

## THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 31 Unexpected Punishmen

"Erm... " Davina was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. She stood rooted to the spot and looked at her mean colleague and Horace simultaneously. She didn't want to offend any of them.

At this moment, a voice came from the entrance door. "Mr. Rivera, welcome to the Vloni Bakery. It's a great honor to have you here. Even though this is not the best in Rinas, it's top-notch in this city. Our cakes are sought after by many!"

"You two poor losers, take your stinky money and get lost. Our boss is here with a big shot. Don't get in the way with your impoverished selves!" The tall attendant shooed Horace and Laila away.

The wealthy man, who was with the owner of the cake shop, met with a surprise when he came in. He didn't expect to bump into Horace here. 'What a pleasant surprise!' he exclaimed inwardly.

The owner of the cake shop, Brice Aston, had brought none other than Farris, the most dangerous and one of the wealthiest men in Rinas.

Farris came here because his lover liked the cake from this shop. Her birthday was fast approaching, so he wanted to buy the entire shop for her as a gift. He was only doing it for love. Otherwise, as the boss of a successful security company, he had no business here.

He had made an appointment with the owner of the shop in the afternoon, but he postponed it for two hours because he had to help Horace to deal with the troublesome man on the bus. It was after he was

done with the man that he came here. He didn't expect that he would meet Horace here at this time.

Farris was taken by another surprise at the same time. He had just heard the mean attendant addressing Horace as a poor loser. His blood boiled and his face darkened immediately.

A thought suddenly occurred to him when he noticed that Laila was tugging at Horace's shirt. He was a little surprised that Horace would like this kind of girl. He knew that Horace still wanted to keep his true identity under wraps, so he decided to keep it secret. He pointed at the tall attendant and said to the middle-aged man in a suit that was standing beside him, "Mr. Aston! Did you train your attendants to be rude to customers? If so, I doubt if you have any regular customers here. Good customer service plays a pivotal role in the success of a business. If I buy this shop, I will lose money if all the customers refuse to

come back because of the bad customer service."

Farris had wanted the cake shop just to please his lover. He didn't care if it was a profitable deal or not. However, he changed his mind within seconds. The shop attendant had treated Horace badly, and this was something he couldn't overlook.

The moment Horace heard Farris's statement, he secretly gave him a thumbs-up. He couldn't help admiring him greatly. Although Farris was a brutal man, he was considerate and hated any form of injustice. He not only kept Horace's true identity a secret, but also stood up for him. His behavior fully explained why he once was the leader of all the underground gangsters in Rinas.

Farris had been keeping a close eye on Horace. He

was overjoyed when he saw the thumbs-up Horace gave him. He was loyal to the Warren family, so it was a big deal that the heir appreciated his efforts. His heart leaped with great excitement, but he maintained a straight face.

Brice's smile instantly disappeared when he heard Farris's complaint. He frowned at the tall attendant and asked, "What happened? Have you forgotten what I told you before? Customers are kings. They are to be revered. What were you doing just now?"

The tall attendant looked at her boss fearfully. Although she had a good working relationship with him, she knew that she was just a nobody in the presence of big shots. She was even lowlier in Farris's presence because he was superior to her boss. Her arrogance vanished into thin air. With her voice laden with fear, she answered respectfully, "Mr. Aston, things aren't as they seem. This customer

came to buy a cake for his girlfriend with the money some people donated for his mother's medical bills. I was calmly dissuading him from spending the money here at the expense of his mother's health."

Farris snorted coldly before Brice could say anything. "You were calmly dissuading him? Come on, explain your words clearly. I heard you call them poor losers. Is that how to talk to customers? And does that sound like you were trying to dissuade him calmly? You can't deceive me with your poor acting. Cut the crap, you lying bitch!"

'Wow! Uncle Farris is really mad at her. He's indeed the biggest gangster in Rinas. He's probably the only person that can curse out anyone in this manner. Well, it serves her right!' Horace sighed inwardly as things got heated.

The tall attendant shivered uncontrollably under

Farris's glare and reprimand. She was like a sheep who was about to be torn into pieces by a ferocious lion. Never had she imagined that a big shot would curse her out. Worse still, Farris had no intention of cutting her some slack. Now she had no choice but to turn to her boss for help.

Meanwhile, Brice was confused and shocked because of the outburst. He wondered why Farris was berating the attendant because of a trifle. He swallowed his employee's explanation, hook, line, and sinker. Since she had been a good employee, he decided to help her out. "Mr. Rivera, I think it's just a small misunderstanding. I will circle back to it later. How about we go to the baking room and have a look?" Brice said to Farris in a low voice.

"A small misunderstanding? Brice, are you fucking blind? How can you treat this matter with levity? Didn't you overhear what she said when we came in? Your

silly attendant called him a poor loser. How is that a small misunderstanding? Damn it! Tell me, if you go to a shop to buy something, will you be happy if the attendant calls you a poor loser and attempts to drive you away? You will be unhappy, won't you? Will you go back there after that bad treatment? What the fuck! My instincts tell me that this is not the first time this attendant is doing such a thing. If this continues, nobody would patronize this shop again! How can you say this is a small misunderstanding? No wonder you are still so poor? You want to change your financial status, but you can't manage a small cake shop the right way. Ptui!"

Farris spat on Brice when he finished chastising him.

With an angrier tone, he asked, "Brice, let me ask you, are you happy that I spat on you? If you are unhappy, don't fucking tell me that this is just a small misunderstanding. The same way you feel right now



is how this customer feels because your attendant called him a poor loser!"

As Brice looked at the saliva on his exquisite suit, he wanted to burst into tears. But he could only fight back the tears and remain respectful to Farris. He couldn't afford to be in the bad books of one of the wealthiest men in Rinas. Due to his humble background and financial status, he wasn't a match for Farris at all. He was nothing but a poor man in his eyes.

Brice's confusion increased at this moment. He couldn't fathom why Farris humiliated him just because of a stranger. 'Why is he treating me like this? Am I worth less than a stranger in his eyes?' His heart broke as he pondered.

Despite his unhappiness, he didn't dare to show it on his face. He plastered an apologetic smile on his face

and shook his head like a bunny. "Mr. Rivera, your illustration has made me realize how it feels."

He turned to look at the tall attendant and said disapprovingly, "Stella, your behavior today is unacceptable. In view of this, you are fired. You will be paid for the work you have done this month. Go to the financial department to get it. Don't come here tomorrow!"

Brice's declaration hit Stella Duffy like a bolt from the blue. Her extreme bossiness stemmed from the fact that she had a good relationship with Brice. She loved working here. This job was her only source of income. She would lose everything she had without this job.

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### Chapter 32 Scary Threa



Farris was satisfied after Stella got fired. She moved away from the counter and he ignored her. He slowly walked to Horace's side and said in a surprised tone, "Ah! It's you, young man. What a coincidence. We have been bumping into each other in different places recently. I sense a pattern here. Anyway, tell me what you want to buy. I'll treat you today just to celebrate our budding friendship."

"Well..." Horace laughed inwardly when he saw the surprised expression on Farris's face. He never expected that such a powerful man would be so good at acting. People who didn't know that they knew each other would think they just occasionally met coincidentally. Horace matched Farris's energy by pretending to be surprised.

With a friendly countenance, he said, "Hello, Mr. Rivera. Nice to meet you again. Thank you for your kindness, but I can afford to buy what I want."

"Ha-ha! Since I have already offered to pay, don't refuse my offer. Take it as a gift from a friend," Farris said and chuckled. Afterward, he looked at Davina and asked, "Hey, young lady. What did this young man want to buy? Tell me."

"What?" Davina was stunned when she heard Farris's question. She was still in a daze because of what happened a while ago. What shocked her the most was the way Stella cowered in the presence of Farris. Her colleague had always bullied her, so she saw her as a terrible woman. Since Farris made Stella behave like an obedient bunny, Davina guessed how horrible he was.

It would be good if she didn't tremble after such a dangerous person spoke to her.

After a while, Davina came to her senses and stammered, "Mr. Rivera, just now... this... young man asked me to show him the most expensive cake here. Is there something I can do for you?"

