

THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 15 The Seduction

Suddenly, Horace's phone rang. It broke the short silence in the ward.

He quickly picked up the phone from the bedside table. The call was from his former class monitor, Rhett Gordon.

Horace accepted the call and said, "Hello, Rhett. Why did you call me all of a sudden?"

"Hello, Horace. Longest time. I heard that your mother is seriously ill. As the class monitor, I have contacted our former classmates and we are organizing a fundraiser for you."

"What?" Horace couldn't believe his ears. He didn't expect that his former class monitor would call him, let alone organize a fundraiser for him. Rhett had always

looked down on him in high school, so he was moved by this act of kindness.

Back then in high school, Rhett had made it a point of duty to bully Horace and make him feel sad every day. They both had similar grades. As the top students in their class, they were always competing for the first position. The major difference between them was that Rhett came from a wealthy family, and Horace was poor. Rhett made sure to rub it in his face and he even poisoned the minds of their other classmates against him. Just because Rhett had a rich family, the head teacher disliked Horace for rubbing shoulders with a rich kid. In a word, Horace had received so much hate for getting the first position in his class.

After reminiscing for a while, Horace said slowly, "No, thanks, Rhett. I have already borrowed some money. Thanks for your kind gesture, anyway."

"Horace, don't be like this. We all feel sorry for what's happening to your mother. We know that you are going through a tough time currently, so we are eager to help you. The location for the fundraiser has already been fixed. Please don't let our efforts go to waste."

"You have chosen a location?" Horace was surprised to know the extent to which they had prepared for him. He asked, "Rhett, where is it going to take place? I'll be there just to express my profound gratitude to everyone."

His former classmates' concern touched his heart. He didn't need their money now that he was worth billions of dollars, but he decided to thank them.

"It will take place at the Lake Hotel. The meeting is scheduled for five o'clock this evening. Make sure to

come on time."

"Okay, Rhett. I'll be there early."

"Okay, see you tonight. Bye!"

"See you!"

Horace hung up the phone after they exchanged goodbyes.

He put the phone in his pocket and looked at his mother. With a regretful tone, he said, "Mom, something just came up. I have to go out this evening. I'm sorry that I can't stay by your side tonight. Now that I'm financially capable, how about I hire a private nurse to take care of you?"

"Horace, you don't have to apologize to me. I understand that you are in your most active stage.

Besides, it's about time you began to mingle with people your age. You have suffered with me all these years." This was one of the moments Caylee thought of how lucky she was to have a son like Horace, even though she wasn't his biological mother.

"Mom, I didn't suffer at all."

Since Horace was born, he had never experienced wealth. He had been living a frugal life. However, he didn't think that poverty was a disease and money could buy happiness. He was a contented child.

Horace added with a grateful smile, "Mom, since you have no objections, I'll arrange for the private nurse right away!"

"Mr. Warren, if you don't mind, I can take care of Madam Potter. I used to be a private nurse!" Cara's voice sounded as soon as Horace finished speaking.

She was trying to seize this opportunity. Although she still didn't know Horace's identity, she knew a little about him.

She had seen his mother give Cathy a jade bracelet worth one hundred million dollars. Farris, one of the richest people in Rinas held him in high esteem. He also had a nine-star unlimited bank card. All these were pointers to the fact that he was rich.

Even though they had started off on the wrong foot this morning, she was eager to leave a good second impression on Horace. She wanted to chum up to him, so she could get benefits like Cathy.

Like the forgiving person that he was, Horace looked at Cara and nodded. "Okay, you are hired. As you may well know, I don't joke with my mother. You must take good care of her. If you do your job well, we won't have any issues and I'll make it worth your

while!"

Only a few people knew of his true identity now. Cara was one of those that knew little about him. Since she knew that he was financially capable, Horace believed that she would take care of his mother in order to be on good terms with him.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Warren. I will take good care of Madam Potter. You don't have to worry." Cara's heart was filled with joy after Horace agreed. Her plan was set in motion. Even if she didn't get lots of money from him, she believed that working for him would be worthwhile investment.

She had already thought about the great possibilities that stood ahead of her.

"Mr. Warren, please can we connect on WeChat? It would enable me to give timely reports on everything

going on with your mother while you are away."

"Okay!" Horace agreed. He put up his WeChat QR code on his phone screen and allowed Cara to scan it.

The moment Cara friended him, her joy knew no bounds. She was happy that she had the contact of a wealthy man. She had never thought such a good thing would happen to her.

There and then, Horace transferred ten thousand dollars to Cara as her payment. It was very easy to do so because his new phone had been customized already. It had the information of his nine-star unlimited bank card and his user ID. Everything was just perfect.

Despite his newfound fortune, Horace was still very frugal. He was only ready to spend whatever amount for his mother's treatment and comfort.

In an instant, Cara's phone beeped. The bank alert for the sum of ten thousand dollars came in. Her eyes widened in shock. The corners of her mouth tilted upward in ecstasy. She bowed respectfully to Horace and appreciated him. "Thank you, Mr. Warren!"

At the same time, Cara unbuttoned her uniform slightly and this exposed her cleavage. She then straightened up.

The sight of her plump cleavage stunned Horace. His hormones instantly began to rage. However, he took a deep breath and calmed down. Although he had dated Amaia, he never had sex with her. The highest he did was to hold her hand. More so, he didn't watch pornography. This was the first time he was seeing a woman's cleavage. He was an eighteen-year-old boy, whose lust was on the rise, so it was impossible for him not to get aroused.

Cara was a plus-sized beauty. Her boobs looked great.

For a moment, Horace caught himself admiring her body. He then tore off his gaze and swallowed nervously. He rid his mind of the lustful thoughts. Then he said slowly, "It's nothing. As long as you take good care of my mother, you will be paid well."

He paused for a while before adding, "I'll take care of

my mother now. You can come here to begin your duties in the afternoon."

Horace's defenses against his lustful thoughts were failing. He decided to send her away before things got out of hand.

"Okay, Mr. Warren. If you need anything, just call me." Cara smiled at Horace and winked at him flirtatiously after she finished speaking.

"Let's go!" Cathy noticed that Cara was flirting with Horace. She quickly pulled her out of the ward.

"Ha-ha!" In the corridor, Cathy laughed as she looked at the jade bracelet on her wrist. She remarked, "This is the first time I'm meeting a wealthy man like Horace. He's so different from the others."

"Yes, Cathy. Who would have thought that Mr.

Warren is a super-rich man?"

"Don't judge a book by its cover. There are many wealthy men out there that have simple lifestyles. Horace seems to be one of them. You are lucky that he isn't like most rich men. If not, you would have been skinned alive or killed for insulting him today. Haven't you heard stories of how rich people finish off their enemies with a snap of their fingers?" Cathy was also from a rich family, so she knew of how cruel some elites were.

"You're right, Cathy. I owe him one for not killing me. I promise to repay him." Cara placed emphasis on the word 'repay' as she spoke. It seemed like she was implying something.

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