might be a trust-fund child, and was someone who a majority of people would take as the typical uneducated son of a wealthy family, but he was not a bad person.

As long as Henry approved of you, then the man was a genuine and sincere friend to have.

It was just that not too many people were qualified for his approval.

Fortunately, Julian happened to fit the bill.

This showed that Henry did not make friends based on status or wealth.

Like the son of a renowned tycoon would say in the future, "They'd never be wealthier than me anyway."

Henry's status and familial background made him even more qualified to say such a thing than that tycoon's son.

Julian gave a small smile and replied, "Just treat me to a meal."

"Sounds like a plan."

Henry's great mood was evident in the man's eyes. After conversing a little longer, Julian bid Jasper goodbye and brought Grayson to Timothy.

Henry followed him this time.

With Julian around, there should not be too many issues. Not to mention that Henry also claimed that he was meeting Timothy to resolve the issue. Thus, Jasper let the man go without worrying about it.

After they left, Jasper turned around to sit in front of the computer while connecting a call to Jake.

"Give me a report on the current situation."

“Mr. Laine, since Colossal Investments are joining us to attack the three stocks without inhibition, we’ve made an unrealized loss of 780 million according to our accounts. We don’t have enough funds left.”

“Did you contact the Law family yet?”

“Yes. The Law family said that they’ll transfer another 1 billion funds to our account in half an hour. They’ll reimburse us in the future if it’s not enough, so there’s no limit to how much we can ask for.”

“Alright, then. Ignore the current profit or loss and focus on defeating all three of his listed companies. The assets we’d end of seizing will greatly surpass the current costs.

“Not to mention that we’d still attack even we ended up losing money. This was never a battle of interests, to begin with. Keep attacking until all three companies are completely destroyed.”

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“Yes, Mr. Laine! ”

Under Jasper and Celine's coordinated attacks, the three primary companies under Prince's name immediately turned into gruesome financial battlefields under the barrage of never-before seen firepower.

Astronomical amounts of funds were used up every second.

When godlike entities fought, it was always the weaker retail investors that suffered the most.

Retail investors who used to hold stocks of all three companies wept shamefully as they stared at the terrifying amount of unrealized loss on their accounts.

They were too reluctant to sell their shares, but their wealth was also shrinking with every second they held the share.

This was a financial battlefield where the winner took all, and the strong consumed the weak. Most of the time, there was no way anyone could defend themselves against such exploitation.

This financial battle came without a warning and attracted the attention of quite a few financial companies.

However, since this was a battle involving a personal feud, all the financial companies decided that they would stay clear and simply watch from the sidelines.

They had initially entertained the idea of taking advantage of this fight to earn some profit, but they would need reevaluate their own capabilities first. The slightest mistake could cause them to lose all their wealth.

In the face of such a huge risk, all the organizations immediately sold their shares and exited the market.

They were all smart people who could easily tell that someone was actively picking on these three companies which were under Clear Seas' support.

This was no longer a fight of commercial interest.

As Jasper said before, he would fight the battle to the end if they attacked someone close to him, even he suffered a loss in doing so.

This was not a battle benefit driven organizations were willing to involve themselves in.

“The market’s crashing, Your Highness!”

A desperate shout rang out in the room and a few profusely sweating and pale faced traders looked at their drained funds before directing their gaze at Prince. “We’ve already thrown all 1 billion into the market, but the opponent seems to have an unlimited pool of resources. Without an influx of more funds, we’ll have no other option but to watch as they completely wipe out these three stocks, Crown Prince!”

Prince sat limply on the sofa whilst gripping a bottle of wine tightly in his hands. His expression was twisted and devilish.

“Useless! All of you are useless!”

Prince suddenly shouted.

“Each and every one of you boasted and claimed that you’re stock gods during your job interviews and when you asked for raises. Yet, now that I need you to work, what have you done but ask me for more money?!”

Prince threw the bottle of wine on the floor.

The bottle shattered the instant it hit the floor as the heavy scent of alcohol immediately filled the room. However, no one would be able to enjoy this flowery aroma of alcohol right now.

