

All of a sudden, an inner door opened slowly. A tall woman walked out. "What's going on here? Who's disturbing the peace of this shop this early morning?" she asked with an impatient frown.

The woman looked angry, but when she saw Farris, the frown on her face immediately changed into a smile. She said in a flattering tone, "Good morning, Mr. Rivera. It's a great honor to have you in our shop today! What brings you here? Is there anything you need help with?"

She then looked at the shop attendants and scolded them, "Hey, you all didn't do well. Why didn't you come to inform me that Mr. Rivera is here? He's an important person that deserves a special welcome. Where are your brains at? Am I paying you to be

figureheads here?"

The tall woman shot them a glare and then turned back to Farris. With an apologetic expression, she added, "I'm sorry, Mr. Rivera. My employees are so thoughtless that they kept you waiting. I promise this won't repeat itself. Now just tell me what I can help you with today."

As soon as she finished speaking, she noticed Horace standing close by. She eyed him from head to toe and then said to the attendants, "Why is he still standing here? Why didn't you call the security to kick this pauper out immediately? His poverty-stricken aura would affect Mr. Rivera's mood!"

The woman's words made Gussie confused. 'Did Mr. Rivera ask Libby Davies to come here because he wants to humiliate this man in a big way? If so, why did he ask me to assist him in choosing a perfect gift?

Phew! Reading his mind is an arduous task.
Something is weird, but I can't put my finger on it!

Libby was the manager of this BVLGARI shop and the woman that called Horace a pauper just now.

"Libby, what the hell are you talking about? Fuck! How dare you call Mr. Warren a pauper? Are you out of your mind?" Farris instantly became furious when he heard Libby's words. After the first roar, he continued, "Libby, no wonder all the shop attendants are rude and ill-mannered. It turns out that they learned such manners from you. Aargh! Why didn't I know you were this kind of person.

Now I have realized that you are a small-minded bigot! What the hell are you doing? I'm so mad at you. If you know what's good for you, better apologize to Mr. Warren now. Otherwise, I will beat the hell out of you. Don't blame me for being cruel at that time!"

Farris angrily cursed and warned Libby at the same time. He was shouting so much that her mouth flew open in shock.

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It took a while before she finally found her tongue. In confusion, she asked, "Mr. Rivere, why are you standing up for such a poor loser?"

"Fuck! Libby, did you just call him a poor loser? I made a wild guess before, but now I am certain that you have gone mad. Didn't I just correct you? How dare you open your mouth to call him that derogatory term?"

Farris roared and slapped Libby's left cheek with his

strong right hand.

The sound of the slap echoed in the entire shop.

It was followed by the shocked gasps of the shop attendants, Lene, and Gussie. Shock and embarrassment appeared on Libby's face as she held her cheek. She screamed in pain, "Ouch!" Afterward, she pointed at her assailant and shouted, "Ferris, I respected you and addressed you as Mr. Rivere. I shouldn't have done that at all. After all, you are just a mere rich man in this city. Why are you behaving so arrogantly? How dare you hit me? Mark my words. I will give you a taste of your own medicine, bastard!"

"What the hell? Who do you think you are to insult and threaten me? You are just a mere regional manager of a BVLGARI shop. How dare you call me names? You promised to give me a taste of my own medicine. Come on, I'm waiting for your revenge. Let

me see who you would call as your avenger! He-he!
Is it Freser?"

Ferris had eyes and ears everywhere in Rines. As a result, he knew who was backing Libby.

The reason why Libby was utterly arrogant was that she was the mistress of Freser, one of the wealthiest men in the city.

"Freser?" Horece was confused when he heard Ferris's words. He asked curiously, "Uncle Ferris, why does that name sound so familiar?"

At this moment, Gussie smirked and gave Horece a thumbs-up. 'Humph! I have to admit that I admire your good acting skills. I didn't expect any good thing to come out of you, let alone excellent acting. Did I just hear you say that the name sounds familiar? Why wouldn't it? Everyone in this city knows that Freser is

the eighth richest men here!

"Oh, Mr. Werren, you have forgotten him? Let me refresh your memory. Do you remember that short-sighted guy that went against you when we were having dinner at the See Pavilion? You taught him a lesson that day. Ferris is the father of that rude guy!"

When Ferris finished speaking, he proudly thought to himself, 'There's a wide difference between me and Ferris. We both had dinner with Mr. Werren a few days ago, but he has completely forgotten who Ferris is. Now he addresses me as Uncle Ferris. We are not on the same level!'

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is. Now he addresses me as Uncle Farris. We are not on the same level!

Meanwhile, Gussie also pondered, 'Mr. Rivera is getting so good at making up stories. Look at how he said those words so easily. If I didn't know any better, I would believe him!'

"Aha! I remember him now!" It was after Farris's description that Horace finally remembered who Fraser was. After nodding his head, he pointed at Libby and asked, "Then who is she? How is she related to Fraser?"

"Well, she's his mistress. They have been dating secretly for quite some time now... You know, Mr. Warren."

Farris intentionally said these words sinisterly.

"Oh, I see. That explains her pompousness. However, I want to understand why the people connected to Fraser are so arrogant. His son was like this, and now, his lover is the same!" Horace sighed and shook his head.

His last words angered Libby. Like a furious demoness, she shouted at him, "You fucking bastard! How dare you insult me and Mr. Lyons? Have you no manners? Not to worry, you will know what despair is when he comes later! No one in this city dares to step on his toes. Even the fiercest men respect him. Farris here isn't even half the man that he is!"

Gussie was stunned when she heard Libby's angry words. She sighed, 'It seems Mr. Warren is going all out for this trick. He really wants to humiliate this man. He doesn't want to torture him alone, and now, he's indirectly asking Libby to call Mr. Lyons. Tut, tut, tut! This man will be doomed very soon! Oh, I can't wait!'

Just as Gussie's excitement quadrupled, Libby took out her phone and dialed Fraser's number.

"Hello, honey! Can you hear me?" As soon as Fraser answered the call, Libby cried sadly. She then said angrily, "Honey, someone just bullied me!"

"What? Who bullied you?" Fraser instantly became furious. He then added, "I can't believe that someone had the audacity to bully my woman. That person is courting death!"

Fraser's voice was not low. Although Libby didn't turn on the speaker, Farris, Horace, and the others could hear him clearly.

Farris suddenly chuckled and remarked, "Mr. Lyons, you make me laugh. It seems your arrogance is getting worse by the day. Do you mean to say

everyone is afraid of you in this city? Am I a joke to you?"

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Chapter 42 One Big Misunderstanding



"Oh, so it's you, Farris!" Fraser shouted in surprise when he heard Farris's voice from the other end of the line. Afterward, he added, "Farris, I have never interfered with your business or personal matters before. Why are you disrespecting me by bullying my mistress? Do you think you can oppress me because you severely punished my son the last time?"

"Oh, don't make false accusations against me. I didn't punish your son for no reason. He offended Mr.

Warren, so it was only reasonable for him to get punished. Although you may think I was too hard on him that day, the truth is that I actually saved him. Come to think of it. Why do you think Mr. Warren let your son go so easily?" With these words, Farris smiled and then asked Horace, "Right, Mr. Warren?"

Horace touched the bridge of his nose for a while before replying casually, "Well, Uncle Farris, you must think I'm an evil and ruthless man."

His statement was only a joke. He didn't mean to blame Farris at all.

When Fraser heard Horace's voice from the other end of the line, he was shocked and exclaimed, "Mr. Warren? Farris, are you trying to pull a fast one on me? Is Mr. Warren really beside you?" 'Aargh! You cruel man, how dare you trick me?' Fraser was very angry, but he didn't dare to say what he had in his

mind.

A smile appeared on Gussie's face as she watched what was happening. While staring at Farris, she thought, 'Mr. Rivera is so awesome. I have never seen a man so powerful. He even made Mr. Lyons play along. Well, I must suck up to him and serve him well in the future. It seems like he's currently single. A man like him must be so generous and caring. Marrying him is my ticket out of poverty. He can completely turn my life around!'

As Gussie was busy plotting, Farris said, "That's right, Fraser." There was a hint of smile in his tone. "Mr. Warren is right next to me. I bumped into him today in Libby's BVLGARI shop. It was a pleasant surprise, but I'm not glad about what he experienced here!"

On the other end of the line, Fraser frowned after hearing Farris's narration. Libby was his mistress, so

he naturally knew her temperament. His heart suddenly jolted when something occurred to him. 'Ah! There's an extremely high chance that this woman would put me into trouble today. I will be doomed. If I had known she would turn out like this, I wouldn't have spoiled her so much,' he thought in fear.

Only a few days ago, his son had gotten him into trouble. Now his mistress was at it.

Fraser prayed fervently in his heart that Horace wouldn't get mad and things wouldn't escalate.

After a brief moment of silence, he commanded his mistress in a reproofing tone, "Libby, you didn't do well. Apologize to Mr. Warren as soon as possible."

He then added in a respectful tone, "Mr. Warren, I'm sorry. Please don't take this to heart. In fact, I'm on my way there to apologize to you in person."

A sense of betrayal filled Libby's heart. She also doubted Fraser's words. In a fit of pique, she shouted, "Fraser, I'm so ashamed of you. I know that you are only doing this because you don't want to offend Farris. Be a man by coming out straight. Why did you make such a ridiculous excuse? What the fuck! Why are you addressing this poor loser with respect? Are you kidding me? You are a dignitary. Why are you according a pauper respect out of the blue? If you are going to be like this, at least make up a good reason. Fraser, are you starting to dislike me because you have had plenty of sex with me? Let me tell you. I'm pregnant with your child. This baby increases my importance in your life. If you refuse to stick up for me this time, I will have an abortion!"

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before. Why are you disrespecting me by bullying my mistress? Do you think you can oppress me because you severely punished my son the last time?"

Gussie's mouth flew open when she heard these words. She stared at Libby speechlessly and thought, 'Wow! All fingers are not the same. She's a woman like me, but we are worlds apart. Even the blind men could see that Mr. Lyons was only playing along with Mr. Rivere's acting. Libby, how can you be so dumb that you brought everything to light and spoiled the plan?'

The moment Gussie sighed inwardly, Fraser roared from the other end of the line, "Damn it, Libby. How dare you go against me? Are you becoming so disobedient because I spoiled you too much? Why are you so arrogant? Can't you just obey me? Must you argue with me? Besides, do you think you can threaten me with the baby? Don't you know how many

illegitimate children I have? Your pregnancy is not a big deal. You are not the first mistress to birth a child for me. Now if you still want me to have anything to do with you, you should apologize to Mr. Warren immediately!"

