

Susie and Gladys weren't the only ones shocked and filled with admiration for Horace. All the waiters and waitresses present on the second floor thought to themselves, 'It turns out that our boss is an awesome man. He just left here a while ago, but he's already destroying the Nathan Logistics Company. No wonder the richest man in the city respects him. This young man called Horace is our boss's superior. One can only imagine how powerful he is!' They stared at Horace with admiration.

Zayn came to his senses at this time. It occurred to him that Horace wasn't an ordinary pauper as he had thought. He suddenly asked in horror, "Who the hell are you? Aren't you a fucking loser?"

Without waiting for an answer, he turned to his friend.

"Damn it! Averi, be honest with me. Who the hell is this guy?"

His father's call had knocked some senses into him. He no longer thought that Horace was just acting rich and influential.

'Can someone explain to me what's going on here? Horace came in an Alto and was dressed in shabby clothes. Was he a rich man in disguise? Or was he trying to play a fast one on me?'

Zayn was lost in thought as he stared at Horace in a daze.

"I'm Horace Warren!" Horace replied with a proud smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

A second later, he touched his chest and asked innocently, "Oh my, when did I say that I was a

loser?"

He then turned around and asked the crowd, "Did I say that?"

Everyone shook their heads vigorously in response.

Averi was still standing at the door of the presidential dining room. He was too far away, so he didn't hear the conversation between Zayn and his father on the phone. He had no idea that the Nathan Logistics Company was going through a serious crisis at this time. With great boldness and surety, he replied, "Zayn, he's Horace Warren. The poorest loser in my class during high school!"

"The poorest loser? You bloody liar. Fuck off!" Zayn shouted at him with his eyes blazing red.

To him, there was no way Horace was a poor loser if

he was causing his father so much a headache now.

Nathan had been listening to their conversation all along. He suddenly roared, "You unfilial son. So, you were the one that caused trouble! Who did you mess with this time? Tell me the truth now! If you don't start talking, I'll break your legs when you get home!"

"Erm... Dad... Dad, his name is Horace Warren."

Nathan's roar sent a shiver down Zayn's spine. However, he soon plucked up the courage to reveal Horace's identity. An indescribable heat swept through him at this moment. His father had never been this angry with him. He was afraid, regretful, and restless all at the same time.

"Horace Warren?" Nathan repeated the name in confusion.

Since he wasn't affiliated with the Warren family, he didn't know Horace even though he knew about that family.

However, Nathan didn't associate Horace with the powerful family in Antawood. He didn't think that they would take interest in him at all. He feared them because he knew they would crush him and his legacy like an ant if he offended them.

"Don't just give me the name. Run me through his background and what exactly happened!" Nathan ordered, still oblivious.

Just when Zayn was about to explain, Donn, who had been standing next to him, suddenly said, "Stop your wild guesses!"

He stared at Zayn and continued, "I don't know you well. But I'm certain that as the second richest man in

Rinas, you should have heard of the Warren family of Antawood before. Yes, the Horace Warren in question is the only son of the family's head. His father is one of the top controllers of the world's economy. Got that?"

A crashing sound came from the other end of the line as soon as Donn finished speaking. It seemed Nathan's phone had fallen from his hand.

The next second, a cracking sound of knees hitting the floor came from the other end of the line. It was followed by Nathan's unusually weak voice. "Thank you for the explanation, sir. Please tell Mr. Warren that I'm on my way to apologize to him now!"

Susie and Gladys widened their eyes when they heard this statement. They were shocked that Nathan, a top gun in the city who was revered by many, was apologizing to Horace. They hadn't seen

this coming. After getting over the shock a little, they looked at Horace with newfound respect.

"What do you say, Mr. Warren? Are you going to give him a listening ear?" Donn asked politely.

"I don't give a damn about him. He's not an affiliate of the Warren family, so I have no business with him," Horace replied calmly after rolling his eyes indifferently.

Afterward, he added, "We are done here. Let's go back to eat our meal. This episode caused me to burn up a great deal of energy. I'm so hungry right now!"

Horace took Laila's hand and started walking back to the presidential dining room.

Susie, Gladys, and Donn followed him closely.

'Wow! This young man seems to be the most powerful top gun in the whole of Rinas. I thought as much! The way our boss holds him in high esteem made me suspect that he was powerful, but I had waved the suspicion aside. I shouldn't have underestimated him!' the waiters and waitresses thought to themselves as they stared at his back.

Horace and the others walked into the presidential dining room under the intense gazes of the crowd.

"I'm sorry for the delay!" he apologized to them once they got seated again.

Everyone looked at him in a daze. It seemed as if he had flipped a switch and the amicable young man replaced the fierce man they had just seen outside. They wondered how he was able to do that.

'Why does it seem like he has an alter ego? Maybe



it's a rich people thing—the more powerful some men are, the more low-key they want to be when there is no need to show his power!

Susie and Gladys sighed helplessly.

"Mr. Warren, you don't have to apologize to us. We totally understand the reason for the delay. Besides, it's a great honor to have meals with you. We don't mind waiting for longer if need be," Susie uttered reverentially.

"Yes, Mr. Warren!" Gladys nodded in agreement.

Both of them were eager beavers who were ready to serve Horace. His show of power just now had left an indelible impression on them. Their eagerness not only stemmed from the fact that he had taught Zayn a lesson, but they were also happy because of the money he gave them earlier. It was enough to cater to

their needs for several months.

At this time, Donn shook his head and commented, "Mr. Warren, why did you apologize to us? We don't deserve your apology!"

Laila finally broke her silence. "I'm sorry, everyone. It's all my fault. Our meal wouldn't have been delayed for this long if it weren't for me," she said apologetically.

With a bright smile, she said to Horace, "My love, I know you would object to my apology, but it's indeed my fault!"

"Oh, come off it. Laila, is it your fault that you have a beautiful face? Those idiots are the ones at fault. They should take the blame. After all, we wouldn't have wasted so much time if they hadn't accosted you in the first place. Right, Gladys?"

Susie tried to flatter Laila at this moment. It was her tool of choice to get close to her since she was Horace's girlfriend now.

"Yes, Susie is right. You shouldn't take the blame for what just happened. Everything was caused by those idiots!" Gladys echoed.

"Well, it's okay, everyone. Let's not allow that to dampen our mood. It's time to dig into these mouthwatering dishes!" Horace announced, pointing at the dishes on the table.

"Hmm!" He stuffed a spoonful of one of the delicacies in his mouth and relished its taste. Everyone at the table followed suit immediately.

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Chapter 102 Bad Mother

Everyone's relish proved that the Sea Pavilion was indeed worthy of being one of the top restaurants in this city. Susie and Gladys also enjoyed it. Their craving for such expensive food was finally satisfied. And they understood why this restaurant was always the talk of the town.

By the time lunch ended, they all rubbed their bulging bellies with satisfaction.

"We should leave now. I wonder if Professor Bates and Cara have had anything to eat at the hospital," Horace said gently, standing up from the chair.

Since his mother just had surgery, she couldn't eat now. Glucose had been administered to her, so she would have physical energy until it was the right time. Horace was worried if Tobias and Cara had eaten lunch or not.

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Susie responded obediently. In a coquettish tone, she added, "We will do whatever you say, Mr. Warren."

Susie had stretched out the word, 'do' as she spoke. Her coquettish tone could cause men to fantasize about her.

"Yes, Mr. Warren, we will do whatever you say!" Gladys echoed, nodding vigorously.

"Even though I appreciate your words, I want to say that you don't have to satisfy my every whim. It's good for you to have a mind of your own. If I say something

that doesn't sit right with you, you have the right to object reasonably."

Horace waved his hand as he walked to the door.

'Alas! These women are something else. Susie is mature and sexy, while Gladys is cute and innocent. Only a few men can resist the temptation of their beauties. Even their voices are enough to seduce any man. Fortunately for me, they are not my type. I have a girlfriend now and I can't destroy what we have for other women!' he thought to himself.

He then opened the door.

