

## The Almighty Lord Caspian Chapter 4

### Chapter 4 A Flea's Mockery

After Sylvia gave Melanie a good dressing down, she went over to Caspian's side.

She reached out and linked her arm with Caspian's, whispering, "Lord Caspian, how did I do?"

Caspian nodded and walked alongside Sylvia to the SUV.

Melanie had always thought that Caspian couldn't drive.

At that moment, she realized that Caspian not only knew how to drive, but he had excellent skills.

She stared after the Mercedes-Benz SUV as it sped away, the engine's roar fading.

After standing dumbstruck for some time, Melanie grabbed Bobby's arm.

He was also in a daze.

She said to him, "Bobby, Caspian must be acting, right? He must have spent all his savings to employ a beautiful actress and rent a luxurious car to put on a show.

"He wanted to change my mind so that I would go back to him. Isn't that right?"

Bobby was confused by Caspian and everything that had happened.

After listening to Melanie's assumptions, he suddenly had an epiphany.

"Melanie, you're right. I remembered that there is a domestic car brand that makes SUVs that look a lot like the Mercedes-Benz G-Wagon.

"Changing the logo would easily fool someone. As for those luxury handbags, we only saw the packaging before that woman burnt them all up.

"There might have been nothing of value inside!"

Melanie and Bobby reached a conclusion. She nodded. "I agree with you, Bobby. Those bags must have been fake. Or else, she wouldn't have set them on fire so casually.

"I frequent those luxury stores, so I would have known whether they were authentic at first glance.

"She must have been afraid that I would find out, that was why she deliberately set them on fire in front of me."

They had been taken in by Sylvia's bossy demeanor and commanding tone earlier.

After they mulled over it, both of them were convinced that she was just an actress hired by Caspian.

Melanie thought that she had seen through Caspian's little charade that he orchestrated.

She was relieved that she suppressed the urge to get back together with Caspian.

It was a good thing she did not fall for his tricks.

When Sylvia was mocking her just now, Melanie almost threw herself into Caspian's arms, pleading for them to return to the past.

At this moment, Melanie wrapped her arm around Bobby's with a sense of triumph. She could already envision her ideal life in the near future.

As a socialite of the upper class, she would go around in sports cars. She would have countless designer bags and luxury clothing items in her wardrobe.

On the other hand, Bobby was in a foul mood. His beloved car was flattened to a sheet of scrap metal.

Caspian drove the car to the entrance of his company and had Sylvia take the wheel.

On the way, Sylvia reported to Caspian regarding the increased activities of neighboring nations at their borders.

Caspian replied, "Don't worry, they suffered heavy losses since our last battle. They haven't recovered their ability to fight yet. Keep an eye on them. If there is an emergency, report it to me immediately."

He planned to resign from the company today and end what he had started.

After many years of warfare at the border, Caspian found himself longing for the hustle and bustle of the city.

In addition, the female CEO of the company had always been kind to him.

Caspian had intended to lead a quiet life with Melanie despite the pleasures available in the city.

He, Melanie, and Bobby were all colleagues in the same company. Now that they had gotten a divorce, there was no reason to stay here any longer.

With his status and wealth, he didn't need to toil away at the company.

Caspian had just walked into the gates of the company when his colleague, Thomas Miller, approached him. "Hey, Caspian, weren't you on leave today? Why are you here now? Could it be ..."

He took a breath and raised his voice a few notches. "Could it be that you're here at noon just to save money? Are you going to freeload off the company for a free meal?"

"You really know how to make ends meet. You work tirelessly every day and deliver parcels during lunch break.

"I'm sure you've already made a bomb, and yet you still need to save money on lunch?"

Thomas' remarks prompted laughter from the other colleagues around them.

In this company, very few people respected Caspian.

All of them felt ashamed to be associated with a deliveryman.

Other employees working within the building complex often came by during breaks and asked, "Is this a courier company? Why do you hire deliverymen?"

To them, sharing the same workplace with Caspian was considered a disgrace.

As office workers, they were a cut above the blue-collar workers.

None of them wanted to be associated with a poor deliveryman.

They felt that Caspian's part-time job as a deliveryman had tarnished the image of the company.

Whenever Caspian's colleagues saw him at the office, they mocked him.

They hoped that he would resign. Today, they were finally getting their wish.

Caspian went to his seat and started packing up his belongings.

Even so, Thomas didn't miss a chance to ridicule him further.

He asked, "Caspian, are you planning to resign? Did you finally accumulate a fortune by delivering parcels?"

Thomas turned to the other colleagues and exclaimed, "Look, everyone. Didn't I tell you? Even though delivering parcels is hard work and makes your b\*dy stink of sweat, it's a lucrative job!

"Look at Caspian. He's a prime example. Now that he has earned enough by being a deliveryman, he's going to resign. He'll finally join the ranks of the wealthiest people in Diatoran!"

Everyone burst into laughter when they heard Thomas' jeers.

A deliveryman making it into Diatoran's list of the wealthiest people could be the funniest office joke of the year.

Another colleague who loved to stir up trouble sauntered over to Caspian.

He nodded to him with a mocking smile. "Mr. Lynch, I hope to learn from you in the future. Once you get your lucky break, don't forget about your old colleagues.

"If you have the time, reward me with a brand-new bicycle so that I can follow in your footsteps.

“I will strive to get into Diatoran’s list of the wealthiest people as well and become one of the people who earns more than 350 million in the country!”

With that, laughter rang out in the office. It sounded very lively.

Employees from other companies couldn’t help but glance when they walked by the door.

They thought that Caspian’s company was giving out year-end bonuses ahead of time.

Caspian paid no mind to his colleagues’ ridicule. He stared at the colleagues he had worked with for nearly a year, but he remained silent.

He was Lord Caspian, ruler of Diatoran.

Caspian wasn’t upset as he allowed his colleagues, who were as insignificant as fleas, to mock him.

There was no reason to lower himself to their level. It was beneath him to get angry with small fries.

Caspian remained indifferent and focused on tidying up the belongings from his desk. He was prepared to resign and leave the company.

At that moment, a loud slap was heard coming from the working area. It sounded like someone was smacking a folder down on the table.

It wasn’t very loud or piercing, but it was loud enough to silence the commotion at the work area.

After that, a stylish and beautiful woman dressed in a black professional suit appeared.

She wore a pair of black high heels, and her slender legs were covered in black silk stockings.

Standing in the office area, she spoke coldly, “Are you all having a good time doing nothing? You seem to be chatting merrily.

“All of you will get a pay cut from this morning, except for Caspian.

“I will use this money to organize a party with food and drink for everyone in the office. Then, you can chat to your heart’s content!”

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