"It isn't a mere coincidence that I met this young man here at this time. What kinds of best cakes do you have? Now I want you to make one of each kind for this young man." Farris waved his hand generously as he made the order.

"Okay, Mr. Rivera," Davina readily agreed with a nod.

In Farris's case, no one dared to check if he had money to pay for the cake. If anyone dared, they would be stepping on his toes.

Horace admired Farris for stepping in. He was so thoughtful. Not only did he pre-order different cakes for him, but he also prevented him from losing face here. Things would have been worse if Farris hadn't come to his rescue.

Davina took out a pen and notepad. "Hello, sir, please leave your contact information, address, and the day you would like the cake to be delivered. We will deliver it on time for free."

"Laila, it's your birthday cake. I'll celebrate with you on that day. Which restaurant would you like in Rinas? I will make a reservation for you. If you can't make a choice, then let's just celebrate in the Sea Pavilion!" Horace looked at Laila and asked softly.

"Well... Horace, how about we make a reservation

with a cheap restaurant?" As Laila spoke, she shook her head in disagreement.

Horace's suggestion of the Sea Pavilion had taken her by surprise. As far as she was concerned, that place was out of the question. She worked there part-time, so she knew it was very expensive.

A simple dinner for three people in the Sea Pavilion cost a minimum of three thousand dollars. This meant that the average cost for a person's single meal would be at least one thousand dollars.

Horace argued immediately. "Laila, I don't like your suggestion. Your birthday is special, so we can't celebrate it in an ordinary restaurant. Let's just have it at the Sea Pavilion."

Stella was standing in a corner when she heard Horace speaking with so much confidence. She burst

into laughter and remarked, "Look at this guy. Why are you pretending to be rich? How dare you say you would go to the Sea Pavilion? I hate to burst your bubble, but I'm sure you can't even get past the security at the gate. They don't allow people like you in."

"Humph! Do you think the employees in the Sea Pavilion are mean like you? They are well-trained and respectful. You are not worthy to be compared to them at all. It would be a big insult."

Horace had no respect for Stella even though she was, until a few moments ago, an attendant here. He had worked as an attendant before, so he knew the ins and outs of this service. Stella had gone against the rules by looking down on him and Laila for a long time.

Horace wouldn't be this angry if she had only mocked



him. But she crossed the line by humiliating Laila. He couldn't tolerate anyone that hurt his one true friend.

For this reason, he put Stella in her place.

"Ha-ha! You talk as if you have ever been there, poor loser!"

Stella was unrelenting. Since she had nothing to lose, she wasn't afraid of anything, not even Horace. She continued to do what had made her lose her job in the first place.

A hot slap suddenly landed on Stella's face. Farris then stood in front of her.

He had walked towards her the moment she began to ridicule Horace again.

Stella had focused all her attention on Horace, so she

didn't see Farris approaching her. Repeating the insult, poor loser, was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

Farris had exerted great strength in the slap. Stella held her cheek and looked at him in horror. She stammered, "You..." She was about to shout at him, but she suddenly remembered that this man was superior to her boss. She swallowed her words.

At this moment, Farris said angrily, "Are you nuts? Didn't you just get sacked for your bad behavior? More so, I just said that this young man is my friend. How dare you insult him again? You are a woman, but I don't show anyone mercy. Gender doesn't matter to me. Do you know who I am? I'm Farris Rivera. If you get me angry, I will sell you to a human trafficker in a remote village. Do you know I can do that?"

"What?" Stella's eyes widened and she shivered when she heard Farris's name. She sank to her knees the next second. She didn't expect that the Mr. Rivera her boss had brought here was the most dangerous man in Rinas. She finally managed to stammer in fear, "Mr. Rivera, please forgive me. I'm sorry. Please let me go. I will do anything you ask of me. Please don't sell me to a human trafficker in a remote village!"

"Tsk, tsk, tsk!" Like the gangster that he was, Farris put one hand in his pocket and rubbed his chin with the other. He looked at Stella carefully and said, "You have a pretty face and a good figure. I can sell you for a good price!"

"Ah! Please don't sell me, Mr. Rivera. I'm sorry. Please forgive me!"

"Saying sorry to me is completely useless!" Farris

glanced at her with a wicked smirk. This sent a shiver down her spine. She moved backward involuntarily. Now she wished the ground would open up and swallow her. It was better than being enslaved.

It wasn't until she looked at Horace that she understood what Farris meant. She groveled to Horace's feet and apologized, "I'm sorry, sir. I have realized my mistakes. This will never repeat itself. Please let me go!"

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### Chapter 33 Birthday Arrangements



Horace sighed inwardly when he saw Stella kneeling at his feet. He pondered, 'People are really obsessed with money and power. Who would have thought that this woman, who rained insults on me would grovel at my feet now? If Farris hadn't come here today, I might have exposed my true identity. Otherwise, she would have continued to look down on me and even thrown me out of here! The actions of this attendant would have been forgivable if she had only insulted me. However, I can't let her go with just a slap on the wrist because she humiliated Laila too. This lovely and innocent beauty deserves my protection!'

Horace took a deep breath, looked at Laila, and asked, "Laila, do you think we should forgive her?"

The moment Horace asked that question, he regretted it. He knew beyond any doubt that Laila would forgive Stella.

Sure enough, Laila nodded immediately and answered, "Horace, since she didn't do us any physical harm, let's forgive her!"

"Alas!" With a helpless sigh, Horace nodded and agreed, "Okay!" He then looked at Davina, who was still holding a pen and notepad, and said, "Miss, please send the cakes to the Sea Pavilion at half past eleven tomorrow morning. My phone number is 12345678910!"

"Horace, let's not go to the Sea Pavilion!" Laila tugged at the hem of his shirt when she heard the address he gave Davina.

"Hmm?" Horace looked at her and saw that she had pleading eyes. Something tugged at his heartstrings. He wondered if there was an underlying reason why she didn't want to go there.

He suddenly had a light-bulb moment after thinking for a while. Laila was working part-time in the Sea Pavilion. She probably didn't want her roommates to find out. Her roommates were contemptuous and mean. Although Laila was privileged to be working in a top-notch restaurant, they would still make fun of her.

Laila's roommates divided careers into different levels. In their eyes, being a waitress was one of the lowest jobs and nothing to write home about.

"Okay, Laila. It's your birthday, so your wish is my command. We won't go to the Sea Pavilion." Horace finally gave in to her request.

"Thank you, Horace!" Laila heaved a sigh of relief now that they no longer went back and forth on the matter.

"Thank you? What are you thanking me for, Laila? I haven't paid for your birthday meal. Neither did I buy the cakes. Why do you see the need to thank me?" Laila's appreciation made Horace chuckle in surprise.

"Oh, I haven't expressed my gratitude to that kind gentleman!" Laila suddenly remembered someone. She turned to Farris, who was standing next to Horace. She bowed and said, "Thank you for paying for the cakes, sir!"

"Ha-ha!" When Farris heard her appreciation, he laughed and said, "Young lady, you are welcome. I did it for this young man here. I have made him my friend since we are always bumping into each other these days. You don't have to thank me."

"Thank you, sir!" Horace said to Farris respectfully. He



had completely forgotten to express his gratitude until now.

"What?" Farris was stunned by Horace's appreciative statement. A trace of fear flashed in his eyes. He was in a daze for a moment.

However, he managed to regain his composure quickly. Usually, he kept a cool head no matter the situation. But he found it hard to do so because Horace was involved. This young man was the heir of the Warren family in Antawood.

Although Farris didn't know much about how powerful the Warren family was at first, he went to Antawood and found out about their great influence and wealth.

Since Horace was the son of Randall, he would have to compete with other relations to become the head of the Warren family after his father. Even if Horace

didn't win the competition, he would always be superior to Farris. His appreciation was a big deal.

Farris graciously patted Horace's shoulder and said, "Young man, fate must be bringing us together for a reason. We have bumped into each other twice in just forty-eight hours. There's no need to thank me. Also, you don't have to be so polite and formal to me. Just take me as your friend!"

"Ha-ha!" Horace couldn't help laughing due to his modest words. 'Uncle Farris is really something.'

