

"Who I support is none of your damn business, Aldus!" Donn stared at the person warily and moved to Horace slowly. He was putting up a defense against what would probably come next.

Noticing Donn's sudden nervousness, Horace asked in a low voice, "Donn, is this guy dangerous?"

"Yes, Mr. Warren. This guy is extremely dangerous. Although he's not a bonafide member of the Kylin Bone, he's just as skilled and cunning as the bonafide members," Donn answered with his eyes fixed on Aldus Sanchez.

"Well, don't be so nervous, Donn. I heard that you came to Rinas, so I came to visit you. I just happened to see that scene by accident. It also came as a shock

to me. He-he!" Aldus chuckled sinisterly as he looked at Donn who was still nervous.

"Nevertheless, I have to say that I'm highly disappointed with you, Donn. You don't look as fit as before. It seems the affairs of the medical research institute is taking too much of your time. You look rather weak. For this reason, I don't even have the desire to fight you now. Don't be so nervous. I will take my leave now."

Shaking his head, Aldus tut-tutted and turned around. But before he left, he dropped a few words. "Donn, you have chosen a good master!"

In a trice, he moved into an alley and disappeared from everyone's sight.

Donn watched his receding figure. Now that Aldus was out of sight, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"We are safe now, Mr. Warren," he muttered calmly.

"Donn, the name Aldus sounds so familiar. There's something about him. Who is he?" Tobias asked almost immediately.

"First, I have to point out that the confidentiality of the Kylin Bone is more extreme than that of the Dragon Soul. The identities of its assassins are kept secret. However, there's one of them that's very special, and his name is Aldus Sanchez. Eight years ago, Kylin Bone's leader announced at a family meeting that the organization had unexpectedly lost a top-level talent, Aldus Sanchez. This announcement made him known to all the family members," Donn explained and then sighed.

The assassins of Kylin Bone were ruthless and dangerous. In order to prevent any hostile person

from contacting them to do their dirty work, Randall had made a concerted effort to keep the identities of the assassins a secret. As a result, only the leader of the Kylin Bone was known by many. This organization was more secretive than the others.

"Oh! I remember that. So the top-level talent that the leader of Kylin Bone spoke about that day is Aldus? Honestly, I didn't expect that it was him!" Tobias was immediately reminded of that meeting eight years ago. He couldn't help but sigh at the realization.

"Donn, Aldus just inexplicably spoke to you. It's almost as if he's an old acquaintance of yours. Do you two know each other?"

Donn nodded immediately.

"Yeah, we know each other. We trained together at a point."

Horace looked at Donn intently at this moment. He had a gut feeling that there was more to this situation than met the eye. It seemed to him that Aldus wasn't just Donn's former acquaintance. He was curious, but he knew better than to inquire about the matter now. He swallowed his words, intending to ask about it later.

The three of them continued to move forward. After about three minutes, Horace said calmly, "Here we are!"

The nostalgic feeling became even stronger as Horace stared at the old cottage he used to live in with his foster mother. An idea suddenly popped up in his head after a while.

"Now that I have money, I think I should buy this old cottage back. It holds a plethora of the memories I

shared with my mother. Wouldn't it be a good idea to buy it back?"

To foot his mother's medical bills, Horace had sold the cottage. He was desperate, so he sold it at a low price to a village. But it was sold on a condition. The condition was that their belongings would be left in the house until he found a new place to live. The buyer understood Horace's predicament and agreed readily. Now, most of their belongings were still in the cottage.

"Horace, you're really back!" Just when Horace was about to knock on the door, he heard a familiar voice.

"Uncle Caden!" he exclaimed happily after following the direction of the voice and seeing a man.

This man was Caylee's brother, Caden Potter. He was the only relative who had helped and lent Horace some money when he was running helter-skelter to

raise funds for his mother's medical bills.

"How is your mother?" Caden asked with a kind smile.

"Uncle Caden, she is much better now. Thank you so much!" Horace responded sincerely.

"Oh, that's a relief!" Caden held his chest and breathed deeply. With a concerned expression, he continued, "Horace, do you still need money to offset your mother's medical bills? Is that why you came here? If you need money, don't hesitate to tell me. But you have to give me some time. I'll get a fortune soon!"

"Huh!" Hearing what Caden said, Horace was surprised. A second later, he thought to himself, 'How will he be able to get a fortune soon? I will give him a large sum of money today, but did he already know?'

Noticing that Horace was absent-minded, Caden snapped his fingers and chuckled. He then said, "Horace, there's a wedding coming up soon that you have to attend."

"Eh? A wedding?" Again, Horace was stunned by his uncle's words. He couldn't help squinting his eyes in confusion.

"Uncle Caden, what is going on? I don't understand what you just said. Whose wedding would you like me to attend?" he asked curiously.

"Horace, it's your cousin's wedding. Selina is going to get married soon and you are invited to the ceremony."

Smiling brightly at Horace, Caden continued, "The engagement day is fast approaching. Selina's fiance is well-to-do and very kind. He has promised to give

us a large sum of money as dowry. By the time I get it, I will lend you more money so you can pay for your mother's medical fees. Isn't that great?"

"Oh, I see. Thank you, Uncle Caden, but I can't accept that money." Horace shook his head firmly.

Before Caden could say anything, he added, "Uncle Caden, the concept of paying and accepting dowry doesn't sit right with me. You shouldn't accept a dowry from Selina's fiance. If you do, it would mean that you sold your daughter to him. He might use that as an excuse to maltreat her. Besides, you don't have to worry about my mother and me anymore. I've been running a small business recently and I've earned some money. I actually came here to pay back the money I borrowed from you in the past. Also, I wanted to pack away our belongings here. But when I set eyes on this cottage again, I suddenly felt like buying it back."

It was a kind gesture that Caden wanted to give the dowry money to Horace. Although Horace was moved by this, he didn't like the idea of a dowry collection. He had heard many stories of men maltreating their wives on the basis that they paid large sums to marry them. Horace loved his cousin and didn't want her to be unhappy in her marriage. His wealth wasn't the reason why he rejected the money. He wouldn't have accepted it even if he was poor. Selina Potter's happiness wasn't something he could risk at all.

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Chapter 152 Caden's Disbelief



"Horace, ever since you were little, you were always truthful. Please don't lie to me now. Remember that I'm your uncle. I know that you are currently having a hard time. Caylee's medication costs a lot. You are heavily in debt now, aren't you?"

Caden had no idea that Horace was now a rich man, nor did he believe that he didn't need money. He had watched Horace grow from a baby into a young man. As Caylee's brother, he knew that they had always been poor and it was hard to foot her medical bills.

When Caden noticed that Horace didn't budge, he decided to mount pressure. "Listen to me, kid. You will be going to college soon. Life as a college student is stressful. You will need money constantly.

However, I advise that you pay attention to your studies instead of chasing after money. Menial jobs aren't sustainable. After you get your degree, you will be able to make more money."

Caden patted Horace on the shoulder and added, "Besides, you don't have to worry about Selina. Her fiance isn't one of those misogynistic men. He's a good man and he loves her very much. I'm not forcing him to pay the dowry. He just wants to gift it to us."

"Uncle Caden, Selina's fiance might not be misogynistic and he's willing to give you the money, but what about his parents? Some parents are very wicked to their daughters-in-law. They might dislike Selina because a dowry was paid. Please don't accept any money from them. In fact, you should prepare a dowry for Selina instead. She needs to go to her husband's house in grand style."

Tapping his chin thoughtfully, Horace added, "You know what, Uncle Caden? Leave this matter to me. I'll prepare Selina's dowry!"

"Huh? Are you okay, Horace? Hope you are taking care of yourself? Your mother is still in the hospital. Don't let your health deteriorate now!"

The words Horace said came as a surprise to Caden. It took him only seconds to conclude that his beloved nephew's mental health was getting affected because of the intense pressure. He didn't believe a word that Horace said.

"Oh, Uncle Caden, there's nothing wrong with me. I'm fine. See, I am full of vigor!"

