

Selina swooned over Dario for a long time before Horace finally cleared his throat and said, "Ahem! Calm down, Selina. You will be having dinner with Mr. Russell later. I'm afraid you will pass out due to overexcitement!"

When Selina heard these words, she pouted and gave him a pettish scold.

"Humph! How dare you make fun of me?"

However, this didn't deter her from getting more excited. Happiness swirled in her heart as she thought about having dinner with Dario. 'Wow! I'll be eating off the same table as the wealthiest man soon. I can't wait to see the look on Quintin's face when he

sees Mr. Russell. I'm sure he and his parents would no longer look down on my family afterward!

Quintin Morgan was Selina's fiance.

The other people were not left out in this overexcitement. Their hearts began to beat faster as they thought of being in the same space and dining with Dario.

Horace chuckled when he saw that they all had excitement written on their faces. At this time, he looked at Vienna and asked softly, "I asked you to pick a place for us to dine at, Vienna. Have you decided on any one?"

Vienna was taken aback by his question. After getting over the shock, she pointed at herself and asked, "Horace, do you really want me to make the decision?"

"Yes, of course! Vienna, pick anywhere you want. You don't have to be modest towards me. We grew up together. Don't let the new development change the way you relate with me. You were never respectful to me. Let's keep it that way," Horace said with a smile.

"Yes, Vienna. You were our troublesome cousin. I can vividly remember how you always robbed Horace of his snacks when we were kids. Why are you being so modest now? Are you no longer free with us because you think we aren't as close as before?" Selina asked with a hint of sadness in her voice.

"Of course not! Humph!" After snorting briefly, Vienna added, "I really don't know many good restaurants in Zence, but I think Seaston Hotel should be good enough. How about we go there, Horace?"

There were only a handful of places around. Vienna

considered the Seaston Hotel as the best that she had ever been to because the food served in the restaurant there was good. As a result, she suggested it.

The Seaston Hotel was a little popular around here, but it was of a lower standard than the Lake Hotel.

However, Horace didn't care about the standard. He just wanted to make his companions happy. He nodded and said, "Okay, Vienna. We will go to the Seaston Hotel!"

"Good choice, coz! That hotel is the best in our district. I heard their food is delicious too!" Selina gave Vienna a thumbs up while praising her.

The Seaston Hotel wasn't among the top hotels in Rinas, but it was a big one in this district.

It wasn't common for the villagers of the Stone Village to go there. They only went there for special occasions like weddings, big birthday parties, and naming ceremonies.

When Dario saw that Horace was done talking, he walked to him and greeted, "Good evening, Mr. Warren."

His greet came a little late before he thought it would be rude to do that while Horace was chatting.

"Mr. Warren?" The villagers present were shocked to the bones to hear Dario's last words. They thought, 'Isn't Horace just an ordinary acquaintance of Mr. Russell? But what did I just hear? Mr. Warren? Unbelievable! Mr. Russell just addressed Horace reverentially! Holy moly! How powerful is he now?'

For ages, Horace had been a laughing stock in this

village. Most people in the village looked down on him. Now that he was wealthy and powerful, his other companions badly wanted to know how he had done it within a short time.

Their hearts also trembled as they imagined his level of influence.

"Wow! Horace, I didn't expect that you are so powerful now!" Selina commented in awe.

Hearing these words, Horace chuckled and said, "Don't flatter me, coz. It's not a big deal. Anyway, we have to be on our way now."

He then opened the door and waved to the crowd. "Come on, get in the car!"

This announcement jolted the others back to reality. They had been in a daze for a long time.

Six villagers were coming along with Horace for the dinner, so there were ten people in total. One car wasn't enough to contain all of them. As a result, Caden, Harlee, Isaac, and Barbara had to get into the other Bentley.

Horace, Vienna, and Selina sat in the back seat of the Bentley that Dario was driving.

While Donn sat in the front passenger seat of Dario's car, Tobias sat in that same position in the other Bentley.

Horace had initially wanted to seat with the four elders in the other car, but the others urged him to get into Dario's car.

The two cars set off to the destination once everyone was comfortably seated.

"Wow! This car is so luxurious that even the sound of the ignition is pleasing to the ears!" Selina exclaimed after she heard the roar of the ignition.

"Yeah, you are right. It's pleasing to my ears even though I'm not a fan of cars." Vienna seconded her cousin's words as soon as she finished speaking.

The car continued to move along the road.

Unlike Susie, Dario didn't drive recklessly in a bid to help Horace impress the girls or get closer to them even though he didn't know who they were. He just drove at a steady and fast pace. The ride was cozy for the passengers.

On the road, many pedestrians were stunned to see a Bentley pass by. Most of them had never seen one in real life.

"My goodness! Is that a Bentley?" One of them pointed at Dario's receding car and exclaimed.

"Gosh! There is another one!" Another pedestrian raised his head and pointed at the second Bentley immediately after it swooshed past him.

"It's rare to see such luxurious cars here. I'm sure that there are some big shots on the way. I wonder who they are!"

"Who knows? That person or persons must be filthy rich. After all, those cars cost an arm. Oh, how I wish I could get to know them!"

A man who overheard their conversation frowned and chipped in, "Don't you two have eyes? Didn't you see where those two Bentleys came out from just now?"

"They came out from the Stone Village, didn't they?" the first two exclaimed in unison after hearing that question.

"Why did they come out from there? Are there any top guns in that underdeveloped place? Let's go inside and ask. Perhaps some of the villagers would know who owns those luxurious cars."

The pedestrians made their way to the Stone Village. Unbeknown to them, the Bentleys had been parked at the entrance of the village and the villagers hadn't seen them, let alone known the owner.

Meanwhile, Horace and the others arrived at the Seaston Hotel.

The appearance of the Bentleys there stunned the security guard who was attached to the parking lot. He couldn't help widening his eyes when he saw

them. He quickly ran to the first one and gently opened the driver's seat door. Bowing respectfully, he said, "Welcome to Seaston Hotel. Distinguished guest, are you here to have dinner?"

When the security guard raised his head, his eyes met with a shocker. He saw Dario's face. In a trembling voice, he asked, "Sir... Sir, are you Mr. Dario Russell, the richest man in Rinas?"

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Chapter 162 Misplaced Priority



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The security man's face flushed after he asked that question. Being in front of Dario wasn't something he

expected to happen today. As his heart was beating faster, he thought, 'The wealthiest man in Rinas is here to have dinner. This hotel will make a good fortune today! I never imagined this to happen! But how come he's here? Men of his caliber aren't seen in hotels like this. Could it be that the owner spent a lot of money to invite him here just for publicity? If so, why wasn't I informed ahead of time? What exactly is going on?'

It was at this moment that Dario chuckled and got out of the car. He then pointed towards the back seat of the car and stated, "Young man, I'm not the richest man in Rinas. Mr. Warren is."

Horace and the others also got out.

Averting his gaze to Horace, Dario respectfully said, "Mr. Warren, we are here!"

"Okay!" Horace nodded and looked around. In his eyes, the hotel seemed to be worthy of being the best hotel in this district.

"Mr. Warren?" The security guard was stunned when he heard that title.

'What did I just hear? Mr. Russell respectfully addressed this young man as Mr. Warren. Damn it! Who on earth is he? From the look of things, he must be extremely wealthy and powerful. But how come he's not known around here?' he pondered.

Some hotel usherettes had been standing in a distance. They also saw Dario. Their attention had been drawn to the parking lot after they saw the Bentleys drive in. And when they saw Dario get out of one of them, they were attracted to him.

One of the usherettes, who had gotten over the shock

early enough, rushed into the hotel to call on her colleagues to come out to welcome Dario. The ones standing outside all walked to the parking lot and greeted him respectfully. They hadn't heard when he addressed Horace reverentially due to the distance.

