

The waitress spoke to Horace with a smile. She then looked at Cayson who had already turned red with rage. She tut-tutted inwardly and sighed. 'Man, you set yourself up to be humiliated here today. How can you compete with our manager's superior? You picked the wrong man to trifle with. Besides from this 50% off coupon, he also has a special coupon. If he decides to use the special coupon today, he wouldn't have to pay a dime for the meal!'

As the waitress stood there, she remembered the scene she had seen a while ago. Horace had excused himself from the table and went to the washroom. There, he met Edna secretly and asked her to give him a 50% off coupon and an 100% off coupon.

'This is the first time our manager is giving out an 100% off coupon and a 50% off coupon to one person. It's most likely because Mr. Warren is her superior, not an ordinary diner.'

Meanwhile, all the customers around Horace's table were shocked to the bones.

Series of conflicting expressions flashed on their faces. They were shocked, doubtful, and happy that Horace had cleared half of the bill. But when they looked at Cayson, they felt pity for him. Some didn't pity him at all.

'Mister, the young man you have been speaking rudely to will offset half of the bill with his coupon. What about you?'

Cayson stared at the black coupon in Horace's hand in shock. He couldn't believe his eyes. "A 50% off

coupon?"

With bloodshot eyes, he shouted at Horace, "You bastard, are you kidding me? You cheated!"

"I cheated? How?" Horace smirked and shook his head in disappointment. Afterward, he said, "I'll pretend that I didn't hear you call me a cheat. Anyway, just answer this question. Now that I have used this coupon, how much do we need to pay? Eight hundred thousand dollars or one million and six hundred thousand dollars?"

Instead of answering, Cayson snorted indifferently. He had heard the waitress clearly when she said that they just needed to pay eight hundred thousand dollars.

When it became obvious that he wasn't going to respond, Horace continued, "Well, have you suddenly

lost your tongue? I just asked if you know that this coupon is worth eight hundred thousand dollars. Anyway, I sense jealousy. If you feel like I played a fast one on you, you can also use a coupon. Don't blame me for anything. Remember that I asked you to pay first out of respect, but you didn't!"

"You...you brat, don't try to play innocent now. You have been tricking me from the very beginning, haven't you?" Cayson shouted as he pointed at Horace.

The events leading to this very moment replayed in Cayson's head. He couldn't help thinking that everything was part of Horace's elaborate plan. 'It seems like this bastard didn't want to pay a dime, but wanted me to pay the remaining half!'

"Well, it doesn't matter if all this was a trick or not. All I know is that you lost. You have to serve your

punishment as the loser. Kneel at my feet and admit defeat now! I'm waiting!"

Horace sniggered with mockery. The accusations Cayson leveled against him were baseless. He actually didn't intend to trick anyone today. They were the ones that made trouble and got on his nerves. They had no respect for Laila even though the lunch was organized in her honor. Despite Horace's good temper, he couldn't tolerate their excesses anymore. He decided to teach them all a lesson. Cayson was the scapegoat.

"You fucking trickster! You are cutting corners. This isn't part of the agreement. You made no mention of a coupon in the first place. It doesn't count at all!"

Cayson shook his head to show objection. He was so proud that he couldn't admit defeat just like that.

"Wow! This is interesting. I thought you were a man of

your words. Why are you chickening out now?"

The next second, Horace put on a fake angry expression and asked, "Do you want me to sort out the whole bill before you would admit defeat?"

"Yes! After all, the agreement says that you have to pay if I fail to do so. If you clear the entire bill, I will admit defeat without hesitation. It's your call!" Cayson quickly seized the opportunity to evade paying the bill as soon as Horace asked him that question. There was no way he could afford that amount.

"Humph! Your words don't hold water. I don't believe you at all!" Horace said disdainfully.

"Bastard, how dare you slander me? Do you want to get beaten up?"

The other diners were watching the drama going on.

All of them snorted after Cayson shouted. They weren't on his side at all.

One of them said, "Quit quibbling here! What's your problem? The young man sorted half of the bill with a coupon. The end justifies the means. He has done his part. If you have a coupon, you can also use it. We all heard when he asked you to pay your half first. But you refused!"

"Yes, he gave you a fair chance. He has won fair and square. You are behaving like a rascal because you don't have a coupon!"

"Unbelievable! Who the hell do you think you are? You were behaving so arrogant a while ago! Now you want to force him into settling the entire bill? Have you no shame? You have proven that you are untrustworthy. Why then are you blaming him for disbelieving you?"

The diners all scolded Cayson. This angered him and he wanted to tell all of them to shut up. However, he managed to curtail his anger. He took the pen and wrote something on the piece of paper. It read, "I, Cayson Flores, pledge to admit defeat if Horace can pay the whole bill alone!"

He appended his signature at the end of the note.

He handed it to Horace and said, "You brat, I have written it down. Are you satisfied now?"

After reading Cayson's pledge, Horace chuckled and commented, "You broke your promise just now. Will you truly keep your words this time?"

Horace sighed and then waved to the waitress. He asked, "Miss, can the manager of this restaurant bear me witness?"

"Of course!" A determined voice rang out immediately. Edna walked out from a corner and moved to the epicenter of the brouhaha. She said to everyone, "Dear customers, nice to meet all of you. I'm the manager of the Country Music Restaurant, Edna. I can be the principal witness to this agreement!"

"What? Is she really the manager of this prestigious restaurant? Wow! She's so young!"

"She is not only young, but also cute. I didn't expect that the manager of this top restaurant would be a lovely young woman. She's totally my type. I must come here more often in the future!" Some customers talked about Edna's beauty excitedly.

With Edna's agreement, Horace turned to look at Cayson and asked, "What do you say to that? If you agree to let the manager stand in as a principal

witness, I will accept the challenge!"

"Okay!" Cayson readily agreed because he didn't believe that Horace had eight hundred thousand dollars on him. He also knew how restaurant coupons worked. A customer couldn't use two 50% off coupons at the same time.

"Miss, it's settled then. Please be the principal witness!" Horace smiled at Edna.

"Okay, sir. I accept the role with enthusiasm." Edna winked at him.

"What? My heart is broken!"

"Is this guy really from a rich family? If not, why is the manager treating him differently?"

"Oh my God! This guy just snatched the goddess of

my heart away! She even winked at him. I don't even stand a chance!"

Some of the male diners, who had been having a crush on Edna, were sad to see the exchange between her and Horace. They held their chests and expressed displeasure.

"Cayson, you are about to receive the greatest shock of your life. Open your eyes wide. I will pay the bill now!" Horace said proudly. He then took out another coupon from his pocket and put it on the table. "Miss, this 100% off coupon would make the meals free, right?" he asked with a smug smile.

A tangle of thoughts went through Edna's head as she stared at the special coupon. She couldn't help thinking that Horace was indeed different. Most rich men loved to show off their wealth at any given opportunity. But in Horace's case, he liked to keep a

low profile. 'Hmmm. Why does it seem like Mr. Warren is afraid of revealing his true identity to them? Anyway, he did a good job today. This rude guy would learn a good lesson today. He completely lost!'

When Edna came back to her senses, she nodded at Horace and finally replied, "Sir, of course. This is the 100% off coupon made by our restaurant. As long as you tender it, your meal will be free!"

With a slight frown, she looked at Cayson and pointed at Horace. Then she declared, "Sir, this customer just tendered an 100% off coupon. That means he has cleared the whole bill. You have lost to him!"

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Chapter 62 Loving Complimen

'What the fuck? This bastard even has an 100% off coupon? How is that possible? How did he manage to get the coupon of such an expensive restaurant?' Cayson thought to himself as he stared at the coupon with his eyes wide open.

Never did he imagine that Horace would manage to wriggle out of this precarious situation. Now that things didn't go his way, he planned to go back on his words again. But when he noticed that everyone in the restaurant, including the manager, was staring daggers at him, he knew that he couldn't refuse anymore.

"Well..." Cayson took a deep breath and looked at Horace. After suppressing his pride, he closed his eyes and whispered, "I admit defeat."

"I'm sorry, Cayson. As I said earlier, I have had trouble with my ears recently. I didn't hear what you just said. Can you speak a little louder?" Horace rubbed his ear with feigned innocence.

'Screw you!' Cayson cursed Horace in his mind. Flickers of rage appeared in his eyes as he stared at him.

"Why are you staring at me like that? I'm being very honest with you. I didn't hear what you said!" After saying that innocently, Horace looked at Edna and asked, "Miss, did you hear what he said just now?"

