

THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 8 Outright Denial

Averi's mouth flew open when he first heard Laila's words. He didn't expect her to lie like that. On second thought, he decided not to explain further. He believed that Riley's judgment would be in his favor. After all, he was a rich man who regularly came to the Sea Pavilion. An ordinary waitress couldn't be compared to him.

Riley was stunned when she heard Horace's surname. She found it hard to believe that his surname was Warren. Her instincts told her that he was her boss's blood relation. She remembered how her boss had treated him with so much respect when they arrived. As a result, she guessed that this young man held a higher position in the family than her boss.

With his status, how could she dare to offend him?

Judging by Laila's words, it seemed that Horace didn't want to reveal his true identity. Riley didn't dare to do so for fear that she would be severely punished.

"Mr. Torres, is she telling the truth?"

Riley suddenly looked at Averil with a piercing gaze that made him quake in his boots.

Averil had no idea what was going on. 'Why is she staring at me in that manner? Shouldn't she be questioning Horace or arrest him immediately? Why is she querying me like I am the one at fault here? And why is her tone harsh?'

Several questions went through Averil's mind after he heard Riley's unexpected question.

After a while, he shook his head and replied, "Miss Hilton, you know the kind of person I am. Why would I

make advances at a mere waitress? She's not in my league. You have to believe me! This guy is the one at fault. He came out of nowhere and attacked me like a mad dog. He should be arrested this minute!"

Unfortunately for Averì, his explanation and order fell on deaf ears. Riley looked at him and sneered, "I find it hard to believe you, Mr. Torres!"

'What? How can she say that to me? What's wrong with her today? Has she gone crazy? I've told my side of the story. Horace was the one that beat me up for no reason. How come she doesn't believe me and is putting the blame on me?

Or is Horace her gigolo, too?' Averì thought to himself.

Even in his angry state, he was shocked at himself for making such a ridiculous conclusion in the end.

However, he knew better than to say it. He smiled

awkwardly and said, "Miss Hilton, I would take that as a joke. But I want to make it clear that I'm innocent here. I didn't do anything before this guy pounced on me. And I have injuries to show for it. I only came here to have a meal with Pollard, but I was subjected to such inhumane treatment. I'm very pissed!"

"Miss Hilton, why is it so hard to believe my friend's account of the incident?"

A domineering voice suddenly boomed in the corridor. They all turned to look. A fair-skinned young man who looked about eighteen years old walked up to them.

He was Pollard Lyons, the son of Fraser Lyons. His father was ranked eighth among the ten richest men in Rinas.

"Hello, Mr. Lyons!" Riley nodded to him politely. She knew that he was superior, so she didn't hesitate to

show him some respect. However, she wasn't shaken by his appearance today because Horace was here.

With great confidence, she began, "Mr. Lyons, you must be joking. Mr. Torres is your good friend, and I'm sure you know him better than anyone else here. Please, I urge you not to interfere in this matter."

This statement angered Pollard to his bones. He felt insulted. With his jaw clenched, he pointed at her and cursed, "Riley, how dare you tell me what to do? You are just a mere lobby manager. We are not in the same class. Don't you dare try to be bossy!"

He then looked at Horace and said fiercely, "You nonentity, you hit my friend, didn't you?"

Without waiting for a response, Pollard lifted the chair and threw it at Horace.

"No!" Laila exclaimed.

The moment the chair landed on Horace, a large foot kicked Pollard's waist. His body flew and hit the floor with a thud.

"Who the hell are you?" A rough voice filled everyone's ears. It seemed to cause a vibration in the corridor. Everyone turned to look in the direction of the voice. Their eyes met a shocker.

The owner of the voice was a dreaded rich man. Everyone, including Horace, greeted him immediately. "Mr. Rivera!"

It was Farris, the most dangerous man in Rinas.

Even though Horace had met him earlier that evening, he still greeted him because he didn't want to expose his true identity in Laila's presence.

Farris looked at him in confusion when he saw that he greeted him with a bow like the others. Although he was quick-tempered, he was smart and observant. It took him only a few seconds to figure out that Horace didn't want to expose his identity.

A while ago, the ushers of the presidential dining room told him about what was going on in the corridor. In a rage, he didn't hesitate to step out of the room and attack Pollard for being so disrespectful. As far as he was concerned, it didn't matter if Horace was right or wrong.

Farris's shout must have alerted the other people he had dinner with. They all came out and stood by his side.

They had also heard how Horace greeted Farris respectfully. As a result, they also knew he wanted to

keep his true identity a secret.

As the others greeted the other seven elites, Horace did the same.

Some meters away, Pollard managed to stand up. He held his waist and walked to one of the seven men. He cried pitifully, "Dad, I didn't do anything wrong. Mr. Rivera suddenly kicked me. My waist is almost broken!"

Pollard's father, Fraser, was a subordinate of the Warren family. He was one of the regional heads in Rinas.

As the eighth richest man in Rinas, Fraser was only two ranks lower than Farris. But they had the same level of power. He could easily take revenge on Farris for harming his son because he also had brutal men at his beck and call. This was why Pollard didn't

hesitate in reporting the matter to his father.

Unbeknown to him, things were different. He had tried to attack Horace with a chair, so he was courting death.

Fraser wasn't one of the top members of the Warren family, so he knew very little of the power of the family. However, the little he knew was enough to frighten him. He knew that it was risky to offend the heir.

"Fuck off! I don't have such a son like you!"

Fraser's harsh words froze his son's tears in a trice. Pollard's eyes widened as he looked at his father. After a while, he called, "Dad?"

He wondered if he was dreaming or if he wasn't speaking to the right man because he suffered a blow to his head when he fell. But he blinked and

confirmed that this man was his father. The outright denial made him question his existence. The scene played out in his head. He thought, 'Yes, this nonentity had attacked my friend but Riley took sides with him. I tried to take revenge, and then Farris kicked me away. Or did I travel in time?'

Pollard concluded that he wasn't dreaming. He wouldn't be feeling severe pain in his waist if it was a dream.

"Ha-ha!" Just as Pollard was lost in thought, Farris laughed out loud. He patted Pollard's cheek and said, "Boy, what's wrong? Are you sad because I beat you?"

He turned to Fraser and said, "Look at your son. He is so stubborn!"

"Pollard, did Farris wrong you?"

"Waah... Waah..." Fraser's question indicated that he still considered him as his son. Thus, Pollard was grateful.

Now that his father had finally acknowledged him, he cried with joy. He thought that his father would stand up for him. He prepared himself for it. To his surprise, a heavy slap landed on his cheek.

It was so heavy that the sound vibrated in everyone's ears.

Pollard staggered backward and held his cheek in pain. He was shocked that his father slapped him in front of all these people.

'Oh my God! Am I dreaming? Or did I really travel back in time?'

A teardrop fell from his eyes. He looked up at his father in horror and asked, "Dad, don't you know me? I'm Pollard, your biological son!"

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