Horace ordered Davina politely, "Miss, please change the address to the Country Music Restaurant. The delivery time is still the same. Please make sure it's delivered right on time."

Afterward, Horace looked at Laila and asked, "We will go to the Country Music Restaurant. Are you fine with

that?"

To make her birthday special, Horace had decided to throw her a small party.

The name of this restaurant might be a little vulgar, but it was more sophisticated than its name. It was indeed one of the top music restaurants in Rinas, and also one of Horace's properties.

Compared to the Sea Pavilion and other big restaurants, not many people knew the Country Music Restaurant. It was almost as expensive as the Sea Pavilion, but many people still didn't count it as one of the best. Hence, Horace reasoned that Laila wouldn't know about it.

Laila had received a lot of training when she was employed as a waitress at the Sea Pavilion. She studied several major competitors, but she never

heard of this particular restaurant. Due to the tawdry name, she guessed that it was a cheap restaurant and didn't object this time. She didn't intend to allow Horace to foot the bill tomorrow, but she was still thankful.

His extreme thoughtfulness was the reason why she expressed her gratitude to him.

Laila nodded in response to his last question.

Horace was relieved when she concurred. He rubbed his palms together and said, "Okay, Laila. Now that we have solved the cake problem, it's time for us to leave."

Horace knew that his presence here was keeping Farris from getting down to business, so he decided to take his leave.

Laila was about to nod, but she suddenly remembered why Horace had come here in the first place. She blurted out, "Horace, didn't you say you wanted to buy some dessert for your mother? You haven't bought it yet!"

Even though it looked like Horace had forgotten about his main purpose of coming here, he hadn't. Farris was his subordinate, but no one here knew that. He didn't want to buy another thing on Farris's tab; otherwise the others would think he was greedy and was trying to take advantage of him. He didn't give a damn about what anyone thought about him, but he wanted to leave a good impression on Laila. After all, food was sold everywhere, but impressions are hard to change.

"Hey, young man, you are such a filial son. Children like you are hard to find these days. I'm moved. You are tugging at my heartstrings." Farris placed his hand

on his chest with an emotional expression on his face. Afterward, he turned to Davina and said, "Young lady, give this young man some of the most delicious desserts in this shop!"

"Okay, Mr. Rivera!" Davina replied respectfully. She then packed six desserts and handed them to Horace.

"Mr. Rivera, I can pay for it myself. You just pre-ordered cakes for me. I don't think it's appropriate for me to accept dessert on your tab."

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### Chapter 34 The Attendants' Pligh



"Ha-ha!" Farris chuckled, patted Horace on the shoulder, and insisted, "Young man, as I said earlier, we are friends. It doesn't matter if you also buy dessert on my tab. I'm not complaining. Besides, everything you bought costs me an insignificant amount of money. Don't stress it. Just accept the desserts. If you don't, I'll be very unhappy."

Farris immediately made an unhappy grimace. 'Mr. Warren, how can I allow you to spend money while I'm here? Please just accept it,' he thought to himself.

"Okay, okay, Mr. Rivera. Since you have insisted, I will accept it. Thank you for your kindness today." Horace cupped his hands and bowed to show his appreciation to Farris.

He was really good at putting on an act. Everyone in the cake shop was hooked. They were all jealous of him. They thought of how lucky he was to have

obtained favor from and made friends with such an affluent and influential man.

If only they had such a rich friend, most of their life problems would be settled. They instantly became depressed because they weren't so lucky.

"Hey, young man. It's my pleasure. Take everything as a gift from me!" Farris behaved modestly and he patted Horace on the shoulder again as if they were really good friends.

"Thank you once again, Mr. Rivera. I'll take my leave now. Goodbye!" Horace still wanted to leave so that Farris could get down to business. When he took the desserts, he waved at him and left the cake shop with Laila.

The moment the door slammed shut behind the two customers, Brice laughed and said, "That young man



is so lucky to be your friend, Mr. Rivera."

"Lucky? Brice, if you don't have anything sensible to say, why don't you keep your fucking mouth shut? You are getting on my nerves. For your information, it's the other way around. I'm so lucky to be acquainted with Mr. Warren. Our friendship is more beneficial to me than it is to him. Do you understand?" Farris angrily set him straight.

Now that Laila was no longer here, there was no need to keep Horace's true identity under wraps anymore. He revealed who Horace truly was to drive his point and changed Brice's preconceived notion.

There were only a handful of people that Farris showed respect to in Rinas. Judging from the way he spoke to Brice, it was obvious that he didn't hold him in high esteem at all.

"What?" Brice exclaimed as soon as he heard those words. He stammered, "Mr. Rivera, what... what did you just call that young man?"

"Young man? How dare you address him like that? Fuck! Brice, do you have a screw loose or something? Don't you dare disrespect Mr. Warren! Otherwise, you would die miserably!" Farris foamed at the mouth. Clenching his fists tightly, he cursed again, "Damn it! You have gone too far, Brice. Don't think you have the right to address Mr. Warren as a young man because I did the same while he was here. I was forced to do so because of the situation. What makes you think you can address him like that?"

"Mr. Warren? Mr. Rivera, why do you show great respect to him? Or did you make a mistake?" At first, Brice thought he had misheard. But he realized he

heard correctly after Farris said the name, Mr. Warren, thrice while scolding him.

He couldn't fathom why that young man got so much respect, so he asked out of curiosity.

"Fuck! Brice, what's wrong with you? I never knew you were this stupid until today. The people I respect in Rinas could be counted on the fingers of one hand. So, how can I make a mistake about such a thing? Don't ask me such silly questions ever again. If you dare, I will kick your head off. Have I made myself clear?" Brice's doubtful questions made Farris go through the roof. This man was getting on his nerves. How dared Brice doubt Horace's identity and even query Farris for respecting him? It seemed that Brice wanted to leave the earth very soon!

Stella and Davina were still present and they watched the scene. They knew Farris to be the most

dangerous and one of the wealthiest men in the whole city. From the stories they heard, very few people commanded respect from him. Thus, they were so shocked that he showed great respect to a poor young loser.

'What the hell is going on? Why was Mr. Rivera flipping out because of a pauper? There must be an underlying reason why he supports that man. What is it?'

In a bid to work his way out of this unfavorable situation, Brice gently asked, "Mr. Rivera, please can you tell me how powerful Mr. Warren is?"

He knew how powerful Farris was in Rinas. The man once controlled all the gangsters and had successful businesses. The fact that he respected such a young man only indicated that Horace's nobility and wealth were unquantifiable.

"Now you are talking. Actually, I don't know how powerful and wealthy Mr. Warren is. But what I do know is that he's the god in Rinas and even in the East Mountain Province. No one I know is worthy enough to rub shoulders with him. In the future, he would become even nobler. He would gain more power if he becomes the head of his family. When that time comes, he would become one of the top figures in the whole world!"

Despite being an associate of the Warren family, Farris still couldn't quantify the amount of power they had. His visit to Antawood had only made him know the tip of the iceberg. And that was enough for him to know that they were on a whole different level.

The statement he made just now was just a conservative estimate.

The wealth of the Warren family was beyond anyone's imagination.

"What?" Brice exclaimed with his eyes wide open. He didn't expect that such a big shot came to his cake shop today. He found it hard to believe that the shabbily dressed man who just left would actually be a legendary figure in the future.

"Brice, don't be so shocked! You are rather lucky to have had Mr. Warren in your shop and also had the opportunity to see him. How about you give me 50% off?"

"Eh? 50% off?" Farris's request threw Brice off balance. Rumor had it that Farris was a difficult person to do business with. Brice heard that he always bid low during a bargain, but he didn't expect that it would be this low. Such a huge discount was unheard of in this line of business, but Farris had just

requested it.

The two of them decided to excuse themselves from the shop at this moment. They went into the meeting room on the second floor to talk business.

At this time, Stella was still standing in a corner even though she had been sacked. Davina stood behind the counter. They both trembled with fear as soon as the men left. Never in their wildest dreams would they have thought that a poor loser like Horace was actually an affluent man.

"What should we do?" Stella rubbed her chin thoughtfully. Now that she knew Horace's true identity, she was extremely afraid that he would take revenge on her.