Edna shook her head and said to Cayson, "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't hear you at all. Please you must speak louder. Remember that you promised not to go back on your words."

Cayson's blood boiled when he heard these words.

He glared at her and thought, 'Shit! It seems you have no brain in that pretty head of yours. You just lost two million dollars today. How can you help him instead of me? What the hell is going on?'

Cayson had the audacity to insult Edna in his mind, but he couldn't say it out. Even though she was young, she was still the manager of the Country Music Restaurant. He was the vice-president of the Hstead Car Rental Company, but there was a huge gap between him and Edna. He was sure that her net worth was way higher than his. In an instant, his anger changed to depression.

After swallowing his pride, he shouted at Horace, "I admit defeat!"

"Now you are talking! I heard you loud and clear. Good job!" Horace smirked and gave him a thumbs-up as if he was mocking him.

This was one of those moments when Horace marveled at the power of money. Since he reconnected back to his family, he had experienced similar situations like this one. If it was before, he couldn't do anything to defend himself whenever people ridiculed him. Most times, he would even respect them so they would forgive him. But things were different today. Although he didn't show off, he tactically put Cayson in his place. 'If I weren't the son of the Warren family's head, how would I have gotten an 100% off coupon and a 50% off coupon today? If I weren't the owner of this restaurant, would Edna have cooperated with me like this? Of course not!'

The ways of this world were becoming clearer to Horace. He finally realized why humans were in a rat race to get wealth. Life would be very difficult without money. If people didn't have money, the rich would trample on them and they would have no say in the

society.

Horace's mindset was gradually changing. He was no longer one of those few people that believed money was insignificant. But he didn't sense it at all.

Just as he was lost in thought, Cayson suddenly stood up and walked out with a snort. He couldn't stay in the restaurant any longer.

Today was the most embarrassing day of his life. He had been humiliated in front of many people. It was a bitter pill to swallow.

Della was unhappy that her plans for Horace had backfired on her boyfriend. She looked at Cayson's receding figure and then turned to eye Horace with disgust. Afterward, she stood up and followed her boyfriend. She was shocked that her last worry had come to pass. Something was weird about Horace

today.

Lucinda abruptly stood up and followed Della. She had come to the restaurant with Macie, but Della was her best friend while they lived in the school dormitory.

Contrary to the expectations of everyone, Macie didn't leave with the others. She didn't even bulge when people looked at her awkwardly. She was a little curious about Horace. Like the attentive person that she was, she had noticed that something was different about him. She was also amazed that he spent all his money on Laila.

Macie still didn't know Horace's real net worth. She reasoned that he only had about fifty thousand dollars. To her, this was the money he used for the cakes and the nail necklace he got for Laila.

She stayed back even though she was at odds with them, so she could find out more about Horace.

Edna, who was still standing by the table, looked at the receding figures of Cayson, Della, and Lucinda. A snicker escaped her lips and she sighed. 'Ha-ha! Mr. Warren is indeed the son of his father. He has proven to his enemies that he isn't someone to be toyed with! Oh my! The scene was so interesting! First, he set a trap for Cayson and the fool walked right into it. He didn't even use force on his opponent and this made everyone have a good impression of him. Most of the customers were on his side when he used the 50% off coupon, but a few uptight ones felt that it was a dirty trick. Cayson's initial refusal to admit defeat convinced the naysayers to support Horace. During the second phase of the competition, everyone felt that he had won fair and square. He not only won the competition, but also won the hearts of all that were present. Since I agreed to stand in as the principal witness, he

prevented Cayson from going back on his words. Wow! The scene was more interesting to watch than a television drama!

All of a sudden, Horace looked at Laila and asked with concern, "Are you having a good time?"

Macie's heart broke when she saw the way Horace looked at Laila. 'What the fuck? Horace, is your question directed at everyone or just Laila? Aargh! If I had known you would ignore me, I would have left with the others just now?'

When Laila noticed that he was looking at her, she nodded and replied, "Yes. Thank you, Horace. This is the best birthday I have ever had!"

Afterward, she quickly circled back to an unsettled argument. She handed the necklace to him and said, "Now, you need money to sort out your mother's

medical bills. This gift is the least important thing at the moment. Please return it. If they refuse to take it back, you can just sell it."

"Laila, why are we still on this topic? I told you that it's your birthday gift. It was not that expensive. Just take it. Don't worry about my mother's medical bills. I can take care of it!"

Horace changed his countenance and pretended to be angry.

"Erm... " Laila was short of words when she saw his angry expression. "But..."

"No buts, Laila. It's settled. I can't take it back! Come on, let me help you wear the necklace!" Before Laila could object further, Horace took out the necklace from the jewelry box and helped her wear it.

Laila's face flushed as she felt the closeness of his hands to her skin.

When he was done, he inched backward and looked at the necklace. He nodded and complimented her.

"Laila, this necklace fits you perfectly. You look more beautiful with it on your neck. Your beauty surpasses that of all the female stars. They have gotten nothing on you!"

The praises that Horace showered on Laila surprised Edna a little. She looked at the blushing young lady and thought, 'Will she be Mrs. Warren in the future? What a lucky girl!'

"Really?" Laila looked at Horace with surprise in her eyes. His praises gave her a swollen head, but she still asked for confirmation.

"Of course!" Horace nodded with an reassuring smile.

He then looked at Laila's worn-out clothes and said, "It's just that your clothes don't match this necklace. You know what? I'll take you shopping for new clothes later!"

He had never said such a thing before. He didn't even think about it just now. All he knew was that an indescribable force pushed him to blurt out those words.

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Chapter 63 The Suspicious Busybody



"What?" Laila was taken aback by Horace's words. She looked at him with embarrassment and said, "Horace, you don't need to go all out for my birthday.

What you have done is enough. I'm grateful for everything. Forget about the clothes. I'll stick to my current clothes."

"Laila, please don't turn down my offer. I want you to look amazing from today onwards. Let's go to the Sea Square after we leave here. You need to shop for new clothes." Horace glanced at the clothes she was wearing and insisted.

Since Laila was beautiful even without any makeup or stylish clothes, Horace was convinced that she would be much more gorgeous than the female stars if she was well-dressed.

"The Sea Square?" Macie was stunned to hear his suggestion. She then asked in confusion, "Horace, do you still have money? Do you know that the clothes sold at the Sea Square are very expensive? How do you plan to afford them?"

'Wow! This man must be very wealthy!' The diners around Horace's table were still paying attention to him. They looked at him with admiration when they heard his plans for Laila.

"Oh my God! This girl is so lucky. How I wish a rich man could offer to take me shopping at the Sea Square!" Some young and beautiful female diners looked at Horace covetously and murmured to themselves. A couple of them even wished that he would look their way now.

The ladies' voices weren't very low, but Horace didn't hear their conversation. Even if he did, he would have turned a deaf ear to their requests. He only had eyes for one person.

As a child from a poor family, Laila had never been to the Sea Square, nor had she heard of it. She had no

idea how fancy it was. She asked Macie in confusion, "Macie, are the clothes in the Sea Square very expensive?"

Laila knew that Horace didn't spend a penny on the cakes. From her calculations, she guessed that he had more than twenty thousand dollars on him.

Nevertheless, she didn't want to spend the money. She had reluctantly accepted the necklace. She didn't want to accept anything else from him. However, it gladdened her heart that he was going the extra mile just to make her day special.

Before Macie could respond to her question, Horace chipped in, "Laila, you can rest assured. The clothes there are not expensive at all!"

With these words, he took his phone and said, "Let's go. I have just ordered a ride on the Uber app. It

should be waiting outside the restaurant now."

"All...All right!" Laila reluctantly agreed to go with him.

When Macie noticed her apprehensiveness, she stood up and patted her on the shoulder. "Laila, calm down. Now that the college entrance examinations are over and there's still spare time before admissions begin, you shouldn't put too much pressure on yourself by studying day and night. Don't stay holed up at home. You need to do other things!" she advised sensibly.

"Eh? What do you mean?" Laila was a bookworm. She had put all her attention into studying for the college entrance examinations. In high school, Horace was her only friend. Other schoolmates ostracized them. She had nothing else to do, so she studied round the clock. Now she didn't understand what Macie was talking about.

Laila was not the only one at sea. Horace didn't understand either.

"Nothing!" Macie chuckled mischievously. The next second, she pulled Laila up and said, "Let's go, Laila. Girls need to doll up themselves to make the boys drool over them!"

She then glanced at Horace with a faint smile.

Horace was confused when he saw her smile. He touched his face and thought, 'There's nothing on my face, right? Did some of the food stick to my face without me knowing? But I can't feel anything. Why then did Macie give me that weird look just now? Oh my! Could it be that she knows my true identity?'

