

"Oh, you think too much!" Horace chuckled at Carlson's boss. It seemed like he didn't take Carlson's boss seriously at all.

Then he added, "I don't take what you said earlier seriously, so why take my words seriously? I said 'what if I give you ten million', right? 'What if', remember? Don't you know what that clause means?"

"You brat, what do you mean?" Carlson's boss snapped when he heard what Horace said. He began to wonder whether Horace had been playing him for a fool all this time.

Was this brat kidding just now? If Horace was just playing him, then he was going to lose big today. Now that Carlson knew the truth, he wouldn't work so hard

at the company in the future. Damn, this kid was so hateful!

After thinking it over, Carlson's boss pointed at Horace and snapped, "Since you have such a good relationship with Carlson, why did you lie to him? You are really a bastard!"

"How dare you blame me for lying? Didn't you just say that your relationship with Carlson was priceless? And then, you admitted to having cheated him in the labor contract! I think you're the bastard here."

Horace's contempt for this man had increased considerably. After a short pause, he added, "I need to correct you one thing though. I have never lied to Mr. Smith!"

"Ha-ha, come on, stop pretending to be a saint. Just now, you said you would give me ten million dollars to

break the contract with Carlson. Carlson trusted you and was ready to voluntarily resign. But it turned out that was just a lie!" Carlson's boss scoffed.

Then, he continued, "You're still young, but you're already a manipulator. If I hadn't included that clause in the labor contract, Carlson would have fallen into your trap and you would have made him quit his job for nothing. Carlson, have you seen? He looks young and innocent, but he's such a hypocrite!"

Upon hearing that, Horace snapped, "You're so shameless! You dare call me a hypocrite? You better look at yourself in a mirror. It is said that until you see certain things in this world, you cannot understand life. You have to meet people to really understand how people behave in society. I used to be naive, but after meeting different types of people, I'm more savvy now. Although I won't give you the ten million dollars, I didn't lie to Carlson. I can let him work for me

even if he's still under contract with your company. Do you believe that?"

"Ha-ha, you brat, do you think it's a game? Did you actually ask me if I believed you? Well, I don't believe you!"

Carlson's boss couldn't help but laugh out loud when he heard what Horace said. As far as he was concerned, Horace was saying nonsense.

How could Carlson work for him without resigning? This brat was definitely bluffing!

"Well, just as I said, there're things you can't understand until you see it with your own eyes!"

After saying that, Horace took out his phone from his pocket before he added, "You should be glad, because you are about to see and learn something

today!"

Horace then looked at Carlson and asked, "Mr. Smith, I think at this point, you clearly know what kind of person your boss is, right? You don't need to feel guilty about such a despicable person. Mr. Smith, may I ask you a question?"

Carlson was a little confused and sad at this point. The thing was, he was already shocked when he discovered that his boss had tricked him into signing an unfair contract, and now it also turned out that Horace had lied to him in order to make him resign.

He felt betrayed on both sides, especially as he considered Horace to be his friend.

However, when he heard Horace's words now, he pulled himself together. Although he was a little sad, he didn't show it.

He nodded and said, "Go ahead and ask your question! I will tell you everything you need to know!"

Horace was satisfied with Carlson's answer. He smile and said, "I'm glad you say that. Can you tell me the name of the company you work for?"

Upon hearing Horace's question, Carlson was stunned. He didn't expect that Horace would ask such a simple question.

He answered anyways.

"Well, the company is Melton Network Technology Limited!"

"Did you say you work in a tech company?" Horace asked in confusion.

Before Carlson could say anything, he asked again, "Mr. Smith, are you a programmer with over thirteen years of experience?"

"Well, yeah. I'm indeed a programmer!" Carlson replied casually.

"Amazing! Mr. Smith, what you don't know is that I admire programmers very much. You guys create amazing stuffs by just typing on a keyboard. It's amazing. I hope you can teach me programming in your spare time," Horace said seriously.

After a short pause, he added, "Mr. Smith, I heard that programmers earn a very high salary. However, your boss only pays you three thousand dollars a month. It pisses me off so much and only makes me want to punish him more."

At this moment, Carlson was speechless again. In

fact, he was well aware of the fact that programmers earned high salaries. However, the reason he stayed in the company despite his low salary was because he genuinely thought he and his boss had a great and sincere relationship.

Now, upon hearing what Horace said, Carlson didn't know what to answer. At this moment, Carlson's boss glared at Horace and snapped, "What? You now want to fight with me?"

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Chapter 272 I Am Just A Kid



"Don't get so excited! I, Horace Warren, have never hit a scumbag in my life!" Horace said.

He then opened his phone contacts and began to search for a number. After finding Farris' contact, he called him.

A moment later, Farris answered.

His respectful voice came from the other end as he asked, "Hello, Mr. Warren, what can I do for you?"

"Uncle Farris, how long will it take for you to help me destroy a small company and purchase it?" Horace asked in reply.

"Well, it depends on the company. If the company's assets are not worth more than a hundred million, then it should only take about thirty minutes. Just tell me the name of the company and I'll have someone do the job right away!" Farris said with a smile.

He was a big shot in the city before, but after getting Fraser's wealth, he was one of the top three most powerful men in the city. It would only take him less than thirty minutes to destroy a small company.

"Okay!" Horace paused for a moment before he continued, "Uncle Farris, the company's name is Melton Network Technology Limited. You can destroy it and transfer all the shares of the company to me!"

Hearing that, Farris said bye to him before hanging up the phone.

Horace originally wanted to call Dario, but since the Russell family had protected Milo's friends before, he gave up on the idea, and called Farris instead. It was not because he did not believe in Dario, but because he was worried that there were some people in the Russell family, who were not on his side. If he had asked them to help him, and they investigated

Carlson, then he would not be able to recruit him.

At first, he wanted to transfer the shares of the Melton Network Technology Limited directly to Carlson, but then he was also worried that someone might notice Carlson, so for safety reasons, he got the shares transferred to himself.

After the phone call, Carlson's boss burst into laughter as he pointed at Horace and said, "Are you dreaming? How can a boy like you destroy my company? You're really pretentious. Come on, tell me, who is this Uncle Farris you were talking to? Kids are becoming really arrogant these days! How dare you say that you're going to destroy my company? Do you think that it's some game?"

