

The man who just spoke was Hudson Martel. No sooner had he finished his words than Leif, who was kneeling in front of Horace, pointed at him and snapped, "Hudson, what the hell is wrong with you? Do you know who this man is? How dare you say that? Let me tell you, if your boss were to find out what you said, he would have both of your hands cut off! No, your boss would definitely kill you. I'm not kidding!"

However, Hudson didn't take Leif's words any seriously. He chuckled and scoffed, "Oh, Leif, I didn't notice you just now! You don't have to kneel down in front of me, you know?"

Hudson was very famous in the area around the Royal Entertainment Karaoke Club, and his boss was

very famous and powerful in Rinas. Because of this, Hudson might respect Leif's father, but he had no respect for Leif at all.

"Hudson, how dare you insult me?" Leif flew in a rage after hearing what Hudson said.

In the past, Leif would never dare to go against Hudson. But now, Hudson had offended Horace. Leif knew Horace's identity, so he knew Hudson got himself into big trouble just now. Even Hudson's boss had to hold Horace in high regard! That was what gave Leif the courage to speak boldly to Hudson.

"So what are you going to do about it?" Hudson said scornfully to Leif.

With a sneer, he added, "You know what, I'm not just going to insult you today. I will also beat you to a pulp! Believe me!"

After saying that, Hudson slowly walked over to Leif. He raised the stick in his hand to hit Leif.

At this time, Horace glanced at Donn and said, "Stop him!"

"Okay!" Donn nodded and quickly moved forward to protect Leif!

Before Hudson could strike Leif with the stick, Donn stretched out his hand and grabbed the stick at once!

"What... what just happened?" Hudson stammered in shock after Donn grabbed the stick. He was actually shocked because not only was the stick big and heavy, but he had also flung it with much force. How could Donn catch it so easily?

"You, where do you come from?" Hudson glared at

Donn and asked sternly.

"I came from Antawood. Why ask?" Donn sneered and said disdainfully, snatching the stick from Hudson.

Then Donn raised the long stick to hit Hudson. As he did so, he said, "I think you should have a taste of your own medicine!"

The next second, the long stick fell on Hudson's arm.

The hard blow snapped Hudson's arm.

"Since you love hurting others so much, I think you must love being hurt yourself!" Donn said coldly.

Hudson was in intense pain and he let out a scream, glaring coldly at Donn.

He shouted at Donn, "You're dead meat. How dare you break my arm? I'll kill you today!"

Hudson then turned to the young men behind him and said coldly, "Why are you still standing there? Don't you know what you have to do? This bastard has just broken my arm. You guys go and kill him!"

Hudson's henchmen were shocked just now when they saw Donn hit Hudson. After all, Hudson was a very powerful man in their eyes. They never thought anyone would dare to hit him.

However, Hudson's roar brought them back to their senses. One of the young men yelled, "Let's avenge Hudson and kill this bastard!"

The young man then raised the long stick in his hand and ran towards Donn. The others also followed suit and they all attacked Donn.

At this moment, Donn's eyes turned cold. He looked at the men running towards him and said coldly, "Come over if you want to die!"

Donn's cold voice sent a chill through Hudson's henchmen. At this moment, they didn't dare to take a step forward. They looked at Donn with a trace of fear in their eyes.

In fact, Donn's murderous aura was so overwhelming that these men all felt like they were in the presence of the god of death. He was just so frightening.

"Damn it! Why are you afraid of him?" Hudson shouted in anger when he saw that the dozen young men he had sent to attack Donn all stopped suddenly. How could his men be so scared of one man?

"It seems that your broken arm doesn't hurt much!"

Donn scoffed and raised the stick in his hand again.

The next second, the stick was brought swiftly down. It hit hard against Hudson's left arm, breaking it too.

"Ah!" The excruciating pain made Hudson scream his lungs out.

He looked at Donn with a trace of hatred and hissed, "Bastard! I must kill you today!"

Hudson then shouted at the young men behind him, "Do you want to die? Why are you still standing here? Kill this motherfucker! If you keep standing here, I guarantee you I'll make you regret it!"

Hudson's words brought the henchmen back to their senses again. They stepped forward again to attack Donn.

Seeing the men rushing to attack Donn, Leif shouted at Larson and the others, "Go help him!"

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Chapter 282 As Long As I Can Praise You!



"Okay, Mr. Garza!" Larson and the others stood up when Leif said this. They walked to Donn, and together they faced the dozen fierce men in front of them.

When they were just four of them, they didn't have the courage to face so many people in a fight. But now that they had Donn by their side, they felt incomparably confident. They felt like nothing could happen to them as long as Donn was right there with

them.

As a matter of fact, all of their fear seemed to fade into thin air as they stood together with Donn. As though they knew they were about to be beaten, the faces of the dozen men that looked so fierce before suddenly changed. Donn's cold gaze was enough to keep them shaking in their boots. Some of them even felt like fighting this man was looking for their own death.

Although all of them had the same scared thoughts running through their minds, a young man gulped and shouted hysterically, "Come on, people! We can't be scared! They are only five of them!"

The same young man took the first step and ran towards their adversaries. Just as soon, the others followed suit and charged towards the fewer men.

Just before they reached Donn and the others, Larson and his men also walked up to meet them halfway. As they matched towards them with confidence, Larson grunted, "Fuck it! We're going to kill these bastards with Donn by our side!"

With this, Larson raised the hammer in his hand and aimed it towards the nearest young man to him.

"Damn it, kill him!" Immediately, the young man in front of Larson counteracted by raising the long stick he had in his hand and sweeping it at Larson.

Out of nowhere, Donn's hand held the stick and stopped it before it touched Larson. Then he raised his head and shot the man a cold look. "Fuck off!" he said coldly.

Scared, the young man stepped back quickly as Donn let go off his stick. He was looking at Donn with so

much fear in his eyes. As he stepped back some more, he felt his knees begin to go weak.

Donn's earlier look had been enough to put enormous pressure on this man. After what just happened, how could this young man be indifferent to his killer look?