When Gussie heard Fraser's reprimand, the corners of her mouth raised slightly and she thought, 'That serves you right, Libby. You're always so proud as a peacock. You think you are better than me and everyone else, don't you? Well, you would come down from your high horse now that Fraser is about to abandon you. How would you survive in the future? He-he! You are so dumb. If you want to go far, you need to be wise like me. Look at how I swallowed my pride and went to great lengths just to cooperate with Mr. Rivere. I even received an unwarranted sleep, but I didn't complain at all. But your case is different. You didn't even listen well before throwing a fit. You are nothing but a mistress. You should satisfy his every

whim!

Today wasn't a good day for Libby, who was usually arrogant. She had received a slap from Ferris and a stern reprimand from Fraser. Gussie was so happy that she was caught up in such an unpleasant situation.

All of a sudden, Horace asked, "Fraser, can you hear me?"

Gussie was disgusted by Horace. She criticized him inwardly, 'You are just a peeper. I'm sure you don't know Mr. Lyons or Mr. Rivere. They're way out of your league, but you are acting as if you are their superior. You are only lucky that these dignitaries are putting up an act. Otherwise, you would have been skinned alive for talking disrespectfully!'

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When Fraser heard Horace's question, he quickly replied, "Yes, yes, Mr. Warren, I'm all ears. Please, what can I do for you?"

"Honestly, I was very unhappy about what your son did the last time. I thought it was a minor occurrence that won't repeat itself. However, I realized that I was wrong after I bumped into your mistress in the Sea Square today. I find it rather odd that she was also rude to me. I just want to know if I have offended you in any way. Why are the people close to you being so mean to me? Do you have a hand in this?"

Horace's voice was a little flat. Although he had been a victim of oppression all his life, he never stood up to the oppressors. It was very difficult for him to address such things. However, he decided to clear things up after he heard Fraser's first sentence. It was apparent that the man didn't take him seriously. He spoke as if his son shouldn't have been punished for his wrongdoing the other day.

Horace didn't give a damn if someone insulted him. What he couldn't accept was someone mistreating

Laila. After that day, he thought that Pollard had learned his lesson and Fraser would keep all his family members and loved ones in check. He never expected that things would only get worse. This made him very unhappy.

Even though he always liked to overlook these things, he didn't want a repeat of such an incident. He reasoned that it was high time he told Fraser his mind. As the heir of the Warren family, he deserved to be respected by his subordinates. His words a few days ago were still valid. The Warren family household abided by whatever he said.

"Mr. Warren, no, no. It's really not as it seems. I don't have the guts to go against you. Everything is just one big misunderstanding! I owe allegiance to you and your family. Please believe me!" Fraser explained and also begged for mercy.

"From my perspective, your allegiance to Mr. Warren is still unclear. You might not have the guts to turn against him. But I doubt that you have control over your household. Your son and mistress are badly-behaved. They both mocked Mr. Warren. It's unacceptable!" Farris remarked bluntly.

Fraser was arrogant and domineering. He ranked eighth on the list of the top ten richest people in Rinas. He was two ranks lower than Farris, but he had no respect for him. In the past, he mocked Farris for coming from the ghetto and making his way up by controlling gangsters instead of doing a legitimate business. He said that such a man shouldn't be on the list. Thus, Farris didn't have a good relationship with him.

"They mocked Mr. Warren? Mr. Warren is a noble man. Anyone who dares to mock him is playing with fire. Libby, did you really do such a thing?" Fraser

roared like a ferocious lion. He didn't want to be on bad terms with Horace, so he had to show that he was totally against his mistress's actions.

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Chapter 43 A Liar's Reward



"No, no. I didn't do anything to him. Mr. Lyons, please believe me," Libby said in a trembling voice.

Fraser's roar scared the living daylights out of her. She realized that he was indeed angry and would throw her away like a piece of trash if she remained stubborn. It finally dawned on her that she was nothing without him.

As one of the wealthiest men in Rinas, Fraser had a lot of women at his beck and call. They flocked to him like bees to a honeypot. The result of his philandering was several illegitimate children. Libby was nothing in his eyes. He hated people who went against him. If she continued to be unruly, he would dump her on a whim. She would lose absolutely everything she had if that happened.

"Damn it! Libby, you are really something else. Why are you lying through your teeth? You were caught red-handed, but you are still denying it. Weren't you the one that called Mr. Warren a pauper just now?" Farris's eyes widened when he heard Libby's outright denial. His blood boiled because she was so shameless.

Her refusal to accept her wrongs was even more annoying.

"Libby, your arrogance is getting out of hand. I thought you were just being silly, but I was wrong. I didn't expect that you would go as far as abusing Mr. Warren. This is an unpardonable crime. I can't stand up for you this time. Don't resume work at the shop tomorrow," Fraser said slowly after realizing that his mistress was in the wrong.

Assuming Libby had only offended Farris, Fraser could ignore it because he didn't like the man anyway. This case was unpardonable because she had stepped on Horace's toes. Pollard's bad behavior had painted Fraser in a bad light. He was still trying to redeem his image. If he didn't punish his mistress now, Horace would have a lasting bad impression of him. He would have to step down as a top associate of the Warren family.

If things escalated to that level, he would drop out of the top ten richest men rank in the city. He would be

poorer than a commoner.

"No, Mr. Lyons, I was wrong. Please forgive me."
Libby sobbed when she heard the harsh declaration.

Fear swept through her at this moment. All the arrogance she had completely disappeared. She had been on a high horse because Fraser supported her and made her the manager of the BVLGARI shop in the Sea Square.

If she lost the job and stopped being his mistress, she would be nothing.

"Libby, spare me your tears. Do you have any idea who Mr. Warren is?"

Fraser's voice became serious. He revealed the truth slowly. "Mr. Warren is the direct descendant of the Warren family in Antawood. He is the future leader of

such a powerful family! And that's not all. He has the same nobility and prominence as the most senior officials of the country. You are a mere manager of a BVLGARI shop. How dare you insult him?"

"No, no. I didn't do anything to him. Mr. Lyons, please believe me," Libby said in a trembling voice.

"What? He's equal to the most senior officials of the country?" This revelation hit Libby like a bolt from the blue.

She then said in disbelief, "It's impossible. He's only a young man."

"Libby, there are so many things in the world that you can never understand. Power is not a respecter of age. Apologize to Mr. Warren and leave the shop now!" Fraser sighed helplessly. Even though he was doing away with the erring employee, he still had a lot of explaining to do when he met Horece.

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Now that she was doomed, Libby decided to apologize to him sincerely. However, her voice came out so low that Horece could barely hear her even though he was standing in front of her.

Before she could say anything more, a roar came from her phone. "Libby, didn't you have breakfast this morning? Why is your voice so low like someone dying of starvation? Besides, is that what you call an apology? If you don't apologize the right way, I don't mind coming to teach you a lesson in person!"

"What?" Libby became more afraid after this threat. She looked up at Horece with a hint of grievance in

her eyes and then said sincerely, "I'm sorry, Mr. Werren. I accept that I was wrong. I shouldn't have spoken to you rudely. You can punish me in any way. Just forgive me afterwards. Please!"

Libby gave Horece a puppy dog look. She was naturally beautiful, so her face looked more pitiful in this state. Anyone that saw her would want to forgive or protect her without hesitation.

However, this didn't work on Horece at all. He turned a blind eye to her persuasive technique. His expression was unmoved. He just looked at her calmly. His heart wasn't hardened against her because he didn't like women. It was just that only a few kinds of women could attract his attention. More so, he had no feelings for the women in front of him.

"Fresher, do you think Libby is the only person that felt here?" Horece looked at her and snorted.

"Mr. Werren, I'm sorry for everything. It's all my fault. I'm on my way to the See Square. I'll be there soon. To show my sincerity, I went to apologize to you in person," Freser said in a sobbing tone. Since he had scolded and fired Libby, he didn't expect that Horece would be angry with him too. He knew he had to handle this matter well. Otherwise, he would be doomed.

"Well, I'm not an unforgiving person. I don't hold grudges. Also, I don't want to make a mountain out of this issue. Just make sure you don't step on my toes in the future." Horece sighed and said to Ferris, "Uncle Ferris, I think we are done here. Let's go to pick up the gift somewhere else. Thirty minutes have passed. It's almost time for dinner."

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Gussie's bad perception of Horace remained unchanged. 'My God! This pauper is so annoying. I have never seen a poor man who is so good at pretending. How dare he behave this way? He not only addressed Mr. Lyons by his first name, but also made sure that his mistress lost her job. Why are they tolerating this? Well, I'm sure Mr. Lyons would have collaborated with Mr. Rivera to teach him a lesson if he had been here.'

As Gussie gave a sigh inwardly, Farris said respectfully, "Okay, Mr. Warren. Let's go to Cartier next door. After all, they don't sell inferior wares there. Their service is also top-notch. It's better to pick a gift there!"

When Gussie heard Farris's agreement, she thought to herself, 'Mr. Rivera's acting is superb. I'm almost being deceived by the seriousness of his tone and gestures. Mr. Lyons is also a good actor. Both of them would make waves in the entertainment industry if they decided to start an acting career. As for Libby, it seems she still doesn't know they are putting on an act. Serves her right. After all, she had been so proud just because she was Mr. Lyons's mistress.'

Horace nodded and agreed, "Okay, Uncle Farris. Let's go to Cartier next door. I hope I have a good experience shopping there."

"Don't worry, Mr. Warren. If any of the attendants in the Cartier shop dare to give you a hard time, I will skin them alive and throw their remains on the street!" Farris assured Horace and they made their way for the door.

Before he left, Farris glanced at Gussie and said, "Gussie, come along. You have to carefully choose a good gift for Mr. Warren."

Gussie jumped at the offer immediately. She assured him excitedly, "Okay, Mr. Rivera. I promise to do the task judiciously!"

She then took Lana's hand and followed them out.

Gussie was so happy that Farris told her to come along. In her mind, she reasoned that he wanted to take revenge on Horace. 'Oh, I can't wait to see what

Mr. Rivera has in store for this pauper. Since he asked me to accompany them, does he want me to play a little trick before he strikes hard? Or maybe he wants us to make a big move together,' Gussie pondered.

With great contempt in her heart, she stared at Horace and cursed inwardly, 'You stinky pauper. I'll torture you mercilessly soon. How dare you behave arrogantly in my presence? Humph!'

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[THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 44 Every Girl's Dream



The Cartier shop was close by, so they arrived there within seconds. This was the second luxury shop

Horace was entering today. However, he wasn't alone this time.