"Calm down. If you don't believe me, then you can wait and watch. You will get the results soon enough."

Horace could not help but chuckle when he heard the man's words. After all, with his current power and status, he could easily destroy any company in the city.

"Kid, were you a gamer? You're crazy, you know?"
Carlson's boss sneered.

As soon as he stopped laughing, his phone rang.

However, when he took out his phone and saw that it was a call from his secretary, a hint of doubt flashed through his eyes.

Thinking that it was just a coincidence, he answered the call.

The moment he heard his secretary's words, he exclaimed in horror, "What? How could that be possible? How could Mr. Martel withdraw the

investment?"

He became flustered at once and added, "I'll talk to you later. Let me call Mr. Martel first!"

He then hung up and searched his phone for Mr. Martel's contact and called him.

However, a prompt voice message came from the other end, "Sorry, the number you have dialed cannot be connected. Please call again later!"

"How is this possible?" He was absolutely shocked at that point.

He turned to Horace for just a second before shaking his head.

He thought that Horace could not have done such a thing, and still believed that it must be a coincidence.

While he was sighing in his heart, his phone rang again.

Carlson's boss became excited, thinking that it was Mr. Martel calling him back. However, when he saw that it was his secretary again, a hint of uneasiness flashed through his eyes.

Suppressing the panic in his heart, he answered it.

His secretary's hasty voice came.

"Boss, something is wrong. Mr. Finch just called me and informed me that he is going to withdraw all his assets and terminate cooperation with our company!"

"What?" He was absolutely mortified. He did not think much of Mr. Martel withdrawing his cooperation because he did not have a good relationship with him.

However, Mr. Finch was like a friend to him.

He immediately hung up and called Mr. Finch.

The prompt message rang in his ears again. "Sorry, the number you have dialed cannot be connected. Please call again later!"

Carlson's boss cast a suspicious glance at Horace, wondering if he really did it. All of a sudden, an incredible idea flashed in his mind.

"Are you shocked? Wait! You've only answered two calls. You haven't even heard the other shocking news you're going to get."

Horace glanced at Carlson's boss and smiled. Just by looking at his nervous expression, he figured out what was going on. However, he did not expect Farris to be so efficient. After all, it had only been five minutes.

"Who the hell are you?" Carlson's boss asked, glaring at Horace.

"I'm just a kid. Don't be so surprised!" Horace chuckled.

Carlson's boss' phone rang again!


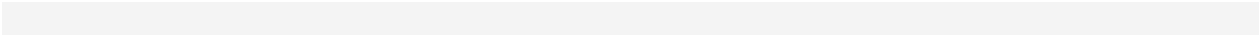

He got twelve calls in just fifteen minutes, all from his secretary.

When he answered the thirteenth call, he fell to the floor with a plop, collapsing.

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Chapter 273 You Still Want Me To Spare You



All the partners of the company where Carlson worked had just cut off all cooperation with the boss. Moreover, all of the company's investors had withdrawn their investment.

Carlson's boss looked at Horace in shock and disbelief. In the blink of an eye, he had lost everything. In view of the disaster that had just befallen him, he decided to implore Horace.

He knelt down in front of Horace, held Horace's thigh, and begged earnestly, "Mr. Warren, I'm sorry. Please spare my company! I promise to break the contract with Carlson on the spot. But please, do not destroy my company."

Horace looked at the man kneeling down in front of him and scoffed, "Do you really think you have any

bargaining power at this point? Your company will be mine soon. I don't need you to break the contract with Carlson anymore."

Just as Horace finished his words, his phone rang. When he looked at the phone screen and saw that it was a call from Farris, he couldn't help but chuckle.

He then picked up the phone.

Farris's happy voice soon rang out from the other end of the phone. "Mr. Warren, you are now the major shareholder and therefore owner of Melton Network Technology Limited."

"Uncle Farris, you are so efficient!"

Horace was very satisfied with the result and couldn't help but praise Farris.

Farris was amused by Horace's compliment and couldn't help chuckling.

"Ha-ha, well it's all thanks to your training! By the way, Mr. Warren, I just bought thirty million dollars worth of shares of Melton Network Technology Limited. That's approximately five percent of the shares. I hope you do not mind."

"Five percent of the shares is worth thirty million dollars? I didn't expect the market capitalization of Melton Network Technology Limited to be so high!"

Horace was stunned when he heard what Farris said. Since five percent of the shares were worth thirty million dollars, it meant that Melton Network Technology Limited was worth six hundred million dollars! A company with such a high market value was already a big company in Rinas!

"Ha-ha, Mr. Warren, in fact the market value of this company was only fifteen million dollars before you bought it. But now that you have become the major shareholder, the company's stock value has skyrocketed. Although I bought five percent shares at thirty million, I actually profited a lot."

Although Farris was the most dangerous man in Rinas, he had great business acumen. When Horace gave him the task of acquiring the company, he saw it as a huge business opportunity. Therefore, he quickly traded thirty million dollars for five percent of the shares!

Hearing Farris's explanation, Horace smiled and said seriously, "Uncle Farris, if you want the shares, just tell me. How can I refuse? You didn't need to spend your money."

"Ha-ha, Mr. Warren, I'm telling you that by purchasing

the shares at that price, I actually made a big profit. I'm not shameless enough to ask for free shares."

"Well, Uncle Farris, since you are satisfied, I won't say anything more!"

Knowing Farris' temper, Horace knew it was pointless to drag the matter, so he gave in.

He then added, "Uncle Farris, thank you for what you did today!"

"Oh, Mr. Warren, it's my pleasure. Don't be so formal with me."

"Alright, thank you!"

After hanging up the phone, Horace looked at Carlson and said, "Mr. Smith, Melton Network Technology Limited belongs to me now. I will go to the company

tomorrow and officially announce your promotion to the post of executive president. I will also transfer a part of the shares of the company to you."

At this moment, Carlson was utterly stunned. He looked at Horace in shock and said, "Horace, you don't have to do that. You just bought the company. You don't have to give me any shares. As long as you allow me to continue to work in your company, I will be very grateful to you."