"You're such a coward, Dewey! He simply told you to fuck off and you're backing off like an obedient fool!" the young man's partner said from behind him.

However, he only succeeded in bringing Donn's attention to him. Donn fixed him with the same look, and just as soon, he stumbled back quickly, scared by the look in Donn's eyes.

Seeing this, Dewey Barnes mocked the man that had spoken earlier to him. He glared at the young man and said in the same disdainful tone he had used, "Manley, I can't believe you dared to laugh at me. I

mean, do you see how ridiculous you look? At least, he said something before I stepped back. Can you say the same for yourself? You were so scared that you took three steps back even before he said anything. Trust me man, you're absolutely ridiculous."

"Fuck you, Dewey!" Manley Lawson cursed as he glared at Dewey.

Dewey glared at him in return and said harshly, "Are you scolding me? Are you crazy? I believe I didn't say anything wrong."

"Oh? Do you have any problem with me cursing you? What are you going to do about it? It's not like I was the only one that just got humiliated!" Manley snorted disgustingly.

Then, he turned fully to him and continued, "What? Do you think you're more courageous just because

you stepped back after being scolded? Huh?"

"Manley, it looks like you're looking for a fight. Remember you're the one who started this," Dewey said angrily. He quickly swung the long stick he was holding at Manley.

"How dare you!" Manley shouted angrily and quickly raised his own stick to attack Dewey.

With a loud sound, both sticks collided in the air, pushing both men backwards.

"What are you guys doing?" Hudson shouted angrily when he saw two of his men fighting against each other.

Unfortunately, Manley and Dewey were already so consumed by their anger and their fight that Hudson's roar fell on deaf ears.

Manley attacked Dewey again, but the latter wasn't able to protect himself this time. Manley's stick hit him hard.

"Who's with me? Let's kill Manley!" Dewey roared as he breathed heavily.

"Yes! I've hated him for so long. I thought this day would never come!" some of the other young men commented and tried to help Dewey with their sticks already raised in the air, ready to fight.

Seeing this, another young man yelled, "Oh no, they're going to kill Manley! We have to help him!"

Hearing this, the remaining men rushed towards Dewey to stop him.

The men had broken into two different angry groups.

No matter how loudly Hudson shouted for them to stop, it didn't work. They were in their own world where all they thought of was revenge.

Unfortunately, both of Hudson's arms were broken, and there was nothing else he could do to stop the fight, but sit and shout for them to stop.

As Larson watched the young men fighting, he gave Donn a thumbs up and said in awe, "Oh my God, Donn! You're awesome! Your words and looks were enough to make them start fighting among themselves. I wish I could be like you."

"Well, what do you expect?" Leif said to Larson. "No ordinary person can work for Mr. Warren. So it's only normal."

"Mr. Warren, you are awesome!" Larson agreed with Leif. Then, he turned to Horace and said, "Mr.

Warren, I feel so lucky to have met you today. It was an honor!"

"Don't you feel any pain when you speak?" Horace asked curiously as he stared at the man's swollen mouth.

"As long as I can praise you, the pain will be bearable for me," Larson said proudly and squared his shoulders.

Suddenly, another loud and arrogant voice was heard coming from the corridor. "Who are you? And how dare you cause trouble in the Royal Entertainment Karaoke Club?"

It was silent for a while, before the same voice said again, "Hudson? What the hell is going on here? Why have your men caused a mess in my place? Don't you want to stay in Rinas anymore?"

"Isn't that Uncle Farris' voice?" Horace whispered in confusion.

He looked up to find out who had just come in, but his view was blocked by the young men who were fighting earlier. The person too couldn't see Horace and the others because his view was also blocked.

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Chapter 283 Hudson Just Asked Us To Teach Mr. Warren A Lesson!



Just as Horace finished his words, Hudson, who had managed to stop the fight earlier, rushed over to the man who had just come. While running forward, he was accidentally injured by two of his men who were

still fighting.

The two henchmen sent violent blows which, unbeknownst to them, landed twice on Hudson's face. Hudson's face swelled almost immediately. Hudson endured the pain and took a close look at the two young men who had hit him. He kept their faces in his mind, determined to settle accounts with them later.

After that, Hudson continued to run forward. He was hit a few more times on the head before he finally came to the side of the man.

Hudson bowed to the man and said respectfully, "Boss, someone caused trouble in our club today, so I brought my men here to handle the situation. But they just misunderstood each other and unfortunately this caused an internal conflict!"

After saying that, Hudson fell on his knees in front of

his boss and added, "Boss, it's all my fault. I should have better disciplined my men. Please punish me!"

Hudson looked at his broken arms, and said again in a pitiful tone, "Boss, please do me justice. Look at my arms. They have been broken by those troublemakers! Don't let them off the hook."

Hudson then burst into tears, crying like a child!

Hudson's boss frowned as he stared at Hudson's broken arms. He asked sternly, "Hudson, who had the guts to make trouble in our club and even break your arms? Get up! I'll deal with this matter myself!"

As soon as his boss finished speaking, Hudson pointed in the direction of Horace and shouted, "It's them!" However, there were too many people in front of Hudson's boss for him to see the person Hudson was pointing at.

At this time, Hudson shouted at his men who were still fighting, "Damn it! Boss is here. Why are you still fighting? What the hell is wrong with you? Do you want to lose your jobs?"

Hudson had barely finished his words when a long stick flew from the hands of one of his men and crashed onto his head.

Since he was kneeling on the floor, and both his arms were broken, he couldn't avoid the long stick at all. He could only watch helplessly as it hit him right in the head.

"How dare you!" Hudson shouted angrily while struggling to stand up. He glared at his men who were still fighting.

At this moment, one of the henchmen whispered to

the others, "I think Hudson just said that the boss is here!"

"Damn it! Boss is here?"

Upon hearing that the boss was there, the men all stopped fighting at once and turned to look at their boss. His cold demeanor sent chills all over them and they all bowed to him. "Boss!" they greeted their boss respectfully.

When the men took a bow, Horace was able to see the face of their boss. That man happened to be Farris, the third richest man in Rinas!