He had tons of questions in his mind, but there was no time to fathom the answers right now. Macie was

already dragging Laila out. He quickly stood up and gently waved his hand.

All the diners were confused by his last wave. However, Edna knew that he was saying goodbye to her.

As she stared at his back, she chuckled. 'Mr. Warren, goodbye for now. I'm looking forward to seeing your performance when the competition for the successor begins.'

Edna looked at the crowd in the restaurant and shouted, "Dear customers, thank you very much for coming here this noon. You made this place extra bubbly. To keep up with the good work Mr. Warren has started, you all can continue feasting until five o'clock in the evening. The bill is on the house!"

"Yay!" All the diners cheered and clapped. Some of

them even clanked their cutlery in excitement. The joyful shout boomed and went up to the sky. It seemed like everyone was grateful to Horace for starting the good work.

Horace, Laila, and Macie hadn't walked out of the restaurant, so they heard Edna's announcement.

Macie halted in her tracks and turned to look at Horace. "Horace, be very honest with me. Did you have an affair with the manager of this restaurant? She seems to have a soft spot for you!"

Without waiting for a response, she concluded in her mind. She nodded thoughtfully and added, "In fact, I don't need your answer. I have a strong conviction that you both have a history together. This explains why you got an 100% off coupon and a 50% off coupon!"

"Huh? What are you insinuating? Get rid of the silly thoughts in that head of yours. I used to work part-time here. The manager knows me well. I was a very hardworking employee. She gave me the coupons as a reward for my hard work!"

Horace had long thought of a lie to tell if anyone asked him how he got the coupons. He had expected Laila to ask him. But to his surprise, Macie was the one who did.

"Horace, you are a selfless person. The manager gave you two priceless coupons. Instead of spending it on several meals for yourself, you used it to pay for the meals of all the customers present. I must say that you are really something!" Macie gave him a thumbs-up in admiration for his benevolence.

On second thought, she still felt that something wasn't right. A normal person would only use the coupon to

pay for his own bill, not the bills of all the diners. It was also surprising that the manager had agreed for him to settle everyone's bills without paying a dime.

'Horace had the guts to treat everyone to free meals with just the coupons, and the manager was gracious enough to allow it. Something is fishy!'

Macie reasoned that things didn't add up. Two million dollars was a huge amount of money. It wasn't something that could be waved off with just two papers. In the end, she concluded that Horace was sexually involved with the manager.

There was no other logical explanation she could give for what just happened. Her suspicion only grew as she thought about it.

When Laila heard Horace's explanation, she wasn't surprised but worried about him. She asked in a low

voice, "Horace, would the manager have a bad impression of you?"

Horace immediately shook his head. "No, she won't. Laila, she's a nice person. And she understands the situation," he replied.

The way Horace spoke about Edna's behavior made Macie even more suspicious. As far as she was concerned, the fact that he vouched for the manager confirmed her suspicions. He was talking as if he was the one that treated the diners to the second round of feast.

'Wonders will never cease. Why did such a sophisticated woman take fancy to Horace? He's not handsome or rich at all. What did she see in him? Come to think of it. Why didn't she get angry at him for bringing another woman to her restaurant? How did Horace do it? Is she blindly in love with him? Nah!

That's not possible!

Macie examined different possibilities in her head as she stared at the poorly-dressed Horace. She only became more curious by the second.

The three of them chatted as they stepped out of the restaurant.

Horace looked on each side of the road and couldn't find the ride he had just ordered. However, he saw a Rolls-Royce Phantom parked close by. It looked like Farris's.

'What's going on? Didn't he leave?' Horace was confused as he stared at the luxury car.

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Chapter 64 Jealous Love



Just as Horace was looking at the Rolls-Royce in confusion, the window of the car gradually rolled down. Farris's face was revealed and his voice rang out. "Hello, sir. Did you book a ride on the Uber application? I hate to break it to you, but the Buick you booked got hit and has been sent to the 4S car shop for repairs yesterday. Accept my apologies. This is the only car I can use to pick up customers today. I hope you don't mind."

Horace knew that Farris's words were nothing but a tissue of lies. The first thought that occurred to him after he heard his explanation was that the driver of the ride he ordered might be one of Farris's minions.

On second thought, there was a possibility that Farris had been keeping an eye on him since he was in the restaurant. Perhaps he observed the cars around and pursued the Uber ride away.

Irrespective of the truth, one thing was very clear to Horace. Farris was just being considerate and wanted him to be comfortable.

At this moment, Horace felt that it was impossible for Farris to monitor his cellphone. It was specially made for him by his family's company. Due to its advanced technology, ordinary people couldn't hack into it. Horace wouldn't have any doubts if the senior members of the Warren family were monitoring him, but the person in question was Farris. This man was only an associate of the family. He was powerful, but not skilled enough to override the security of his phone.

The moment Macie heard Farris's words, she covered her mouth and exclaimed, "What? Horace, you are so lucky! I can't believe a Rolls Royce was sent to you after you booked a ride!" Then she murmured, "What's more, it's not just any Rolls-Royce, but a Phantom."

As she stared at the luxury car in front of her, a hint of doubt suddenly appeared in her eyes. She squinted and thought, 'Why does this car look a little familiar? It seems to be the one that brought Horace to the restaurant earlier. Is this the same car I saw him get out of this morning? But the driver's explanation says otherwise. It seems this is their first time meeting.'

"Sir, it's you!" Laila's eyes widened in surprise as she stared at Farris.

She recognized him as the man she met at the Vlani Bakery yesterday. He had paid for all the cakes that

Horace ordered for her. She couldn't forget the face of such a benevolent man.

"What? Laila, do you know the driver?" Macie was shocked to hear her exclamation.

Now that someone had recognized him, Farris was quick to get into character. His mouth flew open and he looked at Horace. In pretense, he exclaimed, "Hey, young man. We meet again today. I think fate has destined us to bump into each other every day!"

Afterward, he looked at Laila and added, "Young lady, we meet again. What a coincidence!"

Macie's jaw dropped as Farris greeted Horace with so much friendliness and a hint of respect. She nudged Horace with her elbow and asked cautiously, "Horace, it's high time you come clean. Are you a wealthy man in disguise? I find it rather odd that the owner of a

Rolls-Royce Phantom knows you!"

"No, Macie. You have gotten it all wrong. It's just that Horace and Mr. Rivera frequently bump into each other, so they became good friends. We first met accidentally a few days ago in the Sea Pavilion. Yesterday, we met him again in the Vloni Bakery. Mr. Rivera even joked about the recurrent coincidental meetings, but I didn't expect that we would meet again today. It's a never-ending cycle!" Laila explained the situation to Macie before Horace could do so.

The meeting at the Vloni Bakery was the only one that was a real coincidence. All the others weren't. Farris and Horace had dinner together in the Sea Pavilion. Pretending not to know Horace during his fight with Averil and Pollard was all a ploy to keep his identity under wraps. Even today, Farris had intentionally waited for him outside the restaurant.

Horace laughed and said, "What a coincidence! I didn't expect to see you again. You may be right, fate is indeed making our paths cross!"

"Young man, please get in the car. Since it's obvious that we are destined to meet each other, I would give you a free ride!" Farris pressed a button and the backseat door opened automatically.

"Wow!" Macie was all charged up. She entered the car before anyone else. When she sat down, she took a deep breath. "It's so comfortable. No wonder it's one of the top luxury cars. I now know the reason for all the hype!"

With a mischievous smile, she looked at Horace and stated, "Horace, if you have this kind of car, I will marry you!"

Today, Macie didn't hate him as much as she did when they were in high school. But that didn't mean she was serious about marrying him. She was only making fun of him.

Horace was about to get into the car when he heard those words. He almost fell facedown to the floor. However, he managed to flash a faint smile and sat down.

From the rearview mirror, Farris saw the embarrassed look on Horace's face and smiled. He suddenly cleared his throat and said, "Young man, our constant meeting is a sign. I have decided to do something to foster our friendship. How about I give this Rolls-Royce to you as a gift?"

"Eh? Sir, please don't do that. I can't accept such a gift. Besides, I haven't gotten my driver's license yet!" Horace rolled his eyes at Farris as he responded.

"Well, Horace, do you dislike me? How can you refuse a Rolls-Royce Phantom? Didn't you hear when I said I would get married to you if you have one? Can't you see this is an opportunity for you to get a sophisticated woman like me? Humph!"