"Mr. Smith, just accept my offer, okay? By the way, when you become the CEO, you don't have to feel any pressure. Feel free to run the company as you like. Even if Melton Network Technology Limited goes bankrupt, I can buy another Network company for you!"

Hearing that, Carlson was about to protest, but Horace quickly waved his hand to shush him. "Mr.

Smith, stop trying to turn down my offer. I came here with some friends to have a good time. I'm going back to join them. See you tomorrow!"

After saying that, Horace headed for the door of the restroom.

At this moment, Carlson's former boss cried out in a broken voice, "Mr. Warren, I'm really sorry. Please forgive me!" He had just lost everything. How could he let Horace go without begging him to leave him some property so that he wouldn't be broke?

At this moment, Horace glanced at the man crawling on the floor and said, "You had the nerve to cheat someone as honest and loyal as Mr. Smith, and you still want me to spare you? Dream on!"

After saying that, Horace left the restroom without looking back.

Seeing that Horace had left, Carlson's boss, who was kneeling, collapsed to the floor.

His heart was full of regret and despair.

Meanwhile, Carlson suddenly came to his senses and shouted sincerely, "Thank you, Horace!"

"You're welcome, Mr. Smith!" Horace, who had already walked out of the restroom, turned around and shouted back to Carlson. Then he walked towards the private room where his friends were.

As Horace walked down the corridor, he suddenly felt a little cold. His eyes widened as he thought of something.

This should be the murderous will Donn talked about! The feeling was so strong. It was almost as strong as

that which emanated from the member of the Kylin Bone he met before. Horace guessed someone should be coming after him.

With that in mind, Horace looked around but found nothing unusual. However, he knew something was wrong, so he said calmly, "May I know who is there? Would you like to show up?"

Horace knew he was in great danger right now, but he was very calm. The thing was that after he made up his mind to fight for the position of heir to the Warren family, he prepared himself for every eventuality and didn't even fear death.

He knew clearly that competing to be the heir of the most powerful family in the world wouldn't go without any risks.

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Chapter 274 Don't Talk Nonsense!



Horace's shouting drew the attention of the people around and they all looked at him. They were all confused to see that he was all alone.

"Is he a fool? Why is he shouting at the air?"

While the guests were confused, a muffled sound suddenly echoed through the corridor. Then, a bullet passed in front of Horace and pierced the floor ahead!

"Oh my God! There's a hidden shooter!" a guest screamed when he saw the hole made by the bullet in front of Horace.

"Everyone get out of here!" someone shouted.

Panicked, the guests immediately scattered in all directions.

They now understood why Horace said so just now. While the guests were running away, they wondered in their hearts who on earth that young man had offended. Why was he the target of an assassination?

While everyone was running in panic, Horace chuckled and said calmly, "Sir, are you so bad at shooting, or are do you just want to scare me?"

He smiled and continued, "Tell me, who hired you to kill me? Is it Marcus? Or perhaps the Board Of Elders? Or is it some of my father's enemies?"

Just when Horace finished speaking, a man ran over to him. It was the security guard who bowed to

Horace at the entrance of the Royal Entertainment Karaoke Club! The guard's name was Richard.

Richard asked anxiously, "Sir, what happened here just now?"

He was watching the corridors when he heard the hubbub here. So he rushed over.

Horace glanced at the security guard and said gently, "It's dangerous here. Stay away from me!"

Another muffled sound came as soon as Horace finished speaking.

Then, another bullet drilled into the floor in front of Horace. However, this time around, the bullet landed a few millimeters from Horace's shoes.

"There's a shooter targeting you!" Richard exclaimed

in shock when he saw the bullet hole in front of Horace.

He shook his head and said seriously, "Sir, my job is to protect this place. How can I run away when there is danger? Besides, you treated me with respect when you came here. I will protect you at all costs. The world needs more men like you!"

Having said that, Richard got into a defensive position and surveyed the surroundings.

"Dude, thank you for your kindness!" Horace said seriously.

He was deeply moved after hearing what the security guard said. He didn't expect that Richard would be ready to fight for him just because he treated him with respect earlier. What a brave man!

Horace really admired Richard in his heart. He looked at Richard and said seriously, "To be honest, I have no idea who is shooting or who hired the shooter. However, I'm sure he doesn't dare to kill me. But he may kill you. So you'd better get out of here! If you don't want to leave, just stay in a safe corner, okay?"

After saying that, Horace touched the phone in his pocket.

Richard was moved to see that Horace cared about his safety. He said seriously, "It really touches me that you care about ordinary people like me. But I'm not a coward, sir, and I always keep my words. I said I would protect you at all costs, and I will do just that!"

Just as Richard finished his words, another bullet flew over again.

The bullet flew over his head.

He felt the hot bullet pass a few millimeters from his scalp. He was so scared that his legs became weak and he sat on the floor, breathing heavily.

He was just an ordinary person and not used to such dangerous situations. Although as a security guard, he had seen a lot of fights at the Royal Entertainment Karaoke Club, he had never faced a shootout before.

However, he was quite brave. Most people would have fainted after feeling death pass so close to them.

"Hey man, are you okay?" Horace asked, looking at the frightened Richard sitting on the floor.

He then straightened up and stood in front of Richard to protect him. Richard had earned his respect.

From the direction of the bullets, Horace knew that

the shooter was hiding in front of him. So he knew that if he stood in front of Richard, the shooter wouldn't be able to hurt him.

The Warren family was endowed with state-of-the-art technology. Although Horace had never seen this technology in action to protect people, he had faith in his family's technology!

"Sir, get out of the way. As a security guard, how can I hide behind you?" Richard said while struggling to stand up.

However, the intense fear just now had rendered his legs a little weak. So, no matter how hard he struggled, he couldn't stand up.

Looking straight ahead, Horace said in a low voice to the guard behind him, "Dude, just stay behind me. I told you that this person doesn't dare to kill me. Even

if he dared, he couldn't."

Meanwhile, in private room, Donn was restless. He suddenly asked Tobias in confusion, "Tobias, it's been a while since Mr. Warren has gone to the restroom and he doesn't seem to be coming back. Don't you feel something is wrong?"

"Donn, don't talk nonsense! How could anything happen to Mr. Warren?" Tobias said casually.