The first thing he saw was a small group of people kneeling outside. It was Zayn and his cohorts.

There was also a middle-aged man with them.

When he saw Horace and the others come out, he said reverentially, "I'm sorry, Mr. Warren. It's my fault. Please punish me for my transgressions!"

"Are you Nathan Duffy?" Horace asked softly with a blank expression on his face.

Susie and Gladys rolled their eyes at this time. At first sight, they knew that this man was Nathan Duffy, the second wealthiest man in the city.

They both gave each other quizzical looks the next second. It came as a surprise to them that Horace truly didn't know Nathan. They had thought he was just humiliating Zayn deliberately a while ago.

"Yes, Mr. Warren. I am Nathan Duffy!" Nathan immediately responded with vigorous nods.

He then glared at his unruly son who was kneeling

next to him.

Zayn and his cohorts apologized in unison, "We are sorry, Mr. Warren. We shouldn't have stepped on your toes. Please punish us!"

At this time, Raul came to the scene from the hallway.

"Mr. Warren!" He greeted Horace with a bow.

Raul had been alerted of Nathan's presence at the Sea Pavilion. He wasted no time in leaving his office and returning to the second floor. While the offenders were kneeling, he sat on a chair some meters away.

He had only gotten up when he saw that Horace had walked out of the presidential dining room.

"Uncle Raul!" Horace acknowledged his greeting with a polite nod. He then looked at the middle-aged man



in front of him. "Nathan, are you aware of the gravity of your son's offense? He was also very unrepentant that it took a thorough beating for him to become calm. I don't think he would be kneeling now if he wasn't given a good thump!"

"Please accept my apologies, Mr. Warren. It's all my fault. I failed to discipline him well. I'm deeply sorry for the trouble he caused you today!"

In a fit of pique, Nathan gave his son a hot slap and scolded, "Brat, this should be the last time you would ever make trouble. If such a thing repeats in the future, I'll skin you alive!"

After this warning, Nathan kowtowed a few times to Horace as if he was worshipping a god. He looked at Laila and begged, "Miss Tran, please I am sorry. Zayn is a stupid boy who acted irrationally. Please intercede for us!"

His son and the cohorts had given him the rundown of what had happened. He knew that a great part of Horace's anger was because his girlfriend was mistreated.

Laila was naturally softhearted. She couldn't bear to see that a middle-aged man was begging her on his knees. She looked at her boyfriend with a pitiful face.

Just when she was about to say something, Horace said, "Nathan, the nerve of you. How dare you ask Laila to persuade me? Do you think I would have mercy on you if she intercedes? For someone of your caliber, you should know that cutting corners like that would only have an adverse effect. Your stupid son objectified Laila a while ago. Instead of you to continue apologizing for his wrong deeds, you are asking her to beg me on your behalf. No, no, no! You wouldn't take advantage of her kindness. Not on my

watch!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Warren. That was so stupid of me!"  
Nathan pleaded fearfully.

All of a sudden, the rhythmic clicks of heels hitting the floor filled the atmosphere. A woman who looked about thirty-five years old suddenly appeared from the stairway. Her eyes flew open when she saw Nathan. Homing in on them, she cursed, "Look at yourself, Nathan. You are so shameless now. How could you kneel with your son here?"

This woman was Nathan's wife, Rosalyn Duffy. She looked like someone in her thirties, but she was actually in her forties.

"What? Who the hell did this to my son?" Rosalyn screamed when she saw Zayn's face clearly.

Afterward, she ran to him and held him in her arms. She examined the bruises on his face as any mother would. Then, she suddenly looked up at Horace and roared, "Is it you? Did you hit my son?"

Without waiting for any confirmation, she shouted at her husband, "Shame on you, Nathan! Shame on you. Didn't you see that our son was beaten black and blue? How could you force him to kneel at the feet of the same person that tortured him? Are you even a real man? Oh my God! Why was I so unfortunate to have married a chicken-hearted man like you? Boo-hoo!"

"Rosalyn, shut up!" Nathan shouted at his wife angrily. He then added, "You'd better behave yourself now. Your son has committed an atrocity. I'm still trying to make things right. Don't make more trouble for me! Why are you running your mouth like someone who has no brain? Do you know who is

standing in front of you?"

"Spare me that crap, Nathan. I don't know and I don't care about who he is. All I know is that he has to pay the price for beating up my precious son!" Rosalyn got short with her husband despite his reprimand.

At this time, Horace looked at Rosalyn and said, "Ahem... There's no point throwing a fit just yet. Why don't you ask your son what he did to earn those injuries? What kind of mother are you? How could you be so arrogant and unreasonable? Just so you know, you raised a sexual harasser and bully. If I hadn't stepped in just in time, what your son would have done to Laila would have been unimaginable! Would you have taken sides with him if he had assaulted her? You are angry because he got hurt. But you should know that Laila also has parents and people who love her. The world doesn't revolve around you and your son! He bullied people and objectified

women, so I gave him a good thump just to knock some senses into his head!"

"Who cares about other people? My son is the only son of the second richest man in this city. He can have any girl and bully anyone he likes. Money rules the world. Humph!" Rosalyn snorted indifferently.

"Oh, really? Being born with a silver spoon is now a good reason to trample on other people? You amaze me, woman. Since you want to play it like that, it might interest you to know that I'm the heir of the Warren family of Antawood. What's wrong with me bullying your son?" Horace sneered as he glared at the unreasonable woman.

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Things were gradually getting out of hand, so Nathan shouted at his wife, "Roselyn, shut up. Stop making things worse for me! Do you know why our son turned out like this? It's because you spoiled him too much. No matter what he did, you didn't call him to order. If you still want to live a comfortable life in the future, you'd better kneel and apologize to Mr. Warren!"

While Nathan was busy chasing money, he was failing woefully on the home front. He never really attempted to change how his wife overpampered their son. Zayn wouldn't have turned out this way if he had contributed his own quota of parental guidance. He felt guilty about this. But he couldn't help scolding them this time because Zayn had bitten off more than he could chew. He knew that Horace was one of the most powerful young men in the world. He also

learned that he had just reconnected with his family not too long ago.

However, this didn't change the fact that Horace was way more powerful than all the descendants of the Warren family. Nathan knew that he was the only son of the current family's head. This meant he had an even more powerful man as his backer.

Like the stubborn and arrogant woman that Rosalyn was, she looked at Horace with a disgusted expression and fired back at her husband. "Bah! Nathan, over my dead body will I kneel at his feet. I didn't expect you to be so cowardly. You are a shame to manhood!"

Nathan usually put up with her excesses. Now that he scolded her in public, she was livid and didn't hesitate to spew bile at him.



Boiling with anger, she continued, "Didn't you hear what this bastard just said? He said there's nothing wrong with him bullying our son? He beat our son to a pulp and he has the guts to speak arrogantly. You are even kneeling to beg him. Don't you think you are a coward? Nathan, didn't you promise a few days ago that you would give us a better life soon? Is this the better life you were talking about? Answer me!"

"What the hell are you talking about? I told you to shut your mouth. Do it now or I will shut it for you!" Nathan retorted with a murderous glare.

Panic filled his eyes a second later. It seemed like Rosalyn had just touched a sore spot.

"Did you just ask me that question? I'm not a child, Nathan. I remember when you said that if you work for Marcus, we would no longer have to be afraid of Dario in the future. But look at what's happening now.

It's not even Dario you are afraid of. You are scared of your son's age mate. Tell me, are you a real man?" Rosalyn roared.

It was bad enough that her son had been beaten up and her husband was behaving like a coward. But what she wouldn't take was him insinuating that she was a liar.

She heard his statement clearly a few days ago. Nathan had said that he would soon become the richest man in the city and they would live a more affluent life. She had been looking forward to it. But what did she get today? The sight of her son beaten black and blue!

Nathan was scared out of his wits by the time his wife finished spilling the beans. To save face, he pointed at her and shouted, "Shut the fuck up!"

Shivering uncontrollably, he cupped his hands and begged Horace, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Warren. Don't believe any of the words she just said. My wife has a serious mental problem. She's always cooking up statements that no one said. Please pardon her."

