

"Oh my goodness! I can't believe this is happening. Why in the world is a sore loser like you scolding me? Do you know who I am?" The beautiful woman pointed at Donn and questioned him angrily.

She never expected that they would not only confront her, but also scold her without mincing words.

'Is this a dream or something? Since when did paupers become so arrogant? Don't they know their place anymore?'

A few confusing thoughts filled her head as she stared at Donn in utter disbelief.

"We don't give a damn about your identity. No matter who you are, you have no right to insult Mr. Warren.

You should consider yourself lucky that I don't beat women. If not, I would have beaten you to a pulp!" Donn shot her a glare while gritting his teeth angrily.

Like every trainee of the Dragon Soul, he was fierce. The coldness of his glare made the troublesome woman stagger back.

A shiver ran down her spine. She was scared, but she didn't want to back down. She put on a fearless look and shouted, "What? Are you really going to hit me?"

"I said you should consider yourself lucky. If I wanted to hit you, you would be writhing on the ground by now. I only cut you some slack because of my principles. How dare you bark like a mad dog at me? You must have a screw loose!" Donn chewed her out.

"You cut me some slack? This must be a joke. Do you think I, Lori Evans, will be afraid of you?" Lori glared

at him. She then puffed her chest out and looked at them condescendingly. "Do you think you can blackmail me because I am outnumbered? Such audacity! All of you jam-packed yourselves like sardines in this rickety Alto. Out of the kindness of my heart, I gave you one thousand dollars. But you still don't want me to leave!"

In Lori's mind, Donn was only shouting at her because he wanted to blackmail her. She felt he had deduced that she had money since she drove a BMW.

Blackmailing was one of the traits she knew poor people for.

"Lori Evans, right? Are you nuts? Why are you making silly assumptions? What did we say or do that indicated that we want to blackmail you? Why do you look so shocked? Did you think we wouldn't fire back even after you insulted us?" Susie got short with her.

With a frown, she continued, "None of us said we want to deal with this matter in private. The traffic police must hear this, so I'll call them right now!"

"How dare you?" Lori was stunned when Susie reached into the car to pick up her phone. She stepped forward and yanked it off. She then said with embarrassment, "You don't need to involve the police. I know you want money, so just name your price. I'm ready to pay as long as it's not outrageous. It would be a charity donation for me today."

Lori knew she was the cause of the accident, so she didn't want the traffic police to get involved. She had already violated many traffic rules. They would force her to take full responsibility and also punish her. She already had a lot of strikes on her driving license. It would be revoked if she got another strike.

"Why are you trying to bribe us? Do you think we are poor? One thousand dollars? Stop offering us such an insulting amount. Ten thousand dollars won't even cut it because we don't want your money!"

Susie had won a lot of money today, so she wasn't tempted at all by Lori's bribe. Even if she wanted to take the bribe, it would be a stupid thing to do since she had to side with Horace. He had been insulted by Lori a while ago.

She couldn't betray him even if Lori offered her one million dollars as compensation.

Susie had eyes on the future. Since Horace was filthy rich, she felt she could make more money if she built a strong friendship with him. The benefits could span millions of dollars. Hence, she reasoned that she had made the right decision.

"Humph! What nonsense! Who do you want to fool? You want me to pay you ten thousand dollars? This must be a joke. Tell me, how much is your car? If you want me to buy the whole thing, you could have just said it. Asking for ten thousand dollars is daylight robbery!"

Lori misunderstood Susie's words. Her suspicion of blackmail became even stronger.

"Hey, do you think we lack moral values like you? We don't need your money. Now we just want the police to handle this issue. Stop talking about money. No one asked for it in the first place!"

Lori was unreasonable from beginning to end. Despite being responsible for the accident, she had no intention to apologize. She was so arrogant that she even insulted Horace and the others. He was so angry.

"Susie, go ahead and call the traffic police. This woman doesn't look remorseful one bit. She doesn't deserve to be forgiven at all. She must be punished for all her offenses!"

Horace handed his phone to her when he finished speaking.

Lori was about to snatch the phone off Susie's hand again, but she wasn't successful this time. Horace pushed her hand and blocked her with his body.

"Don't even dare. In case you don't know, robbing people of their belongings is illegal. I'll sue you for robbery if you snatch my phone!" Horace warned sternly.

Due to how Lori had been so swift to yank off Susie's phone a while ago, he had been on alert after handing

over his phone. This was why he was able to stop her before her hand got to the phone.

His interference annoyed her greatly. She stared at him with bloodshot eyes and stammered, "You... Aargh!"

Sensing that Horace and the others had no intention to back down, she suppressed her anger by taking a deep breath. "Okay, fine. You win. If you don't call the police, I'll pay you ten thousand dollars!"

Dealing with the traffic police was the last thing Lori wanted to happen now. Her license would be revoked and it would be hard to get another one. To avoid going through such stress, she was forced to compromise.

Like a numbskull, she felt that Susie had only mentioned that amount just to hint at the acceptable

bribe.

"Haven't you been listening to us? We don't want your money! You'd better keep the ten thousand dollars to yourself. We must call the police!"

When Horace saw that she was taking out bundles of money from her handbag, he snorted disdainfully.

"I have met many people like you. You pretend to be displeased so you can strike a better deal. But I want you to know that I can't go higher than this. Instead of pushing your luck, accept what I'm offering you. Besides, your rickety car is worth less than ten thousand dollars, isn't it?"

To Lori, their refusal meant that they were trying to make her increase the money. She refused to believe that they were really turning her down.

It was at this time that the police answered the phone call.

Susie briefed the police about the accident and gave them the location. She then looked at Lori and said, "The traffic police will be here soon. You'd better keep your stinky money to yourself. We won't accept it!"

Unquantifiable anger blazed in Lori's eyes when she heard this. Pointing at Susie, she threatened, "Bitch, do you know who I am? I have had it up to here with your arrogance. If you know what's good for you, you would retract your words before the police arrive. Otherwise, you will regret it!"

"Of course, I know who you are. Didn't you say that you are Lori Evans? Are you suffering from amnesia? Do you need me to remind you so soon?" Susie fired back.

She then eyed Lori and added, "Come on, I double dare you to make us regret!"

With Horace on her side, she was afraid of nothing.

"Don't say that I didn't warn you. Make sure you don't beg for mercy later!" Lori snorted in anger. She then took out her phone and dialed a number.

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Chapter 112 Unequal Rights



"You can call whoever you want to call! We have done nothing wrong. Besides, the traffic police will be here anytime soon. Bitch, instead of apologizing, you are trying to put the blame on us. I must say that you

are a horrible woman. Just wait and see. You won't have the last laugh!"

Susie was a beautiful and educated nurse, but she was very good at swearing. She didn't hesitate to fire back at Lori even though she looked rich and powerful.

If the accident had happened before today, Susie would have been terrified because she knew how ruthless rich people were. The only reason why she acted boldly was that Horace was here too and he was capable of anything.

"What did just call me? A bitch and a horrible woman?"

At this moment, Lori's face turned red with anger. She retorted fiercely, "It seems you don't know your place in this society. How dare you use such words for me?"

You have bitten more than you can chew. I will make sure you suffer a fate worse than death!"

"Look at you. You are so scary. Please don't scare us anymore. Your face is too horrible for us to look at. Remember that the traffic police are on the way here. If you don't stop threatening us, we'll tell them that you not only hit our car, but also threatened us!"

"Well, well, well! You are such a sharp-tongued girl," Lori commented, rolling her eyes.

She glared at her and added, "Believe me, your arrogance won't last long. You will experience the greatest despair in the world when my husband arrives. At that time, you will know that being sharp-tongued only lands you into trouble. Then I won't listen even if you beg me!"

The call that Lori had put through finally connected at

this time. She said a few words to the receiver and then hung up.

