

While everyone sighed, Ryland said to Horace in a low voice, "Mr. Warren, I can drive. However, I don't drive very often and I don't know anything about expensive cars. I'm afraid I'll damage it if I drive it."

"Dude, don't worry about it! If it gets cracked or scratched, I'll get it fixed. Come on! Have a try. Do it for Layne!" Horace said kindly to Ryland. Then he turned to the guy driving the car and said, "Dude, please go in that BMW instead. I want this buddy to drive the Lamborghini Veneno!"

"As you wish, Mr. Warren!" After hearing Horace's words, the Lamborghini exclusive store clerk nodded respectfully to Horace and then walked over to the last car.

Once in the BMW, the employee took out his phone and texted his boss, Skyla.

Skyla was sitting in her office at the Lamborghini store when she received the message from her employee. After she read it, she frowned and mumbled to herself, "I thought he was special, but it turns out he's just an ordinary person. It seems he's not a threat! I don't think there's anything to worry about a scion of the Warren family appearing out of nowhere. I don't know why my boyfriend said Horace was no ordinary man!"

Meanwhile, onlookers on the road were shocked upon hearing what Horace said to Ryland. At that moment, they all started to wonder.

Does this BMW X5 also belongs to Mr. Warren? Are all the luxury cars here Mr. Warren's properties? Gosh, Mr. Warren is indeed super-rich!

One of the onlookers sighed in his heart as he stared at Horace.

Horace ignored the shocked expressions on the onlookers' faces. He looked at Ryland and said, "Dude, my driver is gone and I can't drive. You have to get in the car and drive now!"

Just as Horace was saying that, a comment from Layne popped up on Ryland's phone screen. "Ryland, don't worry about me. It's okay if you don't want to drive. You can just get in the car and take some pictures for me!"

Ryland glanced at the comment he had just received, and then looked back at Horace. With a bright smile, Ryland said, "Who said I didn't want to drive? Who wouldn't love such a nice car?"

After saying that, Ryland got into the Lamborghini Veneno. Immediately, he was amazed by the interior design. Not only him, but also the entire audience who watched his live streaming was stunned.

At this time, thousands of comments again appeared in the live streaming room.

"It's the first time that I've seen such an expensive car so clearly. It really is the height of luxury. I finally understand why women are so attracted to men in Lamborghinis!"

"This Lamborghini Veneno is worth tens of millions of dollars. It's completely normal that it is so luxurious! I really admire Mr. Warren! Who else could give someone such a luxurious car as a gift? There is no doubt that he is super-rich!"

"Guys, I have a question. Is there really a super-rich

man in our country named Warren? How come I have never heard about him?"

"I've never heard of him either. What family is he from?"

"Warren...Warren...That name suddenly makes me think of something, but I can't say. If Mr. Warren is a scion of the family I'm thinking about, well, know that the wealth he shows today is nothing compared to the wealth of his family!"

"You're right. I know which family you're referring to. This family is so rich that tens of millions of dollars is just a drop in the ocean."

"You guys should chill. I'm afraid you have read too many fictions. A drop in the ocean? Are you sure about that?"

"Of course!"

"Ha-ha, that's so funny. We're in the twenty-first century, you know? Anyways, I don't want to shatter your fantasy."

"In fact, I believe him. Judging by Mr. Warren's wealth, he must have come from a super-powerful family."

As everyone sighed in admiration, Horace said to Donn and the others, "Everyone, let's get in the cars and go. I think the road is clear now!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Donn, Tobias and Susie all got into their respective cars.

Seeing Donn and the others get into their Lamborghinis, some of the onlookers sighed in their hearts. How lucky they are to work for Mr. Warren! I

also want to work for Mr. Warren, so I too will have a Lamborghini! They thought. In fact, at this point, most of the onlookers wanted to work for Horace.

While everyone was sighing in their hearts, Horace also got into the passenger seat of the Lamborghini Veneno.

He turned to look at Ryland and said, "Let's go to the Sea Square."

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Then, Ryland started the car.

"Vroom..." The Lamborghini Veneno hummed like a beast.

"Wow, it feels so good. No wonder it is so expensive! It's so cool!" Layne couldn't help but send a comment of admiration in the live streaming room as he heard the roar of the car. Others in the live stream echoed

Layne's comment.

They were both admiring and perplexed. How could Mr. Warren give such a luxurious car as a gift?

A few minutes later, the road was clear. Ryland stomped on the accelerator and the Lamborghini Veneno shot forward.

The other Lamborghinis followed closely.

Plop! When the four Lamborghinis were out of sight, Lucinda collapsed to the ground, her body shaking.

"Alas!" Della sighed, looking at Lucinda, who was so miserable now and was shaking in every limb. She crouched down and whispered to Lucinda, "Lucinda, if you want to get Mr. Warren's forgiveness, you can try asking Laila for a favor. Maybe she can intercede with Mr. Warren for you."



"Laila?" When Lucinda heard Della's words, her eyes lit up. She then quickly took out her phone and dialed Laila's number.

However, Laila didn't answer the phone. Lucinda was not discouraged though and insisted.

"Alas!" Seeing Lucinda who was launching call after call without ever being able to reach the person on the other end of the line, the onlookers still present also sighed. Then, an older man said to the kids next to him, "You have to remember not to judge people on their looks. Otherwise, you could get yourself in trouble!"

After saying that, the older man led the children away. At this moment, the little crowd who had been watching the whole scene finally dispersed.

"Humph, you deserve your fate. How dare you despise Mr. Warren?" Saying that, Joann gave Lucinda a mocking look. Then she turned and left.

Hilda also spat at Lucinda and then followed Joann.

Joann and Hilda were still only college students, but they already knew the power of money.

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Chapter 202 He Is The Most Powerful Man In This City



Horace had no idea how much everyone despised Lucinda. At that moment, Horace, Donn, and the others were on their way to the Sea Square. Twenty minutes later, they arrived there.

It had only been a couple of days since Horace had punished Milo. Farris had wrecked the Sea Square, but thankfully, the wealthy man who owned the place restored it back to its original beauty.

Horace turned to Ryland, who was driving, and asked, "Ryland, what do you think of this car?"

"It's great! Just what you would expect from a limited edition Lamborghini," Ryland replied.

Although he had driven other cars before, he had never driven a luxury car that was worth over three hundred thousand dollars, so it was only natural for him to be really excited about it.