Confusion first set in when Horace heard his uncle's admonition. But he soon realized what Caden was thinking. "Believe me, I'm mentally and physically all right. I really have money now. If you think I'm lying, you can ask my friend here."

Taking the cue, Donn nodded and greeted Caden,

"Hello, Mr. Potter. My name is Donn Warren. I'm Mr. Warren's subordinate."

After the introduction, he explained, "It's true that Mr. Warren is now wealthy. I'm pleased to inform you that he's actually a potential successor of one of the most powerful families in the world. As an heir to the Warren family of Antawood, he's wealthier than you can imagine. Money is no longer his problem. Therefore, I indulge you to stop worrying about him."

Although Donn hadn't been introduced to Caden until now, he guessed his surname since Horace had addressed him as his uncle. He assumed that Caden was Caylee's brother. And he soon realized that his guess was right.

"Nice to meet you, Donn." Caden nodded to him and then introduced himself, "I'm Horace's uncle. My name is Caden Potter."

Then he turned to his nephew and said, "Horace, on the way here, I heard from the villagers that you were with some actors and you were putting up a show. I wasn't expecting that it is true."

Caden sighed deeply and added, "Horace, what are you doing? Hiring actors cost a lot of money. Why did you spend the little you have to do such a thing? You should have asked me to lend you money and I would have done my best to do so. You shouldn't have done such to make more money."

"Some actors?" Horace asked and stared at his uncle in confusion.

"Aren't these guys paid actors?" Caden secretly pointed at Donn and Tobias and asked with a whisper.

"Oh, no, Uncle Caden. They are not actors. These guys are my friends. What makes you think they are actors?"

Horace chuckled. It was funny to him that Caden considered such important men to be the actors he hired.

"They are your friends?" Caden repeated with disbelief. "Oh, I see. You haven't been home for a long time, Horace. I have missed you a lot. Since you are here, why don't you have dinner with me tonight? Your friends can join us too. I'd be glad to host you all!"

Caden still didn't believe the words Donn and Horace said. As far as he was concerned, these two men were paid actors who were assisting Horace in deceiving him.

"I have missed you too, Uncle Caden. Having dinner together is a great idea. But I don't think it should be at your house. Let's go to a restaurant. It's my treat." Nodding his head, Horace added, "Let's make it a boys' night out. If Selina's fiance is free tonight, please ask him to dine with us. We can bond as men while dining."

"A boys' night out? What on earth are you talking about, Horace? Why are you suggesting we have dinner at a restaurant when you know that eating out costs a lot? How can I let you pay for dinner? Besides, how will you be able to afford such?"

There was a trace of disappointment in Caden's voice as he spoke. His shaking of head showed that he still saw Horace as a poor man.

Horace helplessly sighed at this moment.

"Uncle Caden, you know me. I'd never lie to you, let alone try to deceive you. Everything I have said about being wealthy now is true. If I had known earlier that you would disbelieve me, I would have let Mr. Russell accompany me here."

"Mr. Russell? Horace, who is the man?"

"Uncle Caden, I'm referring to Mr. Dario Russell, the richest man in this city. You can go to the entrance of the village to see for yourself. He's waiting for me there. I know you won't take my word for it, so go there."

Horace didn't need anyone to tell him that Caden wouldn't believe his last claim. Hence, he told him to go see the proof immediately.

"What? Dario Russell? Horace, are you out of your mind? How can Mr. Russell accompany you to our

village? Why are you making up such stories about him? This is so unlike you."

The disappointment on Caden's face mixed with astonishment and sadness at this moment. He looked up to the sky and lamented, "God, why did you let this happen? Why is life so unfair? My sister had a tough time bringing up Horace. I thought you would make life easier for her once Horace grows up. But now, she's fighting for her life and her son has gone mad. God! Why? What has my family done? Why did you punish us?"

"Gosh, Uncle Caden. Please stop being so dramatic. I told you that I'm fine. I'm not mad. In fact, I'm in my healthiest and most mentally stable state."

Sensing that his uncle wouldn't believe him no matter what he said, Horace suggested, "Uncle Caden, how about this? I want to buy my mother's house back.

Why don't you go with me? If I'm able to afford it, it will prove that I'm wealthy, right?"

"Oh, stop talking nonsense, Horace! My God!" Caden did a facepalm after rebuffing.

"Uncle Caden, please just give me a chance to prove myself. Calm down and watch what's going to happen." With these words, Horace knocked on the front door of the cottage.

Knock! Knock! Knock! A few seconds after, the dull sound of a bolt unlocking came from inside and the door slowly opened.

"Hey! Horace, it's you. Why are you here?" The old woman who opened the door was a little surprised when she saw Horace.

"Mrs. Baldwin, sorry to bother you. Please I want to

buy this cottage back." Horace went straight to the point politely.

The Baldwins didn't try to drive a hard bargain when he wanted to sell the cottage to them. More so, they even allowed Horace to keep his and his mother's belongings here. Their money and kindness helped him a lot. As a result, he was grateful to them.

They weren't like the other villagers who added insult to injury by gossiping about him and his mother.

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Chapter 153 Doubting Thomases



"What did you just say, Horace? You came to buy this house back?" The old woman was taken aback by this revelation. Squinting her eyes, she asked, "Is your mother all right?"

"Yes, she is, Mrs. Baldwin. Thank you for your concern." After nodding affirmatively, Horace added with a smile, "I have been doing a business that has fetched me a huge amount of money recently, so I want to buy the cottage back. This house holds a plethora of memories that I shared with my mother. I didn't even want to sell it in the first place. You don't have to worry, Mrs. Baldwin. I assure you that you would be happy with the price I'd offer soon. Let's talk about it."

"Horace, slow down a bit. I don't get it. Is your mother really all right?" asked the old woman, suspiciously. As far as she knew, Caylee had been so sick. She thought that Horace's mental health was affected

because of this. She also disbelieved because she knew his mother's family well.

Just a few days ago, Caden's wife had told her that Horace borrowed money from Caden again. She pondered, 'This boy is behaving strangely. How can he be rich now when he borrowed money some days back?'

"Mrs. Baldwin, you have to take my word for it. My mother is recovering rapidly. She's even quite active now!" Horace insisted softly as he looked at her with amused eyes. It was quite funny that no one believed him in this village. 'The villagers really disbelieve me. Jeez! I must have been so poor back then!'

He sighed at the thought.

"Okay, okay. I'm glad that your mother is fine. You're so sensible. Despite all the unfavorable situations,

you still manage to keep your head up. You are a young and promising man. I strongly believe that you will achieve great things in the future."

Flashing him a kind smile, the elderly woman stepped backward and invited Horace into the cottage. "Oh, please forgive me. I was so carried away by the surprise that I forgot to invite you in. Come on in!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Baldwin," Horace said calmly. He then led Donn and Tobias into the house. Caden also followed them in.

By the door, Caden whispered, "Barbara, do you believe what Horace just said? As sad as it sounds, I think he's out of his mind because of his mother's illness. I hope I'm just being paranoid. My sister has suffered enough. She won't be happy to learn that her son is mentally unstable."

A sad smile appeared on Barbara Baldwin's face when she heard these words.

"Caden, let's not jump to conclusions. It's better not to think too much about this. I think Horace is still mentally stable. We will be certain about his mental health later. If it turns out that he's wealthy, wouldn't it be a thing of joy to you?" Barbara whispered back.

She shared Caden's worry and thought, but she decided to bury them in order to comfort him.

The moment Horace entered the room, the nostalgic feeling overwhelmed him more than ever before. He looked at the room as memories dredged up from the depths of his mind. This was where he lived since he was a child. It wasn't a luxurious house, but he badly wanted it back.

"Horace, why are you here?" Barbara's husband was

stunned to see Horace who had just walked into the living room. After the greeting, he asked, "How is your mother fairing?"

"Oh, Isaac, heaven rewards the good. Horace says that Caylee has survived the disaster and she's recuperating rapidly. Now he has made a fortune, so he came to buy this cottage back."

