

THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 3 The Masked Man

Outside the ICU, Horace immediately put a call through to Raul. He asked him to investigate Addy's assets and to send some people that would accompany him to the River Hotel.

Raul was very efficient. He didn't slack off at all. It took him only ten minutes to complete the task.

Thirty minutes later, Horace arrived at the River Hotel with five bodyguards dressed in black. These bodyguards were trained by the Warren family. Each of them was strong and skilled in fighting.

They were assigned to Horace for his maximum protection.

"Mr. Warren, you don't have to stress yourself in dealing with a mere nobody like him. We'll go and

catch him," suggested one of the bodyguards.

"I know teaching him a lesson would be a piece of cake, but I want to do it myself and warn him that I'm not a man to be trifled with. Just make sure you don't reveal my identity while we are there!"

With these words, Horace wore a clown mask. He didn't want to expose his true identity just yet.

Wealth usually came with fame. And fame wasn't what he wanted. He didn't want anything to affect his normal life.

Judging by the story he heard about his father, money and power had turned him into a monster. His attitude was part of the things that led to the death of his biological mother.

Horace didn't want to turn out like his father. All he

wanted to do now was to shield his foster mother from any potential harm. He couldn't just stand by and do nothing after Addy threatened him with her life.

They left the hotel and went straight to the abandoned chemical plant in the western suburbs. The warehouse door was closed at this time.

Horace kicked the door hard and waited for Addy to answer.

The iron door slowly opened from inside after a while.

Addy, who had a smile, walked out with three strong men in blue uniforms.

The badge on their breast pockets showed that they were all workers of the Cloud Logistics Company.

The sight of the men standing outside the door with

Horace wearing a mask stunned Addy. His smile disappeared in an instant. "Who are you?" he asked in horror.

"Well, you can call me Mr. Warren!"

Horace gave him a hard kick and he stumbled back.

The Warren family's bodyguards swung into action immediately. They rushed into the warehouse and subdued the three workers with very little hassle.

"Mr. Warren? I don't even know your family! I'm Addy Moran, the son of the CEO of Cloud Logistics Company. You'll get into big trouble if you harm me!" Addy struggled with a ferocious look on his face.

"Of course, I know that your father owns the Cloud Logistics Company. You are the exact person I'm looking for!"

Horace gingerly locked the door and then walked up to Addy. He deliberately changed his voice, so his identity would remain hidden.

"What the hell do you want?"

Addy's forehead broke out in a cold sweat. His body also trembled. He could see that they were ill-intentioned. It was even scarier because they were outnumbered now. He would have peed in his pants if his family didn't own the Cloud Logistics Company.

Horace sat on a chair and crossed his legs. He then took out a piece of paper that was filled with words.

"Addy Moran, twenty-four years old, loves gambling and having sexual relations with married women. On the 15th of August last year, under the guise of promoting the employee named Alvin Lynch, you

slept with his wife Camilla Lynch at the Alorith Hotel. Fast forward to the 14th of February this year, you got Dana Campbell drunk in the River Hotel and had sex with her. She is the wife of the head of the Sea Bank. On March 18th, you made an appointment with your sister-in-law, Zoya Moran under the guise that you would lend her some money for your brother's treatment. But like the beast that you are, you raped her in your car at the Phoenix Mountain..."

The list of married women that Addy had sexual relations with went on and on. Every detail from the date, time, and place was accurate.

Addy was shocked to the bones.

'Oh my God! How did this guy dig up such private information? Even the police would never be able to make such findings. Who the hell is this masked man?' He trembled as he racked his brain tirelessly.

"How... How did you obtain this information about me?" Addy couldn't help asking.

"How I find out is not important now. The most important thing is that I need to use this information to send you to jail where you belong!"

Horace flicked the paper to taunt him.

"What do you want? Please tell me!" Addy pleaded as sheer panic and fear made his pupils contract.

"Well, I want to play two simple games with you," Horace answered, stretching out two of his fingers.

"What games?"

"The first one is a Q&A game and the other is a dice-rolling game. You need to answer my question first. If

you give me a wrong answer, you will be punished.
Now to the first question. Do you prefer gambling or sleeping with married women?"

"I prefer sleeping with married women!" Addy blurted out.

"Wrong!"

The bodyguard close by gave him a dazing slap.

The slap made Addy see stars. He wanted to cry but his tear ducts failed him. He had answered the question correctly. But now that they said he was wrong, he had no choice but to say, "I prefer gambling!"

"You are wrong again!"

The bodyguard slapped him again.

