

"Farris, please tell me you are just pulling my legs," Dario continued in a panicking tone.

"Pulling your legs? Dario, I am dead serious. I would never joke about this kind of thing. I'm currently in the Sea Square with Mr. Warren, and your stupid nephew is also here!"

Farris almost roared as he spoke. He not only transferred his aggression to Dario, but he also felt guilty. He regretted leaving Horace here. 'Damn it! All these wouldn't have happened if I had been here. It's impossible to atone for my sin even if I die a thousand times. Oh God! How I wish I could turn back the hands of time!' he thought to himself regretfully.

Milo was standing in front of him with one hand in his

pocket. He faintly heard the words on the other end of the line. "Farris, do you see me as a three-year-old child? You just called a random man and he posed as my uncle. Don't you know that I'm close to my uncle? Do you really think I'll fall for that? My powerful uncle would never hold such a loser in high esteem. Ha-ha! You are so ridiculous!"

Milo felt that Farris was trying to pull the wool over his eyes. He didn't believe a single word that he said. As far as he was concerned, his uncle, who was the richest man, couldn't respect such a young man.

"Dario, did you hear that? Your fucking nephew just spoke. How dare he insult Mr. Warren? It seems you have been living too comfortably recently. Your immense wealth has affected your nephew's brain. He's playing with fire and you will get burnt too!" Farris reprimanded Dario angrily.

With a vicious expression, he said to Milo, "Young man, I didn't expect you to be so stubborn. Since you are doubting me, I will let you hear your uncle's voice more clearly."

Farris clicked on the speaker icon on his phone screen after he finished speaking.

He then continued, "Dario, I just put the phone on speaker. Talk to your nephew. You'd better hurry up. I can't control my temper anymore. The only thing I want to do to this boy is to kill him right now!"

The last sentence came out as a roar.

"Milo, you silly brat. Do you know who you just hit? You bastard! I warned your father not to spoil you, but he never listened to me. You were given a free hand. Now, you are in hot water. Listen to me and listen well. You must bow to Mr. Warren and apologize to

him until I arrive at the Sea Square. Don't you dare go against me!"

Milo knew his uncle's voice very well. As he listened to this command, he shook his head in disbelief. "No, this is impossible. My uncle is an awesome man. There's no way he would tell me to bow to a pauper. You must have faked his voice with a voice changer application just to deceive me. Bah! I won't fall for it!"

Ignoring Milo's defiance, Farris interrupted, "Dario, did you just say he should bow and apologize? Are you kidding me? That's a light punishment. Let me set things straight. This nephew of yours would be tortured to death today!"

He huffed and added, "I only called to inform you, Dario. Do not meddle in the punishment he would receive. If you do, you will be severely dealt with!"

Farris flipped out after Dario gave his nephew such a light punishment. It was like giving him a slap on the wrist. Now, he decided to punish Milo himself.

The first thing he had in mind was to break Milo's hand and then torture him with all kinds of methods. He wanted him to see the gates of hell for daring to harm Horace.

Before Dario could say anything, Farris hung up the phone. His eyes got redder. He gritted his teeth and slowly walked towards Milo. "Since you have committed such an atrocity, you might as well meet your creator today. You should know that your uncle isn't half of the man Mr. Warren is, let alone you!"

Macie's mouth flew open when she heard these words. Confusion set in immediately. 'What kind of man is Horace? Why did Mr. Rivera say that he's superior to Mr. Russell, the richest man in Rinas?

How come they both respect him so much? What the fuck! Is there any man that's more affluent than Mr. Russell in this city? Is this a drama series? Or am I dreaming?' she thought confusedly.

Milo smirked after hearing Farris's threat. He threw his head back and looked at him with suspicious eyes.

"Farris, you are a cunning man. Are you trying to start a fight with my uncle? Is that why you deliberately came here to find fault with me today? Sorry to burst your bubble. Your game is up. Do you seriously think that I wouldn't hurt you because you are the Farris Rivera?"

Milo did an air quote when he spoke the last three words before turning to his two remaining men. "Go and beat him up now!" he commanded.

Fear had already gripped the beautiful women that were with Milo at this moment. This was the first time

they were experiencing such a violent scene.

They weren't from the wealthiest families in the city. All of them knew that Farris was the most dangerous man in the city, so they didn't dare to sneer at him. Even though Milo dared to go against him because he was the nephew of the richest man, they knew their place. There was no way they would benefit from Dario's protection.

Nevertheless, they still didn't know Horace's true identity. They all believed that Milo had the upper hand in this situation.

"Beat me up? You are sending these two spineless bastards to harm me? Are you fucking daydreaming, Milo? Don't you know how I climbed to the top in this city?"

Farris sneered and his eyes blazed more. His rough

life in the ghetto had prepared him for moments like this.

In the past years, he had fought vicious men singlehandedly. Milo's men were like ants in his eyes.

To end the battle as soon as possible, he picked up a stick that his car had broken. He wielded it and rushed up to them.

Weapons made a huge difference during fights. Like magic, Farris was able to knock down the two men without receiving a blow from them.

Afterward, he twisted his neck fiercely and looked at Milo. "Idiot, are you afraid now?" he asked with a sinister smile.

All four of Milo's men had passed out at this time. There was no one to protect him now. His heart was

in his mouth and his body began to shake with fear. If the beautiful women weren't standing around him, he would have collapsed to the floor.

Although he still didn't believe that Horace was superior to his uncle, he was afraid of being beaten. He saw how Farris had dealt with his men mercilessly. He didn't want to suffer the same fate.

"Aargh! Loser, you are even weaker than a woman. You are all talk and no action. You're only relying on your uncle. Who the hell are you? I'm afraid that you are nothing without your uncle. I can crush you with my fingers!"

Farris got closer and closer to him as he spoke. Milo's fear increased indescribably. His heart thumped against his chest as if it would jump out soon. He wished someone would come to save him.

Meanwhile, the beautiful women were also scared out of their wits. The situation became unbearable for them when Farris was only a meter away. They screamed and ran for their dear lives, leaving Milo behind.

'Humph! How dare you step on my toes just now? You will see hell now that there's no one to protect you! Karma would bite you in the butt soon. Hehe!' Macie sneered at Milo in her heart as she watched the ladies fleeing away.

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Chapter 72 The Special Security



Blood drained from Milo's face after the beautiful women deserted him. He had never felt this alone and scared. His legs suddenly felt wobbly and he sank to the floor the next second. He then looked at Farris with horror in his eyes. "Farris, don't you dare lay a finger on me. If you dare do so, my uncle won't let you go scot-free. He's more powerful than you. Let me go now so you won't incur his wrath!" he commanded fearfully.

"Oh my God! I'm so scared! Your uncle is more powerful than me? Bah! Your uncle may be wealthy, but there's someone whom he's inferior to. And that person is Mr. Warren. Dario is an ant compared to him. Have you heard about what happened this morning? In one of the shops here, Fraser's mistress had offended Mr. Warren. Fraser became defensive and rude. For this reason, he was mercilessly dealt with. Mr. Warren handed over the Sky Group to me. Do you still think I'm inferior to your uncle? Anyway,

forget it. Talking to you reasonably is a waste of time and effort. Just wait and see. You will find out whose toes you stepped on by the time your uncle arrives. I'll just beat you black and blue before then!"

As soon as Farris finished speaking, he raised his hand and dealt a heavy blow to Milo. His body flew in the air and then crashed to the floor with a thud.

"Ah!" Milo let out a hysterical scream and writhed in pain.

All the people present began to tremble uncontrollably after they heard Farris's last statement. It came as a shock to them that Fraser, the eighth richest man in the city, was now a nobody just because of an offense. The news was from a credible source, so they had no cause to doubt it.

Series of thoughts plagued Macie's mind as she

continued to take care of Horace. 'What the fuck! Who is this guy? We were classmates for three whole years, but he was nothing but a pauper. How come he's now superior to rich people? How many of the rich men are his subordinates? Damn it! Horace is really a good actor. He put on an act for that long, but no one ever suspected that he was wealthy!'

In the heat of the moment, the manager of the Cartier shop, Norene ran over with a group of shop attendants. She pointed at Horace and commanded them, "Take good care of Mr. Warren!"

