

"That's good to know, Donn. Once you achieve that great feat, I'll be the first to thank you on behalf of everyone who would benefit from it. Keep up the good work!" Horace said softly.

He then said to everyone, "You all must be so tired today. Please you can go home now. I'd like to express my thanks to all of you for what you have done today!"

'Wow! It would be great if all the other descendants of the Warren family can be as courteous as Mr. Warren. The power of the family would surely skyrocket to the moon!' Donn pondered when he saw how modest Horace was.

With his hands pressed together, he said to him

deferentially, "Mr. Warren, everything we did today is our duty. You don't have to be so polite to us."

"Yes, Mr. Warren. That's what we are here for. No need to thank us!" the others echoed politely.

"Okay, then I promise to minimize the way I express my gratitude. You have made me happy, so you are entitled to my help. Do not hesitate to inform me if you encounter any problem in the future."

They all chatted for a while before Horace left with Tobias and Donn. He lodged them into a hotel.

Early the next morning, Cara came to the private jet. Horace was already awake at this time.

His face lit up with an apologetic smile after she greeted him. He said, "Cara, I'm afraid that I'll have to trouble you again today. I have a lot of things to do.

First, I need to go buy a good house so that my mother can have a good rest once she's discharged. I have to go to my old home in the afternoon. It has already been sold, but I stored some of our belongings at my uncle's place. I have to move them to the new house immediately. Moving will take time. So, please take good care of my mother in my absence."

The things Horace left in his uncle's house were a little old and not befitting for a new house. However, he still didn't want to throw them away because they carried the memories of him and his mother.

"No problem, Mr. Warren. You can rest assured that I'll take good care of her as I've always done. Go ahead," Cara replied considerately.

'Wow! Rich people never cease to amaze me. Look at the way Mr. Warren just said he was going to buy a

house as if it was like buying bread from a store. It would take years for ordinary people like me to be able to make a down payment for a house and roughly decades to fully pay for it. Indeed, all fingers are not equal! I must win Mr. Warren's heart by all means!' she pondered determinedly.

It was at this time Donn and Tobias, who had been silent, finally said in unison, "Mr. Warren, I'll go with you!"

They had left the hotel and rushed down to the hospital at dawn.

With a deep frown, Donn looked at Tobias and said, "Tobias, please don't compete with me. You are a doctor, so you need to stay here and monitor Madam Potter's health, understand?"

"No! I didn't do a shabby job. Everything is just perfect

with Madam Potter's health. All she needs now is to rest quietly. There's no need for me to stay here and watch her!" After retorting, he folded his arms and continued, "Donn, remember that you went out for a meal with Mr. Warren yesterday. I had to stay back. It's only right that I go out with him today. Why are you trying to cheat me? Besides, Mr. Warren is yet to respond. He didn't say that three is a crowd, but you have already decided to leave me behind. You just want to be left alone with Mr. Warren. I know your trick. No, no, no! It won't work!"

"Please don't argue. You can both accompany me. I didn't invite Professor Bates to eat out with us yesterday, so I have to treat him to lunch today!" Horace said calmly as he smiled at both men.

'Mr. Warren, what about me? You didn't treat me to lunch yesterday. When can you make it up to me? I also want to eat with you!' These words were at the tip

of Cara's tongue at this moment.

Horace had no idea what Cara wanted to say and how sad she was. He just went out of the ward with Donn and Tobias.

Susie and Gladys didn't work with the patients in the oncology department. They had to work in the departments they were originally assigned to. They had only been to the ward earlier to say hello to Horace, so they had no idea that he was going out with Donn and Tobias.

As for Laila, she had to go to work today since her day off had elapsed.

When Horace got off the plane, he said goodbye to the hospital's doorman and walked to the gate. He then hailed a taxi that took him and his companions to the most prosperous residential area in Rinas.

The Hstead Villa District was the most expensive residential district in the whole city. It was inhabited by the affluent and powerful people. Luxury cars like Mercedes Benz, BMW, Audi, Porsche, Maserati, and others were parked in the beautiful front yards.

The taxi driver had been taken aback when Horace told him his destination. He couldn't help glancing at him from head to toe. He saw that Horace was dressed in shabby clothes. 'What is this poor guy going to do at the Hstead Villa District? Is he going to beg for alms there?' he wondered in confusion.

The sophisticated appearance of Donn and Tobias made the taxi driver even more confused. He pondered, 'Is there a circus in this city? How come these three guys are friends? I have never seen such a thing before!'

Donn and Tobias were dressed in formal clothes. They were men who had been privileged all their lives and had good careers. Thus, they were able to afford good and expensive clothes. Their demeanor also showed that they weren't poor men, but great individuals.

On the other hand, Horace was poorly-dressed like a beggar. He was the direct opposite of the two men with him. Anyone that saw them together would be surprised that he knew them.

A thousand confusing thoughts teemed in the taxi driver's mind, but he still drove them to the Hstead Villa District without asking any prying questions. After they got off the car and he saw that they were walking towards the sales office of the district, he thought, 'Wonders will never cease! It seems those guys want to have a look at this villa district. The officials might allow the two sophisticated men, but I strongly doubt if

they would allow that young man who's dressed in rags. They will drive him out. A good show is about to play out. I should wait for it. Ha-ha!'

The taxi driver leaned back on his seat and kept his eyes on Horace instead of leaving.

At this time, Horace entered the sales office with Donn and Tobias.

There were saleswomen in the office. They had been chatting leisurely, but they stopped once they noticed Horace's presence. Their eyes widened instantly and they gazed at his threadbare clothes.

'What is this beggar looking for here? Did he come to beg for food?'

The ladies were surprised and confused at the same time.

One of them walked towards him after recovering from the shock. She plastered a professional smile and asked, "Hello, sir. Welcome to the Hstead Villa District. How may I help you today? Are you here to check out a house?"

The next second, two other ladies walked up to Donn and Tobias respectively, and asked, "Hello, sir. Welcome to the Hstead Villa District. How may I help you today? Are you here to check out a house?"

Although Horace, Tobias, and Donn had entered the office at almost the same time, none of the staff knew that they knew each other or that they came for the same purpose. This was why the saleswomen attended to them differently.

In the first saleswoman's mind, there was no way Horace came here to buy a house. But she had to do

her job by asking him that question anyways. She would be going against the rules if she didn't.

"Yes, I'm here to check out the houses you have. If I see anyone I like, I'll buy it. Please show me the available ones!" Horace responded with a nod.

"What? Leah, please pinch me. It seems I am daydreaming. Or are my ears deceiving me? Did you hear what this gentleman said just now? Did he say he wants to buy a house?"

One of the saleswomen, who was still seated at the front desk, nudged her colleague and queried her in confusion.

"Bobbie, you heard that too? I thought I misheard him!" Leah Glyn sighed when she heard Bobbie Obrien's questions.

"He may be one of those numerous people who just come to have a look without buying anything. Sightseeing doesn't cost any money."

"I'm afraid so. No less than fifty of such people come here every day to disguise themselves as potential customers. They all just want to have a look because they must have heard a lot of stories about this place. In the end, they come up with excuses and just leave. But it's just that they dress like wealthy people. This man is the first to come here looking this unkempt. I have never seen anyone as poor as him."

Leah didn't mean to discriminate against Horace. She was just stating the fact based on her experience.

"Yeah, you are right. No one has ever come here looking like this even though they don't have money. Everything about him just reeks of poverty!" Bobbie seconded her.

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Chapter 122 Clueless Troublemakers



Donn and Tobias waved their hands and said to the saleswomen simultaneously, "I'm sorry, I just accompanied Mr. Warren here. He's the one that wants to buy a house."

"Huh? Mr. Warren?" The saleswomen were stunned to hear this statement. Waving their confusion aside, they said, "Okay, sir, you can take a look at the available houses first. If you have any questions, please tell me."

The attending saleswomen didn't think that Horace

was the Mr. Warren Donn and Tobias had mentioned. They felt that the man was yet to arrive, so they decided to wait.

Their remaining colleagues also thought the same thing. They didn't think that Horace was in any way linked to the sophisticated men that came after him. In their eyes, he wasn't in their league at all. Nothing about him showed that he was associated with them.

At this time, Horace asked the saleswoman who was attending to him, "Are those villas up for sale?"

The building models displayed in the office looked exactly like the ones he had seen when he entered the district gate. It turned out that there were not only tall apartment buildings here but also exquisite villas.

The saleswoman's eyes widened in shock when she heard his question. She knew that the villas in this

district were very expensive.

