

"Ha-ha!" Horace threw his head back and laughed after he heard Bernard's last statement. He said, "Did you just say I should find a place in my heart to forgive you? Did you ever think that your actions in the past would come back to bite you in the ass? I have no sympathy for you because you don't deserve it at all. Poverty is the best reward for you. What else do you want?"

After this statement, Horace looked at Dario and uttered, "Mr. Russell, please let's go. I need to see the villa you have prepared for me."

"Mr. Warren!" The tone of finality in Horace's voice caused Bernard to lunge forward and hold his leg tightly. He continued to beg shamelessly, "Mr. Warren, I beg of you. Spare my family. I'll atone for

my sins. Please tell me what you want me to do."

"Don't flatter yourself. There's nothing I would ever want you to do for me," Horace snorted and shot him a cold glance. He then yanked his leg off. The force made Bernard crash forward on the cement pavement.

In the past, Bernard was one of the ringleaders of the people that bullied him in high school. He and several boys from rich families took delight in taunting Horace.

The horrible memory of how they tortured him was still fresh in Horace's mind. This was why his heart was hardened to Bernard.

"Please, Mr. Warren..." When Bernard saw that Horace was leaving, he quickly got up and rushed to him again. He knew that the Hinks family would be

doomed if didn't get forgiveness now. He had to continue begging no matter what because Dario had been serious about cutting ties with his father.

Judging by the reverential treatment Dario gave Horace, it was obvious that he would do whatever Horace commanded him.

The wealth of the Hinks family would vanish into thin air once Dario severed ties with Bernard's father.

As Bernard tried to grab Horace from the back, Donn jumped forward and blocked him quickly. "Are you mad? You insulted Mr. Warren. I'd have loved to skin you alive. But he cut you some slack. You are supposed to be grateful for that. However, you have the nerve to beg for complete forgiveness. Do you want to die?" he queried in a clipped tone.

Donn put his right fist close to Bernard's face and

continued menacingly, "Mr. Russell is only going to stop doing business with your father. If you don't stop messing around with Mr. Warren, I will send you to the realm of the dead with just one blow!"

At the sight of Donn's hard fist and the murderous glint in his eyes, Bernard staggered backward and trembled uncontrollably. It was obvious that Donn could kill him. With his heart beating fast, he nodded and stammered, "Okay...Okay, thank you for forgiving me, Mr. Warren."

"Humph!" Donn snorted, gave him another cold glare, and then followed Horace slowly.

"Donn, I didn't expect you to be so scary!" Horace commented and patted his shoulder playfully.

"Mr. Warren, don't be surprised by his murderous look. He used to be a trainee of the Dragon Soul. How

could he not be scary? That's part of the reasons why they are feared. They wouldn't be able to protect the core leaders of the Warren family if they are not scary." Tobias chuckled as he glanced at Donn.

"A trainee of the Dragon Soul?" Dario was so stunned to hear this statement that he repeated it unintentionally. He stared at Donn with confused eyes. 'Who on earth is this handsome young man? And who is this gray-haired old man?' he wondered.

The first impression Dario had about them was that they were just Horace's acquaintances who wanted to help in house hunting. But what Tobias said just now made him realize that they weren't ordinary people.

Horace and Raul were the only ones who knew that Donn and Tobias had come to Rinas at first.

Farris only found out yesterday afternoon when he

met them in the Sea Pavilion.

'This young man is a former trainee of the Dragon Soul and he's now loyal to Mr. Warren. When did this happen?'

Some questions swirled in Dario's mind at this moment. He was very discerning, so he could read people's true intentions. Donn's defensive action was enough to prove to him that he was loyal to Horace.

'Their identities are not the only thing I want to know. They don't seem to be from around here, so what is their purpose for coming here? Do they have anything to do with the regional directors meeting that Raul announced that is going to hold soon? Are they going to be there too?'

An email had come from Raul last night, informing him that there was going to be a meeting for the

regional directors in Rinas. It was also compulsory for everyone to attend.

Dario tore his eyes off the two strange men and stared deeply at Horace. 'I never expected that Mr. Warren would become so charismatic. He only reconnected with his family not too long ago, but he obtained the support of a former trainee of the Dragon Soul. Does this guy maintain strong relationships with the members of the Dragon Soul? If he does, that would be very beneficial for Mr. Warren!'

Despite the fact that Donn wasn't able to become a full member, being a former trainee was a big deal.

The Dragon Soul was a powerful organization. Anyone that was affiliated with it in the slightest way had great power. Having a good relationship with the members was the icing on the cake.

Egan once said that the Dark Fist was controlled by the head of the Warren family, but the Dark Fist did not include the members of the Dragon Soul.

The Dragon Soul was the highest-level guard team of the Warren family, and it wasn't under any organization. But the current leader of the Dragon Soul doubled as the Dark Fist's leader. And this was why many members of the Dragon Soul also had positions in the Dark Fist.

The reason why these two organizations were headed by just one man was that Randall had purposely appointed him in order to win over his support.

The support of such a man was a huge deal because he was on the same level as the Great Elder in the Board Of Elders. His words were never taken with levity in the Warren family. When Dario knelt and

begged for Horace's forgiveness because of Milo's atrocities, he had overheard what the Dragon Soul's leader said to Egan. It was then deduced that the chances of Horace emerging as the successor had increased by at least thirty percent.

Now that it was obvious that Horace was still putting in the work despite the support he already had, Dario was even more convinced that he would emerge victoriously.

He sighed satisfactorily as he stared at Horace with great admiration.

Actually, the surgery carried out on Caylee wasn't a complicated one and Tobias could have done it alone. But Egan intentionally sent Donn along because he knew the young lad used to be a trainee of the Dragon Soul.

Due to the confidentiality of the organization, the identities of the bonafide members and past trainees were kept under wraps. Egan had accidentally found out about it from Tobias. None of the descendants of the Warren family knew of Donn's affiliation to the group. If they did, they wouldn't have bullied him.

At this moment, Donn flashed a faint smile at Tobias and uttered, "Please, don't make my head swell. It's a thing of the past that I once trained to be part of the Dragon Soul. Now, I am just the director of the Warren Infirmary's No.1 Medical Research Institute. I'd be grateful if you quit talking about my past identity, Professor Bates."

'Professor Bates!' Dario stared at Tobias in shock. 'Wow! It turns out that this gray-haired old man is a professor at the Warren Infirmary. And Mr. Warren also earned his support. He hasn't even been to Antawood yet, but he has been able to get two

powerful people on his side. He's so awesome!

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Chapter 132 Newest Supporter



Dario was lost in thought for a long time. 'It's even more commendable because these two supporters aren't ordinary people. Donn is a former trainee of the Dragon Soul and he's now the director of a medical research institute. Asides from the security connections he has because he almost joined that prestigious organization, he has control over the affairs in the medical field. Every doctor in the country surely respects him.'

Most of the advanced medical technologies and

medicines were created and developed by the Warren Infirmary's No. 1 Medical Research Institute. Hospitals from far and wide, including the Warren Infirmary, depended on the research institute whenever they wanted to get medicines and other tools. The institute generated high profits, but they were invested in an ongoing research for a new medicine.

'This old man is a medical doctor at the Warren Infirmary in Antawood. Only an experienced and knowledgeable person can hold such a position. Perhaps in his years of service, he cured countless patients, including powerful ones. They must have vouched that he's an excellent doctor. This meant he also has a great influence in the medical field. Wow! These extremely powerful men are loyal to Mr. Warren. His influence is increasing in the blink of an eye. I'm sure his enemies would be stunned by his growth!'

Dario stared at Horace and sighed deeply.

It was at this moment that they finally arrived at the No.1 villa of the Hstead Villa District.

"Here we are. What do you think, Mr. Warren? Do you like it?" Dario asked expectantly as he pointed at the villa.

A bright gleam leaped into Horace's eyes as he stared at the property in front of him. He replied, "Wow! I have never seen such a big villa in my entire life. No wonder human beings are so crazy about money!"