She then turned to Farris and apologized pitifully, "Mr. Rivera, I'm sorry for arriving late. If you need anything else, please tell us. I had no idea that Mr. Warren would be badly injured here. I take responsibility for what happened. If I had taken good care of him, all these wouldn't have happened."

Norene had witnessed how the seven richest people and Sea Pavilion's boss had greeted Horace on their knees. She knew that he was an important figure. Now that he was lying unconscious in Laila's arms, she was scared out of her wits. She didn't want to incur the wrath of the Warren family. It would spell doom for the entire Sea Square.

"Come off it, Norene. None of this is your fault. The person who hurt Mr. Warren would pay for his actions. All I want you to do now is to take good care of Mr. Warren."

With these words, he raised the stick in his hand and dealt another blow to Milo's body.

A loud cracking sound rang out. His whole body didn't fly in the air this time. His left arm was just sunken due to the impact of the blow.

"Ah!" Milo shouted at the top of his voice. The pain was nothing like he had ever experienced. His whole body dripped with sweat. It was obvious that he was suffering now.

More so, he couldn't move his left arm at all. It was already broken.

Farris took satisfaction in his cries and miserable state. He snorted and asked coldly, "Does it hurt? Oh no! Don't be a crybaby. You know, it's only fair that I give you a taste of your own medicine. This is just the beginning. One limb down, three more to go. Just brace yourself. All your limbs would be broken today!"

This threat sent a cold shiver down Milo's spine. Now that he was staring at death in the face, his ego immediately disappeared. He let out a fearful cry. "Mr. Rivera, I was very wrong. There's no justification for my actions, but I have realized my mistakes. I'll bow

to Mr. Warren and apologize. Please have mercy on me. Remember to err is human, and to forgive is divine. Forgive me, please!" Milo begged with tears in his eyes.

"Shut up! How dare you preach to me about forgiveness and even tell me what to do? Have you gone mad? Who the hell do you think you are?"

Fury surged inside Farris. He hit Milo on his other arm. It broke instantly.

"Ah!" Milo screamed again. The sweat on his body increased. The tears rolling down his cheeks mixed with the sweat. He looked nothing like the proud boy who was bragging just now.

"Mr. Rivera, no... Please... Please stop torturing me... I might die of the pain. I'm sorry, please have mercy on me!" Milo stammered due to the pain.

"I should stop torturing you? Are you fucking dreaming? Your life is of no use to me. After all, you insulted and beat up Mr. Warren. Even if you die ten thousand times, you would still not be able to atone for your sins. You'd better get that into your thick skull. Just because of the little respect I have for your uncle, I will only break your limbs for now. Don't fucking beg me!"

Another heavy blow came after Farris's curse. It landed on Milo's right leg.

Life in the ghetto had caused Farris to be involved in many fights since he was a child. He knew that the human body was fragile. He also knew the exact amount of force to use in order to break certain body parts. That was why it was easy for him to deal with Milo.

"Ah!" Milo had just reacted to the third blow when the fourth blow landed on his left leg.

The leg immediately broke with a cracking sound.

All four of his limbs were broken at this moment.

"Ah! Jesus!" Milo cried out and sobbed miserably.

"Attention! Guards of the Warren family surround the entire shopping mall now!" A powerful voice suddenly came from the main entrance.

The loud thumping sound of heavy footsteps filled the air. These footsteps belonged to fierce-looking young men. They all trooped inside in an orderly fashion.

"Oh my God! The army?" Macie's eyes widened as she stared at the group of men in bluish military uniforms. They looked like real soldiers. The only

difference was that they weren't bearing any arms. Upon a closer look, she found out that their uniforms were different from the normal military uniforms.

"Men of the Blue Hawk special team, protect Mr. Warren!" With this command, another group of strong young men with murderous looks marched toward Horace and created a human barricade around him.

A deafening silence filled the mall. The commander of the Blue Hawk walked to the center and said to all the onlookers, "We are the special security personnel of the Warren family. Taking photos of us is highly prohibited. Intelligence Team, check everyone's cell phones and delete all relevant information. Nothing must get out!"

"Yes, sir!" More than twenty members of the first group that entered swung into action immediately.

They carefully checked the cell phones of everyone present.

If any of the photos got out, it would cause great trouble for the special security personnel of the Warren family. It could fall into the hands of the enemies or even family members that had evil intentions. The consequences would be very dire. For special security personnel's safety, all the pictures had to be deleted.

During the search, the commander turned to the group behind him and commanded, "Isla Swain, come out and treat Mr. Warren immediately!"

To the others, he uttered, "Control all the onlookers. Fish out any suspicious persons!"

"Yes, sir!" The female member of the Blue Hawk went straight to Horace without wasting time. She first put

two of her fingers on his wrist to check his pulse.

The other members of the Blue Hawk swung into action. It took them only a second to grab Milo and his men. Even the beautiful women that had fled earlier were fished out from their hiding spots within a short while. They were all dragged back to the scene.

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Chapter 73 Capital Punishmen



The boldness that Farris had while he was torturing Milo disappeared into thin air when he saw the Blue Hawk march in and surround everyone. He didn't expect that they would come here.

They were the strongest guards of the Warren family in Rinas. They were also under the control of the Dark Fist which was one of the top departments of the Warren family.

Staring blankly at the fierce men in front of him, he pondered, 'Did Raul send them? No, he can't send the Blue Hawk at short notice. He would have to follow the normal protocol by holding a meeting with all the cadres in the city and seeking our approval. He didn't have the right to solely deploy the Blue Hawk. Could it be that Mr. Hudson sent them? Jeez! Speak of the devil!'

Farris had just mentioned Egan's name in his head when a gray-haired old man came over with several suited men in his wake.

This old man was none other than Egan, Randall's right-hand man who had specially come to see

Horace this morning on his boss's order.

His face was red and his eyes blazed with anger. Although he was old, his anxiousness caused him to walk faster than normal. When he saw Horace lying unconscious on Laila's lap, he ran to him. "Is Mr. Warren all right?" he worriedly asked Isla, who had been treating him.

Isla nodded her head and replied, "Mr. Hudson, he's okay. Mr. Warren just passed out because of the blows he received. His condition is not life-threatening at all. He would wake up after having a good rest."

"What the fuck? Some bastards dared to hit Mr. Warren! Who are those god-damned persons? Fall out right now!" Although Egan was relieved that Horace's life wasn't in danger, he was still angry that he got beaten. He badly wanted to teach the culprits an unforgettable lesson.

"The culprits would be shown no mercy. No matter who they are, they must dance to the music. Seize all of them and throw them into the Thunder Prison right now!" Egan breathed fire.

"Thunder Prison?" The commander of the Blue Hawk couldn't help but shiver when he heard Egan's command. Horror was written on his face.

When his subordinates saw his expression, they asked curiously, "Commander, is the Thunder Prison a terrifying place? Why do you have such an expression?"

"You all have no idea. The Thunder Prison is more than terrifying. It's considered to be hell on earth. That's because the people locked up there suffer a lot and their lives become a living hell. Some even beg to be executed. More so, it's hard to tell the time in

there. The prison is always dark, so the prisoners don't know whether it's day or night. This is to tell you that the place is a no-go area. Make sure you don't commit an offense that would send you there.

Otherwise, you would regret ever being born. I spent two days there as part of my endurance training. It would interest you to know that I almost collapsed. I saw hell!"

The commander's body trembled uncontrollably as he reminisced about his short time in the Thunder Prison. "Now, don't ask me any more questions. Discussing that prison is a taboo. If you are caught gossiping about it, you will be sent there to experience it firsthand. Don't say I didn't warn you," he added sternly.

As soon as he finished speaking, two of the young men in suits who were behind Egan walked out. They cupped their hands and bowed respectfully. "Yes, Mr.

Hudson. We'll take them to the Thunder Prison now!" they said obediently.

Without further ado, they stepped forward and arrested two of Milo's men who had beaten Horace. They dragged them out easily.

"See? Those men in suits are members of the Dark Fist!" The Blue Hawk's commander pointed at the men and explained to his subordinates in a low voice.

"Huh? The Dark Fist? Isn't that the top law enforcement authority of the Warren family? It's said that all the members are powerful elites. Rumors also have it that some members of the Dragon Soul joined the Dark Fist. How true is that?"

