

Minna was surprised when she heard Horace's statement. She stared at him with bewilderment and thought, 'It seems this man has sent Pollard's father to a cruel place. He must be so powerful!'

"Ha ha!" Chadwick burst into laughter as soon as Horace finished speaking. His face darkened the next second. "Stop bragging, you spineless brat. Oh, you know Dario. So what? All of you combined can't do more than an ant. Just so you know, my friend's father has a very powerful acquaintance. His name is Marcus Warren. He's so powerful that he can finish off anyone who annoys him within seconds. How can a loser like you deal with Mr. Lyons? Stop dreaming!"

Heedless of the precarious situation he was in, Chadwick put on an arrogant smile and continued,

"You don't know who Mr. Marcus Warren is, do you? Anyway, Dario should know the Warren family of Antawood. Yeah, that's right. Mr. Marcus Warren is a descendant of that family. He's also one of the candidates for the position of the family's successor. Do you think he's someone you can afford to offend?"

"Oh, you know the Warren family of Antawood!" Horace smiled and then sucked his teeth.

"Ha-ha! You know that family too. Oh, that makes things a lot easier!" Chadwick laughed out loud. "Brat, since you know that family, you should be aware of how powerful it is. You have just tortured me. My friend's father is a close acquaintance of Mr. Marcus Warren. The punishment you will receive is so great that you might not survive it. Have you figured out how you will compensate me?"

He then darted a glance at Horace's arms. "Revenge

is one of the things I love best. I don't mind paying you back here and now. If you want to live, destroy your hands and his too!" Chadwick jerked his chin towards Donn, indicating that he had to be disabled as well.

"I'm a little curious, Chadwick. How did you find out about the Warren family? Did your family member tell you about it? Or was it Pollard?" Horace gazed at him intently.

"If you found out through your family member, then it means your family is dependent on the regional extension of the Warren family in Isido. Wow! That's interesting!"

"What? You already know who I am? How dare you disobey me? Since you are being so headstrong, I'll call my friend right now and he will teach you a lesson!"

The way Horace ignored his words fueled Chadwick's anger. He could see that Horace felt that he was just fibbing. From the little he had heard in the past, the Warren family was so powerful that no one dared to challenge any of its members.

"For your information, my family is one of the top affiliates of the Warren family. The relationship both families have is very strong. This is my last warning to you. Kneel at my feet, beg for mercy, and make yourselves disabled. Otherwise, you will die miserably!"

Horace shot him a disdainful stare immediately. "You have an exaggerated estimation of yourself, boy. I have already sent your friend to a dreadful prison. He won't answer the phone. How about you call your family instead? I haven't met any affiliate of the Warren family in Isido yet," he said flatly.

"Come on, give me the phone number of one of your family members. I'll call him for you!" he added.

He then took out his phone and looked at Chadwick with a faint smirk.

His father had recently transferred all the assets in Isido to him and placed him in charge. However, he was yet to get in contact with the people there.

"You..." Sparks of anger filled Chadwick's eyes when he heard that statement. He had thought Horace would cower in fear at the mention of the Warren family. It came as a great surprise that he was not afraid at all. After gritting his teeth, he shouted, "You bastard, you will regret it!"

"He-he! I don't think so. But I'm certain that you would be the one to regret it. Well, I don't want to waste time

exchanging words with you anymore. Just give me the number! This is your only chance to call for help. If you don't seize this opportunity, you will be doomed!" Horace retorted and scoffed.

As far as he was concerned, Chadwick was a jerk whose wickedness needed to be nipped in the bud. He had no ounce of sympathy for him. He wanted to make sure he experienced how it felt to be desperate, so he would learn an unforgettable lesson.

A part of him wished that Fraser hadn't been sent to the Thunder Prison yet. Assuming Fraser was still a free man, Horace would take him here and throw him in front of Chadwick so he could see how miserable and powerless his so-called influential friend's father was.

"Damn it! You're courting death!" Chadwick roared at him. "I see that there's no point going back and forth

with you. Didn't you say you want to call one of my family members? Okay, I'll give you the number. Don't get scared when you get through!"

Chadwick gave him the number of his family member afterward.

When Horace was done typing the number, he noticed that it wasn't on his contact list, nor was it that of the Nixon family's head in Isido.

But when he checked the list of all the Warren family's directors in Isido, he saw that there was a person whose surname was Nixon. The person was Vicente Nixon. He was the third richest man over there.

Horace raised his head and shot Chadwick a

disappointed stare. He then said, "It seems you aren't even part of those highly ranked people. The number you gave me isn't that of Vicente Nixon. Humph! You have disappointed me!"

"Vicente Nixon?" Chadwick was taken aback by that statement. He stared at him suspiciously and asked, "How do you know the name of my family's head? Have you investigated me?"

"Dude, don't flatter yourself, okay? Who do you think you are? I, Horace Warren, do not have the time to concern myself with unimportant things such as investigating you. You are nothing but insignificant!" Horace rebuffed.

"Oops! That was a slip of tongue. I just revealed my name to you!" He suddenly covered his mouth in surprise.

Chadwick frowned deeply and murmured, "Horace Warren? Your...Your surname is Warren? Gosh... Don't tell me you are..."

His expression suddenly changed as if he had seen a ghost. He stammered, "Don't...Don't tell me you are also a member of the Warren family."

"Chadwick, your IQ must be extremely low. This is something a six-year-old child would be able to figure out immediately. My surname is Warren. Of course, I'm a member of the Warren family!" Horace hissed and rolled his eyes. "Since you have finally realized, I don't need to hide my identity from you anymore. I haven't met Marcus yet, but we are indeed from the same family."

"The... The Warren family!" Hearing Horace's last statement, Chadwick stuttered and trembled. The anger in his eyes was instantly replaced with despair.

The Warren family was the greatest in his books. He had heard of its immense prowess and riches. No one ever went against any of the family members and lived to tell the tale. He thought fearfully, 'If this man is telling the truth, then I'm doomed. I don't know anyone who can come to my rescue. Assuming I had a good relationship with Marcus, he might have been a good option. But I can't call him. I'm just a nobody!'

Unbeknown to Chadwick, even if he called Marcus, Horace wouldn't have a change of heart. There was no way he could escape his wrath today.

"Although I am angry with you, I have to admit that you helped me in a way. I wouldn't have known that there were bad eggs in your family if not for you. Not all of the Nixons are allies of Marcus, but the few can't be overlooked. I must bring them to book because I am now in charge of all the businesses of the Warren

family in Isido!" Horace spilled the beans with a proud smile.

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Chapter 142 The Chosen One



"Oh, so you are in charge of the Warren family's business in Isido? Are you by chance the good-for-nothing descendant who was said to have appeared out of nowhere? Holy moly!" Chadwick exclaimed with his eyes widening.

Horace's eyes immediately turned cold. Ignoring him, he asked Dario, "Mr. Russell, do you think my father and Mr. Hudson had informed the other affiliates that I'm now in charge of my family's business in Isido?"

"I think so, Mr. Warren. It seems your father intentionally made it known to build your prestige."

Dario looked at him knowingly. He knew exactly why Horace had asked him that question. There was no way Chadwick would have gotten wind of the transfer of authority if his father and Mr. Hudson had kept it a secret. However, he couldn't rule out the fact that some spies might have leaked the information even if it was classified.

Fraser, who was revealed to be a spy some days back, had been banished. It was impossible for him to leak the news.

The staff of the jewelry shop in the Sea Square was out of the question because there was no way they could get in contact with the warring leaders in the family. They feared for their lives, so they could never

spread such news.

"So you mean they intentionally made it known to the public?" Horace asked confusedly despite the straightforward answer. Before Dario could respond, he shrugged and added, "Anyway, forget about it. I should ask them instead of just guessing."

He took out his phone and dialed Egan's number. After chatting with him for a while, he hung up the phone.

"Mr. Russell, you were right. My father did reveal it to the public to build my prestige," he said to Dario as he returned his phone to his pocket.