"Uncle Farris!" Horace raised his hand and greeted Farris.

"Mr. Warren!" Farris was stunned when he saw Horace. He bowed respectfully to Horace and greeted

him, "Hello, Mr. Warren!"

Farris then looked at Hudson who was beside him, and asked, "Hudson, who did you say was causing trouble here?"

Hudson's whole body was trembling with fear now. It was obvious that his boss held Horace in high regards. His plan was to frame Horace, but seeing how his boss treated Horace, his mind went blank.

Hudson shook his head and said quickly, "Boss, I... I meant these two!"

Hudson pointed at Dewey and Manley.

He didn't dare to talk ill of Horace now.

"Hmm..." Of course, Farris didn't believe a word of what Hudson said. The thing was, Farris was very

careful by nature and he could tell when people were lying to him. No wonder he was a successful man. He guessed that Hudson was actually referring to Horace just now.

Glaring at Hudson, Farris asked coldly, "Did you mean that Mr. Warren was making trouble here? Is he the one who broke your arms?"

Farris snorted coldly and pinched his eyebrows. Then, he yelled at Hudson again, "Do you fucking want to die? How dare you slander Mr. Warren?"

"Boss, Hudson just asked us to teach Mr. Warren a lesson!" Dewey said to Farris in a low voice.

"Yes, boss, Dewey is right. Hudson asked us to teach Mr. Warren a lesson!" Manley said in turn.

Of course they didn't appreciate that Hudson wanted

to frame them up, accusing them of making trouble here. Because of that, they didn't respect him anymore. In fact, they even had a little hatred for him now. After all, what Hudson said could get them in serious trouble. They were therefore relieved to see that their boss wasn't fooled by Hudson's lies and they hastened to add fuel to the fire.

At this moment, Farris glared at Hudson and snapped, "If you had accused someone else of causing trouble here, I might believe you. But you accused Mr. Warren! Do you think I could believe that? You know what? Slandering Mr. Warren is like having a death wish. Do you want to die? You are lucky your arms were just broken. But that doesn't seem to be enough for you!"

After saying that, Farris turned to one of the men beside him and said in a low voice, "Bring me a stick!"

"Okay, boss!" The young man hurriedly grabbed a stick and brought it to Farris.

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Chapter 284 Here's The Stick!



The young man rushed over to Farris' side, the stick in his hand held out respectfully. "Boss, here's the stick!" he said deferentially.

"Good," Farris murmured, his attention not on the young man holding the stick, but on the man beside him who was currently trembling in fear. He stretched out his right hand and relieved the man young of the stick.

Then he raised the stick into the air.

"No!" Hudson exclaimed in terror when he saw the long stick in Farris' hand.

In the next second, there was the sound of a thud as Hudson's head hit the floor. He begged profusely, "Boss, I was wrong. Please spare me just this once. I won't do it again!"

"Spare you?" Farris snorted, his eyes flashing coldly. Without an ounce of mercy, he brought it down on the left leg of Hudson with all his might.

"Ah!"

There was a sickening thud as Hudson's shin broke and he collapsed to the floor with a loud shrill. Still whimpering, Hudson crawled forward even as he cradled his broken leg. He didn't stop until he could

grab a hold of Farris' feet and begged pitifully.

In reality, Farris was a boss who treated his subordinates well. Otherwise, he would not have asked Hudson to stand up after hearing that Hudson's arms were broken.

Although Farris was a lenient boss, there was one condition to his leniency; none of his subordinates could offend Horace.

Horace held a vital place in Farris' heart. As a matter of fact, offending Horace was a greater offense than offending Farris himself.

It was due to this fact that Farris couldn't let Hudson's transgression go easily. He raised the stick with the intent to hit him again.

However, when Farris was about to bring the stick

down on Hudson's other leg, Horace suddenly spoke.

"Uncle Farris, forget it. Even though Hudson was a little rude, he was indeed maintaining the security of the club just now."

"Mr. Warren, you are so kind!" Farris gushed, the respect he felt for Horace evident in his voice.

Almost immediately, he turned his head in Hudson's direction and kicked him. "Hudson, what are you waiting for? Say thanks to Mr. Warren! You have offended Mr. Warren, yet he's so gracious that he still wants to spare you. Do you even understand how lucky you are?"

"Yes, yes, boss, you are right!" Hudson agreed readily, his head bobbing repeatedly as he spoke.

Pain wreathing his features, Hudson did his best to

turn his body with one leg. When he was able to manage the maneuver, he bowed to Horace. "Mr. Warren, thank you for your magnanimity. I will never be rude again!"

Horace stared down at him with a calm expression and declared, "Hudson, remember not to say that you would cut off someone's hands! Do you know how bloody it is? And I hate blood the most!"

"Mr. Warren, I will never say that again!" Hudson agreed immediately.

At this moment, he was regretting every single one of his utterances. If he had known that Horace was so powerful, he wouldn't have dared to provoke him or say anything cruel.

At the same time, Farris snapped at Hudson, "What the hell did I tell you before? Didn't I tell you that our

club is a formal club and no one is allowed to break the law? How could you threaten to cut off someone's arms and legs? No wonder Mr. Warren broke your arms. What he did was right. If Mr. Warren hadn't spoken for you, I would have broken your other leg!"

"Ah! I was wrong, boss!" Hudson shouted, trembling at the anger in his boss's voice.

Then he said to Horace loudly, "Mr. Warren, I'm sorry. Please let me go!"

"Forget it, Uncle Farris." Horace gently waved at Farris, indicating that he should let Hudson go. Then Horace continued urgently, "Uncle Farris, I have something else to do today. This man got injured because of me. I have to take him to the Rinas Infirmary now."

"Mr. Warren, let me drive you there!" Farris offered

immediately.

Then he made a gesture of "please" to Horace and said, "Mr. Warren, please follow me. My car is at the door. It's more convenient!"

"Okay," Horace agreed immediately.

Before he followed Farris though, he turned in Donn's direction and ordered, "Donn, let's take Richard to the hospital."

