

Macie was still in awe of what was happening when Laila shook her head vigorously. "Ma'am, I appreciate your kindness, but I can't accept such an expensive gift. Please keep it," she said politely.

'What the fuck? Did she just refuse the diamond? Oh, this is such a waste!' Cara's hand flew to her chest after she heard Laila's refusal. Her heart ached severely. 'This girl must be a fool. She just declined a diamond that's worth three hundred and fifty million dollars. Just collect it and give it to me since you don't need it!'

"Kid, it's not a big deal! I don't care about how expensive this diamond is. My son loves you. That automatically means I do too. This gift signifies acceptance. Don't turn it down. Take it."

With these words, Caylee took Laila's right hand and put the diamond on her palm.

"Don't be shy. Let this diamond be a token of my son's love."

"Ma'am, I get where you are coming from. But that doesn't change the fact that it's expensive. Please I can't accept it."

Laila came from a poor home, but she knew a precious jewel when she saw one. Although she didn't know how much the pink diamond was worth, she knew that a 1-carat diamond wedding ring was worth tens of thousands of dollars. This helped her guess that a diamond this big would be worth millions.

"Kid... Do you think it can't show my son's sincerity? Is that why you are refusing to accept this gift?"

"No, ma'am. Far from it. I know that how sincere Horace is to me. It is just that this gift is too expensive. Since you want to give me an acceptance gift, please give me something less expensive. I really can't accept this diamond."

Caylee's questions aroused Laila's anxiety. She couldn't help sobbing at this moment. She didn't want to leave a bad impression on her, but she couldn't accept the gift. Her reason for declining wasn't that she was unsure of Horace's sincerity. It was just because it was costly.

A friendly smile appeared on Caylee's face when she saw Laila's anxious expression.

She had only asked those questions to put Laila on the spot so she would have no choice but to accept the gift. However, she didn't expect that she would be

so frightened to the extent of sobbing.

'Well, it seems this girl really holds Horace dear to her heart. She doesn't want me to have a bad impression of her. He is so lucky to have her as his girlfriend. She's better than that two-timing girl he dated before!' Caylee praised Laila in her mind.

She then said, "Kid, you have promised to accept something else, so I will do that. Don't turn down the next one."

After this calm warning, she put her right hand under her pillow again and moved it a few times.

"Yes, I have found it!" She took out a red stone and stared at it with her eyes narrowed.

Caylee tried to remember what the precious stone was called, but she couldn't. She turned to Cara, who

was sitting on the chair close to her. "Cara, what kind of stone did Cathy say this was? I'm old, so my memory is failing me. I don't remember the details she gave."

The pain in Cara's heart intensified when she saw the red stone. She was beyond convinced that Horace was rich. The fact that Caylee intended to give Laila the red stone because she declined the diamond shocked Cara to the bone. She was so jealous.

The red stone was a top-grade and rare bloodstone.

Cara swallowed hard to conceal her pain before responding, "Ma'am, this is a top-grade and rare bloodstone. More so, it has natural carvings on it. Although they are simple bamboo patterns, that's part of what makes the stone worth two hundred million dollars."

"Two hundred million dollars?" This revelation hit Macie like a bolt from the blue. Her mouth flew open and the price echoed in her head countlessly. 'Damn it! This stone is worth two million dollars! Horace and I are indeed worlds apart!'

Before Macie could get over the shock, Caylee frowned and sucked her teeth. "What? This stone is worth only two hundred million dollars? It's not worthy to be given as a token of Horace's love!" she commented while staring at the bloodstone.

With an embarrassed expression, she looked at Laila and said, "Kid, how about you accept this bloodstone first? When Horace returns to Antawood and settles down, he would give you something more befitting, okay?"

'What the fuck?' A ball of thoughts exploded in Macie's mind after she heard that statement.

'Horace's mother is something else. She has been dropping shocker after shocker. This is unbelievable. How can she say that a bloodstone worth that much isn't a befitting gift? Jeez! Horace, you need to tell me what kind of family you come from and why you are so awesome. I can't continue this never-ending guessing game!'

Sure enough, Cara was also as shocked as Macie. Hers was mixed with heartache.

Horace sensed that Laila would refuse the gift again, so he stepped in. "Laila, please don't refuse my mother's gift again. It might interest you to know that she would have given you something much more expensive if we were in Antawood!" he said persuasively.

These words caused Laila to have a change of heart. She was in a tight corner, so she had no choice but to

accept the top-grade bloodstone gingerly. She then bowed and said, "Thank you, ma'am!"

"Now you are talking!" A chuckle escaped from Caylee's lips. She smiled at Laila and said, "My child, since you have accepted my gift, don't you think addressing me by that title is inappropriate?"

"Huh?" This indirect request took Laila by surprise. Her face turned red in an instant. "Erm. I'm sorry. Please give me more time. I have to get used to some things first."

Horace had thought that Laila would start calling Caylee mother. But he was surprised when she blushed and said she needed to get used to the new development. However, he reasoned that there was no need to rush. This was their first time meeting, so they still had a lot of time to get to know each other.



After shrugging helplessly, he put the takeout bags on the table and said, "Mom, let's have dinner now. Otherwise, it would get cold."

At the sight of the takeout bags on the table, Cara's eyes lit up. "Mr. Warren, is this the world's best beef, the Kobe steak?" she asked uncertainly.

"Yes!" Horace nodded. He then added, "What's wrong, Cara? Don't you like steak? Anyway, that's fine. There are other dishes here. Help yourself with whatever you want!"

"No, no. Mr. Warren, steak is one of my favorite foods. Well, I want..." Cara stopped speaking midway. She badly wanted to say something to him, but she felt shy.

"What is it, Cara? If you have something to say, go ahead. Don't be afraid. I don't bite. I noticed that you

aren't your normal self today."