Even though the shop attendants in Cartier didn't know him, they recognized Farris. Irrespective of how shabbily Horace was dressed, no one dared to look down on him because he was with a prominent man. One of the shop attendants, who had a polite smile, stepped forward and said to them, "Welcome to Cartier. Sirs, madams, how may I help you today?"

Gussie immediately waved her hand and declined. "No, thanks. We'll have a look around first!"

She then looked at Horace and asked, "Mr. Warren, please what's your relationship with the girl you intend to gift?"

Gussie's polite behavior and zealousness were all part of her ploy to impress Farris. She wanted to be

part of his alleged big plan to make a fool of Horace.

"She's a former classmate from high school." This answer didn't sound right to Horace. He shook his head and added, "She's not just my former classmate, but also my very good friend."

"I see, Mr. Warren. Since she's your friend, I recommend that you choose between earrings, brooches, and bracelets. Such gifts won't be taken out of context. However, if you are interested in being romantically involved with her, you can consider buying a necklace. If you are sure that she feels the same way about you, you can buy her a ring."

As Gussie advised Horace, she thought to herself, 'You look so poor. Why did you come to a luxury shop to buy a gift for a girl? Do you think people would give you anything you want here for free because you are no good than a beggar? Bah! Perish that idea. I'm

sure you can't afford to buy anything here. Let's see how you would make a fool of yourself!

When Farris heard Gussie's detailed recommendations, he nodded with satisfaction. He had made the right decision by asking her to come along. Since she was a woman, she was in a better position to know what women liked.

Now that it was time for Horace to decide what kind of jewelry to buy, Farris's full attention was on him. He had no idea what was going on in Gussie's mind.

Meanwhile, Gussie had been paying attention to him the whole time. Thus, she noticed his satisfied nod. 'Did Mr. Rivera just nod in satisfaction because of my performance? This is going to be good! Ha-ha, you impoverished loser. A truckload of humiliation is waiting for you ahead!'

Horace was busy pondering about the kind of jewelry to buy. Although he didn't know about Laila's jewelry preferences, he knew that she had never worn earrings. In his mind's eye, he pictured her side profiles and confirmed that she had no hole in her ears. This meant that earrings were out of the question.

The Cartier shop was close by, so they arrived there within seconds. This was the second luxury shop Horace was entering today. However, he wasn't alone this time.

A brooch would make a good gift, but it wasn't for someone like Leile. She would most likely not wear it. Horace didn't think that gifting her a bracelet was a good idea since she didn't have a necklace yet. This left him with the last option, a necklace. He decided to settle for it. He also decided not to worry about Leile reading another meaning to the gift or not. Getting her the gift was what mattered now.

"I would go for e necklece," Horece seid to Gussie in e gentle voice efter meking e decision.

"Okey!" With e slight nod, Gussie esked, "How much money did you budget for the gift, Mr. Werren?"

The moment she finished speeking, Ferris chimed in, "Gussie, there's no need to esk thet question. Mr. Werren cen efford even the most expensive necklece in this shop. Money is not his problem!"

Gussie's question mede Horece put on his thinking cep. He knew thet it would be herd to explein things to Leile if he got her en expensive birthdey gift. She knew thet he only hed ebout fifty thousand dollers et hend. If he bought something thet cost more, she would query him. After teking the necessery things into consideretion, he decided to buy e necklece thet wes less then fifty thousand dollers.

Thus, he said, "I budgeted twenty to thirty thousand dollars."

The bill for the birthday dinner still had to be settled from the money at hand. Horace knew that Leile's roommates would only care about filling their bellies, but Leile was different. She would definitely calculate what was consumed. If he spent too much money, she would question him about it.

Leile's frugality was why he budgeted a relatively moderate price.

"You budgeted twenty to thirty thousand dollars?" Contempt filled Gussie's heart when she heard his budget.

'He's indeed a poor man. I'm sure Mr. Rivere played a fast one on him by bringing him to the expensive

shop. Honestly, for e men of his stetus, I'm surprised he hes such e huge budget. Pooh! Look et this peuper. I cen bet on it thet he borrowed the thirty thousand dollers,' she thought to herself.

Despite her chestising thoughts, she steted, "Okey, Mr. Werren. I'm quite femilier with the neckleces sold here, so I will recommend them to you. One is the Jusete un Clou, end the other is the Penthere de!"

The shop ettendents heerd Gussie's suggestion end thought to themselves, 'Why did she recommend those neckleces? Eech of them cost about fifty thousand dollers. That's e whole lot more then his budget. Did she do thet intentionelly or not?'

The shop ettendents knew that she hed mede e misteke. However, they were well-treined end knew it wes uncourteous to interrupt shoppers. All they could do wes to listen cerefully since Gussie hed eerlier

seid they didn't need help now.

A brooch would make a good gift, but it wasn't for someone like Laila. She would most likely not wear it. Horace didn't think that gifting her a bracelet was a good idea since she didn't have a necklace yet. This left him with the last option, a necklace. He decided to settle for it. He also decided not to worry about Laila reading another meaning to the gift or not. Getting her the gift was what mattered now.

"I would go for a necklace," Horace said to Gussie in a gentle voice after making a decision.

"Okay!" With a slight nod, Gussie asked, "How much money did you budget for the gift, Mr. Warren?"

The moment she finished speaking, Farris chimed in,

"Gussie, there's no need to ask that question. Mr. Warren can afford even the most expensive necklace in this shop. Money is not his problem!"

Gussie's question made Horace put on his thinking cap. He knew that it would be hard to explain things to Laila if he got her an expensive birthday gift. She knew that he only had about fifty thousand dollars at hand. If he bought something that cost more, she would query him. After taking the necessary things into consideration, he decided to buy a necklace that was less than fifty thousand dollars.

Thus, he said, "I budgeted twenty to thirty thousand dollars."

The bill for the birthday dinner still had to be settled from the money at hand. Horace knew that Laila's roommates would only care about filling their bellies, but Laila was different. She would definitely calculate

what was consumed. If he spent too much money, she would question him about it.

Laila's frugality was why he budgeted a relatively moderate price.

"You budgeted twenty to thirty thousand dollars?" Contempt filled Gussie's heart when she heard his budget.

'He's indeed a poor man. I'm sure Mr. Rivera played a fast one on him by bringing him to the expensive shop. Honestly, for a man of his status, I'm surprised he has such a huge budget. Pooh! Look at this pauper. I can bet on it that he borrowed the thirty thousand dollars,' she thought to herself.

Despite her chastising thoughts, she stated, "Okay, Mr. Warren. I'm quite familiar with the necklaces sold here, so I will recommend them to you. One is the

Juseté un Clou, and the other is the Panthere de!"

The shop attendants heard Gussie's suggestion and thought to themselves, 'Why did she recommend those necklaces? Each of them cost about fifty thousand dollars. That's a whole lot more than his budget. Did she do that intentionally or not?'

The shop attendants knew that she had made a mistake. However, they were well-trained and knew it was uncourteous to interrupt shoppers. All they could do was to listen carefully since Gussie had earlier said they didn't need help now.

"Oh really? Show me the two kinds of necklaces, please!" Horace ordered the shop attendants politely.

"Yes, sir. Please wait a moment!" one of the attendants answered. She then went to the storage room to take all the necklaces of Juseté un Clou and

the Panthere de.

These two necklaces came in a total of four styles. The Jusete un Clou necklace came in different styles and three separate colors, platinum, gold, and rose gold. The Panthere de necklace had only one style, but it was bicolored.

When the attendant displayed the necklaces for them to see, Gussie pointed at the Jusete un Clou necklace and said, "Mr. Warren, have a look at this. The pendant looks like a nail. It's very unique. Women fancy such things. If you give it to her, she might even fall in love with you. See how simple and fashionable it is. The beauty of any girl that wears this would outshine everyone else's in the street!"

"Oh, it looks a little interesting. What about the other one?" Horace praised the first necklace and then looked at the Panthere de necklace.

"Mr. Warren, this necklace is from the classic Panthere de Collection, which has become a symbol of life's most paramount relationships. Look at its pendant. It radiates nothing but brilliance! The pendant of this necklace is in the shape of a panthere. The panthere is Cartier's iconic animal image. It is made of platinum and diamonds. More so, there are a total of three hundred and forty-seven diamonds embedded in the pendant. This makes it an irresistible temptation for every girl. The Panthere de is not only a necklace, but also a symbol of youthful vigor!"

Gussie said as she took out the necklace and put it on herself. "Mr. Warren, look, isn't it beautiful? Believe me when I say that this necklace is the dream of every girl!"

"Well... It's not bad, but it doesn't fit into my budget. I find it difficult to make up a reasonable excuse for it.

Laila would scold me for spending so much money on a gift. I don't want to risk it. Anyway, I noticed that you really like this necklace. I will give it to you as a reward for helping me out today!"

Horace had taken a glance at the price tag on the necklace sample on the jewelry display counter. He had seen that it costs fifty-six thousand dollars. This was chicken feed to him, but he couldn't come up with a reasonable excuse to tell Laila, so he gave it up.

Gussie was taken aback by Horace's generous offer. She thought, 'What the hell? The price doesn't fit into your budget? You find it difficult to make up a reasonable excuse for it? And you want to give it to me as a reward? Are you listening to yourself, poor man? Bloody hell!'

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Chapter 45 Odd Reques

Several seconds passed and Gussie was still lost in thought. When Farris noticed this, he let out a slight cough to call her attention. "Gussie! What are you thinking about? Mr. Warren just offered you a gift. You should thank him. Do you think he gives rewards to just anyone?"

"Eh?" Gussie jolted back to reality when she heard his voice. She then looked at Horace, puzzled. "Thank you, Mr. Warren," she uttered.

At this moment, Lana, who had been silent all this while, poked her and whispered, "Gussie, I'm lost here. What's going on? Does he think Mr. Rivera

would pay for him? Or can he afford the necklace? Well, I don't think so. He looks so poor. If by chance he has that kind of money, he wouldn't squander it on a single necklace here."

Gussie concurred with her. She muttered, "Lana, you aren't the only one confused. I don't understand what's happening here at all. Is this poorly dressed man really Mr. Rivera's superior?"

"No, that's not possible. Not even in a million years. Remember that Mr. Rivera and Mr. Lyons are wealthy and powerful. How can this thing have a higher status than them? If he's really their superior, then he must be a legendary figure. How could such a person come to Rinas?"

Lana shook her head in disagreement. As far as she was concerned, there was absolutely no way Horace was a big shot.