"You must be right. Nothing can happen to Mr. Warren!" Donn said in a low voice, as if to reassure himself. Then, he suddenly opened his eyes and exclaimed, "No! Something is wrong! I have the feeling that someone is trying to kill Mr. Warren!"

After saying that, Donn rushed out of the private room to the restroom. After all, Horace had said he was going to the restroom. So if Horace was indeed in

danger, he must surely still be there.

Meanwhile, in the corridor, Horace took a deep breath and said to Richard behind him, "It's okay. Don't get excited. Stay right behind me!"

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Chapter 275 The Lord Killing Power



Although Horace knew he wouldn't die, the killing intent he felt from his attacker was so strong that he was a little worried.

What kind of person was this rich young man?

Richard, who was behind Horace, thought as he

stared intently at Horace. He had never seen someone like Horace, who would risk his life for a mere security guard.

Of course, Richard had no idea that Horace's phone had the ability to protect its owner. So, he genuinely thought that Horace was risking his own life to protect him. This made Richard very grateful!

He believed that this young man was really one of a kind. Not only did he treat everyone with respect, but also fought for ordinary people like him. How could he let Horace risk his life for him? Horace was so young but wasn't at all scared of death. How could he, a security guard, be a coward?

Having made up his mind, Richard struggled to stand up. He took a deep breath and walked to Horace's side. Looking at Horace, he said respectfully, "Sir, thank you so much for your kindness. I'm sorry to let

you down. I didn't expect that I would be so scared that I fell on the floor."

"It's normal!" Horace said lightly. "No one can claim he isn't scared of death. You did a good job just now. Don't worry about what just happened."

"Sir, you are so kind!" Richard said in earnest.

He was deeply touched by Horace's words. He wanted to praise Horace, but since he didn't have much education, he couldn't find the right words. So he only said that Horace was so kind!

Richard then took another deep breath to calm himself down. This time, his trembling body finally relaxed.

On the other hand, Horace chuckled upon hearing Richard praise him. He replied with a smile, "I don't

think I deserve your praise. The person hiding in the dark came to kill me. It has nothing to do with you!"

Horace paused for a while. He seemed to be thinking of something. Then, he suddenly asked, "Richard, are you married?"

"Yes, sir. I'm married. What's wrong?"

Richard was a little confused. He didn't understand why this young man asked him if he was married.

"Do you have a child?" Horace asked again, ignoring Richard's question.

"I have a lovely daughter!"

A smile appeared on Richard's face as he thought of his daughter.

"You're married and have a child, you shouldn't risk your life recklessly. Stand behind me. Even if your own life doesn't mean anything to you, you should think about your wife and daughter. What would become of them if something happens to you?"

Just as Horace finished speaking, another muffled rang out in the corridor.

The moment the sound rang out, Horace promptly pushed Richard away. He knew that he was not as fast as the bullets, but when he heard the sound of shooting again, he instinctively thought of protecting Richard.

Thanks to the phone in his pocket, the bullet couldn't kill him. However, Richard wasn't protected, so if the bullet hit him in the head, he was sure to die.

Horace wasn't fast enough though, and the bullet flew

passed his palm.

Immediately, blood was dripping from Horace's palm. The bullet had just rubbed his palm and made a large wound.

In fact, the moment the bullet hit Horace's palm, the screen of the phone in his pocket lit up. However, since it wasn't a fatal injury and there would be no after-effects, the phone didn't activate the protection mode!

"Sir, your hand is injured!" Richard exclaimed when he saw Horace's badly mutilated right hand.

The next second, Richard immediately tore his clothes to dress Horace's wound. But before he could do anything, there was another dull sound in the corridor.

"Sir, watch out" Hearing the muffled sound of gunshot, Richard shouted to alert Horace and rushed to protect him.

Unfortunately for Richard, the bullet penetrated his flesh and he fell to the floor.

Horace turned to look at Richard and his face darkened when he saw the blood streaming from Richard's abdomen. Horace quickly took off his clothes and covered the wound. This time, Horace went berserk and roared, "Damn it! I don't care who you are. I'll make sure you pay for this!"

He then turned to look at Richard who was lying on the floor, and said gently, "Hey man, you must hold on, okay? You have a child and a wife. You must hold on!"

"Ah!" Richard moaned in pain. "Sir, I'm so grateful to

have known a person like you!"

"You don't even know my name. How can you say you know me? If you want to know me, just hold on. When you recover, we can get to know each other!"

Hearing Richard's voice getting weaker and weaker, Horace choked with sobs. He suddenly looked straight ahead and shouted again, "Bastard!"

At this moment, an eerie coldness emanated from Horace's body.

The killer hiding in the dark felt the coldness Horace gave off and his body shivered. He muttered in disbelief, "Is... Is this the Lord Killing Power?"

He then took out something that looked like a mobile phone and poked it a few times. All of a sudden, he left the scene.

After the killer poked the phone-like thing in his hand a few times, a man in a black robe, who was in a unknown place in Antawood, also took out something that looked like a phone from his pocket!

After reading the content displayed by his device, the man sighed, "When the Holy Lord Power is unleashed and the Lord Killing Power arrives, the Warren family will flourish. The family head really has a great son! But I wonder if this young man can hold on to the end!"

Meanwhile, Donn, who was busy searching for Horace, heard Horace's roar! A fiery anger burst out in his eyes, and a strong murderous will emanated from him. Then he felt the coldness from Horace!

He too was stunned and opened his eyes wide in disbelief. He muttered, "That's... That's the Lord

Killing Power! It's true that nice people are the most terrible when they get angry. When a good-tempered person goes crazy, it's scary. Kindness or murder happens in a single thought as they say. Damn it! Who dares provoke Mr. Warren?"

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Chapter 276 Keep Him Alive



What Donn then saw literally made the fine hairs on his body stand up straight and his heart missed a beat because there was blood pooling around Horace and it was impossible to determine whose blood it was from his position.

Terrified that he might be hurt, Donn shouted

frantically, "Mr. Warren!" A split second later, he broke into a dead run and raced towards Horace.

It only took him a few seconds to cover the distance. Now standing in front of Horace, he gasped softly and tried to calm his nerves as he asked respectfully, "Mr. Warren, are you okay?"