It was obvious that Macie was on cloud nine because this was her first time in a Rolls-Royce. She was so witty that she continued to make fun of Horace.

Laila had just gotten into the car when she heard Macie's words. There was a frown on her face and her cheeks were slightly red. Although she knew that Macie was just joking, she couldn't help getting jealous.

It didn't take long for Macie to notice her jealousy. She patted her on the shoulder and said, "Laila, why the long face? I was just kidding with Horace. You are the

only one that can be in love with him. I have no intention to stand in the way of your love. He's all yours. I have eyes for the bigger fishes, not tiny ones like this guy here. My future boyfriend must be super-rich!"

"What?" This criticism instantly sparked Laila's anger. Like a female knight in shiny armor, she commented, "Macie, don't talk about Horace like that. He's a hardworking man. Even though he's still struggling now, he has a bright future. I strongly believe that he would become successful someday!"

"Ha-ha!" Macie laughed unscrupulously. She tut-tutted and remarked, "You amaze me, Laila. You aren't even in a relationship with him yet, but you are already drawing out your sword to defend him!"

The conversation between these two young women was loud and clear. However, the listeners kept mute.

Although Horace didn't dare to say anything, he blushed uncontrollably.

"No...No, I didn't." Embarrassment instantly set in after Laila heard those words. Her face turned red and her heart thumped against her chest. Her last bit of restraint was hanging by a thread. She shook her head in a bid to stay calm.

Macie shot her a knowing smile and turned to look at Horace. "Hey, man. Stop slacking off. It's high time you make a move, okay? I'm sure Laila would have been taken if it were another boy that was this close to her!"

For a while, Macie tapped her chin thoughtfully as she stared at the indifferent young man. "Horace, when and how did you fall in love with Amaia? Come to think of it. You two weren't like-minds. You must have been in a fake relationship!"

This statement flipped Horace's angry switch. He glared at Macie and cursed her out in his mind. 'Macie, you're getting on my nerves. You'd better watch your mouth. How dare you say something like that? Were you deaf when Laila denied it just now? Or do you have a screw loose? Anyway, that can't be far-fetched. You never seemed normal to me. Let it go, Horace. It's pointless to exchange words with an unreasonable woman.'

"To be honest, I didn't believe that Amaia had taken the initiative to profess her love to you because I didn't think she would stoop so low. But now, I believe it. You are really awesome, Horace!"

Macie gave him a thumbs-up after she finished speaking.

Everyone had gotten into the Rolls-Royce at this time.

A customer, who had left the restaurant when they did, was standing outside. He murmured to himself, "Wow! That young man is indeed wealthy. He's even driven around in a Rolls-Royce Phantom. Ha-ha! That other guy should have weighed his options well before competing with him. This man dusts him off in terms of wealth, character, and even intelligence. The rude guy didn't stand a chance at all!"

Meanwhile, several young ladies came out of the restaurant. They also saw Horace get on the Rolls-Royce. With fanatical gleams in their eyes, they muttered to themselves, "I must make that rich man mine!"

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Farris started the ignition and drove straight to the Sea Square.

On the way, he asked in a low voice, "Young man, what you are going to do at the Sea Square?"

Horace bit back a chuckle. He found it funny and impressive that Farris had gotten into character so fast. He had changed from addressing him as 'Mr. Warren' in the morning to 'young man' in the afternoon. He admired him even more because he didn't make a mistake for once.

'Uncle Farris is such a good actor!' Horace praised him inwardly. He finally replied, "Sir, I'm going to shop for some clothes for my friend. Do you have any shops to recommend?"

"You want to shop for clothes? You have come to the right person. I have affiliations with some owners of clothing stores in the Sea Square. I'll introduce them to you. Perhaps they will give you a discount since I refer you!"

Farris continued to act as if he didn't know Horace.

"Okay, sir. Thank you for your kindness." Horace also put up an act.

"Young man, you don't have to thank me. Remember that you are my new friend. I have continued to cross paths with you recently. It must be fate!"

Farris chuckled and continued, "Come to think of it. We have met so many times, but we still don't know much about each other."

After a suspenseful pause, he added, "Let me introduce myself to you first. My name is Farris Rivera. I'm an average man in this city. People don't know me. I am just struggling to make an honest living here. Nice to meet you!"

"Sir, my name is Horace Warren. I just graduated from the Zence High School this year. Nice to meet you too!"

'Oh my God! Farris is really good at pretending. No one would have suspected that he knew me at all. Even though Macie just mentioned my name, he pretended like he didn't know me.' Horace stared at him in short.

The moment Horace replied, Macie's enthusiastic voice rang out. "Hello, Mr. Rivera. My name is Macie Ramos, and I also graduated from the Zence High School recently. It's an honor to meet you!"

The atmosphere in the car became a little awkward for Laila after the others introduced themselves to Farris. She was a little shy. However, she plucked up the courage and said, "Hello, Mr. Rivera, I'm Laila Tran. Horace and Macie are my former classmates. We all graduated this year. Thank you so much for your help in the last two days."

When Farris heard her words, he waved his hand and said, "Come off it, Laila. You don't need to thank me. Those were just small kind gestures. I did them because I like Horace. He's a good guy. If another person had been involved, I wouldn't have given a damn. I must say that you are lucky to be his friend."

Something bulged Macie's mind at this moment. She placed her index finger on her cheek and murmured, "Farris Rivera? Farris Rivera? This name sounds so familiar. I'm sure I have heard it somewhere before!"

An alarm suddenly went off in her head. She snapped her fingers and sat up. "Mr. Rivera, are you the sixth richest man in Rinas? As in, the Farris Rivera?"

Farris could only nod now that she had found him out.

A wave of ecstasy surged through Macie after this unexpected confirmation. With her eyes filled with admiration, she said, "Mr. Rivera, it's really you. I didn't expect to meet a man like you today. I admire you so much. You are an inspiration to me!"

"Really?" Farris laughed and added, "Well, I must say that it's surprising that I have a female fan. You even said I'm an inspiration to you. I like that. You know what? For your admiration, I'll pay for all the clothes the three of you buy this afternoon!"

"What?" Macie exclaimed excitedly. "Really? Mr.

Rivera?"

Macie slapped her cheeks to make sure she wasn't dreaming. Afterward, she thought, 'Oh my God! My face is indeed the prettiest in the whole world. Finally, it's going to take me places. Even the sixth richest man thinks highly of me. Ha-ha, Mr. Rivera is so generous. Just because he likes me, he's not only paying for my clothes but also for Horace's and Laila's. They should count themselves lucky today!'

'Damn it! Uncle Farris keeps paying all kinds of bills without me asking. He's indeed a considerate man. His loyalty is second to none!' Horace thought to himself.

Meanwhile, Laila had a suspicious feeling about Farris and his so-called friendship with Horace. She was a shy woman, but this only meant that she did most of the talking in her head. 'Something doesn't

feel right. Every time Horace is caught in a difficult situation, Mr. Rivera always shows up out of nowhere. He usually solves the problem by putting rude people in their place. He even paid the bill yesterday. And now, he has offered to do the same. Are their frequent meetings truly coincidental? Why do I have this feeling that he's intentionally showing up when Horace needs help?'

The rest of the occupants in the car were oblivious to the thoughts going on in Laila's head. With his hands on the steering wheel, Farris nodded and said, "Yes, young lady. You are my fan after all. Paying the bills is my way of showing that I'm grateful for your support."

"Oh, Mr. Rivera, you are such a benevolent and good-looking man. I promise to be your fan for the rest of my life!" Macie vowed with all seriousness.

"Really? Well, I'm honored!" Farris chuckled childishly. The praises gave him a swollen head.

Shortly after, they arrived at the Sea Square.

"Ah! Look, he's coming! He's coming again!" A beautiful shop attendant, who had just walked out of the shopping mall shouted when she saw Farris's Rolls-Royce driving through the gate.

Her colleague who was standing beside her asked in a low and confused voice, "Kaylie, who is coming?"

"The most powerful young man in Rinas is coming. Look, he's in that car right there. Jessa, come with me. Let's go and say hello to him. If he takes a fancy to you, maybe he would turn your life around!" Kaylie Blakely said to Jessa Evans in an excited voice and then followed Farris's car without hesitation.

Farris found a spot in the overground parking lot and drove his car there.

When Jessa heard her colleague's words, she followed her and asked, "Kaylie, are you talking about that awesome man who came to our shop the morning?"

These two women were attendants in the Cartier shop. Kaylie was the one that attended to Horace this morning. When Farris's car had passed by, she had seen Horace in the front passenger seat.