"Yes." Nodding his head, Dario added, "Mr. Warren, I think your father doesn't want the other candidates to look down on you. He broke the news to the public so that everyone would know that you are also powerful.

Also, I strongly believe that he would make you in charge of the family's business in other cities very soon."

"Well, I still don't understand why he trusts me so much. I'm only a high school graduate who hasn't managed any business before. But he put me in charge of his businesses in two cities. Why isn't he afraid that some bad people might deceive me and take possession of the businesses?" Horace wondered out loud.

"Don't you think he's a little careless? I mean, it has only been a few days since I reconnected back to the Warren family. I haven't even been taught about how things are done. However, he put me in charge of his multibillion-dollar businesses. Isn't he afraid that I would mess things up? I have very little knowledge of these things. If it weren't for Pollard, I wouldn't have known about Fraser's betrayal!"

"Your father isn't careless, Mr. Warren. He trusts in you!"

Dario looked at him confidently. He meant every word that he said. Upon their first meeting, he hadn't thought that Horace was qualified enough to handle any of the family's affairs. He just saw him as a trust-fund baby who enjoyed the wealth he didn't work for.

However, Dario's opinion changed once he got to know more about Horace. He discovered that despite Horace's young age and lack of experience, he was a charismatic leader.

It was known that the other descendants were trained and had great knowledge about how to jockey for power. But Horace was positively different from them. He was like a diamond in the rough. Although he was untrained, he was honest, simple, and kind. He just

needed to be taught a few things. Dario envisioned that his sincerity could bring people together. Since he was already tired of the troublesome descendants, he decided to join Horace's camp. This was also the case for the others. They all became willing to help Horace even though he was new.

"Really?" Shaking his head in disbelief, Horace continued, "But the Warren family's business is so vast. I don't think I'm up to the task. However, I believe in you, Mr. Russell. You are an experienced and loyal man. It's said that two heads are better than one. Although I was placed in charge, I'm willing to take advice from you. Please don't hesitate to advise me whenever you can."

"Thank you for trusting me, Mr. Warren. I'll try my best to support you," Dario replied from the bottom of his heart. It had been a long time since anyone had so much trust in him. He hadn't trusted anyone sincerely

too.

This was why his heart leaped for joy when he heard Horace's words. He was so happy that it energized him and he began to feel like a youth once again.

"Oh my! I almost forgot what I was supposed to do," said Horace as he did a facepalm.

He quickly made a phone call to the regional director of the Warren family in Isido.

This man was called Mathew Warren.

The call connected after a few seconds. A clear and deep voice came from the other end of the line after the connecting tone.

"Hello, who is calling, please?"

For Horace's protection, his father hadn't distributed his number to all the directors. He only made sure that their numbers were stored on Horace's phone so he could call them if he ever needed to.

Nevertheless, there was something that alerted anyone who received such calls. A special logo always showed on the screen which was only made for the Warrens. As a result, Mathew didn't ignore the

call even though he didn't know who the caller was. He knew that the number belonged to a member of the Warren family.

"Hello, Uncle Mathew, I'm Horace. Do you know me?" Horace immediately introduced himself after the greeting.

"Horace?" Mathew was taken aback by the name he just heard. He managed to keep his cool and replied respectfully, "Good day, Mr. Warren. It's a great honor to receive your call. Please how may I help you?"

A few days ago, Matthew had been alerted of the transfer of control from the family's head to his son, Horace. He had been expecting Horace's call since then, but he didn't until now.

'It seems Mr. Warren is not serious about running the business. If he is, he would have called me a few

days ago,' Mathew sighed deeply.

"Please don't be so polite to me, Uncle Mathew. We have never met before, but I can tell from your voice that you are an upright man."

Horace had a good first impression of him just by hearing his voice.

"Please could you do me a favor?" he asked politely.

"Of course, I am more than ready to be of help to you. I'm your humble servant, so it's my duty to serve you. Please tell me whatever it is and I'll have it done immediately!"

"No, you are not my servant, Uncle Matthew. We are relatives. Please don't call yourself my servant," Horace said kindly. "Anyway, I need you to investigate the Nixon family in Isido. There are some bad eggs

amongst them. They are colluding with Marcus.
Please fish them out!"

"Mr. Warren, are you in Isido now?"

Mathew became confused when he heard that request.

"No, I'm not. I just happened to get some clues here in Rinas. From the look of things, some of the Nixons are Marcus's allies. I want you to investigate it."

"I have to hand it to you, Mr. Warren. You did a good job noticing such a thing from over there. I'll get right to it now." Mathew couldn't conceal his surprise. 'My goodness! Who was that person who said Mr. Randall Warren's son is a good-for-nothing person? If he was, how come he had a clue of what was happening in Isido while in Rinas? Damn it! It seems Mr. Warren is the Chosen One!'

Concerning the shadiness of the Nixon family, Mathew wasn't surprised. He had been suspecting them for a while now. It was just that he didn't expect that a newcomer like Horace would get wind of it.

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Chapter 143 The Assassin



Just as Mathew was lost in thought, Horace said softly, "Okay, thank you, Uncle Mathew. I hope to hear from you soon."

The both of them exchanged goodbyes and Horace hung up the phone.

After putting his phone back into his pocket, he looked down at Chadwick and smiled. He then said, "Chadwick, if it weren't for you, I wouldn't have smelled a rat concerning what was happening in your family. Thank you!"

These appreciative words sent a cold shiver down Chadwick's spine for the umpteenth time in the hour. He was not only desperate, but also extremely regretful. He had thought that Horace was just an ordinary member of the Warren family. But now that he found out that Horace was actually the leader's son and a potential successor, he knew he was doomed. Worse still, he had bragged about having connections with Marcus—Horace's enemy, who was secretly colluding with some of the Nixon family members.

If he couldn't solve the problem he just caused, his family would be doomed.

"Mr. Warren, Mr. Warren, please forgive me! My family is always loyal to you and your father. We have never worked for anybody else. Please believe me. We are all your loyal servants. Have mercy on me and my family. Please!"

Desperation more than anything overwhelmed Chadwick. 'Ah! What have I done? How could I have known that this young man was actually the son of the Warren family's head? I'm so unlucky! What do I do now?'

"Cut the crap, Chadwick. Do you think you can deceive me? If you are so loyal to me, how come you are in touch with Marcus?" Horace sneered at him. Squinting his eyes, he continued, "Are you trying to tell me that you don't know him well?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Mr. Warren, I know Marcus, but I'm not

very close to him. I only met him once and then invited him to my party. We aren't buddies!" Chadwick explained without hesitation in a bid to get off the hook.

"Well, I don't have time to waste listening to your bullshit. If you are really loyal to me, who were you supposed to invite to your party? Shouldn't it have been me, your direct leader? Does that mean you don't take me seriously at all?" Horace snorted with a cold glare.

He turned to Dario and said, "Mr. Russell, please can you send him to the Thunder Prison. Jerks like him don't deserve to roam free. Let him go and keep Fraser company since he also colluded with the enemy.

Horace ran his fingers through his hair and added, "Judging by the recent events, I think it's high time I

rescinded Pollard's freedom. He might be plotting something without our knowledge. It's better to send him to his father. The two bastards who dared to offend me in the last two days are both Pollard's cohorts. This goes on to say that Pollard is increasingly corrupt and can't be trusted. Let's send him there too!"

"Mr. Warren, I'd love for them to be locked up, but I have to point out that only the Blue Hawk in Rinas can send people to the Thunder Prison. Even if Raul wants to get the Blue Hawk to work for him, he has to get the approval of three general directors first. For you, it would be better if you directly contact the leader of the Blue Hawk and ask him to come and take Chadwick away. It would not only save you time, but also eliminate the stress of contacting other directors," explained Dario respectfully.

"Oh, I see," muttered Horace.

He took out his phone and dialed the number of the Blue Hawk's leader.

Immediately after the line connected, Horace introduced himself and explained the current situation to him. The leader readily agreed and said that he was on his way to the Lake Hotel and he would arrive in a few minutes.