Barbara wasted no time filling her husband in.

"Mr. Baldwin," Horace called out his name, smiling. The gray-haired man in front of him was the reason why he was able to save his mother at such a critical time.

Isaac Baldwin had paid in full for the cottage some time back.

"What?" Isaac couldn't believe his ears. He

dramatically cleaned his ears with index fingers and asked, "What did you say, Barbara? Correct me if I heard wrong. Did you say that Horace has made a fortune? And he is here to buy the house back?"

All the villagers knew Horace as the poor boy. They even used him when making examples about poverty. This was why Isaac was surprised by his wife's words. He indeed thought he didn't hear her clearly.

"Yes! Mr. Baldwin, you heard her right. I'm here today to buy this cottage back." Smiling brightly, Horace continued, "You bought this cottage at the sum of three hundred thousand dollars. I'll pay you three million dollars for it now. Do we have a deal?"

The Stone Village was in a remote area. But if the houses were to be pulled down for new buildings in the future, the villagers would be offered handsome compensation so they could resettle somewhere else.

The compensation for a small cottage like this would be a lot too. Thus, Horace's offer was more than reasonable.

"What? Three million dollars?" Isaac was taken aback, but he managed to say, "Horace, please have a seat. I need to check your temperature. Tell me, what's wrong with you? Are you down with fever?"

"Yes, that's right. I've been meaning to say the same thing. Sit down, Horace. Let's check your temperature!" Caden echoed immediately.

'Oh, something is wrong with my nephew's brain. Did he just say three million dollars? No one in this village has ever seen that kind of money in their entire lives. But Horace just said he would buy this house which is worth three hundred thousand for that outrageous amount. Is this a joke? Or is something wrong with Horace upstairs?' he pondered worriedly.

"Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Uncle Caden, please trust me. I'm not sick. In fact, I've never been this hale and hearty in my entire life."

The words of these elderly people amused Horace. He chuckled and added, "Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, do you have a bank account? Please give me your bank account details. I'll transfer the three million dollars to you right now."

"Are you really all right upstairs?" Isaac still didn't take Horace's word for it. He narrowed his eyes and stared at him intently. He felt that this wasn't the young boy who had sold the cottage earlier out of desperation. More so, Horace's words were even more unbelievable because even the net worth of the richest villager wasn't up to three million dollars.

"I'm one hundred percent all right upstairs, Mr.

Baldwin." With another chuckle, Horace insisted, "Please give me your bank account details. It's often said that seeing is believing. You'll know whether I'm telling the truth or not very soon."

"Alas!" Isaac sighed and shook his head. Sensing that Horace wouldn't stop pestering him, he told him his bank account details.

'The way I see it, Caylee's ill health might have affected Horace's brain negatively. My guess will be proved very soon,' he thought.

He had only given out his bank account details to ascertain if Horace was mentally ill. In his mind, he felt that Horace would come back to his senses once he failed to transfer the money.

"No way, Isaac. Why did you give him your bank account details? Don't tell me that you believe what

he just said," Caden muttered, shaking his head disappointedly.

"Uncle Caden, Mr. Baldwin, just wait and see what will happen in a matter of seconds." Horace took a look at his uncle and Isaac and smiled. He then took out his cellphone, opened the bank app, and transferred the money to Isaac's account.

Isaac's phone beeped twice a few seconds later. A bank alert had just come through. It read, "Your bank account just got credited with 3, 000, 000 dollars."

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Chapter 154 His Cousin's Keeper



"What?" Isaac's eyes were wide open as he stared at the bank alert on his phone. After blinking several times, he said to his wife, "Barbara, take a look at this. Does it say three million dollars?"

"Yes, it does. My goodness! Isaac, how is this possible? Hurry up and check your bank balance!" Barbara nodded and urged her husband anxiously.

These words reminded Isaac. He immediately opened the bank app. His eyes bulged out more when he saw the balance. His hands trembled uncontrollably.

The next second, his phone fell to the floor. The clattering sound made him come back to his senses. He nodded to Barbara and Caden and stammered, "Erm... Horace... Horace just transferred three million dollars to my bank account just now!"

Still in that stunned state, Isaac picked up his mobile

phone, and showed his bank balance to the two elderly people. He said, "Look, my balance is more than three million dollars now."

"Oh my days! It's true!" Caden's eyes widened when he saw the bank balance. Facing Horace, he stuttered, "How... How... Horace, how did you get that money? Have you done something bad?"

More than anything, Isaac and Barbara wanted to hear Horace's answer to his uncle's question. They pricked up their ears and stared at him. They were a morally upright couple. If he had gotten the money from illegal means, they wouldn't accept it. They would return it to him immediately and also asked him to give it back.

"Something bad? What bad thing?" Horace asked in confusion.

But before he could get an answer, he realized what his uncle meant. Shaking his head, he said, "Uncle Caden, I haven't done anything illegal. Don't worry!"

Then he smiled and queried, "Now do you believe I am rich, Uncle Caden?"

"Did you really get that money legally?" Caden still found it hard to believe his nephew's words. Three million dollars wasn't chicken feed to him. He disbelieved Horace because he didn't know how he was able to get such an amount of money.

"Yes, I swear!" With a giggle, Horace added, "Look at it this way, Uncle Caden. Three million dollars is a whopping amount. If I stole it or robbed someone, would I be standing here talking to you? There's no way I would be able to pull off such a big robbery. Trust me, I didn't break the law. I would never do such a thing."

"Okay, I believe you, Horace. My sister put in a lot of work in training you. Now that you have done something good for yourself, I have to say that she's lucky to have you as her son. She will no longer have to suffer so much. Good job, boy!" Caden's eyes became misty as he spoke.

Caylee was his elder sister. He loved her so much. She had taken care of him right from his childhood. This was why he cared so much for Horace. Horace was like his son, so he was extremely proud of him now.

"Back to what I was saying outside, Uncle Caden. You don't need to collect a dime from Selina's fiance. Instead, I will prepare what she would take to her fiance's house, so her in-laws will respect her."

Horace took a look at Caden. His uncle's praise had

touched his heart. Indeed, Caylee had given her all to raise him against all odds. Caden and his family had helped a lot too. He used to play with Selina during his childhood and they took good care of him.

"Horace, you are a big boy now. You are already making great moves towards success. Kudos!"
Barbara and Isaac joined in the praise and sighed.

The sum of three million dollars which was currently seating in Isaac's account was proof that Horace hadn't been lying to them.

"Okay, Horace. I will do as you have said. I won't take any money from Selina's fiance. But you don't have to prepare a dowry for Selina. My wife and I can afford it."

"Uncle Caden, please don't turn me down. I really want to be the one to do that. Remember that Selina

took me like her own brother. I want this to be my contribution to her wedding. Please allow me to buy more things to give her a big send-off."

"What a good boy!" Hardly had Horace finished his words when a merry female voice came from the door.

Horace turned around and looked at the girl who was walking over to him. His eyes lit up and he called out excitedly, "Selina!"

A few seconds later, he asked, "Why are you here?"

"Well, let's just say I missed my favorite cousin. We haven't seen each other for such a long time. I heard you were back, so I came to see you. Ha-ha! Horace, is that a strand of beard I see on your chin? You are even taller! Almost the taller than me!"

This cheerful girl was Selina, the daughter of Caden.

When she got to Horace, she checked his chin and compared his height with hers playfully.

"Hey, Selina, you're going to be a bride. But you still act like a little girl. And you don't seem to have grown an inch taller. He-he!" Horace teased her with a smile.

"Anyway, how do you feel? Are you excited about your upcoming wedding?" he asked.

"Humph! Of course I am still a little girl!" After snorting, Selina continued sadly, "I'm not excited at all. Getting married can be very troublesome!"

"Huh? What's wrong? Why did you say it's troublesome, Selina? Most brides-to-be look forward to their big day. Why aren't you happy?" Horace looked at his cousin in confusion.

"Where is your fiance? I want to meet him," he added seriously.