"Mr. Lyons said that this man is noble and equal to the most senior officials in the country. But there's nothing to prove that it's true. Everything just doesn't add up. Do you think that this shabbily dressed man is really a big shot?" More confusion set in as Gussie reminisced about what Fraser had said over the phone.

"How is that possible? Gussie, do you know what it means to be a most senior official in the country? How can a young man like him be equal to them? Getting such power is not a walk in the park. For this reason, I don't believe what Mr. Lyons said. Besides, your face is slightly red. Are you getting scared?"

"Yes, Lana. I'm getting scared. You should be too. Come to think of it. Even though there is only a small chance that this young man is more powerful than Mr. Rivera and Mr. Lyons, I think it's better that we don't

disrespect him anymore. I can't risk it!"

Fear replaced half of the confusion in Gussie's mind. She didn't want to be reckless even though she wasn't sure of Horace's identity. She knew that she would be doomed for life if she stepped on the toes of someone so powerful.

While Gussie and Lana were whispering, Horace pointed at the Juseté un Clou necklace and asked the attendant, "Well, do you have any flexibility on the price? Can you accept thirty thousand dollars for it?"

The attendant was stunned to hear such a low offer. She stared at him with her eyebrows raised slightly. 'Man, didn't you just say that you would buy the Panthere de necklace for this woman despite knowing that it costs fifty-six thousand dollars? Why then are you asking for a discount of about 30% on a necklace that's worth more than forty thousand dollars? Is this a

joke? Or are you here to test your bargaining skills?' Several seconds passed and Gussie was still lost in thought. When Farris noticed this, he let out a slight cough to call her attention. "Gussie! What are you thinking about? Mr. Warren just offered you a gift. You should thank him. Do you think he gives rewards to just anyone?"

The attendant had a lot to say, but she didn't dare to voice out her thoughts. Like an experienced professional, she immediately wore a polite smile and declined. "I'm sorry, sir. The Jüsete un Clou's price is not open for a bargain. The price is fixed. A discount of about 30% is not possible. However, I have a little bit of good news. Our shop is having a celebration event today. Every jewelry here is on a 12% discount. That means you only have to pay thirty-nine thousand and six hundred dollars for this necklace."

"What do you mean by 'the price is not open for a

bergein'? Since Mr. Werren wants a 30% discount on the necklace, you have to sell it to him immediately. If you refuse to give in to his demands, I will destroy the whole shop today!" Ferris breathed fire when he heard the attendant's refusal. His eyes were already bloodshot.

This heavy threat sent a cold shiver down the attendant's spine. She was at a loss. After a while, she looked at Horece for help and said, "I and my colleagues are nothing but employees in this place. We don't own the shop. Please don't make things hard for us. If we had the power to bargain with customers, we would gladly sell it to you at the price of thirty thousand dollars. But we don't have the right to do so. Our hands are tied!"

With fear in her eyes, she looked at Ferris and apologized, "Mr. Rivere, I'm sorry for offending you. Please forgive me!"

The attendant was quite experienced, so she knew several wealthy individuals. She knew that Ferris was the most brutal person in the whole of Rines. He was also a man of his words. If he targeted her and this shop, she was certain that he would ruin her and her means of livelihood. This was why she put her hope on Horece.

Although she was also surprised that Ferris treated this young man with great respect, she couldn't show it or even ask questions. She and her colleagues were trained not to pry into the customers' personal affairs.

"What the..." Before Ferris could finish cursing out loud, he saw that Horece waved his hand and said, "Let it go, Uncle Ferris. I understand her plight. Working as an attendant comes with very little authority. We should be more understanding."

Horece had done many odd jobs like this, so he understood that they experienced great limitations and difficulties. Even when some customers made strange demands or were annoying, they had to put on polite smiles on their faces.

The attendant had a lot to say, but she didn't dare to voice out her thoughts. Like an experienced professional, she immediately wore a polite smile and declined. "I'm sorry, sir. The *Jusete un Clou*'s price is not open for a bargain. The price is fixed. A discount of about 30% is not possible. However, I have a little bit of good news. Our shop is having a celebration event today. Every jewelry here is on a 12% discount. That means you only have to pay thirty-nine thousand and six hundred dollars for this necklace."

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authority. We should be more understanding."

Horace had done many odd jobs like this, so he understood that they experienced great limitations and difficulties. Even when some customers made strange demands or were annoying, they had to put on polite smiles on their faces.

At the thought of this, it dawned on Horace that he had made a mistake just now. Bargaining in a luxury store was unheard of.

All of a sudden, an inner door swung open and a woman walked out. She looked at Farris with a warm smile and said, "Well, to what do I owe this pleasant surprise, Mr. Rivera? What brings you here today?"

She then continued, "Mr. Rivera, is there any jewelry here that tickles your fancy? Not to worry. I'll give it to you as a gift."

"Now that's what I'm talking about! Thanks, Norene. It's so nice of you. You are not as dull as your shop attendants!" After praising Norene Cullen, Farris pointed at the necklace in Horace's hand and stated, "Norene. I want to buy this necklace for thirty thousand dollars. Do we have a deal?"

"Mr. Rivera, you don't have to be so formal with me. I just said that I'll give it to you as a gift. Please, you don't have to pay. Just take it!"

"Mr. Warren, you heard what she said. How about we accept it for free?" Farris suggested to Horace.

"What?" Norene was stunned when she saw how Farris accorded Horace great respect. The attendants might only have a slight idea of Farris's power, but Norene knew a lot about him. For a man of his caliber, it was rare for him to hold someone else in

high esteem. She couldn't imagine the influence and affluence of this young man in front of her.

It didn't take long for Norene to decide to please Horace. She straightened her clothes and said with a tinge of flattery in her tone, "Wow! I'm so lucky to receive such a distinguished guest in our shop today. It's our honor to have you here, Mr. Warren!"

She opened her arms generously and added, "Mr. Warren, you are free to choose whatever you like here. I will gift you anything that takes your fancy!"

"No, thanks. I can afford it." Horace politely declined her offer. He then pointed at the Juseté un Clou rose gold necklace and requested, "I'll pay fifty thousand dollars for this necklace. However, I want you to write a receipt of thirty thousand dollars for me. Can you do that?"

This request was rather odd. The shop attendant almost fainted with surprise when she heard it. She was also very confused. 'He appears to be a rich young man. But why is he making such an awkward request? The manager offered to give him the necklace as a gift, but he refused. He wants to pay more than the original price but requests for a receipt that reads thirty thousand dollars. Rich men are so weird nowadays. Wonders will never cease!'

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Chapter 46 Fraser's Insecurities



Even Norene, the general manager of the Cartier shop was stunned to hear Horace's request. 'Why did he ask for such a thing? Does he really want to spend

fifty thousand dollars but needs a receipt that reads thirty thousand dollars? I have never heard such a thing before!

The thoughts Norene had were unsettled, but she still said, "Mr. Warren, I was serious about what I said earlier. You can have the necklaces for free. And I will also write a receipt of thirty thousand dollars for you. Is that okay by you?"

Norene was unrelenting. From the look of things, she knew that Horace was superior to Farris. She was in awe as she imagined his status. She couldn't let such a man leave here without sucking up to him.

To please him, she tried her best to meet any of his requirements and even offered him a gift. She didn't know if he would become a regular customer here. However, that wasn't exactly why she was doing this. She just wanted to have some connection with

Horace.

If she encountered some difficulties in the future, her connection with him would come in handy.

Horace chuckled after she politely insisted. He then said, "You want to win my friendship by gifting me these two necklaces, don't you? I appreciate your efforts and good service. Since you have insisted, I'll accept these two necklaces as a gift."

Horace was quick to tell why she was offering him a gift. As a serial part-timer, he had met many people and saw how they tried to obtain favor through flattery or gifts. He could now read people's minds and actions sometimes. It was obvious to him that Norene was extending a hand of friendship.

A hint of disappointment had flashed on Norene's face when she heard his first statement. However, it

instantly changed to excitement by the time he finished speaking.

With excitement on her face, she said to him, "Thank you, Mr. Warren. I appreciate you for giving me this opportunity."

Afterward, she took out five black cards from her handbag and gave them to him. She said respectfully, "Mr. Warren, these are Cartier's black gold membership cards. Each of the cards gives you a 34% discount on all the jewelry pieces in any Cartier store. They can also be transferred from one person to another."

After looking at the cards in her hands briefly, Horace accepted them all. He didn't hold back or pretend. Due to his current status, he knew that his friendship was worth more than just cards. She had a lot to gain from him. Thus, he wasn't going to decline the little

benefits he could get from befriending her.

All of a sudden, someone barged in through the entrance door and ran towards Horace.

The person knelt at his feet with a bang. His throaty voice came a second after. "Mr. Warren, I'm sorry. My offense is very grave. Please punish me!"

Even Norene, the general manager of the Cartier shop was stunned to hear Horace's request. 'Why did he ask for such a thing? Does he really want to spend fifty thousand dollars but needs a receipt that reads thirty thousand dollars? I have never heard such a thing before!'

The figure then bowed to Horace with his whole body.

'Eh? What the hell is going on?' Everyone present wondered as they stared at this figure on the floor.

'Who still apologizes like this in this age? We are now

in e modern society. Cen't he sey whatever he hes to sey without kneeling? Why is he still stuck in the encient ere despite being in e civilized world?'

At first, they were confused. But efter e while, they were ell shocked to see who it wes. One of the shop ettendents stuttered, "Ah! Isn't... Isn't thet Mr. Lyons?"

"Whet? Did you just sey Mr. Lyons?" Another ettendent wes taken ebeck by her colleegue's stetement. She looked et the figure cerefully. When she recognized him, she instently begen to sheke like e leef. "Yes... Yes... This is indeed Mr. Lyons!"

"Mr. Lyons?" Everyone's ettention wes fixed on the figure who wes kneeling on the floor. It didn't teke long for ell of them, except Horece end Ferris, to shiver. Gussie end Lene weren't left out.

'Whet the hell? I find it herd to believe thet this men is

Mr. Lyons! What's happening here? Can someone, anyone explain to me? Why is the big shot in Rines kneeling at the feet of this young man?' Norene's heart thumped against her chest.

Ferris's great respect for Horece had stunned her earlier, but she had managed not to overreact. Now that Freser was groveling on the floor, she just couldn't keep calm or understand what was happening.

Both Ferris and Freser had shown great respect to Horece, but one was talking to him like a friendly subordinate, and the other was groveling like a slave. The two situations were different.

The man groveling on the floor was the eighth richest man in Rines, Freser.

This occurrence shocked Gussie at first, but she

quickly regained her composure and heaved a sigh of relief. She considered herself lucky that the truth had not been revealed in time. If she had made trouble for Horece before now, she would have landed in hot water.