He then looked up at Horace worriedly. His fate was dependent on the next response, so he was extremely scared.

"Marcus?" Horace muttered as his eyebrows knitted. The name sounded rather familiar.

Seeing the confusion on his face, Raul chimed in, "Mr. Warren, the person Rosalyn is talking about is another young descendant of the Warren family, Marcus Warren!"

"Marcus Warren? Is he the same guy Mr. Hudson spoke about at the Sea Square some days ago?"

Horace needed more clarity.

"Yes, Mr. Warren!" Raul nodded affirmatively.

"Oh, Nathan is also one of his allies. I previously dealt with Fraser. Now there's another one. Is Marcus targeting me?" Horace muttered, nodding his head.

A frown suddenly appeared on his face when he remembered what Fraser had done. 'Marcus is certainly up to something. I haven't even been back for long, but I'm already being targeted. Does he seriously think that I'm a pushover because I didn't grow up in that household? Well, I must show him that I garnered experience from living in the slums. I need to ask Mr. Hudson for some information about the Warren family. It would help me detect my enemy and understand the reason why they are taking a swipe at me in the future.'

After thinking for a while, Horace asked Raul, "Uncle Raul, did my father's secret plan yield a desirable effect? Can we take down the Nathan Logistics Company?"

Marcus's involvement in this whole brouhaha caused him to worry. He didn't want his father's secret plan to fail because Nathan had a strong backer.

"Mr. Warren, please rest assured. Taking down that company is a piece of cake. Although it has been a long time since your father set up the secret plan, the subordinates who worked underground are still loyal to him!" Raul answered with assurance.

"Actually, I came to Rinas this time to oversee the execution of this plan." He opened up proudly.

Raul was loyal to Horace's father. He had great admiration for him. More so, he felt that Randall's

story of how he became the head of the Warren family and all the things he had achieved would make a thrilling and best-selling novel.

"Okay!" With a slight nod, Horace instructed, "Keep up the good work. After it's done, make sure you reward all of my father's loyalists handsomely. Also, I would like to appreciate them personally!"

Despite not knowing how many loyalists his father had in Nathan's company and how long they had been making moves underground, he admired them for their loyalty. He even felt that no amount of thanks could repay them.

"Mr. Warren, I hate to say this but you can't meet them. They are members of the Secret Department. Until they are retired, they can't meet anyone for their safety. Not to worry. I'll just convey your heartfelt gratitude to them and also reward them as you

instructed," Raul said in a low tone.

The Secret Department was one of the most mysterious groups owned by the Warren family. The only person that was allowed to be in the public eye was the head of the department. For safety reasons, the department members couldn't meet any outsiders or let anyone know about their affairs. If anyone wanted to get in contact with them before their retirement, they had to do it through a special method.

These men could be termed faceless. Their information was strictly protected because a lot of energy, time, and resources were invested to train them. There was bad blood between Randall and some of his relations. If any of them got wind of the members' identities, their lives would be in grave danger. Not only that, they would use the information against Randall.

Even their head couldn't flout this strict rule. He couldn't meet with the members face to face.

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Chapter 104 Bastard Son



With a helpless sigh, Horace said, "In that case, I would have to postpone my meeting with them until they have retired. You can go ahead and thank them on my behalf. I'll wait until the right time."

"Okay, Mr. Warren. I'll contact them for you at that time!" Raul replied.

"Uncle Raul, is the Secret Department part of the Warren family?" Horace queried.



When Raul heard this question, he chuckled and replied, "Yes, it is, Mr. Warren. As the name depicts, the other family members know very little about it. Only the head of the department knows it like the back of his hand."

"Okay, that's good to know. Thank you, Uncle Raul."

"You are welcome, Mr. Warren. It's my duty to see you through such things." Raul humbly waved his hand.

"Come to think of it, Uncle Raul. You don't have to be so polite and formal," Horace commented.

Afterward, he asked, "Anyway, didn't you just say you are executing my father's plan? I won't hold you up here. Please go ahead and execute it. I'm earnestly waiting to hear the good news."

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Raul nodded respectfully.

Turning to Nathan who was still kneeling on the floor, he said in a pitiful tone, "Oh, Nathan! You have lived a hard life on earth."

He then squatted and stared at him eyeball to eyeball.

'What's going to happen? Is this part of my father's plan? Why is Uncle Raul chatting with Nathan all of a sudden?' Horace was confused at this moment.

The demon which Nathan had been trying to suppress since he came here finally reared its head after he heard the conversation between Horace and Raul. His attempt to pretend like a good man had failed, so he gave up trying. He sat down with his legs crossed and eyed Raul.

He then snorted coldly and said, "Humph! Raul, I know that the current head of the Warren family of Antawood is a genius who supersedes anyone in this country. However, that doesn't mean his son inherited the genius genes. Even if he did inherit his genes, he has been away from the Warren family for eighteen long years. He knows nothing about his family and how it works. He hasn't even gained a foothold yet, nor has he been trained like the other descendants. How does he intend to compete with them? Raul, take my friendly advice. Come over to the winning side. Marcus is the most skilled competitor now. When he becomes the head of the Warren family, you would be promoted and given immense wealth. Think about it!"

"Well, Nathan. You are wallowing in depths of stupidity because of your greediness. All you are after is money, so you can't think straight. You know nothing about the Warren family at all." Raul tut-tutted, shaking his head.

Nathan wasn't an affiliate of the Warren family, so he didn't know much about the current head. He was oblivious to how terrifying Randall was. Randall wouldn't have suppressed the Board Of Elders and become ahead of many rich men if he hadn't been so powerful and hungry for success.

Despite the bad blood between him and most of the elders, he had made a great contribution towards uniting them.

Raul sighed and said to Nathan, "I honestly feel sorry for you. You are headed for destruction, but you don't know it!"

"Spare me your useless pity, Raul. Remember that he who laughs last laughs best. When Marcus ascends that seat and I become wealthier and more powerful, you will bite your finger in regret. Just wait and see!"

Nathan snorted.

To him, Raul was making fun of him because he was in a miserable situation. He worked for Marcus and offended Horace. Now that he was in trouble, his boss didn't know about it, so he couldn't come to his rescue.

Shaking his head, Raul retorted, "Nathan, stop living in fantasy land. Your hopes and dreams would be shattered soon. You have no idea how terrifying our family head is. His secret plan has already been set in motion. In less than three days, you will be thrown out of the Nathan Logistics Company. At that time, I doubt if Marcus would continue to use you. He would surely drop you like a hot potato!"

Raul had full confidence in the secret plan. This was why he wasn't afraid of telling Nathan about what was to come. He was dead sure that Nathan couldn't turn

the tables this time.

It was common knowledge in the family that Marcus was an opportunist. He only made affiliations with people because of what he could get from them. Once a person became useless to him, he would discard him without batting an eyelid. Nathan had the same thing coming for him.

All of a sudden, Raul chuckled and did a facepalm. "I'm sorry, Nathan. I just wandered off from the point. I don't feel sorry for you because of that."

"What then did you want to say? Raul, be a man and stop beating about the bush!" Nathan roared and pointed at him. He was so angry to learn that Raul had something else in mind other than the ridiculing words he had just said.

"Jeez! Calm down. Nathan, I will get straight to the

point now." Raul slapped down his finger.

"Nathan, do you think your son looks like you?" he asked with a menacing smirk.

"What sort of silly question is that? I'm his father. Of course, he looks like me!" Nathan retorted immediately.

"Don't you ever look at yourself in the mirror? Is the image of your face not imprinted in your mind? How can an ugly man like you be the father of such a handsome young man like Zayn? Think about it!"

Raul didn't mince words anymore since Nathan was too dumb to take the clues.

What he said was true. Zayn had a bad character, but he was absolutely handsome. His looks were the exact opposite of Nathan's. None of their physical

features was the same. No one would have guessed that they were father and son if they didn't introduce themselves in that manner.