After ending the call, Horace let out a sigh and muttered, "Being a candidate for the successor position is not easy. I haven't even met the other candidates, but I'm already dealing with many enemies. One can only imagine how tough the main competition will be. I still can't fathom how my father managed to kick the asses of his opponents, including the other seeded candidates. It must have been really tough!"

Now that Horace was gradually easing into his true identity, he was beginning to realize that the responsibility he was saddled with wasn't child's play. What he had to shoulder was nothing like he had ever experienced.

"Mr. Warren, your father is exceptionally gifted. The battle was tough, but he made sure not to go easy on his opponents. He defeated everyone he fought."

With a deep sigh, Dario added, "I strongly believe that you will defeat the other competitors and emerge as the successor, Mr. Warren. You just have to believe in yourself too."

"That's right, Mr. Warren. You will definitely kick their asses and become the next head of the Warren family. Marcus is nothing compared to you. His power has just been exaggerated by many. He's trash!" Chadwick echoed quickly.

Although he had never been to the Thunder Prison, the name alone was enough to indicate that it was a horrible place. The thought of it scared him out of his wits, let alone being locked up there. He employed the use of flattery so Horace could let him off the hook.

Unfortunately for him, Horace turned a deaf ear to whatever he said. He didn't care about him at all. His heart was closed off to such a scumbag.

When Chadwick didn't get any response, his heart hurt so much that he felt like crying. Tears welled up in his eyes at this moment. He said sadly, "Mr. Warren, Mr. Warren, I have never seen any man like you. You are knowledgeable, flawless, well-educated, resourceful, far-sighted, and almighty! You are the Chosen One! Only a fool would dare to offend you. And I was one. It was foolish of me to step on your toes. Since I have realized my mistakes, please forgive me!"

Chadwick invested all the flattering words he had in his vocabulary in order to survive.

However, he had just finished speaking when the sound of shattering glass was heard.

A muffled groan escaped Chadwick's lips and he lowered his head slowly. Blood oozed from a hole in his head and he collapsed to the floor.

When Donn saw that Chadwick had been killed, he picked up a knife from the table and looked out through the broken window.

"Whoa! What a superb skill! That killer must be a member of the Kylin Bone!" he exclaimed after looking around and finding no clues. The job had been perfectly done.

As a former trainee of the Dragon Soul, Donn was good at guarding against assassination. However, he couldn't fathom how the killer had successfully targeted Chadwick from outside and did it without a trace. Only a member of a secret organization could have done that. And the Kylin Bone was the only name that came to his mind.

"The Kylin Bone?" exclaimed Tobias in surprise. He quickly stepped forward and shielded Horace's body with his, away from the window where the shot had come from.

"Don't worry, Tobias. He has left already," Donn informed Tobias who was trembling inexplicably.

"Is that a full member of the Kylin Bone?" asked Tobias after he relaxed a bit.

"Yes, he must be a full member. Only fully-trained assassins can do such a clean job. If he was a mere trainee, he would have unintentionally left some traces and I would have managed to stop him."

With confusion written on his face, Donn continued, "I don't understand why the assassin only killed Chadwick, but not..."

He took a pause.

"But not me, right? Well, I think the reason is apparent. Whosoever sent him didn't tell him to kill me. Or maybe he just didn't have the guts!" Horace chipped in.

The next second, he looked ahead. The others followed his gaze and noticed that two people had appeared at the door of the private room.

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Chapter 144 Meeting Marcus



A weird feeling filled Horace's heart as soon as he set eyes on the man in front. He asked doubtfully, "Marcus Warren?"

All of a sudden, the man clapped his hands and responded, "I have to admit that I underestimated you, Horace. Never did I expect that you would guess who I am even though we have never met and you only reconnected to the Warren family not too long ago. Perhaps there's a chance that you are qualified to be my opponent."

Indeed, Horace was right. This young man was Marcus, one of the candidates set to vie for the successor position.

"I hate to break it to you, Horace. But you need to know that you are the least promising out of all the candidates. If you hadn't grown up outside the Warren household, maybe you would have a better chance of

winning. But you know nothing about the family. Absolutely nothing!" he added.

"I don't care if I'm promising or not!" Horace retorted.

With a smile, he continued, "Did you purposely come here to ridicule me? Is this your way of giving me a head-on blow? Sorry to burst your bubble. Your words don't get to me at all. You are no match for me!"

The trials and tribulations that Horace had suffered for eighteen long years had made him strong at heart. Marcus's intimidation didn't affect him in any way.

"Actually, I came here to see my good friend, Fraser. But I was shocked to find out that you had whisked him away," said Marcus in a low voice.

Before he could say anything more, Horace chipped in, "You wanted to ask Chadwick about Pollard and

Fraser, but you didn't expect to bump into me here, right? To your great dismay, you happened to overhear how he belittled you just to obtain mercy from me. It seems to me that your blood is boiling right now. Bottling up your emotions is not good. Please vent your anger!"

Horace snorted while staring at him intently. "Judging by the murderous glint in your eyes, you most likely wanted to kill me just now. But you refrained from doing so because you have no balls. You were afraid that my father would snuff the life out of you if you kill me. More so, it would give the other candidates more advantage and your ambitions wouldn't see the light of day. Nevertheless, you were still very angry. It was eating you up from the inside. To vent your anger, you decided to kill Chadwick instead!"

Hearing Horace's statement, Marcus rebuffed with a smirk, "I was angry? What's the use of being angry?"

Would my anger save the Nixon family from your wrath? Or the Lyons family? No, I don't think so!"

Putting his hands in his pocket, he continued intimidatingly, "Honestly, I don't give a damn if the Nixons, Duffys, and Lyons are all gone. I have people on standby that can take their place. It's just that I am appalled by the way and manner in which you uprooted the three forces I arranged in Rinas and Isido even before you were found! I have to admit that you are more interesting than other candidates, except Hancock. Although there are some promising candidates, I thought they would be defeated and I would have to contend with Hancock at the finals. But from the look of things, you have become my opponent too!"

"Don't flatter yourself, Marcus! You make it sound like the others are insects that could be squashed with one swipe. I haven't met them, but I don't think you

are any better than them. Don't judge a book by its cover. I advise you to be very careful, lest the others defeat you before you even make it to the finals!" Horace stated calmly and shrugged.

There was a large number of young descendants in the Warren family. In spite of his father's support, Horace would never underestimate any of the candidates. He thought of them as worthy persons since they stood out amongst their peers.

"Really? Let's wait and see!"

"Well, I'm looking forward to watching your good show!" responded Horace. He wasn't worried at all about what Marcus planned to do.

Asides from the power he had, he believed that under his father's protection, it would be very difficult for anyone to harm him. They knew that the

consequences of laying a finger on him were dire. As a result, no one could dare to incur the wrath of his father.

The other candidates didn't pay much attention to him because he only reconnected to his family recently. They most likely saw him as an ignorant person, like Marcus who was in front of him now.

As a result, Horace wasn't worried at all that they would hurt him.

"Delivering a good show is one of my specialties. I will give you one, but I'm afraid you will be scared out of your wits at that time!"

"Oh, don't worry about that. I'm very bold. Nothing you do will scare me!"

After saying that, Horace averted his gaze to the

figure who was clothed in black from head to toe.

"What do you think about that, Kylin Bone's full member?" he asked seriously.

Without uttering a word, the masked figure aimed the black iron ingot he was holding at Horace.

Donn's eyes instantly darkened when he saw this. He quickly went to Horace and stood in front of him.

"Mr. Warren, you have to be careful. This is not just an ordinary assassin, but an official member of the dreaded Kylin Bone! I may not be able to defeat him if he attacks. But I promise to fight to the death in order to protect you!"

After this statement, Donn put on a defensive posture, facing the assassin. He was more than ready to take on this formidable enemy even though he was ninety-five percent sure that he would lose.

"Thank you, Donn!" Horace's lips curled up in a smile as he stared at Donn. He then patted him on the shoulder and uttered, "Please don't be nervous. He doesn't have the guts to kill me because his boss wouldn't dare!"