It finally dawned on her that Horece and Ferris were not acting at all.

This was because there was a limit to which they could put on an act for. There was no way Freser would kneel if they were just acting. Big shots like him always guarded their dignity jealously.

Freser would never sacrifice his dignity just to set a trap for Horece. The only logical reason for his groveling was that Horece indeed had a noble identity. He was so superior that Freser had no choice but to grovel while apologizing.

'Damn it. He is indeed superior to Mr. Rivere and Mr.

Lyons.

Ah! I almost screwed myself over. To think that I despised him and had the intention to humiliate him here. My foolishness almost landed me in trouble. Thank God this big shot is tolerant and he barely noticed I was setting him up. Otherwise, I would have been on my way to meet my creator by now.

The figure then bowed to Horace with his whole body.

'Eh? What the hell is going on?' Everyone present wondered as they stared at this figure on the floor. 'Who still apologizes like this in this age? We are now in a modern society. Can't he say whatever he has to say without kneeling? Why is he still stuck in the ancient era despite being in a civilized world?'

At first, they were confused. But after a while, they were all shocked to see who it was. One of the shop attendants stuttered, "Ah! Isn't... Isn't that Mr. Lyons?"

"What? Did you just say Mr. Lyons?" Another attendant was taken aback by her colleague's statement. She looked at the figure carefully. When she recognized him, she instantly began to shake like a leaf. "Yes... Yes... This is indeed Mr. Lyons!"

"Mr. Lyons?" Everyone's attention was fixed on the figure who was kneeling on the floor. It didn't take long for all of them, except Horace and Farris, to shiver. Gussie and Lana weren't left out.

'What the hell? I find it hard to believe that this man is Mr. Lyons! What's happening here? Can someone, anyone explain to me? Why is a big shot in Rinas kneeling at the feet of this young man?' Norene's

heart thumped against her chest.

Farris's great respect for Horace had stunned her earlier, but she had managed not to overreact. Now that Fraser was groveling on the floor, she just couldn't keep calm or understand what was happening.

Both Farris and Fraser had shown great respect to Horace, but one was talking to him like a friendly subordinate, and the other was groveling like a slave. The two situations were different.

The man groveling on the floor was the eighth richest man in Rinas, Fraser.

This occurrence shocked Gussie at first, but she quickly regained her composure and heaved a sigh of relief. She considered herself lucky that the truth had unraveled in time. If she had made trouble for Horace

before now, she would have landed in hot water.

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This was because there was a limit to which they could put on an act for. There was no way Fraser would kneel if they were just acting. Big shots like him always guarded their dignity jealously.

Fraser would never sacrifice his dignity just to set a trap for Horace. The only logical reason for his groveling was that Horace indeed had a noble identity. He was so superior that Fraser had no choice but to grovel while apologizing.

'Damn it. He is indeed superior to Mr. Rivera and Mr. Lyons.

Ah! I almost screwed myself over. To think that I

despised him and had the intention to humiliate him here. My foolishness almost landed me in trouble. Thank God this big shot is tolerant and he barely noticed I was setting him up. Otherwise, I would have been on my way to meet my creator by now.

I finally understand why Mr. Rivera slapped me so hard earlier on. It turned out he was saving me. Things would have gotten worse for me if he hadn't come in,' Gussie thought to herself.

A tangle of emotions surged in her heart. She was feeling thankful, regretful, and slightly afraid. Suddenly, she turned to look at Lana and thought resentfully, 'This bitch almost got me into trouble today. It's all her fault. She's fond of cajoling me to hate people. I had better stay away from her!'

It was beyond a shadow of a doubt that anyone who could make Fraser kneel was an extremely powerful

figure. Gussie was nothing but a piece of insignificance. If she dared to offend him, he could make her vanish into thin air with just a snap of his fingers.

Several seconds passed before Horace finally smiled. He squatted and looked at Fraser.

He then said slowly, "Fraser, I know that you are very unhappy and unwilling to accept the fact that I'm your superior now. You used to live a comfortable and carefree life in Rinas because you were far away from the Warren family in Antawood. However, everything changed overnight because of me. You aren't receiving any work orders from me, but you feel some kind of restraint because of my presence here. You are not at rest because you fear that I might take your business, don't you?"

"No, it's not like that, Mr. Warren. You have

misunderstood me. Everything I own belongs to the Warren family. I understand that I am nothing but a custodian. I have nothing against you. And I owe all my allegiance to you and your family! My manly ego is just rearing its head. I find it hard to accept that you could take over my business at any time. You are only a child who came back to your family less than ten days ago. I can't reconcile myself to the prospect of being controlled by you!"

As if he was suddenly possessed by a demon, Fraser raised his head and roared.

"Oh, you have finally told the truth. Your plight seems understandable. But what has it gotten to do with your mistress's and son's bad attitudes? Every asset I own was given to me readily by my father. I never asked for it. Neither did I meddle in any of the Warren family's businesses in Rinas, including yours. Your mistress and your son were the ones that made

trouble for me. They crossed the line!"

Horace was easy-going and humble. However, that didn't make him a coward. He defended himself against Fraser. This was his constitutional right and also a benefit of being an important member of the Warren family.

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[THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 47 The Stunning Homage



The atmosphere in the shop became tense after Horace fired back. It was at this time that Farris stepped forward and kicked Fraser and the latter flew a few inches away. He then said angrily, "You godforsaken bastard, do you know that I can kill you

and your entire family? What kind of stories did you feed your son and mistress that gave them the guts to disrespect Mr. Warren? And now how dare you disrespect him as well? Do you know who he is?"

Fraser had crashed on his side. A streak of blood seeped out from the corner of his mouth. He wiped it with the back of his hand and stood up. With a bloodied smile, he said sarcastically, "He was abandoned by the Warren family for eighteen whole years. He's just a stray dog. Since he was born, he lived from hand to mouth. He had no choice but to make his way back to the same family that didn't look for him for years. What a shame!"

"What? Fraser, have you gone nuts? You don't have the slightest idea of what Mr. Warren went through all these years. He had fought many battles and won, unlike you, lazy ass. If you continue to slander him, I will beat up your ass!" Farris punched him in the face.

As a young man, he had fought several fights when he was in the ghetto. He also received systematic combat training. These made him very strong and gave him some excellent moves. Although he was older, his fighting ability barely diminished. He was the best fighter out of all the big shots in Rinas.

With a loud bang, Fraser fell to the ground due to the heavy punch in the face. Farris then shouted, "Fraser, you think you are better than me. You achieved everything by relying on the Warren family's power and money. Even now, you are still eating from their table. You can agree that they own sixty percent of the credit. The remaining forty percent is for you. Is that why you have a swelled head?"

Pooh! You are fucking ridiculous. Don't you have any sense? Why are you biting the hand that feeds you? He just reconnected with his family, but that doesn't

change the fact that he's the heir. Do you even have any idea what he has been through? Fuck you! How dare you look down on Mr. Warren?"

Farris knocked some senses into Fraser in between blows. His anger increased inexplicably as he shouted. He kicked Fraser again and the latter fell to the ground with a thud.

The Cartier shop was completely silent. Only the sound of the kicks and punches could be heard. Everyone present was holding their breath. They were too stunned for words. The sixth richest man in Rinas was throwing blows and insults at the eighth richest man in public. If reporters got wind of this, it would make headlines tomorrow.

Cracking his knuckles viciously, Farris squatted to look at his punching bag. He suddenly grabbed Fraser's arm with his right hand. He said slowly but

ferociously, "You are courting death, Fraser. Listen to me, you have no right to belittle Mr. Warren.

The atmosphere in the shop became tense after Horace fired back. It was at this time that Farris stepped forward and kicked Fraser and the latter flew a few inches away. He then said angrily, "You godforsaken bastard, do you know that I can kill you and your entire family? What kind of stories did you feed your son and mistress that gave them the guts to disrespect Mr. Warren? And now how dare you disrespect him as well? Do you know who he is?"

Do you know that when he was six years old, he had to collect scrap for a month just to buy a lump of meat for Madam Potter?

Do you know that Mr. Warren learned how to cook when he was seven years old because Madam Potter was juggling several menial jobs?

Madam Potter fell sick when Mr. Werren was just eight years old, but he single-handedly carried her to the hospital. Do you know that?

Are you aware that Mr. Werren had been working different part-time jobs since he was ten years old in order to assist Madam Potter with some living expenses?

He never had weekends, summer vacations, or winter vacations since he was eleven years old. While his mates were playing, he was working; while they were sleeping, he was studying!

You fucking know nothing! I'm sure you haven't experienced such hardship in your entire life. You seem to have gotten everything on a platter, but you still look down on Mr. Werren. You are not even half the man that he is! Fuck you!" Ferris's blood boiled. His anger was doubling by the second. He threw

another punch at Fraser and the letter held his face
end curled up in agony.

"Besides, the head of the Werren family never got
married to anyone else, neither does he have other
children. Mr. Werren is the only child. This means that
he's the real heir to the Werren family. There are
many relations, but he's the only legitimate heir. No
one comes close to him. Why were you so dumb to
disrespect him?"

After saying that, Ferris gave him another heavy
punch on his abdomen. Fraser threw up some of the
contents of his belly.

Everyone in the shop was stunned to hear Ferris's
words. Horece's childhood story was very heart-
wrenching. They didn't expect that the son of a
wealthy man had lived a hard-knock life before now.

'Wow! He's really a strong young man. Despite his tough childhood, he morphed into a good person. No wonder he's so kind.

This is an explanation for his shabby clothes. It turned out that he didn't pretend to be poor at all. He truly had a humble childhood. Abject poverty was the root cause of every odd thing about him.'

"Uncle Ferris, just let it go!" Horece spoke all of a sudden. He waved at Ferris and added, "Save your sweat. It's useless to beat him up. Besides, he's an associate of the Werren family. Don't go too far. Despite his rudeness, I have to admit that he's right about one thing. I just returned to the Werren family a few days ago. It's normal that some people wouldn't welcome me with open arms!"

"Who dares to disrespect Mr. Werren?" A clear voice suddenly came from the entrance door of the shop.

An old man with grey hair steadily walked to where everyone stood.

When he came in front of Hagrid, he knelt down and shouted respectfully, "My name is Egon Hudson. Mr. Warren, it's a great honor to finally see you!"

Do you know that when he was six years old, he had to collect scrap for a month just to buy a lump of meat for Madam Potter?

Do you know that Mr. Warren learned how to cook when he was seven years old because Madam Potter was juggling several menial jobs?

