

THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 19 Absolute Remorse

"Wait! Are my eyes deceiving me? Wow! Is that... Is that a Rolls-Royce Phantom?" A young man in the bus suddenly pointed at the Rolls-Royce that had just parked in the Phury Garden's bus stop.

"I've only seen pictures of such a luxury car on the internet. Since it only meant for the wealthiest of men, I thought I would never see one in my lifetime. This is a golden opportunity. I must get off this bus and touch that beauty with my hands now!"

Horace walked to a window of the bus and shouted towards the Rolls-Royce, "Uncle Farris!"

Farris was sitting in the backseat of his car when he heard Horace's voice. He quickly got off before his driver could turn off the engine. Standing with his hands at his back, he greeted Horace with a bow and

said, "Mr. Warren!"

Three hefty men with unfriendly faces got out of the car and greeted Horace, too. "Mr. Warren!"

When the passengers on the bus saw that these men showed Horace maximum respect, they all looked at him with shocked expressions. The greedy women didn't know what a Rolls-Royce Phantom was, but they could tell from the look of the car that it cost an arm. In fact, none of them had seen such a car before.

They all pondered, 'How can a poorly dressed loser afford such an expensive car? This is impossible. These men must be putting up a show to deceive us!'

All the passengers couldn't process what they were currently witnessing. They didn't understand how Horace suddenly changed from a poor loser to a

wealthy man.

Farris and the hefty men made their way into the bus in close succession. They all looked at the troublesome passenger, who was still lying on the floor. Farris said respectfully, "Mr. Warren, is this the bastard you were talking about on the phone? Don't worry. Just leave him to me and my boys. We will make sure he receives blows worth four million dollars!"

With a vicious glint in his eyes, Farris commanded his boys, "Take him away!"

The three men didn't hesitate to carry out their boss's order. They carried the man out like a piece of paper.

Ansley watched the scene with her mouth slightly agape. Her mind was moving in circles for a while. She couldn't understand what was going on. It came

as a great shock to her that someone who looked like a pauper was actually very powerful.

Horace had called his subordinates, and they came in a Rolls-Royce. This was not what she had expected. 'Oh my God! Why did such a man take a commercial bus? Did he just want to experience the life of an average person?' Ansley thought to herself.

Horace turned to look at the women who had ridiculed him a few minutes ago. With his arms wide open, he asked, "Who wants to make money now? You have a chance to earn five million dollars within a short time. If you are up to the task, you can follow this man. Is there anyone?"

All the women trembled with fear when they heard his words. They didn't dare to speak. They imagined the torture that the troublesome passenger would receive from those vicious men, so they didn't have the

courage to go against Horace anymore. All of them knew that the law frowned against such activities, but they couldn't risk their lives by alerting the police. They had behaved greedily and only cared about their selfish interests a while ago. Now they knew that making such demands from Horace was like playing with fire. To stay alive, they didn't dare to act rashly.

Farris clenched his fists after he heard Horace's statement. He looked at all the elderly women and warned fiercely, "Listen up, all of you. I don't care who you are. If you dare to offend Mr. Warren, I, Farris Rivera, will teach you all a lesson you will never forget!"

Afterward, he bowed to Horace and asked, "Mr. Warren, is there anything else you want me to do? I'm at your service!"

As Farris spoke, he shot another glance at the

middle-aged women with a murderous expression on his face. This scared them to their bones. They shrank back and looked away in panic.

"Thank you, Uncle Farris. It's all right. You can go back now."

"Are you sure, Mr. Warren? How about I give you a ride to the Lake Hotel. The air in this bus is hot and polluted. I don't want you to suffer this," Farris whispered to Horace when he saw that the young man was sweating.

The weather was hot because it was summer. Sitting still on a moving bus was enough to make anyone sweat. However, it was worse on this bus because a fight had taken place.

Farris's words made Horace chuckle. He waved his hand and insisted, "It's not as bad as it seems. I

would have to decline your offer once again. I'm not in a hurry anyway. And I'm used to traveling by bus!"

"Okay, sir. Please do as you wish. But if you need to use a car in the future, just call me. I'll take my leave now."

Farris bowed and got off the bus to meet his three subordinates that were carrying the troublesome passenger.

Never had the troublesome passenger dreamed that his first time entering a luxury car would be under such an unfavorable and embarrassing circumstance.

The atmosphere in the bus was tense after Farris left. A passenger whispered after a while, "Who was that fierce man? I mean the one called Farris Rivera. Who is he?"

"Farris Rivera... Farris Rivera... That name sounds familiar. Do you know who he is?"

"Farris Rivera... Isn't he one of the ten richest men in Rinas?" a young man suddenly exclaimed after thinking for a while. "He's also the most dangerous man in Rinas. He's feared by many!"

One particular woman was more shaken than everyone else when she heard Farris's full name. Her eyes widened in horror. "That's Farris Rivera? He's

the most dangerous man in the whole of Rinas. He never shows anyone mercy!"

With sheer remorse, she lowered her head towards Horace and apologized, "Sir, I was wrong for ridiculing you. Please forgive me. I'm sorry!"

The fact that Farris respected the young man that she thought was a loser made her have a change of heart. She reasoned that Horace could easily order Farris to deal with her for insulting him. Offending a big shot was an unwise thing to do, and she had done that. Now the only thing she wanted was for him to forgive her and let her go.

The other women let out panicking screams and lowered their heads. Then they apologized to Horace respectfully, "Sir, we are also very sorry. Please forgive us. We regret everything. Have mercy!"

"Humph!" Horace snorted and remarked, "I have no business with any of you. I won't bring myself down to your level!" Without accepting their apology, he returned to his seat.

The young man who had supported and praised Horace gave him a thumbs up and said, "Honestly, I thought you were bragging without having any money. I was surprised to know that you are powerful. Kudos!"

He then turned to the reasonable old man, whose name was Boden Perez, and said, "Sir, today is a good day for you. Five million dollars now sits in your account because you stood for what is right. None of us here would be able to make such money even in our next life. Congratulations!"

This young man's statement served as a reminder to the other passengers. It dawned on them that Boden

wasn't an actor that Horace hired. They were instantly filled with regret. They thought, 'I should have supported this man instead of asking for a bribe.'

Even if he wouldn't give me a large sum of money, I would be satisfied if I manage to get fifty thousand dollars from him. He seems to be very generous!

"Young man, that reminds me. I can't accept such an amount from you. I didn't support you for selfish gains. If it were someone else, I would have done the same thing. I just don't like elderly people that paint the older generation in a bad light by oppressing the young ones. Receiving such an amount from a stranger makes me very uneasy."

Boden politely declined the money when Horace settled in his seat.

"Ha-ha! Sir, five million dollars is like five dollars in my

eyes. It's not a big deal. Please accept it."

The mouths of the other passengers flew open at this moment. Five million dollars could change their lives and that of their families, but Horace had just said it was like five dollars to him. Indeed, all fingers are not equal.

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