"Ha-ha!" Marcus threw his head back and laughed out loud. When he was done, he added, "The more I listen to you speak, the more I admire you, Horace. You are indeed the son of your father. Just because

you have his backing, you are so arrogant in the presence of a Kylin Bone member. You are so brave. I'll give you that!"

Feigning sympathy, Marcus continued, "It's such a pity that you don't have a foothold in the Warren family now. Worse still, your father is being restrained by the elders. Otherwise, based on your performance today, I have to admit that Hancock and I would be no match for you."

Marcus was indeed astonished that Horace kept his cool in the presence of such a dreaded assassin. They were from the same generation, but he was about eight years older than Horace. It was surprising to him that such a young man could be this bold.

"Well, that's none of your business!" retorted Horace as he glanced at him coldly.

"Humph!" Marcus snorted. After glaring at Horace for a while, he said to the assassin behind him, "Let's go!"

"Wait!" Hardly had Marcus spun on his heels when Horace suddenly shouted.

"What is it? Do you want to admit defeat so soon?" Marcus asked, grinning ridiculously.

"Stop dreaming, okay?"

Horace chuckled and added, "Marcus, I just wanted to remind you to clean up the mess you made. If you don't, I will report you to the superior. You can rest assured that you'll be in trouble then!"

He pointed at Chadwick's corpse which was lying in a thick pool of blood.

"Well, well, well! My admiration for you has quadrupled!" Marcus flashed a bitter smile. He then ordered the assassin, "You deal with it!"

Hearing this command, the assassin nodded and walked straight to Chadwick's corpse. He then pulled it up and plopped it on his shoulder effortlessly. Afterward, he returned to Marcus's side.

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Chapter 145 Donn's Promise



"Goodbye!" Horace waved at them calmly.

Marcus just frowned at him. Without uttering a word, he left with the assassin.

Tobias stared at their receding figures until they were out of sight. He then took a deep breath and wiped the beads of sweat on his forehead.

"Phew! Never did I imagine that I would see a full member of the Kylin Bone one day. I don't want to bump into another one in the future," he muttered in a trembling voice.

"Are the Kylin Bone members so scary?" Horace asked when he saw that Tobias's face was deathly pale.

Without waiting for an answer, he turned around and saw that the three young ladies, Ansley, Minna, and Brenda were squatting on the floor in fear.

"Come on, there's no cause for alarm. They have already left. Why are you all so scared?"

The very moment a bullet shattered the glass and killed Chadwick was when the three ladies became so terrified. They had sunk to their knees and hid behind the table.

"How can I not be scared? Those men were very scary. They murdered someone and the sight of the blood is imprinted in my mind. Oh my God! I'll have a horrible nightmare tonight!" Ansley held her chest and breathed heavily. She was a little relieved now that the bad guys were gone, but she couldn't stop trembling.

Meanwhile, nothing but fear filled the eyes of Brenda and Minna as they looked at Horace. Not only could they not get over the shock of Chadwick's death, but they were also surprised by how dangerous it was for Horace to contest for the successor position of his family. They sensed that what happened today was

just the tip of the iceberg.

'Jeez! Being a descendant of the Warren family is indeed very tough. I still can't wrap my head around what just happened!' Brenda and Minna thought to themselves.

"It's all over, Ansley. Take a deep breath. Danger won't come to you." Horace walked over to Ansley and patted her on the shoulder.

Although he had come into the private dining room to save her from Chadwick's claws, the situation only escalated because of Marcus's sudden appearance. He felt guilty that she was traumatized by the scene, so he comforted her.

"Okay, I'm calm now." Ansley had taken a deep breath and exhaled. The tightness in her chest eased up greatly. She looked at Horace with a pale smile.

At this moment, Donn explained to Horace, "Mr. Warren, the Kylin Bone is indeed powerful. It's the most terrifying organization of the Warren family. While the duty of the Dragon Soul is to protect the important family members, the Kylin Bone is saddled with the responsibility of killing people. All its members are the top assassins in the country. No one ever survives an assassination attempt from them!"

"Yes, Mr. Warren. Becoming the Kylin Bone's target is the scariest and most unfortunate thing that could happen to anyone!" Tobias echoed fearfully.

"Of course, anyone who becomes the target of an assassin would be terrified!" Horace chuckled at Tobias's words.

"It's obvious that Marcus isn't loyal to my father. How about the Kylin Bone? Are they on the side of the

Board Of Elders?"

"Just like the Dragon Soul, the Kylin Bone isn't on any side, Mr. Warren. However, the assassins are at liberty to serve any of the descendants that they like. The same goes for the members of the Dragon Soul," Donn explained adequately.

A second later, he suddenly snapped his fingers as if an idea had just popped up in his head. "That reminds me, Mr. Warren. I'll go to visit two of my former training mates when I return to Antawood. They succeeded in becoming bonafide members of the Dragon Soul. I promise to win them over for you!"

This promise left Dario utterly stunned. He stared at him with his eyes opened wide. 'Wow! Donn is just a former trainee of the Dragon Soul, but he's already of great help to Mr. Warren. If his friends join Mr. Warren's camp, he would be so powerful! It seems

Mr. Warren is indeed the Chosen One. Many talented people are willing to support him in this quest. Having the support of the Dragon Soul's members is more useful in this successor competition than that of the Kylin Bone's members.'

The members of the Kylin Bone were professional killers. In order to keep their missions secret, they were all lone wolves.

But the reverse was the case for the Dragon Soul. The organization's job was to protect the important leaders of the Warren family. As a result, the full members were close to the dignitaries they protected. Some of the dignitaries even took advice from the Dragon Soul's members who were protecting them from danger.

According to the rules, the Kylin Bone assassins couldn't assassinate any member of the Warren

family. Most of them didn't have contact with the leaders. This was why the Dragon Soul was more useful in the competition for the successor position.

A bright smile appeared on Horace's face when he heard Donn's statement. He said, "Donn, I'm very grateful for your help. But I believe in the popular saying, 'Man proposes, God disposes'. It doesn't matter if they agree or not. I'll find another way to get more power if they refuse."

"It's my pleasure to be of help to you, Mr. Warren." Donn reverentially bowed to him. "Don't worry, Mr. Warren. I have a strong relationship with my old training mates. We all have each other's backs. They are also morally upright. I strongly believe they will agree," Donn insisted confidently.

"Okay, I'll be glad if you can win them over."

Donn's promise made Horace happy. The recent happenings had given him a deeper understanding of his true identity.

Being one of the candidates for the successor position was much harder than how he had imagined. He greatly envied the rich men in TV dramas, who did whatever they wanted and weren't in any danger.

The thought of his current situation filled his heart with worry. He sighed deeply.

Although the going was tough, Horace didn't intend to

just stand by and do nothing. He was willing to fight until the very end. He had inherited resilience and other combative traits from his father.

These traits had been buried for many years, but they were unearthed due to the impending competition.

Despite not knowing why his father had absolute confidence in him, Horace decided not to let him down. He wanted to prove to everyone that he was strong and that he wasn't just relying on his father's power.

He was fully aware that his relatives currently underestimated him because he had appeared out of nowhere and became a candidate since he was Randall's son.

'Dear relatives, just wait and see. I'll definitely give you all the shock of your lives!' Horace vowed

inwardly, clenching his fists.

Meeting with Marcus today made him more determined to win.

Dario, who was standing next to Horace noticed the firm expression on his face. He sighed and pondered, 'There is a high probability that Mr. Warren is just as talented as his father. He only reconnected with the family a few days ago, but he's already adapting to the situation and gaining power without his father's help. Before Marcus left, I noticed that he was greatly intimidated by Mr. Warren even though he tried to hide it. I wonder how the others would react when they find out that Mr. Warren isn't as incapable as they thought. They will be so shocked. Ha-ha!'

Just then, one of Marcus's sentences replayed in Dario's head. He wondered who the Duffys were. 'Marcus said Mr. Warren destroyed three of the

families that were secretly working for him. How did he do that? It must be a big deal. I'll tell the directors about it in the upcoming meeting,' he thought.