With his hand on his chin, he asked in a low tone, "Mr. Russell, this villa covers an area of about five thousand square meters, right?"

"Yes, it does, Mr. Warren. The buildings stand on about one thousand and five hundred square meters,

while the yard is about three thousand and five hundred square meters."

"Jeez! Don't you think it's too much, Mr. Russell?" The magnificence and beauty of the villa amazed Horace greatly.

From where he stood, he saw that there were two large open-air venues, an outdoor swimming pool, and a stadium.

When Horace looked at one of the glass buildings, he saw that it was a picnic place.

The other buildings were too far away and barely visible because they were on the other sides of the two large venues. However, he knew that they were as luxurious as the ones he could see.

"I just remembered an old saying, Mr. Russell."

"Oh, is that so? I'd like to hear it, Mr. Warren," Dario earnestly responded to him. Slight worry tugged at his heartstrings. He could tell that Horace wasn't very pleased to see the villa.

"While meat and wine go to waste behind the vermilion gates of the rich, the poor is frozen to death on an empty stomach by the roadside!" Horace sighed after quoting the saying.

Dario's eyes widened in surprise as soon as he heard that old quote. He never expected that Horace would think of it at this time.

'Wow! In my years of meeting with many rich young men, some of which were the descendants of the Warren family, I have never met anyone like Mr. Warren. He's so different. The others always demanded extremely large villas that were furnished

with top-level entertainment equipment. From the look of things, Mr. Warren doesn't care about such things at all. He's so kind and considerate. I think he's capable of rebuilding the Warren family and pushing it to an unprecedented level if he becomes the next leader. Exceeding greatness lies in store for all under his rule!'

The words that Farris said before echoed in Dario's head and made him think about Horace's experience.

'Mr. Warren experienced poverty for a long time so he knows that wealth is hard to come by. His mind has already been conditioned not to waste money no matter how abundant. And this is why he refused to adopt the lifestyle of other rich young men. Mr. Hudson once said that Mr. Warren will be a kind-hearted, merciful, and good leader of the family. I thought he was only exaggerating because he was loyal to the current family leader. But now, I have

realized that he was even modest with the praises. It's rather surprising that Mr. Hudson had perfectly discerned Mr. Warren's nature on the first day he came to Rinas. He's a wise old man. I now understand why he's the closest confidant of Mr. Randall Warren. Horace's excellence is perhaps why his father trusts him to take over his position. His father is so talented and fair. I think that his insistence to make him the next leader is impartial. He most likely has several good reasons. Anyway, I have to admit that Farris is wiser than I thought. He's the first man out of all the regional directors to read Mr. Warren's nature and try everything to get close to him. Such a cunning man!

Dario giggled at the thought. He then continued, 'I'm really looking forward to seeing what Mr. Warren's rule would be like if he successfully becomes the leader.'

The next second, Dario was reminded of Marcus. 'Marcus received the family's orthodox training and stood out from so many descendants. He is a promising candidate for the position of the successor. However, he is completely eclipsed by Mr. Warren. At first glance, it might seem that Mr. Warren has nothing to offer. But this notion would change after spending quality time with him. No matter how extraordinary the other descendants are, I will stand

by Mr. Warren. He must become the next leader of the Warren family!' Dario made up his mind at this moment.

The past leaders had been so ruthless and strict in their ruling. There hadn't been anyone as kind-hearted and merciful as Horace in the last ten generations. As a result, Dario wanted Horace to become the next leader.

All of a sudden, he was jolted back to reality by a tap on the shoulder. It was from Donn.

He whispered to him, "Mr. Russell, since you have made up your mind, you might as well give it a try. There's no harm in trying. Remember that if you don't try, you will never succeed."

"What?" Horace looked back at Donn when he heard that statement. "Donn, why did you say those words

to Mr. Russell. He has been silent for a while now.
How come you are talking about trial and success?
Are you both communicating through your minds?"

"Ha-ha! I don't have any psychic powers, Mr. Warren.
I just sensed Mr. Russell's hesitation and urged him to
make a decision. That's all."

Donn chuckled, shrugging innocently.

"Can you read minds, Donn? Wow! That's awesome!
Please could you teach me how some of your mind-
reading skills? I badly want to learn it!"

"Oh, Mr. Warren. I must say that you are very funny. I
don't know how to read minds. However, I can guess
what they are thinking. It's just normal intuition.
Nothing special."

"Mr. Warren, I have to admit that he is indeed good at

guessing people's thoughts. He guessed mine correctly and he gave good advice too. If it weren't for him, my mind would still be a mess right now!" Dario chipped in.

"Really? Then you have to thank him for that!" Horace smiled and decided to give the topic a rest. He reasoned that there was no point in getting to the root of the matter.

"Okay, Mr. Warren. I will," Dario said to Horace respectfully.

He then added, "The entire villa has been furnished. How about you have a look inside, Mr. Warren?"

"Okay, let's go."

Horace nodded and led the way. The others followed him into the villa.

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Chapter 133 Wallowing In Regre



The villa was so large and it was equipped with a lot of top-notch facilities. It took a long time for Horace and the rest to sightsee the yard.

It was then he found out that what he saw before was only the tip of the iceberg. Asides from the swimming pool, playground, and picnic hall, there were halls for video, chess, card games and so forth.

Everything in this villa bedazzled him.

Horace was tired after touring the yard, but he

decided not to rest because he had other things to do. Accompanied by Dario and the others, he went inside the main building to have a look. It was a four-story building. The first floor comprised of the living room and the kitchen. There were several bedrooms on the second floor. The third was the internal entertainment area. And the fourth was an open-air square.

Every floor was luxuriously decorated. They were also furnished with high-quality furniture. The sight of it all was pleasing to the eye. There was no one who wouldn't want to live here.

The beauty of the mansion made Horace remember the old house he and his mother used to live in before. That house was nothing compared to this one. Memories of how uncomfortable life was there flooded his mind.

All of a sudden, he was jolted back to reality by Dario

who asked, "Mr. Warren, are you satisfied? Is there anything you want to change? If there is, I will order for it to be done immediately."

"The decoration of this villa is breathtaking. I have never seen anything like it. How can I be dissatisfied?" Horace uttered with a warm smile.

He then looked at his phone and discovered that the time was already eleven o'clock. With urgency in his voice, he said, "We've spent a lot of time here. Let's leave now!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" The three men readily nodded obediently and went out of the villa the same way they came in.

A few meters from the gate, Soren was standing on the sidewalk. When he saw them stepping out, he muttered, "Never did I imagine that I would live in the

same community as Mr. Warren. I have such good luck. I'm sure my friends and acquaintances would be envious when they find out!"

"I still don't know who this young man is, but I'm convinced that he's one of the greatest top guns since Mr. Russell respects him so much. It would be a great honor to live in the same community as him. I can't wait to be a good friendly neighbor to him when he moves in!" Anakin commented excitedly as he stared at Horace from a distance.

"Yes, it's a great privilege. We can try to get close to him then. A good relationship with him will be beneficial for us. Woo-hoo! The thought of it alone excites me!" Devin echoed and rubbed his palms together earnestly.

Meanwhile, Horace and the others walked back to the sales office.

By this time, Patti Moreno was already done with the necessary procedures for the transfer of ownership of the buildings. When she saw Horace, she went to him and said politely, "Mr. Warren, documentation for the buildings has been prepared. Please you have to sign it now."

She handed him an iPad and added, "The documentation will be done digitally. You just have to enter your ID card number in the right places and the two properties would become yours."

"What? I just have to add my ID card number? But why are there so many blank boxes?" Horace asked in confusion as he stared at the screen.

"Mr. Warren, that's due to our policy. The properties you bought consist of many buildings and apartments. To acquire full ownership of them, you need to enter

your ID card number in all the blank boxes. You have to do that thirty-seven times."