Horace chuckled. "Great! And how about you, Layne? What do you think?"

Layne typed his response, which displayed on the screen. "Thank you for the wonderful day, Mr. Warren. Not only did you help me with my medical bills, but you also fulfilled my wish."

"Ah! Don't mention it, dude. I believe that it was fate that made me meet you! I'm glad you liked the ride, Layne. I wish you a speedy recovery. Alright, guys! Bye, then. I am going shopping!" Saying that, Horace got off the car.

"Goodbye, Mr. Warren." Ryland nodded with a respectful bow. "Thank you again!" he added.

"You're welcome. Bye!" Horace said with a smile.

With his companions, he then entered the square.

The moment Horace stepped into the building, he heard a shop assistant whispering to her colleague,

"He's here!"

Confused, the other salesgirls asked, "Who?"

"He's here! It's him!" the shop assistant said in a shaky voice, pointing at Horace.

The moment they all looked in the direction she was pointing at, they realized who it was and exclaimed, "Wow! It really is him!"

After all, they could not forget Horace, because he had ruined Milo, one of the three wealthiest young men in the city, just a few days ago.

There had been many powerful people present at the square that day, but everyone bowed to Horace, including Dario, the wealthiest man in the city.

Although most of them did not know him, they

seemed to understand how powerful he was.

They admired him for his righteousness. He had risked his life to save two women. It was as though he valued love and friendship over his own life.

"Let's greet him," a shop assistant whispered to her colleagues before running out of the shop.

And the others followed her.

Bowing before Horace respectfully, they greeted him, "Welcome, Mr. Warren!"

His approachable appearance made them admire him more. They were already attracted to him when they saw how protective he was of his girlfriend.

It would be so cool if he were my boyfriend! Though he is not the handsomest of men, he sure was

attractive when he protected his girlfriend that day! Moreover, he is rich and powerful! I can't even imagine how lucky his girlfriend is! They thought to themselves.

Most of the people there did not know what had happened that day. Suddenly, one of them asked in confusion, "Who is this man? He just looks like a regular guy. Why are the staff at the Louis Vuitton exclusive store so respectful to him?"

The shop assistants who greeted Horace a moment ago were from the exact store that he was talking about.

"Don't be a fool," said the man next to him. "Do you even know who this young man is? You think he's ordinary? You really shouldn't be judging him by his appearance! Do you even know how powerful he is? Believe me when I tell you that he is the most

powerful man in the city."

"What? That guy? The most powerful man? You're kidding, right?" The former customer was stunned.

"But Mr. Russell is the richest man in Rinas and everyone knows that! How can this man be more powerful? He is still just a teenager!"

"This man had Mr. Russell kneeling in front of him a few days ago, at the square."

Another customer jumped in on their conversation.

"The most dangerous man in the city almost destroyed the square in order to protect him from danger!"

"Do you even know why the mall had been undergoing renovations in the past few days? Do you know the reason Mr. Rivera got a new car? It was all because of this guy!"



"Really?" the customer repeated in confusion. Since he did not know what happened that day, he had no clue of how powerful Horace was.

"Yes, that guy. I will never forget that day. Milo, the most powerful young man in the city, wanted to hurt Mr. Warren, and Mr. Rivera was furious about it, so he drove his Rolls-Royce Phantom straight into the square, causing a ton of damage to the square and the car!"

The customer walked towards Horace with a sigh.

"Let's go meet and greet him then."

Seeing that, everyone else also followed.

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Chapter 203 How Could A Lamborghini Veneno Be Enough



"Good day, Mr. Warren!" the customers at the store greeted Horace respectfully, bowing down to him.

"Gosh! What's going on?" Seeing so many people bowing down to him, the onlookers became very curious. Since most of them did not know who or how powerful Horace was, they could only gasp in shock. Unable to contain their excitement, they wondered why so many people were bowing to him.

Just then, all the staff from the stores near the entrance of the shopping mall walked up to Horace and bowed to him, saying, "Welcome, Mr. Warren!"

"For God's sake! Does anyone know what's going on? Why are all these people being so respectful towards a teenager? Who here knows what is going on? Tell me!"

An onlooker was stunned to see so many people being so respectful to Horace, but he didn't know Horace or his companions.

"This young man is a legend! Everyone in this shopping mall respects him." One of the onlookers saw Horace and ran up to him. "Good day, Mr. Warren!"

Some others followed him and greeted Horace, regardless of whether they knew him or not. "How do you do, Mr. Warren?"

At that moment, Ryland hadn't gone too far. He was still at the shopping mall entrance.

He could clearly hear everything that was going on inside, because people were shouting inside the mall.

He subconsciously turned around to look inside.

"Guys, how powerful do you think Mr. Warren is?" Ryland asked over the microphone, pointing his camera at the mall.

Horace's image appeared on the screen, and there was a huge crowd of people standing before him, bowing to him.

When Ryland's live streaming audience saw the shocking scene on their phones, they were stunned. Thousands of comments flooded into his live streaming room.

"Amazing! Mr. Warren is such a powerful man. How

dare that stupid girl look down upon him? She must be courting death!"

"Well, compared to Mr. Warren, the rich men I knew are not even worth mentioning!"

"Yeah! I believe that nobody is more powerful than Mr. Warren. You should remember what just happened here. If any of you are lucky enough to see him in the future, just try your best to please him. If he is happy with you, then he might give you several hundred thousand dollars!"

While the audience were talking about Horace, Layne sent a comment, which flashed on the screen. "The more I find out about Mr. Warren, the more insignificant I feel compared to him. I've decided to work hard in the future and become a man who can be useful to him!"

"Hey, buddy, everyone here wants to work for Mr. Warren. Let's just go for it!"

Everyone was deeply impressed with Horace, and Layne had made up his mind to serve him.

Although thirty million was nothing to Horace, it was a huge amount of money for Layne that would save his life. Even though he had not met Horace, he respected and admired him from the bottom of his heart.

While everyone was still talking about him, Horace waved to those who were bowing to him and said in a gentle voice, "Guys, you don't have to be so polite to me. I'm just shopping here, and I want to keep a low profile, so just relax, okay?"

When the onlookers heard that, they smiled secretly. Looking at the man before them, they could not help

but sigh in awe. "Mr. Warren, even if you want to, you can't keep a low profile at the mall! Who can just ignore what happened that day?"