"You all are doomed. My husband is close by. He will get here very soon. Let's see if you would still have mouths to spew nonsense against me when he arrives!" she uttered with a sinister smirk.

"Really? Let him come. You will see how powerful Mr. Warren is later! You are conceited now, but I'm sure you will grovel on the ground and beg for mercy by the time he's done with you and your husband!" Susie snorted at her.

'This silly woman has no idea what's coming for her. Mr. Warren is a powerful man, but she's insulted him even though she's in the wrong. She's courting death!' she thought, staring at Lori.

"Oh, really? It seems you know nothing about me. No

one in this city dares to provoke me. You will be taught a good lesson today!" Lori remarked pompously while pointing at Susie.

Some pedestrians had already gathered at the scene during the war of words.

One of them looked at Lori with squinted eyes and asked uncertainly, "Isn't she the wife of the owner of the Ywood Hot Pot Restaurant? If she's the one, there's no way in hell that those young people can win against her. She will destroy their lives!"

"The wife of the owner of Ywood Hot Pot Restaurant? Yes, it's really her!" The onlooker who answered was stunned when he saw Lori. He nodded and added, "The Ywood Hot Pot Restaurant is one of the best restaurants in the Zence district! Lori's husband knows many big shots in the city. It's said that Milo Russell regularly goes there to have meals."

"Milo Russell? Are you talking about that big bully?"

"Yes, that's him. He's among the top guns that her husband knows. These fellows should have accepted the ten thousand dollars and left just now. Involving the police would only make matters worse for them. She would get punished, but she would surely go after them!"

"You have a point. But I don't give a damn about those two men. They can get beaten to a stupor for all I care. My heart goes out to the three beautiful girls. I don't want them to be punished!"

Just as the crowd was discussing, another BMW came to a screeching halt behind Lori's car.

Everyone's attention turned to the new car. A man who looked about thirty-five years old got out. He

immediately took giant strides to where Lori stood. He put his hand on her waist and asked, "Honey, are these the people disturbing you?"

"Yes, sweetheart. They have been raining insults on me, especially those two fierce men!" With the appearance of her husband, Lori's face lit up. She leaned against his chest and pointed at Horace and Donn with fear.

Her arrogant expression disappeared. She quickly put on a mask of pity and weakness.

"Baby, don't be afraid. Now that I'm here, they can't bully you anymore," Rocco Evans said assuredly, patting her back.

He then glared at Horace and the others and said, "How dare you provoke my wife?"

'Gosh! Why is trouble coming my way these days? No day goes by that I don't encounter troublesome people. Even today that I took a private vehicle, trouble still found its way to me!' Horace sighed.

With one of his hands in his pocket, he said to Rocco, "Mister, you need to know exactly what happened. We were driving normally on the road when your wife came out of nowhere and hit us. She didn't even apologize to us. We managed to put up with that, but she added insult to injury by threatening us. I know she's your wife, but you aren't supposed to take sides with her blindly. Did you even stop to think about our feelings? Our lives were at risk because of her. If she had owned up to her mistakes, we could have sorted this out privately. But she behaved so arrogantly and hurled insults at us. Do you really think we are pushovers? As humans, it's only normal for us to get angry!"

Rocco stared at him with a disgusted expression on his face. He pointed at him and retorted, "Did you just say it's normal for you to be angry? I'll tell you what. Lowly people like you always get into trouble because you refuse to stay in your place. You have no right to get angry at my wife!"

'What? Did he just call us lowly people? He also said we have no right!' Horace was too stunned to speak.

Classism was a thing. However, people had fought for equal rights. The constitution of the country also guaranteed that everyone had equal rights regardless of their social class. Hence, Horace was shocked to hear Rocco say that they had no right to be angry with Lori.

"What's wrong? Don't you know that you are inferior to us? Look at your clothes. I'm sure they don't even cost up to one hundred dollars. You are just a bunch

of bumpkins who came from the trenches to do menial jobs in the city. Of course, I'm superior to all of you!"

Rocco pinched his nose in disgust after he finished speaking.

"Lowly people like you are only worthy enough to be our servants. My wife is a noble and rich lady. You should consider it an honor that she insulted you!" he added.

"Donn, I'm so angry right now that I feel like hitting him. What do you think I should do?" Horace asked. There was a trace of anger in his eyes and he was breathing heavily.

"Mr. Warren, please this nonentity isn't worthy of your beating. Leave him to me. I'll squash him like a bug!"

Donn had been suppressing his anger for a long time. Now that Horace expressed his displeasure, he couldn't hold back anymore.

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Chapter 113 Spineless Braggar



"Hey, what are you trying to do? Do you want to rebel against me?" Rocco shouted as Donn walked towards him.

He then pointed and continued, "Country bumpkin, it might interest you to know that I am friends with many top guns in this city, like Milo Russell. He's a regular customer at my restaurant! You don't know him, do you? Anyway, you should know Dario Russell, the

richest man in the city. Milo Russell is his nephew. And that makes him one of the most influential young men here. Are you going to back down now that you have an idea of the kind of connections I have?"

Egan had ordered the Dark Fist to whisk Milo away and throw him into the Thunder Prison because this young man had offended Horace. However, Rocco didn't know about this because the media had been gagged and none of the eyewitnesses had any record.

Susie and Gladys didn't know Milo, but they knew Dario. Almost everyone in the city knew him because he was the richest.

He was much more famous than Nathan. The two nurses had witnessed how Horace defeated Nathan, but they didn't think he could do the same with Dario. Thus, they were a little worried when Rocco

mentioned his name.

"Well, I don't know Dario and I don't care. None of your top gun friends can stop me from beating you today!"

Donn was unwavering. He punched his right fist on his left palm as he walked towards Rocco slowly.

Since he just came into Rinas today, he didn't know who Dario was.

"Donn, wait!" Horace suddenly called out to him when he got to where his target stood.

"What's wrong, Mr. Warren?" Donn spun on his heels and looked at him in confusion.

He didn't regard other top guns and he badly wanted to teach Rocco a lesson, but he had to be obedient to

Horace.

Rocco blindly assumed that Horace stopped Donn because he was afraid of him. With a complacent expression, he said, "It's rather surprising that a lowly person like you is smart. You know that I am not a man to be trifled with!"

These words angered some of the onlookers immediately. Sparks of anger leaped into their eyes as they stared at Rocco. "Gosh! This idiot is so annoying and his words are condescending. I really want to beat him up," one of them muttered.

He then glanced at Horace and whispered to the person close by, "I wish this young man won't back down. He should take offense and allow the handsome man beat that arrogant fellow to death! Come to think of it, why is the handsome man listening to the young man? Is he truly a big shot in

disguise?"

"I don't know. It's possible that he's just cosplaying," another onlooker answered with a shrug. He then added, "Let's be realistic here. Rocco is the owner of the Ywood Hot Pot Restaurant and a friend of Milo. It's normal for this young man to be afraid of him. If you were in his shoes, wouldn't you be afraid too?"

"Of course, I would be afraid! You haven't met Milo before and that's why you are asking me that question. That guy is a devil incarnate. He once raped a girl in my neighborhood. She wanted to sue him, but he held her parents hostage. She had to drop the case. The girl suffered a lot because of him. But the story didn't end there. You know what? When her parents were released, the girl went to meet her parents again and begged them to support her in the fight for justice. Milo got wind of it, so he sent someone to kill all three of them. Their blood flowed

and stained the whole alley. I passed by the alley that day. The sight was so gory. Until now, I still have nightmares about it."

"What? That's so cruel. What happened next? Did Milo get away with it?" The other onlookers were shocked and curious after they heard this story.

"Alas! Wealthy people are the devil's agents. The murderer came forward and took responsibility for everything because he was paid off. It was clear that Milo had sent him, so the judge wanted to prosecute him too. But he couldn't due to the lack of evidence against him."

"Damn it! This is so annoying. So he got away with murder and rape just like that?"