When Horace saw that Dario was surrounded, he chuckled and continued walking towards the entrance of the hotel.

"Hey, Horace, there are so many beautiful girls here. Why don't you go and talk to some of them? I'm sure they will accept your advances once they know you are wealthy," Selina teased him as she walked by his side.

"Oh, Selina. I can't do such a thing. I already have a girlfriend," Horace said with a shy giggle.

"Alas! You already have a girlfriend. Who is that

unlucky girl? I can't believe that a girl could be attracted to a blockhead like you. How surprising!" Selina teased him further while poking his sides playfully.

It was indeed surprising to her because she didn't think Horace would be able to get a girlfriend before now.

"Yeah, that's right. Horace, I never expected that you would have a girlfriend! Ha-ha!" Vienna chipped in as she walked on Horace's other side.

After chuckling, she continued, "I would like to meet that special girl who has such a bad taste in men that she was able to reciprocate your love!"

"Ha-ha! You girls are weird. Am I so bad in your eyes?" Horace asked helplessly.

Meanwhile, Dario was still surrounded by the usherettes who were trying everything to be friendly to him. He looked ahead and saw that Horace had gone far. Waving his hand, he called out, "Mr. Warren, please wait for me!"

'Huh? Mr. Warren?' All the usherettes were taken aback by those words.

One of them placed her hand over her mouth and whispered to her colleagues close to her, "Did I hear it wrong just now?"

"Oh, I was just about to ask you. It seems we both heard wrong," another usherette echoed.

"I don't think we heard wrong. Mr. Russell just addressed that man as Mr. Warren," a third usherette commented with mild disbelief.

"Why did he say that? The young man is wearing such cheap clothes. No wealthy man would wear such. Is he richer than Mr. Russell? Anyway, there's no point guessing. Let's go and meet him!"

In a trice, the three usherettes chased after Horace, leaving Dario behind.

"Hello, Mr. Warren!" they greeted him after catching up with him.

"Hello, ladies. Please don't address me in that manner. I'm just an ordinary young man." Horace shrugged with humility.

'Oh my! Did he just say ordinary? Sir, if you are indeed an ordinary young man, that means there's no distinguished person in the world. More so, Mr. Russell wouldn't have been respectful to you!' the usherettes thought to themselves when they saw that

Horace was being humble to the core.

At this moment, three people came out of the hotel and walked towards them. The one leading the way was the usherette who had run inside some minutes ago. And the others were her companions.

When they got to the parking lot, they saw that Dario was walking close to Horace.

They had no idea of the relationship between him and Horace. They all thought that both men just happened to have arrived at the same time, but they didn't know each other.

This conclusion of theirs was also because everyone present, except Dario, Donn and Tobias, was dressed in cheap clothes.

"Mr. Russell!" a man, who had just come out of the

hotel, called out to Dario in a low voice. With a slight bow, he said, "Hello, Mr. Russell. I'm Bill Morgan, the chairman of the hotel. Nice to meet you!"

Dario only nodded in response. With an embarrassed expression on his face, he glanced at Horace. He seemed to be saying, 'Dude, don't greet me. Greet him! He's the most important person among all of us.'

Bill was an attentive man. It took him only a split second to notice Dario's expression. He followed Dario's eyes and saw that his subordinates were surrounding Horace. But he became even more confused.

'Why does Mr. Russell look embarrassed and annoyed at the same time? Is he angry because the usherettes didn't care about him? It seems so. After all, which top gun will be happy if they are ignored? What the hell is wrong with these usherettes today?

Don't they know their jobs anymore? They should be serving Mr. Russell, not this man who is dressed like a beggar. Aargh! This is a big insult to Mr. Russell. He has the right to be angry!' Bill pondered as he felt like pulling his hair out.

As far as he was concerned, Dario was angry because they showed Horace respect at his own expense.

Bill's face blazed with fury at this time. He pointed at his subordinates and scolded, "What's wrong with the three of you? Didn't you see Mr. Russell? Why aren't you attending to him? How could you attend to a beggar instead? Do you want to lose your jobs?"

After grunting with his eyes closed, he continued, "I know our hotel's policy states that every guest should be respected even if they are beggars. But that doesn't mean you all should leave a distinguished

guest and serve a beggar. Only one of you is enough to do that!"

It wasn't exactly true that even beggars were served well here. Bill had just made up an excuse for his subordinates, so Dario wouldn't get angrier.

The three usherettes were shocked to the bone when they heard their boss's words. 'Mr. Morgan doesn't understand this situation. This poorly-dressed man is respected by Mr. Russell. Who are we not to do the same?'

There was tension between the workers and their superior. One of the usherettes took a deep breath and was about to speak.

"Don't you dare! Tell me, did I say anything wrong? How dare you try to argue with me?" Bill shunned her angrily.

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Chapter 163 Stupid Scapegoat

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The usherette who had just been shunned, cowered in fear. She was surprised that her boss didn't even give her a chance to explain things. She pondered, 'Damn it! Mr. Morgan is making a huge mistake. Before his arrival, we saw that Mr. Russell holds this poorly-dressed young man in high esteem. We had planned to serve him excellently so our hotel will be in his good books. But our plan has been thwarted because this boss of ours thinks he's a beggar. He's about to bring disaster to our hotel. If only he could listen to us! Alas, it's over now!'

At this moment, Caden pointed at Bill and reprimanded him in a low voice. "Hey, how dare you look down on us? Why did you call Horace a beggar? News flash! He's actually a big shot in this city!"

Donn moved closer to Bill, punching his left palm with his right fist. He then said coldly, "I want you to repeat what you just said if you have the guts. Go on!"

Bill trembled in fear when he saw that Donn was mad at him.

The next second, all the people that accompanied Horace here began to scold him without mincing words.

'What's going on? And who are these people? Why do I feel like I landed myself into big trouble today?'

In light of the tongue-lashing he was receiving, Bill moved backward and stared at them in fear and confusion. He pondered, 'These people look very angry and unreasonable. But I shouldn't be afraid of them. After all, they are nothing compared to Mr. Russell. Since I have him on my side, they can't lay a finger on me. I'm not scared of them!'

The boldness that was previously eluding Bill suddenly came back after he assumed that Dario was on his side. He moved forward and rolled up his sleeves. Just when he was about to fire back at the crowd, he received a slap on the back of his head.

The hot slap came from Dario—his supposed supporter.

"Who did that?" Holding his head, Bill turned around and roared like a wounded lion.

His subordinates all pointed at Dario in unison.

When he followed their fingers, he saw Dario's angry face. He immediately put on a flattering smile and asked softly, "Mr. Russell, please what's wrong? Did I do anything to offend you?"

"Huh? Did you just ask me that question? Isn't it obvious? What gave you the audacity to call Mr. Warren a beggar?" Dario shot him a searing glare as he shouted coldly.

Bill took three steps back and looked at Dario with his mouth agape.

'What did I just hear? Mr. Russell just addressed him with a title. Shoot! Did I really offend a big shot?' Bill's newfound boldness vanished into thin air at this moment. It was replaced with a gleam of fear and shock in his eyes.

'Damn it! Does this mean this beggar is actually Mr. Russell's superior? Is this a joke or something? If this is true, why is he dressed in shabby clothes? And why is his demeanor just like that of a street beggar?'

Bill's eyes were glued to Horace's face as he was lost in thought. All of a sudden, he felt that he had seen this face before. He squinted his eyes and looked deeper. And then, it struck him!

'Oh my God! Isn't this young man one of the part-time workers that were recruited to work here in the past? Yes, it's definitely him! But how come that poor lad, who had to work just to support his family, suddenly became Mr. Russell's superior? Nah, it's not possible. Mr. Russell intentionally slapped me just now to show that he was displeased with the actions of the staff. These usherettes dared to attend a beggar before him. I will teach them a lesson later. Are they blind

that they didn't notice Mr. Russell's presence? Or don't they have brains? Not to worry, I will knock some senses into them once this matter is sorted out. Foolish lots!'