Horace sighed deeply after hearing her explanation.

"Alas, I had no idea that property buying is stressful. This is so much work!"

His complaint pierced the hearts of all the saleswomen present. They widened their eyes and some even held their chests. For them, filling thirty-seven boxes wasn't a big deal. They found it ironic that they couldn't afford a house here, but Horace who could afford two properties was complaining about the seemingly cumbersome process of documentation.

Just when Horace tapped on the first box, he stopped midway and asked, "Can I input other people's ID card numbers instead?"

"Yes, Mr. Warren. You can do that as much as you want!"

"Okay!" Horace nodded and then entered his mother's ID card number in the box for the villa.

The villa was for his mother so she could recuperate well. That was why he documented her identity instead of his.

When he was done with the first box, he asked Bobbie, "Hey, Bobbie, what's your ID card number?"

Horace had the intention of giving her one of the apartments in Building No. 32.

He felt she deserved a good reward better than the two million dollars she was given as commission.

It was expected of most people to write him off because of his shabby clothes and humble demeanor. But Bobbie wasn't one of those shallow-minded people. She didn't judge a book by its cover. Instead of refusing to attend to him because he didn't look like someone who could afford a property here, she did her job politely. And this was why Horace made such a decision.

"What?" Bobbie was utterly stunned by his question.

The other employees were also taken aback.

They instantly guessed that Horace was asking for Bobbie's ID card number because he wanted to gift her an apartment.

A weighted silence filled the entire office at this moment. Several thoughts ran in the minds of the

saleswomen. One of them whispered doubtfully, "Does Mr. Warren really want to give Bobbie a house?"

"I'm afraid so. Today is Bobbie's lucky day. It is so surprising that she struck gold just because she attended to this man. I wish I had attended to him instead. Oh, I was such a fool!" another saleswoman lamented and gave herself a knock on the head.

"We aren't as lucky as Bobbie, but Dorothee's situation is worse than ours. She must be filled with regret now. Her stupid decision made her lose two million dollars and also the chance to get an apartment in this community. You know, a property here cost over four million dollars."

Dorothee was indeed dying inside. She was yet to recover from the pain of losing two million dollars, but now she had to watch her colleague get an apartment

worth four million, five hundred thousand dollars when she could have been the one. 'Oh, my goodness! I was such a big fool. This should have been me. If only I could turn back the hands of time, I wouldn't dump Mr. Warren for Mr. Ruiz!'

It was too late for her now. At this time, Bobbie stared blankly at Horace and pondered, 'Does Mr. Warren want me to be his mistress? Why is he giving me such an expensive property? Rich people nowadays want something in return for their kindness. Is Mr. Warren like them? Should I accept or decline? Jeez! A property here is a dream come true for me. How could I possibly turn it down? This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. If I decline, I might never be able to afford a house in Rinas even if I work for the rest of my life. I'll accept the gift. Even if Mr. Warren wants me to be his woman, I would gladly agree!'

When Horace saw that Bobbie was lost in thought, he

chuckled. He snapped his fingers and asked, "Bobbie, what are you thinking about? Why do you look like you are in another world?"

These words brought Bobbie back to her senses. She wiped her face and replied to him respectfully, "Mr. Warren, I was just thinking about how kind you were towards me. I don't know how to repay you."

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Chapter 134 Unintentional Seduction

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"You want to repay me? How do you intend on doing that, Bobbie? Oh, I get it now. Please rest assured. I'm not the kind of person that expects something in return for showing kindness. Just set aside your worries and accept this apartment," Horace said

calmly.

With a chuckle, he added, "I know you already guessed why I asked for your ID card number. Honestly, there are no strings attached. I want you to take this apartment as a gift. I'm giving it to you because I am in a good mood now."

Horace's last sentence was a lie. He wasn't giving her the apartment because he was in a good mood. Bobbie had been nice and professional. This was his way of rewarding her.

"Eh? He's giving her the house because he's in a good mood? Who does that?" The employees became even sadder and confused when they heard his statement.

One of them thought, 'Is this how rich people behave? Do they always gift people expensive gifts whenever they are in a good mood? Or is Mr. Warren different?'

'Oh, Mr. Warren, I hope your happy mood lasts. Please can you give me an apartment too? I also want one! If your mood switches to bad, I'm ready to do anything to make you happy again!' another

employee thought.

The saleswomen were lost in thought as they stared at Horace with expectant eyes. They hoped and prayed that he would gift them apartments or something big too.

However, neither of them could guess what was on his mind. They didn't know if he would look their way, let alone give them gifts.

At this time, Bobbie smiled and asked, "Mr. Warren, are you in a good mood because I attended to you well earlier?"

"Bobbie, you have great potential. Your intelligence and good professional ethics will take you places. I didn't expect that you would read my mind so perfectly. Kudos!"

Horace showered praises on her and gave her a thumbs up. It dawned on him that most people he knew could easily read his mind.

"Thanks for the compliment, Mr. Warren!" Bobbie bowed slightly. She then told him her ID card number.

Her first instinct was to decline the gift. But when she remembered that she didn't have a home in Rinas and it would be hard to buy one, she had to change her mind.

'Getting a house in Rinas was a wish I didn't think would be fulfilled soon. Never did I imagine that my good work ethic would get me a home in this exquisite district. There's so much more I could get. I must work harder in the future!' Bobbie thought to herself.

When Horace saw that her face had become serious again, he giggled and entered her ID card number into a box within a few seconds.

"Bobbie, thank you for attending to me well today. Apartment 302 located in the second unit of Building No. 32 is now yours. Congratulations!"

"Wow! Thank you so much, Mr. Warren!" Bobbie clasped her hands and did a little jump as she thanked him. Although she already knew he wanted to give her an apartment, she was so excited when he entered her ID card number and made the announcement.

After getting over her excitement a little, Bobbie uttered, "Mr. Warren, when I move into the apartment, I will give you a spare key. After all, the building is yours. You need to get into any part of it freely."

'She wants to give him a key? What nonsense!' The faces of all the other employees turned red with fury instantly. They were so angry and shocked that Bobbie was trying to seduce Horace so shamelessly. 'Aargh! Is Bobbie out of her damn mind? Her behavior is so degrading and unacceptable. She must be scolded when Mr. Warren leaves. He is not for any particular person; he belongs to us all!'

While the saleswomen decided to set Bobbie straight later, Horace chuckled and stated, "No, thanks, Bobbie. A spare key to that apartment is useless to me. It's yours, so you can keep all the keys."

Horace was inexperienced in flirting and other sexual affairs, so he couldn't read between the lines. He just thought Bobbie was only embarrassed and wanted to show her gratitude.

A gleam of sadness flickered in Bobbie's eyes at this moment. She sighed and pondered, 'Mr. Warren is so

straightforward. Although I didn't mean that, my heart aches because he turned me down. Am I not beautiful enough? Is he not attracted to me?'

Bobbie didn't actually offer him the key just to seduce him even though her words sounded seductive. As a hustling young woman, she currently lived in a rented apartment outside the district. She only accepted the gift because it would help her save more money. Offering him the spare key was a way of telling him that he was free to take back the apartment if he changed his mind. Now, his outright refusal caused her to ponder again.

"Mr. Warren, thank you," she said after thinking for a while.

Bobbie decided to wave her disappointment and insecurities aside. After all, she was now indebted to him.

Horace gently waved his hand to indicate that it wasn't a big deal.

After he was done with the documentation, he turned to the men beside him and said, "Donn, Mr. Russell,

Professor Bates, thank you so much for helping me this morning. Since it's almost noon, how about I treat you all to lunch?"

"Oh, Mr. Warren. You are my superior and I'm an affiliate of your family. It's a great honor that you stopped by this district. But I have to say that it doesn't feel right to have lunch on your tab. Please let me treat you instead." Dario immediately shook his head. He felt that it was disrespectful if he allowed Horace to treat him to lunch.