It was even impossible for some rich people to afford them. Only those who were extremely affluent could afford them.

Like the experienced professional that she was, she smiled again and replied calmly, "Yes, sir, these villas are up for sale. But I have to say that they are very expensive. I suggest that you have a look at the small apartments instead."

The saleswoman didn't mean to look down on Horace. She was only being considerate by suggesting the least expensive accommodation in the district because of how he was dressed. Although she didn't think he could afford an apartment here, she felt he could make it his goal and strive hard to be able to afford it in the future.

"Dorothee, what's going on here? Don't you think it's a waste of time to attend to such a poor loser? Just take a look at the rags he has on. He's exactly like the beggars on the streets. If I hadn't seen you attending to him, I would have thought he came here to beg for food!" A disdainful voice suddenly came from the door.

Everyone turned and saw a man, who looked about forty years old, standing by the door.

He slowly walked up to Horace and eyed him disdainfully. "You beggar, who let you in here? Did you come here to waste the employees' time because they have been trained to always treat potential customers nicely? And did you just hint you want to buy a villa here? Bah! Even if you sell all your assets, you will still not be able to afford a tree in the villa's yard!"

Squinting his eyes, he glanced at Dorothee Scott and thought to himself, 'Today is my lucky day. I finally have the chance I've been waiting for. I would not only buy a house to impress Dorothee, but I'll also belittle this poverty-stricken man by showing off my wealth. He-he! There's no way Dorothee won't see me in a good light after this. She might even ask me out on a date tonight. Damn! She is so beautiful and has a figure that no man can resist. I must conquer her!'

"Welcome, Mr. Ruiz!" All the employees bowed and greeted the middle-aged man once he finished speaking.

Dorothee just smiled and said nothing after hearing Earle Ruiz's words. She couldn't speak rudely or throw out any customer no matter how poor they were. If any of them filed a complaint against her, she would be severely punished by the management.

The smile on Dorothee's face gladdened Earle's heart. He felt he was doing a good job. Shaking his head, he queried, "I just don't understand why your boss set such rules that protect the poor. Why should you be obligated to serve a pauper so politely? Look at him. Does he look like someone who can afford to buy a square meter of the house in this district?"

"Who are you insulting?" Donn bellowed while pointing at Earle with a deep frown. "How dare you disrespect Mr. Warren? You are playing with fire!"

"This is supposed to be the sales office. It's surprising that a crazy dog suddenly barged in here and began to bark!" Tobias added and hissed with disgust.

Horace turned to look at Tobias in surprise. He never imagined that a refined medical personnel like Tobias could speak in such a manner. It was hard to believe.

The fact that Tobias insulted someone on his behalf made Horace realize that he held him in high regard. Only a loyal person could stand up for anyone like that.

Unbeknown to him, Donn and Tobias had chatted about him after they lodged into the hotel last night. Donn had filled him in about all that happened when they went out for lunch earlier that day. Tobias shared his opinion that the Warren family would become more successful and united if Horace became the leader. He decided to support him in any way.

The angry words of Donn and Tobias made the sales staff realize that the Mr. Warren they had spoken about was actually Horace.

All of them gawked at Horace and thought, 'So, he is the Mr. Warren? Oh my God! How could this be? Is this a joke or something? He's dressed in tattered

clothes. He also looks and behaves inferior to the two gentlemen. How come he's their superior?'

"Who are you?" Earle frowned at Donn and Tobias. He didn't expect that anyone would stand up for Horace. He just wanted to run him down to impress Dorothee and the other beautiful saleswomen. Since they looked like dignitaries, he tried his best to ask that question reasonably for fear of incurring their wrath.

However, this didn't stop him from cursing them out in his mind.

"Mr. Ruiz, they are just actors!"

A mocking voice suddenly rang out.

A second later, a fashionable girl shut an inner door and walked to them.

"Della?" Horace muttered in surprise. Laila's former roommate was the last person he expected to appear here at this time.

"Della, do you know this pauper?" Earle had already insulted Horace. Although he was scared by the intimidating aura of Donn and Tobias, he didn't want to take his words back. Doing that would be a slap in his face.

"Yes, Mr. Ruiz. I know him too well!" Della smiled at him. Eyeing Horace with disgust, she continued, "Fortunately, I came out of the washroom just in time. These men would have deceived you with their acting!"

She rested one hand on her waist and added, "Mr. Ruiz, this loser is my former classmate in high school. He's as poor as a church mouse. Recently, he has

been going about pretending to be rich. My instincts tell me that he came here to do the same thing! It might interest you to know that his mother fell sick and was hospitalized a few months ago. Since he was too poor to afford the medical bills, our classmates organized a fundraiser for him and gave him all the money donated. Instead of using it for his mother's medical bills, he has been squandering it. A few days ago, he rented a Rolls-Royce Phantom and hired a driver just to chase a girl. He even purchased expensive cakes from the Vloni Bakery for her. To top it all off, he footed the bills of all the diners in the Country Music Restaurant. I know that he hired these two actors to put on an act here today! He only has money now because of the donation we made out of the kindness of our hearts!"

With her eyes burning with anger and hatred, Della looked at Horace and shouted, "How stupid can you be? I'm sure you have almost used up the donation.

You are not only a loser, but also an unfilial son. You abandoned your sick mother and squandered the money we donated for her treatment!"

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Chapter 123 Money-oriented Decision



Earle did a facepalm and laughed hard. "Oh, I see. I was beginning to think that he was a big shot in disguise, but it turns out he's actually a poor boy who is pretending!"

Pointing at Donn and Tobias simultaneously, he added, "So you two were just putting on an act. You almost fooled me. I was worried for a second. Poor people nowadays are becoming morally decadent. I

find it appalling that they can go to any length to live a fake life. Now they can even hire actors to make it seem more real! Anyway, I have to admit that your acting is very good. Where are you from? Are you signed to any agency? I'd like to support you both in the future!"

"Huh? We are acting?" Donn chuckled, shaking his head. Afterward, he slowly walked to Earle and shot him a cold glare that could freeze hot lava. This scared the latter out of his wits. He took three steps backward.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Earle questioned him. His eyes gleamed with fear, but he managed to say, "Don't you dare think you can harm me because I'm outnumbered. Do you know who the boss of this office is? How dare you act so wildly here? Do you want to lose the little that you have? Anyway, it seems you are living too comfortably!"

"You tell me! Who is the boss? Is he very powerful? Even if he is, so what? That person can never be compared to Mr. Warren!"

After saying that, Donn raised one of Earle's arms and asked, "Do you still want this arm?"

Earle had swallowed Della's revelation hook, liner, and sinker. Donn and Tobias were nothing but actors in his eyes. As a result, he was still calm even after his arm was lifted. He retorted mockingly, "You don't even know who the boss is. This shouldn't be a surprise since you both are nothing but cheap actors. How could you know such an important person?"

He rolled his eyes and ordered in a fierce tone, "Take my advice before it's too late. Let me go and disappear from here. Otherwise, you won't be able to go scot-free when the security guards are alerted. I'm

an important customer here. No one dares to mistreat me!"

Donn snorted indifferently at him. He raised his other hand, intending to squeeze Earle's arm. But Horace suddenly waved at him and commanded, "Donn, don't do that. Peace breeds wealth!"

He then chuckled and continued, "You are a top medical researcher, Donn. Don't lower yourself to this man's level. He's not worth it."

A deep frown appeared on Horace's face as he turned to look at Earle, who had just been released. He asked, "Did you just say that it's a waste of time to attend to me? If that's true, what makes you any different? How is attending to you not a waste of time?"

Without waiting for a response, he looked at Dorothee

and stated, "I didn't come here to waste your time or cause any trouble. Now the ball is in your court. It's fine if you still want to attend to me. But if you don't, I won't take offense to your decision!"

Horace had noticed her countenance when Earle said those words just now. Hence, he wanted her to decide.

"Huh! Dorothee, he's just a pauper. Leave him and attend to me instead. I'm here today to see Apartment 302 of Building No. 32. If I like what I see, I'll purchase it on the spot!"

Earle still had the guts to run his mouth because he thought Horace had cowardly asked Donn to let him go. He still felt Horace was beneath him.

Dorothee was lost in thought for a while before she sighed deeply. She looked at Earle and said, "Mr.

Ruiz, the apartment you referred to is in a good location and has excellent sunlight. It's sort after by many people. If you don't hurry up, it would be bought in the blink of an eye!"