Horace urged her to speak up.

'Mr. Warren, I want to give you my body. In the past few days, I have given you the green light to touch me. However, you don't want me at all. It's not fair.'

These words were on the tip of Cara's tongue, but she didn't have the guts to say them. "Mr. Warren, please can I take one serving of the Kobe steak home?" she asked in the end.

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Chapter 82 Doting Boyfriend



"Cara, you only want one serving of the Kobe steak? There are ten servings in total. Since there are five of us, we would eat only five here. Just ask Laila and Macie first. If they don't want to take any home, then you can have the remaining five. I'm sure you would be glad to have five servings by yourself!"

Horace responded to her request with a smirk.

Cara felt as if he had just driven a knife through her heart. She rolled her eyes at him. 'What did he mean by I would be glad to have five servings all by myself? Was he trying to say that I was greedy and fat?' As far as she was concerned, she was only a little chubby. She had the right amount of fat in the right places.

Before Cara could say anything, Laila and Macie shook their heads and said in unison, "Cara, you are free to take the remaining five servings home. One steak is enough for me!"

This was like adding insult to injury. Even though Cara was furious, she put on a friendly mask. "Oh, you both don't have to give me the remaining five servings. Each of you can take one home. Perhaps someone in your family wants to taste it."

"Okay, then." Laila nodded after thinking for a while. Her family members had never tasted Kobe steak before. This was a golden opportunity for them to taste such an expensive dish, so she decided to take one serving home.

Since Laila agreed, Macie also said with a nod, "Okay!"

"It's settled then!" Cara waved her hand and began to serve the food. Afterward, she dug in. The Kobe steak looked so delicious that she couldn't help taking a big bite.

Like a glutton, she also tasted all the dishes that were on the table. "Mr. Warren, where did you buy this Kobe steak? Why does it taste like heaven? I have never eaten a steak so delicious before. The chef must have gifted hands. It's so succulent and chewy at the same time. If I continue to eat delicious foods like this while working as your mother's personal nurse, I would become a fatty soon! I should probably cut down my food intake, but I can't resist the taste of this Kobe steak. Hmm!" Cara moaned as she munched on the food. She was a foodie, so she had a weakness for delectable and expensive foods.

"Your size is none of my business. You can get fat or lose weight for all I care." Horace chuckled and continued, "Well, I bought this steak from the Country Music Restaurant."

"Oh, that's a very good restaurant. No wonder the

food tastes so heavenly!"

Cara spoke with her mouth filled with slices of the steak, but her words were still audible. Horace glanced at her. He couldn't help but wonder how she was able to talk so clearly despite her stuffed mouth.

A few seconds later, Cara playfully stated, "Mr. Warren, keep in mind that if I become a fat woman and can't find a husband, I will pester you!"

"No worries, Cara. If you are unable to get married at the right time, I'll be your matchmaker?"

Horace chuckled and continued to eat from the same plate as his mother.

They didn't eat much, so they might not be able to finish one serving of steak.

At first, Horace wanted to eat one serving alone. But he decided against it because Laila, Macie, and Cara wouldn't have enough to divvy up equally. Another reason why he shared a steak with his mother was that he loved eating with her. It was a way of bonding with her.

At the end of the meal, Horace shared the six remaining steaks equally between the three young ladies.

"Cara, are you in a hurry to go home?" he asked afterward.

She shook her head and replied, "No, Mr. Warren. Why do you ask? Do you have something to attend to? If you do, you can go ahead."

"Yes, I have something to do. Since you are not in a hurry to leave, please take good care of my mother

for me. I need to send Laila home. The night is far spent. I don't want her to go back alone. The streets aren't safe," Horace whispered to Cara after glancing at Laila.

This statement was a heavy blow for Cara. The pain in her heart intensified. 'This is so unfair. I am a woman also. Why didn't you care about me when I went home late at night? Now you want to send Laila home in person. What's so special about her? Besides, the night is not far spent as you said. It's only seven o'clock. Seven o'clock! There's nothing to be worried about. Just say you want to create an opportunity to spend more time with her! Rubbish!'

Jealousy filled Cara's heart, but she didn't dare to voice her complaint. She just said with a fake smile, "Mr. Warren, you can go ahead. I'll watch her for you."

"Okay, thanks." Horace nodded and then shifted his



attention to Laila. "Let's go, Laila. I'll accompany you home," he said with a loving smile.

A sense of envy swept through Macie because Horace only mentioned Laila. Just like this afternoon, she felt that he was neglecting her as if she were invisible. "Horace, I'm going home alone too. Aren't you worried about me?"

"Macie, there's no need to worry. Since we live only a few houses away from each other, we can go home together," Laila replied before her boyfriend could utter a word.

Now that Macie was being a spoilsport again, Horace wanted to get short with her and even beat her up. He had planned to spend some alone time with Laila in the car, but that wouldn't be possible now. Laila had already suggested, so he couldn't refuse.

A mixture of sadness and rage swept through him as he thought of how Macie had repeatedly put a spanner in the works today. He clenched his teeth and imagined giving her a good thump.

After a while, Horace came back to his senses. He hated her so much, but he had to echo Laila's words, "Macie, you live on the same street as Laila. I can send both of you home."

"Well, since you both offered, I have no choice but to agree. It's convenient for me anyway!"

The way Macie pretended to consider their offer made Horace even angrier. He badly wanted to teach her a lesson. She was just a third wheel, but she was behaving like the main character.

The three of them left the ward and went straight to the gate of the Rinas Infirmary.

After Dario dropped them earlier, Horace had ordered him to go home. He didn't have a car or a driver's license, so he had to hail a taxi now.

"Come to think of it, Horace. I think you shouldn't accompany us. We can go home ourselves. If you go with us, you would have to take a taxi back. It would be too stressful for you," Laila suddenly said to him after a taxi halted in front of them.