"Even if I explain things, you won't get it. You will only understand how troublesome it is when it's time for you to get married," Selina replied. "You want to meet my fiance? Unfortunately, that can't be possible now. I don't want to talk about him," she added with a frown.

Afterward, she sighed deeply. It seemed that her relationship with her fiance was going through a rough patch.

Since Selina had just arrived, she knew nothing about the three million dollars that Horace had just sent to Isaac. She thought he was still the poor little boy she used to play with.

Waving her slender hand, she changed the subject.

"Horace, how is your mother? Is she getting better now?"

"Yes, she is. It's estimated that she would fully recover soon," he answered calmly. In a serious tone, he queried, "Back to our talk about your wedding, Selina. Are you getting cold feet about the wedding because your fiance doesn't treat you well? Tell me why you look so sad. If he doesn't treat you well, I'll teach him a lesson! Besides, you don't have to settle for less. There are plenty more fish in the sea. If he's a jerk, you should break off the engagement and date someone else. I'm sure there's a good guy out there for you, coz."

"Horace, you are still young. As I said earlier, you won't understand these things."

"Try me, Selina. I might be young, but I'm wiser than most of my peers. How can I understand if you don't

tell me? Besides, I'm eighteen years old. Don't treat me like a child because I'm legally an adult. Please tell me what happened."

"Okay, fine. I have to first make it clear that my fiance is a good man and he treats me well. It's just that his parents don't like me. Just because I live in a remote village and my parents are not rich, they feel that I'm not good enough for their son. And... And..." Selina stuttered and paused.

"And what? Tell me everything, Selina. I can deal with whatever is standing in the way of your happiness."

"Ha-ha! What's up with you, Horace? I didn't know you could brag this much!" Selina laughed when she saw her cousin's overconfidence.

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Chapter 155 Stubborn Nephew



"Huh?" Horace was stunned by Selina's last statement. His curiosity was getting the best of him, so he didn't bother about it. He just asked, "What were you about to say, Selina?"

"Ermm... And..." Selina stuttered, still unable to finish her words.

"Come on, coz. Don't keep me in suspense. I don't understand your mumbling. Remember that I am your favorite cousin. There's no need to hide anything from me," Horace said persuasively when he saw the embarrassed look on her face.

Taking a look at Horace, Selina finally summoned up her courage and said, "Well, my fiance's parents were displeased when my father demanded a huge amount of money!"

As if she had just revealed the biggest secret, she took a deep breath and lowered her head. She had hesitated to say that because she didn't want Horace to feel guilty and overthink it. She suspected her father had already asked him about his mother's medical bills.

Horace instantly knew why his uncle had demanded a huge amount from Selina's fiance. It was pretty clear.

Caden knew that Caylee's treatment was very expensive and her medical bills had been piling up. Since he didn't have money now, he had obviously decided to get it this way.

"Selina, that wouldn't be a problem. I don't care if they pay us that amount of money anymore," Caden chimed in before Horace could say a word.

"Why, dad? Does this mean that Aunt Caylee..."
Worry flickered in Selina's eyes at this moment. They were opened wide as she looked at her father, and then at Horace.

Just as she was about to ask Horace about his mother's well-being, Barbara smiled and explained, "Don't misunderstand your father's words, Selina. Your aunty is doing fine. He only said that because Horace is a rich man now. He can afford to foot his mother's medical bills."

Pointing at Donn and Tobias, she added, "Look at these men. They are Horace's followers!"

"What? Aren't they actors?" Selina blurted out in

surprise.

After looking at Tobias and Donn with scrutinizing eyes, she asked her cousin in disbelief, "Horace, is what she said true? Are you really rich now?"

"Selina, I understand that this might be hard to believe, but it's true. Look, he just sent me a huge amount of money as payment to buy this cottage back."

Isaac showed Selina his bank account balance as proof.

"What? Three million dollars! Are you sure this is real, Mr. Baldwin?" Selina was stunned by the amount of money in Isaac's bank account.

"Selina, the bank balance is absolutely real. It's the official statement from the bank app, so it can't be

fake. I also saw it with my own eyes," Caden said boldly to his daughter.

"Woo-hoo! Horace, you're rich. Congratulations!" Her father's statement finally convinced her that the story was true. She shook her cousin's hand happily as she did a little jump.

"Now that you are rich, I hope you won't forget me," she added, pouting.

"How could I forget you, Selina? That can never happen. Even if someone deals a blow to my head and I suffer from amnesia, I won't forget you!" Horace assured her, beating his chest lightly.

He then continued seriously, "Can you tell me how much money Uncle Caden asked for?"

After stealing a glance at her father, Selina replied

slowly, "Horace, he asked for five hundred thousand dollars from my fiance! I thought the money was a little high, but I had to go with the flow at that time."

"It's all right, coz. Don't feel bad about any of these."

Rubbing his chin, Horace added, "But I have to say that five hundred thousand dollars is indeed a huge amount of money. Most people haven't handled such an amount in their lifetime."

Afterward, he asked calmly, "Selina, how about your fiance's family background? Judging by his financial status, do you think he can afford to pay that amount of money?"

"Horace, you seem so curious about him." Shrugging helplessly, Selina continued, "My boyfriend is from a good family. They own a small factory that has an annual revenue of about one million dollars. They are

way richer than us. And that's why they look down on me."

"Five hundred thousand dollars is half of their total yearly revenue. Paying that amount shouldn't be a big deal for your fiance." Hearing Selina's statement, Horace made calculations. He then said to his uncle, "Uncle Caden, you should continue demanding five hundred thousand dollars. Stand your ground, okay?"

"What?" Caden was taken aback by his nephew's words. "Why do you say so, Horace? Do you still lack money?" he asked with a slight frown.

Isaac also echoed, "Yes, Horace. Do you still lack money? If you do, I will return the three million dollars to you!"

Holding his phone with both hands, Isaac added, "Please give me your bank account details. I will

transfer two million and seven hundred thousand dollars to you right now."

"Do I still lack money? Far from it, Uncle Caden and Mr. Baldwin. It's really not what you both think."

With a chuckle, Horace continued, "Although I previously said that collecting money from him isn't a good idea, I have changed my mind. Now, I think you should collect it. If Selina's fiance fails to give you five hundred thousand dollars, it would mean that he doesn't deserve to marry her or even take a dowry from you."

"A dowry from us?" The moment Selina heard Horace's last words, she panicked. She waved her hand and said, "Horace, I don't intend to give him any dowry. We don't have much money now. It's impossible to pay any dowry. I just want to have a simple wedding."

"Relax, Selina. I have gotten you covered. I will prepare the dowry for you. Don't worry," Horace stated assuredly.

Turning to his uncle, he said, "Uncle Caden, please give me the details of your bank account. I want to repay the money I borrowed from you before."

"Oh, forget about that money. You don't have to repay me. Remember that your mother is my sister. Don't be so polite to me." Caden shook his head and refused in a low voice.

"Yeah, that's right, Horace. We are family. You don't have to be so polite. As regards my dowry, don't worry about it. I'm the one getting married, so you shouldn't be preparing my dowry," Selina echoed her father's words.

"Uncle Caden, I understand what you mean. But I asked you to lend me the money, not gift it to me. It's only right that I pay it back. Otherwise, I will feel ashamed of myself. Besides, I know you are in urgent need of money now due to Selina's wedding preparations."

Looking at Selina affectionately, he uttered, "Selina, you are my cousin. You need to have a grand wedding. And I am ready to give you that. In this way, your in-laws won't look down on you or dare to maltreat you in the future."

"Alas!" Caden sighed. Judging by the seriousness on Horace's face, Caden knew that he wouldn't stop insisting, so he had to agree. He took out his phone and showed him his bank account details even though he wasn't comfortable with taking money from his nephew.

"Horace, just send the money I lent you. Don't add any money to it. Do you understand?" Caden ordered seriously.

"Okay, okay, okay!" Horace responded while holding up one of his hands and taking out his phone with the other. But he stubbornly input the sum of eight million dollars into the transfer interface on the bank app.

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Chapter 156 The Doubtful Villager



Horace hit the send button and entered his password. Almost immediately, Caden received a notification on his phone. It read, "Your bank account just got credited with 8, 000, 000 dollars."

Despite his uncle's warning, Horace decided to send eight million dollars to him. He knew that Caden and his wife had been living a frugal life. His decision was not only because Caden had been nice to him, but also because Selina was getting married. Selina was his uncle's only daughter. Eight million dollars was enough for them to get a nice house, sort out the expenses for Selina's wedding, and also live comfortably with the rest of the money.

"Eight million dollars?" Caden was shocked after he read the bank notification. He looked up at Horace and said, "Horace, why are you so stubborn? Didn't you hear what I said just now? Why did you transfer such a huge amount to me? From what I see here, you transferred eight million dollars. I can never be able to finish spending it in my lifetime. No, no, no! I can't accept this. Give me your bank details so I can transfer the extra amount back to you!"

Hearing his uncle's refusal, Horace chuckled and said, "Uncle Caden, it might be a huge amount to you, but it's insignificant to me. You can ask them if you don't believe me."

He looked at Donn and Tobias and asked, "Guys, is eight million dollars a huge amount for me?"

"No, sir!" Donn and Tobias shook their heads and answered in unison.

"Eight million dollars is not a huge amount of money?" Selina's mouth flew open when she heard their straightforward answer. When she recovered from the shock slightly, she asked in a low voice, "Horace, tell me, how rich are you now? I find it hard to believe that eight million dollars is just chicken feed to you. How come?"

"Honestly, I don't know how rich I am. I only know that the interest I receive on my account each day is about one million dollars," Horace replied humbly.

His total net worth was outstanding for a person of his age. With the shares of the companies in Rinas and Isido that his father had transferred to him, he was worth two hundred billion dollars. This meant he was almost as wealthy as the richest man in the country.

"One million dollars? Did you just say that's the interest you receive per day? Oh my goodness!" Selina exclaimed.

She then asked, "Horace, what have you been up to these past few months? How did you get so rich?"

"Well... Luck suddenly smiled at me when I was chosen by an old man. I inherited countless of his family's properties. That's how I became so rich!"

Horace made up a cock and bull story for his cousin. He didn't want to tell the truth. At least, not yet. The people of this village knew him as Caylee's son, not a descendant of the Warren family. He intended to keep it that way for now.

"What? It's unbelievable! Horace, is that a joke or something? Things like that only happen in the movies, not in real life. How come you suddenly met an old man who turned your life around in a trice? Never had I imagined that such a thing would happen to you!" Selina exclaimed in utter disbelief.

"Ha-ha! Coz, I agree that the story sounds so unbelievable, but it's true."

After giggling, Horace said to his uncle, "As I was saying, Uncle Caden. Please accept the money. Also, don't hesitate to tell me if this is not enough."

"What? How could it be not enough, Horace? You of all people know that your aunt and I have been living frugally for ages. I have never handled one percent of this amount in my entire life." Caden wiped the sweat on his forehead and added, "Horace, how about you go to my house? You should go see your aunt. She has missed you so much."

"Alas, that's true. I haven't seen her for a long time. Let's go, Uncle Caden!" Horace nodded in agreement.

He then said to Isaac, "Mr. Baldwin, although I have bought back the house, you don't have to move out now. Take your time. You are free to leave whenever you want."

"What? We should take our time? Actually, we don't have many belongings. Moving out won't be troublesome at all. We will leave soonest!"

Isaac snapped his fingers to indicate how soon they would relocate.

"Mr. Baldwin, it's up to you. I'm sorry that I have caused you so much trouble!"

"You don't have to apologize, Horace. It's really not a big deal. I understand why you had to do this. It's only right that I give you back the house. So, don't apologize or thank me."

After Isaac finished speaking, he gestured at his wife, indicating that it was time to start packing up.

Horace and the others left and went straight to his uncle's home.

When he got there, he chatted with his aunt, Harlee Potter for a while. Harlee was so surprised to learn

about his new financial status. Her joy knew no bounds.

Meanwhile, Isaac and Barbara packed up their few belongings to the house they used to leave before they bought the cottage.

By this time, all the villagers, who had run away for fear of paying Horace for a drama performance, began to troop out of their homes. They were shocked to see that the Baldwins had relocated. One of them asked, "Isaac, why did you move out? You only bought Caylee's cottage not too long ago. Is there something wrong with it?"

"Yosef, stop jumping to conclusions. There's nothing wrong with Caylee's cottage. The reason why we moved is that Horace has become a wealthy man!" Isaac first reprimanded Yosef Medina before revealing the reason for their relocation.

He then continued, "I think even Declan can't be compared to Horace now."

Declan Walsh was the richest man in the Stone Village. Since he possessed tens of millions of dollars' worth of properties, he won the admiration of all the villagers.

"Isaac, are you out of your mind? Do you know how much money the Walsh family has? How could a poor fatherless guy like Horace be wealthier than Declan? I'm dead sure Horace will win first place if you are talking about the poorest villager here!" Yosef antagonized Isaac.

It was no news that Isaac was one of the few people who always took care of Horace. He was always standing up for him. But now, Yosef felt that he was taking it too far.

"Yosef, what are you talking about? You are talking out of ignorance. I agree that Declan is rich. But as of the latest development, Horace is richer than him. Do you have any idea how much money Horace gave me just now? I'm afraid you will receive the shocker of your life when I tell you!"

"How much did he send to you? Is it three hundred dollars? Ha-ha! What a joke!" Yosef burst into laughter and clapped his hands in mockery.

Everyone in this village knew that Horace was fatherless. They were also well informed about Caylee's predicament.

After they learned that she was down with a terminal illness, they witnessed how her house had been sold to cover her medical expenses. The villagers knew that it would be very difficult for her to raise money to

cure her illness.

"Did you just say three hundred dollars? Ha-ha! Now, I need you to open your eyes wide and see how much I have in my bank account." Isaac giggled while shaking his head in disappointment. He then took out his phone and showed Yosef his bank account balance. He added, "Can you see it clearly, Yosef? Or do you need me to read it out for you?"

"It says that you have more than three million dollars. Impossible!" Yosef shouted in utter disbelief after he saw the bank account balance in front of him. His eyes were wide open at this time.

"Ha-ha! This is very real. It's the money Horace sent to buy his mother's house back. You shouldn't have disbelieved me. Do you think that this is the only money Horace has? Do you want to know how much he sent to Caden?"

At this moment, Barbara chipped in, "Isaac, it seems to me that he still doesn't believe you. Tell him how much Horace gifted Caden."

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Chapter 157 The Shameless Couple



"Horace gave Caden eight million dollars!" Isaac blurted out after Barbara egged him. Pointing his finger at Yosef, who was standing in front of him, he continued, "Yosef, believe you me, Horace is wealthier than Declan. Alas! Luck has finally shone on Caylee after she lived an insufferable life for ages. Her son, Horace is a good child and he has grown up to be a fine young man."

"Eh? Eight... Eight million..." Yosef was so stunned that he stammered. With his eyes opened wide, he exclaimed, "So, Horace is extremely wealthy now!"

"Exactly!" Isaac concurred excitedly. "This should be a wake-up call for you, Yosef. No one knows tomorrow. Don't look down on anyone because they might just become rich in the future. You never can tell," he added seriously.

Patting Yosef on the shoulder, Isaac continued, "Well, I have to leave now. We are not done packing and rearranging our belongings in my former house. Goodbye."

He then left with Barbara. The villagers stared at the couple's backs until they were out of sight. They couldn't utter a word because they were all stunned.

The reasons why Isaac had revealed what happened to the villagers was that he didn't want them to look down on Horace and he was also very excited that he couldn't keep the good news to himself.

After the villagers present got over the shock, they rushed back to their homes and broke the news to their relatives and friends. "Guess what? Caylee's son is rich now!"

"Do you know that Caylee's son has bought their house back from Isaac with three million dollars?"

"Have you heard that Horace gifted his uncle, Caden the whopping sum of eight million dollars?"

"Just today alone, Horace has spent eleven million dollars. This means he's as wealthy as Declan now."

The news spread like wildfire. Most of the villagers did

their calculations and couldn't help agreeing that Horace was as rich as Declan, the wealthiest man in the village.

Everyone became jealous of Caden. They wished they could be in his shoes. They all knew that it was the only way they would receive such great fortune. Some of them even racked their brains trying to come up with ideas on how to get money from Horace, but they couldn't come up with anything.

Meanwhile, Brea, Maxwell's wife had also gotten wind of what happened. She rushed into the house breathlessly and told her husband everything.

"Maxwell, do you know what the villagers said? That bastard, Horace, is now rich!"

"What bastard? Mom, are you talking about my cousin? That's so unfair. Why are you referring to him as a bastard? I really don't understand why you are

always so mean to him," Vienna complained in a low voice.

"Shut up!" Brea glared at her daughter and said, "Why are you getting worked up over something that's the truth? He's a child without a father. So, he's a bastard!"

Shifting her gaze to her husband, she said, "Maxwell, why are you still here? I said that Horace is back and he's rich now. As I speak, he's at Caden's house. Go and ask him to give us some money too!"

Maxwell was also Horace's uncle.

He was confused at his wife's words. With his eyebrows knitted, he asked, "I should go and ask Horace for money? Are you serious? Why are you saying I should do such a thing? I don't get it. Tell me all that happened. How can that little bastard be rich?"

"I don't know how that silly nephew of yours made a fortune. I just heard from Yosef that he gave Caden eight million dollars. I repeat, he gave him eight million dollars! Can you believe that?"

Brea rapidly filled her husband in as she held his arm.

"Eight... Eight million?" Maxwell was taken aback. After shaking his head, he continued, "Are you sure you heard Yosef clearly? That is a huge sum of money. No one can get that amount so easily. Let's take ourselves for example. Although we have been working hard for more than half of our lifetime, we only have several hundred thousand dollars in the bank. How could a poor kid be so wealthy that he even gifted Caden that huge amount of money?"

"Honestly, I didn't believe it at first. But it seems to be true. You know Yosef doesn't spread false rumors. He

was so serious when he broke the news to me. He said Isaac was the one that revealed it to him. More so, Horace had given Isaac three million dollars. According to him, Horace had bought back their old cottage with the money," Brea explained to Maxwell, shaking his body so he would go out immediately.

"Is that so? Since that bastard is now loaded, I had better hurry up to get my own share!" Maxwell quickly stood up and was about to leave.

But before they got to the door, Vienna stopped them. "Dad, Mom! Don't be so shameless. Don't go and ask Horace for money. I want you both to reflect on what I am about to say. Aunt Caylee was so poor that Horace suffered and worked several jobs to make ends meet. You both knew about this. But did any of you give him a hand then? Worse still, you just called him a bastard. And now, you want to go and ask him for money. How shameless of the two of you!"

Vienna was so mad at her parents that she couldn't help chewing them out.

"What? Silly girl, how dare you talk to us like that? We are your parents. You are supposed to be on our side. Well, it seems that you are ignorant. You know nothing about how the world works!" Brea scolded her and continued, "What does our perception of Horace have to do with anything? Remember that your brother is going to get married soon. We will need a huge sum of money to cover the expenses. That little bastard gave Caden eight million dollars. Is Caden his only relation? We are his uncle and aunt. Now that he's wealthy, it's his responsibility to take us all out of poverty. He must give us money too!"

Brea hissed and said to her husband, "Pay no mind to this stupid daughter of ours. Let's go now. We'd better hurry before that bastard leaves the village."

"Yeah, let's go!" Maxwell nodded and left with his wife.

At this time, Horace was chatting happily with Selina, Caden, and Harlee. It wasn't until someone knocked at the gate that they all paused.

Caden went to see who it was. When he saw that it was Maxwell and Brea, he said coldly, "What are you doing here, Maxwell? I'm sure you know you aren't welcomed here. Please leave now!"

"Spare us that nonsense, Caden! I just found out that you took Horace's money behind our backs. How dare you disrespect Maxwell? Have you forgotten that he's your elder brother?"

Brea got short with Caden, putting one hand on her waist.

"Yes, Caden. I'm highly disappointed in you. Just because you are now rich, you forgot about me. Have you forgotten that I'm your elder brother?"

Maxwell stared daggers at his younger brother as he echoed his wife's words.

"My elder brother?" Caden let out a peal of mocking laughter. After a while, he continued coldly, "Look who's talking about forgetting a sibling. You have no right to say those words to me. After all, you completely forgot our elder sister! Where were you when Caylee was fighting for her life in the hospital? Did you ever pay a penny for her medical expenses? Don't judge me, Maxwell. You are the one that discarded your siblings. We are better off without you. Don't show your face now!"

There was bad blood between Caden and Maxwell.

Caden had once quarreled with him for not caring about Caylee. When he realized that Maxwell was a heartless man, he didn't bother to visit him again.

Both men were so angry that they were arguing in a loud tone. As a result, the people inside heard their voices.

Selina pouted and sneered, "It's Uncle Maxwell. How dare he come here? He's not supposed to step foot anywhere near our home. Vienna is the only one welcomed here."

"Shush, Selina!" Harlee cautioned her daughter. She then turned to Horace and said, "You can wait here, Horace. I'll go out to have a look."

She then started walking to the gate.

The next second, Horace stood up abruptly and said,

"Aunt Harlee, I'll go with you!"

"Me too!" Selina said. In this way, the three of them walked to the gate.

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Chapter 158 Payback Time



By the time Horace and the others got to the gate, Brea was shouting at the top of her lungs as if she was ready to bring down the house.

"Watch your mouth, Caden. Don't you have any respect? Why the hell are you speaking to your elder brother in that manner? Besides, aren't you aware that Caylee is terminally ill? Stage three rectal cancer

can't be cured and there is an extremely low chance of survival. Paying for her medical expenses when it's obvious she would die is not a wise thing to do. Why then are you expecting us to waste our hard-earned money?"

"Brea, that's a very cruel thing to say. Caylee won't die. Besides, Horace asked us to lend him the money and he would pay it back. He didn't just transfer the burden to us. Since you didn't lend him the money because you feared he wouldn't pay back, why are you here today?" Caden retorted with a frown.

"Maxwell, Brea, your visit here is an unpleasant surprise. You aren't welcome here, so please leave now!" he commanded angrily.

"Our visit? For your information, we aren't here to visit you, Caden. We came to see Horace. Now, get out of the way!" Brea shot him a searing glare and was

about to push him out of the way. But she suddenly saw that Horace was standing a few meters away from them.

Harlee and Selina were standing by his side.

Brea clasped her hands and put on a warm smile. She then said to Horace softly, "Hey, Horace, it's good to see you. I haven't seen you for a long time. Why didn't you pay us a visit? We have missed you so much. When we heard that you were back, we prepared delicious food and good wine for you. How about you come and dine in our house?"

Brea, who had been like a ferocious gangster a second ago, was now as gentle as a dove. She was also different from the woman who had insulted Horace when she saw him from a distance some hours ago.

Horace chuckled at her pretentious words. 'Gosh! This woman is a pretender. She had avoided me like a plague when she saw me before. But now that she knows I am rich, she wants me to visit and dine with her. She's so shameless!'

He could see right through her fakeness.

Although he had the instincts to call Brea out on her bullshit, he just said indifferently, "Aunt Brea, please leave us. I won't go to your house!"

"Did you hear that? Horace doesn't want to see you either!" Caden shouted at the shameless couple.

"Horace, how could you say that to us? We are your uncle and aunt. Don't you know those words are hurtful?" Brea held her chest and looked at Horace as if he had broken her heart.

"Oh! You are hurt? That's the joke of the century. Ha-ha!" Horace threw his head back and laughed.

Afterward, he shifted his attention to Maxwell and said, "Be honest, Uncle Maxwell. Do you still have my number on your contact list? You claim to be my relation, but you don't have my number. How can I visit such an unfriendly uncle?"

In an instant, Maxwell's face turned red. He truly didn't have Horace's number. This was because he had blacklisted his contact. Now that he was put on the spot, he didn't know what to say.

"Horace, I know you to be a respectful young lad. What happened to you? You shouldn't speak to your uncle like that. He might have wronged you, but he's still your elder. You need to accord him respect. It is impolite to question him like this!" Brea scolded, pointing her index finger at him.

"We are your flesh and blood, Horace. And nothing can change that. You have suddenly forgotten us because you are now wealthy. It's only right that a rich person should uplift their relations. But you are doing the opposite. Is that fair?"

"Humph!" Horace snorted. Putting his hands into his pockets, he said rudely, "Look who's talking about fairness and uplifting people. Anyway, you have hinted at your real purpose for coming here. It's not wise to beat about the bush, Aunt Brea. Be straightforward. Why did you ask me to visit you at first? Just tell me that you want to get some money from me!"

Frowning deeply, he added, "I still affix a title to your name because I don't want to be disrespectful. But I don't think you are qualified to be called my flesh and blood!"

"Not qualified? Horace, you don't get to pick your relations. Your mother is Maxwell's elder sister, isn't she? Oh, I see. You want to cut all ties with us because you are now wealthy, don't you?"

Brea glared at Horace. She suddenly banged the gate and shouted to the passers-by, "Everyone, come and see my ungrateful nephew. After we took care of him since he was a child, he wants to get rid of us because he's now rich. How ungrateful he is!"

Horace cast a scornful glance at her and said, "You are so shameless, Aunt Brea! I won't fall for your gimmicks. Even if you call the entire village here, I won't give you a dime. You are a liar. Where were you when my mother and I suffered for many years? Now that we are no longer suffering, you want to reap from where you did not sow. Never that! Showing you a little respect by calling you my aunt is the only thing I can do for you. Don't expect anything more from me!"

"What has gotten into you, Horace? Caden is your relative, and so are we! I'm not asking for too much. Just give us the same amount you gave him. Isn't that fair?" Maxwell insisted, glaring at him.

"Shut up, Uncle Maxwell. Where were you when Uncle Caden helped me with many difficulties? Did you ever contribute a penny to my mother's medical expenses? If you had given me a penny at that time, I can pay you a million-fold now. But did you? Humph! Listen to me, and listen well. Take your wife and leave now. Stop making a scene here!"

Horace lost his cool. He was so annoyed that Maxwell could be this bumptious and shameless. He stared at them angrily and sneered. If they weren't his relations, he would have cursed them out. He wished he wasn't related to such people.

"Horace, you ungrateful bastard. You want to abandon us now that luck has shone on you. How heartless you are!" Brea didn't back down. She pointed at him and spat bitterly.

Hardly had she finished speaking when Donn grabbed her by the neck and lifted her. He was furious.

"How dare you speak to Mr. Warren like that?" he growled.

Then he exerted more strength on his grip.

"Horace, tell him to put my wife down. Do you want to murder her?" Maxwell grabbed Donn's shirt and shouted at Horace.

"Donn, just throw them out. They are getting on my nerves!" Horace glanced at the couple in disgust.

He couldn't understand why human beings could be so depraved. 'It's said that human beings are slaves to money. Are they depraved because of money? I guess so. After all, they treated me like a leper when I was poor. But now that I had money, they began to flock to me. Tut, tut, tut!' Horace shook his head with displeasure.

Donn didn't let go of Brea. She was still dangling in the air as he took her to the street and threw her out. He did the same for Maxwell.

Staring down at the couple who were sitting on the dusty ground, Horace said, "If you want any money, ask Vienna to come. She's the only person from your household that's welcomed here."

He then walked back inside and Caden shut the gate in their faces.

Without standing up from the ground, Maxwell looked at his wife and said, "It's all your fault, Brea. I remember that I wanted to lend Horace some money, but you stopped me. You said that he's a bastard who wouldn't pay back the money. You also forced me to blacklist his contact!"

"Bah! Don't put the blame on me, Maxwell. You are not a saint. Although I discouraged you from lending him money, you wouldn't have obeyed me if it hadn't been what you wanted too!"

After taking a deep breath, Brea continued calmly, "Now is not the time to trade blames, Maxwell. We should go back and get Vienna. She's our ticket to wealth now."

She then stood up and started walking towards their house. Maxwell followed her.

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Chapter 159 Small Clique



Many villagers had gathered around to watch the scene. When they saw how Brea and Maxwell were thrown out like trash, they all sighed and shook their heads in pity.

After the couple left, a man pointed in their direction and said, "This incident should be a lesson to all of us. If your relatives or friends are in trouble, you shouldn't stand by and do nothing. Help them the best you can. If you don't, you will end up like Maxwell and Brea."

Hearing this unsolicited advice, the other onlookers looked at him disdainfully and cursed under their breath, "Blah, blah, blah! Horace doesn't even know you, nor will he borrow money from you. You are just a two-faced hypocrite. Weren't you the first person to run away when you saw Horace some hours ago? Why are you giving such advice now? How cheeky!"

None of them dared to counter him, anyway. They just nodded in agreement.

Afterward, they all began to talk about Horace again.

But the tone of their gossip had changed. Unlike when they used to mock him for his poverty, they were now speaking about his sudden wealth and influence.

Never had anyone expected that a poor boy would become so rich overnight.

None of them had been nice to Horace before now, so they knew they wouldn't benefit from his wealth. They could do nothing but envy him from the sidelines.

Meanwhile, Maxwell and Brea rushed home in dejection.

Vienna immediately noticed that her parents were in low spirits after she answered the door. Hazarding a guess, she said, "I told you two not to go, but you insisted. Now you have been humiliated in public."

"Shut up, you brat. Let us catch our breath at least. Anyway, that bastard said he would only give us money if you go and ask for it," Brea scolded her daughter before revealing Horace's condition.

"No, I won't go anywhere!" Vienna refused without hesitation. Folding her arms stubbornly, she added,

"I'm not as shameless as you are. I am aware that Horace asked Dad to lend him some money sometime back, but what did you do? You remember what you said, so I won't bother to repeat it. I have a sense of dignity that's why I won't go to see him!"

'It's good to know that Horace doesn't consider me to be his enemy. He hasn't forgotten me,' Vienna thought to herself.

"You silly girl, you have to go!" Brea roared.

She then nudged her husband and said, "Say something, Maxwell. I don't know what your daughter's problem is. She wants us to remain in penury. Horace said he would only give money to Vienna, but she doesn't want to go see him. Aargh! She's pissing me off. You'd better convince her now!"

"Vienna, pride won't get you anywhere. You have to

do this for us and your brother. You know he's in a serious relationship. His girlfriend has demanded that he buy a house for her in the city. If we don't get any money from Horace, how can we afford to do that? Please, I'm begging you!" Maxwell urged his daughter in a pleading voice.

"No, I won't. No matter what you say, I won't sacrifice my dignity so your son can satisfy his gold-digger of a girlfriend. You only care about your son. Since he needs the money, why don't you ask him to go and meet Horace instead? Why does it have to be me?" Vienna snorted and stood her ground. She didn't want to spoil the good relationship she had with Horace. She was afraid he would think she was like her parents if she asked him for money.

All of a sudden, four people walked into Maxwell's house.

They were Horace, Donn, Tobias, and Selina.

The front door of the house was ajar because Maxwell and his wife had rushed in and failed to shut it.

"Vienna, my dear cousin. I should have known that you would refuse to ask me for money," Horace said calmly.

He then smiled at her and added, "Long time no see, coz!"

Although they had seen each other briefly earlier in the day, they didn't get to greet each other because of Brea's handiwork.

"Hey, Horace, you're here! I knew that you will come and visit me!" Vienna happily went to hug Horace when she saw him come in.

"Of course! I missed you so much. We have a lot of catching up to do. Do you want to hang out with us?" Horace asked after they broke the hug.