"Yes, Mr. Warren." Donn immediately moved towards Richard and attempted to lift the unconscious man.

"Mr. Warren, Donn, let's help you!" When Larson and the others saw that Donn was about to move Richard, they rushed to Donn and lifted Richard up.

Horace glanced at the people beside him and didn't

refuse. He shouted directly, "Let's go!"

This was an emergency and he didn't have a lot of time to waste.

At his shout, Donn and the others hurried towards Farris' car while carrying Richard.

Seconds later, they got to the side of Farris' car. Horace opened the door and they put Richard on the back seat of Farris' car. Horace, Donn and Tobias entered the car. At the same time, Horace sent a message to Cara and the others, telling them that they could go ahead and play first and the three of them would return soon.

After Farris' last car, which was a Rolls-Royce Phantom was crashed, he changed to another car. Right now, Farris was driving the commercial car of his previous company. The car was the SAVANA of

GMC. The interior space of the car was spacious, even when there was a person lying horizontally on the back seat, it didn't appear to be crowded.

After Farris started the car, Horace praised, "Uncle Farris, your car is so spacious and the seat is comfortable!"

"Mr. Warren, if you like it, I'll buy you a new one! I'd give you this one, but it is old," Farris assured him instantly.

When he heard that Horace liked the car, he wished that he could buy a new car for Horace this very instant.

"Uncle Farris, I don't know how to drive, so I don't need a car. It's just that it's the first time I've been in such a big car. I'm just a little impressed!" Horace muttered through a chuckle.

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Chapter 285 The Conversation In The Car



After hearing what Horace said, Farris thought for a while and then asked, "Mr. Warren, do you want to get a driving license? I actually think it might be a good thing as it would be more convenient for you to go out in the future."

Although Horace could always ask them or someone to drive him or even take a taxi at any time, it would be good if he knew how to drive himself. That could come in handy sometimes, for instance if there was an emergency. That was why Farris asked this.

Horace nodded and said, "You're right, Uncle Farris. I'm eighteen years old now. I am old enough to get a driving license. When I'm free, I'll go to a driving school!"

"Mr. Warren, I will make all the necessary arrangements with the driving school for you. You just have to go there and take driving lessons," Farris said respectfully. He could get Horace a driving license right away if he wanted. However, since Horace had never driven before, it would be irresponsible of him to do such a thing. For Horace's safety, as well as the safety of other road users, Horace needed to take driving lessons first.

At this moment, Horace nodded and said, "I'll do just that. Thank you, Uncle Farris."

"You're welcome, Mr. Warren. You don't have to be so polite to me!" After saying that, Farris sighed in his

heart and thought that Horace was always so polite and much better than the other young men in the Warren family!

Then suddenly, Farris looked at Horace again and said cautiously, "Mr. Warren, there's something I wonder if I should tell you or not."

"Uncle Farris, you don't have to hide anything from me. Just say whatever you want to say," Horace said with a smile.

Farris then took a deep breath and said solemnly, "Mr. Warren, be careful of the Russell family. I have a feeling they are up to something. Mr. Warren, I know it's not good to gossip behind others' back, but I really feel there is something wrong with the Russell family."

A look a surprise appeared on Horace's face after he heard what Farris said.

"Uncle Farris, did you find out anything precisely? Actually, I also feel that there is something wrong with the Russell family. But I don't think it has anything to do with Dario. I'm still not sure as to who is planning what in the Russell family."

It was Farris' turn to be surprised. "Mr. Warren, you also found it?"

"Yes, I found something was wrong when I went back to the village. How did you find it?" Horace asked in turn.

Farris thought for a while and then said, "Dario and I had been working on some business together recently. I was shocked to find that some of the assets of the Russell family had be transferred to an unknown third party. It was as if someone wanted to kick Dario out of the Russell family. As you said, Dario

definitely has nothing to do with this. It must be someone around him. But I can't understand how come Dario didn't know that part of his property had been transferred?"

"Maybe Dario doesn't always keep an eye on all of his assets. It's either that or Dario was back stabbed by someone he completely trusts." Horace felt those were the most logical explanations.

"There are only two people whom Dario trusts completely, and they are his daughter and wife," Farris said after thinking for a while.

Horace nodded. "That's right. Unfortunately, Uncle Farris, I can't accuse either of them without proof. After all, Dario loves his wife and daughter with all his heart, and that's why he trusts them completely. If I make baseless accusations against either of them, even if Dario doesn't say anything, he will definitely be

unhappy in his heart. So first we need to investigate and gather evidence. Only then can we draw conclusions."

Horace paused to think for a while, and then he said solemnly, "Uncle Farris, I leave it to you. Only you can investigate the Russell family in Rinas! I don't want to rely on my family for everything, so I count on you to do your best on this matter. Thank you in advance!"

"Mr. Warren, I told you not to be so polite to me! It's my duty to help you! Be rest assured, I won't let you down. I'll find out who is behind this!"

"Alright. Thank you again!"

Among all the top rich people in Rinas, Farris was the one Horace trusted the most. The thing was, Farris had been helping him after he returned to the Warren family. Moreover, he and Farris kept running into each

other. Since he trusted Farris completely, he handed over the investigation of the Russell family to him.

"Mr. Warren, do you need to thank me so often?" Farris joked, chuckling. At the same time, he wondered who in the Russell family was trying to mess up with Horace. Horace was such an excellent young man. Why would anyone try to go harm him?

As these questions crossed Farris' mind, his car slowly reached the Rinas Infirmary.

Horace looked at the imposing hospital building in front of him with mixed feelings. In the past, to pay for his mother's medical bills, he had to work non-stop just to earn some money. But ever since he had returned to the Warren family, everything had changed. He was no longer short of money and even two hundred million dollars was nothing to him now.

Horace sighed softly and said to Farris, "Don't stop. Just drive to the apron of the infirmary."

The plane that in which Donn and Tobias had come was still parked on the apron. Although it was small, the medical equipment in it was much better than that of the Rinas Infirmary. That was why Horace asked Farris to take them directly to the apron.