However, they had to listen to Horace, so as soon as he finished speaking, they straightened themselves up.

Just when the shop assistants were about to leave, Susie smiled at Horace, and said in a low voice, "Mr. Warren, I didn't expect you to be so prestigious. The shop assistants from the most luxurious shopping mall in the city are so respectful to you. Do you often come here to buy gifts for girls? I guess that's why everyone knows you. How about you buy me some clothes later, Mr. Warren? I am not asking a lot; just one or two dresses would be more than enough!"

Before she even finished her words, the shop assistants who were leaving turned around instantly.

They smiled at Susie politely and said, "Miss, I can tell from your appearance that you are an outstanding woman. If you want to buy some dresses, then just come to our store! As long as you like the designs, we will give them to you as presents!"

Since Susie was with Horace, and they couldn't win him over, they began to fawn over his friends.

After all, Horace was so powerful, so no matter who Susie was, they would try their best to flatter her.

"Gosh! Mr. Warren, you're awesome! So many shops are willing to let me have their products for free just because I am accompanying you! If you brought your girlfriend here, they will give her their whole stores!" Susie sighed.

She knew that Horace was a powerful man, but she



had not expected him to be so powerful.

She was amazed by the fact that a luxury store was willing to give her gifts just because she was standing beside him.

Horace could not help but chuckle when he heard that. "Susie, if you want anything, just tell me! I'll buy you whatever you want in this shopping mall!"

"Since they're willing to give me anything for free, you don't have to buy anything, Mr. Warren!"

With a soft coquettish chuckle, Susie continued, "Mr. Warren, you don't have to worry about me. Please focus on your business first! By the way, I forgot to ask. What's the purpose of your visit?"

"I want to buy some lovely pieces of jewelry. I told you that I'm going to buy some wedding presents for one

of my cousins, right? How could a Lamborghini Veneno be enough?" Horace answered in a low voice.

The onlookers who had not gone far heard what he said and they were too shocked to even move.

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Chapter 204 It's So Great To Befriend Mr. Warren



Upon hearing Horace's words, the customers at the mall, who knew a little about him, couldn't help sighing in their hearts. His words were really heartbreaking to them.

He just said that a Lamborghini Veneno is not enough

as the wedding present. It's Lamborghini Veneno, not an ordinary Lamborghini! Who is his cousin? I'm going to marry her! And no one can stop me! Someone thought.

Other customers began to wonder what kind of a man Horace was. They admired his wealth and power. After all, some luxury stores were even willing to give Horace's friend the products for free!

Oh my God! To be honest, I also want to be one of his friends or his cousins!

While the other customers were lost in thought, Susie, who was standing next to Horace, whispered to him, "Mr. Warren, do you really have a cousin who is going to get married? Can I come to her wedding? I have never seen a lavish wedding thrown by a rich family!"

"Susie, my cousin is not from a big family, but I will

make sure that she has the best and the grandest wedding ceremony that money can buy!" Horace said excitedly.

"Well, Mr. Warren, your cousin must be a very happy woman!" Susie said softly. Actually, she wished that she could be his cousin, but she did not dare to say it out loud. After all, he was so powerful that no one dared to think of him as just their younger cousin.

"Really?" Upon hearing her words, Horace chuckled, and continued, "Susie, if you want to get married in the future, then you can come to me. I will give you an unforgettable wedding as well!"

Susie had helped a lot with his mother's surgery, and he wanted to show his gratitude to everyone who had helped his mother.

"Really? You're so handsome and kind. Thank you!"

Susie's joy knew no bounds when she found out that he was willing to hold a wedding ceremony for her.

However, the onlookers were a little sad when they heard that. They wondered if there was any way to become friends with him and believed that it would be awesome if they could be his friends!

Just when everyone was wondering how to befriend Horace, one of the jewelry store staff said to him in a respectful tone, "Mr. Warren, we have a huge collection of stunning pieces of jewelry in our store. Why don't you come and see if you like any of our designs? We won't mind even gifting the whole store to you!"

"Gosh, I am filled with envy just by watching Mr. Warren buying things. He doesn't need to pay for anything. All he needs to do is ask, and the shop will give anything from their store as a gift to him!"

The other customers covered their chests and gasped with a painful expression when they heard the saleslady's words.

The other shop assistants also heard her words and looked at her with envy in their eyes. Why don't we work for a jewelry store? If only I worked at a jewelry store, then maybe, I would also be able to befriend him! They thought.

While everyone was burning with jealousy, Horace glanced at the saleswoman and asked in a soft tone, "Hi, do you have pure gold jewelry in your shop?"

Gold jewelry? Who would want such a vulgar thing? The saleswoman thought to herself and was about to say it out loud, but she swallowed her words. "I'm sorry, Mr. Warren. We have a lot of jewelry made with agates and emeralds in our shop, but we don't have

any pure gold jewelry!"

"Oh, agates and emeralds? Forget it. I think that gold jewelry is best for wedding ceremonies! Do you know where I can buy gold jewelry, then?"

"Mr. Warren, gold ornaments are sold on the third floor. Let me take you there."

When the saleswoman heard that he was not looking for any agate or emerald jewelry, she cursed her boss in her heart. Why is my boss pretending to be so lofty when he only sells agate and emerald jewelry? Can't he be a little vulgar and stock up on some gold pieces? Maybe, I would have become friends with Mr. Warren if we had sold gold jewelry, and maybe he would have offered to hold my wedding ceremony! How happy I could have been!

While she was fantasizing, Horace waved his hand

and said, "Don't bother, miss. I'll go upstairs myself!"

He then turned to the crowd and shouted, "Hey, mind your own business! Don't stare at me. I'm not going to change or transform into someone else even if you stand there and stare at me for hours!"

Horace then smiled at them and walked towards the third floor.

Several customers chuckled when they heard that. "Mr. Warren is so easy-going!" They did not expect Horace to be so approachable. Most wealthy people they had met were always arrogant.

"Yes, he is great. He belongs to the super rich generation, but he's willing to take risks for the safety of his girlfriend!" One of the young girls thought of what had happened a few days ago, and a tender look appeared in her eyes.



She admired men who did their best to protect their woman, and she envied Laila.

At the same time, Horace arrived at the third floor.