After Horace released the coldness, he was a little absent-minded. He only snapped back to attention when he heard Donn shout. Right now, he looked up at Donn who was still trying to get his breathing under control and sighed.

He honestly never thought he would see the day where Donn would look as tired and weary as he was at this moment.

Instead of commenting on Donn's state, he waved Donn's concerns off and pointed towards the man

next to him. "Donn, I'm fine. I want you to take a look at this man first. I wouldn't have died today, but I would have been seriously injured if it weren't for this man."

"Oh," Donn murmured, stunned by Horace's assertion. He looked at the man lying on the floor for a few seconds before returning his attention to Horace. "Mr. Warren, it's true that I'm a member of the medical research institute and as such have some medical skills, but I'm not as good as Tobias. It would be better if we wait for Tobias to attend to this man. He should be here soon."

After saying that, Donn looked around intently but eventually turned to Horace again. "I'm sorry, Mr. Warren, but I don't know where the enemy is," he muttered apologetically.

Truthfully speaking, Donn was not as good as Tobias

in the treatment of skin trauma, but as the director of the Medical Research Institute, he could have patched the man up if he wanted to. But the reason he had refused to do it was because Horace's safety was still his first priority. Since he couldn't determine if there was an enemy still lurking around, he felt that it would be best for him to be at alert and ready in case someone tried to attack Horace again.

"Donn, you don't have to say sorry."

Chuckling lightly, Horace continued, "Donn, the man who had been hiding in the dark and shooting should have left, because the murderous will I felt has disappeared!"

"Mr. Warren, you are so talented that you can even feel the murderous will!" Donn praised in an awed tone.

Wearing a serious expression on his face, he continued softly, "Mr. Warren, sometimes when the murderous will disappears, it doesn't mean that the enemy has left. It's possible that the enemy is laying low and biding his time. A rudimentary quality of an assassin is keeping their emotions in check and remaining calm at all times. That's why I can't relax, Mr. Warren."

"Talented? Donn, you are flattering me!" Horace chuckled with a pleased smile. "Donn, you are professional in this respect. You should check his injuries."

Without waiting for Donn's reply, Horace turned to Richard and pressed his shirt on the wound with all his might. He was afraid that Richard would die if he lost too much blood.

At this moment, Tobias, who had just heard Donn's

sigh in the private room, also came to the scene. When he saw Horace, he murmured respectfully, "Mr. Warren!"

Then he asked, "Mr. Warren, are you okay?"

"I'm fine, Professor Bates." When Horace saw Tobias walking towards them, he breathed a sigh of relief. Then he looked at Richard who was in front of him and said to Tobias with uncertainty, "Professor Bates, this man saved me without a care for his own life. I want to keep him alive. Can you do that?"

"He saved you?" Tobias questioned, stunned. "Mr. Warren, don't worry. I will try my best!" he promised in a grave tone.

Immediately, Tobias squatted down and began to check Richard's injury.

"The gunshot wound is not fatal, but he has lost a lot of blood. If we don't stem it, his life may be in danger."

Whilst explaining Richard's wounds to Horace, Tobias continued to look him over. Ten seconds later, he declared solemnly, "Mr. Warren, I need to disinfect the wound with alcohol, and then bandage it. After that, I will stop this man's bleeding!"

"Oh, Professor Bates, you don't have to explain so much to me. You just need to tell me what you need. I don't understand anything else!"

With a sigh, Horace rubbed his forehead and added, "Professor Bates, I'm going to fetch some alcohol. When this matter is over, you can teach me medical knowledge when you are free."

As quickly as he could, Horace got to his feet and rushed to the closest private room.

About a minute later, Horace rushed over from the private room with a bottle of liquor.

"Here you are, Professor Bates!"

Horace handed the bottle to Tobias and asked in a rather anxious tone, "Professor Bates, can you cure this man? He has a family expecting him to return home. We can't let anything happen to him!"

"Don't worry, Mr. Warren. I can deal with this kind of non-fatal wound even if there are no tools nearby," Tobias assured him with a smile.

At this time, Donn also turned around to face them. Then he took a deep breath and proclaimed, "Mr. Warren, the assassin should have left."

Then he added, "Mr. Warren, this unknown man is

very powerful. He should at least be on par with the member of Kylin Bone, who works for Marcus. It's the only reason why I didn't notice any movement even when I was at such a short distance from him!"

With a rueful shake of his head, Donn continued in a low voice, "I really regret not raising my gun in the past. Otherwise, he wouldn't have gotten the better of me now!"

Shoulders slumping, Donn hung his head in regret and shame.

"Donn, what are you doing? There is no reason for you to regret your actions. In fact, I'm glad that you didn't raise your gun back then. If you had, we wouldn't have seen each other and I would never have known a good friend like you!" Horace declared earnestly, trying to comfort Donn.

"Mr. Warren, thank you for your kind words," Donn replied seriously.

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Chapter 277 How About A Hundred Bottles



Donn, we've known each other for a long time. Why do you still thank me? I'd rather you don't be so polite to me in the future!" Horace said seriously.

He then looked at Richard who was lying on the floor, looking a little worried.

Richard had taken a bullet that was intended for Horace. Although the bullet was unlikely to kill Horace, it could still have seriously injured him.

Richard risked his life to save Horace. That was why Horace was worried about Richard's injury!

While Horace was looking at the man lying on the floor with concern, Donn suddenly saw the wound on the back of Horace's right hand. He was shocked and shouted, "Mr. Warren, your hand is injured!"

"It's no big deal!" Horace smiled at Donn and said indifferently!

Horace used to work in construction sites before, and one day, his palm was pierced by a nail. He was therefore no stranger to pain and the little wound caused by the bullet didn't bother him at all.

"Who on earth dared to attack you? I'll find him and tear him into pieces. How dare he hurt you?"

Donn was fuming. After saying that, he thought that

Horace was really an outstanding man. Although he had been seriously injured on his hand, Horace didn't care about his wound at all. He instead cared about this security guard first. How could someone try to assassinate such an excellent man as Horace?

While Donn was deep in thoughts, Horace's voice rang out. "Well, it's not a big deal, Donn!"

Donn's words made Horace feel warm in his heart. He patted Donn on the shoulder to reassure him.