"Oh, come off it, Mr. Russell. It's just a meal. You don't have to be so polite and formal to me. It's my treat this noon. Please just go with the flow," Horace said in a low tone as he stared at him seriously.

"Mr. Russell, don't make a mountain out of a molehill. It's just a meal. It doesn't matter who pays for it. Just so you know, Mr. Warren treated me and some other people to lunch yesterday!"

"Humph! I was left out yesterday. Anyway, it's a good thing I'm here today!" Tobias snorted and folded his arms across his chest. He still felt sad that he hadn't gone out for lunch with Horace yesterday.

After Donn filled him in on all that happened last night, he couldn't help feeling jealous and sad that he missed out. He knew that watching incidents life was better than hearing the report.

"Okay, Mr. Warren. You can treat us to lunch. Thank you!" Dario finally agreed after hearing the statements of Donn and Tobias.

"I should be the one thanking you, Mr. Russell." Horace flashed him an appreciative smile. "Since there are no objections, it's settled then! I saw the Lake Hotel on my way there. Let's go there for lunch if you don't mind!" Horace suggested, rubbing his palms together excitedly.

The Lake Hotel was where his former classmates had organized the fundraiser. On the way, he was surprised to see that it was so close to the Hstead Villa District.

"Anything you say, Mr. Warren," Donn and Tobias politely responded in unison.

On the other hand, Dario thought for a while and asked, "Mr. Warren, don't you think that the Lake Hotel is too cheap? How about I drive you to the Sea Pavilion?"

The Lake Hotel was one of the best in the city, but Dario felt that it wasn't befitting enough for Horace. He wanted him to dine at a top-notch restaurant that wasn't patronized by the common men and fairly rich people.

"The cheapness of the Lake Hotel doesn't matter to me, Mr. Russell. But if you don't like it, I'm ready to go to any restaurant you would like us to eat at."

Horace wasn't a picky eater. In the past few days, he had eaten at three top-notch restaurants in the city—the Sea Pavilion, the Lake Hotel, and the Country Music Restaurant. He was up for any restaurant as long as their food was edible and capable of sating his hunger.

"I have no problem with it, Mr. Warren. It's fine if you have no issues with the price. I was just concerned that you wouldn't like the food there."

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Chapter 135 Wrong First Impression

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The taxi driver who had brought Horace, Donn, and Tobias to the Hstead Villa District was frustrated after he waited for a long time. He had thought the security would throw Horace out and he would watch a good show. Now that nothing of that sort happened, he murmured to himself, "What's going on in there? Did those three men fall into a deep hole or disappear from this world? It has been hours since they entered the sales office. My eyes have been glued to the door throughout. Why haven't they come out yet? Could it be that those men did something unpardonable? Have they been killed and buried in a secret grave because they caused trouble for the employees? What is happening?"

A cold sweat broke out on the taxi driver's forehead as he thought about all the possibilities. He was so worried.

"If something bad happened to those men, I'll be one of the suspects since I saw them last. Oh, my God! This is bad luck. I never knew that this district was so terrifying."

With shaky hands, the taxi driver took out his phone to dial the police emergency line. But he stopped after he saw Horace come out of the office with someone behind him.

The sight of the second person caused his eyes to widen in shock. He stammered, "Is...Is that... the...the richest man in this city? Why is he following the poor guy? Well, I guess it must be a coincidence. Mr. Russell would never associate with those two well-

dressed men, let alone that pauper. It just happened that they all got out of the office together. They have absolutely nothing to do with each other!"

'This poor guy is so disrespectful. He should have made way for Mr. Russell instead of walking in front of him. Gosh! He doesn't know his place at all!' he chastised Horace in his mind.

At this moment, the four men walked to Dario's car.

Dario rushed to open the door of the back seat. He respectfully gestured and said, "Mr. Warren, please get in!"

"What the hell! Fuck!" The taxi driver was shaken up by what he had just seen that he couldn't help cursing and gripping his steering wheel hard.

'I think my eyes aren't functioning well anymore. I

must have mistaken that man for Mr. Russell. He's definitely not him. The Mr. Russell I know is so noble. There's no way he would open the door for a loser. My eyes are deceiving me!

He rubbed his eyes hard. But when he opened them again, he saw the logo on Dario's car and his customized plate number.

"Holy moly! This is Mr. Russell's Bentley Bentayga. The plate number is also his. Jeez! What kind of big shot did I transport today?" He stared at Horace, who was about to get into the car, and sighed.

"Is it a new trend for the rich to pretend to be poor? Are they all like this? Alas, I shouldn't bother myself about the rich people's lifestyle. They are unfathomable. I must keep this young top gun's face imprinted in my memory. Perhaps I might be lucky to give him a ride again in the future! He must be greater

than all the wealthy men in this city since Mr. Russell holds him in high esteem. I'm sure he tips well too. His tip can be enough to make me live comfortably till I take my last breath!"

Staring at Horace, Donn, and Tobias simultaneously, he pondered, 'It never occurred to me that these three men weren't fibbing on the way here. I thought the two men in good clothes were just putting up an act, but it turned out that this poorly-dressed man was indeed a big shot in disguise. I was wrong to have judged him by his looks!'

Meanwhile, the four men entered the car and Dario started the ignition.

It took them only ten minutes to arrive at the Lake Hotel. Dario carefully parked in the parking lot.

"Wow! That... That's... That's a Bentley Bentayga!" a

customer at the parking lot exclaimed, pointing at Dario's car.

"I thought the rich didn't like coming to the Lake Hotel. How come one of them drove such an expensive car here?" she muttered confusedly.

It was at this moment Horace got out of the car.

"Eww! Look at how wretched he is. He looks like a beggar! His presence here instantly makes the air reek of poverty. How come he was allowed to sit in a Bentley Bentayga?" The customer held her nose in disgust, as if Horace was indeed smelling.

"Or is the car a counterfeit? I think..."

Her words faded away when she saw Dario get out of the car.

The woman's eyes widened in shock. Staring at him, she stuttered, "Is...Is...Is that Dario Russell? Why did he drive that poor guy here? Are my eyes deceiving me?"

She rubbed her eyes and stared again. Then, Donn and Tobias got out too.

"Whoa! Look at that handsome young man! I think he's the real big shot. He looks like a prince!"

The woman's eyes lit up when she saw Donn.

"But why did such a nobleman sit in the same car with a pauper? How did he manage to be in the same breathing space with him?" As she wondered out loud, she stared at Horace in confusion.

"Some rich people are compassionate nowadays. Could it be that this handsome man saw this beggar by the roadside and decided to treat him to lunch? I'm sure that's what happened. This young man is not only good-looking, but also kind-hearted. I'm already falling for him!"

Just as the woman was swooning over Donn, Dario did the welcome hand gesture to Horace and said, "Mr. Warren, this way please."

"Mr. Russell, I've told you countless times that you don't have to be so polite to me. It makes me uncomfortable. I want you to relax. Please can you do that?"

Horace smiled at Dario who had bowed respectfully. Such treatment made him uncomfortable and he could not help but think of how to make Dario stop it.

"Okay, please accept my apologies. I'll try to stop it, Mr. Warren." Dario straightened up immediately.

"Ha-ha! You don't have to be so nervous. Just make a concerted effort to reduce your polite gestures to him in public so Mr. Warren won't be stressed out," Donn stated, chuckling.

When Horace heard this, he said, "Thanks for advising him. You know me well, Donn. Anyway, let's go inside. The Lake Pot, which is the signature dish

here, is very good!"

Horace took the lead and walked towards the main entrance of the Lake Hotel.

"Really? I'm looking forward to having a taste of it!"
Donn commented excitedly and followed him.

Afterward, Dario and Tobias followed suit.

The female customer who had a crush on Donn staggered back and rested on a car. She watched as they walked away from the parking lot.

"What? This is the shocker of a lifetime! Why is the poorly-dressed young man the real big shot instead of that handsome and regal man? If he's really wealthy, why is he like that, and who is he? Dario even respects him. Never have I ever seen anyone like that in the Lake Hotel. Something must be going on!"