"Yes!" Vienna nodded happily.

In the past, Maxwell and Brea never wanted to see Vienna close to Horace, let alone hang out with him. But today, they were fine with it because Horace was rich. They hoped that the relationship between their daughter and Horace would become stronger.

Taking a look at Vienna, Horace smiled and recollected how she had been a good cousin. She used to sneak out and help him without her parents' knowledge. Reminiscing about those times made his heart warm.

There were times when he wanted to eat candies, but

he never had money. Vienna always collected scraps and sold them for money. She would then use it to get some candies for him. As a child, Horace loved playing with Selina and Vienna. They had all grown up quickly. Even now, Selina was on the verge of getting married.

After sighing deeply, Horace said softly, "Let's go, Vienna!"

He then led his companions out of the house. The entire time, he didn't spare Maxwell and Brea a glance.

Outside the gate, Vienna asked in a low voice, "Where are we going, Horace? We should spend a lot of time together since we haven't hung out in ages!"

"Sure, we will. But we should go to Uncle Caden's house first. Afterward, I will take you out for a feast

tonight!"

"A feast?" Vienna's eyes lit up in an instant. Her parents discriminated against her at home. They treated her brother as if he was their all. They always fed him the most delicious food and gave her leftovers. She didn't eat well most times. As a result, she was looking forward to the feast. Her stomach even rumbled as she pictured a table filled with mouthwatering dishes.

"Yes, Vienna. Since there's still some time before dinner, I need you to think of where you want to dine at. But if you can't think of any place, I will have to figure out somewhere," Horace said with a smile.

Out of all of them, Vienna was the foodie. This was why he asked for her suggestion first.

The five of them chatted happily as they walked to

Caden's house. Horace had already figured that Dario's Bentley wouldn't be enough to convey all of them out of the village, so he sent Dario a text message, asking him to prepare another vehicle.

At about four o'clock, Barbara and Isaac came to Caden's house to give Horace the key to his mother's cottage.

Like the benevolent man that he was, he invited them to have dinner with him. He was grateful to them for their selfless help to him in the past.

They had spent one more hour at Caden's house when Horace stood up and announced, "Let's go and have dinner. The car is parked at the entrance of the village. Follow me!"

"Wow! Horace, you bought a car? What brand is it?" Selina asked excitedly.

have the time to get a car or even a driver's license.

"What kind of car does your friend drive, Horace?"
Selina asked inquisitively.

"You know, I'm not so good with cars. Although I don't know what brand he drives, I can tell it's not cheap. It has a B logo on the hood. I haven't seen that kind of car anywhere else. It's not very common," Horace responded, shaking his head thoughtfully.

Judging by the look of Dario's Bentley Bentayga, Horace guessed that it was expensive even though he didn't know anything about it.

"Selina, do you like cars?" he asked, glancing at her.

"It has a B logo on the hood?" Selina squinted her eyes in confusion. After tapping her chin, she blurted out, "Is it a BYD?"

She then responded to her cousin's question, "Kind of, Horace. I know a thing or two about cars."

The cars driven by the well-to-do villagers in this village were not that expensive. Since Selina had been living here all her life, she felt that the car Horace was speaking about was a BYD.

"Nah, I know a BYD, so I would know if that's my friend's car brand. The one of my friend's car also has wings on it."

Horace shook his head after hearing Selina's answer. She was a fan of cars, so he was now clear on what to give her as a wedding gift.

"A B logo with a pair of wings? Damn it! Isn't that a Bentley? Horace, your friend drives a Bentley? Is he rich?" Selina exclaimed in shock. As a fan of cars, she

had researched them and their logos. The description of the logo made her realize what kind of car Horace was speaking about.

"To be honest, my friend is filthy rich. I don't think there's anyone richer than him in this city except me," Horace answered straightforwardly.

"Huh? Where has my humble cousin gone? I understand that you are rich now, but I advise you against talking big. Everyone knows that Dario Russell is the richest man in Rinas. Are you richer than him? He-he!" Selina teased and patted Horace on the shoulder.

She had no idea that his rich friend was actually Dario. She wasn't around when he had spoken about Dario before. More so, she didn't believe that Horace was that wealthy.

At this moment, Horace scratched his head and stated casually, "Actually, he's the friend that I was talking about!"

"Ha-ha! Funny you, Horace. What an expensive joke. You are still making up stories about the legendary Dario Russell. Earlier on, you said that he was waiting for you at the entrance of the village. That man is the most powerful person in this city. How can he be waiting on you for the entire afternoon?" Caden chuckled and queried his nephew.

"It's often said that pride goes before a fall. Listen to me, Horace. Although you have made money and achieved some great feats, you have to guard against arrogance and rashness. That's the only way you would make more money, establish good relationships with people, and make your name enter history books," he suggested.

Caden thought that Horace was being too pompous. He believed that his nephew was wealthy, but he found it hard to believe that Dario was his friend.

It was unbelievable because Dario was a legend in the city.

"Okay, Uncle Caden. Thank you for the advice. I will do as you have said." Horace nodded obediently.

With a deep frown, Selina slapped Horace's back playfully and said, "Horace, so you were joking about Dario just now? Don't do that again. Careless talk constantly gets people into trouble. If one of your enemies recorded your statement and sent it to Dario, what do you think would happen? I'm afraid he will charge you for lying with his name. You aren't an ordinary man now, so you have to be very careful of what you say!"

Selina, like her father, didn't believe that Horace was actually friends with Dario. This was the case for the others, except Donn and Tobias. However, they didn't bother to try convincing the doubting Thomases.

Since Dario was a household name and he was respected by many, no one could be as powerful as him in the books of Caden and the others. Only a few people were almost as rich as him. Thus, it seemed practically impossible for Horace to be richer than him.

'Seeing is believing,' Horace thought as he decided not to explain himself. They were on their way to the entrance of the village, so he felt that they would see with their own eyes when they arrived.

Turning to Selina, he said in a low voice, "I still haven't met your fiance, Selina. How about you invite him to have dinner with us tonight? You should

introduce him to me!"

"Okay, I will inform him now." Without hesitation, Selina took out her phone and sent her fiance a message.

About three minutes later, she uttered happy, "Hey, Horace, my fiance agreed. When we arrive at the place, I will send him the address."

"Okay, that's good." Horace nodded.

They all arrived at the entrance of the village shortly after. Selina's eyes widened when she saw two Bentleys parked there.

She ran to the side of the Bentley Bentayga and touched it in awe. Afterward, she shouted, "Wow! Horace, this is your friend's car? It is awesome!"

The next second, she ran over to the Bentley Mulsanne and asked, "Does this belong to your friend too? Wow! It's so gorgeous. I didn't expect that your friend has two Bentleys. You are awesome!"

"Hello, beautiful young lady. Are you a friend of Mr. Warren?" Dario got out of the car and asked. Selina had been rubbing herself on the car and speaking to Horace at the same time, so she didn't notice when he got out.

When she heard his deep voice, she raised her head to look at him. She was taken aback when she saw his face. Pointing at him, she stuttered, "You... You... You are... You are the richest man in the city..."

"Ha-ha! Honestly, I dare not say that I'm still the richest man in the city. Anyway, I'm Dario Russell." Dario flashed a warm smile.

"You are indeed Mr. Russell! I can't believe it!"

Selina jumped up like a little girl who had just been given a new doll. She turned to look at Horace and said, "You were saying the truth, after all. Mr. Russell is truly your friend. I should have believed you. Wow! I can hardly contain my excitement!"

Like his daughter, Caden also became excited. His chest heaved due to the way his heart was racing at this moment. Dario's self-introduction had shocked him to the bones. Never did it occur to him that Horace was telling the truth.

'This nephew of mine is much more powerful than I thought. What has he been up to recently? Mr. Russell is not a man that can be met with ease. How come Horace is acquainted with him? This little boy of yesterday is so awesome!' Caden thought to himself.

Barbara, Isaac, and Vienna also shared their excitement and shock. None of them thought they would meet Dario today.

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