"No, Laila. I can't let you go home alone. You are a beautiful young girl. Some bad people are fond of targeting women at night. I can't rest assured if I don't follow you!" Horace insisted.

"Horace, what do you mean by going home alone? Are you trying to undermine my significance? Am I not a human to you? Don't get me started with this nonsense again!" Macie got short with him.

'Fuck! How could I forget Macie?' It wasn't until the angry voice rang out that he remembered that there was still a malicious woman beside him.

"I'm sorry, Macie. I didn't mean to forget you. Of course, I think you are a human being!" Horace blurted out the only words he could come up with.

'What? You think I am a human being? Is that something to be unsure of?' Macie got even angrier. She glared at him because she felt he was being rude.

Ignoring her glare, Horace opened the door of the back seat for Laila and said, "Get in, Laila. I don't mind going through stress just for you."

The three of them got into the taxi. Without being told this time, Macie sat in the front passenger seat. The

lovebirds were left alone in the back seat.

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Chapter 83 Unethical Doctor



It took Horace about an hour to send Laila and Macie home and return to the hospital. He then told Cara to leave. Since his mother's operation was scheduled for the next day, they had to go to bed early.

The next day, Horace got up at dawn and cleaned the ward. He had always been a diligent young man before he learned of his true identity. His mother had taught him how to do house chores, so cleaning wasn't a big deal.

At about seven o'clock, Laila came to the hospital. She had taken the day off from work.

She had come to support Horace since his mother would be operated on today.

It wasn't until twenty minutes past eight that Caylee's oncologist, Cowan Mitchell came to her ward and checked her vital signs.

After Cowan was done with the examination, Horace asked with a low voice, "Doctor, you have been treating my mother for quite some time. Please what is the success rate for her operation? Are you a hundred percent sure that it will be successful?"

Tension was already brewing in Horace's mind at this time. He didn't want anything bad to happen to his mother. He wanted to know the success rate to determine if he would go ahead with it. If the rate was

too low, he wouldn't agree to it.

"Did you just say a hundred percent?" Cowan chuckled and sucked his teeth. He then added, "In medicine, it's impossible for doctors to be completely sure that surgeries will be successful! The surgery about to be carried out on your mother is a tough one. The cancer isn't at the early stage, so the success rate is a maximum of thirty percent. Nevertheless, she will be able to live for three more years even if it fails!"

Cowan uttered the last few words with a complacent expression. In his eyes, a thirty percent success rate was very high and three years was a long time. He was so insensitive.

Cara had previously briefed Horace about his mother's surgery. According to her, the management of the hospital had specially assigned Cowan to his mother because he was the best oncologist in the

hospital. They had increased the bills so she would be scheduled to be operated on by Cowan. It was increased from hundreds of thousands to a whopping two million dollars.

Horace was rich now, but he had worked a hectic menial job that only fetched him one hundred dollars a day. He would earn only three thousand dollars per month by working every day. If he had refused to reconnect with his rich family after finding out his true identity, it would have taken him six hundred and sixty-six months to make two million dollars without spending a dime out of his salary.

Six hundred and sixty-six months was equivalent to fifty-five years. Since he was currently eighteen, it meant that he would only be able to earn up to that amount at the age of seventy-three.

Working for that money would take several decades



of hard work. All the money would be paid for the surgery, but the doctor rudely said that the success rate was a maximum of thirty percent. Since that was the maximum percent, Horace reasoned that it was definitely about ten percent lesser than that. This meant that there was an eighty percent chance that Caylee would have only three years to live even if she underwent the operation. More so, she would have to take treatment and down many pills throughout those years. It would be torture for her!

The sight of the doctor's complacent and indifferent expression made Horace's blood boil. "This operation costs two million dollars, and you are telling me the success rate is only thirty percent? Are you kidding me? Don't you have any shame? How could you be so complacent while mentioning such a poor rate?" Horace shouted.

Cowan's face instantly darkened. He glared at Horace

and said, "I don't give a damn if you want to go ahead with the operation or not? She's your mother, not mine. Besides, do you think I care about how much it costs? For your information, there are a lot of patients waiting in line for me to operate on them!"

"What the hell? Are all the doctors in this hospital so arrogant? Did you just say you don't care whether I go ahead with the surgery or not? Have you no work ethic?" Horace was pissed and he shook his head in disappointment. Since his mother got admitted here, he had experienced far too many bad occurrences.

In the early days, there had been another patient in this ward. The patient was an old man in his seventies. His family had given up on the operation because they had no money. Horace vividly remembered how the man had cried and taken out a ten-dollar bill with his trembling hand. He had given it to him and said tearfully, "Boy, I have money. I don't

want to die now!"

Horace's heart had broken to see him like that. He took the ten-dollar bill and went to beg the doctor assigned to the old man for a long time.

Unfortunately, the doctor was unmoved. The reply he received was still ingrained in his mind. "Since he doesn't have money, he should accept his fate. This is a hospital, not a charity organization. It's none of my business if he's poor. I have to do my job and get paid!"

The old man was forcefully discharged afterward. Horace didn't know whether he was still alive or had passed away. Since he became rich, he always thought about him. He couldn't go to look for him because he hadn't asked for his address.

Cowan was unrepentant even after he was scolded. "It's not that all the doctors here are arrogant. We are

just experts who are sought after by patients from far and wide. Since you are placing more importance on two million dollars than your mother's life, there's no way she would live past three years. You are free to take her home and start preparing for her funeral. You fool!"

Except for the employees present at the billing department that day, no other employee knew that Horace was wealthy. Cowan and the management were also oblivious to this fact. Otherwise, they would not have charged him more than one million extra after changing his mother's attending doctor.

