

# Life at the Top Chapter 958

The most unbearable thing for a man was seeing his woman with another man.

The scene unfolding before their eyes evidently left a great impact on Greg.

He gripped the steering wheel tightly as if he wanted to crush it with his bare hands.

The corners of Jasper's eyes twitched as he watched the woman fool around with the man.

This woman was being way too reckless.

Just when Jasper thought that Greg would get out of the car and do something about it in a fit of rage, he suddenly spoke up.

"Let's go."

Greg's voice was terrifyingly calm.

It was as if the woman outside the car was not his wife.

Jasper stared at him in shock.

"Aren't you going down to take a look?"

Greg gritted his teeth and said, "There's nothing much to see. It isn't the first time."

Jasper was rendered speechless by the calm and icy tone of Greg's voice.

Was it worth it?

Living like this just for a posh car, a luxurious house, and a life without having to worry about basic necessities?

Was he willing to tolerate his wife cheating on him just like that?

Jasper felt like Greg was not the passionate young man he once knew anymore. He was no longer a daring man who was willing to fight for his dreams.

Greg started up the car again, and he drove away.

Both of them did not utter a single word throughout the entire ten-minute journey.

They finally arrived at their destination. Greg had brought them to a Criucian restaurant. His preferences for food still remained the same. He loved spicy food.

Greg ordered a whole table of dishes after arriving at the restaurant. He also ordered two bottles of Criucian wine, which the restaurant had limited stock of.

“That’s enough. We can’t finish eating so much food,” Jasper told Greg who still intended to order some more food.

“Eat whatever you want and order anything you like. If you can’t finish the food, we’ll just throw it away. It doesn’t cost much,” Greg said. It seemed like he was venting his anger.

Jasper raised his brows. “Greg Costa, I know that you have a lot of money now, but is it fun for you to splurge your money and waste food like this just to show off?” he questioned him.

“F\*ck this! You’re looking down on me as well, Jasper Laine. You’re mocking me for using my wife’s money, right?!” Greg roared at Jasper, suddenly bursting into a fit of rage.

“I’m not looking down on you. You’re the one who’s giving up on yourself instead! You’re sabotaging yourself!” Jasper retorted.

Greg gritted his teeth as he remained seated without saying anything.

He opened the bottle of Criucian wine after the dishes were served. He raised his head and downed a whole glass of wine in a single gulp.

“Greg, you were bold enough to pick a fight with more than ten gangsters in the past because of me. You also told the teacher that everything was your fault so that I wouldn’t be expelled back then.

“When I got together with Penelope Hunt, you told me that she wasn’t a good person. You threatened to end our friendship so that I would end things with her. Why have you become like this now?” Jasper quizzed as he stared at Greg.

Greg closed his eyes slowly. He seemed to be recalling the past incidents that Jasper had mentioned. A carefree smile formed across his lips.

“Now that I think about it, we were really fools in the past, haha.” Greg chuckled.

“Let’s not talk about me anymore. How about you? Are you still with Penelope Hunt?” Greg asked.

“We broke up,” Jasper said in a steady tone.

“You guys broke up? An infatuated man like you actually broke up with her? Who was the one who initiated it?” Greg grinned as he asked Jasper.

“It was a mutual decision. We weren’t right for each other anymore, so it was meaningless to continue being together. You were right. We don’t suit each other. I must have been blinded in the past. After calming down and returning to my senses, I finally understood everything,” Jasper said. He filled his glass with wine and clinked his glass against Greg’s.

“Everyone has their own hardships when they choose to make a certain decision. I won’t ask you about it, and I respect your choice as well. Come on, let’s not mention anything today. Let’s just talk about the old times. Let’s drink!”

Greg burst out into laughter and said, “That’s right, that’s my brother. Come on, let’s drink!”

Greg was trying to numb himself by getting drunk whereas Jasper had no choice but to accompany him. Both of them continued to drink and eventually finished the two bottles of Criucian wine.

Just as Greg began feeling tipsy, the door of the private dining room suddenly got pushed open aggressively.

Greg’s wife, Mary Wellington, stood at the door. She pointed a finger at Greg and began to scold him, “Greg Costa, I asked you to take care of our son and do the chores at home, but you’re out here drinking? You’re drinking so much in the morning, why aren’t you dead yet?!” she shouted.

“How dare you tell me that you’re busy and tired from doing housework everyday?! If I hadn’t walked by and seen your car parked at the entrance, I would’ve been fooled by you!

“How dare you drive out the car I bought for you and spend my money on alcohol?!”

Mary’s sudden appearance shocked Jasper and Greg.

Greg stood up. There was an unpleasant expression on his face. “My childhood friend is here. I was just greeting him. Don’t be so angry...” he stuttered.

Before Greg could finish speaking, Mary walked up to him and slapped him right across the face.

“Have you learned how to talk back to me? Childhood friend? What childhood friend? What kind of childhood friend would a useless piece of garbage like you have?”

As Mary continued rambling on, she glanced at Jasper in disgust. After noticing that Jasper was dressed plainly in clothes that did not seem to be worth more than 200 dollars, the disgust in her gaze grew more evident.

“Where’s this poor thing from? Do you want to borrow money from this useless man? I’ve seen plenty of people like you. Many of his poor relatives came over just to borrow money from him. Last time, his uncle came and told us how difficult his life was while crying out loud. How disgusting.

“Let me tell you this. I don’t care if you’re childhood friends or whatnot. Greg Costa doesn’t own a single penny. Everything that he owns, including his underwear, was bought with my money. Don’t even dream of taking a single penny from me!”

A slight frown formed on Jasper’s face. “You’re mistaken. We’re actually childhood friends. I just came over to reminisce upon the old times with him. I don’t intend to borrow any money,” he said in a frigid tone.

“Haha, you have no intentions to borrow money?” Mary said with a sneer, “A free meal and free drinks are a bargain as well, right?” she asked.

“Mary, things aren’t like that. Jasp isn’t that type of person,” Greg said while he resisted the pain flaring across his cheek.

“What type of person? What kind of friends can a useless piece of garbage like you have?” Mary said sarcastically.

“Don’t think I’m clueless about your intentions. Did you want to act like you were rich in front of your friend? Please get a grasp of reality. All of your money belongs to me. How dare a man like you who lives off his wife’s money act like you’re a big shot in front of your friend?”

Greg gritted his teeth and said in a heavy tone, "Yes, my relatives and friends are poor. They aren't as rich as those men of yours who are all allowed to hug you and touch you to their heart's content!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Mary's eyes widened as she stared at Greg in disbelief. The atmosphere within the room instantly grew heavier.

The next moment, the shrill scream of a woman rang out in the private dining room. The entire room was thrown into a state of frenzy.

Mary had exploded in a fit of rage.