'What? Zayn is not Mr. Duffy's biological son?' Even a fool could understand what Raul had just insinuated.

Everyone looked at Nathan with pitiful expressions on their faces. They thought to themselves, 'Oh, what a pity. His so-called son is for another man. He's the second richest man in Rinas, but his wife cheated and pinned another man's child on him. Although he's not a good man, I can't help but feel sorry for him. No one should have to go through this.'

"Bah! That's impossible!" Nathan roared fiercely. His blood, sweat, and tears had been invested in his business so he could give his son a good life and leave a lot of wealth for him. It was difficult for him to accept that Zayn wasn't his.



Sweating profusely, he glared at Raul and shouted, "You are trying to play a trick on me, aren't you? Do you think I will believe your nonsense? Well, you are in for a disappointment!"

Meanwhile, Rosalyn turned deathly pale. She began to shake like a leaf. When she heard her husband's retort, she echoed with panic in her eyes, "Yes, Raul, do you think you can deceive my husband with mere words? Are you trying to drive a wedge between us? I didn't know you were a home wrecker! Raul, you are so vicious. Just because you want to distract my husband, you made up such a cock and bull story. Sorry to burst your bubble. No one can put us asunder!"

"Oh, really, Rosalyn? Do you really want to pretend to be innocent?" Raul questioned her.

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Chapter 105 Manipulative Wife



"Why... Why would I have to pretend? I'm not pretending. What are you driving at, Raul?" Rosalyn stammered, avoiding his gaze.

Raul guffawed and said, "To be honest, I'm doing this without malice. Nathan has been nothing but a good husband to you all these years. You've mistreated him since you got married. He condoned your excesses. But how do you repay him? You pin another man's child on him. He has invested so much money in someone who isn't his flesh and blood. You are a wicked woman!"

After saying that, Raul stared at Nathan sympathetically and shook his head slightly. His actions seemed to say, "You have been cheated, Nathan. Your whole family is one big lie. You have been raising someone else's child. What will you do now?"

"Raul, as I said earlier, you can't deceive me. You won today, and I admit defeat. Stop trying to mess with my head by lying against my wife!"

With a proud expression, he continued, "I may be ugly, but that doesn't make me stupid. I already conducted a paternity test on Zayn when he was thirteen years old. The result showed that he's indeed my son. That means you are telling a blatant lie. I used to think that you were a smart man since you were placed in charge of the Warren family's business in this city. But it turns out that you are a dumbo. Don't

you think it's a dent in your status that you could make such an untrue accusation?"

"Are you even listening to yourself? You are such a weak cuckold. I pity you." Raul sighed with disappointment.

He then continued, "A man of your caliber should know that money rules the world. I know you did a paternity test, but it's high time you knew that the result the doctor gave you is fake. Someone bought him off with one million dollars and that's why he gave you that fake result. Do you really think that a mere sheet of paper is enough evidence that Zayn is your son?"

With these words, Raul took out a piece of paper from a folder he had in his underarm and handed it to Nathan. "Here you go. This is a copy of the paternity test result that the doctor gave you. It might interest

you to know that my boss spent three million dollars just to get this file from that doctor. You are in for a shocker soon. Now I want you to take a look at this piece of paper and tell me what you think!"

Raul took out another piece of paper from the folder.

He waved it in front of Nathan and asked, "Do you know what this is?"

"Cut to the chase, Raul. Just tell me what it is!" A hint of anxiety flashed in Nathan's eyes at the moment. He was having doubts about everything. Since Raul had gotten hold of the paternity test result, he wasn't as confident as before.

It was the same one that the doctor gave him years ago. Even the doctor's signature was on it. This alone proved that the doctor could really be bought off.

Nathan deduced that the doctor was a corrupt one. Anybody who wanted information could just give him money and he would share his patients' records. If he could do this, changing blood samples or even drafting a fake result would be no big deal.

"Raul, you are so cunning. Why are you trying so hard to deceive my husband? Not on my watch! This is just a piece of paper. With advanced technology, you can forge whatever report you want!"

Rosalyn got short with Raul. She then yanked the paper he was holding and tore it into pieces without looking at it.

Like a ferocious lioness, she roared, "Raul, don't waste your time. Our marriage is standing on a rock. You can't drive a wedge between us!"

"Really?" Raul chuckled, obviously unperturbed.

Tapping his finger on his chin and added, "It seems your husband isn't as confident as you, Rosalyn. Something tells me that there has always been a wedge between you and Nathan. Your marriage is far from perfect! Look at him. He has a trace of suspicion on his face."

When Rosalyn was about to turn to look at her husband, Raul suddenly uttered, "Oops! I was wrong. I don't think it's just a trace of suspicion. Your husband suspects you so much now!"

Grinning sinisterly, Raul took out another piece of paper from his folder and said, "Oh, I just realized that I took out the wrong document. The one you tore is a blank paper that I mistakenly put in the folder. The real result is still intact."

He gave the new document to Nathan and said, "Take a look at this document carefully. It's the real paternity

test result of you and Zayn. My boss had to pay five million dollars for it. It's very precious, so handle it with care!"

Nathan was about to take the paper from Raul, but his wife suddenly got in his way and tried to snatch it away again.

But luck wasn't on her side this time around. She was startled when Nathan shouted, "Get away from here!"

He then pushed her away.

This was the second time her calm husband was shouting at her today. Like the bully that she was, she flared up at him. "Nathan, so you have suddenly become so bold that you can yell and push me? Where was this boldness when your son was being bullied? How can you not trust someone you claim to love? Why are you believing an enemy at the



expense of your beautiful family? Haven't you seen the result before? The doctor is incorruptible and he gave you the real one. Why do you want to see the result your enemy is handing to you? Does this mean you trust him more than me, your own wife? What makes you believe that he didn't forge the result since he's lying that the doctor gave it to him? Besides, who in his right mind would spend five million dollars for a mere piece of paper?"

'My wife has a point. Raul is not to be trusted!' Nathan glared at Raul and said, "Raul, I have to admit that you had me there for a second. The head of the Warren family is indeed a genius. I almost fell for his little trick!"

Rosalyn's words gradually made Nathan have a change of heart. He reasoned that if the doctor could falsify the first result, he could also falsify this one.

As far as he was concerned, his wife was more credible than an outsider who was out to ruin him. Nathan suddenly tore the paper into pieces without looking at it.

Shocked gasps filled the atmosphere at this time. Horace was also shocked to see this. 'Damn! It seems Nathan deserves to be the second richest man in this city. I wasn't expecting him to do that at all!' he thought in surprise.

Judging by the stunts Raul had been pulling, Horace felt that his father's secret plan was to destroy Nathan's will by causing an irreparable rift between him and his wife. 'A fake paternity test that proves Zayn isn't his biological son would break Nathan's heart and he would send his wife and son away,' he thought.

A peaceful family was one of the things that afforded

a man the time to do well in his job or business. If Nathan had family problems, he would surely disregard his business and probably wallow in sadness because he had been lied to. 'I get it now. My father is trying to create an unavoidable distraction for him before he would take over the company.'

Just as Horace was making assumptions in his head, Raul broke the silence. He said with a grin, "Nathan, you have been married to this cunning woman for twenty-five years. It's not surprising that she has gotten into your head. Now you believe everything she says hook, liner, and sinker. You wouldn't have torn that paper if she didn't manipulate you. Since you have refused to believe me, let me introduce you to someone."

Raul suddenly clapped his hands, signaling to someone who was waiting outside.

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Chapter 106 A Ghost From The Past



A deafening silence fell on the hallway after the clap. The next second, the sound of brisk footsteps came. A doctor in a white coat slowly ascended the stairway and walked to them.

"Do you know this man?" Raul asked Nathan softly.

"It's you!" Nathan exclaimed as he stared at the doctor with his eyes widened in shock.

"Long time no see, Mr. Duffy," the doctor said in a low tone when he saw his former patient.

Thereafter, he shifted his gaze to Rosalyn and greeted, "Hello, Mrs. Duffy, it has been ages since we last met."