One of the members of the Blue Hawk relayed to the commander what he had heard and also asked for confirmation.

"Yes, the rumors are true. The members of the Dragon Soul are the strongest and most fearless guards of the entire Warren family. Ninety percent of them are in the Dark Fist. All of you, listen to me carefully. You must never offend any member of the Dark Fist. Most especially, the ones in suits. It's the uniform for all the Dragon Soul's members that are also part of the Dark Fist. They are regarded as the deadliest of them all!"

The commander's eyes were filled with dread as he talked about these two fierce groups.

It was at this time that a man suddenly rushed over from the main entrance. When he got to the center of the scene, he greeted Egan respectfully. "Mr. Hudson!"

Out of breath, he asked, "Please what do you plan to

do concerning this matter, Mr. Hudson? The Russell family is a big clan in this city!"

This man was Raul, the head of all the associates of the Warren family in Rinas.

"Humph! Wipe out the entire family! I don't care if there are thousands of them. The power of the Russell family is not even up to one percent of the Warren family's. The culprit bit more than he can chew. He must pay the price. His family shouldn't be spared too. There are a lot of people who badly want to be the richest man in this city. Strip the title off Dario and give it to someone else more deserving!"

Egan snorted with disdain after he sensed Raul's reluctance. It was obvious that he didn't rate Dario at all. He hated that such a man was somewhat involved in Horace's suffering.

Meanwhile, Milo who had broken limbs hadn't been taken away yet. He was still lying on the floor. As the main culprit, he would be interrogated and tortured before being sent to prison. The pores of his skin enlarged and produced an insane amount of sweat after he listen to the conversation between Egan and Raul. His eyes widened in horror. 'Oh my God! What's going on today? How come this man doesn't take my uncle seriously? My uncle is the most affluent man in this city. Why are they talking bad about him as if he's weaker than an ant? Something isn't right.'

The onlookers were as confused and afraid as Milo when they heard the conversation between Egan and Raul. 'These men are going all out to avenge the unconscious young man. What is his true identity? From their conversation, it seems he's more important than Mr. Russell and his entire family. Is it true that he comes from a more powerful family?'

'Alas! Mr. Rivera wasn't exaggerating earlier!' Macie, like the others, was lost in thoughts. When Farris had said that Dario wasn't even half the man Horace was, she didn't believe him. After all, Dario was the richest man in the city and his power was immeasurable. It was hard for her to believe that her former classmate who had been bullied was more powerful than him.

Laila wasn't left out in this array of confusing thoughts. She looked at Horace's face and thought, 'Who are you, Horace? It seems we are not on the same level.'

Just as the onlookers' minds were plagued with questions and undiluted confusion, Dario finally arrived. He was sweating profusely. When he saw that Horace was lying unconscious, he sank to his knees immediately. Afterward, he rained slaps on his cheeks.

They soon became very puffy and red. After a while,

he bowed at Horace's feet like an erring servant. "Mr. Warren, it's all my fault. I failed at my duty as an uncle!"

Milo had been relieved when he first saw his uncle. But when he saw him kneeling and apologizing to Horace, he was shocked to the bone. 'What the hell? Are my eyes deceiving me? Why is he kneeling and apologizing to a poor man? No, no, no! I must be dreaming! It must be a dream! My uncle is the most influential man in this city. He will never grovel at anyone's feet!'

"Humph!" Egan's snort interrupted the heartfelt apology session that was going on. He looked at Dario with a deep frown. "Don't be stupid, Dario. Things don't work that way. If a simple apology could make everything right, why then are there laid down rules that we must follow? You spoiled your nephew. He knocked Mr. Warren out today. There's no way

you can escape punishment!"

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Chapter 74 The Deadliest Prison



Dario bowed and hit his forehead on the floor harder after hearing Egan's question. "Mr. Hudson, I'm in the wrong. Don't let me go scot-free. Punish me severely for my sins," he said in a trembling voice.

Milo was still lying on the floor at this time. As he watched his uncle trembling in fear, pain and despair filled his heart. He then looked at Horace, who was still lying unconscious in Laila's arms. He bit his lower lip and cursed him out in his heart, 'Fuck! They said that he is a powerful and rich man. But the clothes he

has on are worth less than one hundred dollars in total. They aren't even in vogue. He doesn't look like a big shot at all! He completely fooled me. Due to his shabby clothes, I assumed that he was a poverty-stricken loser. It turned out he's actually a wealthy man in disguise. Fuck!

For eighteen years, Horace had been living a hard-knock life. He had grown to be humble and calm. His temperament couldn't be changed within a short time. Thus, he still looked and behaved like a poor person even though he had great wealth.

Mild regret filled Milo's heart. 'It's all my fault that my uncle is in this ugly situation. He's bearing the brunt of my mistakes. If I had known that things would turn out this way, I wouldn't have messed with those girls. Gosh! I had no idea that I was playing with fire by harassing those ordinary girls. Someone, please tell me this is a dream. I can't believe it!'

With his back on the floor, Milo stared at the mall's high ceiling. He regretted coming here today and ever being born. It seemed like today was his death day.

Everyone was oblivious to what he was thinking. No one even had an interest in his thoughts. Egan's attention was focused on his uncle. "Dario, your nephew hurt Mr. Warren. This is an irredeemable offense. No punishment can atone for it. Anyway, it's not in my place to punish you. Mr. Warren would decide what to do with you once he wakes up!" he shouted angrily.

"Okay, Mr. Hudson!" Dario agreed and bowed without hesitation. He was in the soup now. He didn't dare to go against Egan for fear of worsening the situation.

All the onlookers were shocked to see Dario in this humble and miserable state. The scene they saw with

their naked eyes was much more appalling than the words they heard.

Never had they imagined that the richest man in this city could be this humble. 'Alas! The rich also cry!'

They got over the shock a little and sighed. It turned out that rich people were also vulnerable and faced unfavorable situations. Most of them thought, 'Was there someone who was far above all the richest men in Rinas? Is it possible that this person is one of the world's wealthiest men?'

The answer was a big yes. Any rank, including that of the wealthiest people, always had someone who sat at the number one spot. Also, there was someone who was too wealthy and powerful to be placed on a rank. And that person was Randall.

However, the onlookers didn't know this.

At this moment, Egan gently waved his hand. All the guards of the Warren family began to retreat slowly.

They had arrested everyone that was involved in this matter. Egan didn't want to waste any more time. He wanted the erring persons to face the music as soon as possible.

It was at this time that Horace's eyes peeled open. He had no idea how long he had been unconscious. The first thing he saw after opening his eyes were two mounds of round breasts.

'Oh my God! Wasn't this Laila's cloth?' Horace blinked his eyes just to be sure he was seeing well. The sight stunned him. 'Did this mean I'm lying on her lap now? Wow! Her legs feel so soft and comfortable!'

Laila suddenly felt the slight movements on her lap. Her face turned red in an instant and she looked at

his face closely. "Horace, are you awake?" she asked worriedly.

'Huh? Am I awake? Why should I wake up now? Don't look at me. I'm still in a coma!' Horace kept mute and ignored her question. He closed his eyes again and continued to lie on her lap comfortably.

He had never been this close to Laila. This moment was very special, so he didn't want it to end at all.

But someone threw a spanner in the works just as he was enjoying the moment. It was Macie. "Stop it, Horace. Don't pretend like you are sleeping. I saw your eyes open just now!" Her voice rang in his ears.

'Damn it! Why is Macie here? How can she be this wicked? Fuck! She not only disturbed my peace but also exposed me. Why can't she just mind her damn business? Such a busybody!' Horace cursed Macie

out in his mind at this moment.

Afterward, he opened his eyes and sat up from Laila's lap slowly. "I'm sorry, Laila. I was so dizzy just now. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable." He apologized while massaging his head with embarrassment.

"It's okay, Horace. I didn't feel uncomfortable at all. If you still feel dizzy, you can continue to lie down," Laila uttered with a smile while tapping her lap.

Unbeknown to Horace, her heart had melted when his body pressed against hers and they accidentally kissed earlier. She liked how it felt. As a result, she summoned up the courage to be close to him.

"Really? Please tell me you aren't kidding me."
Horace's eyes lit up as soon as he heard her unexpected offer.