Horace had indeed worked at the Seaston Hotel in the past. He did it to help in paying bills at home. Although he hadn't worked here for long, Bill still remembered his face.

At that time, Horace was a thin and weak sixteen-year-old boy who looked way younger than his age. Bill didn't want to hire him at first because the law was against child labor. It wasn't until he saw Horace's ID card that he realized that he was old enough.

This was the reason why Bill was able to recognize him even though it had been two whole years. As the chairman, he wouldn't have recognized him because job seekers and recruits were not particularly

important to him.

When Horace saw the realization on Bill's face, he put his hands in his pockets and smiled at him. He uttered, "Well, I find it rather surprising that you still remember me, Mr. Morgan!"

Shaking his head thoughtfully, he continued, "It has been two years, right? Yeah, two whole years. But you decided to treat me as a mere beggar."

Bill badly wanted to retort, but he didn't dare to do so because of Dario. He felt that Dario had purposely come up with an excuse to humiliate him. However, he couldn't go against him now. Bill decided to play along since Dario held Horace in high esteem.

"Oh, Mr. Warren. Good to see you. You have grown and changed a lot. Honestly, I almost didn't recognize you!" he said with a smile.

A second later, he turned to the usherettes and shouted, "What are you still doing by this young man's side? Don't you have the brains to take the hint? Or do you want to lose your jobs? Go and attend to Mr. Russell now!"

Bill's major priority now was to solve this current problem. He addressed Horace as a young man because he couldn't dare to call him a beggar now. Although he wasn't happy that Dario had slapped him, he decided to play along with him.

The image of the poor and weak sixteen-year-old part-time worker was still ingrained in his mind. As far as he was concerned, Horace couldn't have become a top gun within two years. This was why he didn't think Dario was serious. Meanwhile, a deep frown appeared on Dario's face when he saw that Bill wasn't acknowledging his mistake. He sensed that he

misinterpreted the slap.

For good measure, Dario slapped him on the back of his head again. The new slap was harder than the first. Bill cried out in pain immediately.

Holding his head again, he looked at Dario and asked confusedly, "Mr. Russell, did I say or do something wrong again?"

Dario replied him with another hot slap. He then began to rain slaps on Bill's head and face with both hands, as if he was slapping a dough. Bill soon became dizzy.

"Ouch, Ouch! It hurts!" He staggered and held his aching head. He recovered after a while. With tears in his eyes, he asked Dario sadly, "What on earth did I do to deserve this, Mr. Russell? Please tell me so that I can address it. I thought you were mad that this

beggar stole your thunder. Oh, could it be because of my employees' bad service? You are blaming me for not training them well!"

Bill made a guess after Dario beat him up.

"It's all my fault, Mr. Russell. I'm guilty. Please accept my sincere apologies!"

As Bill apologized, he slapped himself several times to show sincerity. He then pointed at the three usherettes beside Horace and ordered, "What are you still doing there? Serve Mr. Russell now!"

The moment he finished speaking, Dario kicked his ass and shouted angrily, "You are Bill Morgan, right? Yes, you are guilty. You have made an unpardonable mistake. Despite all the hints that I gave you, you still had the audacity to disrespect Mr. Warren!"

Pointing at Horace, Dario commanded, "I give you three seconds to kneel at Mr. Warren's feet and beg for mercy. If you don't, I will break you and turn a deaf ear to your pleas later on!"

'Fuck! Mr. Russell seems to be taking things too seriously. I don't get it. How can this poor lad be his superior? I thought Mr. Russell was unhappy because all the usherettes ignored him and attended to Horace instead. I am on his side. But why does he hate me? Is he making me the scapegoat for my employees' sins?'

Bill was still clueless about the whole thing. He looked at Dario, and then at Horace.

'Well, that's not important now. I can't afford to offend Mr. Russell no matter what!'

With this thought in mind, Bill sank to his knees in

front of Horace. He bowed his head and shouted, "I'm sorry, Mr. Warren!"

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For some seconds, Horace stared at Bill with squinted eyes before saying, "It seems to me that you aren't doing this from your heart, Mr. Morgan. You don't believe Mr. Russell's words. You think he's kidding, don't you?"

Horace then put his hand on his chest and added in self-mockery, "I suppose that in your eyes, I'll always be a poor guy. Tut, tut! How sad!"

The sarcasm in Horace's words didn't go unnoticed by Bill. He looked up at the boy who used to work for him. Shaking his head vigorously, he said, "I'm afraid that's not true, Mr. Warren!"

Everything Horace said was exactly what Bill had in mind, but he didn't dare to confirm it because Dario was present. He couldn't afford to offend him further.

"Oh, really?" Horace chuckled and rolled his eyes. He then continued, "You need to know that there are many unbelievable things in this world that are actually real. One of such things is the fact that I'm a rich man. Your disbelief doesn't make it untrue. It only shows that you are too blind to see the truth. You will suffer losses if you continue like this. Don't you think so, Mr. Morgan?"

After stealing a glance at Horace, Bill widened his

eyes in disbelief. It came as a shock to him that the insignificant boy he once knew was now talking with a majestic aura.

'My God! How can a person change this much? What did he experience? It seems I have been stupid all along. Perhaps Mr. Russell isn't lying to me. Horace might be his superior,' Bill pondered.

"This man is not worthy of your time, Mr. Warren. Don't waste it on him. After all, he's just the owner of this small hotel. Please let me take it from here. Since he has continued to offend you, I will ask my men to deal with him by bringing this hotel to the ground," Dario said to Horace respectfully and then glared at Bill.

'Did he just say the Seaston Hotel is small? And that he would bring it down?' Everyone present was stunned, except for Donn, Tobias, and the extra

Bentley's chauffeur. The Seaston Hotel wasn't small in their eyes. But that wasn't the case for Dario. It was so small in his eyes that he didn't think it was a big deal to destroy it. The spectators found this so terrifying.

'The media hasn't been lying to us at all. Mr. Russell is indeed powerful and wealthy,' they sighed deeply, staring at Dario in a daze.

"Well, there's no need to do that, Mr. Russell. I'm not particularly offended by his actions. I also do not intend to bear any grudge against him. Why would I destroy this hotel? Please don't scare him," Horace said calmly, staring at Bill.

Afterward, he patted him on the shoulder and said, "Mr. Morgan, for old times' sake, I won't make things difficult for you. I'm grateful that you gave me a job two years ago, so I won't punish you for looking down

on me today. You can get up!"

Turning to his companions, Horace uttered,
"Everyone, let's go in. You must be hungry now!"

Despite Bill's behavior towards him today, Horace didn't hate him. His salary when he worked here was the highest he ever got from a part-time job. He was grateful to Bill for allowing him to work here even though he used to be too small and weak for his age.

More so, he wasn't angry that Bill had failed to believe that he was now a rich man. He had expected to get such a reaction.

"Yes, my stomach is growling!" Selina rubbed her belly and chuckled.

"That's right. I'm famished too. Let's go inside to have dinner now," Vienna echoed.

"I agree, Mr. Warren." Dario also nodded respectfully.

Horace gestured for them to follow him and then started walking towards the main entrance of the hotel.

But Donn stayed back for a while. He slowly squatted to Bill's level and said seriously, "Dude, you have eyes but you can't see. You are so ignorant that you couldn't guess the identity of someone despite all the clues. You should count yourself lucky today. If Mr. Warren hadn't been here today, I would have dealt with you so much that you would lay stiffly in the hospital for many days. Thank your lucky stars."

Donn shot him a searing glare and then stood up. He ran to catch up with Horace and the others.

Bill's heart began to race at this moment. He stared at

Donn's receding figure as he trembled in fear. Shortly after, his entire body broke out in cold sweat. Donn's intimidating aura had snuffed out every bit of courage in him. He felt that Donn had murdered many people.

Donn's threat was a wake-up call for Bill. The gleam in his eyes had made Bill realize that everything Dario said was actually true. 'Horace is truly the boss of the richest man in Rinas. How did that happen? And when was that?'

Regret overwhelmed Bill as he gazed at Horace's back. 'If I had been nicer to him when he was poor, he would have repaid my kindness today. I would have become extraordinarily wealthy. But it's too late now.'

At this time, one of the usherettes whispered to him politely, "Please don't take offense to what I am about to say, Mr. Morgan. It seems that the young man is indeed Mr. Russell's boss. Before you arrived, we

heard him address that young man as Mr. Warren. He was being so respectful to him. That was why we decided to attend to him first."

"Oh, I see," Bill felt remorseful for scolding them earlier on. However, he concealed it and ordered, "What are you all still doing here? Catch up with Mr. Warren and serve him very well now!"

"Yes, sir!" The three usherettes obediently dashed off towards Horace.

Bill stood up from the dusty tarred ground and patted off the dust on his trousers. He also rushed to catch up with Horace. When he got to his side, he said solemnly, "Please forgive me for behaving so stupidly, Mr. Warren. I'm sorry. To show my sincerity, you can eat here for free!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" Horace laughed out loud and replied, "I

didn't come here for free meals. I can pay the bill from my pocket. Anyway, I accept your apology."

The words Horace just said made Bill realize that his offer sounded ridiculous. He thought to himself, 'How could I be so stupid to have offered him free dinner. He's now rich, so he can afford to pay for it. Besides, he doesn't have any interest in this hotel. I have to make sure I don't make such silly offers again!'

After scolding himself, Bill said to Horace again, "I'm sorry about that, Mr. Warren. I was so scared that you wouldn't forgive me, so I didn't put the right words together."

Bill bowed and added, "I'll rephrase my words, Mr. Warren. To show my gratitude for your forgiveness, every meal you and your companions eat today is on the house. More so, the future orders you make will continue to be on the house!"

"Really?" Vienna asked excitedly. After clapping her hands, she added, "Mr. Morgan, I'm Horace's cousin. Am I also allowed to eat here for free in the future?"

"Yes, Miss. You are most welcome here. You don't have to pay a dime no matter what you eat," Bill replied respectfully with a smile.

In his eyes, Horace's cousin was also a distinguished guest here.

"Hurray!" Vienna jumped and waved her hand in the air. Afterward, she tugged at Horace's shirt playfully and said, "You are so awesome, Horace!"

Horace's lips curled up in a broad smile when he saw that Vienna was happy. She had been good to him since their childhood, so he was pleased to see that she was happy because of him.

"Vienna, if you don't mind, I can build a hotel for you," Dario suddenly said to the overexcited young woman.

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"Erm... Vienna was speechless after she heard Dario's words. She had never spoken to someone as rich as Dario before, so she found it difficult to do so now. Before she could get over the happiness she felt for the free meals she would get from now on, Dario offered to build her a hotel.

'Wow! He just said that like it is nothing. There's

certainly a huge gap between us,' she thought to herself. Indeed, Dario and Vienna were two worlds apart.

As she glanced at him, she felt a little sad and helpless. Having a hotel of her own would turn her life around. Although she badly wanted to agree, her sense of reasoning stopped her.

"No, Mr. Russell. I don't need to have my own hotel. I'm more than satisfied that I can always have free meals here," she finally replied calmly.

Vienna tucked her bang behind her ear and added with a chuckle, "As long as the Seaston Hotel doesn't pack up, I won't starve to death."

"Ha-ha!" Dario chuckled. He looked at Vienna and said in a low voice, "Vienna, free meals are good, but they can't be compared to having your own hotel.

Besides, I'm afraid that you will feel embarrassed to have free meals here every time. It's not yours, after all. Tell you what. How about I buy the Seaston Hotel for you?"

Without waiting for her response, Dario turned to look at Bill and said authoritatively, "Name your price, Mr. Morgan. I want to buy your hotel today!"

'Fuck! Mr. Russell is indeed super-rich! He wants to buy this hotel on a whim!' The people around couldn't help but sigh and stare at Dario in awe.

Meanwhile, the attention of the three usherettes, who were surrounding Horace, was on Vienna.

'This young lady is so lucky to have a cousin like Mr. Warren. I wish I had such a powerful cousin too! Anyway, I must win Mr. Warren's heart. He's so awesome!' One of them stared at Horace, goggle-

eyed as she thought to herself.

The Seaston Hotel was a fairly successful enterprise. It made huge profits yearly, so its total value was considerably high. If Dario went on to buy it for Vienna, she would become a rich woman who wouldn't have to worry about money for the rest of her life. And this was why the usherettes were jealous of her.

Bill's heart teemed with mixed feelings when he heard Dario's question. He looked up at him with unsteady eyes for many seconds. He finally managed to say softly, "Mr. Russell, I'll sell the hotel at the lowest price since you want to buy it. That will be three million dollars. What do you think?"

'Hmmm. Three million dollars is too low for such a huge hotel. It should be worth over thirty million dollars. I thought this man was greedy. Why is he

being so generous to me? Is he just trying to please me? Or Mr. Warren? Could it be his way of atoning for his sins? Anyway, I can't afford to be in his debt because of a mere thirty million dollars, let alone Mr. Warren. I must pay him its actual worth!' Dario pondered, staring at Bill.

Rubbing his palms together, Dario giggled and said, "Mr. Morgan, as good as that price sounds, I can't allow you to suffer losses in this business deal. I'll pay fifty million dollars for this hotel and that's final. How about that?"

"Fifty million dollars?" Everyone around was stunned by that offer. They stared at Dario with their eyes opened wide.

'Why is Mr. Russell sounding as if he's the seller and not the buyer? Most buyers always bid lower, not higher. The owner of the hotel offered to sell it for

three million dollars, but Mr. Russell is offering to buy it for over sixteen times that amount. Jeez! It's difficult to understand the way rich people think,' some of them pondered in confusion.

Except for the staff members of the Seaston Hotel, the other people present had no idea of the hotel's total value. When they heard the price that Bill stated, they thought the hotel's value was around that amount. Hence, they found it astonishing that Dario offered to pay that huge amount for it.

'Oh my God!' Bill's mind was blown. To his dismay, Dario didn't fall for it. He had indeed reduced the value of the hotel to the barest minimum. He wanted to use the discount as a way of establishing a beneficial relationship with Dario, but the latter refused his offer. Bill felt as if the olive branch he extended had been declined.

Just as he was about to say something, Horace whispered to Dario, "Mr. Russell, please hold on a minute. I need to ask him something."

"Well... You are free to interrupt me as you like, Mr. Warren. You don't have to ask me for permission."

Horace nodded with a smile.

Hearing that Horace wanted to speak to him, Bill whose heart had sunk suddenly became excited again. He felt that Horace's interruption would be favorable for him. A smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he gazed at Horace eagerly.

"Mr. Morgan, if you don't mind me asking, how many shares of the Seaston Hotel do you own?" Horace asked seriously.

"Well, I don't mind at all, Mr. Warren. I actually own

ninety percent of the shares," Bill replied respectfully.

"Oh, ninety percent. In that case, I would like to buy eighty percent of your shares for twenty-five million dollars. What do you say about that?" Horace suggested in a low voice.

"No, you don't have to offer me that much, Mr. Warren. I can give you all my shares for free. Take them all." Bill waved his hands generously.