While Donn and Horace were chatting, Tobias took a deep breath and said, "Mr. Warren, I took care of this man's wound as you asked me to. He will be fine! Mr. Warren, the method I used to stop the bleeding won't last very long. Now, I can only guarantee that this man won't bleed for the next two hours. If you want him to get proper treatment, you have to send him to the hospital or give me a set of tools!"

"Professor Bates, you are really amazing!" Horace said in earnest.

He paused to look at Richard who seemed to be much better now and then added, "Professor Bates, if I had known something like this would happen, I would have prepared a few sets of necessary tools for you in advance!"

"Your compliments mean much to me, Mr. Warren!" Tobias said respectfully.

"Okay! Well, let's hurry up to carry him to the car. We'll send him to the Rinas Infirmary so he can receive a complete treatment!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Donn replied.

He was about to bend down to carry Richard when

four strong men suddenly rushed out of the nearest private room.

One of the men shouted at Horace, "You brat, how dare you break into Mr. Garza's private room?"

"Hey man, it was an emergency situation. I'm sorry to have bothered you!" Horace said gently.

In the meanwhile, he pulled Donn for him to calm down. He had actually noticed that Donn was about to lose his temper and he didn't want anyone to get hurt.

Horace looked at the man who just spoke and added, "Dude, I just went into your private room to get a bottle of wine. I'll pay you ten times of it, okay? How about I give you ten bottles of this wine? Or would you rather I pay you ten times the price?"

Horace didn't get angry at the man for scolding him.

After all, he was wrong. Just now, he pushed open the door of the private room and without even a word to those who were inside, he grabbed the liquor bottle on the table. He thought it was normal that they would come after him for that.

Since he knew he was wrong, he didn't get angry at all.

"You broke into our private room and took away a bottle of wine! That's an insult! Do you think giving us ten bottles of wine would be enough to compensate for the offense? You must be kidding!"

The man didn't seem to be willing to let Horace go at all.

At this time, one of the men poked the man who was speaking, and then pointed at Richard who was still lying on the floor.

"What's it?" the former man muttered in a low voice to his companion pulling him. He then looked at the direction that his companion was pointing. When he saw Richard lying on the floor, his body began to shake.

He pointed at Richard on the floor and asked Horace, "Did you kill him?"

The thing was, in order to better treat Richard, Tobias had used a special technique to make him unconscious. Richard's breath was very weak, as if he were dead. That was why the men thought Horace had killed him.

Horace was stunned at the man's words.

"Are you serious? Don't frame me! He is my friend! He was injured by accident. He is actually the reason I

broke into your room just now. I needed to get a liquor in order to give him an emergency treatment!"

Horace's words reassured the man, who nodded and said in a low voice, "I see!"

However, his expression suddenly became cold again and he sneered, "You brat, don't change the topic. We haven't finished yet. You stole a bottle of wine from our private room. Paying ten bottles won't be enough! Do you know who is in that private room?"

"I don't have the faintest idea!" Horace said honestly.

He rushed in and out of the room in a hurry, so he didn't clearly see the people inside. After a short pause, he added, "Since ten bottles won't be enough, how about a hundred bottles?"

It didn't matter to Horace whether he gave this man

the equivalent of ten or a hundred bottles of wine. It didn't make much difference to him.

Hearing Horace's words, the man chuckled and said, "Well, it seems that you're a rich man with good manners! Fine! If you give us a million dollars as compensation, we will let you go."

"One million dollars? You must be kidding! I just took a bottle of wine from your private room. Why should I pay a million dollars for it?"

Horace glared at the man coldly. This man was definitely too greedy. Horace was ready to compensate them for having broken into their private room and snatched a bottle of wine, but the man wanted to take the opportunity to extort a million dollars from him! Horace would never agree to his extravagant demand.

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Chapter 278 Why Do You Want To Get Him In Trouble Like This



Horace didn't drink alcohol, but he knew the prices of different liquors. So he knew that the bottle of wine he had just taken from the men's private room was only worth twenty dollars outside. Although the wine was a little expensive in the club, its price did not exceed eighty dollars. The tenfold price he just offered was equivalent to over \$800. That was already very high, not to mention that he had just offered to pay a hundred times the amount.

However, his offer didn't seem enough for this greedy man, who asked him to pay a million dollars. That was

more than ten thousand times the price of this bottle of wine. He was definitely taking Horace for a fool!

When the man who spoke just now heard Horace's words, he sneered and said harshly to Horace, "Do you think you can bargain with me? We have the final say on how to deal with you! If you want this matter to be over with, you'd better give us a million dollars. You've just disturbed Mr. Garza! Do you who Mr. Garza is? He is one of the most famous rich young man in Zence! Now that you have disturbed such a powerful man, we can't let you go unless you give us one million dollars!"

"Mr. Garza?" After hearing what the man said, Horace paused. The thing was, he didn't know much about the rich people in Zence!

After a while, Horace shook his head and said, "I really don't know Mr. Garza you are talking about!"

"You brat, I suspect you are here today to cause trouble on purpose, right? How can you claim you don't know Mr. Garza?" the man scolded Horace harshly.

He actually began to suspect that Horace and the others were sent by some of Mr. Garza's enemies to make trouble on purpose!

"What are you talking about? Do I have to know Mr. Garza?" Horace said in confusion.

With a sigh, he added seriously, "Look, I won't give you a million dollars. I can at most give you a hundred times the price of a bottle of wine as compensation. That's about \$8, 000. I think that's fair enough!"

"Damn it! Who are you insulting with 8000 dollars? Do you think Mr. Garza lacks eight thousand dollars?" the

man shouted in anger after hearing what Horace said.

He then snorted coldly and turned to the other men behind him. "Guys, I guess this brat was sent by some of Mr. Garza's enemy to cause trouble here. Let's beat them up. Mr. Garza will certainly reward us handsomely for this."

"Okay!" the other three men agreed at once.

Then, four of them walked threateningly towards Horace.

"Guys, come on! I just took a bottle of wine from your private room! We don't have to do this!" Horace said helplessly as the four men walked towards him. He thought he was wrong, so he didn't want to fight with them.

However, the men ignored Horace's words and

continued to walk towards him. Seeing that they didn't stop, Horace said again, "Seriously guys, you'd better stop right there. I really don't want to hurt you!"