"Yes!" She nodded slightly. The way he reacted to her offer made her shy. Her face reddened like a blooming peony. She blinked her eyes involuntarily and swallowed hard.

"Mr. Warren!" Egan suddenly called out his name. It wasn't until then that Horace realized that another person was sitting nearby.

He couldn't help but sigh. Two questions also teemed in his mind. 'When did Laila become this bold? How come she was able to make such an offer in Egan's presence?'

Horace thought about this for a while before he looked at Egan. "What's wrong, Mr. Hudson?" he asked curiously.

"Mr. Warren, thank God you are awake. Please what

do you want to do with Dario? His nephew committed a grave offense. He must suffer for it too!"

With great respect, Egan looked at Horace and continued, "Your father flipped out when he heard the news, Mr. Warren. He ordered that every member of the Russell family should be thrown into the Thunder Prison immediately!"

"Thunder Prison? What is that?" Horace asked in confusion.

"The Thunder Prison is the deadliest. Life is worse than death for the prisoners there. It's the place where the Warren family specially imprisons people who have committed unforgivable offenses. No one ever enters there and comes out the same. In summary, it's hell on earth!"

The Thunder Prison was worse than that, but Egan

decided not to beat around the bush. His description was vague. Horace had never heard of it before, so he couldn't understand how terrifying it was at all. In his mind, he felt it was just a little harsher than the ordinary government prisons.

"Mr. Hudson, why should an innocent man be punished for another person's mistakes. Milo pissed me off, but Dario had no hand in it. You should only imprison Milo and his immediate family in Thunder Prison. Leave Dario out of this," Horace finally replied after thinking of Egan's suggestion for a while. He had met Dario twice and had dinner with him once. He felt that the man was a good person. Since he didn't offend him, he couldn't bring himself to punish him at all.

"Mr. Warren, that's so kind of you. Your wish is my command. Everything would be done immediately!" Egan had intended to punish everyone linked to Milo

and this incident. However, Horace was his boss's son. His word was law. He had no right to object. The only thing he could do was to obey immediately. He saluted Horace and then walked out of the mall.

When he got to the main entrance, he looked at the elderly man in a suit who had been waiting quietly for a while. "Mr. Warren is merciful and gracious," he whispered.

"Yes, he's one of a kind. Such a merciful man hasn't been seen in the last ten generations of the Warren family. When it's time for his father to step down as the head, the Dark Fist will definitely support him!" the elderly man commented while nodding his head thoughtfully.

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Chapter 75 Love Declaration



"The support of the Dark Fist would give Mr. Warren an upper hand over all his opponents. His power would increase inexplicably!" Egan remarked confidently with a nod. Then he added, "Mr. Warren has forgiven Dario, but I'm still angry with him. He should have warned his family members against behaving rudely to anyone. He must continue kneeling there. That's a light punishment after all."

After he finished speaking, Egan walked forward. The elderly man in a suit walked by his side.

He asked, "Egan, don't we need to arrange a few members of the Dragon Soul to protect Mr. Warren?"

Such an incident might repeat itself in the future. I don't think he would be this lucky next time."

"No, we don't need to do that. His father is against it. Despite the love he has for his son, he doesn't want to overpamper him like a delicate flower in the greenhouse. Building a wall around him to prevent any harm from getting to him isn't the best thing to do. How would he grow up to be a strong man if the members of the Dragon Soul serve as bodyguards?"

Egan revealed his boss's stance to the elderly man beside him.

"Well, Mr. Randall has a point there. He might even have other plans. Let's just go back to Antawood and await his orders for the time being."

"Okay," Egan replied. Both of them continued to walk forward side by side.

Now that Egan had left, Horace turned to look at Laila and asked shyly, "Laila, do you remember what you just said? Does your offer still stand? Can I continue to lie on your lap?"

A serious expression appeared on Laila's face after she heard his questions. "Do you like me, Horace?" she asked with squinted eyes.

"Yes! In fact, I love you very much!" Horace blurted out.

He then asked nervously, "What about you?"

Before Laila could answer him, Macie protested, "No, I object! How can you two ignore me? Why are you being so affectionate in my presence? Am I a joke to you? Stop this now!"

Despite her interruption, they didn't pay any attention to her. Laila looked at him and said in a low voice, "Yes, I love you."

With a hint of sadness on her face, she queried, "Horace, does your family have any strict rules? Most rich people like to marry somebody from families on the same level. You are way out of my league. The gap between my family and yours can't be bridged at all. But I can't bear to be apart from you. I don't want to create problems for you, but I'm scared to lose you. How about we have a secret relationship?"

There was a conflict of emotions in Horace's heart after he heard her suggestion. 'We should have a secret relationship? This means she wants to keep our relationship under wraps... Did she mean that or is she just pulling my legs? Why did she suggest such a thing?' The more Horace thought about it, the more horrible he felt. He loved Laila too much to want to

hide their relationship. He shook his head and said to her, "Laila, don't talk like that. I don't really know much about my family, but I do know that there are only a few families in the world that are on the same level as mine. For this reason, we never discriminate against people from lesser backgrounds. What matters is love and moral uprightness. Finding love and building long-lasting marriages is easier when there aren't many unhealthy constraints in place. So, I think we should be good."

Half of what Horace said was a lie. He didn't have the slightest idea about his family's doctrines and how his other family members had chosen their spouses. He was only sure that he would never get married to someone because of selfish interests and social status. He was a firm believer in love. If he couldn't be with his beloved, he would give up his identity.

"Really?" Boundless joy replaced the sadness on

Laila's face after Horace's assuring words.

"Wow! That's great!" She became happier when he nodded to affirm his statement.

The next second, she embraced him. "Thank you for liking me. It gladdens my heart to know that you have feelings for me," she whispered passionately with her head on his shoulder.

"Laila, you don't have to thank me. You are so important to me. I couldn't just stand by and watch you get harmed. I'm a man, how could I do that?" He threw his head back and chuckled.

"Shush. That's not what I am talking about. Look!"

Laila broke the embrace and stretched out the phone he gave her earlier.

"Here you go!"

Horace's eyes opened wide when he saw that his phone was still unlocked. "Laila, how did you know how this phone works?"

"Ta-da! Mr. Hudson gave me one when you were still in a coma! Macie also got one!"

Laila took out her phone with the other hand and shook it in front of him.

Egan didn't know about the relationship between Laila, Macie, and Horace. He just guessed that they were his friends, so he gave two of them the special cellphones that were produced by the Warren family.

Laila's phone wasn't the same as Horace's, but he recognized his family's emblem on it. "Mr. Hudson is so smart and considerate," he said with a smile.

With a solemn voice, he continued, "Laila, you must keep this phone with you at all times. Don't ever lose it, okay?"

"Okay!" Laila nodded obediently.

When Egan was handing the phones to her and Macie, he had told them that they could trigger an automatic protection device whenever they were in danger.

This was the same for Horace's phone. As Laila remembered how he gave her his phone when they were in danger, she felt warm in her heart. She was moved because he practically laid down his life for her.

No man had ever done that for her before. How then could she not love him more? This was why she

became so brave. Before now, there was no way she could have been so romantic and sweet in front of many onlookers.

Sparks of jealousy flickered in Macie's heart as she watched how Laila and Horace behaved so affectionately towards each other. She didn't even know why she was jealous. 'Why am I feeling this way? Is it because Laila managed to win the heart of a big shot? Or is it because of the inestimable love Horace has for her?' Despite racking her brain, she couldn't pinpoint what exactly caused her to be envious.

The two budding lovebirds had been staring at each other affectionately for a long time. The silence was broken by Horace after a while. "Laila, how long was I unconscious? What time is it now?"

Laila checked the time on her phone and replied, "The

time is currently thirteen minutes to five o'clock. That means you were unconscious for about three hours. Why do you ask? Are you hungry?"

"No. I was just afraid that I had missed my mother's operation while I was in a coma. Thank God I was only unconscious for three hours."

Horace breathed a sigh of relief. Cara had assured him that the operation was going to be successful because the surgeons were experts, but he was still worried about his mother's safety. He wanted to be present at the hospital. After all, it wasn't a minor operation.

"What? Your mother is going to have an operation tomorrow? Horace, you haven't seen her for close to twelve hours. She must be worried sick about you. Let me accompany you to see her now." Laila was so surprised that she decided to pay his mother a visit.