"Milo is such a scumbag. It's said that birds of a feather flock together. I don't think Rocco is any

different. This young man needs to stand up for himself and beat the hell out of him today. If not, he would continue to harm others."

"Alas!" All the gossiping onlookers sighed and shook their heads.

At this moment, Horace said to Donn, "Please wait a minute. I just want to ask this scumbag about Dario!"

He then shifted his gaze to Rocco and asked, "Hey, you just said that Dario's nephew is your friend. Tell me, does Dario look down on people too?"

"Humph! Have you no respect? How dare you call him by his first name?" Rocco got short with Horace.

Smiling proudly, he continued, "Although I have never met Mr. Russell, the friendship between me and Milo is getting stronger by the day. I'm confident that I will

get to befriend Mr. Russell soon. At that time, people like you will become insignificant ants in my eyes!"

"You're bragging even though you haven't met Dario yet. I was thinking if he was as arrogant and conceited as you, I would have to ask someone to replace him immediately. He's safe for now since you don't know him. How about I do you a favor? I can call him here and introduce him to you since you are so keen on meeting him."

Horace flashed him an ambiguous smile.

He then turned to Donn who was still standing in front of Rocco and commanded, "You can go ahead and beat him, Donn. The sight of him irritates me!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Donn eagerly responded.

With a sneer, he said to Rocco, "How dare you look

down on us? Your cup is full, mister! Now, you need to show me what you have gotten!"

The next second, he lunged forward to attack. Rocco was about to block his fist, but he received a heavy punch on the left side of his chest.

He was knocked down to the ground with just that swift motion.

"Ha-ha! You are not a man at all. You are nothing but a weak loser!" Donn mocked him as he writhed on the ground.

Rocco tried to stand up, but his opponent hooked his right leg and punched his belly. This sent him crashing to the ground again.

"Yes, this is so amazing!" all the onlookers cheered happily when they saw that Rocco was getting beaten

up. They had hated the way he spoke condescendingly to Horace and the others a while back. More than anything, they wanted him to be beaten to a pulp.

Blaargh! Rocco vomited on the tarred road all of a sudden. "Fuck you! I'll call someone to teach you a lesson later, lowly people!" he threatened after wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

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Chapter 114 Unresponsive Backer



"Ha-ha! You want to call someone? Don't bother yourself. No matter who you call today, you won't be saved!" Donn shouted. He then clenched his fist and

punched Rocco's stomach again. The latter threw up again on the ground.

His expensive shirt was stained within a few minutes. The smell was also disgusting.

Rocco supported himself with the hood of his wife's car at this time. He was so weak, but he managed to say, "Bastard, nothing you say will deter me. You will surely suffer for what you are currently doing to me!"

"Oh, my God!" Lori screamed in horror after seeing her husband in such a pitiful state. She pointed at Donn and called on the crowd, "Somebody help! This guy wants to beat my husband to death. Help!"

"What?" With a nonchalant chuckle, Donn added, "Did you just say I want to beat him to death? Oh, far from it. You would see exactly what I want to do very soon. Stay tuned!"

Donn's years of experience in the medical field and combat training gave him in-depth knowledge of the human body and how much pain it could endure. This was why he hit delicate areas like the belly and chest.

As the fight progressed, Susie watched and muttered, "Wow! I didn't expect that Donn is this good at fighting. His opponent hasn't even thrown a blow at him. I must say that he's more handsome and agile than most men. To crown it all, he is successful and has an assuring sense of security! He ticks all the boxes on my list. Wouldn't it be nice to date him?"

"Come on, Susie. Stop daydreaming. Do you seriously think that a man like him would take a fancy to you?" Gladys rebuffed ruthlessly.

Her tone was rather dismissive, but she was only trying to be a good friend. She felt that Susie was

building castles in the air.

"You never can tell. If I can't have Donn, I'll make Mr. Warren fall in love with me. I'm so attractive, after all!"
Susie snorted coldly.

She smoothed her hair, wore a coquettish look, and put one of her hands on her waist.

"Stop living in fantasy land, Susie. Life doesn't work that way. Besides, Mr. Warren is only interested in cute girls like me. You are not his type!"

With these words, Gladys straightened her clothes and flashed a lovely smile that showed her cute dimples.

"Look who is calling me a daydreamer. You are twenty-three years old. Mr. Warren is younger than you. But you still have the nerve to say that you are

cute. It sounds to me like you have overestimated your looks. Make friends with a mirror, my dear. Anyway, I will conquer Mr. Warren in the future!" Susie retorted, rolling her eyes.

"Ha-ha! I have no intention to conquer him. I just want him to take a fancy to me. Honestly, I'm already in love with him. What's left is for him to reciprocate my love. I won't hesitate to become his woman if he woos me!" Gladys said and then bit her lower lip amorously as she stared at Horace.

Oblivious to what the nurses were saying, Horace waved at Donn and commanded, "Stop for now! Let him call someone first. I'd like to see who would come to his rescue. Since birds of a feather flock together, his friends must be like him. Anyone he calls would be blacklisted by my family. How dare they look down on people because they are wealthy? I will turn whoever shows up today to defend him into a beggar. Let's see

how they would oppress others when they're poor!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Like an obedient aide, Donn went back to Horace's side. He then said to Rocco who was still lying in the pool of his own vomit, "What are you waiting for? Mr. Warren just gave you the go-ahead to call whoever you want!"

"Well, well, well. I'm appalled by your arrogance. Just get ready to feel my wrath when Milo gets here!"

Rocco came to his senses at this time. Every part of his body was aching badly, but that didn't stop him from threatening them.

"Milo? Are you talking about Milo Russell?" Horace raised his eyebrows as he stared at him. He then burst into laughter and added, "I hate to break it to you. Milo won't be able to come to your rescue if you call him. Do you know why? He offended me

yesterday and was sent to work in the mines!"

"Ha-ha! I thought you were only arrogant. But it turns out you are a big fat liar. How could you make up such a story? No worries. I trust that Milo would strangle you to death with his bare hands when he hears this!" Rocco roared.

For him, that statement was the height of it all. He was so annoyed that Horace dared to say such a thing about the richest man's nephew.

'You are doomed, bumpkin!' he swore in his heart.

After sitting up, he took out his phone from his pocket and dialed a number.

"Gladys, do you think Mr. Warren can defeat Mr. Russell?" Susie asked her colleague while staring at Horace uncertainly.

"I think so! Remember that it was easy for him to deal with Mr. Duffy. My bet is on him. Even if he's not successful, I don't think he would fail woefully," Gladys replied after thinking carefully.

Hush whispers erupted amidst the crowd after Rocco started to make a phone call. "Oh my! Things are about to take a different turn for these five young fellows. They are doomed. Damn it! Why don't I have a lot of money? If I were as rich as Mr. Russell, I would step in to save these three beauties!" one of them muttered.

"Snap out of it. Mr. Russell is the richest man in this city, and there are millions of other people who are stronger than you!" another onlooker scolded him and snapped his fingers to jolt him back to reality.

"You are such a spoilsport! Can't I have a dream for a

while? Why did you have to ruin it?" the first man retorted.

Meanwhile, Rocco heard a female automated voice on his phone. "Sorry, the person you're calling cannot accept calls at the moment. Please try again later. Thank you!"

"Oh, Milo is probably busy now. He's nothing like you. He doesn't spend his time wandering. I'm sure he's having fun with beautiful girls!"

Rocco didn't hesitate to take a jab at Horace and the others even though he couldn't get through to Milo. He dialed the number again.

However, he received the same response he got the first time.

"Sorry, the person you're calling cannot accept calls

at the moment. Please try again later. Thank you!"

It wasn't until when Rocco was about to dial the number the tenth time that Horace finally chuckled and said, "Mister, don't waste your time anymore. You won't get through to Milo even if you call him a hundred times today. I told you he was sent to the mines, but you refused to take my word for it. In that case, I'll ask his uncle to explain everything to you personally!"