"Damn it! What did you say? Did you just say you don't want to hurt us? Do you think you can hurt us?"

Horace's words completely enraged the leading man. At this time, they were right in front of Horace. The leading man raised his right leg to kick Horace.

However, before he could do so, Donn ruthlessly kicked his left leg!

Donn's kick was so hard that the man lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor.

He was shocked and stunned, and stared at Donn in disbelief. Then he pointed at Donn and shouted, "How dare you kick me?"

"Humph, I should have killed you since you dared to attack Mr. Warren!" Donn remarked coldly.

Then he raised his right foot again and kicked the man in the chest. The kick propelled the arrogant man three meters away.

When the other men saw Donn attack their leader, they became enraged and gathered around Donn to attack him in turn.

They raised their fists to hit Donn.

"Ha-ha!" Seeing the three men's pathetic attack, Donn laughed scornfully. Then, in one swift motion, he punched all three of them.

The three men were knocked down instantly.

Seeing that Donn's strength greatly exceeded theirs, one of the men said to their leader who was still lying on the floor, "This guy is far too strong. I'm afraid we will be humiliated here today!"

"Do I need your fucking reminder?" the leading man roared to the man next to him. He then took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "I didn't expect that Mr. Garza's enemy could find such a person with such superhuman strength. You three stay here and stop them. I'll go report it to Mr. Garza!"

"What's your logic? You attacked us first just now. Why do you want to stop us? And quite frankly, you can't stop us!" Horace commented casually upon hearing the man's words.

After a few seconds, he sighed and added, "Listen guys, don't bother Mr. Garza, okay? Although I'm not sure if I know Mr. Garza or not, I'm sure of one thing.

If you bring him here, you will regret it bitterly."

"You brat, what do you mean?" The leading man was once again enraged by Horace's words. He could tell from Horace's tone that Horace implied Mr. Garza was not as powerful as him!

The leading man then said to the three men beside him, "Guys, kill this brat. I'll go to Mr. Garza!"

"Hey, buddy, do you have any animosity towards your boss? Why do you want to get him in trouble like this?" Horace asked helplessly.

"You bastard! How dare you question my loyalty towards Mr. Garza? Just wait and see!"

After saying that, the man got up and rushed to the private room they came out of just now!

The other three men still lying on the floor, looked at Donn nervously, as if they were afraid that Donn would suddenly attack them.

Horace waved at them and said, "Guys, don't be nervous. As long as you don't attack us, we won't attack you!"

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Chapter 279 Are Your Legs Cramping



"Hey, does that mean you yourself won't beat us up?" one of the three burly men asked in a low booming voice. He then glared at Donn intently.

He was afraid that what Horace said just now was

only about Horace himself!

Donn met the burly man's gaze and smiled. "Although it would give me great pleasure to beat you up, Mr. Warren speak for our whole crew. So you're safe, for now!"

"Oh!" When the men heard what he said, they collectively took a deep breath. Donn had just overpowered all three of them!

As they relaxed, their leader named Larson Payne led a young man out of the nearest private room.

It was then that Larson pointed at Horace. "You brat, Mr. Garza is present. You are so screwed for offending him. It doesn't matter how powerful you are, you won't make it out of here alive! Here in Zence, no one dares to offend Mr. Garza."

Just as Larson finished talking, muffled sounds rang out. The young man he was with trembled and dropped to his knees when he saw Horace.

"Mr. Garza, what's wrong with you?" he said in a hushed tone. "Are your legs cramping? Let me help you up!"

He then hurriedly bent down to help Mr. Garza back up. But as he leaned down, the young man slapped him.

Mr. Garza then proceeded to berate him harshly, "You dumbass! How dare you offend Mr. Warren, the most powerful man in all of Rinas? You not only offended him, but also asked me to come here! I'll fucking kill you!"

Once he was done shouting Larson's ear off, he slapped him again on the head for good measure.

"What? Mr. Warren? Mr. Garza, are you sure?" he asked in disbelief with his mouth agape.

"Mr. Garza, so let me just be clear, you said that Mr. Warren is the most powerful man in all of Rinas, right? Then does that mean he's more powerful than Milo? If that's the case, then why did he come into our private room to steal wine?"

A while ago, Mr. Garza gossiped with his henchmen about a fleet of sports cars he saw that took the city by storm. Although he had never seen anything quite like it, he knew where the Lamborghini Veneno was sold.

Mr. Garza was Leif who appeared at the Lamborghini dealership back then. How was he not shocked and overwhelmed by fear? After all, he knew a little of Horace's power.

On that day, Horace left a lasting impression on him in the dealership. He couldn't have mistaken him for anyone else. For that reason alone, he smacked Larson a few times after he had so gravely offended Horace.

"If you have some sort of death wish, don't involve me. It is an honor to have Mr. Warren come to our room to get wine. How dare you slander his name by accusing him of stealing? You need to be taught a lesson!"

He then hurled a slurry of curses at him, "Do you really want to die that bad? Until now, you haven't knelt down and asked for mercy from Mr. Warren!"

"Is this guy really the rich young guy who instantly rose to fame in Rinas a few days ago?"

When Larson heard the slew of curses Leif said, a chill ran down his spine. He knew Leif's power. Earlier, he had never thought that the deadbeat-looking man named Horace was actually a wealthy socialite.

But when he finally came to his senses, he knelt down in front of him and cried, "Mr. Warren, I'm sorry. Please let me go! I had no idea it was you. Believe me, if I had known you, I would have never gone against you!"

"What did I tell you before you went back to the private room?" Horace grinned as he watched Larson plead for his pathetic life.

"Ah!" Larson looked bewildered at first at what Horace said. But then he recalled their conversation seconds ago, he whispered, "Mr. Warren, you told me not to bother Mr. Garza. You also told me not to call him or

else I'll regret it!"

"Now, do you believe what I said?" Horace chuckled as he questioned the poor man.

When he was done speaking, Leif smacked Larson on the head again and then scolded him, "Larson, are you fucking stupid or something? Do you want to get us both killed? Mr. Warren let you off with a warning. You then did the complete opposite and asked me to come here. I ought to beat you to death right now!"

He then smacked Larson's head several times to punish him!