This doctor was named Boris Cooper. He was the doctor that carried out the paternity test for Nathan at the Judicial Expertise Center some years back.

All of a sudden, he squatted slowly and stared at Rosalyn eyeball to eyeball. "You are such a cunning woman, Mrs. Duffy!"

"What do you mean?" Rosalyn feigned ignorance immediately.

"Did you just ask me that? Of course, you know exactly what I mean. Don't tell me you have forgotten what you did ten years ago!"

With his eyes fixed on Rosalyn, he pulled down the collar of his white coat. A horrible scar on his neck was revealed instantly.

"Look at this scar, Mrs. Duffy. This should juggle your memory!" he growled.

"Huh? I have no idea what you are talking about, Mr. Cooper! What does a scar on your neck have to do with me? I have never seen it before!"

Rosalyn frowned and looked at a loss. She really didn't know this scar, but she had a nasty feeling. Her heart had skipped a beat when she saw him ascending the stairs.

Things were going in her favor only a few moments ago. She had successfully gotten into her husband's head and he disbelieved Raul. She didn't expect that the doctor from ten years ago would appear here to

cause another unfavorable turn of events. 'Aargh! If I had known I would be placed on the hot seat, I wouldn't have come here!' She bit her lower lip in regret.

"You have no idea what I am talking about? Did you just say you have nothing to do with this scar? Mrs. Duffy, are you already suffering from dementia at this young age? Don't give me that bullshit!"

Boris roared in her face when he saw that she was behaving so indifferently and trying to paint herself as innocent. The expression on his face showed that he had suffered a lot in the past.

He ran his fingers through his hair and grunted loudly in a bid to calm down.

"Since that event has been strangely wiped out, I will juggle your memory. You sneaked into my lab at the

Judicial Expertise Center ten years ago. You told me to do something for you. Do you remember now?"

"Eh? You sneaked into his lab? What the hell did you tell him to do?" Nathan suddenly shouted at his wife before she could say anything.

His suspicion hadn't died down some minutes ago. As a family man, he had only chosen to believe his wife since Raul was his enemy.

The seed of suspicion germinated again when he saw Boris here. His latest statement had caused his suspicion to shoot to the roof. He wanted to get down to the matter immediately.

Nathan loved his wife, but he never trusted her fully. His instincts had always told him that she was hiding something from him.



"Mr. Duffy, please don't get me wrong. Your wife didn't have an affair with me. I'm not the kind of man to covet someone else's wife. On that day, she gave me a bank card and a Vacutainer tube filled with blood."

Boris spoke in a flat tone. But his statement was enough to make Nathan go mad. He glared at his wife while clenching his fists with all his might. He then asked the doctor, "What did she ask you to do that day?"

"Oh, it's not a big deal. She just asked me to exchange your blood sample with the one she brought. Mr. Duffy, you have to understand that I didn't smell anything fishy at that time. She told me that something was wrong with the first blood sample and it needed to be changed. Since she's your wife, I obeyed her. I swear on my life and everything I love, it wasn't because of the money. You have to believe

me!"

Boris looked at Rosalyn and asked, "Isn't that right, Mrs. Duffy?"

"Bah! You are a liar! Everything you said is a big fat lie! I've never been to the Judicial Expertise Center. I also never asked you to do such a thing. Stop lying against me!" Rosalyn yelled at him.

She had barely shut her mouth when a slap landed on her cheek. It was from her husband. She held it and stared at Nathan in disbelief. "Ouch! Nathan, you worthless man. How dare you slap me?"

"Shut up, you bitch! I have been putting up with your excesses for twenty-five long years. I have had it up to here with you!" Nathan ferociously roared at his wife. His face turned crimson with fury.

Pointing at her, he continued more angrily, "I have been so good to you. How dare you cheat on me?"

"Boris, you're a liar. When did I meet you in your lab? Say it!" Rosalyn roared at the doctor, ignoring her husband's question.

The next second, she pinched his neck and yelled like a crazy woman, "Come on, say it. When did I come to you? I need to know the exact time. Say it now!"

Rosalyn shook him as if she wanted to squeeze the life out of him. Her sharp and manicured fingernails were piercing into his skin.

"Woman, let go of him now. Go somewhere else if you want to behave like a mad dog. I will not stand by and watch you make a scene in the Sea Pavilion!" Raul scolded Rosalyn when he saw that she was moving mad. He then stepped forward and pulled her

away.

"My goodness!" The moment Boris was freed from Rosalyn's claws, he exclaimed and gasped for air. With an unfaltering countenance, he continued, "Mrs. Duffy, you are just as vicious as you were ten years ago. Your attempt to kill me failed at that time. Do you still want to kill me now? Just so you know. You can't silence me now!" Boris eyed her and hissed.

He then pointed at the scar on his neck and said to Nathan, "Mr. Duffy, do you know why I resigned after conducting the paternity test for you? It's because your wife was after my life so she could cover up her crime. To prevent the truth from getting out someday, she made attempts to kill me because I was the only one who knew her secret. I can't even begin to describe how terrified I was when the assassin she sent stabbed me in the neck. Your wife is a monster!"

Boris swallowed hard and continued, "I was just lucky enough to have escaped and survived. To protect myself, I assumed another identity and lived a low-key life for ten years. I was so afraid that Mrs. Duffy would find me and send someone to kill me again!"

Sadness and helplessness were written all over Boris's face as he spoke. But the next second, he grinned mischievously as he stared at Nathan. "It seems karma is indeed a bitch. Divine justice always comes to the rescue of the innocent no matter how long it takes. I lived like a hermit for ten years. Now, it feels so good to be out and to let this burden off my chest!"

"You prostitute!" Nathan's fury shot to the roof after he heard everything. He slapped his wife again.

Afterward, he pointed at her and growled, "Tell me, what on earth did I do wrong? Despite all the good things I did for you, you still cheated on me!"

After a pause, Nathan continued in a sad tone, "For many years, I worked day and night just to accumulate wealth for Zayn. Everything I have ever done in my business was for his future. But it turns out that he's not even my flesh and blood. You pinned another man's child on me! Is this how you repay me? Come to think of it. Since I have no heir, what do I need the company for? What's the point of interceding for a bastard?"

Scratching his head crazily, Nathan said to Raul, "Aaah! Take my company and take Zayn too. I don't want them anymore. I'm finished!"

He then stood up and ran away like a mad man.

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Chapter 107 The Real Truth



Rosalyn wasted no time in running after her husband.

Zayn was still kneeling on the floor at this time. His eyebrows were knitted and he looked so desperate. An indescribable feeling filled his heart.

"What? The man who I have called my dad isn't my real father? Then who is my biological father?" Zayn murmured as he stared blankly at Horace and Laila. Immense regret overwhelmed him the next second.

He wished he hadn't offended Horace today, but he couldn't turn back the hands of time.

Zayn hated him for having so much power, but his hatred for him wasn't compared to how he felt about Averi. He had landed into this mess because of his dumb friend. After all, he didn't care about the couple until Averi spoke about them.

Nevertheless, his regret and anger couldn't change anything. It was already too late. He stared at the staircase, lost in thought.

It was at this time that Raul snapped his hands and commanded, "Security, take him and his cohorts away. It's inappropriate for people like these to kneel here. Everyone, go back to your duty posts. There's nothing more to see here!"

A group of security guards marched out after Raul's command. They grabbed Zayn and his cohorts and dragged them away. The employees who had been watching the scene dispersed at Raul's command.



Their hearts were filled with great admiration for Randall. None of them had seen this coming. They were all shocked to see how heartbroken Nathan was.

While leaving, they stole glances at Horace and thought, 'God, please let me remember this young man's face, so I would never offend him in the future. I would die a miserable death or my life would become a nightmare if I step on his toes. Jeez! Thinking of it alone scares the shit out of me!'

After everyone left, Raul said gently, "The first phase of your father's plan has worked well. He originally estimated that we would get the Nathan Logistics Company in three days. But with the way things are going, I think we would be able to get it in just a day. Your father is indeed a genius!"