Although Macie had gotten into the car first, she had gone to the backseat to rest more comfortably. In order to avoid embarrassment, Horace got on the front passenger seat. Laila had sat beside Macie at the back.

"Yes, Jessa. That's Mr. Rivera's car. Not only that, the

man who came to shop for necklaces this morning is seated in the front passenger seat!" Kaylie responded with a nod.

"What? Then what are we waiting for? Let's go to say hello immediately. Mr. Warren might fall in love with me. If I become the girlfriend or get married to such a wealthy man, I wouldn't have to lift a finger to do any work for the rest of my life!" Jessa instantly became enthusiastic. In a split second, she thought about all the good things she could gain.

They both trotted towards Farris's car.

By the time the car was properly parked, the two attendants got to the door of the front passenger seat.

As soon as Horace opened the door, Kaylie and Jessa bowed and greeted in unison, "Welcome, Mr. Warren!"

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Chapter 66 Novice Lover



The attendants' greeting caught Horace off guard. His jaw dropped and he almost fell back to the car seat. He had been keeping his true identity under wraps. He wondered what to do.

'Oh my God! These women have put me in a tight corner. I shouldn't have come back here. It was a huge mistake!' He was filled with regrets.

Horace suddenly suffered a banging headache as he looked at Jessa and Kaylie. He didn't want to reveal his identity to Laila just yet.

The good friendship they had was precious to him and he didn't want it to turn sour. If she knew that he was rich, she would surely distance herself from him.

In a bid to save himself, Horace laughed and said, "Hello, ladies. I think you have mistaken me for someone else. Look at the way I'm dressed. I'm not someone with a noble identity. Don't bow to me like that!"

Kaylie squinted her eyes in confusion. She took a closer look at him and thought, 'No, I didn't mistake you for someone else. Your worn-out clothes are ingrained in my memory. You are the only rich person I have seen wearing such shabby clothes to the Sea Square. How can I forget you so easily?'

While she pondered, she caught sight of Laila and Macie who were sitting in the back seat. It dawned on

her that Horace probably wanted to hide his identity from them. She quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, sir. We mistook you for someone else. Please forgive us!"

After bowing respectfully, Kaylie took Jessa's hand and they left. The latter was stunned by what just happened. "Kaylie, can you explain what just happened? You were so sure that he was the same man that came to our shop this morning. Why then did you say you mistook him for someone else? Waah! That powerful man is gone. I'm doomed to work for the rest of my life!"

Meanwhile, Laila didn't think too much about what had just happened. However, Macie was a little suspicious.

Horace's heart was still beating fast. He took a deep breath and scratched his head. With self-mockery, he said to Laila and Macie, "Ha-ha! I didn't expect that I'd

resemble a rich man. I don't even look like an average man!"

"Horace, don't describe yourself in that manner. It doesn't matter if you are rich or not. You are still an excellent man!" Laila seriously chastised and praised him at the same time.

Macie didn't utter a word. She just stared at Horace with squinted eyes. She noticed that his expression was very unnatural. 'Oh my! Could it be that those ladies weren't mistaken? Is Horace really a super-rich man?' A ridiculous idea popped up in her head.

However, she quickly trashed it. She shook her head and thought, 'Don't be ridiculous, Macie. Horace has always been a poor loser. Look at the way he's dressed. How can he be a rich man? His aura even reeks of poverty! I'm thinking too much about what just happened!'

Farris turned off the ignition and got off the car. He walked to Horace, patted him on the shoulder, and said in a gentle voice, "Young man, follow me upstairs. There are some clothes shops there. You would get some clothes for your girlfriend."

Farris's last word made the faces of Horace and Laila red in an instant. They were so embarrassed.

When Farris saw their faces, he laughed and uttered, "Why are you two blushing? Don't get me wrong. I didn't mean girlfriend in the romantic sense. I meant a platonic female friend."

Before this explanation, Horace was already cursing Farris out in his mind. He glanced at Laila and saw that as soon as the explanation came, her embarrassed expression disappeared. She wore a shy smile and had a calm glint in her eyes. 'Is Laila

comfortable with being called my girlfriend?'

The possibility filled Horace's heart with joy.

Despite his excitement, he decided not to make a move now. He would observe Laila's feelings for a few more days before doing anything.

With an awkward smile, he said, "Sir, you are so good at telling jokes. Let's go in and see if there are any suitable clothes for Laila!"

"Of course, there will be. This is a huge shopping mall. Laila would look more beautiful when we are done. Horace, just wait to pay the bill. You won't be stingy later, right?" Macie stated, pulled Laila and followed Farris excitedly.

"No, I won't. Don't forget that I was the one that decided to take her shopping in the first place."

Horace snorted and followed them.

Macie looked back and rolled her eyes at him. 'Bah! He's talking like he knows everything. But he's just a novice who has zero knowledge about how to win a girl's heart. If it were other men, they would shower Laila with romantic words and win her heart in a trice. What a shame!'

The moment they entered the mall, Horace secretly made a hand gesture to Farris and said, "Mr. Rivera, please wait a moment. I need to use the washroom. I will be back in a minute!"

Farris understood Horace's hand gesture. He quickly said, "Young man, please wait for me. I also need to use the gents. Let's go together. Ladies, you can sightsee for the time being!"

They left Macie and Laila and walked towards the

washroom.

As soon as they entered the men's room, Farris asked Horace respectfully, "Mr. Warren, Is anything the matter? Why did you ask to see me alone?"

It seemed like Farris had flipped a switch and his acting character took the back seat. His ability to adapt to different situations was superb. Now that Laila and Macie were not within earshot, he instantly became respectful.

"Uncle Farris, I called you here to tell you that I'll pay for Laila's clothes when she's done shopping. If you pay for them, I would look like a penniless loser. I don't like that. I need to show her that I am capable of such things," Horace finally answered Farris's questions after he went to pee. He felt that it was better to ease himself since he was already in the washroom.

"Well... Please accept my apologies for being so thoughtless. I shouldn't have made that offer. Mr. Warren, you can punish me!" Farris realized that he had committed an offense. He didn't waste time to apologize.

"You didn't do anything bad, Uncle Farris. I know that you did it just to help me. I'm not angry about it. Besides, you should know that I can't be so heartless to punish someone who was just trying to help. I remember your kindness. So, quit apologizing like you committed an atrocity."

Horace chuckled as he rinsed his hands in the washstand.

"Thank you, Mr. Warren. You are such a forgiving man. We need more people like you in the world. Your presence in the Warren family is a huge

blessing. I promise to stand by your side forever!"
Farris swore his allegiance to him with a salute.

He straightened up and continued, "Mr. Warren, I need to take my leave. I can't shop with you guys today. Please say goodbye to Laila and Macie for me. Just tell that something urgent came up in the company and I had to handle it immediately."

"Okay, no problem, Uncle Farris. Goodbye!"

Horace nodded and walked out of the washroom. Besides from the fact that he wanted to present himself as a capable man to Laila, he just didn't like people serving him. He was used to doing his things independently. He knew that Farris was too considerate and meticulous. And Horace didn't want him to behave that way in Laila's presence.

Just as Horace walked out of the washroom, Macie's

angry voice wafted into his ears. "Are you insane? She didn't want to give it to you. Why are you so persistent? Can't you respect people's choices? Who the hell do you think you are? You bastard, if you know what's good for you, better leave this place right now. Otherwise, when our powerful friend comes out of the washroom, you will regret ever being born!"

Macie had no idea that Farris had already left.


Horace instantly knew that something was wrong. He rushed towards them. Before getting there, he asked, "Macie, what's wrong?"

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Chapter 67 The Disgusting Minions





"Horace, you're back!" Macie's voice was filled with excitement. But when she looked around him, her spirit dampened. "Where is Mr. Rivera?" she asked with a frown.

"Something came up at his company. He had to leave urgently."

After the brief explanation, Horace turned to look at the young man who was surrounded by some sophisticated girls. He had a pair of clear and bright eyes, like the morning dew. His thick eyebrows were curled up perfectly. Below his pointed nose were lips as red as rose petals. His fair skin was like snow. In summary, he was not only handsome but also dashing.

The young man stared at Horace in return. He eyed Horace from head to toe and chuckled. Pointing his

index finger at him, he asked Macie sarcastically, "Hey, is this your powerful friend? Ha-ha! How interesting! From the look of things, I don't think all his clothes are worth of one hundred dollars on him. I'm so impressed! Is this loser the dangerous big shot you just bragged about? Would you like to warm my bed for a night? Since you have no idea what a big shot is, I will introduce you to some of them after you serve me for a night. Do we have a deal?"