Although the incident that had happened a few days ago had caused a sensation in the Sea Square, the shop assistants on the third floor had only heard of Horace, and didn't know what he looked like.

Moreover, the third floor did not have a lot of customers, so he did not encounter people crowding around him like they did on the first floor.

Looking around, he saw that many stores there were selling gold jewelry, so he randomly walked into one of the shops.

When Horace arrived at the gold jewelry store, he suddenly heard a girl pleading from inside, "Miss,

please, please allow me to return this gold jewelry. Our family really needs money now. I'll even get down on my knees and beg you, okay?"

The next second, another woman's voice came to his ears. "I'm sorry, miss. I really can't pay you the original price of this piece. After the deal, no matter how many days it has been used, it will only be sold at a discounted price. If you still want to return it, then I can only offer you the discounted price!"

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Chapter 205 Mr. Warren, Why Are You Here



Horace and the others stepped into the gold jewelry store.

"Miss, please think about whether you want to return this bracelet or not. I have other customers to attend to!" an older woman said to the girl, who seemed to be in her early teens, before walking up to Horace and the others.

The older woman was a saleswoman at the gold jewelry store. She smiled at Horace and the others warmly. "May I help you? What kind of gold jewelry are you looking for? I can show you some of our beautiful pieces."

Upon hearing that, Horace answered, "Hi, ma'am. I have an older cousin who is about to get married soon. I would like to choose some of your best pieces of jewelry for her as dowry, and I'd like your help with that."

As soon as he finished speaking, the young girl

walked up to him.

She was holding a gold bracelet in her hand. Looking at Horace, she said in a low voice, "Sir, this gold bracelet is the dowry that my father prepared for me. I'll sell it to you at a low price. Would like to buy it?"

Upon hearing that, the saleswoman's expression darkened instantly. She pointed at the girl and snapped, "You little girl, I asked you to consider whether you want to agree on the depreciation charge or not. I did not allow you to promote your gold bracelet to other customers! If you want to try selling that damned bracelet, then get out of our shop!"

It was normal to have a depreciation charge for gold ornaments that had been sold. Horace also knew the rules of buying gold from such shops, so even though he had just heard the conversation between the saleswoman and the little girl, he had no intention of

meddling in their affair.

However, the girl was too young, and if that saleswoman treated her like that, it would have a negative psychological impact on her. Horace's expression darkened as he looked at the saleswoman and said, "Madam, she is just a little girl. She didn't do anything wrong. You shouldn't have yelled at her. Besides, she is selling her gold bracelet to me, which is none of your business. Is there a rule in your shop that customers are not allowed to communicate with each other?"

The saleswoman snorted coldly. She took a look at Horace and snapped, "Look at your poor clothes! I'm afraid you can't afford to buy the gold ornaments in our shop. You can only buy this cheap stuff!"

"Why are you so mean?" Horace frowned and continued, "I'm here to prepare my cousin's dowry, so

I won't be just buying one piece of jewelry. Even if I buy her bracelet, I'll buy more jewelry from your store. But seeing your attitude, I really don't feel like buying anything from your shop!"

"Oh, anyone can talk big." The saleswoman glanced at Horace and said disdainfully, "I know you're poor because you want to buy her cheap bracelet. Why do young people these days like to pretend to be rich so much?"

"I'm talking about your attitude towards work, and you're talking about whether I have money or not? Even I have no money, I'm still a customer. Is it right for you to treat customers like trash? I'll buy her jewelry today!" Horace sneered.

Furious with the saleswoman's attitude, he turned around and asked the little girl, "How much do you want to sell this bracelet for? Tell me!"

"Sir, will you really buy it? I'll sell it to you for eighty thousand dollars, okay?" the girl said with bright eyes.

"Eighty thousand dollars?" Horace was stunned.

"Well, if you think it's expensive, then seventy-five thousand is also okay. What do you think?"

Thinking for a while, the girl looked at him expectantly.

The saleswoman, who was hearing their conversation, hissed, "You are really poor. She is willing to sell her gold bracelet weighing three hundred grams at just eighty thousand, and you're shocked? What a joke!"

"Three hundred grams! It's almost the same as my guess! Hey, the current gold price is three hundred

and fifty dollars per gram, and your gold bracelet is three hundred grams in weight, which means that it is worth one hundred and five thousand dollars excluding the manual cost. Even if you want to sell it at a low price, you can at least sell it for a hundred thousand dollars. But you charged only eighty thousand dollars. Does this gold jewelry shop make a depreciation charge of more than twenty-five thousand dollars?"

Horace was really stunned when he heard the girl's low price for the bracelet. He knew the current gold price because it was mentioned right on the store's display.

"Yes, sir. She made a depreciation charge of thirty thousand!" the little girl replied.

"Thirty thousand? Your depreciation charge for a bracelet of three hundred grams is thirty thousand



dollars, an average of one hundred dollars per gram. You're ripping off your customers!" Horace hissed at the saleswoman.

In order to pay for his mother's treatment, Horace had sold his family's gold jewelry before. He knew that the depreciation charge for gold ornaments was usually thirty dollars per gram. It was his first time seeing a shop that was charging hundred dollars per gram as depreciation charge.

"Our depreciation charge is one hundred dollars per gram for our gold ornaments. If you think it's too expensive, then don't return it!" the saleswoman sneered arrogantly.

"That's hilarious! Even if she sells the bracelet to someone who's retrieving gold, she might be able to sell it for ninety thousand dollars, and you're actually only offering her a price of seventy thousand? You

are bullying a naive girl!"

Horace snorted coldly, glaring at the saleswoman.

"Madam, I suspect that you were lying to this girl in order to fill up your own pocket. Where's your manager? I'd like to ask him if he makes a depreciation charge of one hundred dollars per gram!"

"Our manager is an important man. Do you really think that he has the time to meet a poor guy like you? Since you can't afford to buy anything from our shop, please get out!"

As soon as the saleswoman finished her words, a man's voice suddenly came from the door. "Ah, Mr. Warren!"

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Chapter 206 Mr. Warren, What Can I Do For You



Horace was puzzled. He looked towards the direction of the voice, but he did not know this man. Confused, he asked, "Hello, but who are you?"

At that moment, the gold jewelry saleswoman ran up to the man and greeted him respectfully, "Mr. Navarro, I'm glad you came!"

Then she looked at Horace with a puzzled look.