These words clearly indicated her decision. Horace was a little saddened by it, but he didn't blame her. Della had just convincingly stated that he was a poor man. He was also dressed shabbily. It wasn't surprising that no one believed that he could afford a villa here.

Every sale of the houses here came with a commission for the salesperson. If Dorothee successfully closed a sale, she would get a commission of about fifty thousand dollars. This was why she didn't want to let the golden opportunity pass her by.

Dorothee's choice made Earle's head swell. He raised

his shoulders and eyed Horace with arrogance in his eyes. He then snorted and said, "Dude, don't you ever look at yourself in the mirror? I still can't believe that a sore loser like you wants to buy a villa in this district. Since you are pretending to have money, why don't you buy a yacht too?"

Horace detected the sarcasm in his words. He chuckled and decided not to indulge him. Instead, he said to the idle saleswomen, "Do you all not want to attend to me too?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I'm Bobbie Obrien, and I'll attend to you. I will try my best to help you. Please what do you need?"

Bobbie, who had been chatting with Leah, rushed to Horace immediately after he finished speaking.

Staring at him with great pity, she thought, 'This

young man managed to control his temper despite all the insults Mr. Ruiz hurled on him just now. I recognize great potential when I see one. He would become a great personality in the future. Even if he's not able to buy the house today, I'll make friends with him!

She looked at her colleagues and pondered with disappointment, 'What's wrong with my colleagues today? Why are they looking down on this man even though it's against the rules? Getting a commission shouldn't be the only reason to work. We all have to try and attend to the customers even if it's not feasible that they would make a purchase!'

It was against the rules for the employees to drop a customer and attend to another. However, this case was different because Horace had agreed to be attended to by another staff. Otherwise, their boss would punish Dorothee if he got wind of it.

"Well, tell me something about these villas!"

Horace pointed at the most conspicuous villa model in the hall.

"Okay, sir. Hold on a minute. I'll bring out the data file and give you a complete overview of this villa."

Bobbie went to a shelf and searched for the file. While at it, she thought to herself, 'Does this young man want to set a long-term goal for himself? Is he going to work hard so he can afford the villa in the future? It's good that he's determined. I'll be part of his success story by briefing him about it!'

Bobbie decided against recommending a small apartment to Horace. She brought out the file and was about to fill him in.

But before she could speak, Earle's voice sounded again. "Bobbie, what are you doing? I just finished dissuading Dorothee from attending to him. Why do you want to waste your time on a poor man? Since you have spare time on your hands, how about I take you out for lunch when it's your break time? You can choose any restaurant you want!"

This interruption made Horace's blood boil. He reprimanded Earle, "Mister, you had better stop doing that. I took no offense when Dorothee chose to attend to you instead of me. After all, she will lose a big order. But I won't tolerate any nonsense from you again. If you keep pushing your luck, I will order Donn to whip your ass!"

After taking a deep breath, he said to Bobbie, "Miss, I have changed my mind. You can brief me about the villa later. I want to buy the building he just spoke about!"

"You want to buy it?" Although Bobbie was stunned by his statement, she managed to respond calmly, "Sir, the Apartment 302 of Building No. 32 consists of three bedrooms and one living room. The gross area is one hundred and twenty square meters. Each square meter costs forty thousand dollars. Thus, the entire apartment is worth four million and eight hundred thousand dollars. The Hstead Villa District is currently having a sales promotion event. A 5% discount has been placed on all the properties. Therefore, the current cost of that apartment is four million, five hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Sir, do you still want to buy it?"

"Ha-ha! Loser, do you think the apartment is as cheap as the shack you call home? Something tells me that your home only costs a few dollars! Did you hear the price she just mentioned for the apartment? Let me repeat it in case you didn't. It's four million, five

hundred and sixty thousand dollars, not four hundred and fifty-six dollars! I'm dead sure you can't even make up to five hundred and sixty thousand dollars even if you work hard for the rest of your life!" Earle mocked Horace to no end. He didn't believe that Horace could afford to buy the apartment. Outright purchase was impossible for him too. He would have to spend several days before he was able to raise that much money.

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Chapter 124 The Be



"Mr. Warren, this man's audacity is making my blood boil. I can't stand him anymore. Please give me permission to whip his ass!" Donn pleaded with

Horace as he shot Earle a searing glare.

"Oh my! You scared me to death! You are just putting on an act. How dare you threaten me so arrogantly? Do you still want to deceive me even though I know your secret?" Earle glanced at Donn and chuckled. Despite the fiery anger on his face, he still thought that Donn and Tobias were just actors hired by Horace.

Putting on an intimidating frown, he continued, "Bastard, I advise you to behave yourself now. If you don't, I will have you investigated and make sure your boss fires you!"

"Bah! You can do no such thing. I know that you just like to talk big. You claim to be rich, but you need to check an apartment several times and you end up not buying it. Don't bother pretending here! Are you afraid of the employees finding out that you are poor?"

Tobias was sharp-tongued. He mocked Earle without mincing words.

"Look at who is talking! Well, I dare you to buy an apartment here! You are talking as if you are wealthy enough to buy it on the spot. So do it!" Earle fired back as he glared at Tobias disdainfully.

"Gosh! It's so annoying that a mad dog keeps barking here!" Horace glanced at Earle and warned, "It's none of your business whether I buy it or not. Don't be so nosy!"

"Ha-ha, don't even try to be smart with me. You should just admit that you can't afford it. Even though you try to pretend, I know you are poverty-stricken!"

Earle leaned forward with a disdainful expression. "I'm dead sure you don't have four hundred and fifty-six

dollars, let alone four million, five hundred and sixty thousand dollars!"

"I see that you have decided not to mind your own business. To settle this once and for all, how about we make a bet? If I can afford to buy the apartment, you would kneel and bark like a dog. But if I can't, I'll kneel and bark like a dog. How does that sound? Do we have a deal?"

Horace stared at Earle intently with a mischievous smirk. He thought, 'This man has bitten more than he can chew. Let me start with this bet first. I reckon following a gradual process will make him more obstinate and I can even win over his company. He would not only bark like a dog, but also hand over his company in the long run!'

Securing more power was part of Horace's agenda now. Although he guessed that Earle's company was

small, he strongly believed that little drops of water made a mighty ocean. He never caused trouble for anyone who didn't offend him. Earle had stepped on his toes countless times, so he didn't see any reason to show him mercy.

Earle flew into a rage when he saw the mockery in Horace's eyes. "Okay, I'll bet with you. You must serve the punishment when I win. If you don't, I will kick your ass!" he roared.

"Nice, I hope you won't go back on your words."

Horace tut-tutted, dipped his hand into his pocket, and gingerly took out his nine-star unlimited bank card. He then said to Bobbie, "Please I would like to pay for the apartment. I really can't wait to witness a very big dog barking!"

"Ha-ha! You fool!" Earle held his big belly and

laughed heartily when he saw the bank card in Horace's hand. Curling his lips, he continued, "Poor loser, do you think I'm dumb? How can that blank plastic be a bank card? Have you lost your mind? Is it even worth four million and eight hundred thousand virtual game coins?"

Although Earle had his own company, he was just in the middle class. He was completely oblivious to the existence of the nine-star unlimited bank card.

"Did you just call me a poor loser?" Horace chuckled and added, "I think that's your title. You don't even know what a nine-star unlimited bank card is. How dare you call me poor? Jeez! You are just making a fool of yourself. Watch and learn, mister!"

Afterward, Horace said to Bobbie, "This man is getting on my nerves. I need to get this over and done with. You're Bobbie, right? I'll buy the building now!"

"Okay, sir!"

Bobbie didn't believe that Horace had enough money in the card he was holding, but she decided to do her job. She did the beckoning hand gesture and said politely, "Please follow me, sir."

She then led him to the sales counter.

The cashier behind the counter gave Bobbie a disappointed look. She had seen all that transpired some meters away just now. As far as she was concerned, Horace was a poor man and there was no way he could afford a property in the district. But she also decided to do her job by playing along.

"Sir, Apartment 302 of Building No. 32 consists of three bedrooms and one living room. The gross area is one hundred and twenty square meters. Each

square meter costs forty thousand dollars. Thus, the entire apartment is worth four million and eight hundred thousand dollars. After the discount, it's worth four million five hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Please confirm if that's correct."

"Ha-ha! It's about to go down! That sore loser is about to grovel and bark like a dog!" Earle chirped, laughing all of a sudden.

"Well, that's not right!" Horace replied to the cashier, shaking his head.