Madam Potter fell sick when Mr. Warren was just eight years old, but he single-handedly carried her to

the hospital. Do you know that?

Are you aware that Mr. Warren had been working different part-time jobs since he was ten years old in order to assist Madam Potter with some living expenses?

He never had weekends, summer vacations, or winter vacations since he was eleven years old. While his mates were playing, he was working; while they were sleeping, he was studying!

You fucking know nothing! I'm sure you haven't experienced such hardship in your entire life. You seem to have gotten everything on a platter, but you still look down on Mr. Warren. You are not even half the man that he is! Fuck you!" Farris's blood boiled. His anger was doubling by the second. He threw another punch at Fraser and the latter held his face and curled up in agony.

"Besides, the head of the Warren family never got married to anyone else, neither does he have other children. Mr. Warren is the only child. This means that he's the real heir to the Warren family. There are many relations, but he's the only legitimate heir. No one comes close to him. Why were you so dumb to disrespect him?"

After saying that, Farris gave him another heavy punch on his abdomen. Fraser threw up some of the contents of his belly.

Everyone in the shop was stunned to hear Farris's words. Horace's childhood story was very heart-wrenching. They didn't expect that the son of a wealthy man had lived a hard-knock life before now.

'Wow! He's really a strong young man. Despite his tough childhood, he morphed into a good person. No

wonder he's so kind.

This is an explanation for his shabby clothes. It turned out that he didn't pretend to be poor at all. He truly had a humble childhood. Abject poverty was the root cause of every odd thing about him.'

"Uncle Farris, just let it go!" Horace spoke all of a sudden. He waved at Farris and added, "Save your sweat. It's useless to beat him up. Besides, he's an associate of the Warren family. Don't go too far. Despite his rudeness, I have to admit that he's right about one thing. I just returned to the Warren family a few days ago. It's normal that some people wouldn't welcome me with open arms!"

"Who dares to disrespect Mr. Warren?" A clear voice suddenly came from the entrance door of the shop.

An old man with gray hair steadily walked to where

everyone stood.

When he came in front of Horace, he knelt down and shouted respectfully, "My name is Egan Hudson. Mr. Warren, it's a great honor to finally see you!"

Six men also walked into the shop. They were the elites of the Warren family in Rinas. They knelt at Horace's feet and shouted, "Mr. Warren!"

'What the fuck!' Norene's eyes widened. She didn't know Egan, but she recognized the six people behind him.

One of them was the mysterious and powerful boss of the Sea Pavilion. The other five men were part of the top richest men in Rinas.

Norene was in a daze. Her mind was a mess at this moment. She wondered when Horace, a big shot who

was respected by the wealthiest men, came to Rinas.

Meanwhile, Gussie trembled uncontrollably when she saw these people paying homage to Horace. She took several deep breaths to stay calm. 'I escaped death by a whisker today. Fortunately, I didn't offend this big shot. My fate would have been terrible if I had done. He's respected by seven of the top ten billionaires in Rinas. He's the epitome of class, power, and wealth. My goodness! It's beyond me!'

Farris stared at Egan, who was still on his knees, and exclaimed, "Mr. Hudson!"

Fraser had just gotten up from the fetal position he was before and knelt on the ground again. "Mr. Hudson?" he also exclaimed.

"Who is he?" Horace couldn't help murmuring as he looked at Egan in utter confusion.

"Mr. Warren, I'm Egan Hudson, an old servant who has been serving your father for several years. I came here today because he ordered me to give you a gift on his behalf,"

Egan explained when he saw that Horace was confused.

"My father? A gift? Let me get this straight. Mr. Hudson, do you mean my father sent a gift for me? He hasn't set eyes on me for eighteen long years. Now that he knows my location, doesn't he want to see me in person?"

"Mr. Warren, I'm sorry. I apologize on behalf of your father. He wants to see you. In fact, he has been longing to reconnect with you all these years. It's just that the Warren family is going through a tough crisis now. To ensure that your return is hassle-free, your

father can't leave Antawood yet. He's working tirelessly to settle everything. When he's done, you will be able to return home without any hassle. Not to worry. You will be reunited with your father soon!"

Egan respectfully assured him.

"Anyway, forget that I complained about the delay. I have spent eighteen years away from home. There is no need to rush things now." Horace sighed deeply and added indifferently, "Mr. Hudson, money is not very important to me. I don't mind being poor!"

"Mr. Warren, you may not mind being poor, but your father does. As his only son, he doesn't want you to suffer anymore. He wants to give you all the good things in life!"

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Chapter 48 His Father's Gift



"Okay!" Horace could only nod helplessly after hearing Egan's explanation. He then pondered, 'Something doesn't feel right. My father's actions are weird. According to his staff, he's determined to give me a perfect family. It should be easy for him since he's the head of the Warren family. Why the delay then? Is there any obstacle stalling my return?'

Horace had never been to Antawood, let alone the Warren family's house. All he knew about his family was the information he accessed online through his special cellphone. He had no idea of other detailed information. Although he knew that his family was so powerful that it was one of the top players controlling

the world's economy, he couldn't tell how they were in Antawood.

It was very easy for Egan to notice the helplessness on Horace's face and in his voice. He waved his hand and said, "Mr. Warren, please don't be disappointed. Your father would be done with all the internal affairs of the Warren family. It may take a little time, but a group of contemptible scoundrels can't be compared to a powerful and experienced man like him. The issue is a piece of cake for him."

"Oh! So, my father is that powerful? Must be nice!" Horace subconsciously asked when he heard Egan's assuring words. He then thought of all that he read about the Warren family's power and murmured something inaudibly to himself.

"Mr. Warren, that's right. Your father is one of the richest men and also stands at the top of the

economic chain with other top players in the world. Very few people get to be that powerful in their lifetime. Besides, he... Well, please forget it for now. I know you have many questions bugging you, but I implore you to wait until you meet your father in person. It's not in my place to tell you everything about your father and the Warren family. Please wait to hear from the horse's mouth."

Egan stopped talking about Horace's father after something occurred to him.

"Well, okay. I won't pester you. I'll wait until I meet him personally. It's better that I find out his personality myself than depending solely on hearsay. I haven't seen him for eighteen years, so we have a lot of catching up to do."

Horace sighed and asked, "You said my father sent you here with a gift for me. What kind of gift is it?"

"Mr. Warren, it's the Warren family's assets in Isido!" Egan answered proudly.

"The Warren family's assets in Isido?" Horace asked in confusion.

"Yes, Mr. Warren. Isido is one of the biggest and most economic cities in the country. The Warren family has a long chain of businesses there. It can be said that assets there are more than the ones in several third-tier cities. Your father had complete control of this city. Today, he's giving everything to you as a gift. All the necessary documents concerning the assets in Isido are now in your name, Mr. Warren!"

"Eh? I'm pleased that he thought of giving me such a huge gift, but I'm not comfortable with accepting it. Just let him keep the assets. Didn't you say he's currently dealing with an internal family crisis? I may

not know much about such things. However, I do know that he would need a lot of money to resolve the issues. Besides, why is he giving the assets to me? I'm just a young man who is still inexperienced in business management. Having so many assets is useless for me. If it's about me having enough money, then he doesn't need to worry. The one he has given me is enough. I can't spend it all." The day Horace discovered his true identity, he was given some properties worth tens of billions of dollars. If he summed up his current assets with the ones in Isido, they would be worth no less than one hundred billion dollars. This was almost the net worth of the richest man in the country.

"Okay!" Horace could only nod helplessly after hearing Egan's explanation. He then pondered, 'Something doesn't feel right. My father's actions are weird. According to his staff, he's determined to give me a perfect family. It should be easy for him since he's the head of the Warren family. Why the delay

then? Is there any obstacle stalling my return?'

Asides from the properties, he also had an unlimited bank card that was loaded with ten billion dollars and it generated good interest daily. That alone, was enough for him.

Horece had been living from hand to mouth since he was a child. He never had enough money, so there was none to squander. Even now that he had money, he couldn't throw it around. His humility was also intact. The only times he showed off his wealth was when people bullied or despised him or his loved ones.

Meanwhile, all the people present in the Certier shop were chilled to the marrow when Horece refused to accept the assets. Their eyes widened in shock because they couldn't believe that he would turn down something so huge. They all stared at him in

bewilderment.

Asides from Freser end Ferris, everyone else sighed, 'This is unbelievable. How can anyone in his right mind refuse such a gift? Who the hell is this young man? Why is his father gifting him all the family assets in the city? Oh my God! What kind of family is this powerful? In all my years on earth, I have never heard anything like this before!'

It dawned on them that Horece was wealthy, and they were the ones poor.

None of them had any doubts concerning the words Egen said. They believed he was credible because he had come with six of the wealthiest men in Rines end Ferris was also supporting him. All seven of them were worth tens of billions of dollars.

Judging by all that was currently happening, they all

realized that Horece was not a poor man, but a rich man in disguise. His shabby appearance and humility caused doubt to creep in again. Some of them were finding it hard to accept that they weren't in his league et ell.

'Wow! What a shocking turn of events! Mr. Lyons and Mr. Rivere are nothing compared to Mr. Werren,' Gussie thought to herself.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she looked at the Penthere de Certier bicolored necklace on her neck. 'I must cherish this precious gift from Mr. Werren. In the future, I will brag about it to anyone that cares to listen. This bicolored necklace is more valuable than any jewelry worth millions of dollars in my eyes. It's a symbol of my affiliation to the powerful men like Horece. Since I am not in Mr. Rivere's bed books, I will put in more effort to please him from now on. It would give me the chance to get close to Mr. Werren in the

future.'

Gussie wasn't the only person in the shop that was excitedly plotting the next move. The others were doing the same.

Asides from the properties, he also had an unlimited bank card that was loaded with ten billion dollars and it generated good interest daily. That alone, was enough for him.

Horace had been living from hand to mouth since he was a child. He never had enough money, so there was none to squander. Even now that he had money, he couldn't throw it around. His humility was also intact. The only times he showed off his wealth was when people bullied or despised him or his loved ones.

Meanwhile, all the people present in the Cartier shop were chilled to the marrow when Horace refused to accept the assets. Their eyes widened in shock because they couldn't believe that he would turn down something so huge. They all stared at him in bewilderment.

Asides from Fraser and Farris, everyone else sighed, 'This is unbelievable. How can anyone in his right mind refuse such a gift? Who the hell is this young man? Why is his father gifting him all the family assets in a city? Oh my God! What kind of family is this powerful? In all my years on earth, I have never heard anything like this before!'

It dawned on them that Horace was wealthy, and they were the ones poor.