Addy held his cheeks and didn't say anything more. Despite his silence, he still received more slaps.

It was then he finally understood the rules of the game. Irrespective of the answers he gave, he would be beaten.

The game continued for a while. By the end, Addy had been slapped black and blue. His cheeks were swollen as if his mouth was stuffed with food. However, he had to endure the pain and play the next game.

Horace took out a die and a piece of paper and put them in front of him.

More beads of sweat appeared on Addy's forehead.

His heart was in his mouth at this time. The details of all his assets and bank deposits were written clearly on the paper.

'Who is this guy? How did he get the details of all my assets?' The sight of this document spiked his curiosity.

"Let's roll the die to see who would get the bigger number. I'll let you go if you win. But in the event that I win, I'll take away one of your properties and also slap you. You go first."

Horace handed the die to him.

'God, please help me!' Addy prayed and swallowed hard. He then threw the die with a shaky hand.

He got five!

Horace picked up the die and rolled it. He got the smallest number, one!

Addy had been wearing a sad face since the torturous night began. Now that he saw the result, a smile appeared on his puffy face.

However, his joy was short-lived. Horace suddenly turned the die over. The result directly changed to a 'six'.

"Yay! I won. Your villa is mine now!" Horace jubilated.

"Eh? You didn't win. Why are you breaking your own rules?" Addy questioned him. He couldn't stand the injustice that was meted out to him anymore.

A slap landed on his face as soon as he finished speaking.

It was so hard that two of his teeth fell out of his mouth.

"Let's continue!"

Horace was having a good time. Through his cheating technique, he won ten times in a row.

Addy received ten more slaps. He couldn't even sit up in the end. He just lay still on the ground with his face so swollen that his mother wouldn't even recognize him if she saw him.

"Addy, let this be a lesson to you that there's always someone more powerful than you."

Horace stood up and walked out with the bodyguards, leaving Addy lying stiffly on the ground like a lifeless dog.

They went their separate ways after leaving the abandoned chemical plant.

Horace finally took off the mask in the taxi. Masking himself had made him feel more powerful. Taking it off was a breath of fresh air. He had accomplished his task tonight.

By the time he returned to the hospital, Caylee had already woken up. Her natural color was gradually returning.

"Horace, where are you coming from at this late hour?" she asked him worriedly.

"It's nothing, Mom. I just went out to get some warm milk so it would warm up your body." Horace put the gallon of milk on the table.

He had just turned into a demon while he was dealing

with his enemy. But now that he was in his mother's presence, he was an angel and devoted son.

Caylee was his everything. He liked being with her. And this was why he didn't give a damn about all the bad things his former classmates and ex-girlfriend said about his poor background.

"My child, you suffered a lot because of my illness."
Caylee's eyes turned red as she held his hand.

Sparks of emotions flew, so they hugged each other tightly.

Back in the abandoned chemical plant in the western suburbs.

Addy lay on the ground for a long time before he regained his consciousness. He suffered a splitting headache. When he remembered all that happened,

his blood ran cold.

The mysterious man had let go of him after he received many hot slaps.

He was about to sit up when he saw that his phone screen was lit. Several messages were popping up. He quickly unlocked the phone.

The first one read, "Mr. Moran, your bank account and cards have been frozen due to some sketchy activities detected."

"Your villa has been sealed up, Mr. Moran. Do contact..." Another one read.

"Mr. Moran, your cars have been..."

The contents of these messages threw Addy off guard. He almost had a heart attack. His bank

accounts and cards were frozen. This meant he couldn't withdraw a penny now.

Worse still, all his luxury cars had been seized and his villa had been sealed. He had lost everything.

"Who did this to me?" The moment he muttered that question, an alarm went off in his head. He remembered that the masked man had a list of all his assets.

Inveterate hatred rapidly bloomed in his heart, but he couldn't take revenge. He knew he was no match for the faceless and terrifying devil. He could only admit defeat.

"Whose face is behind that mask? Have I met him before? Could it be that Horace asked him to teach me a lesson? No, it's impossible!"

Addy thought about the possibility, but he waved it aside.

He had Horace investigated this afternoon.

The report showed that Horace was a poverty-stricken student who lived in the slums. His mother was an uneducated woman who worked in a welfare organization and washed dishes.

This was why Addy felt that he didn't have the means to do such.

"It seems that what happened was just a mere coincidence. How dare you stand me up tonight, Horace? Have you no balls? Not to worry. I'll teach you a lesson tomorrow!"

A vicious glint filled Addy's eyes. He planned to vent all his anger on Horace for his suffering today.

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