The woman followed them with her eyes as they went through the main entrance.

The restaurant of the Lake Hotel wasn't located on the first floor, so there weren't many people there. Only a few people saw Dario with Horace and the others.

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Chapter 136 Overly Merciful



"Is...Is that Dario Russell?"

A second after Horace and the others got into the lobby, a waitress who was behind the counter caught sight of Dario and stammered while staring in shock.

The other waiters and waitresses looked at Dario at the sound of their colleague's words. One of them whispered, "What? It's...It's indeed him!"

"Wow! I have only seen Mr. Russell on TV in the past. Someone as wealthy as him has never come to this restaurant. Since he's here today, does it mean the management paid him a whopping sum to come here?" marveled a customer, who was about to pay the bill at the counter as she stared at Dario.

At this time, the lobby manager walked towards the four men. She smiled at Dario and greeted him gently, "Welcome to the Lake Hotel, sir!"

It was when she straightened up that she finally noticed Horace, who was standing in front of Dario. Her attention had been focused on Dario, so she didn't notice him.

Sheer disgust appeared on her face instantly. She said to him reproachfully, "Poor beggar, what are you doing here? How dare you walk in front of Mr. Russell? You are courting death! It's bad enough that you and your fellow beggars often constitute a nuisance on the streets. Get out of here now!"

Everyone in the lobby immediately stopped what they were doing and looked at the lobby manager when they heard her shout. They were utterly displeased. They felt that she didn't have the right to make a scene since Dario wasn't complaining.

'She's blowing this out of proportion. Is the fact that the poorly-dressed man walked in front of Dario the only reason why she's angry? Or does she just hate poor people?' they thought in disapproval.

Before anyone could examine the situation well, Donn

stepped forward and gave the lobby manager a hot slap on her cheek.

The slap sound was so loud that everyone heard it.

"You have gotten some nerve, woman. Thank your lucky stars that you are a female. If not, I would have knocked you out now. How dare you speak so condescendingly to Mr. Warren? Take that slap as a fair warning. If you do such a thing again, I'll look past the fact that you are a woman and beat you to a pulp!" Donn warned coldly.

"Boo-hoo!" The lobby manager held her left cheek and cried out loud. Her face turned red instantly.

She pointed at Donn and shouted, "Who the hell are you? Do you know who I am? How dare you hit me? Believe it or not, you won't leave this place on your feet today. You must pay for this!"

She had barely finished speaking when Donn gave her another hot slap.

At this time, Dario cleared his throat and stated, "Wow! Is the Lake Hotel so awesome?"

Glaring at the lobby manager, he added, "What gave you the audacity to be so disrespectful to Mr. Warren? My friend corrected you, but you threatened him. Are you tired of working? Do you think that business here is too bad and want to close it down? Could it be that you want it to be a thing of the past?"

This statement sent a cold shiver down the lobby manager's spine. She looked at Dario in horror and then gazed at Horace. She thought fearfully, 'Did Mr. Russell follow this wretched man here? Do they know each other? What the fuck? What did Mr. Russell just call him? Mr. Warren? Is he really addressing this

pauper by that title? Why is he being so respectful to him? Could it be that those two slaps affected my brain? No, I don't think so!

The lobby manager shook her head and looked at them with her eyes filled with astonishment.

Dario's respect for Horace made her realize that he was noble and powerful. And that she had indeed been courting death by insulting him.

However, Horace's nobility wasn't her major concern. All she cared about was obtaining Dario's forgiveness since it was clear that he was angry with her. She decided to swallow her pride and apologize. With a remorseful expression, she bowed and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Russell. I was wrong. Please forgive me."

"Are you nuts? You insulted Mr. Warren, but you have the face to beg for my forgiveness. Shame on you!"

Fool, you are supposed to be apologizing to Mr. Warren. Don't you know that insulting him is a greater crime than insulting me?" Dario chewed her out. Her apology had fanned the blazing fire of his anger.

"Insulting Mr. Warren is a greater crime?" It was then it dawned on the lobby manager that Horace was indeed Dario's superior.

'My goodness! How is that possible? How come Mr. Russell has such an unkempt superior?' All the diners and employees were as confused as the lobby manager at this time.

A sea of eyes stared at Horace in a daze. Everyone badly wanted to know who he was.

If the physical eyes could see through people, they would have been successful. But all of them could only see his frumpy clothes and notice that his

temperament could be likened to that of a sore loser.

"What the fuck! I had fallen for it. In my mind, I thought he was a street beggar. But it turns out he's a wealthy man in disguise." Everyone sighed as they gazed at Horace.

Just as the crowd became rowdy, the lobby manager sank to her knees in front of Horace. She held his leg and begged, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Warren. I was wrong for not recognizing and welcoming you well. Please forgive me!"

"Alas!" As Horace looked at the woman holding his leg, he said, "I only came here to have lunch. What would it have cost you to treat me like everyone else here?"

He then waved his hand and added, "Anyway, forget it. I accept your apology. Let go of me and stand up. Find me a private dining room now!"

"Thank you, Mr. Warren. I'll do that right away!" The lobby manager's face brightened up when she heard his words. She let go of his leg and stood up immediately. Afterward, she said politely, "Mr. Warren, the VIP room No. 111 is empty. I'll take you there right now."

'This big shot is so kind and different. If I had insulted other rich people in that manner, they would have

skinned me alive and perhaps killed me before I even finished speaking. Surprisingly, this young man forgave me so easily. Working for him is certainly not stressful. I still don't know who he is, but I will find out! Would my friends know him? I must ask them later!

After thinking it through, she led the men to the empty private dining room.

Everyone's eyes followed Horace until he disappeared up the stairway. One of the diners said, "Whoa! I didn't expect that such a top gun would come to the Lake Hotel!"

"Me too, I had no idea. I was going to pay my bill and leave. But now that I know a big shot is here, I have to stay a little longer. Maybe it's my destiny to meet him. I might get the chance to befriend him!"

"I would be satisfied if I just get close to Mr. Russell.

My life would change for the better!"

The two diners discussed and returned to the private dining rooms they had used.

Meanwhile, Horace and the others entered the VIP private dining room and got seated.

"Mr. Warren, please if I may ask, don't you think you were too forgiving of that rude woman despite what she did?" Dario asked with a hint of displeasure.

The lobby manager was still within earshot at this time. She almost fell to the floor when she heard Dario's words.

"Mr. Russell, you think I was too quick to forgive her?" Horace asked, smiling.

He then added, "I don't think I was too forgiving. She

had not only received two hot slaps from Donn, but also got scolded by you and me. That was enough punishment. I don't think she would dare to look down on people from today onwards."

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Chapter 137 Thwarted Assault



The lobby manager, who had leaned against the door outside, breathed a sigh of relief when she heard Horace's response. The ease in her heart was as if she had just been saved from death.

"Oh! Mr. Warren is so kind!" she muttered.

At this moment, Horace and the others began to order

their meals.

Since Horace had been here before, he knew the best dishes on the menu. He ordered the Lake Pot and five other dishes. Afterward, he beckoned the waitress and said, "Please take our order."

Five dishes and one serving of Lake Pot were enough for them since they were only four.

Ten minutes later, the waitress wheeled a serving cart in and then served the dishes one after the other.

"Wow! It smells so good!" Donn couldn't help exclaiming when he perceived the tantalizing aroma of the steamy hot meals in front of him. The aroma made his mouth watery. Staring at the food, he licked his lips and swallowed hard.

"Let's dig in!" Horace said excitedly when he saw that

Donn was already salivating. He then picked up his fork and knife and began to eat. The others did the same.

"Humm! The food here is so delicious!" Dario commented satisfactorily after he ate a piece of beef from the Lake Pot. There was a burst of different herbal flavors in his mouth.