Larson felt the throbbing pain in his head after being smacked several times and thought sorrowfully that Mr. Warren didn't look like the typical rich and powerful man. He even acted differently from what they did. How could he have possibly known that he

was one of them? It was not completely his fault!

Once he thought it through, groveled to Horace and begged, "Mr. Warren, I believe you now!"

He then whispered to Leif, "Mr. Garza, I... I'm sorry I asked you to come!"

He didn't dare tell Horace that he looked like a bum. If he told him that to his face, things could've gotten much worse. So instead he wanted to make up a random reason.

Leif had more things to say, but Horace waved him off and said, "Well, I have a lot of urgent things I need to get done. I don't want to waste any more of my time here!"

He then glared at Larson coldly, "You, your name is Larson, right? Everyone says bad things when they

don't think before they speak. I've already told you off and I won't make things any more difficult for you. But just for extra punishment, I want you to slap yourself ten times, and then I'll let you go!"

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Chapter 280 If The Man Was Attracted To Men



"Okay, Mr. Warren. Thank you for your generosity," Larson said respectfully after listening to Horace. When he learned that Horace was the most powerful young man in Rinas, he had already seen himself dying. He was lucky that Horace had only decided to let him slap himself as punishment. He felt like he had just escaped his own death.

After thanking Horace, Larson raised his hand and started slapping himself on the cheek. He used so much strength that the corner of his mouth instantly swelled up.

As he did it again, a loud sound resonated from the action.

When he slapped himself the seventh time, Horace raised his hand and said, "That's enough! This should be the last time!"

Horace didn't want to punish him severely, especially since he was the one that caused this matter.

After all, he was at fault. It was wrong to trespass into other people's private room in the club. That was why he decided to make his punishment light. Larson's only true crime was being rude.

When Horace stopped him, Larson bowed repeatedly and said, "Thank you for being so kind, Mr. Warren. It will never happen again, I promise."

While this was going on, Leif looked at Horace appreciatively. He could see that Horace was a good man and wondered why Skyla seemed to have a problem with Horace.

Earlier, in the Lamborghini exclusive shop when everyone had left, Leif noticed the cold look Skyla was giving Horace. Leif couldn't forget the steel look he saw in her eyes. When he tried looking at Skyla to get her attention, she stared back at him in the same way.

Her intense gaze made Leif shiver involuntarily. It felt as if he was in a horror movie he hadn't sign up for. It still scared him so much that even when he saw Horace, he was scared to talk to him about Skyla,

even though she wasn't around.

Even if Horace and Skyla didn't get along, he didn't really have the right to interfere in their business. Besides, he didn't understand what could have happened to make Skyla so hostile towards Horace. It was strange though, that when Skyla's father, Dario saw Horace, he would address him as "Mr. Warren", and in a respectful manner too.

Now he was confused, and didn't know who to support. Mr. Warren or Skyla? As Leif looked at Mr. Warren, he thought that he was really kind and nice. He wanted to be on his side, but he didn't really know much about him. What if he wasn't really a nice person? Besides, he might not know Mr. Warren very well, but he knew that Skyla was very fierce and could be ruthless if she put her mind to it. She was a force to be reckoned with, and if she found out that he was on Mr. Warren's side, she wouldn't let him go.

"Leif, what are you thinking about?" Horace's voice pulled Leif out of his thoughts.

"Ah!" he shouted, startled. Scared to say exactly what was going through his mind, he reluctantly turned to face Horace. He couldn't afford to offend either Horace or Skyla. Besides, he didn't know how things were going to turn out if he spoke to Horace about all he had in mind. If Skyla later on came for him because he opened his mouth, who would Horace help?

Thinking of all these, Leif shook his head and said instead, "Uh... Nothing. I was just thinking of how good you are. Your mercy surprised me."

"Oh, well..." Horace didn't expect him to give that type of answer. He glanced at Leif stealthily and wondered if the man was attracted to men. He blinked several

times in disbelief and thought it was better if they kept a distance between themselves.

With that in mind, Horace subtly took a step back. Then, he cleared his throat and said, "Leif, today's drama is over. So don't waste time thinking about it."

Horace then looked at Donn who was still next to him and said, "Donn, let's go, shall we? We can't keep Richard away from treatment anymore than we already have. Even with Professor Bates' help, we still have to take it seriously."

As soon as he finished saying this, they heard a loud voice say from the end of the corridor, "Damn it! Who dared to cause trouble in our club? Are you looking for your death?"

Shortly after, a big man with huge muscles and tattoos appeared in front of everyone. He wasn't alone

though. A dozen younger men followed him with sticks in their hands.

He came face to face with Horace and spat out, "Brat, did you cause trouble in our club?"

These people were obviously guardians of the Royal Entertainment Karaoke Club. As one of the famous entertainment places in Rinas, it was often filled with drunk people. So it was normal that the owner of the club hired a group of guardians that would keep the club safe at all times.

"Although I was the one who caused what just happened, I wasn't the one who stirred up trouble," Horace explained impatiently to the man who was staring him down.

When the huge man didn't react, he continued, "Well, I actually have something urgent to deal with. One of

my friends is injured and I have to get him to the hospital. Could you please excuse me?"

Indeed, what just happened in the club had something to do with him as he had explained to the man. But once he did this, the dozen men that came with the huge man blocked his way.

Horace had spoken in a hurry because he was in a haste to get Richard to the hospital. He didn't have any more time to spend in the club while Richard was dying.

However, the man with tattoos could care less about what he had to do. He raised the long stick he held in his hand and pointed it at Horace threateningly.

"Why the hell are in such a hurry? You caused all this trouble in our club and you want to leave like this? That's not happening! If I let you leave after this mess

you've created, people will hear wind of it and anyone will think they can come here and do whatever they want in the future. You know I can't let that happen."

The huge man tilted his head and added, "But I won't make things difficult for you. I'll cut off one of your hands, and then you can go. That's a fair trade, right?"

"What the hell! Cut off one hand? Horace couldn't believe his ears. He only had two hands. It was really ridiculous that this man wanted to cut one off. That would only leave him with one!

The huge man chuckled at Horace's reaction and said, "You brat! What do you expect? You created a mess in our club. We are being so kind to let you off with one hand. Do you want us to take both hands?"

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