None of them had any doubts concerning the words

Egan said. They believed he was credible because he had come with six of the wealthiest men in Rinas and Farris was also supporting him. All seven of them were worth tens of billions of dollars.

Judging by all that was currently happening, they all realized that Horace was not a poor man, but a rich man in disguise. His shabby appearance and humility caused doubt to creep in again. Some of them were finding it hard to accept that they weren't in his league at all.

'Wow! What a shocking turn of events! Mr. Lyons and Mr. Rivera are nothing compared to Mr. Warren,' Gussie thought to herself.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she looked at the Panthere de Cartier bicolored necklace on her neck. 'I must cherish this precious gift from Mr. Warren. In the future, I will brag about it to anyone that cares to

listen. This bicolored necklace is more valuable than any jewelry worth millions of dollars in my eyes. It's a symbol of my affiliation to a powerful man like Horace. Since I am not in Mr. Rivera's bad books, I will put in more effort to please him from now on. It would give me the chance to get close to Mr. Warren in the future.'

Gussie wasn't the only person in the shop that was excitedly plotting the next move. The others were doing the same.

The shop attendants constantly met all kinds of rich people that came here to shop for luxury items. However, this was the first time for them to meet someone as wealthy as Horace. Some of them looked at him with great desire. They even wanted to throw themselves at him.

Norene was also not left out in the feeling of shock

and want. She stared at Horace with a flirtatious smile. She thanked her lucky stars that such a man had come to her shop today. It gladdened her heart that she had given him two necklaces as a gift and made friends with him before the extent of his wealth was revealed.

Now she knew that he wasn't just a big shot in Rinas like she had guessed, but also in Antawood.

'Wow! He looks so young. Thank God we started off on the right foot today. He also made me his friend. I would leverage on our new friendship and get to know him more in the future.'

Norene had been a professional model in Cartier before she became the manager of this luxury store. Besides from being polite, she had an excellent figure and a beautiful face. Everything about her was devastatingly gorgeous.

However, she didn't become the manager of this shop because of her beauty or by sleeping her way to the top. She was actually given the job because of her excellent abilities.

Unlike most beautiful girls, Norene knew that beauty wasn't everything. She previously used her brain to get everything she wanted. But her mindset changed after she met Horace and discovered his true identity. She realized that she couldn't become as powerful and wealthy as him if she depended solely on her intellectual ability. She felt that it was high time she put her beauty to use.

Everything about her plan was just right. The only thing that caused her to despair was Horace's innocence. He didn't have that evil glint in his eyes like most rich men.

It was shocking to see that a wealthy man like him was so inexperienced in relationship matters, and didn't care about having different women. 'Seducing him won't be a walk in the park!' Norene sighed while looking at him.

All of a sudden, Egan chuckled and remarked, "Mr. Warren, I need you to know that your father is a phenomenal man. Crushing those contemptible scoundrels is very easy for him. None of them can usurp his position. They are just wasting their time. He can deal with them with very little resources. He doesn't need these assets at all. Please accept them. This is the first gift he's giving you. You would make him sad if you refuse."

"Mr. Hudson, I understand the point you are trying to make. But my stance remains the same. I don't want these assets!" Horace shook his head in refusal. Everyone present was so shocked and angry that

they wanted to beat some senses into him.

'Damn it! What's wrong with you? Those assets are worth tens of billions of dollars. Why don't you want them? Oh, my God! Buddy, do you know what you are doing at all? Can't you consider the feelings of poor people? This money would change the lives of people like us. Give it to us if you don't want!' they thought to themselves.

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Chapter 49 The Underground Enemy



"Mr. Warren, permit me to say that you don't have any choice but to accept the assets. Your father has already transferred everything in your name. The

documents have been signed and sealed. There's no going back!" Egan chuckled, patted Horace on the shoulder, and added, "Mr. Warren, welcome back to the Warren family. You must work hard!"

"Work hard?" Horace was stunned. He found Egan's words a little confusing. 'What is he talking about? Why must I work hard?'

"Ahem..." Egan nodded when he heard Horace's question. He solemnly said, "Mr. Warren, listen to me carefully. Your father does all this for the sake of your future. Please don't let him down."

"Mr. Hudson, I don't understand why you are saying this. What's going on? Why are you advising me not to let my father down?" Horace finally asked in confusion after he couldn't fathom the reason himself.

"Mr. Warren, you are your father's only child, but you

are just one of the competitors running for the position of the Warren family's future leader. You need to work hard to defeat the other contenders. I'm advising you so you can become the heir to the position as soon as possible. If you prove yourself worthy, your father would gladly hand over everything to you.

Nevertheless, you don't need to worry too much. Maybe your father would be able to defeat the rebellious family members soon. At that time, even if you lose the competition, he would do everything within his power to make you his successor!" Egan comforted him with strong assurance.

"God!" Horace was shocked when he heard this explanation. After staring in a daze for a while, he asked, "Mr. Hudson, is it possible that I can be exempted from the competition for the heir? I don't want to be my father's successor!"

Everyone in the shop was shocked again to hear this

outright refusal. Most of them shook their heads in disapproval. They couldn't believe that he had just refused to be the heir to such a powerful position. 'What the fuck! Is he alright upstairs? I'm so pissed! He's throwing away such a great position like it's nothing. Gosh! If you don't want to be the heir, let's switch places. How I wish I was from that family!' They had mouthfuls to say, but they could only complain in their hearts.

Horace's refusal didn't anger Egan at all. As an old man, he knew that it would be difficult for a young man like Horace to accept such great responsibility. He just chuckled and stated, "Mr. Warren, we can talk about it in the future. You don't have to worry about that now. I implore you to enjoy the money you have. Buy whatever you want, your account will never run dry. There's no need for you to cut down on your spending. The Warren family has so much money that you can't spend it all in your lifetime. So, feel free and

live your life to the fullest starting from today!"

These words whipped up everyone's astonishment. They all looked at Horace with their eyes filled with jealousy. Money flowed like water in his family, so he didn't need to worry about cutting down expenses or spending measly. They all wished they could be in his shoes.

"Mr. Warren, permit me to say that you don't have any choice but to accept the assets. Your father has already transferred everything in your name. The documents have been signed and sealed. There's no going back!" Egan chuckled, patted Horace on the shoulder, and added, "Mr. Warren, welcome back to the Warren family. You must work hard!"

'Oh my Goodness! Why didn't God send me to the Werren family? If my family ever told me to squender their money thet it will never finish, I will lose my mind!'

They wanted to put in their two cents, but they could only watch the scene. Horece was the descendent of the Werren family, not them. His family matters were none of their business. 'Wow! Is this what all the top trust-fund babies enjoy exclusively? It's must be nice!'

Egen patted Horece on the back to add finality to his words. He suddenly turned to look at Freser, who was still kneeling on the floor. "Freser, you are one of the top players in Rines. At the early stage of your business, the Werren family sponsored and made beneficial connections for you. You made great progress and finally became the eighth richest man in this city. Now you only have nine billion and three hundred million dollars, a wife, a legitimate son, and seven mistresses. You are such a pathetic loser! How dare you look down on Mr. Werren?"

'Eh? Did he just call him a loser? No, I disagree. Mr.

Lyons is at the peak of his career. He's currently doing well for himself. Many ordinary people look up to him. He has more than an average person can ever need in a lifetime. Why did this old man call him a loser? What kind of power does the Werren family wield? Why did the wealthiest of men look like ants in their presence?' Several questions boggled the minds of the ordinary people present in the shop. In their eyes, Fraser was a big shot. He dusted many people in the street for riches, fame, and success. Thus, it was appalling that this old man saw him as a loser.

'This goes on to say that there's indeed a huge gap between us and the rich. We can never understand what goes on in their small circle!'

Fraser looked at Egan in horror when he heard those words. He cowered and apologized in a trembling voice, "Mr. Hudson, I'm sorry. Please let me go this one time!"

He had thought the highest person Horece would call was Reul. Although Reul was the general director of the Werren family's affairs in Rines, he didn't have the power to deal with Freser. He needed to report it to a superior first.

Freser had already contacted the superior and told him a cock and bull story. This was why he was unperturbed while ago. To his dismay, he met with a bigger problem. Egen, who was a revered steff in the Werren family, had come down here from Antewood.

"I should let you go? Tsk, tsk, tsk. You have less significance than an ant in my eyes, but that doesn't mean I would let you go easily. Since you had the guts to insult Mr. Werren, you are doomed this time!"

Egen shot a disdainful glare at Freser, who was still on his knees. "Mercus is so capable that he even

meneged to send his right-hend men in Rines. Tut, tut, tut! Thet bret took ection quickly this time. Before, he wes considered es the best cendidete for the heir of the Werren family's leeder. But now thet Horece is beck, the obstecles threetening the current euthority of the family would be nipped in the bud. Horece must become the heed of the family in the future!"

'Oh my Goodness! Why didn't God send me to the Warren family? If my family ever told me to squander their money that it will never finish, I will lose my mind!'

They wanted to put in their two cents, but they could only watch the scene. Horace was the descendant of the Warren family, not them. His family matters were none of their business. 'Wow! Is this what all the top trust-fund babies enjoy exclusively? It's must be nice!'

Egan patted Horace on the back to add finality to his words. He suddenly turned to look at Fraser, who was still kneeling on the floor. "Fraser, you are one of the top players in Rinas. At the early stage of your business, the Warren family sponsored and made beneficial connections for you. You made great progress and finally became the eighth richest man in this city. Now you only have nine billion and three hundred million dollars, a wife, a legitimate son, and seven mistresses. You are such a pathetic loser! How dare you look down on Mr. Warren?"

'Eh? Did he just call him a loser? No, I disagree. Mr. Lyons is at the peak of his career. He's currently doing well for himself. Many ordinary people look up to him. He has more than an average person can ever need in a lifetime. Why did this old man call him a loser? What kind of power does the Warren family wield? Why did the wealthiest of men look like ants in

their presence?' Several questions boggled the minds of the ordinary people present in the shop. In their eyes, Fraser was a big shot. He dusted many people in the rat race for riches, fame, and success. Thus, it was appalling that this old man saw him as a loser.

'This goes on to say that there's indeed a huge gap between us and the rich. We can never understand what goes on in their small circle!'

Fraser looked at Egan in horror when he heard those words. He cowered and apologized in a trembling voice, "Mr. Hudson, I'm sorry. Please let me go this one time!"

He had thought the highest person Horace would call was Raul. Although Raul was the general director of the Warren family's affairs in Rinas, he didn't have the power to deal with Fraser. He needed to report it to a superior first.