Despite being a first-class hotel, the Lake Hotel wasn't befitting for Dario's status.

This was why he had never dined here before. It was also the first time he was tasting the signature dish—the Lake Pot. It could be placed on the same level as the ordinary dishes in the Sea Pavilion. And Dario enjoyed it a lot.

The food was so good that they finished eating every dish on the table within thirty minutes.

Horace wiped his mouth with a serviette and said, "Please excuse me, gentlemen. I have to use the men's room." He stood up and walked out of the private dining room.

On the way to the men's room, a distressed voice of a woman wafted into Horace's ears. "What are you doing, sir? Please don't do that. If you don't let me go, I'll scream. Leave me alone!"

The voice echoed in his head incessantly. Tapping his chin, he muttered, "This voice sounds so familiar? Who is that? It's a female voice. But why is the surname, Duncan flashing through my mind? Eureka! I know now. It's Ansley's voice!"

Horace snapped his fingers when he finally realized why the voice was so familiar. Without wasting time, he kicked open the door of the private dining room

where the voice came from.

Some people were seated at the table. Ansley was indeed there, but a man had put her on the table and he was holding her tight.

"Girl, don't resist. Agree to be my girlfriend," the assaultive man said with a sinister smirk.

The other men immediately echoed, "Bitch, don't be so stubborn. Do you think you are a princess? You had better play along with Chadwick. Otherwise, you will suffer a lot!"

"Yes! Hot stuff, be submissive to him now. He's a big shot in this city. You should count yourself lucky that he wants to be with you. Do you know how many girls throw themselves at him? How dare you turn him down? If you continue struggling, we will punish you. Trust me, it will be very ugly!"

"Young lady, a word to the wise is enough. Take our advice. Chadwick is a gentleman. He will treat you nicely. If you agree to be his girlfriend, you will fall head over heels in love with him very soon," one of the women at the table said calmly to Ansley.

"Who the hell are you?" It was at this moment that Chadwick Nixon noticed Horace standing by the door, so he screamed with his eyes blazing.

In spite of the force that Horace used in kicking the door open, the occupants of the private dining room hadn't noticed him earlier because they had been so engrossed in cajoling Ansley.

"Humph! Who am I? What a bunch of losers! How could you bully a girl in broad daylight? Before I count to three, let go of her. If you do, I may consider sparing you all. But you will be sent to jail if you don't!"

Horace ordered the scumbags and raised three of his fingers, intending to begin the countdown.

"Ha-ha!" Chadwick burst into laughter the next second. He pointed at Horace and said to his counterparts, "Guys, did you hear that? He said he would count to three and later send me to jail. What insolence! How dare a nobody try to boss me around in this city? What do you think I should do to him for starters? Should I break one of his legs? Or maybe one of his arms? Tsk, tsk, tsk! Paupers are very rude these days. But I find it appalling that this raggedy nonentity is so audacious!"

"Erm... Chadwick, how about you let the young lady go?" a woman shyly suggested as soon as he finished speaking.

"Brenda, what did you just say?" Anger blazed in Chadwick's eyes when he heard Brenda Welch's words. He stared daggers at her.

"I... I just think it's better to let her go," Brenda replied in a trembling voice as she tried to avoid his searing glare.

"Are you out of your fucking mind, Brenda? How dare you talk to Chadwick like that? Apologize to him now!" The woman sitting next to her nudged her side and ordered anxiously.

She did that because she knew what Chadwick could do to anyone who went against him.

"Huh? She should apologize? Don't bother advising her. I don't need her apology!" Chadwick sneered.

The veins on his forehead were so visible at this moment. He pointed at Ansley and uttered, "Brenda, give me one good reason why I should let her go. If I am satisfied with your answer, I'll spare you today. But if I'm not, you will know what I'm capable of. Just wait and see!"

Brenda's body shook uncontrollably as she stared at Chadwick. She clasped her hands and plucked up courage. She then pointed at Horace and said, "Chadwick, we can't afford to offend him!"

Chadwick looked at Horace and let out a peal of mocking laughter. Afterward, he asked, "Brenda, what did you just say to me? You think this poor guy is someone I shouldn't offend? Ha-ha! Are you fucking kidding me? Are you blind or something? Take a look at him. Why can't I afford to offend such a poverty-stricken man?"

Chadwick shook his head and continued, "Be honest with me, Brenda. He's your lover, right? Oh, wow! I didn't expect you to have a gigolo. Good job, but I don't like your answer. You must come to my room tonight for your punishment. Otherwise, you will face more dire consequences!"

Ansley had been backing Horace all along, so she didn't see his face. When she managed to look back, she shouted in surprise, "It's you, Horace!"

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Chapter 138 The Most Handsome Man



"Yeah, it's me!" Horace responded with a nod when he heard Ansley's joyful words.

"You bastard, do you intend to be the hero who would save this beauty?" Chadwick chuckled and rolled his eyes. He then winked at two of the male diners at the table.

The two men immediately understood what he meant. They stood up and sneered at Horace. Afterward, they walked towards the door behind him.

The door was slammed shut a few seconds later.

Chadwick looked at Horace with a ferocious expression and uttered, "Brat, you know what? The hero has to pay a price in exchange for this beauty. What are you willing to sacrifice? Can you pay with one of your legs? Or maybe one of your arms?"

"Chadwick, please listen to me just this once. It's a bad idea to make an enemy of him. Don't do it, okay?"

He's Dario Russell's superior!" Brenda begged him when she sensed that he was unmoved by her previous advice.

"Ha-ha-ha! Brenda, you are so funny. You are telling such ridiculous and expensive jokes. I thought you were a calm girl. It's so shocking that you made up an absurd story to deceive me. You need to be more realistic with your lies. Besides, don't you know who Dario Russell is? How can such a man have a superior in this city? Are you pulling my legs or something? Oh my God!" Chadwick laughed hysterically as if her words were extremely funny.

A deep frown appeared on his face the next second. He stared at Brenda coldly and queried, "Now tell me, how long have you been with this loser? I want to know why you made up such a cock and bull story. Did he brainwash you? Humph! He's Mr. Russell's superior? Do you seriously think that I would buy

that?"

Chadwick rolled his eyes at her and walked slowly to Horace. With his face too close to Horace's, he spewed, "Idiot, you are so arrogant. What gave you the balls to barge in here and spoil my fun?"

Horace glanced at the angry man, who was talking right to his face, and smiled. Pointing at Ansley, he asked, "You don't want to let her go, right?"

"Gosh! Don't answer me with a question. You can't even protect yourself now. Why are you still concerned about the girl? Tut-tut! You are such a stubborn and stupid man. From the look of things, you are obsessed with this girl!" Chadwick said with a playful smile.

He inched backward and continued, "I'm sorry, buddy. I had no idea that you were a playboy. You already

have Brenda as your lover, but you still hook up with other girls. You love to have fun with beautiful women, don't you? Wow, you are just like me!"

Chadwick stretched out his right hand, intending to pat Horace on the shoulder.

But the latter stepped backward and pushed his hand away. He then said coldly, "Don't you dare touch me! And what the hell are you talking about? I'm nothing like you. I only intervened because I can't just stand by and watch when people like you oppress the weak!"

In a fit of pique, Horace gave him a hard kick on his belly.

Chadwick was a spoiled child from a rich family. Although he was strong enough to oppress Ansley, he was too weak for Horace. He staggered and crashed

to the edge of the table after the kick.

"Ouch! Boys, get him now!" he commanded the other young men as he frowned in pain.

"No, Chadwick. Please listen to me. Don't step on his toes. I'm not lying to you. He's really Mr. Russell's superior!" Brenda said in a trembling voice when she saw that all the young men at the table stood up. She held Chadwick's hand tightly.

None of her friends in this room knew that Horace was powerful, but she did. She had seen with her own eyes how Dario had been so respectful to him.

Even now, she still couldn't tell how powerful he was. All she knew was that there was no one compared to him in this city.