All of a sudden, Horace broke the short-lived silence. "Donn, Mr. Russell, and Professional Bates, let's go back to our private dining room. I didn't expect that we would encounter such a stressful incident here today. Anyway, it's all good. This occurrence helped me find out about some of the so-called loyalists who are working for my enemy."

Horace then turned to look at Ansley again. "Ansley, you also helped me a lot in this matter. I want to give you a reward. Do you have anything you want? Just name it," he said with a friendly smile.

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Chapter 146 Horace's Admirer



"Ermm..." Ansley was taken aback by Horace's words. Putting on a pitiful face, she said, "I was so scared just now. Till now, I haven't gotten over the shock completely. I just want a hug from you!"

"What?" It was Horace's turn to be taken aback by her words. When he urged her to make a request, he didn't think she would ask for such a thing.

'Oh my! I already promised to give her whatever she asked for. What do I do now? I'm already dating Laila. If I should hug Ansley, it would mean that I cheated on my girlfriend. I don't want that!'

While Horace was contemplating what to do, Brenda and Minna stared at Ansley. Minna thought, 'This girl is a scheming bitch. She's pretending to be innocent, but she's very cunning. Truth be told, we were all scared. Asking for a hug could be considered as a reasonable request now. Oh, how I wish I could get a hug from Mr. Warren too. It's better than getting anything else!'

'I want a hug too!' Brenda screamed in her mind as she gawked at Horace. The instance when he had protected her from getting hit by the bottle still lingered in her mind. There was an inexplicable feeling in her heart as she reminisced.

"Well..." Horace took a deep breath.

He was about to turn down her request. However, Ansley grinned and stated, "Never mind, Horace. I was just kidding!" She then added, "Actually, I don't

want anything."

"Really? Do you mean you don't have any needs? How is that possible, Ansley?"

Horace looked at her in surprise.

"You are a young lady. Don't you like crystals and diamonds? How about gold and silver jewelry? Or even luxury cars? Don't you want any of those things?"

Horace raised his eyebrows and added, "Could it be that you want a handsome boy? If so, it's rather unfortunate that I can't give you that."

"Ha-ha!" Everyone standing close by burst into laughter.

Embarrassment caused Ansley's face to turn pale.

She blinked severally and finally responded, "I don't want any of such things. You just saved me, Horace. I'm supposed to reward you instead of collecting one from you. I'm not a greedy or ungrateful person. Honestly, I don't need anything. Thank you for your kindness."

In Horace's mind, Ansley was the reason why he was able to discover that some bad eggs were working against him in Isido. She had done him a huge favor as far as he was concerned.

But for Ansley, Horace had saved her from getting sexually assaulted by that pervert. He was her savior. This was why she believed she was supposed to reward him and not the other way around.

"Donn, I need your advice. If you were to reward a young girl, what would you give her?" It became obvious that Ansley wouldn't make a choice. Horace

wanted to reward her, so he decided to ask Donn for advice.

"Reward a young girl? Oh, do you mean a gift? Mr. Warren, I know of a gift befitting for a young girl. I came across something when I was shopping online recently. If you buy it for Miss Duncan, I'm sure she'll be moved to tears!"

Donn took out his phone and quickly searched for the product on Amazon. He then handed the phone to Horace. "There you go, Mr. Warren. What do you think? Please be careful. It's best if Miss Duncan doesn't see it. Otherwise, it will no longer be a surprise. She might start shedding tears of joy right now."

Horace stared at the screen with narrowed eyes. The product was a large imitation diamond ring that weighed ten kilos. The title on the webpage read,

"Buy this for your girlfriend and she will be moved to tears!"

The three young ladies were so curious to know the gift that Donn had suggested. Their curiosity was getting the best of them, so they craned their necks and secretly glanced at the phone screen.

'What? He must be joking!' They were all speechless when they saw the item. They felt that Donn was either a man of bad taste, or he was just joking.

Ansley was about to sigh sadly, but her eyes suddenly caught glimpse of the word, 'girlfriend' in the title. Her heart leaped and she became expectant.

Oblivious to the fact that Horace was already in a relationship, she thought this gift would bring them closer. He had behaved so manly today and put his life on the line for her. She couldn't help but think that

he had feelings for her. Now, she looked forward to becoming his girlfriend.

She was falling in love with him.

Just as Ansley was daydreaming, Horace nodded and commented, "Thank you for this suggestion, Donn. This looks pretty nice. But the header says it's a gift for girlfriends. Ansley is not my girlfriend. It feels inappropriate to give her this."

"Yeah, you are right, Mr. Warren. I saw that before, but it skipped my mind just now. I liked the product at first sight. When I fall in love with a girl, I'll buy this and give it to her as a token of my love!" Donn uttered excitedly.

He was so happy that Horace concurred with him. Not only that, a part of him was looking forward to falling in love.

A tinge of sadness flashed in Ansley's eyes as she stared at Horace. She thought disappointedly, 'Humph! You can never count on a man's taste!'

At this moment, Horace scratched his head and said, "Alas, it's difficult to pick a gift for a girl. Ansley, I don't know exactly what to get you. How about I give you some money? I'll transfer one hundred thousand dollars to your bank account. Please don't turn me down this time."

"One hundred thousand?" everyone echoed in unison. They were so shocked.

'Jeez! That's a huge amount of money! This guy is so rich. He just mentioned that amount like it's nothing to him. More so, it seems like he's serious about it. I've never seen a man like this. How I wish I could get that kind of money too!' Brenda and Minna were extremely jealous at this time. They both wished to be in Ansley's shoes.

Without further ado, Horace brought out his cellphone to make the transfer, but he didn't know her bank account number.

"Ansley, I want to transfer the money now. Please what's your bank account number?" he calmly asked while staring at her seriously.

'Goodness gracious! Mr. Warren is serious. I thought he was just pulling her legs!' Brenda sighed at the thought.

'No wonder Chadwick was so afraid of him after finding out his surname. It turned out that Mr. Warren is so wealthy and powerful!'

"I'm sorry, Horace. But I have to turn this down. I'm supposed to be rewarding you since you saved me. How can I accept your money?" Ansley shook her head vigorously.

"I insist, Ansley. Don't be stubborn. Just give me your bank details. If you refuse to tell me, I'll find it out myself."

Horace didn't want to go back and forth on the matter anymore. It was common for people to store their bank details on their phones. So as soon as he

finished speaking, he bent down and reached for her phone.

"Let's not argue over this, Horace. I can't take your money. Please understand..."

Ansley stopped speaking midway when she saw Horace pick up her phone from the floor. She had accidentally dropped it while she was shivering in fear some minutes ago. It didn't occur to her to pick it up.

Horace straightened up and handed the phone to her. He then said, "I also don't want to argue about this. Just tell me your bank details, or unlock your phone so I can look for it myself."

"All right, you win!" Ansley finally backed down. The solemn expression on his face and the determined glint in his eyes gave her butterflies. His aura broke all her defenses and she had no choice but to give in.

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Chapter 147 The Bootlicker



As Ansley disclosed her bank account number, Horace put on a satisfied look and praised, "Good girl, now you are talking!"

He entered the number into his bank app and transferred the sum of one hundred thousand dollars quickly.

Afterward, he put his phone back into his pocket and said, "I've transferred some money to your bank account, Ansley. Take it as a reward. You deserve it."

"Ah!" Ansley jolted back to reality after hearing that statement. She quickly tapped her phone screen and saw that there was a new message. It was a bank alert which indicated that her account had been credited with one hundred thousand dollars. She hadn't been thinking straight when she gave him her bank details. So she opened her bank app, intending to transfer the money back to him. But when she was about to input the amount, she was stopped by Horace's deep voice.

"Ansley, if you send that money back to me, I will cut all ties with you. I mean it!"

With a much calmer tone, he added, "Please let's not banter about this anyone. One hundred thousand dollars is nothing to me. Just accept it."