It might seem that she was overthinking things, but she wasn't. One of her friends had suffered a lot at

the hands of a rich young man just because she had offended him.

Having seen what her friend had gone through, she was filled with an inexplicable fear of rich kids.

"Stella, how about we secretly meet that rich man and ask for his forgiveness?" Davina suggested in a low voice as she panicked.

"Alas!" Stella sighed. With her shoulders slouched, she said remorsefully to Davina, "Davina, it's all my fault. I behaved snobbishly and even landed you in trouble."

In a fearful tone, she added, "Davina, you know nothing about trust-fund babies. You are only saying we should go to him because you haven't experienced or heard of their cruelty. One of my friends fell prey to one of them. He wanted to have



sex with her, but she refused to give in to his advances. In the end, he frustrated her life. Her entire family took their own lives by jumping off a tall building. I'm afraid that we would be putting ourselves in grave danger if we go to find him."

Davina trembled with fear when she heard her former colleague's statement. "God forbid! Stella, our fates would not be like that. Let's just go to find him and apologize. Maybe he would let go of our families. If we don't make amends now, we will continue to be in his bad books. He will give us a hard time and persecute our families in the future. You just heard what Mr. Rivera said about the amount of power that young man wields. I think we should do the right thing now!"

Unbeknown to them, Horace had waved aside what happened in the cake shop after he left.

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### Chapter 35 Two-sided Crush



Horace and Laila silently walked on the sidewalk of the road. He suddenly looked at her and asked softly, "Laila, where are you heading from here? I can give you a ride if we are going the same way."

"What?" His words took her by surprise. She didn't understand how he intended to give her a ride. She asked in confusion, "Horace, did you buy an electric scooter?"

"Huh? An electric scooter? No, I didn't. Why do you

ask?" Horace was also taken aback by her question.

"Well..." Laila was short of words after hearing his response. 'Since he didn't buy an electric scooter, how does he plan to give me a ride? Or does he want to board a bus with me? Is that it?' If that was the case, she didn't have any problem with that. It would be nice to be in his company for a little longer.

After a while, she replied nervously, "No... It's nothing. Since the day is far spent, I'm just going home."

"Okay!" Horace nodded and asked, "If my memory serves me right, your home is located in Zoria Community. I'm going to the hospital, so we are going the same way!"

"What?" Horace's words immediately caused Laila to be lost in thought. 'Horace still remembers where I live. Does he have a crush on me? Is that why he's

escorting me home? What if he professes his love to me? Oh my God! I'm so nervous!

As Laila imagined how things would go if Horace confessed his love, her heart began to race. She became so nervous that her face turned red.

The sudden change in Laila's face didn't go unnoticed by Horace. He asked with concern, "Laila, what's wrong with you? Do you have a fever? Why did your face turn red all of a sudden?"

Without waiting for a response, he put his right hand on her forehead.

"Ah!" Laila was already burning up, so the coldness of Horace's hand on her forehead was startling. Her face turned even redder. She stammered, "Horace... I... I'm fine!"

"Really? If you are fine, why is your forehead so hot? Your temperature is even increasing by the second. You are not fine, Laila. You must go to the hospital with me!" Horace insisted when he noticed that her face was not only red, but her temperature was skyrocketing.

'Humph! Horace, you're touching my forehead. How can I not blush or feel hot?' Laila knew that her sudden high temperature wasn't due to ill health, but she couldn't tell him what the real reason was. She just shook her head and disagreed, "No... No, thanks. I'm really fine. I guess it's the heat from the Vlani Bakery that's making my temperature spike."

"Really?" Still in an uncertain state, Horace put down his right hand and said, "Make sure you inform me if you feel unwell later, okay? Delaying treatment is inadvisable. The longer you stay without receiving treatment, the more serious the illness becomes. Do

you know that?"

"Yes!" With a voice as low as a mosquito's, she added, "I... I know. Don't worry. I will inform you. Thank you, Horace."

"There's no need to thank me. In fact, I should be the one thanking you. You are such a selfless person, Laila. Your birthday is tomorrow, but you still lent me all your money yesterday. You prioritized my mother's medical bills over celebrating your birthday. I'm moved."

As Horace thought of Laila's kindness yesterday, he felt warm in his heart.

"Stop making it sound like I gave you a million dollars. What I did yesterday isn't a big deal. And I don't care

if I celebrate my birthday or not. You need the money more than me. I only wanted to help you in my own little way."

"Yeah, I get it. That's why I said I should be the one saying thank you. You are so kind-hearted and beautiful. Your future husband will be so lucky. I really envy him!" Horace looked at her beautiful face and sighed. He meant every word he just said.

Laila was a total package. She was not only beautiful, but also kind-hearted, hardworking, and well-mannered.

"What?" Laila was stunned again. She blushed more than before. Small beads of sweat appeared on her forehead.

She wiped her forehead with the back of her hand and looked at Horace with a scowl. She thought,

'Humph! Horace, you are such a smooth talker. If I'm really as good as you said, why don't you woo me? Do you just see me as a friend? Besides, why are you envious of my future husband? Why don't you take action now that I'm single?'

"Jeez!" Noticing that Laila's face was becoming redder, Horace queried, "Laila, be honest with me. Have you caught a cold? Your face is redder now!"

'Bad Horace, foolish boy. You are just a piece of wood. All talk and no action!' At the sight of Horace's concerned expression, Laila cursed him out in her mind. She didn't say those words to him because she only cursed him inwardly due to her embarrassment. It was even more embarrassing because she wasn't sure if he had feelings for her or not.

After suppressing her displeasure, she shook her head and reiterated, "Horace, I'm really fine. I haven't



caught a cold."

"Okay, that's good!" With these words, Horace hailed a passing taxi.

He then opened the back door of the taxi like the gentleman that he was. With a hand gesture, he said, "Laila, please get in. I'll take you home.

It was at this moment that Laila finally realized what he meant when he offered her a ride home. A taxi fare was more than a bus fare, and she didn't like him to waste money. But for some weird reason, she felt happy that he generously spent money for her sake.

'Oh, he's such a perfect gentleman. If things go on like this, will I fall in love with him? Wait, do I already fall for him?'

Fantasy thoughts flashed through Laila's mind as she

looked at Horace.

'No, I don't think so. I just have a little crush on him. Yes, that's all!" Due to Laila's humble background, she battled with an inferiority complex and was also reserved. She didn't think she was worthy of someone's love or to be in love.

After Laila got in the car, Horace also got in. He politely told the driver, "Sir, Rinas Infirmary, please. And please make a stop at Zoria Community on the way. Thank you!"

"Okay!" The driver was happy with the way Horace instructed him politely. He eagerly nodded and drove to their destinations.

The ride went smoothly for ten minutes. All of a sudden, the driver smiled mysteriously when he looked at the two passengers through the rearview

mirror. He made a swerve and changed lanes. It wasn't a dangerous move because the car didn't slide off the road. However, Horace and Laila collided against each other due to the impact.

The driver then looked at Laila through the rearview mirror and sighed inwardly, 'Young lady, this is the only way I can help you now!'

When they got in the car ten minutes ago, the driver had noticed how Laila kept staring at Horace with affection in her eyes.

He deduced that she was too shy to make her feelings known, so he decided to help her out.

"Ouch!" Laila lost her balance and bumped against Horace's chest. The next second, she quickly struggled out of his arms.

'My goodness! This is so embarrassing!' Laila glanced at him and fanned herself with her hand in embarrassment.

On the other hand, Horace was sad when Laila quickly broke free from his embrace. A hint of sadness and longing appeared in his eyes. Her behavior made him suspect that she didn't like him. Unbeknown to him, she actually had a crush on him and was just too shy to stay in his embrace for a little longer.

'Damn it!' The taxi driver cursed in his mind when he saw Horace's dejected expression. 'Oh, my God! I have made things worse. This young man is so fucking stupid. Even I can tell that she has a crush on him, but he hasn't realized it. How can he be so oblivious? What a shame!'

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## THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 36 The Gluttonous Nurse



Horace was drowning in dejection. He had no idea that the driver was chastising him inwardly. With a heavy heart, he leaned on the backseat and stared blankly.

