

## THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 2 The Vengeful Rebirth

Amaia practically dropped a bomb on Horace. Her words echoed in his ears several times in a split second. Sadness instantly replaced his relaxed mood.

Their relationship had been stable since they started dating. He loved her with all his heart, and he thought she did too. He couldn't understand why she wanted to break up with him out of the blue.

'Did I do anything wrong? Why did she want to break up with me? Was it because of money?'

Several assumptions stalled in Horace's mind, but he waved them off. A part of him felt that she was just pulling his legs.

He quickly took a taxi and went straight to the apartment complex where Amaia lived.

In front of the gate, he met with a shocker. Two young people were standing there—Amaia was with a strange man.

The man was dressed in expensive designer clothes and shoes. He also had a pricey watch on his wrist. Everything he had on probably cost nothing less than one hundred thousand dollars.

Amaia saw Horace standing there with his mouth agape. With a disgusted expression, she asked, "I thought I made it clear that we are done. What are you doing here?"

Ignoring her questions, Horace looked at the strange man and asked, "Who is this man?"

"Oh, let me introduce you to Addy Moran, the son of the CEO of Cloud Logistics Company. His annual

salary is one million dollars. He also has many expensive properties. A poor loser like you is nothing compared to him!"

Disdain was written all over Amaia's face. She held Addy tightly, pressed her breasts against his chest, and gave him a French kiss.

Horace's mouth and eyes widened more. An immeasurable pain surged from his heart and traveled to the rest of his body.

He had dated Amaia for a whole year. They had never been intimate or shared a brief kiss before. But here she was tongue kissing another man!

'Oh my God! Has Amaia been cheating on me since? Did she keep me in the dark and pretend to love me? How did our strong relationship become so broken overnight?'

The kiss lasted for a long time. When they were done, Addy looked at Horace from head to toe and sneered, "I used to wonder what kind of man Amaia's ex-boyfriend was. I thought he was a sophisticated man. But it turns out you are a poverty-stricken loser. You don't deserve her at all!"

"Fuck off! Don't poke your nose into our relationship. It's none of your business. Leave my girlfriend alone!" Horace shouted with his eyes icy cold.

"You..."

Addy was short of words for a while. He was highly respected by many because of his high social status. No one had ever shouted at him in this manner.

When he got over the shock, he burst into a peal of mocking laughter. With a condescending smirk, he

said, "Money is not a problem for me. Now that Amaia is dating me, she can buy whatever she wants. It doesn't matter if it's the latest Chanel bag or iPhone. I can get it with just a snap of my fingers. On the other hand, you are a poor man from the trenches. What can you do for her? Humph!"

Immeasurable fury blazed in Horace's eyes at this moment. Addy's words reminded him of the insults and ridicule he received from his former high school classmates. Their mocking laughter and harsh words rang out in his ears. It was driving him crazy.

"Get the hell out of here!"

Horace kicked Addy to the ground.

Today had marked a turning point in his life. He had assets worth billions of dollars to his name.

It was about time he stood up for himself. All those insults he previously tolerated would no longer be overlooked.

Addy quickly got up with embarrassment. His face was red and his eyebrows were furrowed.

Pointing at Horace, he warned, "Bastard, you have crossed the line. You'd better kneel and apologize to me this very second. Otherwise, you will not live till tomorrow!"

Amaia was also livid. She pointed at Horace and commanded angrily, "Kneel and apologize to Addy now. If you refuse, you and your mother will be in big trouble!"

Without flinching, Horace took out the couple photo of him and Amaia from his wallet. He then took out a lighter from his pocket.

Shaking his head with disappointment, he stared at the picture and then exhaled deeply. It seemed like he vented all the grievances he had suffered in the past at this moment.

Horace lit the lighter.

Afterward, he put it under the picture.

The fire engulfed the picture in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, Horace felt as if an invisible chain had broken. An inexplicable feeling replaced the hurt he had in his heart. He had never felt so relaxed before.

He would no longer endure any form of humiliation from anyone.

Addy had been confused when he saw the fire. He shouted, "Are you crazy? Why did you burn that picture in my presence?"

A deliberate smile appeared on Horace's face as he stared at them.

The smile amazed Amaia momentarily. She had never seen him behave like this before. He was the sweetest during their relationship; he never got angry no matter what anyone did to him, but he had never worn this beguiling smile on his face.

Now, his temperament had completely changed. The anxiety, confusion, and sadness that used to be in his eyes were nowhere to be found. The deliberate smile was the only expression plastered on his face. It was as if he had everything under control, or had something up his sleeves for them.



"Amaia, for your information, I have been able to get the money for my mother's medical bills. This is not to say that I want you back anyway. There's nothing between us now. You are my past!" Horace uttered expressionlessly.

The flames burned very fast. In a trice, the picture was reduced to ashes.

"Why should I kneel and apologize to you? That's ridiculous!"

Horace blew the ashes on Addy's face on purpose.

The latter was taken off guard. The ashes sprayed on his face and expensive clothes.

"Bastard, I'm going to kill you today!"