"Yeah, you are right. Honestly, I first assumed he had forged the paternity test result to deceive Nathan. But to my surprise, it turned out to be original. He even managed to fish out the doctor who went into hiding ten years ago!" Horace sighed.

A serious grin appeared on Raul's face when he heard this. He then said, "Mr. Warren, sometimes our first assumptions might be true. Not every evidence that yields a positive result is real."

"What do you mean?" Horace was confused and stunned when he heard these words.

"I mean that this paternity test result is actually fake!"

This shocking revelation caused Horace to open his eyes wide. He immediately asked in confusion, "How can it be fake? Uncle Raul, please explain it to me in clear terms!"

"Money rules the world. Through bribery, you can get anything you want in this life!" Raul remarked. "Right, Boris?" He looked at the doctor standing beside him.

"Like most humans, I'm a slave to money. I'm willing to do anything within my power for cool cash!" Boris uttered rubbing three of his fingers as he said the last two words.

With a smirk at the corners of his lips, he pointed at the big scar on his neck and continued, "Ten million dollars is quite a handsome reward for a scar, a piece of paper, and a simple sentence. How could I refuse?"

"What? Do you mean to say that you not only forged a paternity test result, but also bribed the doctor who conducted the test ten years ago? Jeez! This means Zayn is actually Nathan's biological son!" Horace exclaimed in shock after he put two and two together.

"Yes, Mr. Warren. Zayn is indeed the biological son of Nathan and Rosalyn!" Raul responded with a slight nod.

"Your father believed that the human heart is both the strongest and the weakest thing in this world.

According to him, Nathan only toiled day and night to build a successful business empire because he had a strong heart. But this didn't mean that he wasn't weak at heart. His family was his weak point. This was why your father was able to manipulate him like a puppet."

Raul paused for a moment and then continued, "Your father once asked the Secret Department to carry out a thorough investigation on Nathan. Twenty years ago, he was a poverty-stricken man, but he and Rosalyn were deeply in love with each other. She couldn't cheat on him because he showed her love despite being poor. She gave birth to Zayn at that

time. It wasn't until he became busy with the company that she had an extramarital affair. Ten years ago, Nathan did a paternity test with Zayn and it proved that they were father and son. However, your father decided to use that information to his advantage after he found out! He reasoned that since Rosalyn had indeed cheated on her husband, she would be afraid if it was brought up. She was just like every other unfaithful woman even though she behaved tough. The seed of doubt had already been sowed in Nathan's heart for a while. He always suspected that his wife was hiding something from him, but he was too busy with work to find out sooner!"

Raul cleared his throat and further revealed, "It was very easy to drive a wedge between them since they no longer trusted each other. Your father had predicted that Nathan's mind would waver at the sight of the fake paternity test result. Also, he predicted that accusing Rosalyn of infidelity would make her feel a

little flustered even though she was sure of Zayn's paternity. Boris's appearance was what drove the final nail in the coffin of their marriage. Nathan had risen to the bait by believing all that he said without suspecting that your father had bribed him. The scar was made with a knife—a typical weapon that assassins used instead of a gun. That also made Nathan believe his words."

The short briefing utterly stunned Horace. He gave a thumbs up and sighed. "Whoa! My father is really ruthless! He came up with such an elaborate plan based on ordinary infidelity and doubt just to wreak Nathan!"

"Mr. Warren, your father is skilled at such things. About two decades ago, the competitors for the successor position were all powerful and excellent. One of the major reasons why your father emerged victorious in the competition was because he knew

how the human heart works!"

"The human heart is indeed complicated. Only a few people can be able to understand it. Uncle Raul, in my generation, are there any competitors that are as powerful as my father? If there are, I'm certain that I am no match for them."

"There are a total of eight candidates vying for the position of the successor, Mr. Warren. However, I only know two of them. One is Marcus, whom Mr. Hudson spoke about recently. He's wise, but he is not as courageous as your father. Regarding the other competitor that I know, he is currently receiving the Warren family's special training in the West Gobi Desert. It is said that he once made the other clans in Antawood tremble with fear. He is regarded as the most promising candidate. The other candidates are scattered across the different provinces in the country. I don't know them, but I heard that each of

them has almost the same strength as Marcus. This means they are all inferior to the one in the West Gobi Desert," Raul explained adequately.

"You need not worry about your fellow contestants, Mr. Warren. The most powerful people in our family are those seed candidates. They are terrifying. There's very little information about them. Even as the regional general director in Rinas, I know nothing about them!" Raul uttered, looking at Horace seriously.

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Chapter 108 Ride Or Die





"There are seed competitors aside from the eight candidates?" Horace couldn't help exclaiming when he heard Raul's words. With worry written on his face, he further queried, "Uncle Raul, please be honest with me. What is the probability of me succeeding?"

"I believe it's one hundred percent," Raul responded in a calm but firm voice after thinking for a while.

"One hundred percent?" Horace was stunned to hear this, but he soon realized something. "Oh, you are that confident because of my father, aren't you? Judging by the way you think so highly of him, he must have overwhelming charisma!"

"No, Mr. Warren. It's not your father's power that's making me confident. I trust in your abilities!" Raul said convincingly, shaking his head.

"Oh, please. Don't flatter me. I know I'm not that

capable." When Horace noticed that Raul was flustered by his last statement, he chuckled and added assuredly, "Don't worry, Uncle Raul. Since I'm one of the candidates vying for the position of the successor, I'll put in my best effort regardless. It doesn't matter if the other candidates are more powerful and skilled than me. I won't resign myself to failure without even trying. Just as my father has his own ideas and talents, so do I."

The recent happenings had caused Horace to gradually adapt to his new identity. It didn't matter if he was talented or not. Being the flesh and blood of the head meant that he was automatically a candidate for the final competition.

In contrast, the other descendants had to pass rigorous tests before they could become candidates.

This rule gave Horace an edge over the others.

"Mr. Warren, I believe in you. You will come out victorious!" Donn, who had been standing beside him all along, said confidently.

"Ah! We only met today for the first time. How come you have so much confidence that I will succeed? Have you been admiring me because I am so handsome?"

Horace rubbed his jaw with a playful smile on his face.

'Ha-ha! Who would have thought that Mr. Warren could crack such good jokes? I thought he was a nerd!' Gladys chuckled in her mind as she stared at him.

"Mr. Warren, you are indeed handsome. But that's not why I believe in you. From what I have seen today, I

strongly believe that you would win against the other candidates because of your uniqueness," Donn replied in a low tone.

Donn had been greatly impressed by his kindness and ability to deal with issues today.

"Another reason why I believe in you is that Mr. Hudson told me that you left a good impression on the leader of the Dragon Soul!"

"Huh? The leader of the Dragon Soul?" Horace had no idea about it. In confusion, he asked, "Who is that? I have never heard of him before."

'Wow! How come I am just hearing about this? The leader of the Dragon Soul must have been really impressed with Mr. Warren!' Raul sighed when he heard the news.

Although he wasn't one of the top personalities in the Warren family, he had heard about the Dragon Soul before. It was the special guard team that was saddled with the responsibility of protecting all the important leaders of the family. All the members were excellent at their jobs and none of the dignitaries had ever gotten hurt under their watch. It was said that the Dragon Soul periodically inaugurated new members. However, only a few were selected after rigorous training.

"Mr. Warren, it's normal that you have never heard about the leader of the Dragon Soul. He doubles as the leader of the Dark Fist. When Mr. Hudson came to Rinas, he accompanied him. But you weren't awake at that time. That's why you didn't get the chance to meet him," Donn explained to him.

A man doubled as the leader of the Dragon Soul and the Dark Fist. He was one of the top leaders of the

Warren family. He was on the same level as the Great Elder in the Board Of Elders.

"The Dark Fist? Isn't that the powerful security department that Mr. Hudson spoke about previously? The leader must be one of the strongest fighters in the entire family since he heads those two important organizations!"

Egan's explanation to him replayed in his head when he heard the words, Dark Fist.

