

## THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

### Chapter 6 One True Friend

The lobby manager tried to guess who this strange guest was, but she couldn't. She also didn't dare to ask her boss for his identity. After all, she was just a mere employee. Her inquiry would be frowned at because this man was obviously more influential than her boss.

At this moment, Raul nodded at her and asked, "Has everyone else arrived?"

"Yes, boss. They are waiting for you in the private dining room!"

"Sir, this way please." Raul made a gesture of welcome with his hand after hearing the lobby manager's words.

Horace nodded and followed him. They took the

elevator to the second floor. Afterward, Raul led the way to the private dining room.

The crowd in the lobby was shocked to see how the boss of the Sea Pavilion spoke and acted so respectfully to the strange young man. It made them conclude that he was a rich man who had just come to Rinas.

The dining room reserved was the presidential room. It was the most luxurious in the Sea Pavilion.

When the three of them got to the door, they saw two beautiful ushers that welcomed them. "Welcome distinguished guests," the beauties said in an extremely soft tone.

Everything about the presidential dining room was perfect. It was not only luxuriously decorated, but also equipped with special dining service—two ushers and

ten waiters all year round.

Just as the name depicted, all the guests in the presidential dining room were treated like presidents.

After the two ushers bowed, the three of them stepped inside.

Everyone in the room immediately stood up when Horace entered. They bowed and greeted him respectfully. "Mr. Warren!"

The unified greeting of the dignitaries shocked all the waitresses present. The next second, they all greeted him with a bow while saying, "Welcome, Mr. Warren!"

Despite their lowered positions, they secretly glanced up at Horace with shocked expressions. These waitresses had been working at the Sea Pavilion for a long time. Hence, they knew all the faces in the room.

Each of them was part of the elites in Rinas.

Due to Horace's poor dressing, they instantly had condescending opinions about him. They felt that he was out of place here.

All of them had no idea who he was and why all the distinguished guests showed him so much respect. They had never seen anything like this before.

"Hello, everyone!" Horace nodded and responded to their greeting softly.

After the exchange of greetings, Raul strode to the seat at the head of the large table. He pulled it back a little. He then gestured and said to Horace, "Mr. Warren, please take your seat."

After seeing the way their boss gestured to the strange young man, the waitresses realized that he

also held him in high esteem.

The shock in their minds skyrocketed when they heard their boss addressing him reverently.

The other employees might not know how powerful Raul was, but the waitresses knew that he was one of the most influential people in Rinas. They also knew him as the boss of the Sea Pavilion.

They suspected that this young man was also an influential person. Some of them even thought that it would be great to marry him. They began to imagine how their lives would change if he took a fancy to them.

In no time, most of the waitresses overlooked his poor dressing and developed a crush on him.

"Okay!"

Horace sat on the main seat naturally.

The other people at the table straightened up and then sat down.

"Mr. Warren, what would you like to eat?"

Raul asked after taking a seat next to Horace.

"Anything is fine. I'm not a picky eater."

Growing up in a humble home for eighteen years had been tough for Horace. He barely had enough food and drink, so he ate anything available. He sometimes starved.

Although Horace said he would gladly eat any dish, Raul didn't order the meal casually.

He asked that twenty special dishes to be served. These dishes were the most expensive on the restaurant's menu.

In total, there were only nine people, including Horace, Raul and Farris, seated at the table. The twenty dishes would be more than enough for them.

While they waited for the food to arrive, Horace got to know all the other people at the table by virtue of Raul's introduction.

He couldn't help sighing after he heard the amazing portfolio of the people present. His family was really awesome. Seven out of the ten richest people in Rinas were from the Warren family.

As the heir to the head of the Warren family, this meant that he would soon have all the power at his fingertips. The assets that were currently transferred

to his name were worth at least thirty billion dollars. He had never dreamed of having such an amount.

Although there was still a huge gap between him and the topmost billionaires in the country, the assets were just what his family had in Rinas. The other assets that were outside the city were innumerable. No wonder the Warren family called most of the shots in the world's economy.

The delicious dishes soon arrived and the waitresses served them carefully. Horace finally understood why the Sea Pavilion was the best restaurant in Rinas. All the dishes smelled heavenly and they looked sumptuous. He had never tasted this kind of food in his entire life.

As he stared at them, he thought of his mother who was still lying sick in the hospital. He felt that he couldn't enjoy these alone. Turning to the waitress



next to him, he said gently, "Excuse me, please pack some of the light dishes for me in a takeout pack."

The waitress trembled when she heard his words. She didn't expect that such a noble person would be so polite to her. It appeared that Horace didn't conform to the stereotype of other rich men—to be arrogant and rude to those who weren't in their league.

"Yes, sir!" The waitress quickly nodded and ran back to the kitchen.

Instead of digging into the food, Horace stood up and said to the crowd, "You all should eat first. Please excuse me. I need to use the washroom."

"Mr. Warren, is there anything the matter? Do you need me to go with you?"

Farris, who had drunk three full glasses of champagne, flushed and offered with a weird smile.

"No, thanks." Farris's offer had taken Horace by surprise. Even though this was his first time here, he wasn't a child, and he wouldn't get lost.

He stepped out of the dining room quietly.

The presidential dining room was located at the easternmost part of the second floor. To prevent the antiseptic smell of the washroom from getting into the room, the washroom was located on the westernmost part of the floor.

"Horace!" an energetic voice suddenly called out as he was on his way to the washroom.

"Hmm?" In utter confusion, Horace turned around to look at who called him. His eyes widened in an

instant. He didn't expect to see this person in the Sea Pavilion.

"Laila, is that really you? Oh, what a pleasant surprise. What are you doing here?" Horace asked the girl in a joyful tone.

It was indeed a pleasure to bump into her. This girl was Laila Tran, his classmate from high school. She was beautiful, humble, and young. Her family was almost as poor as his.

Life in high school was a living hell for Horace. He was despised and discriminated against by his classmates. None of them wanted to associate with him. They also made it a point of duty to rub it in his face that he was poor. However, Laila never looked down on him. She was so compassionate that she shared her food with him when he had none.

Laila held a special place in his heart. She was his one true friend.

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