The rest of the journey was silent and smooth. When they arrived at Zoria Community, Laila looked out of the window and then turned to look at Horace. She blushed again. After plucking up the courage, she said, "Horace, why did you ignore me throughout the journey? Humph! Anyway, thank you for all you did today."

"What?" The sound of Laila's voice jolted Horace back to reality. He looked at her and stammered, "Laila, I... I didn't know what to say."

The bumping of their bodies and how she quickly broke free from his embrace made the atmosphere awkward. He didn't know how to break the silence, so he had just sat there in a daze. Although he had dated Amaia for a year, they hadn't been intimate. They never kissed throughout their relationship. Thus, he was still an amateur in relationship matters.

"Humph!" Laila snorted and warned, "Your silence hurt me. If you do this again, I won't talk to you anymore."

She then got off the car and trotted away.

"What happened?" Some thoughts flooded Horace's mind as he stared at her receding figure. 'How did my

silence hurt her? Laila doesn't have a crush on me, does she? Why was she a little upset? Why did she threaten me? Phew! It's really hard to read a girl's mind.'

The taxi driver slightly shook his head in disappointment when he saw Horace's confused face through the rearview mirror. 'What's wrong with this young man? In my many years of being a taxi driver, this is the first time I'm driving a man as foolish as this one. That beautiful young lady was trying to express her love for him indirectly, but he just ignored it. How can a man be this dumb? Is he really stupid or just pretending like he didn't see the hints?'

"Alas!" the taxi driver sighed and waved off all the thoughts clouding his mind. He just sped straight to the Rinas Infirmary.

The car halted in front of the hospital about ten

minutes later. Horace went straight to his mother's ward and met Cara taking care of her.

'Well, not bad,' he commended Cara's good work inwardly. He then called out, "Mom."

When Caylee heard her son's voice, she looked up at him happily and said, "Horace, you are back! Did you enjoy your evening? How was the class reunion?"

"It was fine." The details of today's event were mostly not pleasant, so Horace didn't want to tell her. He muddled through her questions and put down the big bags in his hands.

Afterward, he asked Cara, "Have you had anything to eat?"



"No, Mr. Warren." Cara shook her head. In a bid to butter up Horace, she didn't leave Caylee's side to have dinner. She was scared that he would arrive while she was away and then conclude that she didn't do her job well.

"Then have dinner with my mother," Horace said casually.

"Oh! Is that okay, Mr. Warren?" Cara was so stunned by his invitation that she couldn't help questioning him in disbelief. Horace's status was incomparably noble, and so was his mother's. As a private nurse, she felt that she was no more than a maid in their eyes. She had thought the rich would look at her with disdain and never considered her worthy of eating at their table. What she didn't know until now was that Horace was different.

Her heart leaped with joy. It was a great honor to dine

with such noble people.

Cara was tingling with excitement at this moment. When she saw Horace unzipping the big takeout bag, she hurried forward and said, "Mr. Warren, please let me do it."

She took it from him before he could refuse.

In the bag, the takeout was in three boxes. These were more than enough for Cara and Caylee. There were also six desserts.

With the three takeout boxes in front of her, Cara sniffed the pleasant aroma and remarked, "It smells so good. Mr. Warren, what is it? From the tantalizing aroma, I can tell it's very delicious."

"This is the Lake Hotel's special dish called Lake Pot. You are right. It's very delicious. It can be placed on

the same level with the food I brought back from the Sea Pavilion yesterday,"

Horace answered her casually.

The Lake Pot was top on the Lake Hotel's menu, so there was no way it would be inferior to the regular meals of the Sea Pavilion. If it wasn't a culinary masterpiece, the hotel would have closed down long ago.

"What?" Cara was shocked to hear what he said. With her eyes opened wide, she asked, "Mr. Warren, the food you brought back yesterday was from the Sea Pavilion? Wow! I missed such a golden opportunity. If I had known, I would have tasted it!"

At the thought of how she had downgraded the food, her heart ached.

Cara was plus-size because she was a foodie.

Tasting the Sea Pavilion food was the number one dream of every foodie in Rinas. She couldn't afford to go there because she wasn't rich. However, the food had once been right under her nose. It pained her that she didn't have a taste.

"Well, Cara, I had no idea that you like the Sea Pavilion food so much. Don't worry. I'll pack some for you next time." Horace found Cara's greedy and regretful look very funny. He had never seen someone so sad because of food. Since he wasn't a foodie, he couldn't understand her disappointment.

"Okay, that would be great! Thank you, Mr. Warren!" Cara instantly became excited when she heard his promise.

Just when she was about to open the dessert bag, the

inscription on it startled her. She stopped and exclaimed, "Mr. Warren, did you buy these desserts from Vloni Bakery? Ah! It's my favorite bakery. I love to eat their desserts, but they cost an arm. I can only afford a small dessert once a month. Are these six packs of desserts I see? You bought all of them at once. Wow! You are indeed a rich man. Mr. Warren, I really admire you!"

"Oh! The desserts in that shop are very expensive?" While Horace was at the cake shop, he had only looked at the different cake prices. He didn't check out the desserts, so he didn't know how much they cost. With a shrug, he added, "Uncle Farris bought the dessert for me. Feel free to satisfy your cravings. You are so lucky today!"

"I'm so happy, Mr. Warren!" The sight of all the delicious foods almost made Cara cry out with excitement. She also began to salivate.

'Ha-ha! Who would have thought that this sharp-tongued and snobbish nurse would turn into an innocent child at the sight of food? I guess every adult has an inner child!' Horace thought amusingly as he stared at her.

If Cara could read his mind at this moment, she would definitely disagree with displeasure. After all, no twenty-eight-year-old woman wanted to be likened to a child.

Meanwhile, Caylee had been watching the scene. She smiled and said, "Cara, you have been taking care of me for the whole night. You must be tired. You should eat more. I don't eat much, anyway."

When Cara heard this, she was moved. She realized that there were still good people in the world. She said respectfully, "Madam Potter, please eat first."

"Okay!" Judging from her countenance, Caylee deduced that if she didn't eat first, Cara wouldn't.

Hence, she picked up a piece of dessert and began to eat.

"Let's dig in!" Cara shouted excitedly after Caylee took the first bite. She wolfed down the Lake Pot and munched the desserts happily.

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## [THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

### Chapter 37 Unfathomable Feelings



Cara was in cloud nine as she munched on the food. Every spoonful she took filled her heart with more joy. She couldn't afford to go to the Lake Hotel, let alone taste the most expensive dish on the menu. This was the first time she was eating the Lake Pot. It tasted like heaven.

Cara still had self-control because Horace was beside her. If he hadn't been there, she would have gulped down the food to the extent that it would be dripping down her jaw. Even so, she still finished two boxes of food alone.

Fortunately, Caylee didn't eat much. If Cara had deliberately shortened his mother's portion, Horace would have sent her away. He was appalled as he watched her eating. He had never seen such a greedy foodie.

'Ah! Why is Cara eating like this? Did she die of



starvation in her previous life?' Horace couldn't help but wonder as he looked at the empty takeout boxes and the remaining two pieces of desserts. Cara was the first woman he knew that had a larger appetite than a man.

Despite Cara's gluttonous nature, she wasn't obese. She was just plus-size and had great curves. Horace reasoned that she must have been downing diet pills regularly.

This was the only logical explanation he could think of for her good figure. Gluttonous people mostly added weight outrageously. Those that didn't add weight usually swallowed diet pills without caution.

Caylee only ate one slice of dessert. There were three slices in each pack. It was obvious that Cara had eaten a lot.

"Alas!" Horace sighed as he looked at the foodie. In a serious tone, he said, "Cara, you are a woman. I think I know why you are still single. Men are somewhat afraid of women who eat too much. I advise that you cut down on what you eat, so you don't scare all the men away."

"Humph!" Cara snorted. "Mr. Warren, I know my worth. If no man asks for my hand in marriage, I'll go to you. After all, you just placed a curse on me," she said in a coquettish tone.