After the courage Richard had shown, he had earned Horace's respect. So Horace wanted Tobias to do everything he could to save Richard.

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Chapter 286 No Thanks, Mr. Warren!



Farris drove to the apron as Horace asked him to. Once there, Horace and the others carried Richard into the plane so Tobias could treat him.

As a professor of the Warren Infirmary in Antawood, Tobias' medical skills were second to none. After about half an hour, he had managed to stabilize Richard's condition.

After he was done, Tobias walked over to Horace and said respectfully, "Mr. Warren, I didn't let you down. He is out of danger now."

"Okay!" Horace said with satisfaction. He seemed to be lost in thoughts for a while and suddenly asked, "Professor Bates, do you really have to leave tomorrow?"

Tobias was confused by Horace's sudden question and asked, "Mr. Warren, is anything the matter?"

Thinking that Horace was actually worried about Richard, Tobias added, "Mr. Warren, you don't have worry about him. He will recover a great deal today. By tomorrow, he should be able to walk around. There's no need for me to stay here!"

Tobias genuinely thought that Horace wanted him to stay a few more days just in case Richard's condition worsened unexpectedly.

"I trust your medical skills!" Horace said seriously.

He seemed thoughtful for a while again and then said, "Professor Bates, here's the thing. I need you to treat the mother of a friend of mine, who has terminal cancer. I would like you to do this tomorrow. They are very good people and I want to help them. Can you stay just one more day? Honestly I didn't know about my friend's mother's condition until today. I happened to run into him at the Royal Entertainment Karaoke

Club. Had I known about it before, I would have asked you to treat her long ago and wouldn't have asked you to delay your schedule."

Tobias smiled and said seriously to Horace, "Mr. Warren, you don't have to explain so much to me! If you want to keep me here for a few more days, how can I say no?"

"Well, Tobias, I wouldn't have wanted to go back if the people of the headquarters haven't urged me to. Since you will stay here for a few more days, I will stay here with you," Donn said with a smile.

Actually, Donn felt tired to work in Antawood, so he wasn't really eager to go back. At headquarters, he had to deal with all sorts of shenanigans, which was very exhausting. He liked to stay with Horace. It was very relaxing and he didn't need to constantly be on his guards, fearing that others would frame him.

"Great!"

Tobias was excited that Donn decided to stay here with him. He too was sick of all the shenanigans in the Warren Infirmary in Antawood. Actually, the infighting was worse in the Warren Infirmary than in the Medical Research Institute.

The only reason he was going back was that he had received a call from headquarters, asking him to come back. So when Horace asked him to stay back, he eagerly agreed.

"Ha-ha, Donn, I see you really don't want to go back. How about I call headquarters to have them extend your leave? They won't refuse if I personally request it," Horace said with a smile.

He couldn't help giggling after hearing what Donn

said. Then he turned to look at Tobias and said, "Professor Bates, if you don't want to go back either, I can call your headquarters and arrange for you to permanently stay with me."

At this moment, Donn smiled and said seriously, "No, thanks, Mr. Warren! Although we want to stay with you, we have some important work to do."

Donn had decided to go back to gather his old friends and contact the full members of the Dragon Soul. He needed to help Horace build his power base. How could he give up helping Horace just for an easy life? The only thing that mattered for now was helping Horace become the next head of the Warren family!

As a matter of fact, Tobias also thought the same.

However, they didn't speak out their thoughts. The thing was, after spending a few days with Horace,

they had gotten to know what kind of a person he was. Horace cared about others first. If he knew what they were thinking, he would do everything for them to stay here with him.

After hearing what Tobias and Donn said, Farris, who was standing next to them, looked at Horace and thought that Horace was worthy of their respect. He had rarely seen someone with so much charisma. He had no doubt that Donn and Tobias would be able to rally some key people to create a power base for Horace once they returned to Antawood. For the moment, Horace did not really have a sphere of influence and this must change so that he eventually took the head of the Warren family. As for him, Farris was going to find out who in the Russell family was trying to harm Horace. Once done, he would work hard to make Rinas an international metropolis. That way, Horace would have a lot of power in future elections!

At this moment, Horace nodded to Tobias and Donn and said, "Alright. You can do as you like. However, if you ever feel unhappy in Antawood, just give me a call. I will personally ask your headquarters to let you come and work permanently with me. If they don't agree, then I will go there in person!"

"Thank you, Mr. Warren!" Donn and Tobias were moved by Horace's words. They felt they were really lucky to be working for him.

"Well, Richard will still be resting for quite a while. Let's go back first!" Horace said again.

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Donn and Tobias uttered at once.

They walked back to their car and all four of them drove back to the Royal Entertainment Karaoke Club.

Back in the private room of the club, when Cara and the others saw Farris walk in after Horace, they couldn't help but sigh with admiration. Horace was really amazing. Who else could hang out with the creme de la creme bigwigs like him?

They all had a great time at the karaoke club.

The next morning, Horace got up early. It was his first day as chairman of Melton Network Technology Limited today. He felt that as chairman, he had to get to the company earlier than employees at least for today. So, he got up early to wash up.

A few days ago, he had bought several clothes and today, he was wearing one of them. After all, he was a chairman now, and he had to take care of his image.

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Chapter 287 It's Him!



After bathing and getting dressed, Horace took a bus to the premises of Melton Network Technology Limited. Donn was supposed to pick him up, but Horace thought going to the company for the first time in the Lamborghini was too pretentious, so he politely declined Donn's offer. Plus, Donn was so handsome that his presence at the company could make waves.

Moreover, Donn and Tobias would be leaving soon, so he had to learn to do without them.

Two girls were sitting behind Horace on the bus and they were talking in low voices. However, Horace overheard their conversation.

One of the girls called Mona Davidson, said to her friend, "Jennifer, look at that young man. He is wearing Louis Vuitton but he takes the bus! How pretentious!"

"You know, Mona, it's so common nowadays to see young people trying to pass off as rich!" the other girl, called Jennifer Hoffman, said in turn.

