

THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 11 A String of Insults

Horace brought out his old phone that already had countless faults. He took out his SIM card and put it in his new phone. He then said, "Uncle Raul, Laila is my good friend. Please take good care of her for me."

Raul nodded and answered, "Yes, sir. I will do as you have requested."

"Good," Horace muttered and closed his eyes for a rest. It had been a long time since he slept well. His mother was sick, so he was always at her bedside at night. His worries prevented him from sleeping. But now, he finally felt relaxed and dozed off shortly after.

His soft snores soon wafted into Raul's ears. As he looked at Horace through the rearview mirror, he felt sorry for him. He had suffered a lot all these years.

Horace didn't wake up from his slumber for a long time.

At this moment, the car halted in the hospital's premises. Raul sat quietly on the driver's seat instead of waking him up.

"Mr. Warren, you are awake!" Raul said when he saw that Horace opened his eyes slowly.

"Yes, I am. How long did I sleep?"

"Sir, it has been thirty-two minutes since you got in the car. We got here not too long ago."

"Well, it's not too late! I don't know if my mother has had dinner yet. I need to leave now." With these words, Horace opened the door and got off the car.

He took the takeout bag from the front passenger seat

and said to Raul, "Thank you!"

"Mr. Warren, you don't have to be so formal to me. If you don't mind, I'll go upstairs with you."

"No, thanks. It's late now. My mother would be getting ready to sleep. Why don't you see her another day?"

"Okay, sir. That works too. Please let me know if you need anything. Our family is capable of meeting all your needs."

"Okay," Horace replied and walked into the hospital. He went straight to his mother's ward in the oncology department.

"Horace, you're back!" Caylee said happily as soon she saw him.

"Yes, Mom," Horace answered respectfully and put

the takeout bag on the hospital overbed table. "Mom, here you go. This is the food I brought specially for you from Sea Pavilion. It's very light and delicious. You will love it!"

As Horace spoke, he opened one of the packs for her.

Caylee looked at him with tears in her eyes. She didn't expect that his feelings for her wouldn't change after what had happened recently. He even had her in mind when he went out. She could finally die in peace knowing that she had such a good son.

After blinking back her tears, she looked at him and ate the food.

Caylee's illness affected her appetite. Even though she was in a good mood and the food was delicious, she only managed to eat one-quarter of the food. Horace had brought three takeout packs filled with

different dishes.

He wasn't a waster. Since he lived from hand to mouth as a child, he had learned to be frugal. He packed up the untouched packs of food and put them on the bedside table. He planned to eat them for breakfast tomorrow.

By the time he was done clearing the table, he saw that his mother had fallen asleep. He tucked her in. Afterward, he turned off the light and slept on an empty bed in the ward.

This was the first time he slept soundly in the hospital. His mind was at rest because he had more than enough money to settle his mother's bills.

He slept throughout the night.

Horace was still asleep when the door of the ward

swung open the following morning, and two nurses walked in.

They went straight to Caylee's bed. One of the nurses, who was slightly fat, poked her ankle with a pen in a bid to wake her.

"Caylee Potter?"

Caylee opened her eyes and sat up on the bed slowly. She nodded when the nurse called her name.

"Caylee, your payments for hospital stays have accumulated to ten thousand dollars. This is a hospital, not a charity organization. Since you can't foot your bills, please leave right now. You should pay the debt in three days after you leave here. Otherwise, we will sue you!"

The plump nurse looked at her with a frown. She was

hell-bent on driving her out this early morning.

"What?" Caylee was stunned. After a while, she said, "I'm sorry for owing you. You can rest assured that we will pay the bill today. My son is rich now. When he wakes up, that would be the first thing he does."

"Humph!" The plump nurse snorted with disdain as soon as Caylee finished speaking. She then asked, "Your son is rich? How much money does he have? One million dollars? Or is it ten million dollars? If he's rich as you said, why did he delay in paying your surgery bill? It was only when you were at the brink of death that he finally paid. Which kind of rich man does that? You must think we are fools that would believe your poorly-cooked lie. I know that your son only earns stipends by doing tons of menial jobs. He can never afford to settle the debts. Get up, pack your things, and leave now!"

The plump nurse suddenly lowered her voice and said, "Since you are so poor, it would be better to wait for death at home. Why did you bother to come to the hospital? What a waste of medical resources!"

Although she whispered those harsh words, they were audible because the room was quiet and only four people were present. Everyone heard what she said.

Horace had already woken up and sat on the bed.

Two days ago, he had paid for his mother's surgery first. He was about to settle the remaining payments when Amaia called and he left the hospital in a hurry.

The series of events that happened next kept him preoccupied. It had skipped his mind that he hadn't settled the debts his mother owed.

Money was not a problem for Horace now. He could pay the debt with just a swipe of his bank card. What annoyed him was that the plump nurse was speaking too harshly. She even told his mother to wait for death!

He pointed at the erring nurse with bloodshot eyes. He was about to flare up at her.

But before he could do so, the other nurse chimed in, "Cara, you went too far!"

"What did I do wrong, Cathy? I was just giving her the best advice. They are so poor that they can't even pay the bill. But she insists on getting treatment here. Isn't it a waste of our precious time? Even if it doesn't happen now, she would be discharged eventually. She would still die at home. It's better for her to give up now!"

"Cara, stop saying that. You're making matters worse. Every human being has the right to seek good healthcare, whether rich or poor. Don't mock them because they are poor!" The nurse named Cathy Turner unhappily cautioned her colleague, Cara Benson.

"Cathy, I'm talking from experience. I've seen many

patients like this woman. You have only interned here for a month, so you don't know what goes on in this hospital. Don't counter my words. By the time you become a permanent staff here, you will understand!" After having a go at her colleague, Cara looked at Caylee and said with disgust, "Why are you still sitting here? Leave now! Do you want me to have the security guards drag you out?"

Her eyes fell on the takeout bag on the bedside table. She ordered, "Make sure you take that rubbish with you as you leave. It's not the duty of the cleaners to clean up your mess!"

With a mocking expression, she muttered, "You are so poor that you can't afford to eat the nutritious meals prepared in the hospital. You can only eat takeout. I wouldn't be surprised if these are leftovers that your son got from the restaurant he works at!"

"Fuck you!" Horace had it up to here with her insults. He just couldn't stand aside and watch the nurse insult his mother. Standing up, he snorted, "You'd better watch your tongue. Thank your lucky stars that you are a woman. If not, I would have punched you in the face a long time ago! Who gave you the audacity to insult us in this manner? Besides, we owe the hospital only ten thousand dollars! I'll clear the bill later. I don't want to see you now. Get out of my sight!"

"Only ten thousand dollars? What a poor loser! You talk as if you have ever seen that amount of money in your entire life. If it's such a small amount, why didn't you pay it since? Answer me!" Cara's disdainful voice resounded in everyone's ears.

Relentlessly, she continued, "You haven't even paid the fee for this ward. How dare you ask me to get out? You must have a screw loose or something!"

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