He wears such shabby clothes. Did Mr. Navarro really call such an unimportant person just now? No way! Mr. Navarro must call one of the other two men beside this poor loser. Yes, that's must be the case.

She thought to herself.

After that, the saleswoman pointed to Horace and said contemptuously, "Poor wretch. You'd better not get conceited! Just look at the clothes you wear! There's no way Mr. Navarro was greeting you. To think that you had the nerve to answer him!"

Ever since they entered the gold jewelry store, Horace had been standing in the middle of Donn and the others. He was the only member of the group who spoke, and as a result, the saleswoman thought he should be the center of these people. But now hearing the words of her boss, Mr. Navarro, the woman had the feeling that Horace was not even with these people. In her eyes, Horace was only a poor wretch.

The thing was that since Horace was talking all the time, Donn and the others didn't interrupt him out of respect. They were pleasantly surprised to hear a

stranger showing as much respect to Horace by calling him 'Mr. Warren'. However, seeing that despite this, the saleswoman was still looking down on Horace, Donn and the others immediately flew into a rage.

Donn pointed at the saleswoman and snapped, "Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you disrespect Mr. Warren?"

No sooner had Donn finished speaking than the store manager, Gregg Navarro, who was standing next to the saleswoman, raised his hand and slapped her.

A loud sound resounded in the jewelry store. The next moment, the side of the saleswoman's face was swollen. Gregg pointed at her and scolded, "Dorcie, who gave you the courage to insult Mr. Warren? You are fired. Leave right now!"

Gregg was shocked to the bones when he heard his employee insult Mr. Warren. He was on the first floor earlier when Horace entered. Gregg had heard people's accounts of how Horace had punished Milo. So, even though he hadn't experienced the scene himself, he had an idea of just how powerful Horace was.

Gregg was just a humble manager of a jewelry store. How could he offend a man as powerful as Horace?

In order not to incur the wrath of Horace because of his employee's rudeness, Gregg saw fit to fire Dorcie Seymour immediately. It didn't matter to him that Dorcie's brother was his friend.

"What?" Dorcie was stunned hearing what her boss had just said. She covered her swollen cheek and looked at Gregg in disbelief. Then she looked confusedly at Horace.

This loser looks like a poor man. Is he really rich and powerful? I do not care. I have to save myself right now. She thought in her heart.

Dorcie was still lost in thought when Gregg's voice came out again. "I don't want to hear any more word from you. Didn't you hear what I just said? Get out of here!"

"Mr. Navarro, I thought you said you love me more than anything! How can you fire me now? Is he really that powerful?"

At this point, Dorcie couldn't help but point to Horace and ask softly.

"Mr. Navarro, you told me that your greatest desire is to be with me, didn't you? I am ready to fulfill your desire if you only listen to me today."

"What nonsense are you talking about? Dorcie, are you deaf or something? Leave now, or I'll call the security!"

Gregg was fuming when he heard what Dorcie said and he scolded her. He had indeed coveted Dorcie for a long time. After all, she was pretty. However, he didn't dare to offend Mr. Warren for her, even if she looked like a goddess.

"Gregg, what's wrong with you? Even if this loser is a rich man, you're the general manager of this Fortune Jewelry, for heaven's sake! How can you be afraid of him? Besides, he is obviously a miserly man. He didn't buy any high-end jewelry and instead asked lots of questions about a cheap gold bracelet. What is such a customer good to you? Just chase him away!"

Dorcie flew into a rage when she heard Gregg ask her



to leave again. She openly despised Horace now!

After a short pause, she continued, "Gregg, make up your mind. If you drive this brat today, I'll do whatever you ask me to do, no matter where we are! Do you still want to fire me now?"

"Fuck off!" Dorcie had barely finished her words when Gregg yelled at her. He was only the general manager of Fortune Jewelry in Rinas, not the CEO of the Fortune Jewelry group. How could he offend Horace?

"Great, Gregg Navarro, you win!" Dorcie said fiercely.

She turned around and was about to leave when Horace's voice suddenly sounded, "Wait!"

Hearing Horace's words, Gregg quickly stopped Dorcie, who was about to leave. He then looked at

Horace and asked respectfully, "Mr. Warren, why did you stop her?"

Does Mr. Warren have a crush on Dorcie? Gregg wondered. Convinced that was the case, Gregg sighed in his heart. If he had known sooner, he would have slapped her less harshly.

In fact, not only Gregg, but also Dorcie thought the same way. Dorcie looked at Gregg and said disdainfully, "Well, Gregg, since even you are afraid of Mr. Warren, he must be very powerful! You know what they say about karma. It is a bitch! After I please Mr. Warren, I'll make sure you regret offending me."

After saying this, Dorcie put on an enchanting look and said flirtatiously to Horace, "Mr. Warren, what can I do for you? I can do whatever you want. But be gentle to me!"

When Gregg yelled at her earlier, Dorcie had guessed that Horace was a very powerful man. Even Gregg was humble in front of him! It was for this reason that she quickly changed her attitude towards Horace. Since he had stopped her, she was determined to please him!

Hearing what Dorcie said, Horace sighed and said quietly, "I've never met a person as shameless as you in my life!"

"That's right, Mr. Warren. I'm sixty years old and yet, I've never seen such a shameless woman before!" Tobias echoed to Horace's words.

Everyone present was shocked by Dorcie's complete lack of decency.

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Chapter 207 The Girl's Story



Dorcie was stunned when she heard the conversation between Horace and Tobias.

Did I think wrong just now? It is not possible. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that I am very beautiful. Even he can't resist me. She wondered.

While Dorcie was pondering, Horace looked at Gregg and said calmly, "Mr. Navarro, can I ask you a question?"

At this moment, Gregg breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that Mr. Warren hadn't stopped Dorcie because he had a crush on her. Knowing that was a

great relief for Gregg.

"Of course, Mr. Warren. You can ask me whatever you want," he replied respectfully.

"It's nothing important, Mr. Navarro. I just want to know the depreciation cost of your products!" In fact, Horace still had doubts about the depreciation cost that Dorcie had told him. It was for this reason that he chose to inquire directly Gregg.

"Ah!" Gregg was stunned by Horace's question. He really hadn't expected this to be the question Horace asked him. He replied in a low voice, "Mr. Warren, the depreciation for pure gold products is roughly thirty dollars per gram in this industry! This is also the depreciation cost of gold jewels in this shop."