Macie totally ignored his words. Her heart had jolted when Horace broke the news to her. She asked, "What? Did you just say Mr. Rivera left?"

She was displeased with this development, but she soon put on a confident expression. She looked at the young man and commented, "You are so lucky. My powerful friend has left. I'll let you go scot-free today!"

"Ha-ha! You will let me go scot-free? Are you kidding

me? You think I don't know that you are telling me a cock and bull story. Anyway, I must say that you had me there for a second. Now tell me, what's the name of the big shot you know? I can't wait to admire him!"

The young man's sarcastic smile disappeared in an instant. He spat on the floor and added, "Bah! You bitch! You should be thankful that I even asked for your WeChat ID. A man like me took a fancy to you, but you are behaving like a beauty queen. How dare you refuse to give it to me? It seems you are not only proud but ignorant. Better ask around about me. I don't take no for an answer. Most definitely not from people beneath me!"

When Milo Russell finished venting, the girls around him supported him in coquettish tones.

"Yeah, that's right. You have crossed the line. It's obvious you have no idea how prominent Milo is in

this city! Look at you. What gave a poor girl like you the effrontery to turn him down?"

"You should count yourself lucky that Milo even spared you a glance. You have no class. Look at your clothes. They aren't even worthy to be used as rags. They belong in the trash. What year are you stuck in? These clothes weren't even worn ten years ago. Gosh! You are an eyesore!"

This truckload of insults was too much for Macie to bear. She almost ran mad. On the other hand, Laila turned a deaf ear to them as if they weren't talking to her. This wasn't the first time people were hurling insults at her, so she had developed a thick skin over time.

The icy disdain in the girls' voices caused Macie to reflect on herself. Now that she felt the pain of her previous victims, her conscience pricked her.

However, she waved the guilt aside in the blink of an eye. She couldn't swallow all the insults from these women. She was so angry that she really wanted to pounce on them and scratch their faces like a wild animal. 'What I did in the past doesn't matter now. The most important thing is to find a way to teach these useless women an unforgettable lesson!'

"Shut up!" Horace roared when he couldn't keep calm anymore. If they had just insulted him or Macie, he would have let things slide. But they had insulted Laila. He couldn't spare anyone who did that.

Judging by the exchange of words from both parties involved, he had a rough idea of what had transpired before he arrived. This young man had asked for the WeChat ID of Laila or Macie. Their refusal had taken him by surprise, so he was infuriated. He tried to get back at them by belittling them.

Horace's roar just now had drowned the women's voices. They had flinched at first. But they soon fired back at him. "Why did you act like an uncivilized animal? Why are you even yelling at us? Do you only have the guts to oppress girls? The main player is standing right in front of you. If you have the guts, why don't you challenge Milo?"

"Milo, look at this guy. He just yelled at us. Please help us!"

"Oh, Milo. I'm so scared. Unlike the handsome man that you are, he looks like an ugly gangster from the trenches!"

The coquettish voices of these women made Horace's, Laila's, and Macie's skins crawl.

It was disgusting to see all these women swoon over

one man like they had no ounce of shame.

Milo became even more arrogant. With his eyebrows furrowed, he said to Horace, "Dude, don't you think it's a little inappropriate for a poverty-stricken loser like you to have two beautiful women at once? Besides, how dare you raise your voice at my women? Do you want to see your creator today?"

"What?" Horace clenched his fists and looked at Milo with bloodshot eyes. "I don't mind if you all insult me a million times. What I would not tolerate is you insulting my friends. What makes you think you have the right to look down on her? Who the hell do you think you are?"

Horace glared at Milo. He was a perfect gentleman. Laying his hands on women was the last thing he would do. If it weren't because most of the offenders were women, he would have treated them the same

way he treated Averi and Pollard at the Sea Pavilion.

Nevertheless, he was still ferocious as he faced them. Macie looked at him in surprise. 'Jeez! Never did I imagine that Horace could be this tough. Look at his sculpted jawline and glare. Oh my! He suddenly looks so handsome!'

"Wow, this is getting interesting! Did you just ask me who the hell I am? I should be the one asking you that question. How dare you behave so arrogantly in my presence? Dude, please, you need to look at yourself in the mirror."

Milo pressed his hands together as if he were genuinely pleading with Horace. His behavior could have fooled anyone, but his eyes were filled with contempt.

"Yes. Look at you, you are so poor. I'm afraid that

your clothes are cheaper than Milo's shoelaces! Eww! What gave you the guts to talk back at him? Don't you know your place?" One of the women beside Milo sneered at Horace again.

"Why do you look surprised? Do you have any idea how expensive his shoelaces are? Just so you know, Milo can buy ten sets of the tattered clothes you are wearing with just one of his shoelaces. Yeah, it's that expensive!"

"Poor man, do you know where you are? Why did you bring these two bumpkins here? Are you lost or something? This is the most expensive mall in the whole of Rinas. It's for the elites of this city. People like you who are below the poverty line don't deserve to be here. If you don't want to be disgraced, go back to the trenches now!"

The second batch of insults didn't get to Horace at all.

He just chuckled and shook his head. All his life, he had received worse insults. He used to be pained before. But now that he was the heir to a trillion-dollar empire and a potential successor of the Warren family, he couldn't concern himself with such frivolities. It was best to turn a deaf ear to them. But even if he wanted to ignore them, his family wouldn't let it slide. So he decided against forgiving them this time. These people had crossed the line. He had to vent his raging anger.

Horace looked at everyone coldly and said, "The last person to step on my toes is currently in the hospital. His name is Pollard Lyons. Does that name ring a bell? Not only that. His father was also disrespectful to me when I came here this morning. He has been taken away too. He should be joining his son in the hospital soon!"

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Chapter 68 Knight In Shining Armor



"Did you just say Pollard Lyons?" Milo shook his head slightly and murmured, "Why does that name sound so familiar? I think I have heard it somewhere before."

Out of everyone present, Laila was the only one who knew what Horace was talking about. She remembered what happened at the Sea Pavilion that day. If Horace hadn't stood up for her, Averi would have done something ugly to her.

Laila saw him as her knight in shining armor. His financial status didn't matter. She loved that he gave her an indescribable sense of security. At this moment, she stared at his back and smiled gratefully.

"Oh, you don't know Pollard? It seems that you are just a mere nobody in Rinas!" Horace glanced at Milo and asked in a low voice, "Milo Russell, right? You have the chance to apologize to my friends now. If you do that, I will spare you this time. However, you will face dire consequences if you refuse. You'd better behave yourself from now on. Otherwise, your future would be ruined!"

"Ha-ha!" Milo burst into laughter. He pointed at Horace and said to the beautiful women beside him, "Ladies, did you hear that? How can he, an impoverished loser ask me to apologize in this city? Ha-ha! This is the funniest joke I have heard in ages. He should take up comedy as a job!"

Milo stopped laughing and then his eyes suddenly turned cold. With a scowl, he queried coldly, "Brat, have you ever seen blood before? What gave you the

balls to ask me to apologize and behave myself? Who the hell do you think you are? I'm dead sure that you don't know how powerful I am in this city.

Nevertheless, that doesn't excuse why you have the nerve to point at me with your dirty fingers and warn me. For this stupid behavior of yours, I doubt if you would leave the Sea Square on your feet today!"

The mention of Pollard's name had made Milo ponder for a while. But after Horace asked him to apologize, he set aside his worries and sneered coldly.

Milo suddenly clapped his hands in a commanding fashion. The next second, four strong men in black suits walked to him. They bowed and greeted him respectfully, "You sent for us, Mr. Russell!"

Afterward, they all looked at Horace and said with a sneer, "Mr. Russell, do you need us to teach him a lesson? We are at your service. Just give us your

command!"

These strong men glared at Horace and cracked their fingers fiercely. The crackling sound of their fingers and their entire build-up made it so obvious that these men often exercised.

A gleam of worry flashed through Horace's eyes as he looked at them. If he had been alone, he would have run for his dear life. However, Macie and Laila were behind him. It was inadvisable to take to his heels.

The fierceness of these four strong men was enough for Horace to know that he didn't stand a chance against them. He could take on one of them because he had worked as a building laborer before. But fighting off four strong men alone was impossible. They would beat him to a pulp if he attempted it.

At this moment, Macie pointed at the men with her

finger of one hand and placed the other hand on her hip, shouting, "You guys, do you think you can scare us? Bah! I don't believe you will lay a finger on any of us in this public place!"

"Oh, really? Young lady, we will show you what we are capable of today!" One of the men gave Horace a bloodthirsty look and continued to crack his fingers fiercely.

As the four men began to approach them slowly, Horace whispered to Macie and Laila, "I'll stall them for now. Go to the Cartier shop to find the shop attendants that greeted me at the parking lot when we just arrived."

He took out his phone, handed it to Laila, and instructed her, "No matter what happens later, you mustn't lose this phone. Run!" Horace roared the last word when he saw that the vicious men were already

close to him. He had decided to fight them even though he was certain he would lose.

"What?" Laila was stunned to hear his command. She shook her head and disagreed. "No, I won't leave you behind, Horace!"

Macie's heart raced when she saw that the brutal men were ready to take the first swipe at them. In fear, she pulled Laila back and shouted, "Now is not the time to behave rationally, Laila. You can't do anything to help if you stay here. If you really want to save Horace, do as he said. Let's go to the Cartier shop first!"

Although Macie used to be a bully in high school, she had never experienced extreme violent situations. She was flustered as she imagined what these vicious men would do to them. Horace's instruction made her realize that she might have guessed right previously. 'There's more to him than meets the eye. The

attendants' greeting wasn't a mistake. We had better do as he instructed,' she thought to herself.

"Ha-ha! Idiot, do you really think they can escape?" Milo smirked sinisterly at Horace when he saw that Macie and Laila were on the run. He ordered his men, "Boys, two of you should deal with this idiot. The rest should capture those girls. Hurry up!"

Horace had his heart in his mouth when he saw that two of the vicious men were chasing after Laila and Macie. He roared at Milo, "Bastard, if you dare hurt them, I will make sure you die a miserable death!"

"Oh, no! I'm so scared!" Milo feigned a panicking shiver and looked at him pitifully. In a split second, his face changed and he snorted with disdain. He fired back. "You are such a fool. Who the hell do you think you are? What gave you the audacity to threaten me? Are you listening to yourself at all? You will make sure

I die a miserable death? Jeez! What power do you have? Do you see yourself as the most powerful man in the whole of Rinas? You must be delusional!"

He then looked at the flirty ladies around him and said proudly, "I think I'm losing some brain cells speaking to this guy. Now tell him the kind of a man you hate the most!"

"We hate a man who has nothing and can't achieve anything. Of what use is such a man?" The women rolled their eyes at Horace and chuckled with mockery.

"You idiot! You know what? Tenderness and love are the two most useless things a man can possess. To be an alpha male, a man needs to have real money and power. Being in love without these two things makes a man vulnerable! I'll turn your two friends into my pleasure tools very soon. My anger will be vented

on their bodies!"

Milo snickered devilishly and licked his lips.

"Ha-ha, you haven't experienced such a thing before, right? Not to worry. I'll let you watch the whole show later!"

This statement caused a ball of rage to explode in Horace's head. He tried to charge at Milo with the intention of punching him in the face. However, the two ferocious men prevented him and began to attack him. He tried to fight back and get away from them, but the highest he could do was to dodge their blows.

At the same time, Horace shouted at the top of his voice when he saw that Milo's men were almost catching up with Laila and Macie. "Laila, call Mr. Rivera! His phone number is saved on my phone. Call him now!"

He prayed fervently in his heart that Farris hadn't gone far. Otherwise, it would be too late by the time he would drive back to the Sea Square.

A glimmer of hope ignited in Macie's heart when she heard Horace's last instruction. She said to Laila, "Laila, hurry up. Call Mr. Rivera now!"

"Okay, okay, I'll do that right now!" Laila turned to look back briefly and saw that Horace was desperately trying to dodge the blows from two of the vicious men. She instantly felt a pang of pain in her heart. She quickly searched for Farris's number on the contact list and dialed it.

Thankfully, the call went through.

It had only rang twice before Farris answered the phone.

His respectful voice came from the other end of the line. "Hello, Mr. Warren. I just left. Do you need me to do anything for you? I'm all ears."

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Chapter 69 Accidental Kiss



"Mr. Warren?" Laila and Macie were stunned to hear the way Farris addressed Horace.

'Fuck! My instincts were right. Something was different with Horace today. He had shown conspicuous traces of being more than what I used to think of him. For Mr. Rivera to hold him in high esteem, it only means that he's a big shot,' Macie

thought to herself.

She was shocked to the marrows at this time. Everything that happened today played out in her mind. It dawned on her that the Rolls-Royce Phantom was not rented and that he used the coupons to hide his identity. 'My gosh! It wasn't a coincidence at all! Horace is wealthy enough to afford everything. How come he's this rich? How did he manage to conceal his wealth during our high school days?'

Just as Macie was lost in thought, Laila got over the shock and put her head in the game. Saving Horace from the claws of those ferocious men was more important now than fathoming his identity. She took a deep breath and said, "Mr. Rivera, it's me, Laila. Where are you? Horace is in grave danger now!"

Laila couldn't help crying. She was so worried about Horace and didn't want more harm to come to him.

It was at this moment that two of the vicious men caught up with Laila and Macie. They blocked their way. One of them said disdainfully, "Bitches, where do you think you are going? You should feel honored that Mr. Russell wants to have something to do with you. How dare you decline his advances?"

The men cracked their fingers again and the crackling sound sent shivers down the ladies' spines.

Farris, who was still on the phone, heard their voices. He roared, "Fuck you! If anyone dares to hurt Mr. Warren and the two young ladies, I, Farris Rivera, will pay you in a hundredfold!"

The screeching sound of a car's tires and the rumble of its engine came from the other end of the line.

"Did I just hear you say Farris Rivera? Ha-ha! Quit

putting up an act on the phone. What gives you the audacity to pretend to be such a powerful man? Don't just stop there. You can also claim to be Dario Russell!" One of Milo's men sneered when he heard Farris's warning from Horace's phone.

Meanwhile, things weren't looking good for Horace. He was gasping for breath as he dodged the heavy blows and kicks. Milo looked at him and mocked him. "Hey, fool. Is that all you have gotten? Bring it on, dude!"

Milo pointed at Horace and said to the beautiful women beside him, "Babes, did you hear that? This idiot claimed that he has Farris's phone number. As in, the Farris Rivera. Ha-ha! How can the most dangerous man in Rinas be acquainted with such a loser?"

After a short pause, Milo sneered at Horace, "You

idiot, since you claim to be a powerful man, you must know my uncle then. I might get scared of you if you really know my uncle. Tell me, do you know him? Bah! You are from the trenches. There's no way you would know my uncle. For your information, my uncle is the richest man in this city, Dario Russell. Ha-ha! That name rings a bell, right? You must be scared to death right now! How dare you pretend that you are acquainted with Farris? Anyway, you can't do anything to me even if Farris is your backer. My uncle is wealthier than him. He has to treat me well out of respect for my uncle."

The beautiful women chuckled with mockery after Milo finished speaking. They thought Horace had bitten off more than he could chew this time.

"Dario Russell? I know him too!" Horace retorted boldly.

"Ha-ha! Are my ears deceiving me or did this guy really say he knows my uncle? My, oh, my! You are such a big fool. The clothes on you are worth less than one hundred dollars, but you claim to know my uncle, the richest man in this city. Are you high on some cheap drugs? Or did you meet him in your dreams? That's the only way you could have met him!" Milo laughed condescendingly as he pointed at Horace.

'Milo is a nephew of the richest man in Rinas! What a shame!' Horace thought.

He had been dodging the men's attack for quite some time now. Thus, his strength was running low at this time. His body was so weak and his legs felt wobbly.

A muffled sound suddenly rang out. One of the vicious men had hit Horace's chest with his heavy fist.

Horace staggered back and crashed to the floor.

"Horace!" Laila shouted at the top of her lungs. She had been watching him all along, so she was shocked when he was dealt a heavy blow. She broke free from Macie's hold and ran towards him.

A wave of anger flickered in Macie's heart as she watched the scene. She looked at Laila who had run back. Then, she glared at the sophisticated women standing beside Milo. She cursed them out in her heart, 'Aargh! Those bitches insulted me so complacently just now. I can't let them go scot-free. They must suffer great pain today. Now that Horace is a big shot, I will encourage him to make their lives miserable. I have to go all out to vent my anger!'

Macie's previous instinct was to run away, but on second thought, she ran back with Laila.

The return of the young ladies took the two men by surprise. They had expected them to run away. Since Laila and Macie had practically surrendered themselves, the men grinned and walked behind them.

Now that all their targets were in one place, the men felt that there was no point rushing to catch them. Capturing them would be a piece of cake.