Shaking his head, Horace took out his phone and dialed Dario's number.

Dario answered the call on the first ring.

"Hello, Dario. I met a friend of your nephew today. I told him that Milo has been sent to the mines, but he refused to believe me. You know what? I want you to come here and tell him personally!" Horace ordered

calmly.

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Chapter 115 Deadly Pain

Dario had been stunned to receive Horace's call all of a sudden. The words he heard after he answered the call hit him like a bolt from the blue.

"A friend of my nephew? Ermm... Which nephew? Mr. Warren, are you talking about the bastard called Milo?"

"Yes, Dario. Which other nephew of yours do I know? Anyway, he should be the one if you don't have any other nephews that bear that name," Horace replied in

a low tone.

A cold sweat broke out on Dario's forehead. He was unhappy that his troublesome nephew was the reason why Horace called him today.

'What the hell is wrong with that little bastard? What is he up to now? Has he decided to get me into trouble every day? If that's his plan, I need to go to the Thunder Prison to knock some senses into his head!' Dario grumbled in his mind.

Suppressing his displeasure for his nephew, he said to Horace in a servile manner, "Okay, Mr. Warren. I will be glad to do that. Please where are you? I'll be right there!"

"Good," replied Horace. Afterward, he told him his location and hung up the phone.

He put his phone back into his pocket and looked at Rocco. He uttered, "Arrogant man, Milo's uncle is on his way here. Didn't you say that you haven't met him before? Not to worry. He will be here soon. I'm looking forward to seeing if you will be excited to see him. Now, we wait!"

"Ha-ha!" Rocco let out a peal of mocking laughter and clapped his hands for good measure. With a disdainful look, he spewed, "Did you guys just escape from Willow Mountain Hospital? They need to know that some of their patients are here! You just said you know Mr. Russell. Bah! Who do you think you are? You are not only poor but also a shameless liar. What makes you think I will believe your stupid lies?"

The Willow Mountain Hospital was popular. It was the biggest psychiatric hospital in the whole city and was located at the top of Willow Mountain.

"Mr. Warren, this man still has the audacity to insult us. I think the grace you gave him to call someone is enough. How about I continue to beat him?" Donn's bottled-up anger had exploded after he heard Rocco's laughter and sarcastic words. He wanted to resume the torture, but he decided to ask for permission first.

"Okay, go ahead. Just make sure you don't beat him to death. I find it surprising that he's still conscious till now. He has been beaten black and blue. Although he's supposed to be so weak, he still has the strength to talk nonsense with his stinky mouth. He is playing with fire!"

Not sparing a second thought, Horace gave Donn the go-ahead. Rocco's words were getting on his nerves. The man had been taking jabs at him and the others since he arrived. It was only right that he was shut up forcefully.

He was in hot soup because of his sharp tongue and complacency.

"Yes, Mr. Warren!" Donn walked briskly to Rocco without wasting time.

"The first round of beating I gave you is just the tip of the iceberg. Perhaps that's why you still have the strength to talk nonsense. But you won't have strength for too long because you are going to experience real pain soon!" he said with a sinister grin.

Donn squatted in front of him and began another wave of torture. He squeezed his joints ruthlessly. It was so painful that Rocco cried out in agony.

By the time Donn was squeezing the third joint, Rocco's whole body was soaked with sweat.

"Ah! You brat, keep in mind that I'll make you pay the price," he threatened weakly.

The sound of Rocco's cries and his current state sent waves of worry to Lori's heart. When she finally plucked up the courage, she walked over, grabbed Donn's arm and screamed, "You son of a bitch, get your hands off my husband! Do you have any idea how prominent he is in this city? How dare you torture him like this? When it's time for revenge, you won't be able to live in this city anymore. You have stepped on the lion's tail!"

Donn sharply turned his head to look at her as soon as she finished speaking. Sparks of rage flickered in his eyes. At the sight of this, Lori let go of him and beat a hasty retreat. Her heart began to beat very fast.

"Do you want to die? If you dare touch me again, I

won't mind making an exception to beat a woman today. Trust me, you won't survive it!"

Lori was so shaken by his threat that she stood rooted to the spot as her body trembled violently.

"He's so handsome!" Susie murmured as she clapped excitedly.

"Yeah, that's right. I didn't expect him to get more handsome when he's angry," Gladys echoed.

"Ah!" Most of Rocco's joints had been knocked out by this time. Lying on the ground, he gasped and his whole body trembled. He threatened intermittently, "Bastard, you... you will not get away with this. I know another top gun called Pollard Lyons. He's not a regular customer at my restaurant, but I have built a strong friendship with him during the few times he came. He will tear you into pieces when he finds out

what you did to me!"

A great percentage of Rocco's strength had been tortured out of him. It took him a lot to make that last threat. Now he was writhing and his breath came in short gasps.

He felt as if he had been run over by a train. Never had he felt this much pain in his entire life.

"Ha-ha! So, you are also friends with Pollard. When last did you hear from him? Don't you know that his father, Fraser, has been whisked away? All the properties owned by the Lyons family now belong to someone else. Pollard is a nobody. He can't do jack shit to me! Is that the person you want to threaten me with? Newsflash, mister! Fraser was taken away because he offended me. He won't be released until I say so!"

Horace giggled as he spoke. He didn't expect that such a coincidence would happen. This situation was going in his favor because the two people Rocco knew were those he had dealt with already. None of them could come to his rescue now.

"Jeez! This young man brags too much. It seems he's mentally unstable. Do you think he really escaped from the Willow Mountain Hospital?" one of the onlookers whispered.

"I don't know, but something is definitely wrong with him. His words don't sound true at all. Fraser, as you all know, is the eighth richest man in Rinas and has ten-billion-dollar assets. How could he, a poverty-stricken boy, teach him a lesson? That's not possible."

"Yes, it's impossible. I liked the young man because he stood up to the bully. But I didn't expect him to be

such a braggart and liar. Alas! Children of nowadays like claiming what they are not." An elderly man stared at Horace and sighed with disapproval.

A trace of panic flickered in Rocco's eyes at this time. He looked at Horace warily. Fraser had been taken away yesterday and the press had been gagged. Only a few people in the city knew about it. He had gotten wind of it when Pollard came to him yesterday to beg for some money.

The seizure of all the Lyons family's properties rendered Pollard penniless. He couldn't be considered a middle-class man, let alone a top gun. His relations held a grudge against his father for stepping on the toes of a dignitary. They didn't know if he was alive or dead. Thus, they transferred their aggression to Pollard, which made matters worse for him.

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Chapter 116 Big Shocker

Curiosity more than anything drove Rocco to ask with his last strength, "Poor loser, how did you get wind of what happened to the Lyons family? Only a handful of people know that the chairman of the Sky Group has been changed. How did you find out?"

"Ha-ha!" Horace laughed and said, "Didn't I just tell you? Fraser was banished because he stepped on my toes! It seems you don't believe me. But you need to ask yourself this question. Who in this city is capable of sending away Fraser?"

"No way!" Rocco shouted in utter belief.

The eyes of all the onlookers widened in shock when they heard Horace's statement.

One of them commented in a whisper, "Goodness gracious! I had no idea that something of this sort happened to Mr. Lyons. How come this young man knows? Is it true he was banished because of him?"

"How can that be possible? It's a big lie. Look at him. He's just a young man who seems to be from a poor background. There's no way he can banish Mr. Lyons just like that even if he is from a rich family.

Something tells me he heard the rumor from somewhere and decided to use it to fool Rocco!"

"You have a point there, but I still find it really surprising. The eighth richest man in this city is doomed. How come the news wasn't reported by the media? We wouldn't have found out if it weren't for Rocco. Who is in charge of the Sky Group now?"

A heated discussion ensued among the crowd.