"Thirty?" Horace was shocked. "Then why did she charge this little girl one hundred dollars per gram just

for depreciation costs?" Horace pointed at Dorcie and asked.

"What did you just say, Mr. Warren?" Gregg was stunned and looked at Horace with wide eyes. If what Horace was saying was true, then Dorcie had probably tarnished their brand image.

Such a thing was unacceptable. Gregg was determined to make sure Dorcie paid for such gross misconduct.

"Mr. Navarro, I myself heard this saleswoman say that the depreciation is one hundred dollars per gram. You can ask this little girl if you don't believe me." Horace frowned slightly at Gregg's question. Then he looked at the little girl next to him.

"Mr. Warren, please don't misunderstand me. Of course I believe you." Gregg was scared to the core

when he saw Horace's scowling face. He added with still great deference, "Mr. Warren, I was just a little shocked by what you said. That was why I said that. Please don't mind it."

However, Horace quickly waved at Gregg, as if telling him that it didn't matter. Of course, Horace knew that Gregg didn't mean to offend him. Otherwise, he would have been angry.

Seeing Horace wave at him, Gregg was relieved. He then turned to Dorcie and scolded, "Dorcie, tell me if what Mr. Warren said is true."

"How could you believe such a thing? It's clear that he just wants to slander me! I've never done anything that could hurt our store!" Dorcie replied with a poker face.

She was well aware that there was a surveillance

camera in the store. However, the camera only recorded images and not sound. So Dorcie was confident that Horace couldn't prove what he was saying.

"Ha-ha, it's no use denying," Horace said with smirk as he glanced at Dorcie who refused to admit her wrongdoings.

Gregg turned to Horace and asked with extreme caution, "M-Mr. Warren, do you have any evidence?"

"Well, I know how to deal with such scoundrels," Horace replied with a smile. He then took out his phone and handed it to Gregg. "Just watch!" Horace said.

"Alright, Mr. Warren!" Gregg respectfully took the phone from Horace and played the video on the screen.



The scene of Dorcie and Horace arguing earlier had been fully recorded. Not only the video had been recorded, but also the sound.

Gregg clearly heard Dorcie's voice in the video. "Our depreciation charge is one hundred dollars per gram for our gold ornaments. If you think it's too expensive, then don't return it!" Gregg's face darkened instantly.

He was shocked at the arrogant attitude of his employee. Worse still, she dared to lie about the depreciation cost to their customers.

Gregg was angry but tried to control himself. He sent the video from Horace's phone to his via bluetooth. Then he respectfully handed the phone back to Horace and said in a low voice, "Thank you!"

Then he looked at Dorcie and snapped, "What else do

you want to say now? You better return all the money you've already extorted from customers or I'll sue you."

Despite his anger, Gregg was lenient towards Dorcie. If Dorcie's brother hadn't been his friend, he would have called the police by now. After all, what Dorcie had done would destroy the store's reputation.

The direct result would be a loss of customers.

"Ha-ha, I've spent it all. I don't have any money to give you!" Dorcie said with a sneer. At this point, she was like a dead rat who no longer feared anything.

"Well, in that case, I'll call the police!" Gregg wasted no time and called the police.

When he hung up his phone, he warned her in a low voice, "I just called the police. I'd like to see if you'll

still be so stubborn once the cops are here."

Gregg then walked over to the little girl in front of Horace and said quietly, "Hi, young lady. I'm sorry for the inconvenience. How about a full refund?"

"No, I want to sell it to him!" the little girl said shyly and shook her head. Then she looked at Horace and asked, "Do you still want the bracelet?"

"Of course I absolutely want it!" Horace couldn't help but chuckle when he heard the girl's words. He then asked softly, "Can I ask you a question?"

"Yes!" the girl replied.

"Why do you want to sell this gold bracelet? It should be the future dowry that your father prepared for you, right? Why would you sell such a precious thing?"

Horace looked intently at the little girl. She didn't seem like the kind of girl who would spend a lot of money on herself, so he was a little curious as to why she wanted to sell her precious bracelet.

"Ah..." The little girl looked a little sad now.

She lowered her eyes and said in a soft voice, "My dad's business is in danger of going bankrupt. He was cheated out of a lot of money by his customers. He is so worried that he can't sleep and has a lot of gray hair recently. I want to help my dad. If I can sell the bracelet, I would give him the money so he can save his company."

"You're such a good girl!" Horace was moved by the girl's story. He touched her forehead and said softly, "How about you sell me this gold bracelet for ten million?"

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Chapter 208 You Must Marry Me

"Ten... Ten million?" After hearing Horace's words, Dorcie was so astonished that she could not help repeating the amount in shock. Staring at Gregg, she asked in a sarcastic tone, "Gregg, how long have you known that I have embezzled the depreciation cost? Is that the reason you asked them to put on an act? No wonder this poor guy recorded the video from the very beginning. Did you ask him to do all that? Gregg, you are more horrible than I expected! How could you do this to me for such a small amount of money?"

Dorcie was now suspicious of almost everything.

Ten million was not really a small amount of money, and Horace did not seem like the kind of man who would offer ten million, and that was the reason she suspected Gregg.

She believed that Horace and the girl were fooling her because Gregg wanted to embarrass her.

"Dorcie, shut up! It's okay if you insult me, but you'll regret it if you keep offending Mr. Warren!" Gregg warned in a loud voice.

He then slapped her hard, making her cheek swollen.

"How dare you hit me!" Dorcie pointed her finger at Gregg and hissed incredulously, "Gregg, didn't you call the police? Once they see my face, they'll know whom to put in prison!"

While they were arguing, Horace turned to the young girl, who was standing there dumbfound, and asked, "Hey, is ten million not enough for you? How about I pay you thirty million?"

Although her bracelet was clearly not worth that much, Horace felt that her love for her family was invaluable. As someone who really loved his mother, he liked people who cared about their parents.

"What?" The girl was stunned when she heard Horace's words. She was only about twelve years old and had just a basic understanding of money, but even she knew that ten million was a large amount of money. Although it might not have meant a lot to her family in the past, it could definitely save them from trouble now.

However, before she even pulled herself together, Horace offered her thirty million. Quickly coming back

to her senses, the girl said prudently, "Sir, didn't you say earlier that the bracelet is only worth a hundred thousand dollars? Besides, I've already agreed to sell it to you for seventy-five thousand. How can I accept your offer of ten million, let alone thirty million?"