"Okay, it's almost dinner time. Let's buy something to eat before going to the hospital. The Kobe steak I ordered was ruined during the fight. Let's go back to the Country Music Restaurant and order takeout again. It's so delicious. I want my mother to taste it!"

Milo's men had destroyed the Kobe steak in the takeout bag when they were raining blows on him. He had to return to the Country Music Restaurant to order another one now.

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Chapter 76 Independent Woman



"Okay, Horace. Anything you say," Laila replied softly after hearing his statement. She was like a lovely and obedient baby at this time.

"It's settled then. Let's go now!" Horace jumped off the bed with great energy. If outsiders saw him like this, they wouldn't guess that he had just fainted after being beaten up. His injuries were not that serious. Hence, he had fully recovered after three hours of rest.

Meanwhile, there was a weighted feeling in Macie's gut. She felt that they were ignoring her. "Am I invisible? It breaks my heart to see that you both have been ignoring me since," she said after putting on an aggrieved expression.

"Macie, please don't take it to heart. We were just carried away. Thank you for everything you did for me today. When I want to take Laila shopping next time, I

will call you. Rest assured that you would be able to pick whatever you want then!"

Horace was grateful to Macie for her acts of bravery earlier that day. She had looked out for Laila.

Although she used to bully him before, he knew that she didn't hate him like the others.

"Really? You have promised. Don't go back on your words!" The aggrieved expression on Macie's face disappeared instantly. She was full of life and smiled from ear to ear. She was a woman that paid great attention to her appearance, so beautiful clothes and accessories were of great value to her.

"Macie, now that you know my true identity, why are you still afraid that I will go back on my words? You don't have to be afraid. Even if you want to buy all the clothes and accessories in the Sea Square, I can afford them!" Horace couldn't help chuckling when

Macie doubted him.

"No, Horace. It's not like that. I'm not afraid that you would go back on your words. It's just that I feel you might treat me as a third wheel and won't invite me when it's time."

Now that Macie knew about his true identity, his last statement didn't surprise her, nor did she try to poke holes in it. Such a statement was normal for big shots. At this moment, the occurrence of last night played out in her mind. "Horace, do Addy and Amaia know your true identity?" she asked suddenly.

After Horace nodded, she remarked thoughtfully, "No wonder they both behaved so weirdly at the fundraiser. There I was thinking that Addy was a changed man who didn't want to bully the weak anymore!"

"That reminds me, Horace. You didn't go to the Sea Pavilion for a job interview, did you? Thank you once again for that day!"

Laila was previously confused when she thought of how Horace had left the Sea Pavilion unharmed after he had beaten Averil to a pulp. Now she understood everything.

He had a noble identity. No one in Rinas dared to step on his toes.

"No, I didn't." With a smug smile, Horace explained, "That day, I actually went there to have dinner with the associates of the Warren family in Rinas. Bumping into you was a pleasant surprise. Laila, it seemed that our fates are intertwined."

Horace moved closer to her and stared deeply into her eyes. "Now that you know who I am, please I want

you to stop working in the Sea Pavilion. I can provide everything you would ever need," he added affectionately.

"No, I can't do that. I'm an abled woman. I can cater to my own needs. There's no way I would let you support me. It would affect my self-esteem." Laila shook her head vigorously. The last thing she wanted to do was to be dependent on a man. Although she appeared to be weak and submissive, she was actually a strong young lady who didn't subscribe to depending on men.

"I respect your decision. It's fine by me. But promise me that you wouldn't hesitate to ask for my help if you face any difficulties in the future. I'm capable of anything in Rinas!" Horace was naturally a humble guy who didn't like to show off his wealth and power. But he did it now because he wanted to impress Laila and show that he was capable of taking good care of

her.

"Okay!" With her face blushing, she nodded and added, "I promise you, Horace!"

Macie suddenly chuckled and shook her head. She teased him, "Look at you, Horace. I doubt that you are capable of everything. Can you have a baby?"

'Damn it! Macie is such a spoilsport! Can't she just read the room and leave us be?' Out of frustration, Horace shot her a glare. He then held Laila's hand. "Let's go! We should go to the Country Music Restaurant and order the Kobe steak!" he said calmly.

Horace then walked out of the room with her.

"Humph! You still haven't answered my question, Horace. Am I right?" Macie snorted and followed them.

Egan had booked a room in a high-end hotel nearby and settled Horace down after he ordered the guards of the Warren family to retreat from the Sea Square. As for the ambulance Macie had called, it arrived when Horace had already left.

An obstacle was at the doorway when Horace opened the door. Someone was kneeling there. He looked down at the face of the person and discovered that it was Dario, the richest man in the city.

Dario looked up at him with tears in his eyes. "Mr. Warren, I'm so sorry for all the pain my nephew caused you!" he said respectfully.

He then bowed at Horace's feet. He had heard the conversation between Egan and the elderly man in suit a while ago.

If Horace hadn't forgiven him, he would have been sent to the Thunder Prison with his erring nephew. Dario had never been there, but he had heard stories about it. That prison was so horrible that it was likened to hell on earth. More so, the Dark Fist recognized Horace as a good man. This meant that the chances of him being the next leader of the Warren family had increased by at least thirty percent. He was way above the other contenders.

Thus, Dario didn't dare to leave even though Egan and the elderly man were gone. He wanted to apologize to Horace and be sure that he was forgiven.

With a sympathetic expression, Horace looked at the man who was kneeling at his feet. "How long have you been kneeling here?" he asked calmly.

"I honestly don't know, Mr. Warren. All I know is that I've been in this same position since you were sent

here." Seeking forgiveness was all that was on Dario's mind. It never occurred to him to check his phone for the time. As a result, he didn't know how long he had been kneeling.

'Jeez! I know a little about Horace's true identity, but I'm still shocked to the bone whenever I witness this kind of scene. The richest man in this city is kneeling at his feet! What kind of family is the Warren family in Antawood? Why is it so powerful?'

Macie had a lot of questions when she saw Dario on his knees. She wouldn't have believed it if someone told her that he knelt at the feet of any man. It was only because she saw this with her own eyes that she realized that there was someone more powerful than Dario in this city.

Despite all that she witnessed today, she was even still confused. She and Horace were worlds apart.

The power of the Warren family was beyond her imagination. 'Even Horace doesn't know everything about his family. Who am I to adequately understand their level of influence?' she pondered.

At this time, Horace waved his hand and said, "Forget about what happened, Dario. I hold no grudge against you. We had dinner once and I have an idea of the kind of man you are. None of these is your fault. You are free to go now!"

"Thank you so much, Mr. Warren!" Dario kowtowed to him again. He wiped away the sweat on his forehead and stood up. "Mr. Warren, where are you going? How about I give you a ride?" he asked kindly.

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Since his true identity had already been brought to light, Horace didn't see the need to turn down this offer. "Okay, thank you, Dario. Please take us to the Country Music Restaurant," he said without further ado.

"Mr. Warren, you are most welcome. It's my pleasure to give you a ride!" Dario bowed respectfully. He then continued, "Also, you don't have to be so polite to me, Mr. Warren. You are my superior. I feel scared when you speak to me politely."

'This seems like a dream, but it's not. I used to see Mr. Russell as the most powerful man. But now, he has become so humble. Indeed, no one knows tomorrow!' Macie couldn't help thinking when she saw how Dario continued to behave in a servile manner.

At this moment, Horace chuckled and asked, "Dario, am I that scary? Be honest with me. Why are you scared of me? Do I have an intimidating face?"

"No, Mr. Warren. You are a humorous and handsome young man. In fact, you are the most handsome man in the world. How can you be scary? Far from it."

The richest man in the city looked submissive and obsequious in Horace's presence. His age and wealth took the back seat now.

"Dario, you don't need to flatter me. I know exactly what I look like. How can I be the most handsome man in the world? Maybe you dreamed and saw me looking devastatingly dashing! Ha-ha!" Horace knew that Dario was just trying to butter him up. Although he wasn't ugly, he was not the most handsome man.

"Mr. Warren, you are being too modest. I accept that you looked dashing in my dream, but you still look good in real life," Dario continued to lie through the teeth. He thought that dishing out compliments to Horace would strengthen their work relationship.

They walked out of the hotel as they chatted. Soon, they got to Dario's car in the parking lot.

This car was a Bentley Bentayga. Although it was much cheaper than Farris's Rolls-Royce Phantom, it was still a luxury car.

Dario had great wealth, but he liked to keep a low profile. He didn't believe in buying flashy cars that cost an arm like his counterparts.

He pressed the automatic key in his hand and the car unlocked immediately. Afterward, he opened the door of the back seat and gestured for Horace to get in.

Like the busybody that she was, Macie rushed forward to enter the car. But Horace was quick enough to pull her back. "What do you think you are doing, Macie? There are only two seats at the back. Go to the front passenger seat. Don't disturb me and Laila!" he said sternly.

"Humph!" Macie snorted and rolled her eyes. With her mouth pouted, she opened the door of the front passenger seat and got in angrily.

Horace got in and Dario shut the door carefully. He then went to the other side and opened the door for Laila.

After they were all seated, he got behind the wheel.

Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that he would be so deferential and even serve as a

chauffeur to a young man.

The drive to the Country Music Restaurant lasted for only about twenty minutes.

"Oh my goodness! Is that a Bentley Bentayga?"

A customer who had just gotten out of the restaurant exclaimed when he saw Dario's luxury car.

"Hey, stop being so dramatic! It's just a Bentley Bentayga. What's so special about it? Do you know the kind of luxury car a big shot who came here this afternoon had?"

"Are you referring to the man who treated everyone in the restaurant to a free lunch? I heard that the money he spent was enough to buy a brand new Maserati! Tell me, what kind of car does he drive?"

Horace's good deed was spreading like wildfire among all the customers of the restaurant. They now labeled him as a benevolent legend. It was common knowledge that he had spent more than one million dollars on everyone's lunch and each person had been served the Kobe steak. Many people calculated that the amount he spent could buy a Maserati.

"He came in a Rolls-Royce Phantom! That's awesome, right? His car is worth millions of dollars. It's much more expensive than this ordinary Bentley Bentayga!" This particular customer had been present in the restaurant since noon, so he proudly told the other one about Horace.

He was speaking as if he could afford any of the luxury cars when in fact, he couldn't.

"A Rolls-Royce Phantom? Wow! That's so impressive. I'm envious of that man. Even if I work for ten whole

years, it would be impossible for me to afford a wheel of his car. We are worlds apart!" The other customer sighed helplessly.

Just as the two customers were chatting, Horace pushed open the door of the car and got out. The moment the arrogant customer saw him, his eyes opened wide. He stammered, "What... What... What the fuck!"

"Bro, what's wrong with you? You look like you've seen a ghost. Do you know this young man?" the other customer asked when he saw the shocked expression on his face.

"Fuck! It would be a great honor if I was associated with him. Guess who this man is. He's the big shot I just spoke about! Oh my days! He's wealthier than I imagined. A luxury car drove him earlier today. And tonight, he's arriving in another one! This young man

has many cars that he can change them any time he likes. He's way out of my league. I can't even afford the maintenance fee he spends on his cars yearly even if I work my butt off for the rest of my life!"

"Buddy, are you kidding me? Look at the way he's dressed. He doesn't look like a super-rich man at all. He looks like a pauper!" The oblivious customer found his friend's statement unbelievable. He even tried to look past Horace's shabby clothes, but he still couldn't believe that he was wealthy because of his demeanor. "Come off it, dude. Are you sure about what you are saying?" he further queried doubtfully.

"I'm dead sure. This man's affluence is more than we can ever imagine. I know that you don't believe me because of his poor fashion sense, but you should understand that not everyone cares about such things. At noon, one proud man thought he was a poverty-stricken loser. He made a bet with this young

man and made a fool of himself in front of everybody. In the end, he had to swallow his pride and apologize to him. So, it's indisputable that he's wealthy!"

"Hmm. Indeed, you shouldn't judge a book by its cover. I've seen a rich man in disguise today!"

Both men sighed as they stared in awe. Horace walked past them and entered the restaurant.

"Today is the luckiest day of my life! Come on, let's go back inside. The wealthy young man might decide to treat everyone to a sumptuous meal again. We must not miss out!"

The arrogant man whispered to his friend as he stared at Horace's back. They returned to the restaurant in high spirits.

Horace pushed the door open and was about to enter

the busy restaurant again.

"Oh my God! He's coming! He's coming!" A loud and excited voice rang out all of a sudden.

A faction of the feasting crowd echoed, "He's coming! He's coming!"

Only the customers who had benefited from Horace's benevolence earlier knew who he was. On the other hand, the others had no idea what was happening. They looked around with confused expressions.

"Who is it? Who is coming? Oh my God! What's all the noise about? Who the hell is coming here? Is it that man? Why is everyone going crazy about him?"

"He's the super-rich that came here at noon!" This was the only explanation the excited customers could give. They couldn't contain their excitement. They

were all happy that they hadn't left yet. If not, they would have missed out.

"Oh, he's the guy you all were raving about. Let's cheer for him. Maybe he would treat us to dinner this time!"

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Chapter 78 Beautiful Ladies' Reques



The loud cheers of the crowd attracted the attention of all the waiters in the restaurant. They saw that Horace had returned. The waitress who took his order earlier was confused. 'Why did our boss's superior come here again? Did he come to compete with another person to determine who's wealthier?'

No answer came for these questions. As she stared at Horace in confusion, Edna slowly walked up to him. "Young man, you are here again. Did you miss me?" she asked, smiling.

A hush sound filled the entire restaurant immediately. The male diners frowned and held their chests. They murmured, "Oh, my heart hurts! Miss Avila likes this rich young man. She's even flirting with him!"

Horace smiled and shook his head in embarrassment. "Please don't make fun of me, Edna. I didn't come here because of that. I only came to order ten servings of the Kobe steaks. They would serve as my mother's dinner tonight. She has never tasted them before."

"Edna?" Edna was taken aback by the way he addressed her. In a bid to conceal his identity, he had

been so polite to her at noon. She looked at Laila and Macie who were standing behind him. "Mr. Warren, did you tell them the truth?"

"What? She just addressed him as Mr. Warren!" All the customers were stunned. "Wow! This young man must be stinky rich. The manager of this prestigious restaurant is deferential to him. He's so awesome!"

The diners weren't the only ones shocked by Edna's reverence. Laila and Macie were equally shocked. Several thoughts filled their minds. 'Can today get any more surprising? How many rich and powerful people are Horace's subordinates? Jeez! His status must be greater than we can imagine. No wonder he said he was capable of anything. His connections with rich people surely give him the ability to do such. Alas! Della's boyfriend had played with fire earlier!'

"Edna, everything has been brought to light.

Something unpleasant happened this afternoon. It's impossible to keep my identity under wraps anymore. The truth came out unexpectedly and there is nothing I can do to change that now," Horace replied with a faint smile.

"Okay!" After nodding, Edna continued, "Actually, I heard about what happened to you this afternoon. I'm sorry that you had to go through such a horrible experience, Mr. Warren."

"Thanks for your sympathy, Edna. It's not a big deal. Look at me. I'm hale and hearty!" Horace chuckled and then turned to look at the diners. "Excuse me, everyone. Would you mind if I cut in line?" he asked politely.

'Damn it! You are a wealthy man. Who would dare to say no to you? No one!' All the diners sighed helplessly after they heard his request.

"It's okay, Mr. Warren. We don't mind," they answered willingly.

The crowd's supportive shouts made Horace chuckle. He then whispered to Edna, "These people are so nice. I only treated them to lunch earlier because of a bet, so it doesn't count as a good deed. I'll pay for everyone's dinner tonight, Edna!"

"Mr. Warren, if you want to pay for their dinner, it means I'll have to cover the bills. But your wish is my command."

After making this statement with a slight bow, Edna turned to the waitress beside her and said, "Go ahead!"

'It seems like this rich man is here to make trouble for the manager. He came here earlier and bought meals

worth millions of dollars for everyone. Now, he wants to do the same thing. I feel so sorry for the manager. She might get queried by the owner. How would she manage this situation? Gosh! I can't believe this young man is as willful as other rich men!' The waitress wasn't pleased with what was happening. However, she couldn't go against Edna. She glanced at Horace and then walked towards the bar counter.