"Oh, my God! Cara, please don't lie against me. I didn't curse you at all. I was just giving you a harmless piece of advice. Anyway, suit yourself. Eat more if you like. It's none of my business." Horace shook his head and defended himself immediately. He didn't want to end up with a woman like Cara. She was a troublesome foodie. She would turn him into a fat man if he married her.

"Well, I don't care!" Cara pouted and acted like a spoiled child.

To avoid further accusations, Horace ignored her protest. Dinner ended and Cara cleared the table. She didn't stop there; she also cleaned the entire room even though it was the cleaner's job.

Instead of concerning himself with her overzealousness, Horace talked with his mother for a long time.

Caylee dozed off while they were still chatting. He tucked her in bed and kissed her goodnight. It was just ten o'clock when he climbed onto the empty bed and fell asleep. He didn't want to disturb his mother's rest.

The following day, Horace woke up before six o'clock. He had just sat up on the bed when something occurred to him. He patted his head reprovably and muttered, "I almost forgot such an important thing."

He quickly took out his phone and dialed a number.

The line connected after the first ring.

The next second, a lazy and angry female voice came from the other end of the line. "Who is it? Didn't you check the time before calling? It's too early to call someone at six o'clock in the morning."

"Hello, accept my apologies for disturbing your sleep. Am I on to Edna Avila? This is Horace Warren. Have you heard of me before?"

Horace overlooked her attitude and apologized briefly.

He would have reacted the same way if someone had disturbed his sleep with a call.

The words from the other end of the line made the woman wide awake. She sat up on the bed and asked in confusion, "Who are you? How did you get my number? Are you one of my admirers? There are many men who want to win my heart. You have to wait in line, understand? Since there's nothing else to say, I have to hang up now!"

Edna didn't leave a chance for Horace to speak. But instead of hanging up, she suddenly asked, "Horace? Did you just say your name is Horace Warren? Why does your name sound so familiar?"

An alarm suddenly went off in Edna's head and she screamed. "Oh, my God! Mr. Warren, I'm so sorry. I made a grave mistake. Please punish me!" she stuttered in a trembling voice.

"It's all right, Edna. I shouldn't have called you so early in the first place," Horace said in a soft voice. "My friend's birthday is today. I'm bringing her to celebrate it at the restaurant you manage by noon. Can you reserve a table for me?"

Edna was the manager of the Country Music Restaurant, so she was working for Horace. However, she wasn't one of the top executives of the Warren family's business, so she had never met or spoken to him before. She had only seen his photos. This was why she didn't recognize his voice.

"What?" Edna exclaimed in disbelief. He was her boss, so she was shocked that he pinned the blame on himself even after she spoke to him rudely.

This kind of boss was hard to find.

After regaining composure, she replied respectfully, "Mr. Warren, you don't need to worry. I will definitely make a reservation and get everything ready before your arrival."

"Okay, I'm counting on you, Edna."

"Thank you for trusting me, Mr. Warren. I will not let you down! Ha-ha!"

"I know of your excellent abilities. Of course, I believe you will deliver!"

Horace had read some information online about Edna. At the young age of twenty-nine, she became the manager of the Country Music Restaurant and a standby person in charge of the Warren family's business in Rinas.

With more years of hard work, she was sure to

become one of the top associates of the Warren family. She would be able to rub shoulders with Farris at that time.

Edna's diligence to work and previous success were pointers to how excellent she was. All the top executives of the Warren family's business in Rinas were over forty years old. She could even regard them as her uncles. But she would wield the same power as them in a few years.

Even Raul was impressed with her works. He once said that in the future, she might be able to work for the Warren family in Antawood. She would become a popular figure and many people would accord her great respect irrespective of her age.

"I feel honored, Mr. Warren. Thank you very much. I promise to work even harder in the future!" Edna vowed while nodding. She felt it was a great honor to



receive his praise.

Horace was not only her boss, but also the heir of the Warren family.

"Okay, Edna. You go get everything ready. I'm hanging up now. Bye!"

"Bye, Mr. Warren."

After Horace hung up the phone, he rubbed his head. Something was bothering him greatly. It was none other than the mystery of Laila's feelings for him.

He had planned to make the necessary arrangements for her birthday party yesterday. But after what happened in the taxi, his head was in a mess and he couldn't think straight. He was so caught up in figuring out if Laila had a crush on him that he forgot today was her birthday.

It wasn't until this morning that he remembered.

'I need to stop worrying about this. Irrespective of the kind of feelings Laila has for me, I'll make today extra special and unforgettable for her!'

Horace advised himself and went to the washroom to wash up.

Afterward, he had breakfast with his mother. He planned to buy a gift for Laila at the Sea Square, which was the most luxurious shopping mall in Rinas. Even though he was now rich, he didn't have anything valuable, let alone a befitting gift for Laila. Actually, while he was out yesterday afternoon, Raul had stopped by to see his mother and given her some precious jewelry. But his mother's jewel was out of the question. He never touched her belongings for any reason.

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## THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 38 Extreme Discrimination



Horace said goodbye to his mother and left her in Cara's care before he walked out of the Rinas Infirmary.

It was eight o'clock in the morning. Since it was a weekday, this was the rush hour for work. Many commercial and private vehicles were on the road. He didn't want to waste too much time in traffic, so he hailed a taxi.

The Rinas Infirmary was very far from the Sea

Square. A bus ride would take at least forty-five minutes because of the many stops that would be made. Time wasn't on his side now.

He knew that he needed to patiently decide on a perfect birthday gift for Laila.

It took only twenty minutes for Horace to arrive at the Sea Square by taxi.

The opening time for the shopping mall was eight o'clock in the morning, so it was already open at this time. Shoppers were very few because today was a working day. And a great part of the few was only window-shopping.

Horace had never been here before. He had been poor all his life, so his major concerns weren't luxuries, but basic needs. The only reason he knew about this place was that Amaia mentioned it to him

frequently.

While they were still dating, she always rang a particular reminder in his ears. "Horace, you must become rich in the future, so you can take me to the Sea Square and buy me all the luxuries I want!"

"Alas!" Horace sighed as he stared at the tall building of the shopping mall. He was finally entering this place for the first time, but he wasn't shopping for Amaia. He was here to choose a gift for Laila.

'Boy, stop reminiscing about your relationship with that girl. She dumped you ruthlessly. Just do what you came here to do with a clear head!'

Horace advised himself and took a deep breath. He then strolled in the mall and looked at the various luxury stores.

Some of the passers-by looked at him with disdainful sneers and even pointed at him.

Since Horace discovered his true identity and became rich, he hadn't bought any new clothes for himself. He was still wearing his tattered clothes. They made him look like a poverty-stricken beggar or a homeless man. He was neither of those, but everyone here thought he was.

All of a sudden, a young woman who looked very fashionable stared at Horace from head to toe and then murmured, "Are paupers so rich now? This one even dared to come here. Isn't he afraid of getting shocked to death at the sight of the prices?"

"Lana, I doubt if this beggar came here to buy anything. I mean, look at the way he's dressed. He can't possibly afford anything here. It seems that he came here to beg for alms. Many rich people come

here to shop. Some of them are very benevolent. This man would most likely earn more than what he gets begging on the street for a whole day," a petite girl said to the fashionable woman in disagreement. Her tone was insolent. Afterward, she proudly raised her head and stared down at Horace.

"Oh, Gussie, you have a point there. You are so smart that you quickly read the pauper's mind!" When the fashionable woman named Lana Lynch heard Gussie Cohen's words, she chuckled. She then looked at Horace and tut-tutted. "Young people nowadays are so lazy. Most of them don't want to work hard. They love handouts. It's no surprise that they become paupers at such a young age. We and people like him are worlds apart."

Gussie concurred with Lana's statement. They both

despised Horace just because of the way he looked.

Horace heard everything they said. Their words pricked his heart a little. When he looked up, he saw that they had very beautiful faces. It was surprising that beneath their beauty were two ugly hearts.

The women had exaggerated about his shabby looks. His clothes were worn out, but there was a visible difference between him and a street beggar.

Like the gentleman that he was, Horace ignored the women. He felt that their mean words would remove nothing from him. This wasn't the first time people were gossiping behind his back.