"Yes, that's right, Mr. Warren. But I don't know much about him. After all, I still hold a very low position in the family."

This statement took Susie and Gladys aback. They looked at him with eyebrows raised.

'He's not serious about that, is he? Our director shows

him so much respect. But he just said he holds a low position in the Warren family. If this is true, how powerful are all the people above him in that family? I must win Mr. Warren's heart at all costs. I'll cry to death if such a super-rich young man gets married to someone else. He's my ticket out of poverty, after all! The two nurses made up their minds at the same time.

"Oh, I see." Horace nodded to Donn's statement thoughtfully. He then promised, "You won't be in that low position for too long. Be rest assured that I won't forget you when I become the head of the Warren family in the future!"

"Thank you so much, Mr. Warren!" Donn thanked him without hesitation.

The first impression he had about Horace was that he was different from the other descendants in the

Warren family. He had suffered in the hands of the others, but he found favor in Horace's sight. His support was only for this friendly and jovial young man.

Donn liked to work for people that valued friendship and treated those below them well. Horace checked all the boxes on his list.

Meanwhile, Raul was surprised by all that was happening. He had been informed that Donn was the director of the Warren Infirmary's No.1 Medical Research Institute in Antawood.

Getting support from him was a big deal. The other candidates had failed to get him on their sides. But he willingly swore allegiance to Horace. Raul found this development quite interesting. This showed that even without the help of his father, Horace would still be able to succeed.



"Ha-ha!" Horace suddenly chuckled. He then said, "Donn, you don't need to thank me now. You should do that after I fulfill my promise."

Afterward, he turned around and took Laila's hand. "Sorry for keeping you waiting, my love. Let's go back now!"

"No problem, baby. I want you to know that I believe in you too. You will kick ass when it's time for the competition. All those men have nothing on you!"

Laila's cheer came from the bottom of her heart.

She had been his number one cheerleader since high school. None of his peers had his back as she did.

During their high school years, Horace had worked a part-time job at a fast-food restaurant at five o'clock in

the morning. He worked in a cafe at noon. In the evening, he studied under the street lights because he couldn't afford electricity. Laila had been supportive of him through it all.

He had suffered for many years.

The darkest time for Horace was the early days of his mother's admission to the hospital. Laila never saw him in despair. He used to cry in a corner and wipe his tears. He managed to keep his head up against all odds.

No one could imagine how difficult the three months preceding the college entrance examinations were for Horace. He had to read and work to raise money for his mother's medical bills at the same time. Out of genuine concern, Laila had wanted to advise him to put his education on hold. But she watched and cheered as he persisted to the end.

Like a phoenix, Horace rose from the ashes after every setback. This was why Laila firmly believed that nothing under the sun could defeat him. 'I don't know those men, but my Horace would kick their asses and emerge as the successor!' she thought confidently.

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Chapter 109 Full Confidence



As Horace walked away with Laila, Donn suddenly declared, "Mr. Warren, none of the other descendants of the Warren family can be compared to you. I strongly believe that you will defeat all of them!"

The supportive words from Donn and Laila gladdened

Horace's heart. "Ha-ha! You are talking as if I'm going to the battlefield. No matter how tough the competition will be, it's not a war," he said with a shrug.

Halting in his tracks, he added, "Don't worry. I don't think the other candidates would take me seriously. They would see me as inferior since I have just reconnected with my family recently. Something tells me that they would fight themselves. I can benefit from the tussle when they are done. Besides, I have the backing of my father. Those guys most likely target him. I don't think they would raise a finger to harm me until they are done with the others. Enough of the competition talks. I'll cross that bridge when I get there. Let's all go back to the hospital now."

Horace beckoned to the others and walked towards the staircase with Laila.

Staring at Horace's receding figure, Raul thought to

himself, 'Indeed, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Mr. Warren inherited his father's intelligence. Although he just reconnected with the family not long ago, he already understands the current situation. It's true that the other candidates aren't threatened by him. He could use this to his advantage. Everyone who thought so lowly of him will be shocked in the end.'

Raul couldn't help but look forward to Horace's performance in the competition.

With his hands in his pockets, he moved to a window and stared at the blue sky. 'In the blink of an eye, Mr. Warren has eliminated two powerful families in Rinas. He has gained a firm foothold in this city. It would be very difficult for the other candidates to wrestle for the control of this city from him!'

All of a sudden, a figure who had been hiding in a

corner walked up to him.

"Raul, do you now believe what I told you before? Mr. Warren is stronger than most people think. He would definitely emerge victoriously and become the head of the family even without his father's help!" the man whispered excitedly.

"There's something that has been bugging my mind. You are the only affiliate of the Warren family that had full confidence in Mr. Warren from day one. Why is that so?" Raul asked as he looked at him intently.

The supportive man was none other than Farris.

"Well, it's because I can relate to what Mr. Warren went through. It is said that what doesn't kill you, makes you stronger. He has gone through the pain that the other descendants have never experienced even in their nightmares. That's why I believe in him,"

Farris replied softly as he stared at the staircase.

Among all the affiliates in Rinas, Farris was the first person to believe in Horace's capabilities. The others only placed their bet on him because of his father's power.

Farris tut-tutted and continued, "You have underestimated Mr. Warren. Please stop seeing him as a child who needs to be spoon-fed by his father!"

"Don't get me wrong, Farris. I didn't underestimate Mr. Warren because he's very young. It's just that he has been wandering about and facing poverty plights throughout the years. He never received special training like the other candidates. Remember that the others were selected from thousands of descendants. This goes on to say that they have super skills!" Raul attempted to defend his lack of belief.

"Honestly, I am disappointed that you are saying this. What makes your views different from that of Fraser and Nathan? The only difference is that they chose to side with the enemy while you are still loyal to the family head. I totally understand that the family head is worthy of all your trust. After all, he's one of the few people that challenged the Board Of Elders' authority!"

Farris tapped his chest proudly and continued, "I'm different from you, Raul. Although I believe in the family head, I also have strong confidence in Mr. Warren. It doesn't matter if he hasn't received the customary training like the others. The lessons of life are far more valuable than combat training. Facing hardships and stressful occurrences not only prepares the body, but also sharpens the mind. Mr. Warren has experienced such things, so he's better than the others. Donn understands this fact too!"



Circling back to his initial question, Farris whispered, "Raul, you still haven't answered my question. Do you now believe what I said before or not?"

"Decades ago, the competition for the successor was very tough. No one believed that Mr. Randall Warren would emerge as the winner. His win took all of them by surprise. Now he's even superior to the Board Of Elders. I think Mr. Horace Warren would emerge as the winner too. After all, they are father and son."

Raul's answer wasn't direct, but his statement showed that the confidence he had in Horace had increased unlike before.

"By the way, why didn't you come out while he was here just now?" he asked, squinting his eyes suspiciously.

Farris guffawed. He knew exactly what Raul meant.

"Talk about coincidence. I only came here for lunch. It never crossed my mind that I would bump into Mr. Warren here. Such a thing shouldn't repeat itself every day. Otherwise, he would think I am stalking him. Explaining that it's just mere coincidence would be difficult for me."

Although Farris knew that Horace wouldn't question him, he reasoned that it was best to avoid arousing suspicion. Bumping into someone every day in such a big city would certainly not be considered a coincidence. It happened to him and Horace, but people would consider it to be stalking.

"Ha-ha! Farris, you never cease to amaze me. I had no idea that a ruthless man like you could be afraid of such a thing!" Raul teased, laughing.

He then added, "Let's get down to business now. We

need to ask the other affiliates what their schedule is like. Good news is coming soon from the Nathan Logistics Company!"

"What's up, Raul? Are you going to hold a meeting?"

"Mr. Warren has dealt with the Lyons and Duffy families even though he only accepted his true identity not too long ago. He has achieved great feats. Don't you think we need to hold a meeting for that?"