"It's inappropriate to take the shares without paying a dime. I don't like that!" Horace politely declined, shaking his head.

The other people alternated their attention between Bill, Dario, and Horace as the drama unfolded. They sighed, 'This is making me sad. I'm only worth tens of thousands, but these men are mentioning tens of millions of dollars like it's nothing. Alas! All fingers are

not equal!

Meanwhile, Bill was short of words as he stared at Horace. He also didn't know why Horace had offered to buy his shares. But he couldn't dare to refuse the offer. After a while, he nodded and said, "Deal, Mr. Warren!"

"Nice! I will transfer twenty-five million dollars to you later. Regarding the shares, I would like to give thirty percent to Vienna, and another thirty percent to Selina. The remaining twenty percent should be shared equally between Uncle Caden, Aunt Harlee, Mr. Baldwin, and Mrs. Baldwin. That means the four of them will get five percent of the shares each."

In a more serious tone, Horace continued, "I won't purchase the remaining ten percent that you own. I want you to continue to manage this hotel and make it prosper. Remember, I am counting on you."

Horace thought it wise to give Barbara and Isaac some shares since they had accompanied him here. Selina and Vienna received more shares because they were young and had a whole life ahead of them.

Five percent of shares each were enough to sustain Caden, Harlee, Barbara, and Isaac because they were already old. More so, he had given them huge amounts of money. They now had enough money for the rest of their lives. It was only logical that his two young cousins got the lion's share. In summary, they were all set up for life.

After nodding obediently to Horace's instructions, Bill said confidently, "I have heard all that you said, Mr. Warren. The shares will be shared as instructed. Also, I will put in my all to take this hotel to the next level!"

'Here I was thinking Mr. Warren was going to be very

nice to me because he didn't offer to buy the remaining ten percent of shares. It turns out he just wants me to continue managing the hotel. Who would have thought the poor guy I once knew would become so shrewd? He must have hit a jackpot!' Bill thought to himself.

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Chapter 166 Relatives' Reluctance

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Bill's management of the Seaston Hotel was the reason why it was successful around here. No one knew the hotel better than him. If Horace bought all the shares and Bill was forced to leave, there was no one who could manage the company like him.

Horace's relatives were peasants who had no experience in running a hospitality business. Hiring professionals didn't seem like a good idea to Horace because he feared new hands wouldn't be as devoted as Bill. Worse still, it would take them some time to get familiar with the activities in the hotel. After taking all these into consideration, Horace finally decided to leave some shares for Bill so he could continue to be the manager.

Another reason why Horace decided that it was best for Bill to stay back was that Bill had a limited knowledge of his identity and was intimidated. Horace was convinced that he would do his work well just to find favor in his eyes. More so, Horace was afraid that other people might divert the funds to their pockets and make the hotel go bankrupt if he sent Bill away. He didn't want his investment to be in vain.

At this moment, Selina leaned to Horace and whispered, "Horace, what are you doing? Why did you gift me shares? I know nothing about doing business. Please take them back."

"Yes, Horace. I'm beyond satisfied to have free meals here in the future. Why did you buy shares for me? I know nothing about being a shareholder. Please take it back," Vienna also uttered.

"Horace, we appreciate your gift, but we can't accept it!" the two elderly couples also echoed Selina and Vienna. They shared the two young women's opinion.

Horace giggled and waved his hand when he heard their words. He then looked at Selina and said, "Selina, it doesn't matter if you don't know anything about business. You are getting married soon. That percentage of shares is my first wedding gift to you. So take it!"

Afterwards, he turned to Vienna and said calmly, "Vienna, I know the kind of family you come from. Your parents have always treated you as if you are less of a child than your brother. They have never treated you both equally, let alone showed you one-tenth of their love and attention. To put it bluntly, you are still under their roof because they want to collect a dowry when a man comes to ask for your hand in marriage. Then they will use it for your brother's wedding. You don't deserve to continue living like that. There are two reasons why I gave you those shares. First, you are a foodie. Second, you will be able to get away from your toxic parents when you make profit from the shares. Anyway, it's all up to you. I won't force you to leave your parents."

Horace paused for a moment before saying to the rest, "Uncle Caden, Aunt Harlee, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, you are all advanced in age with no sons to

take care of you. Your daughters will have to concentrate on the homes they get married into. I don't want you all to live the rest of your lives in penury. With the shares, you can support yourselves and enjoy your remaining years in happiness. Money will no longer be a source of worry for you."

"Oh, my dearest cousin!" Selina and Vienna uttered in unison. They were both moved by what he just said. Holding their chests, they stared at him with glittering eyes. They were about to shower praises on him when he waved his hand.

"Everyone, please accept the shares. Twenty-five million dollars is chicken feed to me. But for you all, it's a ticket to a happy life. I am still Horace, the young boy you know. Don't be polite and formal to me. You all took care of me when I had no money. Now that I am rich, it's only right that I repay your kindness," Horace said with a tone of finality.

"Mr. Morgan, please give me your bank account details. I'll transfer the money to you now," he said, turning to Bill.

Hearing these words, Bill stared at Horace in a daze. He thought, 'Mr. Warren is so wealthy and powerful, but he's also a sensitive and kind-hearted man. People like him are very rare. Since he left me with ten percent of the shares, maybe I'll make as much profit as before as long as I manage this hotel well. Wow! That means I got twenty-five million dollars for free. I'm afraid that I could work for Mr. Warren for the rest of my life. Well, come to think of it, it's a great honor to have a boss like him. His influence must be unquantifiable since Mr. Russell even holds him in high esteem. Opportunity comes but once. I mustn't let this one pass me by!'

The next second, Bill took out his cellphone from his

pocket and showed Horace his bank account details.

He wasn't quite comfortable with accepting the money, but he didn't want to offend Horace in any way.

"Mr. Warren, please let me transfer the money to him instead." Dario suddenly interrupted the process in a soft tone and took out his cellphone. He had been quiet for a long time because Horace's words had stunned him beyond words.

'Never did I imagine that Mr. Warren could be so adroit and smart. It seems like he had grown up in such a short time. Watch out, Marcus and Hancock. Mr. Warren will show you who is the real heir of the Warren family. I strongly believe that Mr. Warren would be as excellent as his father. Perhaps he might even outdo him. That's a good thing, anyway,' Dario thought.

The more he spent time with Horace, the more confidence he had in him.

Donn and Tobias also felt the same way. They had been staring at him in admiration for a long time.

"See? Mr. Warren is so awesome. He has never let me down. Again, I am convinced that I am on the right side!" Donn muttered proudly as he continued to stare at Horace. Although he wasn't as insightful as Dario, he also admired Horace greatly. He was happy that Horace didn't forget those who helped him in the past now that he was rich.

As far as he was concerned, Horace was worthy of being his superior because he was kind and righteous. He reasoned, 'It's nice to know and be associated with a good descendant of the Warren family for a change.'

Tobias also shared Donn's thoughts. He was confident that he had picked the right leader.

When Horace saw that Dario was about to take Bill's bank account details, he said with a smile, "Please don't do that, Mr. Russell. I can afford to pay the money myself. The money in my bank account is to be spent. And I intend to do just that. Besides, I haven't been able to pay for most of the things I bought recently. It's getting so annoying. I should be allowed to pay for my stuff. Don't you think so?"

"Ha-ha, okay. Please go ahead, Mr. Warren!" Dario chuckled and put away his phone.

The three usherettes beside Horace were envious. 'These people are so lucky to be Mr. Warren's relatives and associates. He gifted them shares worth a whopping amount. Since I wasn't born as his

relative, it would be better to have him as my boyfriend. How I wish he would take a fancy to me. I will be settled for life if that happens!'

At this moment, Horace entered Bill's bank account details on his bank application and transferred the money to him.