The vicious man who had punched Horace in the chest looked at him disdainfully and queried, "Have you given up? Why don't you continue dodging my blows? I thought you were skilled. Aren't you a powerful man? Come on, show me what you've gotten!"

The man gave Horace a heavy kick after speaking.

Horace had just gotten up at this time, but he soon

crashed to the floor again with a thud.

"Ha-ha!" Milo burst into laughter as he looked at Horace on the floor. He was behaving as if he were the one that dealt with him just now.

With a complacent smirk, he waved at those gorgeous women beside him and said, "Kicking this guy must feel so good. Let's go and have a try!"

Then Milo led the women to where Horace was lying.

"Hey, boy, Mr. Russell wants to vent his anger by kicking you. To prevent you from hurting him or doing anything stupid, I'll cripple all your limbs first!" The man who kicked Horace stared at him coldly. He clenched his fist and was about to punch his arm.

It was obvious that Horace's arm would be destroyed if he received that punch.

"No!" Laila screamed and fell on Horace's body to block the vicious man's punch without thinking twice.

"No!" Horace yelled after she protected him with her body. Before it was too late, he made a quick move.

A thud was heard the next second. The punch didn't land on Laila but Horace.

The move Horace had made on the spur of the moment caused Laila to be under him. He had taken the punch on his back. His body was thin and weak, but his bones were strong enough to withstand the punch. However, it pushed him forward and his body pressed against Laila's.

He accidentally kissed her lips hard.

"Bang!"

A loud noise filled the building all of a sudden. The glass of the mall was smashed into smithereens by a Rolls-Royce Phantom.

The car drove straight to where Horace was.

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Chapter 70 The Savior's Arrival



"Ah! What's happening? Is it an earthquake? Are we going to die today?" Everyone in the mall screamed at the top of their lungs after the glass shattered to smithereens. When they saw the Rolls-Royce Phantom homing in on a group of people, their eyes widened in shock.

"What happened? Fuck! Oh my God! Is that a Rolls-Royce Phantom? Why is it in here? It must have gotten mangled after that collision just now!" One of the customers sighed pitifully when he saw the scratches and bumps on the car.

"Yeah, it's badly damaged. Did you see that thick smoke coming out of the bonnet? Anyway, who is the owner of this car? This is unbelievable! How could he smash the glass door of the Sea Square? Is he out for blood or something?"

"I have no idea. All I know is that he would have to pay at least ten million dollars for damages. This door was specially made. It's highly expensive. If I am to make an estimate, it's worth several hundred thousand dollars. In addition, the Rolls-Royce hit some pieces of furniture and goods here. They should be worth the same amount as the glass door. And to

crown it all, his car is a wreck. Everything sums up to a whopping amount. Even in my next life, I won't be able to afford it. This man has accrued debts for himself!"

One of the onlookers who looked like a successful man analyzed the damages in the scene and did a calculation of the cost of damages. He earned fifteen thousand dollars a month from his white-collar job. He was a relatively high-level worker, but there was no way he could afford the damages if he was in Farris's shoes.

Milo almost jumped out of his skin when he first heard the loud noise. He had been approaching Horace, but he stopped dead in his tracks. "What the fuck! It scared the living daylights out of me!" he exclaimed.

He then ordered his men who were trying to catch Laila and Macie. "Leave those bitches. Go and see

who the driver is. The license plate has been scratched. I can't tell whose car it is."

The vicious men were about to obey their boss's order when the Rolls-Royce Phantom started to drive in their direction. It was too late for them to avoid the car. In the blink of an eye, they were knocked into the air.

"Fuck! Is this really happening? Who is this fucking bastard? How dare you hit my men? You've stepped on the lion's tail!" Milo roared when he saw his men fly in the air and then crash to the floor. After that, he looked at the driver's seat of the Rolls-Royce!

The severity of the collision had cracked the windshield of the car. Thus, he still couldn't see who the driver was, nor did he know that the car was Farris's.

Horace raised his head to look at the car. He breathed a sigh of relief and muttered, "Thank God. we're safe now that Uncle Farris is here."

After he uttered the last word, he fainted. The last two heavy punches were too much for him even though he was stronger than his peers. They had hit delicate areas and sucked out the last bit of strength he had at that time. He suffered dizzy spells before going into a coma.

Inexplicable fear and worry suffused Laila's heart when she saw that Horace was unconscious. She shouted anxiously, "Horace, Horace, please wake up. Don't scare me like that. Stay with me!"

"Horace, Horace, what's wrong with you? Open your eyes!" Macie was also scared. She put her index finger under his nose to feel his breathing. After a while, she said, "It's not that bad. He's still breathing."

Laila, please calm down. He would be fine soon."

A screeching sound of tires suddenly filled the air. Farris had slammed on the brakes in a haste. The tires couldn't bear the impact of the halt. They were on the verge of burning and puffs of smoke oozed from all four of them.

All of a sudden, the driver seat door was kicked open. Farris got out of the car and ran to Horace as quick as a flash. He sank to his knees and shouted, "Mr. Warren, Mr. Warren, are you okay? Please open your eyes. Don't scare me!"

Farris's worry caused Macie to sigh. 'Indeed, Horace is a big shot. Mr. Rivera not only respects him, but he's also worried to death about him.'

With a reassuring expression, she said to him, "Mr. Rivera, Horace would be fine. I checked his breathing

just now. It's steady. He would regain consciousness any time soon."

"Did you call 911?" Farris asked worriedly. He then carefully lifted Horace and put him in Laila's arms.

"Not yet, Mr. Rivera. I'll do that now!" Macie shook her head. She quickly took out her phone and dialed 911.

Now that Farris was done with the necessary arrangements, he suddenly shouted, "Damn it! Someone played with fire today. And that person will be severely burned!"

He stood up and looked at Milo. After a furious huff, he cursed, "Damn it! Milo, I didn't expect it to be you! You are courting death!"

Milo had trembled with fear when he saw Farris get out of the Rolls-Royce Phantom. It took him a while to

come to terms with the fact that his eyes weren't deceiving him. However, he instantly became angry when Farris shouted at him. With a glare, he pointed at him and remarked, "Farris, I have to admit that you are the most dangerous man in this city, but you are not the most influential. Have you suddenly forgotten who I am? Or are you drunk? How dare you raise your voice at me? Do you know my uncle has never done such a thing before?"

"Your uncle? Humph! Don't even play that card. It won't help you in any way. You have offended Mr. Warren. Even your uncle, Dario can't protect himself from the incoming repercussions, let alone save you!" Farris sneered with disdain. His eyes blazed as he added a warning. "Milo, you should pray to God that Mr. Warren pulls through very soon. If anything bad happens to him, you can be sure that the entire Russell family would be wiped away from the surface of the earth!"

"Ha-ha!" Milo burst out laughing. He tut-tutted and then fired back in a sarcastic tone. "That's totally ridiculous. Who the hell do you think you are? What makes you think you have the right to threaten me like that? You'd better know your place and stay there! In this city, the Russell family is way above you in everything. You can never rub shoulders with us even in a million years. You are currently the sixth richest man, so I advise you to be humble. Have I made myself clear? If you continue acting like this, my uncle will take everything you own. Destroying you is a piece of cake!"

"Bah! Milo, you are such an arrogant scumbag!" Farris spat at him and continued, "Who was the person that hurt Mr. Warren just now? I advise you to do yourself a favor by committing suicide. If you refuse, you will suffer a fate worse than death!"

"Ha-ha! The person should commit suicide? Farris, I wasn't quite sure about this before. But now, I've confirmed that you are out of your damn mind! How dare you meddle in my business? Are you tired of living? Just tell me and I can be of help!" Milo chuckled with mockery. He came from the wealthiest family, so he had zero respect for Farris.

"Milo, even if they don't want to take their own lives, I know of someone that will convince them for me." After saying that, Farris took out his cellphone and dialed Dario's number. As the line rang, he said to Milo, "I don't need you to do anything. Your uncle will set things straight. In a short while, you will know that I wasn't fibbing. Dario might pass out when he finds out about the atrocity you have committed. You dared to lay your filthy hands on Mr. Warren. Just wait and see if you come out of this situation unscathed. Are you ready to face the dire consequences?"

The line connected after a couple of rings.

"Hello, Farris. Didn't we meet this morning? Why did you call me this time? Does Mr. Warren want to see me?"

Dario's voice came from the other end of the line as soon as it connected.

"Dario, I hate to break it to you. But I want you to know that you're doomed. Your nephew and his men have knocked out Mr. Warren!"

"Eh? What did you say?" Dario exclaimed as soon as he heard Farris's statement.

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