All the saleswomen's faces were instantly clouded with deep frowns when they heard this response. They found it surprising that Horace was countering the cashier's words now. More so, they felt that the POS machine would show that there wasn't enough money in his bank card by the time it was swiped.

"Ha-ha! You have finally come to your senses and admitted defeat. Now it's time to serve the punishment. Kneel and bark like a dog!"

Earle continued laughing and pointed at the floor.

"Are you insane? Why are you screaming? Shut up! The game is not over yet!" Horace got short with him.

The cashier was shaken by his reply, but she kept her cool and asked politely, "Well, sir, what part of the information is wrong? Please tell me."

"You just spoke about Apartment 302 of Building No. 32. That's not what I want to buy. I want to buy the entire building. Calculate the cost and charge me for it on my bank card now!"

'What? He actually wants to buy the entire building, not a single apartment?'

Hush gasps filled the entire hall at this moment. All the employees were shocked to the bones.

"I can't believe it!" Leah said under her breath as she stared at Horace in surprise. Her colleagues felt the same way. They thought he said the information was wrong because he wanted to chicken out. Never did it occur to them that he actually wanted to purchase the entire building.

No one had ever bought an entire apartment building of the Hstead Villa District before.

"Ha-ha!" Earle laughed his head off. After a while, he pointed at Horace and uttered, "This is the joke of the century! Loser, do you know how much an apartment building here costs? How dare you say you want to buy a whole building? Are you high on drugs? Or are you daydreaming?"

"Well, it's just a building. It doesn't cost much. I can afford it," Horace responded calmly with a shrug. 'Is this man in his right mind?' Horace's calmness scared the saleswomen. They couldn't help but wonder if he was crazy.

"It doesn't cost much? This guy is really pushing his luck. I won't show him mercy anymore. Bobbie, calculate the price of the apartment building. He still has the guts to talk nonsense because he doesn't know the price. His ignorance is getting the best of him!" Earle ordered Bobbie as he sneered at Horace.

He felt that no one in the hall, except Donn and Tobias, believed that Horace could afford the building.

At this time, Della looked at Horace with knitted eyebrows and asked, "Not that I care about you or anything, but are you all right upstairs? You must

have failed to win Laila's heart that day, right? Did it affect your brain? Do you have the slightest idea how much an apartment building costs? Why are you so arrogant? Is your brain so fucked up that you now think of yourself as the boss of Dario Construction Company?"

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Chapter 125 Broken Promise



"Huh!" The words of Della and Earle didn't get on Horace's nerves at all. He just said with a smile, "Why are you both getting worked up? As I said earlier, the game is not over yet. I haven't made the payment. Hold your horses. What makes you so sure that I don't have the money? How ridiculous!"

Seeing that Horace was serious about buying the entire apartment building, Bobbie began to calculate the total price.

She gave him a breakdown of the price a minute later. "Sir, Building No. 32 has a total of three units. Each unit has twelve apartments, each span one hundred and twenty square meters. The cost is forty thousand per square meter, so the entire building is worth one hundred and seventy-two million, eight hundred thousand dollars. The highest discount I can give you is ten percent. The cost would be one hundred and fifty-five million, five hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Upon estimation, you have to pay a total of one hundred and fifty-five million dollars for the building."

"Oh my! One hundred and fifty-five million!" All the saleswomen were so stunned by the price that they

muttered it. Afterward, they began to discuss in hush tones. "This young man is certainly pretending to be rich. There are a few billionaires in this city, and he's not one of them. They are the only ones that can afford to buy such a building if they want to, but they haven't. How can a wretched man like this afford it? That's impossible!"

"Well, from the look of things, this guy already knows the game is up for him. He's just trying to put up a defense. I must say that's the wrong way to go about it because pretending further would only make matters worse for him. Let's see how it goes."

Bobbie looked at Horace emphatically and sighed. She didn't believe that he had four million, five hundred and sixty thousand dollars, let alone one hundred and fifty-five million dollars. She thought he would chicken out now that he heard the price.

"Ha-ha!" Earle's mocking laughter rang out in the hall again. He pointed at Horace and said, "Poor loser, do you hear that? It costs one hundred and fifty-five million dollars! I'm sure you have never seen that kind of money in your life, let alone have it in your account. You need to swallow your pride now. Get down on your knees and bark like a dog! Don't waste our time, okay?"

"Humph! Really?" Raising his eyebrows, Horace looked at him and added gently, "It's supposed to be the other way around. Since you don't want to waste time, you should kneel and start barking now!"

Before Earle could fire back at him, Horace turned to look at Bobbie and said, "Thank you for giving me such a huge discount, Bobbie!"

He then handed his nine-star unlimited bank card to the cashier and said, "Please deduct the money from

my account. I have enough funds to pay for the building."

"You have enough funds?" The cashier was taken aback by his last statement. She stared at the bank card in disbelief after collecting it.

"Gosh!" Shaking his head with disappointment, Earle said in a sharp voice, "This guy is the most stubborn pauper I have ever met. It seems poverty has affected your brain. That so-called bank card is just a mere plastic you got from a stall. It can't work! Don't damage the POS machine. Or you will have to pay for it!"

Meanwhile, the cashier put Horace's bank card into the POS machine and Horace input his PIN.

When Earle saw this, he rubbed his hands together and uttered boldly, "The moment of truth is here. This

poor bastard would be on his knees and start barking any moment from now. Ha-ha! I can't wait!"

All of a sudden, an automated voice came from the POS machine. "The payment was successful!"

"Ha-ha! Let's see if..." Earle was cut short by the announcement made by the POS machine. In a trice, his eyes widened. Shock and perplexity were written on his face. He then shouted, "It's impossible!"

"He-he! What is impossible?" Horace chuckled, staring at him. "Even though you find it hard to believe, that doesn't mean it's not true. Come on, you heard the machine right. I have successfully made the payment. Now, kneel and start barking!" he commanded with a smirk.

"No, that's impossible! There's a mistake somewhere. The cashier must have entered the wrong digits just

now. She charged you for just fifteen thousand five hundred dollars!"

In a bid to prove his claim, Earle walked to the counter and ordered the cashier, "Isabela, you just made a mistake. Check the record now. You entered the wrong number, right? You input fifteen thousand and five hundred dollars, instead of one hundred and fifty-five million dollars. Count the zeroes carefully!"

Earle wasn't the only one who thought this was impossible. Bobbie also felt that Isabela Perry had entered the incorrect numbers on the POS machine.

The hall became noisy again as the other saleswomen began to discuss in hush tones.

One of them whispered, "What's going on? Do you think the POS machine is broken or Isabela entered the incorrect digits?"

"Something is wrong somewhere, but I don't think the POS machine is faulty. I also don't think Isabela made a mistake. She's an experienced cashier. She couldn't possibly forget to enter the two last zeroes. Even if she did, it would be one million five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That brings me to the final question. Could it be that this guy is a wealthy man in disguise?"

"Bah! How is that possible? Look at him. Nothing about him signifies wealth. Even a blind man can see that he's poor. Isabela seemed to have forgotten to enter four more zeroes. Anyway, that means this guy has lost all the money in his account!"

It was at this time Isabela picked up the receipt the POS machine printed out. She squinted her eyes and studied the debit information carefully. She then said to Earle, "Mr. Ruiz, I made no mistake. The receipt

shows that the amount deducted is indeed one hundred and fifty-five million dollars!"

"Isabela, are you kidding me. Look at it carefully. Remember that if there's a discrepancy with the payment, you would be the one to bear the loss. Check it again!"

Earle tapped the counter incessantly as he spoke. His eyes turned cold. He began to suspect that Isabela was up to something. 'I feel Isabela is doing this on purpose because she holds a grudge against Dorothee!'

The rivalry between Isabela and Dorothee was no news to the employees and regular visitors of the sales office. They were always taking swipes at each other. Since Dorothee had abandoned Horace to attend to Earle, it seemed like Isabela wanted to use her position to make things difficult for her rival.

"As I said earlier, I made no mistake, Mr. Ruiz. I have checked the receipt carefully. I know that I would be responsible if any discrepancies occurred with payment. But that won't be an issue because I deducted the correct amount from his account. I've done my job well!" Isabela explained politely.

Although she wasn't on good terms with Dorothee, she feared Earle, so she couldn't do anything stupid.

At this time, Horace cleared his throat and ordered, "Mister, she just confirmed the payment. Don't waste time anymore. I don't have all day. Serve your punishment now!"