Shortly after, Bill received a message on his cellphone. It read, "Credit Alert: Greetings, Mr. Morgan. Twenty-five million dollars has been credited into your bank account."

The Seaston Hotel's employees sighed deeply after Bill read the message out loud.

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"Thank you so much, Horace!" Selina appreciated her cousin now that the deal was sealed by the transfer of money to Bill's bank account.

Vienna and the two elderly couples also expressed their gratitude to him.

"You are welcome, everyone!" Horace said to them humbly with a smile.

It was at this moment that an usherette came forward and said to Horace, "Mr. Warren, this is the best private dining room here. Please come in!"

They had arrived inside the hotel and were standing in front of a door at this time.

After the door was opened, Horace nodded and walked in, followed by the others.

Despite being the best hotel around here, the Seaston Hotel wasn't even close to the standards of the top hotels in Rinas. As a result, the best private dining room here couldn't be compared to an ordinary one in the Sea Pavilion.

Vienna and the others had never been opportune to enter into the best private dining room here before. So, it was a big deal for them. Immediately after Vienna entered inside, she looked around and exclaimed, "Wow! No wonder it's the best private dining room here. It's so luxurious!"

"Miss Potter, I have to reveal something important to you. Since thirty percent of the hotel's shares are now yours, this private dining room automatically belongs to you!" Bill informed her politely.

'Oh my God! This is just like a dream. I never imagined that I could own such a thing. Not only is Horace now rich, but I also own part of a hotel! Is everything real? Or is this one of my unrealistic dreams? If so, I need to wake up immediately!' In a state of confusion, Vienna pinched her thigh hard.

'Ouch! It hurts, so all this is really happening!'

Rubbing her thigh to relieve the piercing pain, Vienna glanced at Horace and said, "Thank you, Horace. You have turned our lives around by buying us shares in this luxurious hotel."

"Yeah, that's right. Thank you for coming through for us, Horace!" the others echoed Vienna's words.

They all became more grateful to him after seeing the expensive decoration of the private dining room.

"Oh! Come off it, Vienna. What I did is not a big deal. You don't have to continue thanking me. The appreciation I have received is enough. Besides, the hotel is not that expensive. I could build a better hotel for you. What do you say?" Horace commented, feeling uncomfortable due to their thanksgiving again.

"This is not a big deal? How is it not a big deal, Horace? Although you are now rich, I reckon that you still have to work hard for your money. Buying us such expensive shares is more than a big deal. We are beyond grateful for what you've done for us. We won't stop thanking you. Do you understand?" Caden said in a low voice.

He still couldn't tell how much Horace was worth. As a result, he was afraid that Horace would go bankrupt if he continued to buy them things.

When Horace heard his uncle's statement, he nodded and replied softly, "Yes, I understand, Uncle Caden. You are right. I still need to work hard."

Horace needed to work hard to become the next leader of the Warren family.

"You are really something, Horace! Wasn't it yesterday that you were running around in shorts and playing with sand? But in the blink of an eye, you have become a super-rich young man? Who would have thought?"

Selina sighed as she stared at her cousin with glittering eyes. She could still remember how Horace stuck to her like glue and how they played with sand every day during their childhood. Time had passed by quickly for both of them. While Horace had become a wealthy man, Selina was about to get married.

Beep! Beep! A notification tone suddenly broke the silence. It was Selina's phone. She said with a chuckle, "Horace, I guess my fiance sent me a message. He should be here soon. Tut, tut, tut! I can't wait to see his shocked expression when he sees Mr. Russell here!"

Selina then clicked on the message excitedly.

But her face darkened some seconds later.

When Horace noticed Selina's sudden unhappy expression, he asked worriedly, "What's wrong, coz?"

"My fiance is not coming!" Selina responded in a choked voice.

"Oh, I guess he has something important to deal with. No problem. I can always meet him some other time." Horace shrugged, not taking offense to the latest

development.

"I won't be angry if that's the case. This is more serious than you think!" Selina handed her phone to him. She then continued, "Take a look at the message. Aargh! I'm so angry!"

Horace looked at Selina's phone and saw that there were two new messages from her fiance.

The first one read, "Is your invitation a joke, Selina? What makes you think I would attend a dinner party for poverty-stricken losers? I won't come for it. It's beneath me to have a party with you and your poor folks since I'm a noble man. Count me out!"

The second message had a completely different tone. "Honey, I'm so sorry. My mother sent the last message to you, not me. Please don't be angry with me. And I'm sorry that I can't make it tonight. I had a

quarrel with my mother. She's angry that I'm texting you. I need to stay back and sort out the differences between me and her. Talk to you later. Have fun. I love you!"

Horace's face was already burning with fury by the time he was done reading the messages. He said to Selina, "Your fiance's mother is so arrogant. She referred to us as poverty-stricken losers, including Mr. Russell. You know what. I suggest you record a video to show your fiance that you are having dinner with the richest man in Rinas and ask him if he wants to come. It would show his silly mother that we are not poor!"

"Yeah, that sounds like a good idea. I will make a video now. You are so smart, Horace!" Selina readily agreed.

She then said to Dario, "Mr. Russell, please sit down

so I can make a video of you."

"Ha-ha, okay!" Dario was used to being in front of cameras. He had been interviewed on TV and regularly recorded by paparazzi, so getting recorded now wasn't a big deal. He just sat upright and said, "Come on, Selina."

"Okay!" As Selina assumed a good position, she said softly, "Thank you, Mr. Russell!"

She then began to record him with her phone.

As soon as Dario got the cue to speak, he began calmly, "Hello, Selina's fiance. I'm Dario Russell. And I am currently having dinner with Selina and her relatives!"

"Wow! Good job, Mr. Russell. You are so awesome!" Selina gave Dario a thumbs up after she finished

recording.

She then sent the video clip to Quintin.

Also, she sent him a baiting text message. It read, "Quintin, I'm not having dinner with poverty-stricken losers. I am actually feasting at the same table as Mr. Dario Russell, the richest man in this city. Don't you want to meet him? This is a golden opportunity. I'm afraid that you will regret it if you don't meet him today."

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Everyone in the private dining room had only waited for two minutes when Selina's cellphone beeped again. It was a voice message from Quintin.

With high hopes, Selina clicked the play button and her fiance's voice rang out. "Honey, you are so awesome. It's a good thing that you are having dinner with Mr. Russell. I really wish I could come over, but I am still at loggerheads with my mother. We need to make peace before I can leave the house. I'm so sorry. Please, let's have dinner together some other time, okay?"

Quintin's voice sounded rather unstable. There was also noise in the background. It was a mocking voice. "Ha-ha! You are so funny, Quintin. I've laughed so hard that my stomach hurts. How is it possible that Selina is having dinner with Mr. Russell? Since she's such a big liar, why didn't she say she was having dinner with the richest man in the entire country.

Gosh! I wonder why you are so nice to such a vain woman. She doesn't deserve you at all. For your information, there is a..."

"Aargh! They are pissing me off!" Selina said angrily after the voice note ended abruptly. Biting her lip to control her anger, she reasoned that Quintin didn't believe her words even though his voice sounded so understanding and calm. It was obvious that his mother didn't believe her too.

"Oh, Selina, calm down. It shouldn't come as a surprise to you that they have great doubts. Remember that you didn't believe me when I said I know Mr. Russell at first."

Horace squeezed her shoulder gently to comfort her. He suddenly snapped his fingers and added, "Selina, you are having an engagement party soon, right? Your fiance's family will surely be there. I will invite

Mr. Russell to the party. When they see that you are actually associated with him, they will be too stunned for words. You will be vindicated at that time! What do you think? It's going to be interesting, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a brilliant idea! Let's do it. Quintin will be shocked to death when he sees Mr. Russell that day. Ha-ha-ha! I can imagine the look that will be on his face. You are so smart, Horace!"

