

THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 1 The Last Resor

"I hate to break it to you, but your mother's condition is getting worse by the second. She must have the operation tonight! The operation bill is three hundred thousand dollars. You must pay it before five o'clock this afternoon. If not, she won't get operated on and she can't make it through tonight!"

The doctor's words hit Horace Warren like a bolt out of the blue. His legs suddenly felt wobbly and he staggered back.

He left the doctor's office and walked back to his foster mother's ward, dragging his feet slowly.

Caylee Potter was lying motionlessly on the bed at this time. A painful lump went up to his throat as he stared at her. Wrinkles filled her deathly pale face. Her hands were riddled with calluses. More so, her

breathing was extremely weak.

Horace knew that she had suffered a lot for so many years. She had worked hard in the welfare center day and night. Raising a child was difficult, but she still did it. She fed, clothed, and even sent him to school with her meager salary. Her needs took the back seat just because she wanted to raise him well.

With tears in his eyes, he straightened the messy quilt and tucked her in bed well. He sat on the edge of the bed for a long time before walking out.

Once he was outside, he took out his phone from his pocket and scrolled through his contact list. It took a while before he found his uncle's number and dialed it.

"Hello, Uncle Maxwell. My mother is seriously ill. Please can you lend me three hundred thousand

dollars..."

"Why should I lend you money? Don't you have money?" Maxwell Potter cut him short before he could finish speaking.

"Uncle Maxwell, you know I'm just a student. How can I have money?" Horace choked with sobs.

"So what? How is being a student an excuse to be broke? Use what you have to get what you want. Sell your kidney! Three hundred thousand dollars is chicken feed. You can earn it within hours. You just need to work smart, not hard. I have given you a priceless piece of advice. Don't call me again!"

Maxwell hung up the phone before Horace could say anything. He didn't even care about Caylee's life even though she was his blood relation.

Horace felt a pang of pain in his heart at this moment. This period was even more difficult because he had no one to support him. Holding his chest, he squatted on the lawn for a long time. Later, he went back to the oncology department.

"Horace!" A weak voice called out to him as soon as he entered her ward.

"Mom!" Horace replied, staring at the thin woman with sunken eyes and sallow complexion on the bed.

"Horace, please don't beg for money again. The pain is too much. I don't want to live anymore!"

A glint of frustration and struggle flickered in her eyes and her eyebrows furrowed in pain. She already looked distant from this world.

"Mom, please don't say that. Everything will be fine!"

Didn't you say you wanted to witness my wedding day and play with your grandchildren? It's not time to do that yet. You have to live for me. How do you expect me to live in this cruel world without you? Don't speak like that anymore!"

"Yes, I want to see you settle down and start a family of your own!" Caylee's face hardened as if she was feeling severe pain or struggling. Her body suddenly went stiff.

"Mom, what's wrong with you? Please talk to me!" Horace held her and tears welled up in his eyes in an instant.

The heartbeat monitor gave a loud warning and the pulse line began to drop at a fast rate. Horace's shout alerted the nurses and doctors who rushed in and wheeled Caylee to the intensive care unit.

A strange and empty feeling overwhelmed Horace as he watched them wheel her away. It felt as if she would never come back. He ran after them in fear. However, he wasn't allowed into the intensive care unit. He could only pace about in the hallway restlessly.

It was after ten minutes that one of the doctors walked out of the unit and said to Horace, "We managed to stabilize the patient's condition for now. But we were on the brink of losing her this time. She wouldn't make it past tonight if we don't operate on her. I advise that you look for the money for the operation or begin to say your goodbyes."

Horace's heart dropped to his stomach instantly. His blood ran cold and he suffered a splitting headache at this time.

"Oh God! Why is this happening to me? The person

I care about the most in this world almost passed away just now, but I couldn't do anything about it! I'm such a loser!"

Horace pounded his fists on the wall in anger and blood seeped out slowly.

"Come on, Horace. Swallow your pride. Set aside your hatred for him and save your foster mother's life first. There's still hope. Use your last resort even though you don't want to!" Horace urged himself.

After wiping his tears, he took out his phone and scrolled to the number he had blacklisted.

He was about to ask for the help of the person he hated the most.

This person was responsible for his biological

mother's death. However, he had to set aside his hatred because he wanted to save his foster mother by all means necessary.

"Hello, Mr. Warren?" A familiar voice came through from the other end of the line. It had been about a year since Horace heard this voice.

With a trembling voice, Horace went straight to the point. "Yes, it's me. I'm not calling you because I want to forgive my father. I will never forgive him. It's just that I'm now willing to accept my identity as the heir of the Warren family!"

"Wow! That's great, Mr. Warren. Your father will be very happy to hear this news. Where are you now?"

"I'm at the Rinas Infirmary!"

"Okay, wait a minute, please. I'll be there in a jiffy!"

The person on the other end of the line was Raul Warren, one of his father's most trusted aides and the manager of the Warren family's business empire.

Raul hung up the phone excitedly.

He had been waiting for a whole year to hear this reply from Horace. This was good news. Thus, he didn't hesitate to run down to the Rinas Infirmary.

Thirty minutes later, a Rolls-Royce drove through the gate of the hospital and went straight to the parking lot.

A man in a black suit got out of the car majestically. His hair was slightly gray, but he was tall and noble. He was Raul, the trusted aide of Horace's father.

His intimidating aura and hastiness attracted the

attention of everyone. He took giant strides into the oncology department and went to look for Horace.

"Mr. Warren!" Raul bowed respectfully.

Horace's heart skipped a beat and his face reddened instantly. He wasn't used to this kind of reverential treatment. He pulled Raul aside and warned, "Don't show me so much respect outside."

"Okay, your wish is my command, Mr. Warren. Have you really decided to accept your identity as the heir of the Warren family?"

"Yes, I accept it." Although Horace nodded confidently, there was a hint of sadness in his tone.

"Finally! Your father would be so happy to hear that. Anyway, he has transferred some pocket money to your account as a welcome gift."

"Pocket money?"

Horace looked at him doubtfully before taking out his phone to confirm. To his great surprise, he saw an alert of one hundred million dollars. His account now read one hundred million and three hundred dollars.

He knew that his family was filthy rich in Antawood, but it never occurred to him that his father would send such a whopping amount as pocket money. It seemed like a dream. But it was real!

"Mr. Warren, the money is just the tip of the iceberg. Your father has also transferred all his companies in Rinas to you. Each of them is worth more than a hundred million dollars. They are all yours now!"

Raul gingerly handed over the transfer documents to him.

'Goodness gracious! I haven't gotten over the shock of the money sitting in my account, but he's dropping another bombshell!' To calm down, Horace took a deep breath before scanning through the names on the document. These companies were from different kinds of industries in the city. And each of them was the best in their fields of this city. He had no idea that they belonged to the Warren family.

Raul handed over all the necessary paperwork to him before leaving.

Wasting no time, Horace took the bank card and went to pay for his foster mother's medical bills.

All of a sudden, his phone rang out. The call was from his girlfriend, Amaia Todd. He quickly answered the phone.

"Hello, Amaia. What's up?"

"Horace, just listen to me. Your mother is currently down with cancer. It takes a lot of money to cure such a terminal illness. You are also busy attending to her. I'm a young woman. I need love, care, and attention. Please, I don't want you to drag me down. Let's break up!"

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