'It was a known fact that Dario is the most powerful

man in the city. Since he treated this shabbily-dressed young man reverentially, it means that he was beneath him,' she reasoned.

"Fuck off!" Chadwick's blood boiled when he heard her statement. Instead of paying heed to her dissuasion, he yanked his hand away. His forceful action threw her to the floor.

The five men who were standing surrounded Horace immediately after they heard Chadwick's roar.

With a murderous glare, Chadwick said to him, "Bastard, if you don't lose any of your limbs, you won't leave this place today. Only two things can happen to you. It's either you die in this room, or you are carried out disabled!"

He then picked up a wine bottle from the table and slowly walked to him.

"Horace!" Ansley exclaimed and ran towards him when she saw what Chadwick did.

"No, don't come here!" Horace shouted when he saw that Ansley was about to put herself in more danger.

"Go to VIP room No. 111 now!" he ordered her.

"Okay, okay, I'll do just that." Although Ansley was inexperienced, she was not stupid. She almost acted

on impulse now. But she knew that staying here would be useless. As a result, she decided to obey Horace's words by running out. Perhaps she could get help and he wouldn't have to suffer.

"Minna, Stop her!" Chadwick ordered the woman who had advised Brenda previously.

"Okay, Chadwick!" Minna Haynes answered and swung into action immediately.

Just as she was about to pounce on Ansley, Brenda stepped forward and grabbed her arm. She shook her head and said, "Don't do that, Minna. I'm your best friend and I'll never lie to you. If you value our friendship, listen to what I'm about to say. Let this girl go so you won't regret it later!"

Ansley seized the opportunity to escape at this time.

"Fuck you, Brenda!" Chadwick roared like a hungry lion whose prey had just escaped by a whisker. He stared daggers at Brenda and instructed the five boys, "Guys, you can go ahead and beat this loser. I need to teach Brenda an unforgettable lesson. She fucking betrayed me!"

Holding the wine bottle tightly, he slowly walked to Brenda. He raised it with the intention of smashing it on her head.

"No!" Minna screamed at the top of her lung when she saw that her best friend was about to get hit.

An arm suddenly appeared over Brenda's head the next second.

The bottle broke into pieces on the strange arm.

A message notification popped up on Horace's phone

almost immediately. It read, "It has been ascertained that the last blow didn't result in a fatal injury and it wouldn't cause a sequela. As a result, the protection system won't be activated for now." In a split second, it was automatically deleted.

The strange arm was Horace's. He had calculated Chadwick's actions and prevented Brenda from getting struck. Now, several shards of glass pierced his arm and blood seeped out.

"How dumb and wicked can you be? This woman is trying to prevent you from getting into trouble. But you still have the heart to try hitting her. Jeez! You are not fit to be called a man!" Horace shouted at Chadwick.

When Brenda recovered from the shock and saw that Horace's arm was bleeding, she said, "Oh my God! It turns out you are the most handsome man out of all the men I saw in the parking lot a while ago!"

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Chapter 139 The Bloodthirsty Fighter



"Ha-ha! Brenda, you really did a good job in choosing a gigolo. Men like him date women just for their money, but this one is different. He even shielded you from getting hit with his own body. Kudos!"

Chadwick flashed her an ambiguous smile. But the next second, it changed to a crazy expression. He continued, "Brenda, do you know what I love doing the most? I love torturing people. What should I do to both of you? Should I kill you so he can be heartbroken? Or should I kill him to make you feel guilty? Woo-hoo! My heart tingles with excitement

when I think of how miserable you both will be later!"

After saying that, Chadwick bit his lips and then flashed a mischievous smirk. He looked at Horace and said, "Bastard, I'll let you choose first. Who do you think should die? You or Brenda? I advise you to think twice before making a decision. You have only one chance. Don't misuse it, understand?"

"Oh! So, you are not only a scumbag, but also a freak!" Horace chuckled while staring at Chadwick.

With a shrug, he added, "I'm afraid making a choice won't be necessary because you are in for disappointment very soon. Neither of us will die here today!"

In the blink of an eye, Horace punched him hard. He was so angry that Chadwick was this ruthless.

Chadwick instantly crashed to the floor with a dull thud.

"Aargh! Son of a bitch, you are courting death! Guys, catch him now!" he roared angrily and winced in pain at the same time.

The five men immediately pounced on Horace.

Despite his immense strength, he was still like every other strong man.

He was outnumbered now, so he couldn't fight off the five murderous men for too long. It took them only a few seconds to beat him and bring him to his knees.

When Chadwick saw that his enemy had been pinned down, he managed to stand up and picked up the broken bottle.

He then walked over and put the sharp tip of the bottle against Horace's neck.

"Bring that stupid bitch here!" he ordered one of his male friends.

Within seconds, Brenda was pinned to the floor in front of Chadwick.

Chadwick immediately picked up another bottle and broke its bottom on the floor. He then put the sharp tip against Brenda's neck.

"Bastard, this should tell you that I'm dead serious. I'll give you another chance. Should I kill you or Brenda?" Chadwick asked in a shaky voice.

The excitement that he felt was the reason why his voice was shaky. His eyes were bloodshot and sweat dripped on his body although the air conditioner in the

room was powered on. He was indeed a freak. He had a morbid fascination for blood and torture.

Despite not having any concrete proof that Brenda had anything to do with Horace, he concluded that she was his sugar mommy. He wanted to see how she would react if Horace abandoned her. Making people's hearts break was one of his other morbid fascinations.

"Thank you," Brenda said to Horace as she looked at him with tears in her eyes. She then added, "Mister, although I don't know you well, I've guessed that you have a noble identity. This might sound crazy. But I think your life is more valuable than mine. Don't hesitate anymore."

Brenda was grateful that Horace had stood up for her until now. However, she didn't want him to risk his life anymore.

"Ha-ha!" The last statement triggered another peal of mocking laughter from Chadwick. His mean laughter echoed in the entire room. After a while, he said, "Brenda, I've known you for a long time, but I never knew that you were this stupid. Why are you displaying your foolishness today? Did you really think that this man intends to give up his life for you in the first place? There's no point urging him. He won't hesitate at all. I'm a hundred percent sure that he will choose to save himself instead of you!"

"He-he!" Horace chuckled and said to Brenda, "Miss, I don't know you, but you don't have to worry. Everything will be fine. I believe my friends will come to our rescue soon."

Bang! The door of the private dining room was smashed open immediately after Horace finished speaking.

There was a tall figure at the doorway. His foot that had smashed the door was still midair at this time.

"Mr. Warren, thank you for your trust!" the figure said in a respectful baritone voice.

This person's body strangely emitted a strong murderous aura that soon filled the entire room.

He took a step forward and his face became visible. He was none other than Donn. As a former trainee of the Dragon Soul, he had been tested with many tough battles. He was an experienced and ruthless fighter.

The training process for attaining the Dragon Soul's membership was a grueling one. Even some of the toughest men were unsuccessful. This was a pointer to the fact that Donn wasn't a man to be trifled with.

None of the aggressive training hurdles could be avoided. Every trainee had to pass each one of them.

Only the best of the best were picked. For instance, there was a former trainee who was from the Blue Hawk of Rinas. He had gone through numerous tough and bloody battles before he was inducted as an alternate of the Dragon Soul member.

The Warren family set up a special guard team because they wanted to resist the assassination of the dignitaries in the family by any enemies. Each member of the Blue Hawk was promoted specially after finishing off one hundred assassins.

Donn hadn't passed all the tests, but they had helped him develop himself as a great fighter. This showed that being a former trainee was a big deal.

As Chadwick stared at him, he felt a cold shiver from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. Panic filled his eyes and his heart began to race.

"Chad...Chadwick..." one of his friends stuttered when he saw that Donn was advancing towards them slowly. He wiped the sweat on his forehead and said, "Chadwick... I... I have a feeling that this man has

killed many people before!"

Fear overwhelmed him and he fainted on the floor the next second.