The thing was, they viewed Louis Vuitton was a top luxury brand, so if someone could afford Louis Vuitton clothes, then that person must be very rich. No wonder they were shocked to see someone in Louis Vuitton taking the bus like everyone. So, they were sure that Horace's clothes were fake.

"You see, Mona, you should be extremely cautious when you chose your boyfriend in the future. Men nowadays like to pretend a lot. If you are not careful, you might end up with someone like this young man,

who just pretends to be rich but is actually a sore loser!" Jenifer said seriously to Mona.

Mona was thoughtful for a while and then sighed. "I know, Jenifer. I'm very careful when choosing a boyfriend now. My ex was actually one of those fake people! To think I almost slept with that loser! I can't allow myself to be deceived twice."

When Mona mentioned her ex-boyfriend, Jenifer's expression changed drastically. She looked angry and said in a bitter tone, "It pisses me off just to think of your ex-boyfriend. Did you know that he asked me out while you were still dating?"

While the two girls were chatting, a young man behind them, who had been listening to their conversation, suddenly poked his head to their side. He glanced at Horace and then said to Mona and Jenifer, "Hey ladies, since you don't like this man, how about I

teach him a lesson? Well, that's if you agree to give me your phone numbers."

"Who the hell are you? Why do you talk to us?"

Jenifer said coldly to the man. She pointed at Horace and added, "If you have any beef with that man, it has nothing to do with us. You can do whatever you like but don't get us involved! As for our phone numbers, you can keep dreaming!"

The young man didn't take offense to what Jenifer said. He chuckled and said, "Do you really think it has nothing to do with you? I'll teach this motherfucker a lesson for you, and you'll have to give me your numbers. If you don't, then I might as well teach you a lesson too!"

Jenifer was startled. She glared at the man and said coldly, "What do you mean? Look, do whatever you like, but please don't get us involved. If you threaten

us again, we'll call the police."

As Jenifer spoke, she raised her phone and waved it at the young man as a warning.

At this moment, the young man's expression changed. He snorted coldly, and reached out to grab the phone from Jenifer's hand. "You bitch! Do you want to piss me off? How dare you threaten me? Give me your phone numbers now or I will teach you a bitter lesson today!"

Actually, as soon as Jenifer and Mona got on the bus, this young man wanted to get to know them.

However, after thinking for a long time, he couldn't figure out a way of approaching them. When Horace got on the bus and he heard the conversation between Jenifer and Mona, he felt this was his chance to get to know the pretty ladies.

Since the two ladies obviously despised Horace very much, he figured he could definitely win their favor if he taught Horace a lesson. He didn't expect that they would refuse him directly.

No wonder he was really pissed now. After all, it was such an embarrassment. He gave up trying to please Jenifer and Mona and began openly forcing them to give him their numbers.

When the rude stranger grabbed her cellphone, Jenifer screamed for help. "Help! This weird man robbed me of my phone! Help me!"

"Let me see who dares to come over!" the man said threateningly as he pulled a fruit knife from his pocket. He held the knife in front of him, looking around the bus.

Two young men had already stood up to help Jenifer

when they heard her shout. However, when they saw the fruit knife the man was holding, they stopped in their tracks.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Jenifer shouted in shock and anger to her aggressor. At this time, she was a little regretful. She didn't expect that her criticisms about Horace would have such grave consequences. She should have kept her mouth shut.

The aggressor snorted coldly and said sternly, "I initially wanted your phone numbers so I could slowly try to win your hearts, but now I have changed my mind."

After saying that, he put Jenifer's phone into his pocket and then reached out to touch her breasts.

"Ah!" Jenifer exclaimed in shock, realizing what he was trying to do. Just as the young man's hand was

about to touch Jenifer's breasts, a thin arm suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

The aggressor's left hand was grabbed ruthlessly, and his right hand which was holding a fruit knife was punched hard.

The hard punch made the aggressor's hand to open in spite of him. The fruit knife fell out of the man's hand at once.


"Oh my! It's him!" Jenifer exclaimed when she saw the man who had just saved her.

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Chapter 288 It's Such A Coincidence!





It was Horace who had come to Jenifer's aid. Although he heard Jenifer and her friend laughing at him earlier, he didn't mind.

Horace was a man of principles, and he always tried to live by them. So when he saw this man assaulting these girls on the bus, he couldn't sit still and watch. I had to intervene.

It didn't matter to him that these girls made fun of him earlier. He couldn't bear to see people being bullied.

"Do you have a death wish or something?" the aggressor roared, glaring at Horace. He too was stunned to see that Horace stood out to help these girls even after they made fun of him.

Hearing the young man's words, Horace chuckled and said, "Are you kidding me? Do you think you can fight

me?"

He was holding the aggressor's hands firmly so there was nothing the man could do. Moreover, Horace knew he was stronger than this young man.

"Damn it! Hey, beat this motherfucker!" the aggressor shouted to another young man. That young man sitting next to him was actually his friend!

At this moment, the aggressor's friend raised his fist to punch Horace.

However, Horace, who was on his guard, quickly reacted. He took a step back and let go of the aggressor's right hand. Then, in a swift motion, he hit the young man who was about to punch him.

Although Horace hadn't received special combat training like Donn, he had no doubts that he could

take down these little thugs.

After all, he was stronger than ordinary people!

Horace's blow was so harsh that it threw the young man to his seat.

"Son of a bitch!" the aggressor's friend roared in anger, touching his swollen cheek. He thought that since the two of them were against Horace, they would easily have the upper hand.

As Horace looked at the young man glaring at him, a disdainful smile appeared on his face. He said coldly, "You thought I would stand still and let you hit me?"

Meanwhile, the aggressor, seeing that his right hand was freed, quickly threw a punch at Horace. He thought he would take him by surprise. However, Horace was still on his guard. He saw the punch

coming and reacted quickly. He also threw a punch.

The two men's fists collided, and the knuckles of the aggressor cracked.

"Ah!" the aggressor screamed in pain. He squatted down, trying to grab the fruit knife that Horace had just knocked off of his hand.

"It looks like you still haven't had enough!" Horace said coldly, seeing what the aggressor was up to. The next second, he ruthlessly kicked the young man in the ribs.