"I should serve my punishment? Don't take me for a fool, boy. I know that you colluded with Isabela to make a fake payment!" Earle shouted at him.

"Humph! Stop making baseless accusations. Do you really want to go back on your words? How ridiculous!" Horace fired back at him with a sneer.

The tension in the atmosphere and Earle's accusation caused Isabela to worry. To prove herself innocent, she stated, "Mr. Ruiz, I would never engage in anything shady. Since you don't believe me, you can have a look at the receipt yourself. Here you go."

"Bah! Do you think you can fool me with a fake receipt? Nothing you say would make me believe you. I never knew you were this despicable. You intentionally set me up so you can get back at Dorothee. Do you think this would satisfy your ego?"

Banging his fist on the counter, Earle added, "You haven't heard the last of me. I will definitely report you to your boss later. You dared to use your position just to get revenge on Dorothee. Mark my words. You will

pay for this!"

"Please believe me, Mr. Ruiz. I didn't do anything unethical. The sum of one hundred and fifty-five million dollars was indeed charged from this man's account. I'm innocent!"

Isabela was on the verge of bursting into tears as she begged him. She had never believed that Horace could afford to make the payment. But the strangest thing happened just now. Although it was shocking, she couldn't deny that it was true. She realized that Horace was indeed wealthy.

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Chapter 126 Sudden U-turn





"Mister, why are you so cruel? You know she's innocent, but you want to accuse her falsely. How shameless!"

Horace stood up for Isabela when he saw that Earle was being so aggressive towards her.

"No one forced you to strike a bet with me. You agreed to serve the punishment if I won. But you are trying to go back on your words. You better kneel and bark like a dog now. Otherwise, I won't let you go scot-free!" Horace warned, pointing at him.

"Your threat doesn't scare me, nor will it make me stand down. I don't believe a poor man like you can have one hundred and fifty-five million dollars! If she truly didn't make a mistake, then there's something wrong with the POS machine. I dare you to ask her to bring us another one!"

"Dude, are you insane? Did you just indirectly ask me to pay another one hundred and fifty-five million with a different POS machine? This is the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard. Wait, what do you take me for? A born sucker? Anyway, I have no time to waste arguing with you. Just serve your punishment by barking while on your knees!"

Horace stared at Earle as if he was looking at a fool. He had spent such a huge amount of money for the building. It would cost him another one hundred and fifty-five million dollars if he swiped the card on a different POS machine.

The money wasn't a big issue for him since he was wealthy, but he wasn't a reckless spendthrift. He hated squandering money more than anything. He used to be poor, so he knew how to live a frugal life. More so, he didn't want to exchange words with Earle

anymore.

"Oh, spare me that nonsense. You don't want to swipe the card on another POS machine because this one has already been tampered with. Your lies will come to light if you use another one, right? I know she's your ally. I won't serve the punishment because I didn't lose!"

"My goodness! I have never seen anyone as shameless as you!" Horace rolled his eyes and continued, "I don't have to prove myself to you since you refused to acknowledge the first payment. You know what? Swipe your card on this POS machine and pay one hundred and fifty-five million. You won't lose your money if it's indeed broken. But if you refuse, that means the machine is working well. It's proof that I truly made the payment and you lost. Do it now!"

"Whatever you say! I won't admit defeat because you say I have lost. Who do you think you are? Don't bother answering. I already know the answer. You are just a loser!" Earle sneered at him with disdain.

He was naturally an arrogant man who never wanted to admit defeat. Today, his obstinacy was even stronger because he believed Horace had colluded with Isabela to play a fast one on him. He knew that only a few people in Rinas could afford to buy an apartment building worth this price. Thus, he found it hard to believe that a poor guy had bought it on the spot.

"Mr. Warren, please let me teach this man a lesson!" Donn's eyes were already bloodshot at this time. He was so infuriated by Earle's stubbornness and insulting words. He would have beaten him to a pulp if Horace wasn't here.

All of a sudden, a voice came from the door and boomed in the entire hall.

"Stop being so rude, Earle! Mr. Warren is my superior. You are playing with fire!"

"Huh? Is... Is that Mr. Russell's voice?"

All the saleswomen averted their gaze to the door. They were so shocked to see Dario standing there. He was the CEO of the construction company—their boss.

'Did he just say that this young man is his superior? How could that be?' Leah pondered in confusion.

She looked at Horace to get an answer by reading his expression, but he had none. He looked so calm.

As everyone was at a loss, Dario walked up to

Horace. He bowed slightly and asked respectfully, "Good morning, Mr. Warren. Please how can I help you?"

'Holy moly! He... He is really our boss's superior!'

All the employees' jaws dropped when they saw the way Dario greeted and how politely he spoke to Horace. They looked at Horace with swirls of confusion and perplexity in their eyes. Afterward, they sighed. 'Indeed, you shouldn't judge a book by its cover!'

'This guy is dressed in tattered clothes. But Mr. Russell just said he's his superior. How could that be? Who is he? I have never heard of him before. It seems he's a top gun who just visited this city.'

Questions and assumptions swirled in the employees' minds as they stared at the scene. In this line of work,

they met many rich young men, but it was the first time they were meeting someone as powerful as Horace. They didn't think there was someone in Rinas who was worthy of such great reverence from their boss.

It was at this moment they remembered their colleague, Bobbie. They stared at her with admiration. It dawned on them that the payment Horace made was indeed real.

Every successful sale closed came with a commission for the saleswoman responsible. This meant that Bobbie was entitled to over one and a half million dollars.

'Oh my God! I was so stupid! Why didn't I volunteer to attend to him just now? I could have been the one to get over one million, five hundred thousand!'

The other saleswomen were filled with regret at this moment. However, theirs couldn't be compared to Dorothee's. She had been attending to Horace before, but she dropped him for a seemingly bigger fish. It seemed like she had thrown such a whopping sum into the ocean.

Her sadness bubbled and she almost burst into tears.

"Alas!" Dorothee pushed down the painful lump in her throat and sighed. She had stupidly turned down the golden opportunity Horace had given her before. Now, Bobbie would get a huge commission. All she could do was admire her and beat herself up for being so stupid.

At this moment, Earle's legs began to tremble. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He looked at Horace in horror.

'Goodness gracious! Is this loser really a rich man? No, that's impossible. I must be having a nightmare. I need to wake up now!'

At the thought of this, Earle pinched his thigh hard. He felt the sharp pain instantly.

This indicated that he wasn't dreaming. 'Ah! It is real! What should I do now? I have not only challenged him, but also been so rude and even insulted him. Little did I know that I have been digging my own grave!'

"Woof, woof, woof!" Earle sank to his knees and began to bark like a dog in the blink of an eye.

After doing it for a while, he asked pitifully, "Dude, please are you satisfied with that? If that's not enough, I can bark some more."

Hardly had Earle finished his words when Dario gave him a hard kick on his side. He then bellowed, "Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you address Mr. Warren with that title? Show more respect or I'll beat you to death."

With a grunt, Dario added, "Listen, call him Mr. Warren now!"

'Bobbie, I envy you so much!' Leah sighed as she stared at Bobbie, who was standing beside Horace.

While the employees let out shocked gasps, Earle managed to kneel again. He then said to Dario respectfully, "Okay, Mr. Russell."

He painstakingly groveled to Horace's feet. With his palms pressed together, he begged in a sobbing tone, "Mr. Warren, I am very sorry. I accept my mistakes. Please forgive me. Great men like you are often

magnanimous. Please have mercy on an idiot like me."

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Chapter 127 Reluctant Agreements

Fear swirled in Earle's heart when he saw the indifferent expression on Horace's face.

"Mr. Warren, I just barked like a dog? Was my bark good enough? If you like the sound, I'll bark some more!"

"He-he!" Horace giggled as he stared at the man at his feet. He asked mockingly, "Where did your arrogance disappear to? Didn't you say you won't

admit defeat just now? Did you become a coward because Dario is here?"

Afterward, he nodded at Dario in response to his earlier greeting.

"No!" Earle vigorously shook his head and uttered, "I was wrong, Mr. Warren. I don't know what got into me before. It's clear that you won the bet. How dare I not admit defeat? I'm prepared to serve the punishment to another level. I can make the sounds of other animals. Do you want me to grunt like a pig?"

He grunted like a pig without waiting for Horace's approval.

"What do you think about that, Mr. Warren? I'm talented at mimicking other animal actions. I can even crawl like a maggot!"

A second later, Earle got on his fours and began to wriggle his body and crawl on the floor, as if he were a real maggot.

"Awesome!" Horace couldn't help sighing when he saw Earle's performance. He had to admit that the barking, grunting, and crawling were exactly how the animals did them. He was a little surprised that a human could act like animals so excellently within seconds.

"Mr. Warren, please tell me what you want me to do. I'll gladly do it!"

The compliment that Horace made gave Earle hope. Sucking up to him was all he had in mind. He was so excited and ready to do whatever it would take to be forgiven.

"Humph! I should tell you what else to do? Do you

think I would spare you if you continue this act?"

An ambiguous smirk tugged at the corners of Horace's lips as he stared at Earle.

"Ah!" Earle was stunned that Horace had seen through him. Tears welled up in his eyes in a trice. He held Horace's leg and begged, "Mr. Warren, please let me go. I'm the sole breadwinner of my family. My parents are old and my children are still too young. They can't survive without me. Please, have mercy on me. Let me go. I promise to do whatever you ask of me from now on!"

"I should have mercy and let you go? Now tell me, would you have let me go today if you hadn't found out about my noble identity?"

Horace forcefully released his leg from Earle's grip and then asked Dario, "Is he an affiliate of the Warren

family?"

"No, Mr. Warren. All the affiliates of the Warren family are the most powerful in this city. He doesn't have one-quarter of such power, so he can't be one of us. Why do you ask? Do you want to make his company go bankrupt?" Dario replied and then asked politely.

'I had guessed right. His company is small, but it would still add value to me if I take it from him. My fortune would surely increase. Betting with him was the right thing to do,' Horace thought to himself.

With a conniving smile, he responded to Dario, "Making his company go bankrupt is boring and not necessary!"

He then asked Earle, "Isn't that right, Earle? Now tell me, do you want to live or die?"

"Mr. Warren, of course, I want to live. Please let me go!" Earle replied without hesitation.

Every normal human being would choose life over death. Most people never wanted to die even if they had committed an atrocity.

"Okay, but you have to fulfill my condition. I would only let you go if you transfer eighty percent of your company's shares to me. How does that sound?"

Horace shot him a cold glare after speaking. This scared Earle so much that he leaned back and swallowed hard.

'What? He wants eighty percent of the shares of my company? That's huge!' Earle pondered as he raised his head to look at Horace. His company was worth only twenty million dollars. Eighty percent of the shares was worth only sixteen million dollars. It was

nothing compared to the money Horace used to buy the apartment building.

'Since he's so wealthy, why does he want my company's shares? Of what use will they be to him?' Earle couldn't figure it out, but he didn't dare to query Horace. He knew that questioning him would only infuriate him and might increase his punishment.

'What should I do? If I transfer the shares to him, he would spare my life and dependent on him, perhaps the company will grow bigger and I will benefit from it since the other twenty percent shares are still in my control. But there's would be a slim chance of me surviving if I refuse. Also, he would definitely make my company go bankrupt. I had better cooperate with him.'

After Earle was done thinking it through, he nodded and said to Horace, "I agree, Mr. Warren. I'll transfer

eighty percent of my company's shares to you today!"

"Okay!" Horace nodded and added, "This should be a life-changing lesson to you. Don't look down on anyone no matter their status from now on. Keep in mind that there's always someone more powerful than you!"

"Yes, I will turn a new leaf. Mr. Warren, I thank my lucky stars that I happened to meet you today because you spared my life. If it were any other big shot in this city, I would have been dead by now. I promise not to take your forgiveness for granted. I won't look down on anyone in the future!"

Earle raised his right hand and solemnly promised him.

"Okay, that's good," Horace commented softly.

He then asked Dario, "Do you have a quiet and comfortable house here? I want my mother to recuperate in a serene place."

'Mr. Warren has grown up in the blink of an eye. He's already planning for the future. He wants to take eighty percent of the shares of Earle's company to increase his strength. Although he's not the weakest among all the candidates for the successor competition, he's also not the strongest. His father's help surely gives him an edge over the others. However, it's good to see that he's trying to make a name for himself. He's a real man!' Dario showered accolades on Horace as he stared at him blankly.

All of a sudden, Horace said to him, "When are you free? I need you to finish the transfer procedures with Earle and you can have the shares!"

"What? Mr. Warren, you want to give me all the

shares?" Dario was utterly stunned.

"Well, I have no experience in managing a company. Those shares are worth something. I don't want to mismanage them and run at a loss."

When Horace saw how stunned Dario was, he chuckled and continued, "You are an experienced businessman. I'm sure you can make the best of the shares. Just accept it!"

The shares were nothing compared to the ones Dario already had, but he was still deeply touched by Horace's kindness.

"Okay, Mr. Warren. I'll help you manage them properly," Dario finally said while nodding obediently.

Afterward, he added, "Mr. Warren, there's a very quiet and comfortable house here. The No. 1 villa in this

district was specially prepared for you. It's a good place for your mother to recuperate."

"Really?" Horace nodded thoughtfully and ordered with a smile, "Take me there!"

"Please, come with me." Without further ado, Dario did the welcome hand gesture to Horace.

"Mr. Warren, this...this is your card... You forgot it." The cashier's trembling voice sounded before Horace could step out of the office.

Isabela hurriedly walked to him and held out the card to him with both hands reverentially.

Traces of confusion and suspicion flashed in Dario's eyes the moment he saw the nine-star unlimited bank card in his employee's hands. He had arrived at the office when Earle was insulting Horace. He had no

idea what happened before then and that Horace had actually bought a building.

At this time, he queried, "Isabela, what's going on? Why do you have Mr. Warren's bank card?"

"Erm... " Dario's questions took Isabela aback. With a fearful expression, she replied obsequiously, "Mr. Russell, I have it because he bought a building with it just now!"

"He bought a building? How much did it cost?"

"One hundred and fifty-five million dollars!"

"What? Why did you accept money from Mr. Warren? You shouldn't have! Tell the financial department later to refund Mr. Warren's money and transfer the building in his name with immediate effect!" Dario commanded her sternly.

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Chapter 128 Della's Apology



"Oh, you don't have to do that, Mr. Russell," Horace said in a low tone as he waved his hand.

He then added, "Refunding the money would be troublesome. Since I have already made the payment, just accept it."

Horace noticed that reluctance clouded Dario's face, so he further tried to convince him.

"Please don't be reluctant, Mr. Russell. You know my true identity. One hundred and fifty-five million dollars

is nothing to me. But it is not a small amount for you even though you are the richest man in this city. You run the business. It's only right that you make profit. I won't accept a refund, so keep the money."

"Mr. Warren, I understand your point of view. But it's just that everything I own belongs to you. Why should I accept money from the owner?" Dario insisted with a respectful expression.

All the employees sighed when they heard the exchange of words between their boss and Horace. 'Wow! None of them is willing to give in to the other. They are going back and forth over the refund of such a huge amount. Big shots are indeed on a whole different level. I will be on cloud nine if they give me just five million dollars, let alone one hundred and fifty-five million!'

At this time, Dario looked at Isabela and ordered,

"What are you waiting for? Hurry up!"

"Okay, I will get right on it!" Isabela hurried back to the payment counter and was about to put a call through to the financial department.

The other saleswomen averted their gaze to Bobbie at this moment. Some of them felt sorry for her while the others took pleasure in her misfortune.

A refund of the payment meant that Bobbie wouldn't get any commission.

"Alas! I feel sad for Bobbie!" Leah sighed as she stared at her colleague pitifully. To show empathy, she took out her phone and sent a message to Bobbie. It read, "Cheer up, Bobbie. Don't be sad. I'll treat you to dinner tonight!"

All of a sudden, Horace said with displeasure, "Mr.

Russell, why aren't you listening to me? I'll be angry if the money is refunded!"

Out of frustration, he ran his fingers through his hair and continued, "It's unwise to do business like this. I understand that you are doing this because of who I am. But what do you think would happen if the other descendants of the Warren family find out? They might come to ask you for free buildings! If you refuse to give them, they would surely take offense and accuse you of favoritism. Don't make an exception for me now!"

'Mr. Warren has a point there. I wonder how he became so meticulous and thoughtful. I had better obey him,' Dario pondered.

Since Horace had insisted reasonably, Dario couldn't refuse anymore. He sighed and nodded helplessly after a while. He then ordered the director of the sales

office, "Patti, give Bobbie a commission of two million dollars. It's her luck that she attended to Mr. Warren and successfully closed the sale. She deserves a handsome reward!"