Selina gave him a high-five and clapped her hands excitedly.

"Ahem! Kids, I don't think that's appropriate!" Hardly had Selina and Horace finished jubilating when Caden shook his head in disapproval. He continued, "Selina, you know that people like Mr. Russell are always very busy. It's enough that he's having dinner with us today. I doubt he would have the time to come to your engagement party."

Selina hadn't thought of how busy Dario was. As Horace's favorite cousin, she felt that Dario would be there because he was loyal to Horace. But her father didn't share the same sentiment. And this was why he scolded her.

"Oh, Caden. Please take it easy on your daughter. You also don't have to be so modest. I will clear my schedule and make out time to attend Selina's engagement party. In fact, I won't miss it for anything!" said Dario, smiling at Caden.

'Since Mr. Warren will be there, I will definitely attend!' Judging by the close relationship Horace had with Selina, Dario knew that Horace would attend the engagement party. He wanted to keep him company.

"Mr. Russell, please allow me to scold her. She turned out like this because I spoiled her. She's just being

very naughty. You don't have to attend the party. I don't want it to be a burden to you," Caden said respectfully.

"Please stop addressing me as Mr. Russell. We are almost the same age. You can call me Dario," Dario requested warmly.

Age wasn't the only reason why he wanted Caden to call him by his first name. He also wanted to build and maintain a good relationship with Caden because he was Horace's uncle.

"Now that I think about it, I don't need to clear my schedule to attend the engagement party. I'm quite free these days. I have time to attend the party. Don't worry."

Just when Caden was about to insist, Horace waved his hand and said, "Let's not drag this, Uncle Caden.

I'm familiar with Mr. Russell's business. He doesn't have a lot on his plate. Please don't refuse him the honor of attending Selina's engagement. Besides, his presence there will help restore your family's dignity. Quintin's family won't dare to look down on you from that day."

"Okay, fine. Thank you!" Caden finally agreed.

Rubbing his palms together, Horace said, "Now that we are done talking, we should make our orders. We have been sitting here for over five minutes!"

"Yes, we are hungry. Let's order the dishes now!"

Vienna's eyes lit up and she agreed as soon as she heard Horace's words.

Everyone immediately began to browse the menu and place orders.

It took about twenty minutes after the orders were made for the food to arrive. The diners were only eleven in number, but a total of eighteen dishes were ordered.

Like hungry lions, they all ate the food with relish. Horace dropped his cutlery and patted his bulging belly fifteen minutes later. He stood up and said, "Please excuse me, I need to go to the gents."

He then rushed out of the private dining room and went to ease himself in the washroom.

The moment he walked out of the washroom, he heard a male voice from the opposite direction. "Hey, you pathetic loser! Long time no see, Horace. Are you here to do a part-time job this summer?"

"Yeah! I think this loser is working here, Declan. If he isn't working, what else could he be doing? After all,

he can't afford to dine here." A female voice sounded. A man and woman were standing a few meters away from Horace. They were arm-in-arm.

"Declan? Mara?" Horace called out when he saw their faces. The man in front of him was Declan, the wealthiest person in the Stone Village. The woman was also a villager. Her name was Mara Craig. She was a beautiful young woman who had dropped out of college.

Declan was worth about ten million dollars, but he was still a young man. He was just twenty-seven years old.

Up until seven years ago, Declan was just an ordinary villager who was struggling to make ends meet. He had suddenly become rich at the age of twenty.

A deep frown appeared on Declan's face after Horace

called out to him.

"How dare you call my name like that? We are not age mates. Call me Mr. Walsh now!"

Eyeing Horace disdainfully, he continued, "Did you hear me, loser? I'll give you a hundred dollars if you please me."

"Only a hundred dollars? That's ridiculous!" Horace sneered.

Folding his arms across his chest, he continued, "A hundred dollars is nothing to me. Listen, how about you call me Mr. Warren and I will give you ten thousand dollars?"

"Ha-ha-ha! A hundred dollars is nothing? Did you hear this loser, Mara? He just belittled my offer and asked me to call him Mr. Warren. Gosh! I wonder why he

has such audacity. He even said he could give me ten thousand dollars," Declan said to Mara.

He then laughed out loud, pointing at Horace.

"Declan, I heard his mother is currently down with cancer in the hospital. I guess the thoughts of her ill health have affected his brain. He must be hallucinating. I think you should teach him a lesson to bring him back to his senses!" Mara suggested devilishly. She then looked at Horace disdainfully.

"Since he refuses to call me Mr. Walsh, I will definitely teach him a lesson!" Declan nodded and slowly walked to Horace with a menacing expression on his face.

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Chapter 169 The Oncoming Of Regre

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Horace calmly stared at Declan who was walking slowly towards him, and then said quietly, "Declan, I gave you your chance. If you stop now, I can let you go. If you still want to ask for trouble, I might grant your wish!"

"Ha-ha!" Declan burst into laughter upon hearing what Horace just said. "Horace, I haven't seen you in two years, but you have changed a lot in some way. You're still that bum I once knew, but you've become a big braggart!"

"Declan, you'd better take my words seriously. Stop

right now or you might really regret. We are from the same village and I don't want to embarrass you in public." Horace still tried his best to persuade Declan to back off!

He and Declan were both from Stone Village and because of that, Horace did not want this conflict to escalate.

"Ha-ha! Well, Horace, are you afraid that I will beat you to a pulp in front of everyone?" With each step he took, Declan was getting closer and closer to Horace. Smiling disdainfully, he continued, "If you beg me to let you go, I might consider sparing you. After all, I am a very generous person."

"Well, Declan, why don't you go back to the village and ask the others about me first? I'm warning you, your impulsiveness will be your downfall."

Horace couldn't help but sigh as he saw Declan still advancing. It was clear that Declan didn't take his words seriously at all.

In fact, it was normal that Declan didn't take him seriously. After all, no one would believe that Horace wasn't the poor, hungry man he once was.

"Horace, you really take me for a fool, don't you? You want me to go back to the village so that you can run away!"

Declan looked at Horace and sneered. He thought he had seen through Horace's plan, so he didn't take Horace's words seriously at all.

"Okay, how about you make a phone call? That's more convenient, right?" Horace suggested calmly.

"Declan, I really recommend you to call your friends in

the village. Otherwise, I promise you that you will be at your knees in front of me later, begging for mercy. I want to spare you such an embarrassment."

Because Declan was also from the Stone Village, Horace patiently tried to persuade him to back off. He didn't want to fight, or rather beat up his countryman. If it were someone else, Horace would waste no time teaching him a lesson.

Declan was stunned at this point. "You want me to make a phone call? Probably you plan to attack me while I am calling, don't you?"

Declan chuckled again and added, "Horace, I should admit you really are a master in playing the tough guy. To think you said that I would kneel down in front of you and beg for mercy, I wonder if you are aware that this isn't any of your fantasies but the real life!"

Then in a sudden movement, Declan sent a kick at Horace!

"Alas!" Seeing that Declan had started the fight, Horace sighed helplessly. He then kicked Declan back.

The kick was so strong that it sent Declan rolling on the floor.

"Declan, you are no match for me. Why did you attack me?" Horace said in a low voice, staring calmly at the man on the floor.

Seven years ago, Declan might have stood a chance against Horace. However, he had been living a comfortable life for so many years and had softened up while Horace had made enormous progress in his fighting skills.

Just as Horace finished his words, Mara ran over and helped Declan up. "Are you okay, Declan?" she asked worriedly.

Then she looked up at Horace and roared, "You good-for-nothing, how dare you attack Declan? You're dead meat. When Declan's friends come here, they'll beat you to death."

Just as Mara finished speaking, a shout came from the end of the hallway. "Declan, why were you lying on the floor just now?"