'Wow! Horace had given five million dollars to the army veteran on the bus a few days ago. And now,

he's giving me this huge amount. I don't feel comfortable accepting it!' Ansley thought.

"Hey, Horace, this is unfair!" Ansley said with a pout and then smiled.

Jealousy filled the other girls' hearts at this moment. They were so pained that they almost burst into tears. 'Ansley is so annoying. Mr. Warren gave her a reward but she's still refusing it. Doesn't she have a brain? That's one hundred thousand dollars, not ten dollars! If you don't want it, you can give it to me!' Brenda thought, rolling her eyes.

At this time, Horace turned to his companions and said to them, "I'm sorry for keeping you waiting. I didn't expect to have such an encounter. Since everything is settled here, we can leave now. I'm hungry again. Let's have another meal together."

Just when Horace finished speaking, the lobby manager barged in and roared, "Who the hell is messing around in this hotel? Do you want to meet your creator today?"

"Oh..." The lobby manager instantly became calm when she saw Horace. She put on a flattering smile and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Warren. I had no idea you were here. Please forgive me. I'll take my leave now."

She then spun on her heels and began to make way for the door. But Horace shouted, "Wait a moment!"

Hearing this command, the lobby manager stopped dead in her tracks. She bit her lips hard before turning to face him. After pulling a sorrowful face, she said in a trembling voice, "How may I help you, Mr. Warren?"

'I'm so stupid!' the lobby manager scolded herself in her mind at this moment. She had only come here

because some of the diners in the neighboring private dining rooms had complained that they heard the sound of glass shattering. Had she known that Horace was here, she wouldn't have come even if a bomb was denoted. This was because he had forgiven her a while ago, and she didn't want to offend him again. Today seemed to be an unlucky day for her.

Noticing the nervous expression on her face, Horace chuckled. He then pointed at the pool of blood on the floor and said, "Please clean that up."

The lobby manager's eyes widened in horror the moment she set eyes on the pool of blood. It took her a few seconds to recover before she finally asked in a shaky voice, "Is... Is that blood?"

"Nah! It's not blood. That's just some red dyestuff," Horace joked and waved his hand. When he saw that

the lobby manager took his word for it, he got serious. "Of course it's blood. My friend accidentally hit his head and has been taken away. Didn't you see him? This is his blood!"

Horace didn't want to get into trouble. If word got out that someone was killed in this private dining room, it would stir up trouble for him. This was why he told a lie.

"Oh, that guy was your friend, Mr. Warren," the lobby manager screamed in realization and asked, "How is he now? Has he been stabilized?"

"Sadly, no. He died," Horace responded to her with a weird grin.

Everyone in the room was shocked by his response. They wondered why he told her the truth without hesitation. 'Gosh! Why did Mr. Warren tell her the

truth? He might not be afraid of getting into trouble because of his status, but we are! Please think about us!

Anxiety set in at this moment. The hearts of the girls began to beat fast. To their surprise, the lobby manager laughed out loud.

"Ha-ha! That was a good one, Mr. Warren. You are really good at telling jokes!"

"Oh, thanks. I know I tell good jokes." Horace grinned smugly. Afterward, he added, "As I said, please clean this up. I'll compensate you for the damages. Tell me how much everything costs so I can pay you before I leave here."

"Mr. Warren, we are greatly honored by the gracious presence of you and Mr. Russell. You don't have to pay the bill. Everything is on the house!"

The lobby manager smiled and bowed obsequiously to him before adding, "Mr. Warren, you can come here whenever you want. We are ready to serve you well. I promise that we won't charge you a penny!"

"You are far too kind. Thanks." Horace smiled, nodding his head. He then said to his companions, "Let's go to our private dining room!"

Shifting his gaze to Ansley, he asked, "Ansley, have you had lunch? If you haven't, why don't you join us?"

"Oh, thank you, Horace. I would love to, but I have work to do," Ansley replied, shaking her head.

Hardly had she finished speaking when the lobby manager chimed in, "Oh, forget about your work. Mr. Warren is our most distinguished guest. Just go and have lunch with him. You can rest assured that I would order someone else to take care of your duties. More so, you will get paid three times your usual wage for this shift."

"Really?" This was the first time the lobby manager was giving a go-ahead for such a thing, so Ansley was surprised. She pondered, 'She's really good at licking Horace's boots!'

"In that case, I'll have lunch with you, Horace!" Ansley agreed, shrugging.

"Great!" Rubbing his hands excitedly, Horace looked

at Brenda and asked calmly, "Your name is Brenda, right? Do you want to join us for lunch? You were also of great help today!"

"Eh?" Horace's invitation took Brenda off guard. Pointing at herself, she asked, "Can I also have lunch with you, Mr. Warren?"

She had stood up for Horace by trying to dissuade Chadwick a while back. This also bought him some time. If not for her interference, Horace would have been so miserable today.

More so, she had prevented Minna from catching Ansley who was about to go and call for help at that time.

"Yes. That's only if you want to." Horace guessed what Brenda was thinking judging by the expression on her face. He beckoned to her and the others.

Then, he walked towards the door.

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Chapter 148 Free Publicity



On the way to the private dining Horace had used before, Ansley asked in a low voice, "Horace, when the lobby manager said your bill is on the house, you mumbled some words about her being up to something. What do you mean? What do you think she's up to? Please tell me!"

Those suspicious words had stirred up Ansley's curiosity. Now that they weren't within the lobby manager's earshot, she decided to ask Horace about it.

"Who is the most powerful person in Rinas?" Horace chuckled and asked instead of responding to her question.

"You! There's no one as powerful as you in this city! Horace, you know that already. Are you showing off to me now?"

Ansley sucked her teeth and rolled her eyes at him. She thought it was pretty obvious that Horace was the most powerful man in Rinas. Something told her that he already knew this and there was no need to ask her about it.

Seeing that Horace wasn't going to speak further until she answered straightforwardly, Ansley took a deep breath and said, "Okay, fine. I know that you are so awesome, Horace. Please can you answer my question now!"

"Ahem..." Horace cleared his throat as he tried to think of the right words to say. After a while, he said slowly, "I know I'm powerful. Although you know that, how many people in this city are aware of that? I meant to ask you who is currently considered to be the richest and most influential man in Rinas."

"That's easy. He's Mr. Dario Russell. Who else can it be?" Ansley blurted out as soon as Horace finished speaking.

"I guess you now understand what I meant at that time, right?" Horace glanced at her and chuckled.

"I should understand? Understand what? I don't get you, Horace. Everyone considers Mr. Russell as the most powerful man in Rinas. Unbeknownst to them, there's someone more powerful than him. And that person is you. We just spoke about that. But did you

explain anything else? Did I miss anything unknowingly?" Ansley uttered in a daze, tapping her chin.

Hearing her statement, Horace wiped the beads of sweat on his forehead and explained, "It's simple, Ansley. It's common knowledge that Mr. Russell is the most powerful man in this city. If word gets out that he came to the Lake Hotel, what do you think would happen? Of course, many people will come here because they are influenced by whatever he does. Think about it. His appearance here is free publicity for the management. Don't you think it would increase the reputation of this place in the blink of an eye?"

After a short pause, Horace added, "I have seen through the lobby manager. It was me she gave the discount, but I know that she only did that because she wanted to flatter Mr. Russell. It's a way of making him a regular customer of the Lake Hotel. If he

continues to come here, the hotel's reputation would improve and that equals more sales and clout for them. Now do you understand? You should, Ansley."

"Oh, I see. You're not only rich, but also smart, Horace. Honestly, I thought trust-fund babies were numbskulls who just like to squander money on frivolous things. The ones I have encountered in my line of work are the dumbest people I have ever met!" Ansley couldn't help but sigh as she thought of all those empty-headed rich kids.

It was at this moment that Dario joined the conversation. "Mr. Warren, I'm flattered. But I have to point out that I'm just a little famous in Rinas. Even though it said that I'm the most powerful person, I beg to differ because this city is filled with many talents and people who are more powerful."