"You bastard, you are lucky that I don't want to fight in the hospital. You had better watch your mouth. If you speak ill of my mother again, I would make sure you suffer a fate worse than death!" Horace shouted with fury burning in his eyes.

Caylee was the most important person to him. His life would be meaningless without her. As a result, he couldn't tolerate anyone insulting her, let alone wishing her death. He wanted to punch Cowan in the face for good measure, but Laila pulled him back.

"Horace, don't waste your energy on him. We would find another way. Your mother will be fine," she said in a soothing voice.

"You would find another way?" Cowan let out a peal of mocking laughter and continued, "Girl, you must think rectal cancer is like a minor headache. You are very wrong. It would be impossible for his mother to be cured in Rinas without my help. I'm one of the best rectal oncologists in the city. Did you just say she would be fine? How would he make that possible? Is it with the mere two million dollars he has? Sorry to burst your bubble. The other experts in this city won't give a damn about that measly amount!"

"Really? You are in for a disappointment. My mother will be fine. You are a quack, but you have a swollen head and want to get paid two million dollars. The nerve of you! You disgust me. Leave here now!"

"Humph! You silly brat. Mark my words. Once I step out of this ward, my fee would no longer be two million dollars. If you don't give me four million dollars and grovel at my feet next time, there's no way I will treat your mother!" Cowan snorted coldly. He then stormed out of the ward.

With the doctor's departure, Laila held her boyfriend's hand and said comfortingly, "Horace, please calm down and be hopeful. There must be a way to go about this."

"I know, Laila. There's still hope. Let me make a phone call first!"

Horace nodded his head and called Egan immediately.

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Chapter 84 A Cure For Cancer



Egan answered the call on the first ring.

"Mr. Warren, good morning. Is anything the matter?" His anxious voice came from the other end of the line.

"Mr. Hudson, is there a doctor you know that's an expert in treating rectal cancer?" Horace asked without beating about the bush.

Although he knew that the Warren family was rich and powerful, he didn't know if they were involved in the health industry, nor did he know if there was any doctor that specialized in rectal cancer in the family.

"Mr. Warren, is Madam Potter's condition getting worse? Or is there another problem?" Egan asked worriedly.

"Yes! There's a big problem, Mr. Hudson. My mother was supposed to be operated on today, but the surgeon just came and told me that the success rate of the operation is only thirty percent. That percentage is too low. I can't afford to risk her life when there's a very little guarantee that she would be well. This is why I want to know if there's an excellent oncology expert you know. I want him to come and operate on her."

"Mr. Warren, that's not a big deal. Madam Potter is



important to this family. She deserves to be given the best medical treatment," Egan said respectfully. He then added, "Please accept my apologies for being so careless. It skipped my mind that the Rinas Infirmary is not a good hospital for terminal diseases. I should have sent our family's doctor to treat her before now. Please forgive my negligence."

The worry that had been overwhelming Horace eased up substantially. The frown on his face loosened up. "Mr. Hudson, please is the Warren family's doctor better than the experts in this hospital?" he asked curiously.

"Not really, Mr. Warren! He just has an upper hand over the so-called experts because of an advanced medicine that our medical research team developed after a series of elaborate experiments. This medicine cures cancer. Our family doctor can use it to shrink and destroy the cancerous cells before it spreads and

reaches the fourth stage. Even if it's at the final stage, there is an eighty percent chance that the patient would fully recover!"

Egan readily disclosed the Warren family's confidential information to Horace.

"What? So there's a medicine that can cure cancer? Why is the Warren family sleeping on this? Why hasn't it been released to the world yet?" Horace's mind exploded when he heard this information. He couldn't help remembering that old man who had given him a ten-dollar bill and cried that he didn't want to die.

Cancer was a horrible disease. It caused so much pain and drained many families' resources. People often went bankrupt while trying to save their lives.

"Mr. Warren, we understand that this medicine would

take the health industry by storm and save many lives. It's just that the materials for making the medicine are very rare. Thus, only the members of the family and the regional directors are beneficiaries for now!" Egan explained the reason for the delay. Horace's suggestion for the medicine to be launched to save people's lives further proved to Egan that he was the perfect successor for the family. He could tell that he would be a kind-hearted, merciful, and good leader.

"The regional directors? Are you trying to say that only those who are of the same rank as Uncle Raul and above are eligible to use the medicine? Wow! The materials must be really hard to find. It's rather unfortunate that the medicine can't be made available to everyone now." Horace sighed sadly.

He then asked, "Mr. Hudson, is there a chance that this kind of medicine would be available to the

common man in the future?"

"Mr. Warren, please don't worry. There's hope for that to happen soon. As I speak to you, the No. 1 Medical Research Institute is working tirelessly to develop this kind of medicine without using materials that are too rare. They would make a big break and it would be widespread in the nearest future."

"Wow! That's good. Please thank the medical research team and tell them to keep pushing. When I return to Antawood, I will treat all of them to dinner," he uttered excitedly.

With a serious tone, he added, "Mr. Hudson, how long would it take for the family doctor to come down here to treat my mother?"

"Okay, Mr. Warren. I would relay your message to them. They would be glad to hear from you." Egan

was moved by Horace's considerate nature. He added, "The management of the Rinas Infirmary has a good relationship with our family. I'll ask one of my subordinates to contact them once I get off this call. The hospital has an airplane parking space, so the family's private jet would bring the doctors down there. They should arrive before half past ten."

"Okay, Mr. Hudson. Please go and make the necessary arrangements now. Thank you."

"You are welcome, Mr. Warren. But you don't have to be so polite to me. It's my duty to do such things for you," Egan said respectfully with a hint of uneasiness. He swallowed hard and added, "I need to get to work now. Bye, Mr. Warren!"

"Okay, bye!"

Horace hung up the phone immediately.