At this time, Horace chuckled and said, "I don't give a damn if you believe me or not. All I know is that I haven't lied to you. Wow! An idea just popped up in my head. I've decided to send you to keep Fraser company. I think the two of you would be good friends!"

Rocco responded to his words with a snort. He had no strength to speak now, so he just lay on the ground while breathing heavily.

"Ah!" A sharp pain shot from his joint to his whole body just when he was about to take a rest.

He looked up to see Donn flashing him a devilish smile.

"I'm not even done with you yet, but you are still behaving stubbornly. Do you think I'm too soft to deal with you?" Donn asked seriously.

Without waiting for an answer, he exerted more strength to break his joints. Rocco shrieked in agony again.

"You will pay for this!" Lori pointed at Horace and threatened him when she saw her husband's miserable state.

"He-he!" Horace giggled. He then responded to her, "Stop acting like you don't know that your husband has been provoking me since he got here. He deserves all the pain!"

All of a sudden, a roar came from a distance. A shiny Bentley sped over and came to a halt at the scene.

"Is this a Bentley Bentayga? Whoa! It's such a sight to behold!" an onlooker exclaimed while staring at the Bentley, goggle-eyed.

"I would be happy for the rest of my life if I could own a Bentley!"

A sea of eyes was fixed on the luxury car when a man suddenly came down. This man was none other than Dario, the wealthiest man in the city.

"Fuck! Is that...that Dario Russell?" a spectator stammered and pointed at Dario.

"Oh my God! Dario Russell is here!" the crowd exclaimed when they saw that it was indeed him.

Never had they imagined seeing him today. All of them had thought Horace was just fibbing because he wanted to deceive Rocco.

'Has this young man been telling the truth all along? Does this mean he really knows the wealthiest man personally?'

Confusion brewed in the onlookers' minds as they stared at Horace and Dario simultaneously.

"Do you think this young man is truly responsible for Mr. Lyons' displacement?" one of the spectators asked with a whisper when he couldn't rack his brain anymore.

"I don't know!" The sudden appearance of Dario changed their disbelief to suspicion.

"Fuck! I didn't expect Mr. Warren to know Mr. Russell!" Susie exclaimed.

"Could it be a coincidence?" Gladys whispered in

confusion as she stared at Dario with wide eyes.

This came as a great shocker for everyone because Dario was considered to be more powerful than everyone in this city. No rich man could rub shoulders with him. Everyone respected and looked up to him.

The crowd hadn't gotten over the shock when Dario walked over to Horace, bowed, and greeted respectfully, "Good afternoon, Mr. Warren!"

"Oh my God!" one of the onlookers exclaimed and asked, "Did... Did I hear wrong? What did Mr. Russell say just now?"

"He... He just greeted this young man and respectfully addressed him as Mr. Warren. I can't believe this!" another spectator uttered in shock when he heard Dario's greeting.

"Holy moly! What kind of family is Mr. Warren from? Why is Mr. Russell being so respectful to him?" Susie curiously asked her colleague.

"I... I can't help it anymore. Mr. Warren has completely captured my heart. I can't love any other man the way I love him. He's so handsome and powerful. I want to make babies with him!" Instead of answering Susie's question, Gladys stared at Horace with bright eyes. She was so excited that she began to imagine getting married to him and having cute babies for him.

"Eureka! I remember this guy!" someone in the crowd suddenly exclaimed.

"Huh? You know him? Who is he? How come he's so awesome? Tell us!"

"This young man is a super-rich trust-fund baby. I witnessed when he footed the bills for all the diners in

the Country Music Restaurant some days ago. He became a legend that day! The manager of the restaurant also respects him very much!"

"What? So this guy is the legend that everyone who dined in the Country Music Restaurant was raving about? I heard that all the male diners were so envious of him because beautiful girls flocked to him that day!"

"Fuck, who the hell is this big shot? He is so awesome and terrible!" The onlookers discussed in hush tones.

'I'm finished!' Rocco had gnashed his teeth and was scared out of his wits when he saw Dario's deferential face. It wasn't long after the servile greeting that his vision became blurry and he fainted.

Donn refused to let that happen. He immediately

revived Rocco using expert medical techniques.

"Why did you revive me? Don't I even have the right to pass out?"

Rocco almost burst into tears when he regained consciousness. He now believed everything Horace had said.

'Ah! I'm about to end up like Milo and the Lyons family! Why do I have such ill luck? What demon pushed me to offend this man?'

Rocco's heart pounded against his chest as he stared at Horace timidly.

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"Good afternoon." Horace nodded in acknowledgment of Dario's greeting. He then turned to look at Rocco and said with a smile, "As I said earlier, Milo has been sent to the mines. You have to meet his uncle instead. Do you know him? If you do, just say hello and ask him to come to your rescue."

Before Rocco could say anything, Dario chimed in, "No, I don't know this man. Mr. Warren, I swear with my life. I've never met him before!"

With a considerate smile, Horace said to Dario, "Don't worry. I have no intentions to punish you even if you know him. He's the only one that I would take revenge on. Calm down, okay?"

"Thank you, Mr. Warren. It's just that I honestly don't

know this man!" Dario almost cried out despite Horace's assurance.

"Mr. Warren, please I apologize to you on behalf of my useless nephew. You wouldn't have been in such a situation if it weren't for him. I'm deeply sorry. I know that Milo and his bad friends must have used their flimsy connection with me just to be arrogant and condescending towards other people," he added apologetically.

"What the hell? Is this the richest man in the city I know?" One of the onlookers rubbed his eyes and stared at Dario in utter disbelief. The others were also surprised.

None of them had met Dario before, but they had seen his face on TV and knew that he was a top gun. They found it hard to believe that he was being so respectful to a young and unpopular man.

Not minding what was weighing on the spectators' minds, Horace said to Dario, "I know you have no hand in this. You don't have to take the blame for them. As for your nephew's sins, you won't be punished either. After all, you have to manage a huge business. It's impossible to successfully monitor all aspects of your life."

"Thanks for your understanding, Mr. Warren!" Dario uttered, bowing politely. Those words brought great relief to him.

It came as a surprise to him that someone as influential as Horace was so considerate and understood other people's plight. 'Maybe it would be a good thing for Mr. Warren to become the next head of the Warren family,' he thought in a flash.

"Waah! Waah!" Rocco was so frightened that he burst

into tears. Lori also followed suit.

Mustering up his newly-found strength, he said weakly, "Mr. Warren, I'm so sorry. I won't do that again. Please can you forgive me?"

"I'm sorry too, Mr. Warren. We'll buy you a new car. Can you let us go?" Lori also apologized. She finally realized Horace's power, so she decided to apologize in order to escape his wrath.

Dario's mere presence had done what Donn had been trying to do since. They now knew that no one's power in Rinas could be compared to Horace's.

"I should let you go?" Feigning confusion, Horace scratched his head and continued, "Why aren't you looking down on me anymore? Isn't it inappropriate to beg for mercy from a lowly man like me?"

"No, no... Mr. Warren, you are the noblest and the most gracious man in the world!" Rocco stated as soon as Horace finished speaking.

The least of his worries was the pain he felt and the amount of strength he had left. All he wanted to do now was to obtain mercy so his life would be spared.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Horace didn't fall for his sweet words. He looked at Donn and commanded, "He just told a lie. Go and teach him a lesson!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren. I like to whip his ass!" Donn responded and began to squeeze Rocco's joints again. He added some slaps and punches for good measure.

"Ah! I'm sorry, Mr. Warren. I was wrong!" Rocco begged for mercy amidst the intense torture.

"Of course, I know you were wrong. I never said you were right!" Horace commented nonchalantly.

"Dario, take him to where Fraser is. I already told him he would become Fraser's companion. He didn't object, so take him there!" he commanded ruthlessly.

"Please don't mind what I said earlier. I was stupid at that time. I object now. Mr. Warren, please don't send me to be with Fraser!"

Despite not knowing where Fraser was locked up, Rocco knew that it was definitely not a good place. A prison would certainly not be heaven, so he didn't want to be sent there.

He did the only thing he could do now—to beg for mercy.

"Your actions today have proven beyond any reasonable doubt that you are a bully who tramples upon the weak. It's even more obvious since Milo is your friend. I can't spare you. Take him away now! He's annoying!"

There was no trace of mercy in Horace's eyes as he looked at Rocco. He couldn't tolerate a classist who treated people based on their status.

Lori suddenly knelt at his feet. She held his thighs and begged, "Mr. Warren, please spare my husband. If you let him go, I will do whatever you ask of me."

Rocco's imprisonment would spell doom for Lori. As an extravagant woman, her whole life would come crashing down if her husband was taken away. She couldn't cope without money. So, she interceded for him not minding if she genuinely loved him or not.

"Huh? What can I ask of you?" Horace looked at her with his eyebrows raised. He then continued, "I don't need anything from you. You are useless to me!"

Lori was stunned by his response.

'This young man is a big shot who is respected by Mr. Russell. He must have everything he could ever want in life. My plea is useless. Anything that I could offer him would be insignificant. What would he need from me? Nothing!'

"Alas!" Lori sighed in frustration after thinking. She then slumped to the ground. With her head lowered, she scolded herself, 'What's wrong with me? It's all my fault. If I hadn't broken the traffic rules, I wouldn't have hit this car and then offended this top gun. Now they are going to take Rocco away. I wish I could turn back the hands of time. I am doomed!'

Regretting past actions was useless now. Lori had realized her mistake, but there was nothing she could do to make up for it. All she could do now was to admit defeat and wait quietly for the traffic police to come.

At this time, Dario cupped his hands respectfully to Horace and said, "Yes, Mr. Warren. I will take him to Fraser!"

His driver gave him a hand to lift Rocco and they tried to stuff him into the car.

All of a sudden, Horace's voice rang out. "Rocco, you may have worked hard to become a successful businessman. But that doesn't mean you are superior to other people. You are not the only hard worker in the world. The others might not be as rich as you are now, but in the future, they will be stronger than you!"

Since Horace used to be poor, he knew that poor people worked very hard. It was just that their hard work didn't pay off overnight. Many of them had to put in the work for years before they could see tangible results. 'Humans all wanted to live a better life. No one wanted to suffer,' he thought.

"Rocco, do you envy me now? Do you think I'm a spoiled trust-fund baby? And do you think I never had to work hard for anything? If so, you should envy my father instead. He's the one who worked so hard and gave me everything. You know, a person's life is not only about that person. It's about his or her family. Anyway, do you think being a trust-fund baby is easy? Do you have the opinion that I would live a meaningless life and die without leaving my mark in this world? No, I am still striving to achieve my goals despite the riches. Segregation is a major cause of the world's biggest problems. It's wrong to divide people based on their statuses. I strongly believe that

all humans are created equal. Poor people can become rich one day by working hard!"

Horace was aware of the other seven major candidates and the others who were going to compete with him for the position of the head of the Warren family. There was no guarantee that these candidates would not play any sneaky tricks in the competition. Hence, he had to be adequately prepared. It could be said that he was already prepared mentally.

Horace turned to look at a primary school student who was carrying a schoolbag and asked, "Hey, do you believe that you can be the pride of your family?"

Next, he turned to a man who looked about thirty years old in a factory uniform and asked, "Do you believe that you can be the breadwinner of your family? And that you can support your family on your

own?"

Horace then opened his arms wide and asked the crowd in general, "What about you all? Do you believe in yourselves? Anyway, whether you believe in yourselves or not, I believe in you all!"

"Yes, we do! Mr. Warren, you believe in us, so why won't we?"

The eyes of all the spectators lit up at this moment. Rocco's condescending words had previously dampened their spirits. But now that they heard Horace's words of encouragement, their passion was reignited.

The new wave of self-confidence made Rocco's heart tremble. His mind went down memory lane. He remembered why he had come to Rinas. He came to have a better life. However, his wealth had gotten into

his head and he became depraved. He was filled with regret now, but it was too late. He had to pay the price for his bad actions.

On the flip side, Lori didn't feel what her husband was feeling. This was because she hadn't worked for the luxury she currently enjoyed.

Meanwhile, Dario's heart trembled as he stared at Horace. 'Like father, like son! Mr. Warren didn't grow up in the Warren family's household, but he still knows how best to deal with a dangerous situation. He has great potential. I believe he would succeed his father! Moreover, he is more peaceful than the other descendants. The Warren family has had three aggressive and domineering heads in a row. It would be best to have a peaceful head for a change.'

At the thought of this, Dario finally realized why Farris had been persuading him to get to know more about

Horace. It turned out that it wasn't because he was Randall's biological son, but because he had his own thoughts and ideas.

This was the first time Dario wanted to support Horace wholly to become the next head of the Warren family.

His admiration and shock didn't go unnoticed by Donn. 'What you saw today is just a tip of the iceberg, Mr. Russell. There's more to come. I'm confident that Mr. Warren would blow everyone's mind!'

The moment Donn finished thinking, Rocco was stuffed into the car.

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Dario returned to Horace after shoving Rocco into his car.

"Mr. Warren, is there anything else I can do for you?" he asked.

Horace waved his hand and replied, "No, I don't have any more assignments for you. Just send Rocco to Fraser's location first. Thank you!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren. Please you don't have to be so polite to me. I'm here to serve you," Dario responded reverentially.

He then added, "Since there's nothing else I can do for you, I'll take my leave now. Goodbye!"

"Okay, goodbye!"

After Horace nodded, Dario turned around and walked to his car.

'I still can't come to terms with the fact that Mr. Russell obeys this young man's command in such a servile manner. He's so powerful. No wonder the diners and employees of the Country Music Restaurant regard him as a legend!' The onlookers couldn't help sighing when they saw how Dario was respectful to Horace.

"Wait!"

Just when Dario was about to get into his car, Horace suddenly remembered something and called out to him.

Dario turned around slowly and asked respectfully,

"Mr. Warren, what's wrong? Do you want me to do anything for you?"

"Give me Rocco's car key!" Horace ordered calmly, pointing at the second BMW.

"Here you go, Mr. Warren!" Dario handed over the key deferentially after taking it out of Rocco's pocket.

He then asked politely, "Mr. Warren, why do you want his car? Do you want to drive it? How about you drive mine instead? I'm willing to give it to you."

Hearing these words, a spectator muttered, "No wonder he's the richest man in this city. Only a top gun like him can gift someone a Bentley on a whim. I wish he was giving it to me. I would be the happiest man alive!"

"Wake up, bro. Stop daydreaming!"

"I'm afraid that a man of such a noble identity won't like to drive a Bentley. A Bugatti is the car that's least befitting for Mr. Warren. Anything less than that is out of the question!"

Just as the spectators were discussing, Horace gently waved his hand and replied Dario, "No, thanks!"

He then beckoned on Susie. "Come here, Susie."

Susie's eyes widened immediately after she heard this command. She began to cheer in her heart, 'Oh my God! Mr. Warren just asked me to come. Does he want to profess his love to me? Is my fairytale proposal about to happen? I can't keep calm!'

The way Horace had called her made her heart tremble. She still couldn't tell how powerful he was. But since Dario respected him so much, it was

obvious that his power was higher than that of everyone in Rinas.

Blushing uncontrollably, she walked to Horace and asked softly, "What can I do for you, Mr. Warren?"

She then looked at him expectantly.

"Hey, it's nothing. Don't look so anxious." Horace chuckled. He then handed the key to her and said, "Here you go, Susie. Didn't your car get hit by his wife's BMW? Take his car as a replacement."

Afterward, he instructed Dario, "Please re-register his car in Susie's name for me."

"No problem, Mr. Warren!" Dario nodded obediently.