"Two million dollars!" A hush sound filled the office at this moment. The eyes of all the saleswomen widened in shock. Those who had taken pleasure in her misfortune became jealous all over again.

One question bugged the minds of the saleswomen. They wondered how many buildings they would have to sell to get up to two million dollars. 'Bobbie is so lucky!' they thought resignedly.

Leah took out her phone again and sent Bobbie another text message. It read, "I can't believe that everything turned out for your good in the end. You made it. Congratulations, girl! You must treat me to a sumptuous dinner tonight!"

Meanwhile, Della took out her phone and sent a message to Lucinda with shaky hands.

"Lucinda, we have made a very big mistake. You need to come and apologize to Horace. His influence is out of this world. I'm in the sales office of the Hstead Villa District. Don't think this is a false alarm. I won't entertain any silly questions from you. If you know what's good for you, better run down here. I'll apologize to him now."

After hitting the send icon, Della lowered her head and slowly walked up to Horace. She sank to her knees with a thud.

She then looked up at him with sad eyes and pondered, 'Oh, I made a terrible mistake. Never did it occur to me that the trust-fund baby I have always wanted was right under my nose. It's rather

unfortunate that my stupidity struck out my chance to win him over. Now I only hope that he can forgive me!

Confusion settled like a boulder in Della's gut. She continued to ponder, 'Is it a new trend for rich kids to pretend to be paupers? Horace is dressed like a beggar as always. Who would have thought he was a wealthy young man in disguise?'

Waving the questions in her mind aside, Della said to Horace in a pitiful tone, "Mr. Warren, I'm sorry for offending you before. Please forgive me!"

Dario's eyes instantly turned cold. He looked at Della and asked, "Did you also offend Mr. Warren? Who are you? Why are you here?"

Della was just one of the numerous part-timers in the Dario Construction Company, so Dario didn't know her.

"Hello, Mr. Russell. My name is Della Cullen. I was hired as a part-timer for your company two days ago. I'm also Mr. Warren's former high school classmate. We just had a misunderstanding. I realized that I was at fault, so I came to seek his forgiveness," Della answered honestly.

She knew how powerful Dario was. She didn't dare to disrespect him or lie because he was not only her boss, but also the richest man in the city.

Dario didn't know what to do. He also didn't know the history between Della and Horace, so he decided to wait for Horace's next line of action.

It was at this moment that Horace chuckled and said, "How come you changed in the blink of an eye, Della? Have you suddenly forgotten that you always looked down on me? Why are you kneeling at my feet now?"

Ha-ha! You never imagined that things would turn out like this, right? It's often said that life is unpredictable!"

"Honestly, I didn't expect this to happen. I was dumb. I deserve to be punished for my sins!"

A tangle of emotions swirled in Della's heart. She was regretful, sad, and confused all at the same time. Indeed, none of their former classmates had ever thought that Horace was this noble.

"I'm extremely sorry, Mr. Warren. Please have mercy on me!"

When she saw that a frown was still plastered on Horace's face, she added, "I promise to do anything you ask of me as long as you forgive me, Mr. Warren!"

"Oh, you would do anything I say?" Horace asked

with a sinister grin.

"Yes, I swear on my life. I'll do anything you say!"

'Yuck! How can she be so cheap? Look at her. Is she trying to seduce Mr. Warren or what?' the saleswomen thought to themselves as they stared at Della disdainfully.

'He's a handsome man. We can do anything for him too!' they added, staring at Horace, goggle-eyed.

Under the gaze of everyone, Horace finally said to Della calmly, "I hate to break it to you. There's nothing you can do for me."

Della was beautiful and her current behavior was extremely seductive. However, she wasn't Horace's type. He wasn't attracted to her at all. More so, he was already in love with Laila.

A glint of disappointment flashed through Della's eyes when she heard his refusal. Maintaining her seductive and pitiful look, she asked softly, "Mr. Warren, please what can I do to make you forgive me?"

"Since you double as my former classmate and Laila's former roommate in the same dorm, I won't punish you severely. All you need to do is to kneel here for an hour. Take the punishment as a warning. If you dare provoke me in the future, I won't let you go easily because you're a woman. Have I made myself clear?"

Horace decided to cut her some slack because he knew her and she was also a woman. More so, she hadn't offended him that much. She had only mocked him and spoken rudely.

"Ah! Thank you so much, Mr. Warren!" Della shouted as she kowtowed to him excitedly.

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Chapter 129 High School Bully



Staring at Della who was still kneeling at his feet, Horace pondered, 'I have often heard the saying that when you are rich, people treat you with respect. Now, I can confirm that it's true. People's attitudes change towards me once they find out that I'm actually a wealthy man. One can be easily intoxicated by such power. I have to be very careful in order not to become someone I'll hate in the future.'

Isabela came to him again and held out his bank card. She lowered her head and said, "Mr. Warren, here is your card."

"Thanks!" Horace said and took the bank card without hesitation.

He then turned to Dario, who was standing next to him, and ordered humbly, "Mr. Russell, please take me to the No.1 villa of the Hstead Villa District."

"Okay, Mr. Warren. This way please."

Dario did the welcome hand gesture towards an opened inner door, indicating for Horace to walk through first.

The saleswomen had already realized that Horace was a top gun and their boss's superior. But when they saw the humbleness on Dario's face, they couldn't help muttering, "Mr. Warren is indeed awesome. This is the second time today that our boss is making that polite gesture for him. He must be from

a very powerful family since he's our boss's superior. Wow! I wish I could date a big shot like him!"

At this time, Horace nodded and walked towards the inner door with Dario in his wake. The latter gave him directions in a servile manner.

Tobias and Donn also followed suit.

The inner door was an entrance to an internal passageway that led to the residential area of the Hstead Villa District. Meanwhile, the taxi driver who had brought Horace to the district and was waiting outside to watch a good show had no idea that Horace wasn't in the sales office anymore.

The construction of the district had long been completed. Many rich people already lived in the residential area. As a result, there were a lot of passers-by as Dario directed Horace and the others

down the road and pointed at a few buildings.

Dario was popular in this district because he was the wealthiest man.

A passer-by, who was walking on the other side of the road, suddenly opened his eyes wide, pointed, and stammered, "Is that...Is that Dario, the wealthiest man in Rinas?"

"Yes, it's indeed him!" The other passer-by followed his friend's finger and was stunned to see Dario on the other side of the road. He then continued, "Doesn't he have his own manor? Why is he here? I doubt that he now resides here. Could it be that he came to personally give potential residents a tour?"

The Hstead Villa District was the most luxurious district in Rinas. It was the first choice for many wealthy people in the city. However, it wasn't where

the top one percent of the big shots lived. Those extremely wealthy people had their own manors that were located on large expanses of land. Thus, it was rare to see them in the district.

Unbeknown to Horace, Dario was already building a magnificent manor for him somewhere else. It would take a long time for it to be completed, so he had to fix up and recommend a villa in this district.

The manor he was currently building was luxurious and he planned for it to be better than everyone else's. However, the villa he recommended here wasn't bad at all. It was better than some wealthy people's manors. If it wasn't excellent, Dario wouldn't have recommended it to Horace.

As they all walked on the sidewalk, a passer-by ahead of them pointed at Horace and said to the person beside him, "Who is that poor man? What

gave him the audacity to bring his filthy self here and even walk ahead of Dario? Humph! He's such a disrespectful man!"

"Oh! I wouldn't have noticed that he's poverty-stricken if you hadn't pointed it out. I wonder who he is!" another passer-by commented.

He looked at Horace who was walking ahead of Dario and the others. He squinted his eyes and stared hard. The next second, his eyes widened in shock.

"Oh my God! Isn't that Horace, our former classmate? Why is he here? Unbelievable!" he questioned his friends in disbelief.

The third person who was about twenty years old frowned deeply when he heard his friends' words. He looked ahead and soon realized that the man a few meters away was indeed Horace.

Clenching his fists, he slowly walked to Horace and stopped him. He then pointed and asked, "Horace, you bloody bastard. Don't you know your place? How did you sneak into our community?"

He bowed quickly to Dario and then further queried, "Horace, do you know who this man is? For your information, he's Dario Russell, the richest man in this city. You are just a fucking loser from the trenches. How dare you walk in front of him?"

Afterward, he continued, "Horace, did you hear that this district is filled with wealthy people? Did you come here to beg for alms because of that? My goodness! You're the most shameless person I have ever met. How dare you bring your stinky self here? Do you want to pollute the good air? Take my advice. You had better leave here at once before things become worse for you. Have you any idea how

precious Mr. Russell's time is? Do you even know how much money he would lose if you delay him for just a minute? Vanish into thin air now!"

