

## THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 17 Unquenchable Anger

"What are you going to do? Are you going to add insults to injury?" A fearful expression appeared on the troublesome passenger's face when he saw that Horace was furious. Holding his right arm, he rolled on the floor as if he was in pain. "Ouch! My arm is broken. How dare you hit me! I won't get up until you give me fifty thousand dollars!"

"What? Your arm is only worth fifty thousand dollars? It's so cheap. Let me make you an offer. I'll break all your limbs and give you five million dollars as compensation."

After saying those words, Horace raised his leg and kicked the man's right arm. Sheer pain traveled from the man's right arm to his whole body. He screamed out immediately.

Horace was naturally not someone who liked fighting. But today, he decided to teach this man a lesson.

His mother had worked day and night to take care of him since he was born. Being a single mother was hard. For this reason, Horace had sworn to become successful, so she wouldn't have to lift a finger. Now that this passenger had dared to insult her, he couldn't curtail his anger anymore.

The driver had also been displeased with the troublesome passenger just now. Thus, he turned a blind eye to what was happening and continued to drive.

"You spoiled brat, how dare you really hit me?"

"Didn't you say that one arm is worth five thousand dollars? How could I resist such an irresistible offer when I can pay your price?" Horace's anger surged

abundantly. He kicked the man on all his limbs, which made him cry out in pain.

"Thank you, sir. But I'm afraid that you will get yourself into trouble if you continue to beat him up. You know, he might use his age to stir up sympathy from the police. Please he's not worth the stress. Leave him."

The young girl's words suddenly rang out and she tried to pull Horace back into his seat.

The elderly man was obviously a rogue. She hated that he behaved so shameless and disorderly. She would have gotten hit if Horace hadn't stepped in. She was afraid that Horace would get himself into trouble. Judging from his clothes, she reasoned that he was poor. He had offered to pay the man five million dollars just to break his limbs, but she didn't believe that he had that kind of money. She reasoned that he

made that offer in a fit of rage.

"Ouch! All my limbs are broken. I'll call the police and tell them someone wants to beat me to death!" The troublesome passenger rolled on the floor and winced in pain. The pain didn't prevent him from cursing out Horace.

"Brat, call your parents now! Mark my words. If you don't give me one hundred thousand dollars today, you'll go to jail!"

"Oh, you want only one hundred thousand dollars? Just be patient. I'm not done with you yet. Money is not a problem for me." Horace's anger was so great that he wasn't about to let things slide. He kicked the man's arm again, and an agonizing cry echoed in the bus.

Now that Horace had accepted his identity as the heir

to a billion-dollar empire, his bucket of confidence was full to the brim. He wasn't shaken by the scoundrel's threat. His wealth wasn't the only reason he was confident. He had been confident even when he didn't have money.

The only difference was that he had never exchanged blows with anyone. But he was forced to do so because the passenger had gone too far. He could tolerate insults directed at him, but not the ones aimed at his beloved mother.

"Sir, you have dealt too many blows on his limbs. Please stop it. Something bad might happen to you if you don't stop now." The young girl tried to stop Horace again. She was afraid that if the troublesome passenger was terribly injured, Horace would have to face severe consequences. If the man insisted that he was paid such a huge amount for damages, Horace would go bankrupt and most likely end up in jail.

Before the man began to make trouble, she had not expected that a thin boy like Horace would stand up for her and deal heavy blows to the troublesome man. She was scared because the man was crying as if he was being beaten to death.

"Hey, you have to pay me two hundred thousand dollars now. You have hit all my limbs. If you fail to pay me, get ready to be arrested and jailed. I won't let you go scot-free!" the troublesome man roared at Horace. The pain in his whole body was unbearable!

"Why are you so cheap? I said I will pay you five million dollars. Two hundred thousand dollars is not enough. You need to receive more blows to make up for the remaining four million and eight hundred thousand dollars you will receive!" After saying that, Horace rubbed his hands and continued, "I'm getting a little tired of hitting you."