Laila and Cara had heard the conversation both men had just now. Throughout the call, they received shocker after shocker. They were stunned to learn that Horace's family not only had a private jet, but also their own medical research institute that had made a groundbreaking discovery.

Laila had very little knowledge about what a medical institute was. But as a medical practitioner, Cara knew a thing or two about it. She knew that a lot of funding went into the experiments and research done daily. Only top international hospitals had their own research institutes. The funding ran into billions of dollars, so she was shocked that the Warren family had theirs. From the information that Egan just relayed, it seemed that they had more than one institute. Goosebumps appeared on her skin as she tried to imagine the extent of their power.

Admiration and determination blazed in Cara's eyes as she stared at Horace. She vowed to win his heart by any means whatsoever.

At this moment, Laila held Horace's hand and said happily, "It's great that help is on the way. Thank goodness we have a solution!"

"Yes!" Horace nodded with a smile and said to his mother, "Mom, the Warren family's doctor is coming soon. You will be fine!"

"Okay, my son. I already heard your conversation with Egan. Talk about a last-minute miracle. I had lost all hope of recovering. But now that a cure is coming, I'm happy that I would be able to continue watching you grow up!"

Caylee stared at him dotingly as she spoke.

Meanwhile, the director of the Rinas Infirmary received a mysterious phone call. It kept the management on their toes. All the employees became busy.

It was at this time that Cowan returned to his office. He saw that all his colleagues were hard at work. "Victor, what's going on? Why is everyone so busy?" he asked one of them curiously.

"The director just informed us that a big shot is coming to this hospital in ninety minutes. He ordered us to clean up our offices and go to attend to the patients afterward!" Victor Douglas answered without looking up at his colleague.

"Huh? What kind of big shot? What makes this person so special that the director asked everyone to swing into action?" On his way back, Cowan was surprised to see a top-ranking doctor cleaning up, so he asked



this question.

"I don't know. All I heard is that he's from Antawood!"  
Victor replied while tidying his table.

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Chapter 85 Alleged Blackmailer



"A big shot from Antawood?" Cowan was stunned. Shaking his head thoughtfully, he asked, "Is he a famous medical expert?"

"Who knows? He's not an ordinary person, so he might be a top gun in the medical field. We would find out when he arrives. For now, you need to stop asking questions and clean up! Ugh! I hate this kind of

people that visit without early notice. It's like they take delight in mounting unnecessary pressure on people below them. We have to prepare hurriedly every time!" Victor complained as he glanced at his colleague.

"You are right!" Cowan echoed readily.

Meanwhile, the busyness of the entire hospital didn't get to Caylee's ward at all.

Cara had done all the chores, so she was chatting idly with the others while they waited for the cure.

A rumble suddenly came from the sky at twenty minutes past ten.

A small airplane soon appeared above the building of the hospital.

Horace stared at the airplane through the window for a while.

"Laila, follow me to welcome my family's medical team," he whispered to his girlfriend, who was standing beside him.

"Okay!" Laila nodded obediently.

The lovebirds held hands and left the ward. At the sight of this, Cara sighed helplessly. 'Horace's future wife would be so lucky. He even has a private jet. I have always imagined traveling in one. How I wish I could do so with his!'

In order to take good care of Caylee, Cara had taken a long leave from work. She was still in the hospital, but the leave meant that she wouldn't have to attend to other patients.

While all the other employees busied themselves with preparing for the big shot's arrival, Cara was lost in various fantasies and conjectures. The director selected many staff members and took them to the hospital's plane tarmac to welcome the visitor.

Some nurses were part of those selected. Two young ones whispered to each other.

"Susie, do you know what kind of big shot has come to our hospital? How come eighty percent of the staff were deployed just to welcome him?"

"I have no idea. It's said that he's from Antawood. Judging from the way the director is so intent on pleasing him, he must be filthy rich. I just hope he's a young man. He might take a fancy to any of us and change our lives!"

"Susie, you are too picky. Beggars can't be choosers.

As long as the big shot is a man, you can still seduce him. Age is just a number, anyway!"

"I don't even give a damn about the visitor's gender. I'm ready to become a lesbian if it turns out to be a woman. The most important thing is for the big shot to take a fancy to me. Working as a nurse is so tiring. We are underpaid for the amount of labor we put in round the clock. Once I begin to date that top gun, I would resign immediately."

Just as the two nurses were deep in their gossip, two people swiftly passed by them and walked straight ahead.

"Are my eyes deceiving me? What are those two outsiders doing here?" Susie Patel was stunned. A frown appeared on her face as she stared at the two receding figures. "From the clothes they have on, it seems they are the family members of a patient. What

gave them the audacity to come here at this crucial time? Do they want to make trouble?" she murmured to herself in confusion.

"What the hell! Where did these two beggars come from? You'd better get out of here now!" A disgusted voice suddenly rang out.

The two hasty people were none other than Horace and Laila.

The angry voice belonged to one of the doctors dressed in white, who was standing in the front row.

His shout drew the attention of all the hospital staff present to Horace and Laila.

'Oh my! It's him!' Cathy covered her mouth in surprise when she saw Horace's face clearly. 'What brings Mr. Warren to this place at this time?' she pondered.

A second later, she noticed that he was holding hands with Laila. 'Alas! He got a girlfriend so soon. I thought he didn't have time for dating. It seems he's no different from the other trust-fund babies!' she thought, slightly upset.

"Doctor, are you talking to me?" Horace asked while pointing at himself.

"Who else could it be? Look around. Do you see any other beggar here?" the doctor questioned disdainfully and adjusted his white coat proudly. After eyeing Horace from head to toe, he shouted, "Where are the security guards? Why can't they do their jobs properly? How come these beggars managed to sneak into such an important place?"