Although deep down she wanted to accept the thirty million, her parents had taught her not to be greedy, so she resisted the urge and refused.

"But I did not agree when you said seventy-five thousand, so it was only a one-sided price! Thirty million, that's my offer. Do you agree? If you still think that's not enough, I'll raise it to fifty million!" Horace said with a chuckle.

Upon hearing that, Gregg couldn't help gasping. Mr. Warren was really great! The girl only demanded seventy-five thousand for the bracelet, but he was willing to offer thirty million for it, and was even



wanting to raise it to fifty million. Was this what rich people should be like?

While Gregg was amazed at Horace's generosity, Dorcie scolded harshly, "You bastard! Stop pretending, okay? Tell me, how much did Gregg pay you? Do you even understand the bullshit you just said?"

"Shut up!" Horace scolded her, annoyed with her nagging.

"Dorcie, doesn't your cheek ache? Maybe, my slap was too gentle on you. Would you like me to seal your mouth or what?" Gregg roared.

He then raised his hand and slapped her hard across the face again. He was a strong man and did not even consider holding back his strength, so Dorcie's cheek swelled up again.

"What? You... You!" Dorcie covered her face with her hand and pointed her finger at Gregg, unable to say another word.

Seeing that, Horace smiled and said to the girl, "My dear, let's make a deal. Fifty million, that's my offer. The bracelet was supposed to be your dowry, and I think that's worth fifty million!"

"Deal! I'll sell it to you for fifty million, but since you accepted my dowry, you must marry me! Even if it's something you don't want to do, I will still be your wife!"

The girl was so moved by Horace's generosity that her eye went wet instantly.

She would finally be able to help her father.

Heaving a sigh of relief, the girl looked at Horace with gratitude in her eyes. "Sir, my name is Cynthia Salazar. You must remember it! What's your name, sir? I don't know how to address you yet!" she said softly.

"I'm Horace Warren. Cynthia, you are still young and it isn't the time for you to talk about marriage yet. We can discuss it once you grow up. By the way, what method of payment do you prefer? How should I transfer the fifty million to you?"

"Anyway, I've made up my mind to marry you. I won't even consider marrying anyone else!" Cynthia said firmly and pouted. "Horace, are you not willing to marry me? Am I too ugly for you?"

Although Cynthia was young, it was evident that she would grow up into a beautiful woman, and Horace thought that she might even be as beautiful as Laila

when she was older.

After hearing Cynthia's complaint, Horace chuckled and said, "Cynthia, you are a lovely girl. However, you are still young and you don't really know what love is. Can you think about it after you grow up?"

"Okay. If I still want to marry you after I am older, then you could not refuse me, okay?" Cynthia said with a pout after thinking about it for a while.

"Okay, you have my word!" Horace replied with a nod. He believed that Cynthia was still too young, and that it would take her at least five years to consider marriage seriously. He also thought that five years was more than enough time for her to change her mind, and that was the reason he agreed without hesitation.

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Chapter 209 One Hundred Million



"Really? I'll take it seriously, then!" Cynthia said with a smile, looking at Horace with a serious expression. She then took out a bank card from her pocket and put it in front of him.

Horace was surprised to see that bank card, so he asked, "Cynthia, who gave you this bank card?"

"Daddy gave it to me! Why? Do you like it? If you like it, then I'll give it to you!" she said in a low voice.

She then handed the card to Horace.

"Is this an unlimited bank card?" The moment Gregg,

who was standing next to Horace, saw the card, he was stunned. Counting the stars on the card, he asked, "Why are there three stars on it?"

After all, that card could only be owned by the wealthiest of people as it was an unlimited bank card.

While Gregg was lost in thought, Horace glanced at Cynthia and said with a smile, "You should keep it! I only asked about it because I have a similar card!"

Horace then took out his nine-star unlimited bank card and showed it to Cynthia.

Another unlimited bank card? Unlimited bank cards were very rare. There were few in the whole city. And he was seeing two! Besides, Mr. Warren's card had nine stars on it! Gregg thought that his card was more beautiful than other unlimited bank cards as he looked at Horace's bank card.

"Wow! Horace, our bank cards are indeed quite similar. But your card has a lot more stars than mine does, and it looks stunning!" Cynthia exclaimed.

"Horace, is your card rare? I heard from my dad that the more stars there are on such cards, the more precious they are. If there are nine stars on the card, then it must be a top-level unlimited bank card. There are very few of them in the country, and my father also said that the cards with nine-stars only belong to a mysterious family!"

Cynthia then counted the stars on Horace's card and added, "Oh my God! There are nine stars on your card! Are you from the mysterious family that my dad mentioned?"

Gregg was also stunned when he heard that. Did the number of stars on such unlimited bank cards

represent the level of the card? It was no wonder that the card looked beautiful. It seemed that the more stars the card had, the more beautiful it was. That little girl just said that only the top-level cards had nine stars, so did it mean that Mr. Warren's card was the most high-end one? Then how powerful was this man?

Gregg seemed to have gotten a lot of information from the twelve-year-old girl.

While he was lost in thought, Horace smiled at Cynthia and said with a nod, "Yes, I am from that mysterious family. I'll invite you over to my house when I get a chance, okay?"

"Great! I would love that!" Cynthia's eyes lit up with expectation and she nodded excitedly.

Horace took out his phone, logged into his mobile



banking app, and transferred a hundred million dollars to her bank card.

The next second, Cynthia's phone vibrated, and a message popped up on the screen.

She took out her phone and clicked on the message. She was stunned when she saw the text. "Horace, why did you give me one hundred million?"

"One hundred million?" Upon hearing that, Gregg was also shocked and could not help sighing. He couldn't imagine how rich Mr. Warren was. That was one hundred million! How generous of this young man!

Horace smiled at Cynthia, and joked, "Cynthia, you are going to marry me, so one hundred million is not a big deal!"

Just by looking at her bank card, he had figured out

that she must be from a big family, and when such a family encountered trouble, just a few million dollars would not be enough to solve the problem.

Cynthia said solemnly, "It would be fine if you do such a thing after we're married, but I haven't even married you yet! Aren't you worried that I might run away with the money?"

She then put her gold bracelet in Horace's hand. "Horace, you have to keep this. It's my dowry!"

Upon hearing that, Horace was amused. Although she was only six years younger than him, he treated her as a child. "Okay, I will!"

"That's good to hear! I've gotten to go now. Horace, please give me your number. I'll save it," Cynthia said in a low voice.

Horace then exchanged phone numbers with her and friended her on Facebook.

After that, Cynthia said with a sweet smile, "I'm leaving now. Thank you, Horace!"

"Cynthia, where do you live? Let me drive you home," Horace offered kindly when he saw that she was about to leave.

"Thanks, Horace! Actually, I would love for you to drive me home, but someone is waiting for me outside!" Saying that with a smile, Cynthia ran out of there at once.

"What a smart girl!" Horace murmured to himself, watching her receding figure.

"Mr. Warren, I have to say, you don't know how lucky you are. You just did a favor to the Salazar family in

Jenoria!" Tobias sighed.

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Chapter 210 Mr. Warren, Why Are You Here



"The Salazar family in Jenoria?" Tobias' words confused Horace. "Mr. Bates, is the Salazar family powerful? And did you know that girl, Cynthia?"

"I didn't know her. But there are only a few people who own three-star unlimited bank cards. And that girl's surname is Salazar. As far as I know, she could only be a member of the Salazar family in Jenoria. Though the Salazar family in Jenoria is far less powerful than the Warren family, they're still very influential in Jenoria. Mr. Warren, if the Salazar family

became dependent of the Warren family and supported you in the future, then you would be more powerful than eighty percent of the candidates contesting for the position of the next leader. Marcus has been involved in the family business for many years, and his current power is no more than the Salazar family!" Tobias said to Horace in a low voice as he moved closer to him to make sure that no one else heard him.

"Oh! Looks like the Salazar family is indeed very powerful. But I just gave Cynthia a hundred million dollars. Would that be enough for her family? You know what, I'll send her more money."

Horace was lost in thought. Dario was the richest man in Rinas, whose fortune was worth tens of billions of dollars. But the Salazar family was the wealthiest family in Jenoria.

While Rinas was a city, Jenoria was a province. The richest family of a province must have a fortune that was worth more than a hundred billion dollars, so Horace's hundred million dollars gift to Cynthia could not solve their family problem. Hence, he wanted to send her more money.

He seemed to have underestimated Cynthia's family.

"If you ask me, Mr. Warren, I'd say that you don't have to give them more money. We know that you want to help them, but they might get suspicious if you give them too much. One hundred million is not a big sum of money, but if used properly, it could make a huge difference!" Tobias said in a low voice.

An important respected family wouldn't accept help from others easily because some assistance had ulterior motives.

"You're right! Anyway, Cynthia has my phone number. If her family can't solve the crisis, then she can ask me for help, and when that happens, I can give them a hand!"

Gregg, who was standing beside Horace, almost burst into tears when he heard the conversation between Horace and Tobias. For God's sake! That was one hundred million! And they were talking as though one hundred million was not a big sum of money. Now he knew what those rich families were like! He thought that if he had one hundred million, he would laugh even in his dreams. In short, he felt so jealous!

Tobias heard Horace's words and said half-jokingly, "Mr. Warren, that girl, Cynthia, is very lovely indeed. I'm sure she will be stunningly gorgeous when she's older. Why don't you make her your girlfriend in a few years? Moreover, she owns a three-star unlimited

bank card at such a young age. She must be of a high status in the family. If she becomes your girl, then the Salazar family would definitely support you with full strength!"

"Marriage is an important part of my life, and I can't decide it so hastily. Besides, she is still just a kid and doesn't know what love is. In a few years, she will laugh at herself for what she said today! Also, I already have Laila. I won't be unfaithful to her!"

Horace then turned to Gregg and asked in a low voice, "Mr. Navarro, do you have any pure gold items in your shop? If you do, please show them to me. I want to buy a wedding present for my cousin!"

"Mr. Warren, I'll bring you the most beautiful treasure of our shop. If you like it, then I'll give it to you as a present!"



With that, Gregg took out a huge gold pig from their warehouse. "Mr. Warren, this is the most precious item in our shop. What do you think? Do you like it?"

The gold pig was quite heavy because Gregg was holding it with both hands. "Mr. Navarro, what's the weight of this pig?"

"Mr. Warren, this gold pig weighs about fifty-eight kilograms," Gregg answered with a polite smile. He then put the gold pig on the counter and pointed at it before continuing, "Mr. Warren, we have made this gold pig with the purest gold, using cutting-edge technologies. Look at the pig's face, and you will see how lifelike it is!"

Horace chuckled and said, "Not bad! Mr. Navarro, despite the manual fee, the gold alone would cost about twenty million. Are you sure you have the right to just give this to me?"

Although Gregg was the general manager of the store, his salary was not very high. He might not be able to earn two million even after a year, so he clearly did not have the right to just give a product worth over twenty million as a gift, but he believed that the head-office would approve of his decision.

After all, a chance to please Horace was very rare, and he could not afford to lose such an opportunity.

"Yes, Mr. Warren. I believe that my superiors would approve even if I gifted you the whole store!" Gregg answered with an affirmative nod.

By then, Dorcie calmed down, pointed at Gregg, and scolded, "Gregg, you're the manager. How dare you show such an expensive product to a poor loser like him? And you want to give it to him for free? Well, your career is done for now! I am reporting you to the

superiors."

She then took a deep breath. It seemed to hurt her a lot.

"Dorcie, you just won't learn your lesson, eh?" Gregg hissed and slapped her across the face.

Facing his sudden slap, she could hardly utter a word.

Horace said indifferently, "Mr. Navarro, don't mind her. Please check out for me. It only costs twenty million. I can afford it."

"Gosh! Twenty million? Gregg, you've gotten a huge order!" Another man walked into the store.

"Jasiah, why are you here?" Gregg asked in surprise, looking at the man before him.

"I... I'm here to visit my sister!" Jasiah answered and shifted his gaze to the only woman there, Dorcie.

"Mm...Mm..." Dorcie wanted to say something, but she found it too hard to open her mouth.

"Dorcie, what happened to you?" Jasiah exclaimed when he noticed her swollen face.

"Mm...Mm..." Unable to speak, Dorcie pointed at Horace.

The moment Jasiah saw Horace, he asked in surprise, "Mr. Warren! Why are you here?"

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