"All right. I have nothing else to say. You can leave now. We'll wait for the traffic police here!" Horace said

while waving his hand.

"Okay, Mr. Warren. Please don't hesitate to contact me if you need anything. I'm always at your service."

Dario waved him goodbye and got into his car. Then, his driver drove off.

It wasn't long after Dario's departure that everyone saw a traffic police car from a distance.

The car stopped at the scene of the incident.

A traffic policeman who looked about thirty years old got out of the car and walked to Horace, who was standing in the middle of the crowd. He then asked, "Hey, did you call the police?"

"Yes, I did!" Without waiting for the policeman to ask further questions, Horace pointed at Susie's car and

said, "Hello, officer. That Alto is our car."

He then pointed at Lori and the dented BMW and uttered, "This BMW belongs to this lady. Please judge this matter!"

Like a madwoman, Lori suddenly threw herself on the policeman. She pointed at Horace and cried, "Officer, please uphold justice for me. They kidnapped my husband just now!"

"They kidnapped your husband?" Lori's words and behavior took the policeman off guard. He gently pushed her away. He then glanced at Horace and queried, "Madam, such an allegation isn't a joking matter. Are you sure of what you just said?"

"I'm telling the truth. This man ordered Dario Russell to kidnap my husband. If you don't believe me, you can ask everyone present!"

Lori moved to someone in the crowd and asked, "Hey, this brat truly asked Dario Russell to kidnap my husband, right?"

"Madam, you can't fool me with your gimmicks. Don't try to change the topic. Now please show me your ID card and driver's license!" the policeman ordered her before the onlooker could respond to her question.

'This woman must be mentally unstable. Just to deceive me, she lied that this guy ordered the almighty Mr. Russell to kidnap her husband. How is that even possible? No one in this city can give orders to the richest man, let alone tell him to abduct someone in broad daylight! Besides, of what use is her husband to Mr. Russell when he can have anyone he wants in this city?'

As the policeman pondered, the crowd shouted in

unison, "Officer, we didn't see anything like that. It's not true!"

All the spectators were on the same page at this time. None of them was willing to help Lori since she and Rocco were so arrogant and had no respect for other people. Also, they didn't dare to tell on Horace because of his influence.

Sheer sadness was written on Lori's face when she heard the crowd's response. It was then she realized that people always had love for good people, while they hated and refused to stand up for the bad ones. She knew that they felt her husband didn't deserve their help since he had spoken about them and Horace condescendingly. This occurrence made her decide to turn a new leaf and be a low-key person like Horace.

Lori glanced at Horace before she went to take out

her driver's license and her ID card from her car. She then handed them to the policeman.

It didn't take long for the policeman to assess the accident and her documents. He declared that Lori was at fault and gave her a fine for breaking the traffic regulations. He then left the scene.

"Don't worry about your husband. We won't do anything illegal to him. After he stays with Fraser for a while, we will transfer him to the police station. Just wait patiently until then," Horace said to Lori calmly.

He then looked at Susie and asked, "Now that you get a BMW, do you still want your old car? If you still want it, you can drive it to a public parking lot nearby and come back for it another time. But if you don't want it anymore, just choose someone from the crowd and give it to him or her as a gift."

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Chapter 119 Grand Prize



The crowd cheered immediately after they heard Horace's statement. Some of them even urged Susie, "Beauty, of what use will a bashed Alto be to you? Since you now have a BMW, please gift the Alto to one of us!"

Susie made up her mind after she heard their words. She nodded and said to Horace, "Mr. Warren, I don't need the Alto anymore. I'll give it to one of the people here. After all, they just helped you!"

"Yaay! Thank you, Mr. Warren! Thank you so much,

beautiful lady!" The spectators were pleasantly surprised to hear her statement. Although they knew that there would be only one lucky person, all of them had high hopes and were tingling with excitement.

After the cheer died down, Horace said to Susie, "Let's do it this way. Create a group on WeChat and add everyone in. I'll send a red envelope later. Whoever gets the least money will have the Alto!"

"What? The person that gets the least money will have the car? If that's the case, I'd be the winner. I have always had bad luck in such games!" someone in the crowd shouted excitedly.

Clicking on red envelopes on WeChat had always been unfavorable for him. In every instance, he won the least money. It wasn't a thing of joy then. But now that there was a greater reward, he was so happy beyond words.

A second-hand Alto wasn't worth much, but it still could sell for ten or twenty thousand dollars. Such an amount of money was huge for ordinary people.

The crowd wasted no time in forming a queue and Susie added them to the group chat on WeChat. Laila, Gladys, and Donn were included, but Lori was left out.

When Susie was done, she went to Horace's side and said softly, "I have added everyone to the group, Mr. Warren. You can start now."

"Okay!" Horace nodded and looked at the group chat. There were one hundred and thirty-two people in total. He then announced, "Get ready, everyone. I'm about to send the red envelope!"

He then sent a red envelope of two million dollars to

the group chat for all of them to pick from.

"Fuck! I'm always the unluckiest when it comes to picking red envelopes! I wanted to be unlucky this time as well. Why did I get the most money?" One of the spectators saw that he had gotten the highest amount. His face turned pale. It saddened him that he had such good luck.

But when he saw the exact amount that he had won, he blinked his eyes in utter disbelief. 'Holy moly! Are my eyes deceiving me? Did I really win thirty-two thousand, one hundred and thirty-two dollars?'

"Mr. Warren, you are so generous. I love you so much. God bless you. How much money did you put in the red envelope?"

The excited man's high praises made Horace uncomfortable. He wasn't used to that kind of thing.

He shuddered and requested calmly, "Bro, please control your emotions."

"Ha-ha!" The man chuckled.

All the other onlookers cheered and shouted, "Thank you, Mr. Warren. You are far too kind!"

The flicker of embarrassment in Horace's eyes increased at this time. He waved his hand to indicate for them to stop. When their cheers died down, he said, "It's okay, everyone. Now let's find out who got the least amount of money!"

As soon as Horace finished speaking, a small hand was raised in the air. It belonged to a beautiful female college student. She said weakly, "It's me, Mr. Warren."

"Hey, young lady. You are such a cutie, but you are

unlucky. I see that you only got a penny. That's pretty low because the others got at least two or three hundred dollars. Talk about ill-luck!"

After chuckling, the onlooker who was beside the student added, "Congratulations, anyways. Your ill-luck has fetched you Mr. Warren's grand prize!"

"Thank you, Mr. Warren!" The student respectfully bowed to Horace and thanked him after she received congratulations from the people close by.

"You don't need to thank me. It's not a big deal." Horace waved at her. He then turned to look at Susie and said, "Susie, what are you waiting for? Hand the key over to the winner!"

"Oh, okay!" Susie was still stunned by what just happened. It occurred to her that the red envelope was not just a gift, but a means of drawing a lottery,

and the grand prize was her old car.

With this realization, Susie walked to the student and handed the old car key to her. She said, smiling, "Congratulations, girl!"

"Thank you, ma'am!"

Something suddenly dawned on the student as she stared at the key in her hand. Her happy face darkened with sadness. She uttered unhappily, "Ma'am, I am just a student who can't drive. How about I return the key to you?"

"Hey, young lady, I have a good offer for you. Since you can't drive, how about I buy the car from you? I'll pay fifteen thousand dollars for it!" One of the onlookers proposed a deal to the student. She readily agreed. In this way, she got fifteen thousand dollars.

The Alto wasn't new, so it was worth that amount.

"Congratulations, miss!" Horace said to the student.

Afterward, he said to the crowd, "Listen up, everyone. I have a favor to ask of you. I hope you would grant me the favor."

"Of course, we will. Just tell us what it is, Mr. Warren. We are all ears!" all the onlookers shouted in unison as soon as they heard his statement.

He had gifted them money, so they felt that it was only right to do whatever he wanted to ask of them.