When Horace heard this statement, he clenched his fist, glared at him, and fired back. "Doctors are

supposed to be kind-hearted angels who save lives and heal the wounded. It's a profession that demands that you also treat everyone fairly, right? Rudeness isn't part of a doctor's good qualities. You have just proven that you are not worthy to be a doctor!"

After running his fingers through his hair, Horace continued, "For your information, I'm not a beggar. Even if I was, you have no right to kick me out of here!"

"What did you just say? Why can't I kick you out? I am a doctor in this hospital. You are just a mere outsider. You'd better know your place and watch how you speak to me! Security! Security! Where the hell are those bastards? Why are they yet to get here? This piece of insignificance needs to be thrown out of here!"

The doctor was so full of himself. He felt that Horace



wasn't worthy enough, so he didn't take him seriously.

All of a sudden, Cowan's amused voice rang out. "Dr. Bowman, I know this young man. He's the son of a patient who has rectal cancer. I was supposed to operate on her today, so I went to examine her this morning. He opted out of the surgery because he couldn't afford to pay the expensive medical bills and he was so rude about it. Now, I guess he wants to badmouth us to our distinguished guest!"

"Oh, I see. You are here to make trouble!" The assistant director of the hospital, Javier Bowman sneered at Horace. His eyes turned cold and he ordered, "Kick him out!"

A group of security guards immediately rushed to Horace's side after hearing this command.

They were about to grab him, but a disapproving

voice suddenly came from behind. It was Cathy's. "Dr. Bowman, please it's inadvisable to take action rationally. I think you should ask him why he's here instead of jumping to a conclusion!"

Cathy was one of the few people that knew about Horace's true identity. She was currently interning in this hospital and hoped she could get a permanent job here after the end of her internship. She didn't want the hospital to be closed down because Javier offended Horace.

Javier's face instantly darkened after he heard someone speak in Horace's defense. He turned to look for the source of the voice. When he saw that it was Cathy, he furrowed his brow. "Oh, it's you. Cathy, did you hear what Dr. Mitchell just said? Anyway, you have only worked here for a few months. I would pardon you this time. But I want you to keep in mind that life isn't fair to anyone. You must behave like a

professional. Don't act nice to such unruly people when you need to nip them in the bud. I have seen many people like him over the years. They would try all kinds of techniques just to blackmail doctors and the management in order to receive free treatment. Be wary of such people!"

Javier had to suppress his anger because he knew the family Cathy came from. He took the route of advising her instead of scolding her. If it were another person, he would have shouted and even made sure they were suspended.

Cathy sighed seeing that Javier was adamant. Although she didn't know why Horace was here, she wouldn't put it past him that he was here for a tangible reason since he had a noble identity.

One of the security guards suddenly said to Horace, "Young man, will you leave on your own accord, or do

you want us to throw you out?"

"Cut the crap! Why are you giving him options? Seize them and take them away immediately! A medical expert from the Warren family of Antawood is coming soon!" Javier scolded and commanded the security guards.

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Chapter 86 Unknown Superior



At Javier's command, one of the security guards tried to grab Horace's collar and the other was about to grab Laila's arm.

'Not on my watch!' Horace immediately took action

before the security guard could lay his hand on his girlfriend. He gave him a hard kick. He warned, "If you don't keep your filthy hands to yourselves, you will gnash your teeth in regret later!"

The hospital's security guards were not trained professionals. These two were weaker than Milo's bodyguards. Since Horace had been able to take on two professional bodyguards the other day, fighting these men would be a piece of cake.

Just like his mother, Laila was the apple of his eyes. He could go to any length to protect her. He got angry if someone insulted her, let alone try to hurt her.

"Did you just say I would regret it? You have a big mouth! How dare you hit my bro? I will beat up your ass today!" The security guard who had tried to grab him by the collar shot him a glare and sneered. He then called the attention of his colleagues who were

maintaining order in other parts of the tarmac. "Guys, come over here. There's a stubborn and stupid man here!"

It was at this moment the plane which had been circling the building finally touched down.

The cabin door opened slowly with a squeak.

Pointing at the security guards, Javier roared, "You are a pair of useless fools! The distinguished guest is about to come out. But you haven't gotten rid of this garbage. If you don't throw them out now, you all will be fired. I guarantee you that!"

This threat sent a shiver down the security guards' spines. The ones stationed in other corners rushed down. The first two began to fight Horace.

Horace stood his ground and fought back. The nurse

named Susie was astonished by the sight. "Whoa! This young man is so flexible. How come he has dodged all the blows? Neither of the security guards are a match for him, nor could they catch him!"

The other security guards joined the fight at this time.

Now, Horace had to double up his defense. It was unfortunate that they came at him at once. If they were all his age mates, he might have been able to deal with them. But they were four adults. He found it hard to dodge all their blows.

All of a sudden, a chuckle came from the direction of the plane. A gray-haired old man in a white coat slowly got off.

The medical staff who were standing inches apart during the fight immediately stood closer to each other when they heard this chuckle. They wanted to

prevent the guest from seeing Horace and Laila.

The old man looked at them unsuspectingly. He then said, "Dr. Holland, I just overheard someone calling on the security guards. Is there some kind of emergency? Do you need my help?"

"I'm sorry, Professor Bates. It's nothing really. Two mice ran out of the warehouse just now. But please rest assured. There's no cause for alarm. Our staff is already on it. They will be caught soon."

A middle-aged doctor standing next to Javier respectfully greeted and then lied to Tobias Bates, who had just gotten off the plane. He was the current director of the Rinas Infirmary, Elmore Holland.

"Two mice? Dr. Holland, why did you mobilize many people just to catch mice in the morning? Why don't you just set a trap?"



A young voice suddenly came from inside the plane. A second later, a handsome young man walked out majestically.