Fraser had already contacted the superior and told him a cock and bull story. This was why he was unperturbed a while ago. To his dismay, he met with a bigger problem. Egan, who was a revered staff in the Warren family, had come down here from Antawood.

"I should let you go? Tsk, tsk, tsk. You have less significance than an ant in my eyes, but that doesn't mean I would let you go easily. Since you had the guts to insult Mr. Warren, you are doomed this time!"

Egan shot a disdainful glare at Fraser, who was still on his knees. "Marcus is so capable that he even managed to send his right-hand men in Rinas. Tut, tut, tut! That brat took action quickly this time. Before, he was considered as the best candidate for the heir of the Warren family's leader. But now that Horace is back, the obstacles threatening the current authority of the family would be nipped in the bud. Horace must

become the head of the family in the future!"

When Fraser heard Egan's statement, he knew that he had met his Waterloo today. He had been to the Warren family's house in Antawood, so he knew that Egan was one of Randall's most trusted confidants. More so, Horace was the only son of Randall. He didn't need anyone to tell him that Randall would surely prioritize his son's future by paving the way for him. Marcus Warren was one of the stumbling blocks that stood in Horace's way to becoming the head of the family.

Fraser had received help from Marcus many years ago. His allegiance was with him and he worked for him. He had thought this was a secret, but he hadn't expected that Randall had found out about it.

'Randall indeed deserves to be the head of the Warren family. Nothing gets past him!' Fraser sighed

helplessly as he stared at Egan. The next second, he burst into laughter. He was sure that everything had ended for him. He had nothing else to lose, so he wasn't afraid anymore.

He pointed at Horace and laughed mockingly.

"Humph! Is that the person you want as an heir? A loser who lived in penury for eighteen years doesn't deserve to be the head of the Warren family! Ha-ha! This is the dumbest joke of the century. I only recognize Marcus as the heir. As for Horace, it might interest you to know that not all the family members and associates would accept him, just like I don't. He's just a bastard who grew outside the Warren family's household for almost two decades. What a sorry excuse for a successor!"

"Huh!" Egan chuckled and shook his head, as if he was mocking Fraser's ignorance. He then turned around to look at something.

Everyone followed his gaze only to see that another young man in casual clothes had suddenly appeared at the door of the shop.

The hefty man slowly walked up to Fraser. Just when he was about to speak, the man stepped forward gently and covered his mouth. He used his other hand to lift Fraser. Afterward, he dragged him towards the door.

Before they got out, Egan's voice rang out. "Fraser, you are nothing but a mere associate of the Warren family in Rinas. You are always running your mouth, but you don't know anything about the family in Antawood. Do you know the man who's dragging you out of here right now? Have you ever heard of the Dark Fist owned by the Warren family in Antawood?"

"Ah! The Dark Fist?" Fraser almost fainted out of fear.

All the other associates also shook in trepidation.

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[THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 50 A Loyalist's Reward



All the other associates were too stunned by what that young man had done. They were all confused when Egan mentioned that name. Horace was the only one who had the guts to ask, "The Dark Fist?"

"Yes!" Egan nodded proudly. He then explained slowly, "Mr. Warren, the Dark Fist is your family's secret department, which is also called Dark Force. It's the real underground master of the Warren family. It's headed by your father since he's the head of the Warren family. If you work hard in the future and

prove yourself worthy of such power, I believe that your father would hand over the reins of the Dark Fist to you."

"Is it a powerful department even in the Warren family?" Horace asked in confusion.

"Yes, Mr. Warren. The Dark Fist is one of the top departments that your family controls. Its members are all elite members of the Warren family. They are known as the family's secret enforcers." Egan noticed that Horace still had a puzzled expression despite his explanation. With an assuring smile, he said, "Mr. Warren, there's no need to be so curious about it. You will know everything about your family when you return to Antawood. For now, I urge you to enjoy your life and wait to hear the news of your father's victory. It's coming soon!"

"What? Did you just say I should enjoy my life? Can I

get the heir position on a platter? Your words are confusing me more." Horace's perplexity worsened at this moment. 'The Warren family is very powerful, and so is my father. If I am supposed to be the heir, should I be sitting around doing nothing? Am I not supposed to be powerful like my predecessors?'

"Don't worry, Mr. Warren. Your father will take care of everything. All you need to do is to take care of yourself and be ready to take your rightful place when the time comes." With these words, Egan bowed respectfully to Horace and added, "Mr. Warren, since I have done what your father sent me to do, I will take my leave now."

'Is my father so awesome?' Horace wondered. Judging from Egan's tone and behavior, Horace could tell that he almost worshipped his father blindly. He asked further, "Are you leaving so soon?"

"Yes, Mr. Warren! Delivering the gift from your father is the only reason I came to Rinas. He can't leave Antawood for now. You might be wondering why he hasn't called you yet. It's just that there's a high probability that his enemies would tap the phone call and eavesdrop on your conversation with him. The entire family is at a critical time right now. He doesn't want to make any mistake."

Egan bowed again and made his way to the door. When he was about to reach the door, something occurred to him. He suddenly turned around and said to Horace, "Mr. Warren, now that Fraser has been taken away, I would like you to know that the position of chairman of the Esastin Food Company is now vacant. I suggest that you pick someone to fill the position when you have time on your hands. If you want, you can also assume the position. The ball is in your court. Ha-ha!"

All the other associates were too stunned by what that

young man had done. They were all confused when Egan mentioned that name. Horace was the only one who had the guts to ask, "The Dark Fist?"

"What? Chairmen?" Egan's suggestion took Horace by surprise. He shook his head and said, "The results of the college entrance examination are coming out soon. I want to go to college. I'm still too young. So, I certainly don't want to be the chairman!"

For the umpteenth time, Horace's outright refusal stunned everyone.

'Ah! What a willful trust-fund baby! He keeps throwing valuable assets away. Doesn't he know that the Estein Food Company is the second largest food company in Rines and it's worth billions? I can't believe he doesn't want to be the chairman of such a company. Bloody hell! Please appoint me as the chairman. If I were this guy, there's no way I would

refuse such a tempting offer! Alas! Why am I even surprised anyway? Wasn't he the one that tried to refuse the assets worth of tens of billions of dollars in Isido just now? It's not surprising that he's uninterested in the position of chairman of a relatively small company that was worth several billion dollars. Trying to convince him to take up the position would be like flogging a dead horse!' All of them sighed helplessly when they remembered everything that happened earlier.

"Well, Mr. Werren, you don't have to be so nervous. You can be the nominal chairman, so you don't have to do any work. Your subordinates can do the work for you. Anyway, the Werren family has a lot of companies like that. If this one goes bankrupt, it won't be a big deal. As I said earlier, if you don't want the position, you can choose a capable person." Egen chuckled and his eyes gleamed with a doting glint.

He had been working for Rendell for many decades and was one of the few people that knew him best. After Sheri missed, Rendell's number one priority was to find Horece. He always talked about his son and made efforts relentlessly. Now that Horece had been found, Rendell wanted to put an end to the crisis in the Werren family and pass the torch to him.

As the popular saying goes, 'Love me, love my dog'. Egen was loyal to Rendell, so he also showed Horece loyalty. He had been curious to see his boss's son for ages.

'What? This is unbelievable! Can someone tell me that I just misheard this too?' The others found it hard to believe that Horece and Egen had quickly decided on such an important matter. 'Jeez! This company was worth billions of dollars. How could they make a decision so casually?'

"What? Chairman?" Egan's suggestion took Horace by surprise. He shook his head and added, "The results of the college entrance examination are coming out soon. I want to go to college. I'm still too young. So, I certainly don't want to be the chairman!"

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"Well, Mr. Warren, you don't have to be so nervous. You can be the nominal chairman, so you don't have to do any work. Your subordinates can do the work for you. Anyway, the Warren family has a lot of companies like that. If this one goes bankrupt, it won't be a big deal. As I said earlier, if you don't want the position, you can choose a capable person." Egan chuckled and his eyes gleamed with a doting glint.

He had been working for Randall for many decades and was one of the few people that knew him best.

After Shari missed, Randall's number one priority was to find Horace. He always talked about his son and made efforts relentlessly. Now that Horace had been found, Randall wanted to put an end to the crisis in the Warren family and pass the torch to him.

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'What? This is unbelievable! Can someone tell me that I just misheard this two?' The others found it hard to believe that Horace and Egan had quickly decided on such an important matter. 'Jeez! This company was worth billions of dollars. How could they make a decision so casually?'

"Fine!" Horace nodded in agreement to Egan's last statement.

Egan smiled at him. Without uttering a word, he waved at him and walked out of the shop. But as soon as he was outside, his voice rang out again. "Mr. Warren, I want you to know that your father loves you very much!"

Horace was stunned at first, but he quickly shouted, "Mr. Hudson, please say thank you to my father. I like his gift very much!"

"Sure, Mr. Warren. I'll convey your message to him!" Egan laughed like a child as he spoke.

As Horace stared at his receding figure, he chuckled happily.

When the old man got out of sight, Horace's mood returned to normal. He looked at Farris and said, "Uncle Farris, please assume the position of chairman

at Fraser's Esastin Food Company first. I'll go to see the company when I am free."

"What?" Farris was taken aback. The Esastin Food Company was a little bigger than his security company. He didn't expect that Horace would assign him as the new chairman without a second thought.

When Gussie heard Horace's words, her joy knew no bounds. Her sugar daddy was becoming richer. The addition of Fraser's company to Farris's current assets would double his net worth. It dawned on her that Farris was smart to have been loyal to Horace. 'Mr. Rivera should have slapped me a few more times. In fact, I wouldn't have minded if he had beaten me up just to please Mr. Warren. He might have gotten more assets because of that. Perhaps Mr. Warren would have given me more rewards if he was happier. Anyway, I still have a fair chance.'

Just as Gussie was lost in thought, Farris said to Horace, "Mr. Warren, what have I done to deserve such a reward? I don't think I have done anything noteworthy. The market value of Esastin Food Company is close to ten billion dollars. Aren't you afraid that it would go downhill if you leave it to me?"

"Uncle Farris, you deserve it. And I believe in you!" Horace gave him a reassuring smile. He then turned to the six men, who were still on their knees. "Uncle Raul, why are you still kneeling? You don't have to be so polite and formal to me. It's my fault. Fraser was right when he said I was just a poor loser. It didn't even occur to me that you were still paying homage to me. Please forgive my manners!"

Without further ado, Horace helped everyone stand up. Egan had left, but the top associates stayed back.

All of them couldn't help staring at Farris with

admiration and a hint of jealousy. They didn't expect that this rascal would be the first person Horace rewarded.

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