The aggressor was knocked to the floor.

If not for the limited space of the bus, Horace's blow would have sent him flying away.

"Fuck you!" Seeing Horace hit his friend so casually,

the other young man cursed him. Then he too took out a fruit knife from his pocket and tried to stab Horace.

"Watch out!" Jenifer shouted to Horace.

Unfortunately, although Horace tried to dodge the knife, he was too close to the young man to completely avoid the knife.

The knife cut his right hand, the same hand that had been injured by a bullet yesterday and wrapped up by Tobias.

Now, Horace had another big cut on his hand, more than ten centimeters long.

Immediately, blood trickled down Horace's wound.

"Are you okay?" Jenifer asked anxiously when she

saw the wound on Horace's right hand. At this moment, she didn't care whether Horace was a fake rich man or not. She was grateful to him for coming to her aid in spite of the danger.

"I'm fine. It's just a minor wound!" Horace said indifferently. He raised his fist and punched at the young man who was about to stab him again.

Horace's fist hit the young thug's head hard.

Horace didn't like violence and seldom hit others, let alone in the head. However, at this moment, he didn't have any choice.

This young man was clearly trying to kill him. He had to react accordingly, or he might be seriously injured.

"Damn it!" The young man who was just punched on the head pointed at Horace and cursed. The next

moment, however, he collapsed and passed out. Horace's punch had knocked him out.

"This young man is very powerful!" the other passengers on the bus exclaimed in awe when they saw that the young thug was knocked out by Horace.

The other thug wanted to pick up the fruit knife again, but this time Horace didn't take any chances. Horace kicked him so hard that he was sent crashing against the wall of the bus.

The pain was so intense that the young man fainted too.

Just then, an electronic voice suddenly rang out from the bus, "We have arrived at Highmont Software Park station. Passengers who want to get off the bus here, please walk to the back door!"

"Highmont Software Park?" Horace muttered. This was his destination. He shouted to the bus driver, "Hey, sir, this is my destination. Please stop. I'll get off the bus. I'll leave these young thugs to you. Don't worry. They won't wake up for a while!"

Horace was quite confident in his strength. After saying that, he walked towards the back door.

"Wait!" Mona and Jenifer shouted to Horace just as he got off the bus. They followed him out.

Jenifer smiled at Horace and said, "Hey, handsome, it's such a coincidence that you get off the bus here too."

Then, she glanced at Horace's injured right hand and asked, "Is your hand okay? Do you need to go to the hospital?"

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Chapter 289 It Was Nothing



Jenifer called Horace handsome because of his heroic act.

Just like people said, a man's dress defined who he was. However, it didn't seem to be the case with Horace. He was wearing Louis Vuitton clothes, but his character didn't fit with the big brand. Horace looked so ordinary that one could hardly take him for a handsome man. If he had carried the charisma of a handsome man befitting of that clothes, then Jenifer and Mona would have never spoken so hatefully about him on the bus just now.

"It's okay. This is not my first injury. I'll clean my hand later in the bathroom," Horace said in reply to Jenifer's words.

Jenifer sighed in her heart and pursed her lips. She didn't find him handsome, but at least, he made her feel safe. If she found out he was rich, she wouldn't think twice before chasing him.

Although his manliness attracted her, Jenifer was sure that he was a really poor boy. To her, only poor men wouldn't care about having such wounds. If Horace had been from a rich family, he would have been screaming after a small cuts on his skin. What more of a cut as long as over ten centimeters? This man that helped them was definitely not a rich man.

Although she was sure that he was poor, she couldn't bring herself to look down on him like she had done

earlier. After all, everyone had vanity and cared about their appearance. If she wasn't conscious of this fact, she would never bother to whisper her comments on the bus. She would have mocked him to his face.

She took a deep breath, and then tilted her head towards Horace and asked, "Handsome, will you still be here at noon today? I'd like to have your number. Maybe I could invite you to lunch to thank you."

"This noon?" Horace raised his eyes in confusion, but it didn't last. He wiped the confusion off his face and said, "I'm not sure I'll be here. I have something to do after this, and I don't know when I will be done. Besides, there's no need thanking me. It was nothing."

"Nothing?" Jenifer's mouth dropped open in disbelief when he said this. Her gaze dropped to his hand and she said, "Hey, you almost lost your life. It wasn't

anything!"

"Well, I just did a few moves. Trust me, it was nothing," Horace said with a light chuckle and added, "It wasn't a big deal. So just forget about it!"

Horace didn't know their names yet.

Soon after Horace said this, they got to the door of Highmont Software Park.

Highmont Software Park was one of the top three software parks in the whole of Rinas. The park was full of network technology companies and related companies.

Horace faced the ladies and asked politely, "Hey, do you know which of these is building thirteen?"

Yesterday, Farris told Horace that Melton Network

Technology Limited occupied the third, fourth and fifth floors of building thirteen in Highmont Software Park.

"Building thirteen?" Jenifer asked curiously. "You can just follow us, handsome. We're also heading to build thirteen."

"Oh, really?" Horace was confused. He wondered if it was a coincidence. Could these two beautiful ladies be employees of Melton Network Technology Limited?

He shook his head as he thought of this. That building had five floors and the Melton Network Technology Limited occupied three of those floors. That meant, there were some chances that the two girls in front of him were his employees.

Although he thought of this, he didn't say anything. He just smiled at both of them and said, "Thank you!"

There was no need saying anything. After all, there was still a little chance that they were not his employees.

"It's my pleasure. You don't need to thank me," Jenifer said with a smile. Shortly after, she cleared her throat uncomfortably and asked, "I didn't expect you to be so polite. Did you by any chance hearing what I said to Mona on the bus?"

"Huh... Did you whisper something about me being handsome?" Horace said innocently. He was going to be at the company in some minutes. If these two girls were really his employees and they knew he had heard what they said, it would be so embarrassing.

"Yeah, that's right! You're so handsome!" Jenifer chuckled in relief when Horace said this. "If you were not handsome, I would never call you 'handsome',"

she added in a more composed tone.