Addy went ballistic. He rolled

up his sleeves and was about to attack him.

But Horace was too quick for him. His hand was caught mid-air and he was given a hot slap on his cheek.

The sound of the slap was so loud.

Addy's head forcefully turned sideways due to the impact. A red palm print instantly appeared on his right cheek. One of his front teeth fell to the ground immediately. He was so embarrassed when he saw this.

"You... I will skin you alive!" Due to his broken tooth and bloodied mouth, Addy couldn't speak clearly. He looked so miserable. His eyes turned red and he rushed over again.

"Shut up!" Horace gave him a hot slap on the left cheek this time.

Another palm print appeared on his left cheek.

This slap sent him to the ground this time. He looked up with tears in his eyes.

Addy had a very bad addiction to alcohol, cigarettes, and drugs. All those made him frailer and weaker than an average man. Besides, he didn't work out at all, so he wasn't a match for Horace.

"Oops! I'm sorry. It's just a habit that I have.

Whenever I slap someone, I always make sure both cheeks have an equal share!" Horace pressed his fingers on his lips in mockery.

"You've gone too far!" Addy held both cheeks and ran away, crying profusely.

"Baby, please don't go!" Amaia tried to stop him from leaving.

"Horace, mark my words. You haven't seen the last of me. I'll pay you back in a hundred folds!" Addy threatened amidst sobs without looking back.

The way Addy left after the brouhaha made Amaia scared. She didn't want him to cut all ties with her because of this incident. She couldn't afford to lose him. In a fit of pique, she shouted at Horace, "You son of a bitch, this is all your fault. Why did you offend my boyfriend? How could you be so stupid? Now, I will have to suffer for your sins when you should be the only one bearing the brunt!"

"So what? I'm earnestly looking forward to his revenge!"

Horace straightened his clothes and held his head up high. He had no iota of fear.

"Aargh! You are so arrogant. Fine, I'll sort it out myself. But I bet that you would die a miserable death on the street tomorrow. Say hello to God for me!" Amaia uttered furiously.

Rolling his eyes, Horace retorted, "Don't worry about me. I'm certain that I'll live longer than you!"

"You..."

Amaia held her chest as she gasped heavily. She was so angry that she didn't know the right words to say to him. Her anger was mixed with shock this time around. Horace never talked back at her in the past.

But today, it seemed like he had transformed into a whole new person. He not only retorted, but also

dared to fight against Addy. 'Is this the same Horace I dated? What's wrong with him today?' she pondered in confusion.

"It's useless trading words with you. You had the balls to slap Addy today. You have stepped on the lion's tail. If you don't go and apologize to him, you will be in hot soup! Your arrogance would only land you six feet under!"

Amaia spun on her heels and went into her apartment angrily.

Horace let out a menacing laugh as he stared at her back. He wasn't afraid of anything. After all, he was now the boss of many top companies in Rinas. He could destroy the Cloud Logistics Company with just a snap of the fingers. Addy was nothing but an ant to him.

Amaia's betrayal made him feel both sad and relieved.

Horace had been putting up with her excesses just because he loved her. If he ended up marrying such a woman, his life would be a disaster.

"Snap out of it, Horace. This is not the right time to be thinking about such an unimportant person. I need to go back and keep my mother company!" Horace advised himself and regained his composure.

He then took a taxi back to the hospital.

The doctors and nurses were preparing for the surgery at this time. Caylee had already been changed into a patient theater gown and she was still in the ICU.

Horace held one of her hands and comforted her

softly. He stayed by her side throughout the preparatory process.

At five o'clock, she was wheeled into the operation theater. The surgery lasted for two hours.

It was a successful one. The Warren family had contacted the hospital and ordered that all hands be on deck for the surgery. The surgeons were the best. No mistake was made.

Horace was relieved. Looking through the transparent window of the ward, he stared at his foster mother who was lying on the bed in a coma.

"Mom, although we aren't related by blood, you have cared for me since childhood. Now it's time for me to repay your kindness for the rest of my life," he muttered.



His phone suddenly rang.

There was no caller ID and the number looked unfamiliar.

Horace's instincts told him that the caller was up to no good, but he still answered it.

Addy's cold and vicious voice wafted into his ear the next second.

"Horace, I'll give you one more chance! If you don't want anything bad to happen to your mother and you still want to have your legs by tomorrow, go to the abandoned chemical plant in the western suburbs tonight!"

He then hung up the phone.

Horace frowned immediately.

This latest threat made his blood boil.

His mother was his beloved family. She was his everything.

The poor and timid Horace who swallowed all the insults and groveled at people's feet was dead and buried. He was now powerful enough to stand up to any bully.

Clenching his phone tightly, Horace closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

He repeated the following words determinedly, "I'll no longer tolerate any oppression. Anyone that threatens me or tries to hurt the people I love will pay the price. It's time to fight back!"

Several minutes passed before he opened his eyes.

There was a cold glint in them. An indifferent smirk was plastered at the corners of his mouth.

"Addy, I let you go last time, but you are so ungrateful. The battle line has been drawn. I'll kick your ass!" Horace declared, staring into space.

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