"No, I don't agree with you, Mr. Russell. You are just

too modest. It is an indisputable fact that you are the richest man in this city. Talents don't necessarily guarantee power. So how can there be anyone compared to you here?" Horace rebuffed calmly.

He then turned to Ansley and said, "Ansley, please desist from saying such things about trust-fund babies. It is better to bridle one's tongue in order not to get into trouble. What you said might be the painful truth, but they won't take it lightly with you if they hear such words!"

"Oh!" Ansley shivered with fear and shut her mouth sulkily.

It was at this moment that they arrived at the private dining room. They had spent a long time outside. Only the Lake Pot was remaining, but it was cold.

Horace ordered a few more dishes and asked the

waiter to heat the Lake Pot. When they were served, everyone began to eat.

A while later, Horace made a toast to the crowd.

They were all done eating about an hour later.

With his belly filled, Horace stood up and asked the others, "That was a good one. Are you all satisfied?"

"Yes!" they all answered in unison.

"Okay, let's leave now."

Horace did the beckoning hand gesture and walked out of the private dining room.

Meanwhile, there was a disorderly crowd in front of the payment counter. When Horace and the others got downstairs, one of the customers pointed at Dario

and said, "See! I told you that Mr. Russell came here for lunch today, but you refused to believe me. Can you see for yourselves now?"

"Wow, it's really Mr. Russell!"

Everyone's attention shifted to Dario at this moment.

All the residents of Rinas had great admiration for Dario. Most of them wanted to be like him even though they had never met him before. The diners who saw him earlier had called their friends to inform them that Dario had come to the Lake Hotel to have

lunch. Although most of them didn't believe it, they rushed down to confirm if it was true. They had been waiting for a long time.

There was only a glimmer of hope that they would see Dario with their own eyes at that time. As a result, they were so shocked at this moment.

"Listen up, everyone. It might interest you to know that Mr. Russell is not the most powerful one among them. That gentleman is the real big shot!" Someone in the crowd pointed at Horace and announced excitedly.

"Ernst, is this one of your expensive jokes? Everyone knows that Mr. Russell is the richest man in this city. How can a man like this be more powerful than him?"

"Yes, Ernst. Even a blind man could see that it's not true. Look at this young man's clothes. I'm afraid that

we are superior to him. How could you say that he's more powerful than Mr. Russell? Can't you see? Or are you down with a fever?"

"You didn't believe me when I said Mr. Russell was here, did you? Now you have seen him in person!" Ernst Delgado snorted at his friends.

He then added, "What would I gain by lying to you? For your information, Mr. Russell servilely addresses this young man by the title, 'Mr. Warren'. It might sound untrue, but I'm not lying to you!"

"Bah! Ernst, you are such a good liar!"

While the customers were exchanging words coldly, Horace and the others walked out of the Lake Hotel. The rowdy crowd also followed them out like a swarm of flies.

All of them received a great shocker when Horace and the others walked to Dario's car. They saw how Dario walked to the side of his Bentley and opened the door of the back seat for Horace. With a slight bow, he did the welcome hand gesture and said politely, "Please get in the car, Mr. Warren!"

"What? Am I dreaming? Ernst, please pinch me now. I must be dreaming! If I am not, then my eyes are faulty. Or is this a hallucination? How could Mr. Russell hold this wretched man in high esteem? Why did he open the door for him and address him so deferentially? This doesn't feel right!" One of Ernst's friends stared at the scene in front of him with his mouth agape.

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Ernst chuckled when he saw his friend's shocked expression. He nudged him and said, "Close your mouth before a fly gets in. I told you that Mr. Russell respects that young man, but you said I was lying. Do you believe me now?"

"Yes, I believe you!" Ernst's friend nodded vigorously and added, "Fuck! I was so surprised that I forgot to take a video just now? What about you? Did you take a video or a picture?"

Hearing these words, the other onlookers slapped their foreheads and answered regretfully, "Oh my God! It skipped my mind. I should have recorded this important scene. Boo-hoo! What just happened is so newsworthy. A video would have gone viral on social media. I'm such a fool!"

Dario's car got out of the parking lot and zoomed off as everyone in the crowd scolded themselves.

Ansley didn't leave with the car. She was a waitress here, so she had to continue working. Brenda also found her way because there was no need to follow Horace anymore.

However, he had given her his phone number before he left. She had helped him today, so he wanted to keep in touch. Horace also told her to put a call through to him whenever she had any problem. He promised to help her once.

In the car, Horace asked Dario to take him to the village where he used to live with his foster mother. They arrived there about thirty minutes later.

A nostalgic feeling swept through Horace at the

outskirts of the village. After taking a deep breath, he said to Dario, "Mr. Russell, please stop here. Your car is too conspicuous and obtrusive. It would draw too much attention to us. I'm afraid we might not be able to get out once people surround the car. It's best we walk from here."

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Dario nodded obediently. He parked the car and turned off the ignition. Then he got out.

Horace, Donn, and Tobias got off the car at the same time.

"Why did you get out too?" Horace asked in surprise when he saw Dario outside.

"Mr. Warren, I'll accompany you there. The car can stay parked here," Dario answered politely.

"But if you come in with us... It would be hard for us to move freely in the community!" Horace smiled stressfully. He ran his fingers through his hair and added, "Mr. Russell, you heard what Ansley said at the Lake Hotel. Everyone in this city sees you as the most powerful man. Although we are currently in a remote village, some of the villagers know you well. They will recognize you and tell the others. I can guarantee that we will be surrounded by a large crowd in no time." He chuckled uneasily after the explanation.

"All right, Mr. Warren. You have a point. I guess I have to stay here then." Dario sighed and his shoulders slouched the next second. He really wanted to go into the village with Horace.

Sensing his sadness, Horace turned to Tobias and suggested, "Professor Bates, you are old now and your bones are weak. It's not wise for you to trek such

a long distance. Why don't you stay here with Mr. Russell?"

"Huh! Age doesn't make everyone's bones weak. I might be old, but I'm as fit as a fiddle. I can even do ten jumps in a row. See!" Tobias began to jump energetically.

"Please don't, Professor Bates!" Horace was so worried that he immediately stopped Tobias after he did the first two jumps. The old man was an asset to the Warren family and the health industry at large. Hence, he had to be protected.

Leaning against Horace, Tobias gasped for breath and said, "Mr. Warren, please don't stop me. I want to show you how strong I am. Since I can jump, I can walk any distance. My legs and feet are perfectly fine!"

He looked at the path in front of him and continued, "Walking on that road is easy-peasy, lemon squeezy! I don't want to stay here! Humph! Mr. Warren, you always take Donn with you. It's unfair!"

"Erm... " In the face of Tobias's sadness and insistence, Horace was speechless and didn't know what to do. After thinking for a while, he shrugged helplessly and said, "Professor Bates, you are free to come if you want to. I have no problem with your decision. I'm just afraid that you're poor in health now."

"Please don't worry about me, Mr. Warren. I'm a doctor. I know about my health more than anyone else. Let's go!"

"Well, you have a point there." It wasn't until Tobias made that statement that Horace reasoned that a medical professor like him most likely knew about his

personal health. Waving his hand, he said, "Okay, let's go now!"

He led Donn and Tobias into the Stone Village—the place where he grew up.

The Stone Village was located in the suburbs of Rinas, and its economy was not developed. Horace and the others walked on its main road at this time.

Horace's uncle named Maxwell Potter, who had blocked his number before, lived in a bungalow on this main road. At this time, Maxwell's wife, Brea Potter was sitting under a shade outside the bungalow to enjoy the cool breeze.

All of a sudden, she caught sight of Horace a few meters away. She tapped her daughter who was next to her, and asked softly, "Vienna, look! Isn't that Horace?"

Vienna Potter's attention had been somewhere else until her mother alerted her.

"Yes, Mom. It's really my cousin. Why is he back? Has his mother recovered?" Vienna's face lit up when she saw Horace.