"Let go of Mr. Warren now!" Donn commanded and skillfully threw one of the knives he had brought from their private dining room.

A second later, the cracking sound of bones being broken filled the air. Chadwick's right hand, which was holding a broken wine bottle against Horace's neck, was pierced by the shooting knife.

Before he could react to the pain, Donn threw another knife.

Another cracking sound echoed. This time, from Chadwick's left hand. It had been pierced by the second one.

"Ah!" Chadwick let out a miserable cry when he saw the knives pierced his hands. He screamed in agony, "Ouch! My hands, my hands!"

Donn seized this opportunity to deal with the four men who were pinning Horace to the floor. With four hard kicks, he sent them crashing to the floor.

Like the skillful fighter that he was, he didn't receive any blow from the four men. They weren't a match for him even if they decided to go after him at once.

Now that Donn had defeated the four cohorts, he decided to face Chadwick who was still screaming. He walked to him and grabbed his neck tightly.

A sharp pain surged in Chadwick's entire body and he shrank in pain.

"Ouch! Sir, please don't kill me. I'm so sorry. Forgive me. Please don't kill me!" Chadwick begged fearfully as tears welled up in his eyes.

Ignoring the incessant pleas, Donn bowed to Horace slightly and said apologetically, "Mr. Warren, I'm terribly sorry for arriving late. I can't imagine how these idiots treated you. Please accept my apologies."

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[THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 140 Sworn Brothers

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Horace stood up and waved his hand calmly. "Donn, it's fine. None of this is your fault. Besides, you came right on time," he said with a smile.

Clapping his hands, he added, "You were so cool just now. Bravo!"

All of a sudden, Ansley, Dario, and Tobias rushed into the private dining room. The three men had been so shocked and worried when Ansley told them that Horace was in danger. However, Donn was the fastest of them all, so he was the first one to arrive.

Dario wasted no time in assessing the situation when he entered. He looked at the four men who were writhing in pain on the floor and the unconscious man. He then looked at Chadwick who was crying uncontrollably as Donn squeezed his neck tightly. Stunned by the situation, he thought, 'Now I understand why Donn was once considered an eligible trainee of the Dragon Soul. He's a good fighter. It's such a pity that he wasn't inducted as a full member.'

Afterward, Dario went to Horace and bowed respectfully. He then asked worriedly, "Are you okay, Mr. Warren?"

"Are you okay, Mr. Warren?" Tobias and Ansley echoed with great concern.

"Come on, guys. Look at me. There's nothing wrong with me. Of course, I am okay!" Horace responded as he flashed a bright smile.

"But, Mr. Warren, your arm!" Dario exclaimed when he noticed that there were wounds on his arm.

This shout alerted Donn and he noticed Horace's bleeding arm. His eyes became bloodshot again. With his blood boiling, he lifted Chadwick and roared at him, "Fuck you!"

He then squeezed his arms ruthlessly.

The sound of bones cracking filled the room again. When he finally released his arms, they dangled lifelessly.

"Ah!" Chadwick screamed at the top of his lung. When he subconsciously tried to raise his arms, he couldn't because he had no control over them. All he felt was nothing but severe pain.

"Oh my God! What have you done? What's wrong with my arms?" Chadwick shouted at his attacker in horror.

"Nothing really. I only tore your tendons. It's no big deal!" Donn chuckled when he saw the fear and misery on Chadwick's face.

"Wow! You are so awesome, Donn. I never knew that it was possible to tear tendons so easily, but you just

did it!" Horace exclaimed. When he thought of how Donn had saved him from getting stabbed in the neck, his admiration for him increased.

"That reminds me. The way you pierced his hands with knives a while ago was so amazing. I have never seen anything like it!"

"Mr. Warren, I'm honored to receive your praise. Thank you. The technique I used is not very difficult. As a medical practitioner, I know how tendons are. They are fairly strong and can be ruptured easily. If you are interested in learning, it would take you only two years!" Donn explained further while blushing uncontrollably.

"The use of knives to penetrate human flesh is not difficult either, Mr. Warren. A year of adequate training is enough to make anyone do it with skillful accuracy. The training process would help strengthen

your arms and fingers. It's something you can do too," he added.

"Are all the members of the Dragon Soul as awesome as you?" Horace asked in awe.

"Mr. Warren, the full members of the Dragon Soul are much more powerful than me. I'm just a former trainee who failed to win a place in the final. My power is not in any way near that of the real members!"

Speaking of the Dragon Soul brought back memories for Donn. He couldn't help but shudder when he remembered the grueling training he had received. All the tests were life-threatening. Some trainees even died while at it.

"Really?" With a shrug, Horace commented, "Anyway, it doesn't matter to me if others are more skilled in fighting. You are the most powerful person I have

ever met."

"I'm flattered, Mr. Warren. One day, you will get to meet some of the Dragon Soul's full members. Then, you will know how powerful they are," Donn said with a bright smile.

Meanwhile, the eyes of the men on the floor had been wide open for a long time. They were shocked by Donn's excellent fighting skills and the words he just said. Hazarding a guess, they reasoned that the full members of the Dragon Soul must be deadlier than him.

"Okay, we will see about that." After saying those words, Horace looked at Chadwick and said, "What an arrogant scumbag you are!"

He looked at Chadwick's friends and asked, "Come on, can someone tell me about this guy? What family

is he from? I want to know why he has the audacity to be so wicked!"

'Since Chadwick had dared to harass Ansley in broad daylight and even intended to kill me and Brenda, it's obvious that he is a bully who has a strong backer. Only someone who has a backer can be that ruthless and bold,' he thought.

A dozen eyes stared at Horace when he finished speaking. All of Chadwick's friends were yet to get over the shock that he was a wealthy man in disguise.

At this time, Minna's heart was beating fast. She remembered how she had been on the verge of

working against Horace and how Brenda had stopped her. It dawned on her that if she had prevented Ansley from escaping and something bad had happened to Horace, none of them would have gone scot-free.

'Oh my God! I almost dug my own grave. Who would have thought that this man was Mr. Russell's superior and that he had a good fighter like this man called Donn? Being his enemy is like courting death. I owe my life to Brenda!'

"Mr. Warren, I know something about Chadwick!" Minna rushed forward and said to Horace.

"Well." Horace turned to look at her and ordered calmly, "I'm all ears. Tell me what you know!"

"Do you know Pollard Lyons, Mr. Warren? He's the only son of Fraser, the eighth richest man in the city.

Do you know him?" Minna asked in a low tone.

"Yes, I know him. What's wrong? What does he have to do with this scumbag?"

Horace knew Pollard far too well. His encounters with him or anyone related to him were always bad. Even yesterday, Rocco had claimed to be his friend and behaved so arrogantly.

"Mr. Warren, Chadwick is Pollard's sworn brother. They are like minds who go about oppressing the weak in the city. Both of them look out for each other."

"Oh, I see. What about his family? Doesn't he come from a powerful family?" Horace asked her in confusion.

"Chadwick is not from this city. His family is in Isido. It is said that his family is very powerful over there, but I

don't know if it's true. He has only been making trouble here with the help of Pollard," Minna explained adequately.

"Oh, so he's not even an indigene of this place. It seems Chadwick was banished from his hometown and he came here to seek refuge. Humans don't leave their homes for no reason. If he indeed has a high status in his family, why would he come here? To start a business? Ha-ha! I don't think so!" Horace chuckled as he put two and two together.

"I really don't know what's wrong with Pollard. How stupid can he be? He only has bad friends. Could it be hereditary? His father lost everything and is now locked up in the Thunder Prison because of his betrayal and association with the enemy. Indeed, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree," Horace uttered, shaking his head in disappointment.

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picky eater. I can eat anything as long as it's not poisonous!"

Afterward, he said to the three of them, "Well, it's settled then. Let's go to the Lake Hotel. Follow me!"

The four men walked towards the door of the sales office with Horace leading the way.

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