Jenifer took a deep breath after that. She was relieved that he didn't hear what she said. If not, she would have died of embarrassment.

Finally feeling lighter, Jenifer and Mona led Horace to building thirteen.

When they finally got into the building, Jenifer asked, "Handsome, where are you going? Who knows, we could be heading to the same place..."

"Well, I'm going to the third floor. What about you?" Horace answered in his same polite tone.

"What a coincidence! We are also going to the third floor. Come on, let's go up together," Jenifer said happily and pressed the elevator button.

After that, she asked, "Are you going there for an interview?"

"Well... No, not an interview. I'm going to meet someone," Horace answered as he shook his head.

"Oh? Who could that be? Maybe I know him."

"Carlson Smith. He's a senior technician of the company," Horace said in response to her question.

"Carlson? That old dull man? Ha-ha! What's your relationship with him? I heard that he had been working in the company for more than 10 years, but he's still an ordinary technician! Can you imagine that?"

Jenifer was sincerely amused that Horace was coming to meet Carlson whom she saw as a failure.

She sighed and added, "Almost all the employees in our company know Carlson. I also heard rumors about the chairman of our company coming today. You know, the former chairman was very stingy. I don't know how the new chairman is, but I wish he is handsome."

Horace was finding it hard not to laugh out loud. He had to settle with a polite chuckle. "We are friends," he answered.

After listening to her friend's comment, Mona said in amusement, "Jennifer, what are you saying? Don't be absurd! Have you ever seen a handsome man become a chairman? I only hope that he is a young man. That's all I want!"

As soon as Mona said this, they reached the third floor, and the elevator door opened. Horace smiled to the girls and said, "Why don't you go in first? I'll go

and wash my hands first."

He nodded to the girls and then headed to the bathroom.

There was still blood on his hand. He couldn't enter his company and let everyone see him like that.

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Chapter 290 I Have The Final Say



As Horace was about to head to the bathroom, Mona whispered, "I think he heard our conversation. Don't you think so?"

"What?!" Jenifer's eyes widened. "Well, if he heard us,

then why did he deny that?"

"I don't know why he denied it. But I know he heard it. The two hooligans behind us heard our conversation, and he was much closer to us!" Mona whispered to Jenifer.

She then continued, "We should head back to the company to help clean up. I can't believe the manager is making us do this! There are janitors available but she tasked us to clean up. I wonder when the new chairman will get here. I don't think he will be here soon. All these chairmen are all the same!"

"I agree. All they do is order us around!" Jenifer echoed.

Yesterday, there was an update that a new chairman would arrive. The head of the human resources department tasked Mona and Jenifer to clean up the

office space. If they hadn't received the order, they wouldn't have met Horace on the bus.

Before Carlson's mother got sick, he never missed a day of work and always came in early. But now, he was burdened with taking care of his mother and was often later than usual. Thus, he hadn't arrived at the company right now.

While Jenifer and Mona were complaining about the company's leaders, Horace happened to enter the building. "Hey, girls. What are you two complaining about? Can you tell me?"

Horace knew that he wouldn't work for a long time in the company. He planned to transfer the right of management to Carlson. However, it wasn't an excuse to not get to know the company's inner workings. He decided to take advantage of the fact that Mona and Jenifer had no idea who he was.

"Hey, handsome! I didn't know that you were here."
Jenifer smiled meekly.

"Who else would we complain about? The boss of course!"

Even though Jenifer thought Mona was right, Horace lied that he hadn't heard what they said. She initially pretended to believe him. After all, Horace had made a good impression on her.

"Why? What's wrong with your boss?" Horace asked.

"Oh handsome, you don't know that our boss is a typical temptress. She thinks she can sway everyone through flattery. She even seduces the male leaders of the company!" Jenifer replied after Horace had finished speaking.

"Plus, our boss bullies us! She gives us all the grunt work and takes credit for it. I was the one who recommended hiring the employees who are the top brass of the company now. I deserve the credit for that, not her! I was planning to buy makeup with the bonus but that bitch took the money for herself!"

Jenifer shouted. She was so enraged that she couldn't keep her voice down.

"Oh?" Horace tilted his head, clearly confused by the accusation. "Your boss is that arrogant? Why don't you report her to the chief executive?"

"Weren't you listening earlier? She has all the male leaders under her thumb. The woman had several affairs just so that she could gain control over them!"

Jenifer sighed and then continued, "The employees at the bottom of the barrel have no rights. Cases like these are shrugged off so often that we're used to it. I

hope that our new chairman can see our hard work."

"He will!" Horace chuckled and then exclaimed, "If you're telling the truth, your boss will definitely be punished. Trust me."

"It seems like you don't believe me, handsome."
Jenifer sneered in displeasure. She was a bit insulted that he doubted her.

It was then a woman shouted, "Jenifer, what are you gossiping about this time?"

The woman looked to be about thirty years old. She leered at Jenifer and scoffed. "It's good that I clocked in early today. Otherwise, I wouldn't have heard the salacious comments you made about me. You're in big trouble, Jenifer!"

"Miss Jensen, when did you get here?" Jenifer's eyes

widened in shock as her boss stood in front of her.

The woman turned out to be the manager of HR department, Irene Jensen.

Irene cackled and replied, "You thought that I wouldn't come to work early, didn't you? I had to come early to welcome the chairman. Who knows what kind of person he is? He might like early birds. If he did, I would make a bad impression by being late. I wouldn't want that now."

She then stared daggers at Jenifer and continued, "Jenifer, I asked you to come to work early to clean up. I didn't expect you to complain so much. I can't have such a whiny employee. Therefore, I have to let you go. You can take your leave after we meet the new chairman."

"Just cleaning?" Jenifer couldn't keep it in anymore.

Her anger reached its limit and was about to burst. "Irene, I've worked here for a long time. I never got my annual bonus because you embezzled the funds for it. Have you never taken into account how much you've embezzled from me? Now you want to fire me? Do you think you own this company?"

"I don't own it. But, I do hold the final say here." Irene cackled proudly as she humiliated Jenifer.

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