The only times he confronted such people and told them to take back their words were when his loved ones were involved. If he was the only one being insulted, he didn't give a damn. As a poor student in



high school, almost all his classmates and schoolmates made it a point of duty to mock him at the slightest chance they got. He had suffered worse at that time. These women's ridicule was nothing, so he paid no mind to them.

Horace finally stood at the door of a jewelry store.

"A formal item would make a perfect birthday gift. I have walked past many shops, and most of them sell only informal women's wear. A piece of jewelry seems to be the most decent gift I can buy. In fact, let me enter this jewelry shop," Horace murmured as he looked at the BVLGARI jewelry store. He stepped in as soon as he made up his mind.

"What?" When Lana saw Horace entering the BVLGARI shop, she exclaimed, "Look! That pauper just entered the BVLGARI shop! What is he going to do there? Does he plan to beg the jewelry shoppers?"

This exclamation drew Gussie's attention. She looked over and saw Horace stepping into the shop. She also exclaimed, "Damn it! Are my eyes deceiving me? Or did that poor loser really enter the BVLGARI shop?"

After recovering from the shock, Gussie said to Lana in a low voice, "Let's go, Lana. I'm sure that there would be a good show in there. Let's follow him to see what happens!"

"Okay!" Both women went to the BVLGARI shop without hesitation.

A woman's angry voice was the first thing they heard the moment they stepped into the shop. "Where did this pauper come from? Why are you here? Anyway, I don't want to hear anything you have to say. Don't spoil business for us. Just get lost right now!"

Gussie and Lana saw an attendant glaring at Horace with her hands on her hips.

"A pauper?" Horace frowned. To be sure, he pointed at himself and asked, "Are you referring to me?"

He instantly felt disappointed with the bad welcome he just received. He didn't expect that the attendant of a luxury brand would be so rude and ill-mannered.

It was only right that anyone who stepped into this shop was given a good welcome. It was often said that customers were kings. This was Horace's watchword when he did any kind of part-time job.

He found it very appalling and this shop attendant had no work ethic. She was treating him, a potential customer, as if he were a piece of trash.

"Huh!" The shop attendant smirked disdainfully after

hearing his question. She pointed her index finger at him and said boldly, "Of course, I'm referring to you! Do you see another pauper here? It seems you are not only poor, but also dumb. Get out of my shop!"

At this moment, the shop attendant noticed that two sophisticated women were standing at the door. She quickly put on a smile and walked up to them. In a voice laden with flattery, she said, "Hello, beauties. Welcome to our store. Today we are offering a 12% discount on all purchases. Please feel free to look around and pick what you want. There will be no such price tomorrow!"

"Wow! A 12% discount on all purchases?" Lana was stunned. She then said to Gussie, "Didn't your sugar daddy promise to take us shopping today? Why hasn't he arrived yet?"

"Oh, Lana. Take a chill pill. The discount lasts for a

whole day. It's not even nine o'clock yet. Well, I just texted him. He said he just arrived and is parking his car. He should be here any time soon!"

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## THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 39 Sugar Daddy's Anger

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In the face of discrimination, a glint of anger flickered in Horace's eyes. He pointed at himself and said, "Miss, I came here first. You didn't welcome me, neither did anyone else attend to me. Is that right?"

Time wasn't on his side, so he wanted to get this done soon. It was so annoying that the attendant behaved rudely and also asked him to leave. Her politeness to

Gussie and Lana added insult to injury.

"Huh!" Another attendant who was behind the display counter sneered at Horace and remarked disdainfully, "Why don't you look at yourself in the mirror? You look like a beggar. How do you expect us to welcome you? You know what, perish that idea! I'm sure that a poor man like you has never received a warm welcome from any attendants in a mall before. You don't deserve it at all. You don't belong here. Go back to the streets!"

"Oh, really?" Horace drew his head back in surprise. "How do you know that I'm poor?" he asked with a sneer.

"Isn't it obvious? A poor man can never hide his penury. It can't be masked. I can smell poverty from a mile away. Even without looking at you, your aura tells me who you are. Get out of here! You stinky

pauper!"

The attendant's response was full of bile and hatred because he dared to question her.

Shaking his head, Horace chuckled nonchalantly and said to the insulting attendant, "Do you think you are superior to me just because you work in a luxury shop?"

Gussie suddenly burst into laughter when she heard his last statement. She remarked, "Oh! This pauper is kind of interesting!"

She turned to Lana and asked, "Lana, there's something about this guy. Do you think the competitors of this BVLGARI shop hired him to make a scene here?"

"Hmm. What you said makes sense. Tut, tut, tut!"

Some competitors could actually stoop this low. I don't know which is responsible. However, it's just lame. There aren't many shoppers in the morning. Now is not a good time to use this trick!" Lana echoed her friend's motion.

"This doesn't change a thing. Anyway, we are here to watch the fun!"

"Hey, Gussie, I'm here. What are you watching so earnestly? Let's me have a look too!" The voice of a middle-aged man suddenly came from behind.

"You are finally here!" Gussie immediately turned to look at the door and said excitedly to the man, "Honey, a good show is on. Come and watch it with me!"

"Oh, is that so? What kind of show is it?" The middle-aged man went straight to Gussie's side and slapped



her on the buttock playfully.

"Look, it's right there!" Gussie pointed at Horace, who was standing in front of the display counter. She then added in a coquettish tone, "A war of words is currently going on between that pauper and shop attendant! Isn't the scene interesting?"

Gussie explained the scenario and leaned in the middle-aged man's arms.

The man looked ahead and saw Horace, who was arguing with an attendant. The next second, he ran forward. Gussie fell to the floor with a thud.

"Mr. Warren!" he called out respectfully when he got to Horace's side.

"What happened?" Confusion and horror gleamed in Gussie's eyes as she looked at the scene in front of her. 'Why did he go to meet that beggar?' she wondered.

Before she could fathom the reason, Lana asked her cautiously, "Gussie, is your sugar daddy fond of role-playing?"

"Role-playing? Yes, he likes it a lot. He does it at any given opportunity. Do you think he suddenly decided to role play here?" Gussie squinted her eyes and began to buy into her friend's idea.

At the thought of all the things that happened previously, Gussie knew that her sugar daddy loved role-playing. She was also good at it. She always entertained him with her good acting. This was the major reason he liked her a lot and she found favor in his eyes.

"Well, that says it all!" Lana nodded her head in realization and added, "Your sugar daddy is an interesting man. He's not like those uptight wealthy men. The fact that he suddenly started role-playing says a lot about his dual personality. It seems he would humiliate that pauper after taking him for a sleigh ride. Ha-ha! The beggar is in hot soup. The more I think about it, the more I can't wait for it to happen. Wow, I fancy this sugar daddy of yours. How about you give him to me and let me keep him company for a few days?"

Gussie and Lana were standing a little far away from Horace. They also spoke in low voices. Thus, none of the other people in the shop could hear their conversation.

"Ah! Uncle Farris, it's you!" Horace exclaimed when he saw who it was. He then asked, "Why are you here

at this time? Are you a fortuneteller? I sense an odd pattern. You always appear when I'm in an unfavorable situation. It's a weekday and you are a busy man. Tell me, why did you come here?"

The middle-aged man, who had just arrived at the shop was none other than Farris, the most dangerous man in Rinas. He was also Gussie's sugar daddy.

"Well, Mr. Warren, I admit that a pattern is being formed. But I am not a fortuneteller. It seems to me that fate just is making us cross paths. My little girlfriend's birthday is coming soon. I told her to meet me here, so I would spoil her with many luxuries ahead of her special day. I didn't know I would meet you here. What a pleasant surprise!"

Farris flashed an innocent smile when he finished speaking. Afterward, he pointed at Gussie and continued, "Mr. Warren, that's my little girlfriend. What

do you think of her? Isn't she beautiful?"

"Uncle Farris, I must say that you are the only person who is capable of doing such things among the associates of the Warren family. Yes, she's so young and beautiful. You have a good eye. Well done!"

Despite being Farris's superior, Horace didn't want to interfere with his private life.

He really admired Farris, but he couldn't help thinking that he was a cradle-snatcher for dating someone so young.

When Gussie saw that Farris was pointing at her, she immediately reasoned that she must go with the flow. She waved and said to Horace with a smile, "Hello, Mr. Warren. My name is Gussie Cohen."