“I spend so much money feeding you people just so you can be useful to me at times like this! You think I’d need you people if I had enough money?! All I have to do is scatter dog food over the keyboard and even a dog would know to spend money for more buy in orders! What about you people, huh?”

The traders all kept their heads down as they were targeted by Prince’s almost insane shouting. No one dared to look the man in the face.

Panting heavily, Prince flushed in utter indignance.

“White Glove, has there been any reply from my dad?”

Standing in the corner of the room, White Glove replied softly, “The old master said that it’s currently the most crucial point of his negotiation, and he doesn’t have the time to deal with your issue. He’s also rejected the headquarters’ suggestion to transfer funds to help because he doesn’t want to make an enemy out of the Law family while he’s not present.”

“So, the old man’s just going to let me die then, huh?” Prince sneered.

White Glove replied calmly, “Please watch your words, Your Highness.”

“The old master has a thorough understanding of this incident. As far as he is concerned, this is no more than a quarrel between children.”

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“A quarrel between children?!”

Prince let out an angry laugh.

“It’s because this is a quarrel that I have to win! Otherwise, how else am I supposed to keep my head held high when talking to others in the future?”

White Glove glanced at Prince and said calmly, “Crown Prince, the old master told you before that no one can win forever in this world.”

“Truly powerful people aren’t people that win every battle they participate in, but those who learn to stand up again after they’ve lost. You’ve still got a long way before you reach that point, Crown Prince, and this is also why the old master refuses to pass his authority to you just yet.”

Prince glared at White Glove and sneered. “Since when did you have the right to teach me lessons? Don’t forget who you are. No matter how much my dad values you, you’re still nothing more than my family’s servant!”

White Glove remained calm. It was evident that he had heard similar phrases before.

“I understand, Your Highness. I won’t speak out of line again.”

White Glove bowed slightly before he took a step back, retreating further into the corner of the room.

This meant he would not interfere anymore no matter what happened to Prince on the stock market.

Even without the support of more funds, Prince refused to give up.

He thought of all the different ways of gathering funds, thinking as far as to sell quite a few estates under his name.

This would usually represent quite a bit of money, but they were insignificant in a market that involved hundreds of millions and more.

“B*stards! Jasper that son of a b*tch! He’s got to be doing this on purpose!”

A week later, Prince cursed and shouted demonically as he stared at the screen with bloodshot eyes.

“He’ll slow down the attacks so I can take a breather every time I’m about to give up, but when I put in more money, he gobbles it up immediately.

“He’s cutting flesh off me piece by piece! He’s got to be doing this on purpose!”

In comparison to being crushed instantly, true torment was what Prince was currently going through. This slow game of cat and mouse was what pushed a person toward desperation and eventually go off the deep end.

Prince had lost a good few kilograms over the pasta week, and he was moments away from mentally breaking down.

“Perhaps we should give up, Your Highness. We’ve endured an entire week of hitting the limit down and our share price is only 30% of what it used to be a week ago. We’re going to have to exit the market if this continues.”

A trader mustered the courage to say.

Prince's head snapped over and he stared at the trader icily. Grabbing a glass next to him, he flung it at the trader's head.

The trader yelped and fell onto the floor with a hand covering his bleeding head.

"It's all of your faults, you useless pieces of trash! You're the reason I've lost so badly!"

Prince roared angrily.

He could almost imagine how he would become a laughing stock, doomed to be viewed as an idiot by countless people after this war.

This fury and humiliation was not something Prince could endure, especially considering how arrogant the man had always been.

He did not mind losing, so long as it was not to Jasper.

This concept had become a nightmare of his.

Staring at Prince, who seemed to have gone mad, the already quiet room turned deathly silent. No one dared to speak lightly anymore.

Prince heaved and fell onto the sofa. He clenched his jaw and said, "I still have a villa in Swallow Capital that'll sell for at least ten million. Sell it, immediately contact someone and sell it for me. I can sell it slightly cheaper but I need the money immediately!"

"I don't care if I sell all the assets under my name. I can get all of this back once my dad returns. I still am the crown prince of Clear Seas! No one can look down on me!"

Just as Prince arranged to contact someone to sell off his assets again, someone knocked on his door.