After the condescending shout, Horace's former classmate looked at Dario with great expectation.

'I have just put Horace in his place and scolded him for disrespecting Mr. Russell. I think Mr. Russell will praise me and maybe reward me too! But his praise is enough for me. When I get home, I will waste no time telling my father that I earned Mr. Russell's praise. I'm sure he will make me the heir of the family instantly!'

A few meters away, a resident looked at Horace's former classmate as if he was looking at a fool.

"Isn't that blabbing young man from the Hinks family? It's such a pity that Mr. Hinks has such a stupid child. Even a blind man could see that the poorly-dressed

man has some business with Mr. Russell. He's clearly not obstructing Mr. Russell's way. How come he's so stupid that he made a scene? His father's wealth has gotten into his head. Such a dumbo!"

Dario's face turned red in a trice. He shot Horace's former classmate a searing glare. Then, he commanded angrily, "Who the hell are you? How dare you disrespect Mr. Warren in my presence? Are you mad? Boy, you are courting death!"

"Brat, if you know what's good for you, better kneel and apologize to Mr. Warren. Do it now or I will teach you a lesson you will never forget!" Donn shouted at the erring young man after he took the cue.

This Horace's former classmate was named Bernard Hinks. He was from a rich family. During their high school days, he was as popular as Averi. He was also one of the bullies that made Horace's life a living hell.

"What the hell?" Dario's scolding was the exact opposite of what Bernard had expected, so he was utterly stunned. 'Why is Mr. Russell mad at me? I thought he would shower praises on me, but he just said I disrespected Mr. Warren. I only chastised Horace, my poverty-stricken former classmate. Is Mr. Russell referring to him as Mr. Warren? No, no, no! It can't be! I must have misheard. It's impossible for Mr. Russell, the richest man in Rinas, to hold Horace in high esteem! Besides, who is this handsome man next to Mr. Russell? Why is he also against me?' Several questions plagued Bernard's mind as he stared at the men in front of him.

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Chapter 130 Cold Shoulder





Bernard knew about Horace's background like the back of his hand. After all, they had been in the same class in high school for three whole years.

This was why he was totally confused when Dario got mad at him for chastising Horace. 'Why is Mr. Russell scolding me because of this pauper? Our former classmates organized a fundraiser recently to raise money for his mother's medical bills. It's impossible that this guy who needs handouts is superior to Mr. Russell. Something is wrong!' he thought to himself.

He knew about the fundraiser even though he hadn't attended it.

Dario's words sounded ridiculous to Bernard because he knew about how poor Horace was. However, the other passers-by knew nothing about Horace's former

and new identities. They all stared at him and pondered with uncertainty, 'Who is this poor man? Is he really Mr. Russell's superior? Is that even possible? Certainly not. It's a known fact that Mr. Russell is the wealthiest man in Rinas. But why is he according this man so much respect? Did I hear his words wrong? Or was I hallucinating? Gosh! There's more to this than meets the eye!'

"Anakin, something doesn't feel right. I must have heard wrong. Please pinch me so I can wake up from this daydream or hallucination," one of the passers-by whispered to the man beside him.

"You are not alone. I hope I heard wrong too. Please pinch me first," Anakin Green replied with a confused expression. When he felt a sharp pain in his hand, he shouted, "Ouch! Devin, you should pinch yourself instead. Look, you have pinched me so hard that my arm is bruised."

While Anakin and Devin Wallace were at loggerheads with each other, a resident who was beside them suddenly opened his eyes wide as if something had dawned on him.

"I think I know who this guy is. Holy moly! I didn't expect such a big shot to come to our community!" Soren Payne exclaimed, tapping his jaw thoughtfully.

"What? Soren, you know who this guy is? Please don't keep me guessing. Spill!" Devin immediately turned to look at Soren after he heard his words.

"Devin, Anakin, have you ever heard of the Warren family of Antawood?" Soren asked with a whisper as he looked at both of them simultaneously. The shock of realizing who Horace was made his body tremble.

"The Warren family of Antawood?" Devin shook his

head in confusion and then asked, "Is that a big family? Are you trying to say this guy is from there?"

"A big family? Calling the Warren family a big family is an understatement! That family is more than just big. It's one of the most influential families in the world. The top one percent of the one percent!" Soren said in a hushed tone. He looked at them with bright eyes and asked, "Have you ever heard of the Armstrong family?"

"Of course, I have heard of the Armstrong family. It's one of the wealthiest families in the world. It stands at the top of the helm of the world's affairs. Only suckling children wouldn't know about it. Does the Warren family have any connection with the Armstrong family? If it's true, then that's awesome!" Devin replied exasperatedly.

The Armstrong family was known far and wide. It

originated from Ascea, but it controlled countless large financial groups in the world. Hence, it held all the cards for a great deal of the world's economy. What Devin said was true. Since it was a household name, it was impossible for adults not to know the Armstrong family.

Nodding his head to Devin's response, Soren explained to them slowly, "Yes, the Warren family of Antawood is connected to the Armstrong family. It's just that they are in fierce competition. Both families never see eye to eye because there is a never-ending war for supremacy between the top financial groups in the world. These families control most of these companies, so they are practically fighting against themselves. However, it is said that the Warren family is more powerful than the Armstrong family. Some insightful people have even stated that it deserves to be labeled the most powerful in the whole world!"

Soren stopped to wipe the sweat on his forehead. After taking a deep breath, he continued, "Last year, I was opportune to meet Clive Aguilar. We chatted about the world powers. It was then he mentioned that the Warren family is more influential and affluent than the Armstrong family. Since this young man's surname is Warren and Mr. Russell treats him reverentially, I can't help but think of what Mr. Aguilar said. Something tells me that this guy is from the Warren family of Antawood! If my instincts are right, then that explains why Mr. Russell holds him in high esteem. His wealth is nothing compared to that of the Warren family, so he has to respect this young man. I can't even begin to imagine the power that the Warren family wields! Honestly, I thought Mr. Aguilar was just exaggerating. But I have realized that I was wrong. This occurrence is enough to show that his family is powerful!"

"What? So there's a family more powerful than the

Armstrong family?" After covering his mouth in shock, Devin continued, "Wow! I never knew this. It's rather surprising that our country is filled with powerful people. It turns out that this poorly-dressed young man is a big shot in disguise!"

At this moment, Horace chuckled when he saw the utter confusion that was on Bernard's face. He said, "Bernard, I wish you could see your face right now. You look so shocked. Are you wondering if I am the Mr. Warren that he just spoke about? Actually, there's no point in getting confused. It should be easy for you to figure out!"

Horace then looked at Dario and asked softly, "Mr. Russell, do you know Bernard's father?"

"Mr. Warren, I don't know this young man, nor do I know his father. But I can ask the staff at the sales office to find out about him right away!"

Without further ado, Dario took out his cellphone and texted his assistant who was stationed at the sales office. A few seconds later, he raised his head and said to Horace respectfully, "Mr. Warren, I've found out who Bernard's father is. He's a small supplier of my company!"

After putting his phone back into his pocket, he continued, "I have also briefed the human resource manager about the latest development. We will sever all relations with Bernard's father right away!"

Bernard instantly felt weak in the knees when he heard these words. It was then he realized that Horace was the Mr. Warren who Dario spoke about.

His confusion was replaced with undiluted regret. With a painful lump in his throat, he pleaded, "Horace, please can you forgive me for the sake of our

friendship?"

"Humph! Is this how to beg for mercy?" Horace stared at him with an indifferent smirk. He added, "Did you just say friendship? What friendship do we have? Have you suddenly forgotten what you did to me in high school? Did you ever consider the fact that we were classmates when you mocked and bullied me endlessly?"

Rolling his eyes, he continued, "Well, Bernard, save your breath. I don't want to hear anything you have to say. I can't forgive you! As Mr. Russell just said, the cooperation between your father and his company will be cut off!"

"Ah! Please don't do that, Mr. Warren. I'm sorry. Find a place in your heart to forgive me!" Bernard begged profusely and knelt at Horace's feet.

Although he didn't have a great knowledge of business, he knew that the cooperation between his father and Dario's Construction Company was what brought most of his family's wealth. His father was also the sole breadwinner.

The severance of the cooperation meant one thing. The Hinks family would go bankrupt in the blink of an eye!

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