"It's nothing difficult. I just want you all to keep today's occurrence a secret from anyone that's not present. Please can you do this for me?" Horace humbly stated his request.

Maintaining a low profile was what he wanted despite his wealth. He knew that the news about what he did today would spread like wildfire, so he attempted to curtail it by making that request. Although he suspected that his father probably told someone to scotch all his information off the internet, he still decided to tell the crowd not to spread the news.

"Wow! I have never seen anyone like Mr. Warren. He's indeed a legend. While other people like showing off so everyone in the world would know about their good deeds, he wants to keep his a secret. The respect I have for him has just quadrupled!"

One of the spectators stared at Horace with pure admiration.

The next second, everyone nodded and said in unison, "No problem, Mr. Warren. Our mouths are sealed. We won't tell anyone!"

"Thank you!" Horace expressed his gratitude.

At this time, Donn went to stand behind Horace. He was lost in thought as he stared at his back. 'These are trying times for the Warren family. We need a leader like Mr. Warren. Only a merciful and benevolent person like him can reunite all the factions of the family. His father has done a great job in holding the reins for this long despite all the adversaries against him. Now we urgently need a leader like Mr. Warren to mend the broken bridges and make the family whole again. This is the only way we can reach the peak! I must play my part in making sure he becomes the head. The first thing I would do when I get back is to meet with my old comrade-in-arms!'

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[THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 120 Joy Unspeakable



Horace was oblivious to the thoughts that were running through Donn's mind. He waved at Susie and the other ladies and said, "Let's go back now!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Susie and Gladys nodded obediently, opened the BMW, and hopped in.

They sat in the same order as when they were in the Alto. Horace sat with Laila and Gladys in the back seat. Donn sat in the front passenger seat and Susie took the driver's seat.

The beauty of the car's interior appalled Susie. She was so happy that it was now hers. She turned

around and said to Horace, "Thank you so much, Mr. Warren. It's my first time driving such a luxury car!"

"Come off it, Susie. You don't need to thank me. Your car got hit. It's only right that you received compensation." Horace chuckled at her intense excitement.

His statement made Susie and Gladys ponder, 'Rich people are indeed built differently. An Alto was bashed. Instead of giving a car similar to that one, Mr. Warren gave a BMW X5 as compensation. He's filthy rich!'

Susie started the car after staring at the steering wheel in a daze for a while. On the way, she asked, "Mr. Warren, how much did you put in that red envelope just now? The members of the crowd got whopping sums of money. I didn't expect that you were going to share such amounts just to pick a

winner. You are so generous!"

"It's no big deal, Susie. The money is chicken feed to me. I just wanted us to have fun and be happy while at it!"

"I did some calculations!" Gladys suddenly blurted out. She swallowed hard and continued, "Mr. Warren, I have come to realize that you are extremely wealthy. You loaded the red envelope with two million dollars. That's over a hundred times more than the Alto's value. I can't believe it!"

Susie's old car cost about fifteen thousand dollars. This meant that the money Horace shared was one hundred and thirty-three times more than its worth.

"Mr. Warren, we have made too many guesses, but we still can't fathom how noble you are. Please can you tell us?" Gladys asked curiously.

Susie sighed and chipped in, "It's even more surprising that Mr. Russell holds you in high esteem. Mr. Warren, please can you do us the honor of revealing your true identity?"

"Ha-ha! Dario may be the wealthiest man in this city, but he's nothing compared to me, not to mention Mr. Warren!"

Donn's baritone voice rang out in the car at this time. Comparing Dario to Horace was a big insult as far as he was concerned. 'These women know nothing. Dario isn't even worthy enough to shine Mr. Warren's shoes!' he thought with displeasure.

"Donn, since you know so much about Mr. Warren, please can you tell us how powerful he is? We promise not to tell anyone!" Susie persuaded him with a puppy dog look.

She was burning with curiosity at this time. More than anything, she wanted to know who Horace really was.

"Don't disturb me. It's not in my place to tell you about Mr. Warren's true identity. He's right there. You direct your questions to him if you want to learn about him!"

"Humph! Donn, you are so mean. You rebuffed just now, but you still want to keep us in the dark. I thought we were friends. After all, we had lunch and spent a great part of the day together!" Susie snorted at him.

With a pitiful face, she glanced at Horace and uttered, "Mr. Warren, please tell us who you are. Curiosity is getting the best of me!"

"What's there to know about me? You already know who I am! I'm the only son of the head of the Warren

family in Antawood. If you want to know about what kind of family I come from, I have to admit that I don't know much. Donn knows better than me, so ask him instead."

Laila kept silent throughout. She wasn't curious about Horace's identity, so she didn't urge him to speak. She wouldn't have asked even if she was curious. Besides, she knew a little about his true identity. Just like the other shoppers at the Sea Square, she had been shocked to the bone during the scuffle between him and Milo. The sudden appearance of those powerful forces and personalities was enough to explain his identity to her.

Susie and Gladys speculated about Horace's true identity throughout the entire ride back to the Rinas Infirmary.

"Did you all have a good meal?" Horace asked after

they got out of the car.

"Yes, we did, Mr. Warren. This is the most awesome lunch we have ever had!" With her eyes glittering, Susie continued, "You gave us our first experience of the top-notch presidential dining room in the Sea Pavilion! We were also privileged to watch you teach a trust-fund baby an unforgettable lesson! While at it, you dealt with his father who was the second richest man in the city within a few minutes! We also witnessed how the richest man served you so respectfully a few minutes ago Our day was eventful. How thrilling can it get?"

"Ha-ha, really?" Horace chuckled and commented, "Honestly, I wouldn't have remembered that a lot happened within a few hours if you hadn't said it now."

They all walked to the Warren family's private jet on

the tarmac as they chatted and laughed.

Horace saw that Cara was still working when he entered the operating room. He nodded and said to her, "Thank you, Cara. You have done well, so I will transfer the money to you as promised."

He immediately transferred ten thousand dollars to her.

Cara's mouth flew open when she saw the alert on her phone. She blinked incessantly before she finally said, "Mr. Warren, was this a mistake? Did you intentionally send me this money? I thought you didn't get so much money. How come it is up to ten thousand now?"

"Oh, really? My bad. I completely forgot how much I won this afternoon, but you still remember it vividly. Kudos! You have a good memory!"

Smiling brightly, Horace gave her a thumbs up and added, "Sending round figures is more convenient for me. Just take the ten thousand dollars. It's your luck!"

This statement stunned Cara, Gladys, and Susie.

They had never heard anyone say such a thing before. It was even more surprising because the addition was a large amount of money for ordinary people. This further proved that he was super-rich.

The three nurses really wanted to ask Horace if they could play the red envelope game again. However, they swallowed their words.

"Thank you, Mr. Warren!" Cara said, cupping her hands in gratitude.

"You're welcome. You deserve it!" Horace stated in a

low tone. He then looked at Tobias, who had recovered from fatigue at this time.

"Professor Bates, thank you for your hard work today. You are a lifesaver!" he said to the surgeon.

"Oh, you are most welcome, Mr. Warren. You really do not have to thank me. Besides, you expressed your gratitude earlier. That's enough." Tobias quickly got up and bowed to Horace respectfully.

"You deserve all my gratitude, Professor Bates. I'm forever indebted to you. I'm so happy that my mother finally received good treatment!" Rubbing his hands happily, Horace asked, "When do you think she can be discharged from the hospital?"

"Mr. Warren, since the equipment and the medicine we used on her are the best and the surgery was successful, Madam Potter will definitely recover very

well. There is no need to keep her in the hospital anymore. She can be taken home to rest once she wakes up!" Tobias replied reverentially.

"Wow! So soon?" Joy filled Horace's heart so much that he clapped. He then said to Donn, "Donn, please you have to work hard to produce more of this special medical equipment and medicine so that other people can be cured like my mother!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren. I'll try my best!" Donn obediently answered him.

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