Horace followed Farris's finger and looked at Gussie

carefully. He then smiled briefly in response to her greeting.

He didn't like quarreling with anyone. However, this didn't mean he would turn a blind eye after he was despised extremely. Gussie had done just that a few minutes ago. If she wasn't Farris's girlfriend, he wouldn't have let things slide now.

"Gosh! What's wrong with him? I'm just playing along with Mr. Rivera. I wouldn't have greeted that loser for any other reason. How dare he ignore me? Who does he think he is? Aargh! When this show ends, I must teach him a lesson he will never forget for the rest of his life!" Rage surged inside Gussie's heart as she stared at Horace who practically ignored her.

"Yes, Gussie. Don't let him escape your wrath. You'd better help Mr. Rivera to catch him. That way, we can torture him later!" Lana charged up her friend.

Meanwhile, Farris frowned when he noticed a hint of displeasure on Horace's face. He knew at a glance that Horace didn't like his girlfriend.

"Mr. Warren, please be honest with me. Did Gussie offend you?" Farris asked cautiously.

"Uncle Farris, it's nothing serious. Don't bother about it."

Horace's words made Farris remember that Gussie had called Horace a pauper when she narrated what was happening a while ago.

He walked back to Gussie in a fit of pique.

With great strength, he slapped her cheek. "You bitch! I never imagined that anyone close to me would insult Mr. Warren. You are courting death!" he roared.

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## THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 40 The Alleged Role-play



Gussie held her face in horror after Farris's slap. A teardrop fell from her eyes. But a second later, she reasoned that he must be joking with her. 'No, he's not angry with me. He just wants to play a trick on Horace. He slapped me to make his acting look more real. Yes, he loves me so much. He can't raise his hand on me because of a pauper.'

She tried to convince herself.

Doubt crept into her mind, but she pushed it away and



concluded that Farris was only making things look real. She also got ready to cooperate with him.

Gussie's mind was set on torturing Horace after Farris was done tricking him.

She found it appalling that a poor man like Horace could be so arrogant. She felt that he had brazenly accepted and acted like a noble man when he was addressed as Mr. Warren.

Gussie quickly switched to acting. She held the slapped cheek and said to Horace in a respectful tone, "Mr. Warren, I'm sorry. Please punish me! To vent your anger, you can give me any punishment."

As she spoke, she looked at Horace with teary eyes. Anybody would have thought that she was being sincere.

Horace glanced at her and waved his hand indifferently. He said to Farris, "Let it go, Uncle Farris. I don't hold any grudge against her. I can't hate her. After all, she's your girlfriend."

Despite Horace's words, Farris didn't leave Gussie alone.

He slapped her again. This slap was heavier than the previous one. The sound echoed in the shop. Farris then cupped his hands in front of Horace and said, "Mr. Warren, I'm so sorry. It's my fault. I should have taught her not to be disrespectful. I failed at my duty. Please forgive me."

Gussie was dazed by the second slap, but she didn't resent Farris at all. All her hatred was directed at Horace. She stared daggers at him and thought of the many ways she would torture him once she got her hands on him.

Biting her lower lip, she cursed him inwardly, 'Son of a bitch, you are the reason why Mr. Rivera slapped me twice. I will teach you an unforgettable lesson. You will be in so much pain that you would beg me to kill you. Your arrogance won't last long! Mr. Rivera started role-playing on a whim, so he wouldn't do it for too long. You will know what despair is soon!'

Horace didn't have the slightest idea of what was going on in Gussie's mind. He waved his hand and reiterated, "Forget it, Uncle Farris. You know that such trifles don't get to me. I don't give a damn."

"Mr. Warren, please allow me to deal with her. You don't give a damn, but I do. I can't let anyone disrespect you, not even my girlfriend. You are the heir of the Warren family. You deserve respect from your subordinates and their loved ones. I will respect your wishes, anyway." Farris bowed to Horace again.

He had been loyal to the Warren family for many years, so he knew that Horace deserved his loyalty.

After straightening up, he asked, "Mr. Warren, what brings you here? You don't have to stress yourself. Tell me whatever you need. I'll take care of it."

"Actually, it's not a big deal. I'm just shopping for an item to give my friend as a birthday gift. I heard that the Sea Square has many stores that sell luxury items. This is the first shop I entered. I hoped to see a piece of jewelry that's a perfect gift."

Horace told Farris his purpose for being here since there was no need to keep him in the dark.

This response reminded Farris of what happened yesterday in the Vlani Bakery. He immediately put two

and two together. Then he asked politely, "Mr. Warren, do you want to get a gift for that lovely girl I saw with you yesterday?"

"Yes!" Horace nodded and continued, "She is my one and only friend. She has helped me a lot since I met her in high school. Today is her birthday. I want to make it special. She's also from a humble background and had a tough childhood. I don't think she has ever had a birthday party before. And I want to throw her one today!"

"Wow! She's so lucky that you want to celebrate her birthday. Nice one, Mr. Warren." Farris pointed at Gussie with his left hand and said to Horace, "Mr. Warren, she's about the same age as your friend. She should know what ladies her age like. Why don't you ask her to assist you?"

When Gussie saw that Farris pointed at her, she

instantly became excited and thought, 'Oh my God! Does Mr. Rivera want me to teach him a lesson myself? Ha-ha! I'm so excited. You bastard, you will suffer at my hands later!'

As she walked to them, she held back her excitement. "Mr. Warren, it would be my pleasure to help you select the perfect gift," she said politely.

"Okay, great. But I don't want to shop here anymore. I don't like the attendants here. Let's go somewhere else!" With a frown, Horace looked at the shop attendants that disrespected and ridiculed him. All the insults that they hurled at him echoed in his ears.

"Why don't you like here, Mr. Warren? What happened?" Farris asked with a concerned expression. Instead of waiting for a response, he turned to his girlfriend and said, "Gussie, you were here before me. Tell me what the attendants did to

make Mr. Warren this unhappy!"

The last sentence came out as a roar.

Gussie was startled. Her heart skipped a beat, but she immediately thought, 'Wow! Mr. Rivera's acting is so real this time. He must have something huge up his sleeve. This poor brat is doomed! It's such a pity that Mr. Rivera doesn't want to venture into acting. He could make waves in the entertainment industry!'

After thinking for a while, Gussie explained to Farris, "Before your arrival, these shop attendants were rude to Mr. Warren. They used derogatory terms to address him. They also said that he was too poor to afford the things here and told him to get out of the shop."

"What? Bloody hell! How dare they call Mr. Warren a poor man?" Sheer anger appeared on Farris's face.

His eyebrows furrowed and a nerve twitched in his temple. He roared at the attendants, "You stupid lots! I want to see your manager now. She must explain why she hired ill-mannered people in this shop and didn't train you well. Is this how to treat customers? Are your skulls empty or have you just decided not to use your brains? How dare you insult a customer and even order him to leave? Bah! You aren't even worthy enough to shine my shoes, let alone Mr. Warren's! How dare you use derogatory terms on him? Who the hell do you think you are?"

Farris's demonic side came out at this moment. He was so brutal that he had no mercy for both men and women. If anyone dared to provoke him, he would curse at them without thinking twice. In the whole of Rinas, no one, including the big shots, dared to provoke him. They all respected him because he had the backing of the Warren family.



Farris's roar came as a kick in the teeth to all the shop attendants. They didn't expect that he would show respect to a poor young man.

As a regular customer of the BVLGARI shop, all the shop attendants knew him well. They also knew he was a brutal man, but he hadn't flipped out here before. Unlike Gussie, they didn't think he was role-playing. They were so afraid that they shook uncontrollably.

In anger, Farris glared at the trembling attendants and asked? "What's wrong with all of you? Why are you shaking? Are you afraid now? Fools, why weren't you trembling when you were ridiculing Mr. Warren? Have you all suddenly gone deaf? Call your manager out now. I want to ask her why she didn't train her employees well. How dare you embarrass Mr. Warren? Did your manager intentionally teach you all to discriminate against customers? Does she think

she's so big that she can humiliate him like that?  
Bah!"

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