"Bah! Caylee is down with stage three rectal cancer. Last I checked, the survival rate is low for such a disease. How can she recover so soon? I wonder why he's here again. Let's go inside now. I didn't expect that this jinx would show face here today!"

Brea frowned and put away the stools quickly. She then pulled her daughter and rushed to the house.

"Why? Mom! Why are you forcing me to go inside? Why do we have to hide from him?" Vienna tried to wriggle free from her mother's tight grip as she queried her.

"Did you just ask me why? Isn't it obvious? Horace is always begging for money. I'm a hundred percent sure he came to beg again. All of his relatives are tired of him. They are avoiding him like a plague. Let's go inside before he gets here. If he sees me outside, he would try to borrow money from me again. He hasn't paid back the debt he owes. My money doesn't grow on trees. I can't waste any more on him!"

Brea abruptly pulled Vienna into the house and shut the door without a second thought.

"Mr. Warren, are those two women your relatives?"

Donn was sharp-eared. Although Brea's voice wasn't loud, he heard every word that she said. His face had already turned red in anger as he asked that question.

"Yes, the elderly woman is Aunt Brea!" When Horace saw Donn's angry face, he said cautiously, "Don't get angry over what just happened, Donn. I'm not surprised at all. It's very common for people to avoid their poor relatives like a plague. Just ignore that."

A thought suddenly occurred to Horace when he finished speaking. He remembered his kind uncle, Caden. He shook his head and stated, "Donn, I have to add that there's an exception sometimes."

"Mr. Warren, you have suffered a lot!" Donn commented as he looked at him with pity.

'Despite being born with a silver spoon, Mr. Warren had spent the early years of his life in penury. He had suffered so many hardships not knowing that his father was filthy rich. The hardships seemed to have molded him into the strong man that he is today. Perhaps this is why Mr. Hudson and the others saw him as the perfect man for the job,' Donn sighed deeply.

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[THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 150 Another Assassin



Horace shrugged and chuckled. He then said calmly, "Life was tough. But I had it better than other people. I know others who suffered miserably than me. Despite

the hardship, they still strive every day for success. Those people are the real MVPs."

With a discerning expression, Horace took a look at Donn and added, "Donn, it seems to me that you also suffered a lot. You have come a long way. I don't know how hard the Dragon Soul training is, but you survived it even though you didn't become a full member. This alone shows that you have faced and survived many hardships!"

Turning to Tobias, Horace stated, "Donn, do you think Professor Bates' life is easy? Far from it. He has been working hard for a long time. Despite his old age, he traveled down here to perform surgery on my mother. Only a hardworking man can do that. He did it well and was worn out afterward. He has also suffered a lot! Nothing in this world is easy. It only takes determination and resilience to defeat all that life throws at us."

Horace made his own suffering take the back seat. He sympathized with both men even though they didn't ask for it.

"Mr. Warren, I was indeed tired yesterday, but I had a good rest and I'm now re-energized. Performing the surgery on Madam Potter was a great honor. It's also my good fortune that I get to know you during my lifetime!" Tobias said so passionately and then bowed to Horace reverentially.

A second later, Donn chimed in, "Mr. Warren, I'm also beyond excited that I get to work with you. I hated the other descendants of the Warren family. Not only that, but I also envied them. They all got many luxuries on a silver platter. I couldn't help but wonder why life was so unfair. Worse still, they made it a point of duty to oppress their subordinates without an ounce of pity. They were so heartless. To be frank, I hated them

with every fiber of my being. I never wanted to have anything to do with any offspring. Even when Mr. Hudson informed me about you and said you were different, I didn't believe him. I thought you were the same as your relatives. But my opinions changed once I set my eyes on you. Mr. Warren, you have all my respect. Despite being the only child of the current head, you are so down-to-earth, kind, and considerate. You always fight for the rights of others, not minding their status. You're a breath of fresh air!"

Donn couldn't help but shower praises on Horace. The scene of how Horace had stood up for Laila when the security guard rough-handled her, replayed in his mind.

"Ha-ha, Donn, you are exaggerating. I am just an ordinary person! Good people deserve my protection, so I would never hesitate to stand up for them. But you see bad people? I'll trample on them at every

chance I get!"

Horace let out a laugh when he heard Donn's words. As far as he was concerned, he wasn't doing anything out of the ordinary. He felt like he was just like every right-thinking man.

"Mr. Warren, you are not a spiritual being without emotions and desires. It's normal for humans to have all kinds of feelings and thoughts. I firmly believe that you will defeat any form of obstacle in your way. All the promising candidates, including Marcus and Hancock, are no match for you. You will defeat all of them!" Donn stated confidently.

"Yes, Mr. Warren. I have confidence in you too!"

Tobias echoed. He had noticed how Horace was so worried about Caylee yesterday even though she was his foster mother. The undiluted sincerity in Horace's eyes was one thing he had never seen in the eyes of

the other descendants. He was the most gracious and merciful of them all, so Tobias felt he was the best man for the job.

"I'm really flattered." Taking a look at both men, Horace smiled and added, "My determination to become the successor quadrupled a few hours ago when I met Marcus. He's a stone-hearted person. No matter what happens, I won't let him win. I can't put it past him that he would slaughter every upright member of our family if he becomes the successor. He must not win!"

Horace uttered that last statement confidently. Determination also shone in his eyes.

All of a sudden, Donn knelt at Horace's feet and deferentially clasped his hand together.

"Mr. Warren, I swear by the Dragon Soul that I will

give my all in helping you win this competition. I'll serve you even if it means laying my life for you!" he said firmly.

Afterward, he looked up at Horace with hopeful eyes. He knew that a new era was coming for the Warren family after ten generations of strict leadership. Now that Donn swore with the Dragon Soul and his life, he planned to support Horace without fail. Failure would bring shame to the Dragon Soul and the Warren family.

Although Donn had only known Horace for two days, he had studied his behavior and ascertained that Horace was a man worthy of his allegiance.

Taking the cue, Tobias also knelt at Horace's feet. He said in a low voice, "Although I'm not a young man, nor do I have a noble identity like Donn, I have some power in the medical field. I'm willing to do anything to

help in your upcoming quest, Mr. Warren! Please make sure you become the Warren family's successor. You are our only hope!"

"Oh my! What are you both doing?" Horace's face flushed with embarrassment when he saw them kneeling on the ground. He immediately helped them up.

Meanwhile, some villagers in front of their houses and some passers-by on the main road saw the scene in front of them. They all had great doubts. An old man with gray hair asked grumpily, "Humph! Did Caylee's son invite some actors here?"

"I'm afraid so. I think he invited them to act drama and then ask us for money while we watch it. People use this technique to make money these days!" One of the onlookers was quick to come up with a plausible answer after he heard the old man's question.

It was no news in the Stone Village that Caylee had cancer.

"Maybe. Didn't you see how Caylee's sister-in-law rushed into the house like she was being pursued by a ghost? She doesn't want to watch the show." After nodding thoughtfully at that statement, another villager said, "I have no money to waste. Let's hurry up and leave here now before Horace asks us for money!"

"Yes, yes, let's leave now!" At this moment, all those, who were sitting in front of their houses, stood up and left with their stools.

Only a few passers-by on the main road were left to watch the scene.

When Donn saw a large number of the onlookers dispersing, he clenched his right fist. He then swore solemnly, "Mr. Warren, I pledge that even if everyone else betrays or lets you down, I will be by your side. Always and forever!"

"Donn, although you are a handsome man, I'm not gay!" Horace commented with a playful smile. Actually, he was greatly moved.

"Interesting!" A loud voice suddenly rang out.

Donn squinted his eyes immediately. He had a bad feeling about this voice. Without wasting time, he looked around. He then shouted, "An assassin of the Kylin Bone is here. Mr. Warren, please duck!"

Just as Donn tried to protect Horace, a figure dressed in black appeared in front of everyone. He said casually, "Don't be so nervous, Donn. I have no intention to hurt anyone. I only came here to see you. But to my surprise, you are now a supporter of a candidate for the successor position. How interesting!"

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