"Oh my! He's so handsome!" Many of the young nurses stared at him, all googly-eyed. They were smitten by his attractive appearance.

With a confused expression, Elmore asked respectfully, "Professor Bates, please who is this?"

"Dr. Holland, this is the director of the Warren Infirmary's No.1 Medical Research Institute. His name is Donn Warren. He's an expert medical researcher." Tobias introduced the younger man in a low voice.

The faces of all the doctors and nurses lit up when they heard the man's amazing portfolio. They were all impressed.

'Wow! He's not only handsome, but also has a successful career. He's the director of a medical institute at such a young age! He ticks every box on my list. If I make him mine, I will live comfortably for the rest of my life. I must win his heart!'

Several beautiful and young nurses vowed in their hearts as they continued to stare at Donn.

"His surname is Warren?" Cathy muttered under her breath. Her eyebrow arched as she looked at the two guests. 'Did Horace invite these people here?' she thought to herself.

At this moment, Elmore nodded his head to show that he was impressed. "Wow! He has such an outstanding portfolio at a young age. Professor Bates, I honestly didn't picture the director of the No.1 Medical Research Institute of Warren Infirmary to be a

young man. I thought he was middle-aged or in his late forties."

With a patronizing smile, Elmore looked at Donn and said, "Nice to meet you, young man. I'm Elmore Holland, the director of the Rinas Infirmary. You have made me realize that the health industry would surely experience a turning point in the future. The younger and incoming generation would make groundbreaking discoveries that the older generations never even dreamed of. Medicines that would cure the deadliest of diseases would be developed!"

Elmore took out a business card from his pocket and handed it to Donn. "This is my business card. I love to connect with great minds like you. If you are ever in Rinas again, you can give me a call!" he uttered with flattery.

A complacent smirk was plastered on Donn's face. He

snorted and knocked the business card to the ground. Afterward, he sneered, "I don't accept things from just anyone. You are just a nobody. And I don't associate with people like you!"

After eyeing Elmore, he turned to Tobias who was standing beside him. "Professor, let's get down to business. Do you have Mr. Warren's phone number? Mr. Hudson didn't tell us which ward his mother is admitted in. How do we reach him now?" he asked impatiently.

'Wow, he's so handsome!' The young nurses were busy drooling over Donn. Some of them even fantasized about getting married to him and having cute babies for him. When they saw that he knocked off the director's business card, they screamed out in their hearts, 'He's a bold man. What more can a woman ask for?'

However, they were jolted out of their fantasies after Donn asked those questions. Their eyes opened wide in shock. Susie muttered in disbelief, "Jeez! So, this handsome and successful doctor has a superior here? The Warren Infirmary is known far and wide. As the director of such a big research institute, he has a higher rank than Dr. Holland. How come he has a superior here? Does anyone know who his superior is? I must find out his identity and go after him. He is the bigger fish!"

Elmore had been very upset with Donn's rude behavior, but his fury soon changed to surprise. He couldn't believe that they were here for something else. 'What the hell? Didn't they come here to visit our facility and foster a mutually beneficial relationship with the management? Isn't Professor Bates a leading magnate in the health industry? How come he has a superior that he personally had to fly down to meet here? This is unbelievable! Mr. Warren? Who the hell

is that? How come I don't know about him even though he's in this hospital? Who could it be?'

Elmore was still trying to figure out the whole situation when he was cut short by Horace's roar. "Don't you dare touch Laila. If anyone dares to do so, I won't spare him!"

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Chapter 87 Utter Bewildermen



Horace's roar echoed through the entire tarmac. Everyone, including Tobias and Donn, heard it clearly.

Donn was a smart guy. He already smelled a rat. He stared at Elmore intimidatingly and asked, "Dr.

Holland, didn't you say you are trying to catch mice? What was that strange sound just now? Or are animals now able to speak human language?"

Without waiting for a response, Donn began to look for the source of that threatening voice. He looked ahead only to notice that the medical staff was trying to conceal some people behind them. A frown instantly appeared on his face.

"Well, that young man is the son of a cancer patient. He can't afford to pay the medical bills and he has been quarreling with the hospital staff. He barged in here, so the security guards are trying to take him away!" Elmore explained the situation based on Cowan's account of his quarrel with Horace earlier.

"Is that so?" Donn gave him a suspicious glance and commented, "Why then did he roar like that? It seems you are telling lies. Dr. Holland, I want to find out the

truth myself. Step aside!"

Hearing this statement, Tobias looked at Elmore and said apologetically, "Don't take offense, Dr. Holland. You know, young people nowadays are so curious. They don't take someone's word for it. Seeing is believing to them. Please allow him to have a look. Only then can he believe you."

Helplessness and anxiety flashed in Elmore's eyes. He couldn't afford to get into Donn's bad books. If he wanted his hospital to continue striving, he had to obey his every whim. The Warren Infirmary's research institutes were responsible for developing many extraordinary drugs in the country. The Rinas Infirmary would be blacklisted if he offended the director now.

As a result, he had no choice but to agree to Donn's request. "Dr. Warren, that guy is going crazy now. He



can transfer his aggression to anyone. Please you have to be careful!"

"My safety is none of your business. Keep your advice to yourself!" Donna remarked coldly. Then he walked forward.

When he got to where the medical staff was gathered, he commanded, "Step aside, everyone! You are obstructing my view!"

The staff had formed a human barricade just to block Horace, Laila, and the security guards from the view of the distinguished guests. Judging by the roar he just heard, Donn guessed that the quarrel was serious.

All the doctors and nurses were at a loss on what to do now. They looked at Elmore with confused eyes.

After he nodded, they quickly got out of the way.

At this time, Horace was trying to fight off the four security guards. His eyes caught glimpse of a man coming in his direction. He pushed his opponents to the ground. He then seized the opportunity to run toward Donn. "Hey, buddy. Are you from the Warren family? Please help me!" he said, gasping for breath.