All the diners shifted their attention to her at this moment. "Did the rich man want to sort out our bills again?" one of them shouted.

"Really? The money he spent earlier is enough to buy a Maserati. I doubt that he would want to repeat such a thing. He won't be able to do so no matter how rich he is!"

"Let's be logical here. Dinner is more expensive than lunch. It would cost a lot more to foot all our bills. I'm

afraid it would amount to the price of a Bentley!"

Everyone murmured with mixed feelings. They were torn in two. All of them tried to correctly guess the announcement the waitress was about to make.

The moment she picked up the microphone from the bar counter, the entire restaurant fell silent. They were all eager to know if Horace wanted to treat them to dinner.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to the Country Music Restaurant! Majority of you might have correctly guessed the announcement I'm about to make. Yes, Mr. Warren here has decided to pay for all your bills tonight!" The waitress pointed at Horace as she made the announcement.

"Let's give it up for Mr. Warren!"

Her shout charged up all the diners. They all stood up immediately. They clapped and shouted, "All hail, Mr. Warren! Mr. Warren! Mr. Warren!"

Some of the female diners even chipped in, "Mr. Warren, marry me! I will treat you right! Mr. Warren, please marry me!"

The entire restaurant boomed with praises for just one man. Everyone had Horace's name on their lips.

This scene was overwhelming for Horace. He was scratching his nose shyly when several beautiful girls boldly ran to him. "Mr. Warren, please can I have your WeChat ID?" they asked enthusiastically.

"Look, that girl is so beautiful!" One of the male diners pointed at one of the beautiful women, who was throwing herself at Horace. He sighed sadly.

"Yes, her beauty is impeccable. The girl next to her is also very cute. Why are they shamelessly asking for Mr. Warren's WeChat ID? If only they would ask for mine. I would gladly kneel to give it to them!"

"Come on, isn't it obvious? Those ladies have eyes for good things. Mr. Warren can pay everyone's bills. Can you? He even paid twice. Can you do the same? Wow! That tall girl is gorgeous!"

"Please listen up, ladies. It's kind of boring to exchange WeChat IDs the normal way. Why don't we use the drift bottle feature? If our drift bottles meet each other, I will turn your lives around. How about that?"

Horace suggested with a chuckle when he saw that they were serious.

The chances that two drift bottles would meet were

extremely low. It could be said that Horace skillfully turned down these beauties.

Disappointment flickered in the eyes of all the beautiful ladies in an instant.

"Wonders will never cease! This man just turned down these lovely ladies. He's indeed a rare breed. If I were in his shoes, I would gladly connect with them. I wouldn't be able to sleep at night because of the excitement!" Some of the male diners shook their heads and held their chests. They felt heartbroken that Horace had thrown away such a golden opportunity.

"Come on, guys. Stop daydreaming. Those ladies aren't blind. They can never fall in love with you!" a female diner who was sitting close to the heartbroken men said disdainfully.

"The news about this super-rich man would spread like wildfire in this city. He footed both the lunch and dinner bills of everyone present. His wealth is beyond our imagination!" One of the diners who had been in the restaurant at noon glanced at Horace and sighed. Horace's face and good deed were forever imprinted in his mind.

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Chapter 79 Desperate Beauties



The beautiful ladies left disappointedly after a while. Macie looked at Laila and advised seriously, "Laila, you have to be very careful in the future. Horace is so rich that a lot of beautiful women would throw themselves at him. He seems to be a good guy, but

one can't be too careful with men. Do you have any guarantee that he would disregard all the temptations and remain faithful to you forever? Most men find it hard to resist women's temptation. It's even more difficult when the women are beautiful and very seductive. Be very careful. Don't let anyone snatch him away from you."

This advice caused Laila to chuckle. She didn't believe in monitoring a man. She glanced at Horace and said, "Macie, there's no need to get worked up over nothing. No one knows tomorrow. All I know is that I am happy now. I want to live for the moment. Men are naturally polygamous. I'll stand by Horace no matter what. If he likes another girl during our relationship, I would help him chase her. All I want is his love. We could be in an open relationship. Nothing can put us asunder!"

After this statement, Laila smoothed Horace's collar

like a submissive wife.

"You... You idiot!" Horace was touched by her words even though he would never have an affair. He turned around and flicked his finger on her forehead.

"You are such a silly girl, Laila!" he commented dotingly. Macie stared at her with a disgusted and confused expression.

'I can't believe Laila is saying such a thing. If I was in her shoes, would I allow Horace to date other women?'

She was lost in thought. Naturally, she couldn't tolerate a cheating man. But because Horace was wealthy, she found it hard to decide. It took a while before she finally came to her senses. 'Snap out of it, Macie! You aren't dating Horace, nor do you have feelings for him. Why then are you getting worked up?'

Laila's decision is really not your business!' She cautioned herself.

"Wow! Mr. Warren, you are so awesome. I'm surprised you got into a relationship within a short time. Congratulations on winning over the heart of a beautiful girl. Now, I'm worried about how the other ladies in this city would react to this."

Earlier that day, Edna had noticed that Laila and Horace were particularly close and seemed to have a crush on each other. But she didn't expect that they would start a relationship so soon. She felt it would take a while before they finally confessed their feelings for each other. Hazarding a guess, she reasoned that something must have prompted them this afternoon.

'Did Laila have anything to do with the incident this afternoon? Was it because of her that Mr. Warren got

beaten up?' Edna thought in confusion. With squinted eyes, she looked at Laila and pondered, 'I didn't think this ordinary girl is so dear to Mr. Warren! It seems he's very different from the normal rich men. I'm surprised that he wants to date just one girl when he can have any girl in this city. Talk about faithfulness and humility! I don't know if he would regret this in the future. Would his relationship be affected when the going gets tough? Anyway, I should stop being pessimistic. No matter what happens, I will support him. It's said that Marcus is one of the most ruthless and educated contestants for the position of the next head of the Warren family. He keeps his eyes on the ball. If Mr. Warren doesn't show his ability and talent, I'm afraid he wouldn't win against Marcus despite having the support of the Dark Fist. Worse still, Marcus isn't the strongest contestant. There are still others!'

A trace of worry appeared in Edna's eyes as she

imagined how tough the battle would be. Then a look of fear was written on her face. 'Oh God! Every time I think of that powerful man, a cold shiver runs down my spine. He's so scary. I really need to stop worrying. After all, I am just a mere nobody who works for the Warren family. My worry won't help matters at all!'

Edna shook her head vigorously in a bid to get rid of the thoughts plaguing her mind.

Meanwhile, Laila's face had turned red like a rose flower after she heard Edna's statement.

The customers around finally understood why Horace had turned down the beauties. "No wonder this rich man refused to give out his WeChat ID without batting an eyelid. It turns out that he already has a gorgeous girlfriend. He's not only wealthy but also principled. He's so cool! How I wish I could be like him. I would

be able to hook up with such a beauty or even many beauties then!"

"Are you even listening to yourself? Can't you see how pure his girlfriend looks? I don't think she's wayward like those other girls who want to date him for money. Her love for him is definitely genuine!" One of the male diners made a countering opinion as he looked at Laila and studied her demeanor.

"Bro, how can you tell just by looking at her? You don't understand where I am coming from. Money can buy happiness and even love. If you have money, girls would throw themselves at you. Look at me. I am a handsome man. But because I'm not rich, girls don't spare me a glance!"

The chefs and waiters had been busy preparing Horace's order while all the diners chatted.

Edna collected the takeout bags from a waiter when it was ready. She then said to Horace, "Here you go, Mr. Warren! In addition to the Kobe steaks, we added some side dishes. Please extend my greetings to your mother. Have a wonderful dinner with her! It might interest you to know that, except those associates, the other people of the Warren family here also wanted to visit Madam Potter in the hospital.

Unfortunately, Raul warned us not to do so. He said that she needs to rest and recuperate peacefully. As a result, we can't visit her until she's discharged from the hospital. Please tell her we all wish her a speedy recovery."

'Hmm. How many people work for the Warren family in Rinas?' This was the question that Macie badly wanted to ask Edna at this moment. She only knew three wealthy people who were deferential to Horace. Since Dario was the richest man in the city, she couldn't help thinking that all the others also held

Horace in high esteem. The power of the Warren family was the greatest mystery she wanted to be solved now.

No one here could read minds. Hence, Macie didn't get any explanation. Horace took the takeout bags from Edna at this time. "Thank you, Edna. I'll treat you to dinner someday!" he said with a smile.

"Okay, Mr. Warren, I look forward to that day!" Edna chuckled. She then added, "Well, the other subordinates would be jealous when they hear that you specially promised to treat me to dinner!"

"Ha-ha! I think they'll be jealous that I get to have dinner with you. But I don't give a damn about that. Their envy doesn't change a thing."

With these words, Horace turned around and started making his way for the door. "Edna, I'm leaving now.

Bye!" he said without turning back.

A sea of eyes watched him as he walked. All the diners sighed in admiration, 'This young man is so fucking rich and different. He treated everyone to dinner and he's leaving so humbly! I wish other rich men can be like him!'

Just as Horace pulled the door, one of the diners stood up and shouted, "Thank you so much, sir!"

'What? Did this guy just call him sir? Do we have to be polite to him?' The other diners were confused at first. Afterward, they shouted in unison, "Thank you so much, sir!"

To acknowledge their appreciation, Horace just raised his hand and waved. He then left the restaurant with Laila and Macie.

A fashionable beauty suddenly tapped the waitress beside her and requested, "Excuse me, please I need you to do me a favor. When that rich man comes here again, can you call me? My cellphone number is..."

The restaurant became rowdy the next second. Other diners followed in her footsteps. They gave the waiters close to them their cellphone numbers.

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[THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

Chapter 80 Caylee's Gift



Horace, accompanied by Laila and Macie, arrived at the Rinas Infirmary about thirty minutes later.

The first thing they heard was Cara's ecstatic voice

when they entered the ward. "Mr. Warren, you are finally back. I've been waiting for you since noon. I haven't had lunch yet because I hoped you would get back soon. What took you so long?" She pouted as she spoke.

"What? Horace, is this your mistress?" Macie asked him loudly with her eyebrows raised.

"Shut up, Macie. Stop talking nonsense. If you try to tarnish someone's image, you would get beat up! This young lady is my mother's personal nurse!" Horace shot Macie an icy glare. Such words normally didn't get to him. He only set the record straight because he was in a relationship with Laila now. He didn't want her to see him as a cheat. Afterward, he looked at Cara. "You haven't eaten yet? What about my mother?"

Cara's well-being was the least of his worries. He only

cared about his mother.

Cara was sad after hearing Horace's statement. Instead of answering his question, she thought, 'I don't mind if my image is tarnished. I just want you. It's rather unfortunate that you have turned a blind eye to my seductive gestures. Your heart is closed off to me. Humph!'

Slight pain tugged at Cara's heartstrings at this moment. She noticed the two young ladies behind Horace. 'Who are these women? Did Mr. Warren start taking interest in the opposite sex? I'm surprised he brought them here. Does this mean that the perfect opportunity to win his heart has come? God, please don't let my future efforts be in vain!'

As soon as she finished saying that prayer, she finally responded to Horace, "Mr. Warren, there's no need to get worried. I already made sure your mother had a

healthy and sumptuous lunch. Everything is fine."

"Okay!" Nodding his head, Horace added, "Good job!"

As a reward for her diligence, he transferred another ten thousand dollars to her.

"Wow! I just got a bank alert. Thank you, Mr. Warren!"

Cara was elated when the bank alert popped up on her cellphone screen. She cupped her hands and thanked him immediately. The new sum came as a surprise to her. After all, she had only been on the job for a few days.

'Oh my! This is awesome. Would I get paid ten thousand dollars daily? If so, my life will change for the better!' At the thought of this, a bright smile appeared on Cara's face. Money was what she loved the most. It could wipe away any grievance she felt.

"Good evening, ma'am. Nice to meet you." It was at this moment that Laila and Macie finally greeted Caylee who was lying on the bed.

Horace's attention diverted from Cara to his mother. He greeted her and then pointed to Laila.

"Mom, this is my new girlfriend. Her name is Laila Tran. Isn't she cute?" he explained when he saw the confused expression on his mother's face.

This statement dropped like a bombshell for Cara. Her eyes widened in an instant. She felt a pang of pain in her heart and had a lump in her throat. 'Oh my God! No, no, no! Mr. Warren already has a girlfriend. Such a powerful man has a girlfriend. But he was single yesterday. It's a slap in my face that this ordinary girl won his heart before me. My heart hurts badly!'

Cara's lamentation only lasted for a short time. She tried to stay calm and advised herself, 'All hope is not lost yet. She's just his girlfriend. They are not married yet. There's nothing to be sad about. I can still seduce him. Besides, even if they get married, I can be Mr. Warren's secret lover! No, that's not the best option. Sharing isn't always rosy. I have to work hard and win his heart over as soon as possible!'

Oblivious to the plan that Cara was concocting in her mind, Horace pointed at Macie and said, "Mom, this is Laila's roommate and my former classmate, Macie Ramos!"

"Nice to meet you, girls!" Caylee nodded with a smile. She then turned to look at Laila. "Wow! What a beautiful and cute girl! Good job, Horace. I like your new girlfriend very much!"

She gestured at Laila with her frail hand. "Come here,

kid!" she said.

Laila's heart was filled with joy when she heard this command. Previously, she had been afraid that Horace's mother wouldn't like her. She thanked her lucky stars that Caylee was actually an easygoing and nice woman.

Fiddling her fingers, she walked up to Caylee's bedside obediently. It was as if she was meeting her mother-in-law for the first time, so she was cautious to make a good impression.

It took Caylee only a second to notice Laila's nervousness. She stroked her hair and smiled at her. "You are such a lovely child. Horace should count himself lucky to have you as his girlfriend."

"Thanks for the compliment, ma'am. I'm flattered. I'm also lucky to have Horace as my boyfriend. You

raised a well-mannered young man."

"Aww! You are not only lovely, but also articulate."
Caylee gave her hair a final stroke. She then put her right hand under her pillow slowly.

Cara stared daggers at Laila when she saw how Caylee treated her. She knew what was under the pillow. There lay all kinds of gifts from the top ten billionaires in the city. These items were precious jewels and each was worth more than ten million dollars.

Under everyone's gaze, Caylee took out a pink diamond that was the size of a baby's fist.

At the sight of the diamond, Cara almost fainted. She vividly remembered that it was a gift from Dario.

A few days after Horace had dinner with the cadres of

the Warren family in Rinas, they all visited Caylee at the hospital.

Just like Farris, the others came bearing expensive gifts. Dario had brought the pink diamond Caylee was currently holding. It was a 50.2-carat natural diamond.

Cara had been drawn by its brightness. She couldn't help asking Cathy how much it was worth. The response she got was still imprinted in her mind.

"Well, diamonds above fifty carats are rarely used to make jewelry. This one is a loose diamond. I remember at an auction I attended, a 50-carat diamond was sold for three hundred and fifty million dollars!"

This simply meant that the pink diamond in Caylee's hand was worth a little bit more than three hundred and fifty million dollars!

'Oh, Madam Potter. I have taken care of you and kept you company for so long, but you have never given me anything. Mr. Warren just found a new girlfriend. This is your first time meeting her. You haven't even known her for more than five minutes, but you are about to give her this expensive diamond without a second thought. It's not fair! No, I can't take this anymore. I must win Mr. Warren's heart by hook or by crook. He would be head over heels in love with me soon. At that time, Madam Potter would give me all her jewels!'

Strong determination filled Cara's heart as she stared at the pink diamond. She was out to snatch Horace away from Laila.

"Kid, take it. This is a welcome gift to you since this is our first meeting." With a bright smile, Caylee stretched out her hand to Laila.

'Is... Is this a diamond?' Macie couldn't believe her eyes. She blinked repeatedly to make sure it was indeed a diamond. 'Oh my days! What kind of family did Horace come from? He's filthy rich, but he pretended to be poor for three years. He was such a great actor that no one ever smelled something fishy. Not only that, but he also put up with the constant bullying. Some secrets were only exposed today. Even the big shots in Rinas hold him in high esteem! More so, his mother looks like an ordinary frail woman, but she wants to give Laila a large pink diamond as a gift! Who the hell are these people?' she pondered.

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