Five young men came from the hallway and rushed to Declan's side. They asked worriedly, "Declan, are you okay?"

"Kill this bastard! How dare he hit me!" Declan yelled as he glared at Horace.

The five men looked up and saw Horace who just stood there. "Horace? I didn't expect that a loser like you would come back!" one of them said in a low voice!

Some of these young men were also from Stone Village, and now they were all Declan's henchmen!

"Denver, cut the crap! Since he had the audacity to hit Declan, we will beat him to death!" another young man beside Denver Potter said in a low voice!

"I was just surprised to see my cousin back. However, it doesn't matter that he is my cousin. Since he dared to offend Declan, I will make him pay!" Denver remarked with disdain, glaring at Horace.

Denver was the son of Maxwell, Vienna's brother!

"Wait... Did you say he is your cousin?" the young

man next to Denver asked with a sigh. He then continued, "Denver, since it is your cousin who offended Declan, you should be held responsible for that. It's therefore your duty to teach him a lesson and make it up to Declan."

This other young man wasn't from Stone Village like the others, so he didn't know about the relationship between Horace and Denver!

"Ha-ha, I like that. As the elder cousin, it's my duty to teach this loser a lesson, or else he wouldn't know how to behave himself!" Denver seemed really eager to teach Horace a lesson. Then he looked at Horace with a hint of cruelty in his eyes!

"Alas!" Hearing what Denver said, Horace sighed. His cousin didn't care about his feelings at all. All that mattered to Denver was to please his friends. In fact, in Maxwell's family, Vienna was the only person who

showed Horace any family affection.

"Horace, why are you sighing? Do you think I will let you go? You bastard, you are going to pay for your recklessness," Denver sneered.

"Denver, this is actually a good opportunity for you. If you beat your cousin, Declan will definitely put you in an important position later. This is your chance to secure yourself a bright future," the young man next to Denver whispered in his ear!

"Well, this makes for a great show. Two cousins are fighting against each other. Denver, if you disable your cousin today, I promise to buy you a house in the city!" Declan said arrogantly.

"Horace, do you hear that? All I have to do is beat you and I will have a house in the city!"

With those words, Denver walked threateningly towards Horace.

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[THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 170 A Relative's Betrayal

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"Denver!" Vienna's voice suddenly came from behind when Denver was walking towards Horace angrily.

"What are you trying to do?" she roared.

She had just come out of the washroom only to meet this scene in the corridor. It took her only a few seconds to realize that these people were making trouble for Horace.

"Vienna?" Denver turned around quickly. To his surprise, Vienna was really standing behind him. He asked confusedly, "What are you doing here?"

"Are you that dumb, Denver? What else would I be doing besides dining?" Vienna glared at him and walked to Horace's side.

"You are dining here?" Hearing that rude response, Denver scoffed and added, "Do you have any idea how much a meal costs here? You and I know that you can't afford to eat in this place. Why then did you come here to dine? Or do you now have a sugar daddy? Is he the one that brought you here? Where is he?" Denver looked at her suspiciously.

"For Pete's sake! There's no sugar daddy. How can you make such an assumption? Have you gone nuts?" Vienna retorted reproachfully.

After putting one of her hands on her waist, she queried seriously, "What did you want to do to Horace just now? It seemed like you were about to hit him?"

"Yes, I was about to hit him!" Denver admitted without hesitation.

Pointing at Vienna, he added, "Don't you dare get in my way, Vienna. Step aside now. Do you know who this idiot just offended? He offended Declan, the richest man in our village. Who does that? Horace played with fire! It's only right that I teach him an unforgettable lesson so he won't repeat it in the future. Now move away, so you don't get hurt!"

"Ha-ha! I am going nowhere, Denver. You aren't even up-to-date. For your information, Declan is no longer the richest man in our village. And I'm sure you will be surprised to know who has that title now!"

Vienna glared at Denver as she spoke confidently. Horace, her very own cousin was now the richest man in their village. The money he used in buying eighty percent of the Seaston Hotel's shares was more than Declan's total net worth. And that meant Horace was wealthier than him.

As soon as Vienna finished speaking, Declan said in a gloomy voice, "Denver, you have a braggart for a sister! This is ridiculous! It's a known fact that I am wealthier than everyone in our village. I have only been away for a day, but now your sister is saying that someone else replaced me as the richest man. Is she kidding me? Or is she high on cheap drugs?"

"I'm sorry, Declan. Please don't take what she said to heart. My sister is young and thoughtless." Denver shivered after hearing Declan's cold snort. He then turned to his sister and ordered, "You brat, apologize

to him now!"

"She should apologize to me? If anyone can just go unpunished because they say sorry, why were law enforcement agencies created?" Declan asked mockingly.

Staring daggers at Vienna, he continued, "Denver, if you want me to forgive your sister, she must warm my bed tonight! I honestly think she's pretty. And something tells me she's sweet down there. Not to worry, I will take it easy on her this time."

"What?" Denver was taken aback by that request. His face was filled with hesitation and he looked at his sister sadly. Although he didn't give a damn about Horace, he cared about Vienna. He cleared his throat and stuttered, "Erm... Declan... Declan, as I said before, my sister is still young and thoughtless. Please could you just forgive her this time?"

"I should forgive her? Of course, I will forgive her. But that's after she pays for offending me. I have two conditions. It's either she kneels at my feet, licks my toes, and admits that she was wrong. Or I fuck her tonight! The ball is in your court, Denver. Make your choice!" Declan sneered.

A second later, Horace kicked him in the mouth.

Declan crashed to the floor and held his mouth in pain. His lips and one of his cheeks instantly swelled up.

In a fit of pique, Horace pointed at him and shouted, "You have gone too far this time. I was only taking it easy on you because we are from the same village. But I can't tolerate you anymore. Do you want to die? How dare you speak so condescendingly of my cousin? Have you ever looked at yourself in the

mirror? Do you seriously think that an ugly man like you is worthy of laying a finger on Vienna? You must be off your rocker!"

Horace's anger was shooting through the roof. The fact that Declan dared to objectify his cousin made him lose his cool.

Vienna had been there for him since they were children. He was grateful to her and overprotective of her. As a result, he couldn't stand it anymore when Declan began to sexually objectify her.

He didn't intend to show him mercy even though they were from the same village.

"Shit! How dare you hit me, bastard!"

Blood streaked out of Declan's mouth, but he still roared at Horace. He then shouted at his allies, "Are

you all fucking stupid? Can't you see that he just hit me? Do something!"

"Horace, you are courting death!" Denver glared at him and roared. He felt that Horace was making matters worse for his sister.

To put a stop to that, he rushed towards Horace angrily. He wanted to knock him out and continue pleading for his sister's forgiveness.

He got to Horace's side in the blink of an eye. Afterward, he raised his right fist to punch Horace's head.

Since they were relatives, Horace was shocked to see that Denver wanted to punch him just to please an outsider. He knew that a punch to the head would make him suffer from dizzy spells.

Horace was agile and flexible because he had done all sorts of jobs in the past. Now, he quickly jerked his head back and stepped back to avoid the blow. As Denver punched the air, Horace gave him a kick in the abdomen.

Denver instantly staggered backward as he clutched his stomach.

"Fuck!" He was so embarrassed that Horace had kicked him. However, he regained his composure and tried to attack again. This time around, Declan's other four lackeys also charged at Horace.

"Denver, have you gone mad? Why do you want to attack our cousin? Stop it right now!" Vienna shouted at her brother.

As Denver stretched out his right fist, he responded, "Stay out of this, sis. It's only right that I teach him a

lesson!"

"What the hell is going on here?" An angry shout came from the end of the corridor all of a sudden.

"Oh, right! Mr. Morgan is on his way here!" Declan laughed devilishly and stated, "Horace, you are doomed!"

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