He looked at the young girl and asked, "Do you want to hit him? You can stop when he says the compensatory damage has increased to two million dollars!"

It didn't take the young girl a second to shake her head in refusal when she heard Horace's offer. Staring at him, she thought, 'What's wrong with this young man? I'm sure he's exaggerating. He's acting as if such a huge amount is chicken feed to him. He's kind-hearted, but I must say that he's slightly boastful!' Waving her thoughts aside, she said reasonably, "Sir, this 'elderly' man indeed went too far, but I think it's about time you stop hitting him. If you continue to beat him up, I'm afraid that he would give you a hard time later."

The young girl wasn't the only one that had this thought. Actually, the other passengers were shocked to hear Horace speak in that manner. They were

happy that the troublesome man was getting punished, but they didn't believe that Horace had that whooping amount. Five million dollars was a lot of money. They felt that Horace wouldn't be taking a bus if he was that rich.

"Have you forgotten how he insulted us and almost hit you? Do you think he would let me go after I stop? This man is not to be trusted. Since he took your kind gesture for granted and attempted to hit you, he's capable of anything. I must make sure he learns his lesson so that he wouldn't do the same to anyone else in the future!" With the determination to nip the man's bad behavior in the bud, Horace punched and kicked him again.

The troublesome man was black and blue at this time. He was also out of breath.



He pointed at Horace and wanted to say something, but he couldn't get the words out.

Noticing this, Horace waved his hand and said, "Hey, don't worry. I will do the calculation for you. It's one million dollars now, right? This means blows worth four million dollars have to be given to you. However, I'm tired now. I need to instruct someone to finish up the job."

"Sir, please listen to me. Something bad might happen. You'd better get off the bus now! I'm sorry you were dragged into this. It's all my fault. I had no idea things would turn out this way." The young girl was so scared as she looked at the troublesome passenger lying on the floor. She then looked at Horace with a hint of helplessness in her eyes. She was afraid of getting into trouble now that Horace had beaten the man black and blue.

Holding Horace's sleeve tightly, she added, "Sir, how about you give me your WeChat ID? I'll tell you if anything goes wrong after you leave?"

"I'm not done teaching this man a lesson. Why should I leave now? But I'm getting bored and tired. You know what, I will call my friend to come and finish what I started." Horace took out his phone and continued, "Anyway, I'll connect with you on WeChat. You are a kind-hearted and good girl. I love to make friends with people like you."

These words came from Horace's heart. He liked that in the face of oppression, the girl still tried to be reasonable and had sympathy for others.

After they connected on WeChat, the girl said, "My name is Ansley Duncan, nice to meet you!"

"I'm Horace Warren. Nice to meet you, too." Horace smiled at her and called Farris.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Warren!" Farris greeted him

respectfully as soon as he answered the call.

"Uncle Farris, are you free?"

"Yes, Mr. Warren! Do you want me to do anything for you?" It didn't matter if tons of urgent matters were waiting for Farris's attention. He was more than ready to abandon them all to work for Horace. This was why he said he was free at the drop of a hat.

When Horace heard Farris's response, he looked outside the window and checked the bus route. He then said, "Uncle Farris, how long will it take you to get to Phury Garden?"

"Phury Garden?" Farris paused for a second and then exclaimed, "What a coincidence! Mr. Warren, I'm in Phury Garden now!"

"Okay, that's good. Wait for me at the bus stop. I'll

drop someone off with you soon. This person owes me four million dollars."

"Who dares to owe you such a huge amount of money? Don't worry, Mr. Warren. I will teach him a lesson when he gets here!"

Farris had misunderstood his words, so Horace narrated all that had transpired on the bus.

The story not only angered Farris but also made him look forward to getting his hands on the erring man. He said, "Sir, I will make sure he takes back all the insults. More so, he would change his mind about collecting such an amount. Five million dollars? Tsk, tsk, tsk. That money is more than enough to buy someone's life!"

"Okay!" Horace hung up the phone and waited for the next bus stop.

He pointed at Horace and wanted to say something, but he couldn't get the words out.

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