"Raul, you have a point here. They need to see how awesome Mr. Warren is. He dealt with the enemy who was in disguise and also took over Nathan's company within hours. Such great achievements need to be publicized. He is a genius! The unveiling of Fraser as the devil in our midst came as a shock to me. Despite my connections in this city, I had no idea that he was working with Marcus. Thinking of him makes my blood boil. Fraser is such an ungrateful man. He owes his

success to Mr. Randall Warren. But when it was time for him to support Mr. Horace Warren, he chose to be on Marcus's side. He's lucky that Mr. Hudson whisked him away. If not, I would have beaten him to death!"

Farris clenched his fists and complained about the betrayer that was ousted a few days ago.

"Well, I trust you. You would have broken all his bones in a trice!" Raul couldn't help but chuckle as he stared at the angry man in front of him. Farris was a dignitary, but whenever he was angry, he behaved like a bandit.

Meanwhile, Horace paid the bill for the lunch at the counter downstairs before they left the restaurant.

The cashier who had attended to him was a new employee. She didn't know who he was. After he left, the waiters and waitresses gave her a thumbs up.

They didn't expect that someone would accept money from Horace.

At the parking lot, Horace and the others got into Susie's car.

The sitting arrangement was the same as before. Although the back seat wasn't very comfortable for Gladys, Horace, and Laila, there was nothing they could do about it.

It was at this time that Gladys pondered, 'Susie, a win for me is also a win for you. I will not forget you once I become rich. You need to help me now. I want you to drive more recklessly than before. Make sharp turns and slam the brake many times so I will fall into Mr. Warren's arms. I can't live without him, so I need to make him mine. How many beautiful dresses can I have once I become his woman? It would be uncountable! I would not only buy Lolita dresses, but

also many designer clothes. I can even wear sexy clothes that I have never worn before. Becoming his girlfriend, mistress, or better still, his wife would change my life for good!

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[THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 110 Troublemaking Stranger



Susie started the ignition and drove out of the parking lot as Gladys was lost in thought. As if she had heard her friend's thought, she made sharp turns and stepped on the brake severally on the way. But all her efforts proved abortive.

The reckless driving worked in favor of the lovebirds instead. Laila fell into Horace's arms several times.

'Susie is driving recklessly, but I have to admit that it's to my advantage. It feels so nice to have Laila in my arms,' Horace thought happily after he embraced his beloved girlfriend for the umpteenth time.

The feeling was mutual. Laila was so happy that she smiled from ear to ear. But she abruptly straightened up shyly.

"Aaah!" Susie suddenly screamed. A BMW was homing in on them at a very high speed.

Everyone in the car was stunned by her shout. When Horace looked up and saw the oncoming vehicle, he hugged Laila without hesitation.

Gladys was also scared to death. She hugged Horace from behind.

He was sandwiched between them at this moment. The soft bosoms on his chest and back caused his heart to race faster. Blood rushed to his head at this time.

But this feeling was short-lived because the car soon collided with the BMW with a loud bang.

Everyone in the car leaned forward due to the collision. The three people in the back seat were still entangled.

The impact of the collision on the occupants was not severe because Susie had already stepped on the brake and reduced the speed in time. The driver of the BMW had also done the same. Nevertheless, the hood of the Alto had been severely smashed.

The first thing Horace did after recovering from the accident was to check on his girlfriend. "Are you



okay?" he asked, touching her cheek.

When Laila saw the genuine worry in his eyes, she blushed. She gently broke free from his embrace and replied, "I'm fine. Don't look so worried."

Laila liked being in his arms, but she wasn't a fan of public displays of affection. She preferred to only hold hands with him whenever people were present.

Horace breathed a sigh of relief after hearing her response.

It was at this moment his brain reminded him of the bosom pressed against his back. He slowly turned to look at Gladys and asked, "Are you hurt?"

Hugging such a man was a dream come true for Gladys. She had been sniffing his scent and daydreaming after the collision. She wanted to stay

like that for long. But Horace's question jolted her back to reality and she released her grip reluctantly. After sitting up, she shook her head. "No, I'm not hurt. Thanks for your concern, Mr. Warren."

"Okay, you are welcome." Without further ado, Horace averted his gaze and looked forward. He saw that Donn was looking energetic and calm as usual. 'How come he managed to stay unruffled as if he wasn't in the car just now? No wonder he was selected to train as the Dragon Soul candidate in the past. He has the ability to stay calm and collected even when there is a cause for alarm!'

Since Donn was fine, Horace asked the driver, "Are you okay, Susie? Did you get hurt?"

"I'm perfectly fine, Mr. Warren. Thanks for your concern." Susie always fastened her seat belt whenever she was driving. If not, she might have

lunged forward and gone through the windscreen. Now she wasn't hurt, but the collision scared her out of her wits. Her palms were sweaty and she was grinding her teeth uncontrollably.

All of a sudden, someone knocked on the driver's seat window. A woman who looked about thirty years old bent and looked through the window.

The knock brought Susie back to her senses. She slowly opened the door, got out, and looked at the beautiful woman. "Lady, why did you drive in that manner? Don't you know you were driving in the wrong direction?" she questioned with displeasure.

The others got off the car too.

This road was a one-way road. Hence, the driver of the BMW had flouted the rules and was at fault.

Due to Susie's reckless driving, Horace had thought she had taken another route, drove in the wrong direction, and ended up causing the accident. However, he realized that he was wrong.

The beautiful woman stood with her hands akimbo. She glanced at Susie and the others with her lips curled. She then asked pitifully, "What? Are you going to bully me because I'm outnumbered?"

At first, she wanted to make a scene in the middle of the road. But she decided against it when she saw the people getting out of the car. She was a little flustered even though she tried to stay calm.

"Lady, you must be a joker. Why are you overreacting? I only asked you reasonable questions. How is that a problem? Did I say anything insulting or call on my companions to hit you?" Susie retorted with a deep frown.

The collision had scared the living daylights out of her. She was still yet to recover fully from the shock. Instead of apologizing for her wrongdoing, the owner of the BMW was being defensive in a bid to avoid taking responsibility. It was even more annoying that she pretended to be weak and pitiful.

"How can you say that I'm overreacting? Look, these men are glaring at me. It's obvious that you want to bully me!" the beautiful woman rebuffed as she pointed at Horace and Donn.

"What?" Horace was utterly stunned when he heard her statement. He had only looked at her, but she just claimed that he was glaring at her.

'Gosh! This kind of woman is dangerous. If I touch her by accident, she would cry out and claim that I sexually assaulted her!' Horace reasoned in surprise.

"Do you have any conscience? How can you say that I glared at you and intended to bully you? I was only looking at you! You're such a liar!" he snorted angrily.

"Mr. Warren, please don't stress yourself about this matter. She looks like a troublemaker. Let's call the traffic police and ask them to deal with her," Susie said to him gently.

"Ha-ha! This is so funny. You just affixed a respectful title to this man's name. Why are you respecting such a poverty-stricken fellow? He's not rich or important. After all, a dignitary would never lower himself to ride in an Alto. Are you out of your mind?" The beautiful woman let out a peal of mocking laughter.

Afterward, she took out a bundle of money from her handbag and threw it on the smashed hood of Susie's car. "That's one thousand dollars. I have something

important to do. Arguing with lowlifes like you makes no sense to me. Take the money and get out of my way. Don't make a fool of yourself. You're dressed in such threadbare dress and driving a junk car, but you are putting on airs in my presence!"

The mention of the traffic police put a little fear in the heart of the beautiful woman. To prevent the matter from escalating, she decided to bribe Susie. She knew she had caused the accident by driving in the wrong direction. She had only wanted to mess around and get away with it. Now there was a possibility that she would be fined or her license would be revoked by the police. Bribery was the only way she could escape the police now.

However, the fear she felt didn't stop her from laughing mockingly at how Susie addressed Horace. Even though it was her fault, she was in a bad mood because her expensive car had gotten hit.

Her blood boiled when she saw that the occupants of the Alto weren't afraid at all. She had thought they would be scared that she would tell them to pay for damages.

"Shut the fuck up! Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you mock Mr. Warren?" Donn's shout took the arrogant woman by surprise.

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