'You little piece of shit! Have you no brain? His surname is Warren. So he's definitely from the Warren family!'

'Poor people disgust me. This guy is even more disgusting. How dare you ask such an important person for help? Who the hell do you think you are? No worries. I know. You are just a pauper with no brain!'

Some of the nurses cursed Horace out in their minds

because his words sounded arrogant to them.

But Cathy and Donn didn't feel this way.

'Damn it! Horace was indeed the one that invited these top guns here. I knew that he was wealthy, but I never expected that he was a member of that powerful family from Antawood. No wonder he has an unlimited nine-star bank card!' Cathy stared at Horace and sighed.

"Fuck off!" Donn shouted at the security guards who were homing in on Horace again.

Although he didn't know Horace's identity, he guessed that he wasn't an ordinary person since he knew about the Warren family. He decided to help him so he could get to know him.

The threat they received earlier still rang in the

security guards' heads. They risked losing their jobs if they failed to throw Horace and Laila out, so they didn't want to heed Donn's command.

Nonetheless, they were still hesitant because he was a big shot. They looked at Elmore with questioning eyes.

Donn was mad when he saw that they were reluctant. He scolded the hospital's director, "Dr. Holland, you are power-drunk. You dare to behave so arrogantly in my presence. Anyway, I'll protect this man no matter what. I tell you what, you need my permission to throw him out!"

Elmore was stunned by this declaration. His heart was thumping against his chest, but he managed to keep calm. He put on a fake smile. "Dr. Warren, you have misunderstood me. How can I be arrogant in your presence? I would never do such a thing!" he

said, waving his hand innocently.

Afterward, he continued, "Come to think of it, Dr. Warren. It seems fate made you and this man's paths cross today. We can perform a surgery on his mother for free. What do you say?"

"You can go to hell with your free surgery! I don't need your quack doctor to operate on my mother!" Horace shouted at him as soon as he finished speaking.

"Shut up, you brat. Why are you badmouthing our expert medical staff?" Cowan got short with him.

To him, this was the best opportunity to impress the superior and make himself noticed. He pointed at Horace and snorted, "Young man, why are you being so rude and ungrateful? Do you have any idea how much you could save because of Dr. Holland? Four

million dollars! Look at your shabby clothes. I'm dead sure you have never seen that amount in your life! That reminds me. How did you get the two million dollars you selfishly refused to release earlier? Something tells me you stole it!"

As if that was not enough, he added more coldly, "How dare you refuse the free offer? If you annoy me further, I will increase the price to eight million dollars. I won't operate on your mother if you don't pay me that amount. Better behave yourself. Humph!"

Cowan had heard about the Warren Infirmary before. However, he didn't know the inside information and secrets because he wasn't part of the board in the Rinas Infirmary. He didn't like Donn. He felt that he was too full of himself and that Tobias was above him in his ranking.

Another reason why he was scolding Horace was that

he had scores to settle with him. He hated the guts of this poor man. Tobias and Donn wouldn't be here for a long time, so he decided to defend himself, Elmore, and the hospital at large.

"Eight million dollars? Are you being serious right now? A quack like you wants that large amount of money? You are so funny!" Horace threw his head back and laughed.

As if he flipped a switch, his face changed and he berated Cowan, "Listen to me, you quack. I, Horace Warren, don't lack money! I changed my mind about the surgery due to the low success rate!"

"Jesus! He's Horace Warren?" Donn murmured in shock.

The next second, he and Tobias sank to their knees at Horace's feet.

"Eh? What is going on here?" A sea of confused eyes stared at the men on their knees. They were utterly bewildered.

Susie rubbed her eyes and looked at them again and again. "Gladys, are you seeing this too? Or am I hallucinating? Are the two big shots really kneeling at the beggar's feet?" she asked her colleague.

"So, you see it too? I thought my eyes were deceiving me!" Gladys Avila responded.

It was at this time that Donn and Tobias kowtowed and greeted respectfully, "Mr. Warren!"

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"Did they just say Mr. Warren?" All the doctors and nurses were stunned. Hush tones filled the air immediately.

They all realized that the 'Mr. Warren' Donn and Tobias had talked about happened to be the poverty-stricken man who was almost thrown out.

'What? Oh my goodness! This can't be!'

The hospital staff stared at the scene in utter disbelief.

Susie put her fingers into her ears to clean them. She then asked her colleague, "Gladys, please tell me I heard wrong. Did they really address him as Mr. Warren?"

"Susie, you heard it too? What the hell is happening in this hospital today? Why is everyone so weird? Professor Bates and Dr. Warren are distinguished guests from the Warren Infirmary. It's a great honor to host them here. I thought it would foster our relationship with them. Never did I imagine that their superior was here all along! When did our hospital become a magnet that attracts powerful people?" Gladys asked a series of questions in a trembling voice.

In her years of working as a nurse, she had never seen top medical practitioners like Tobias and Donn, let alone someone higher than them. She reasoned that Horace must be a powerful and affluent figure since he commanded so much respect.

'Oh my God! I'm so scared. Fortunately for me, I didn't offend this guy just now. If I had, he would have made my life a living hell. Even the thought of what he

would have done scares the shit out of me!' Gladys and Susie were lost in thought.

Meanwhile, Cowan felt weak in the knees. His heart began to race. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that this poorly-dressed man was a big shot. He knew he was doomed.

'My big mouth has landed me into trouble today! But since he's so powerful that he could mobilize these top guns in the medical field, why did he bring his mother to receive treatment here? That's not even the major issue. Can someone explain to me why he's dressed like a pauper? With all the wealth that he has, the clothes on him are worth less than one hundred dollars. They are even old! Something doesn't add up!' