

THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 7 A Big Figh

"Horace, long time no see. Why are you here? Did you come for a job interview?" Laila asked in a joyful tone when she got closer and confirmed that it was indeed Horace.

She had been working as a waitress on the second floor for quite some time. This was the first time she was seeing Horace here. She hadn't seen him come in, so she didn't know his true identity.

Even though Laila was born into a poor family and had no access to the common luxuries of life, her beauty was still like that of a fairy. She had been the cynosure of all the boy's eyes in high school. As a result, all the girls hated her. But she never let her beauty get into her head. Also, she knew that all the boys that approached her then had ulterior motives, except for Horace. He was from a humble background

and was well-cultured like her. He treated her like a true friend and never asked for anything more.

In summary, Laila and Horace became friends because they bonded on a lot of things due to their similar situations.

After hearing her words, Horace smiled. This beautiful girl had unintentionally misunderstood him.

It was at this moment that he noticed she was wearing a waitress uniform. He deduced that she worked here part-time after graduating from high school.

He remembered the question he had asked her a few moments ago. Her uniform made it pretty obvious that she worked here, but it was too late for him to take back his words.

"Yes, but I failed the interview. It's sad that we will never become colleagues here." He nodded with feigned disappointment on his face.

Horace didn't want to reveal his true identity to Laila. He was afraid that he would lose his only friend.

Although he knew that Laila wouldn't be jealous and would congratulate him with a sincere heart, he knew that she would begin to feel inferior. She had battled with an inferiority complex when they were in high school. So, he feared that she would become uncomfortable because of his new status.

"Really? That's sad." Disappointment filled Laila's face when she heard the bad news. She looked really sorry for him. Afterward, she said, "Horace, I heard that your mother is sick. You must be having a hard time now. I understand that you may not have enough money to foot her medical bills. You are looking for a

job so you can earn money, aren't you?

Here you go. This is a sum of all the tips I received recently. I'll lend it to you first. You can repay me when you have money."

With these words, Laila took out six hundred dollars from her pocket and handed it to him. She added, "Go and pay part of your mother's medical bills. I will lend you more money when I get paid my salary this month. Just hold on."

A lump went up Horace's throat and he almost burst into tears as he stared at the dollar bills in her hand. Since his mother fell sick, all his relatives and acquaintances had abandoned him. Caden no longer wanted to lend him money. Worse still, it seemed that Maxwell had blocked him. This experience taught him about the fickleness of human nature.

This morning, he had been in a dilemma because he didn't know who to run to for help. But Laila, who he hadn't met for a long time, voluntarily gave him money. They weren't even related by blood.

"Thank you!" Horace said softly as he took the money from her.

He truly appreciated her kind gesture.

"Damn it, Laila. Is this how the workers behave around here? I asked you to get me some water. But you didn't come back after a long time. I can see that you abandoned your job just to date your little lover!"

All of a sudden, a playful voice with a hint of anger sounded a few meters away. Then a young man dressed in Versace appeared beside them. With his eyes filled with arrogance, he looked at the dollar bills in Horace's hand. He then burst into laughter and

mocked, "Horace, so you are Laila's gigolo. You are a shame to manhood. In fact, you are not worthy to be called a man. No wonder Amaia dumped you for a rich guy. I never understood why such a beautiful girl chose to date you in the first place. Anyway, the scales fell from her eyes later on. Which woman in her right mind would date a pauper like you?"

"Averi, it's not what you think. I'm just lending him the money!" Laila couldn't just stand aside and watch Averi Torres humiliate Horace. But she didn't know why she had explained the situation without thinking twice. Also, her heart missed a beat when she heard Amaia had dumped Horace.

"You are lending him? Don't you know that his mother is terminally ill? Even if she wasn't sick, how do you expect such a poor man to pay you back? I don't believe you. It's obvious that he's your gigolo! Tsk, tsk, tsk! You are such a nasty bitch, Laila. I offered to

place you on a monthly allowance of thousands of dollars just to be my girlfriend, but you vehemently refused. I could turn your life around. Why are you into such a poor guy? You are even giving him money!"

Just as Averí finished his last sentence, a fist appeared in front of him.

It landed on his face. He staggered back and hit his head on the wall.

Averí suffered from dizzy spells instantly. He held his injured head and pointed at Horace in disbelief. He hissed, "You poor loser. How dare you hit me? I will kill you today!"

Laila was too stunned to speak for a while. She looked at Horace's face and saw that his eyes were bloodshot.

"Horace, please don't do this. He's not worth your anger. If you make trouble here, the consequences will be dire."

Laila's plea fell on deaf ears. Horace lifted the chair behind him and threw it towards Averì.

The chair knocked the target with a loud bang. Averì hit his head on the wall again. He held his head and squatted down.

Before he could regain his composure, Horace threw the chair at him again.

Averì fell to the floor this time and writhed in pain. Another loud bang echoed in the corridor.

At this time, he had some cuts on his forehead and cheeks. After a few seconds, He wiped the blood with

his palm, pointed at Horace, and shouted angrily, "You're dead meat. How dare you cause me to bleed? You will know the repercussions for your actions very soon!"

These threats didn't deter Horace. He was about to hit Averi with the chair again. However, Laila quickly stopped him. She begged, "Horace, stop doing this. Run away from here now. You have caused trouble and destroyed the property here. Leave before you are arrested!"

Horace's anger dispelled a little when he saw the concern on her face. He dropped the chair and said, "Laila, it's okay."

To be frank, Horace felt as if a demon had possessed him the moment Averi began to speak to Laila condescendingly.

"It's okay?" The calmness in his voice surprised Laila. She tried to push him and urged, "Horace, please listen to me. Leave this place now. The owner of Sea Pavilion is a no-nonsense person. He will skin you alive if he finds out you had a big fight here!"

Laila's attempt to push him away was ineffective. He remained fixed to the spot like a hard rock. Although he was thin, he was very strong due to all the menial jobs he did all year round. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to knock Averil out.

"What the hell is going on here?"

The lobby manager's shout echoed in the corridor. She walked to the scene with five security guards.

The security guards were about to arrest Horace, but the lobby manager saw that it was him. She instantly shivered and stopped the arrest by stretching out her

palm.

"Miss Hilton!" Averi cried out when he saw them. He pointed at Horace and complained, "This madman came out of nowhere. He suddenly rained punches and kicks all over my body. You must help me!"

The lobby manager, whose name was Riley Hilton, looked at Averi as he winced in pain.

"Miss Hilton, that's not what happened. Mr. Torres is lying to you. He was making advances at me. I politely declined, but he was all up in my face. My friend, Horace Warren, came and saw that I was being harassed. To protect me, he hit Mr. Torres!" Laila's voice trembled. This was her first time to lie, so she was a little nervous.

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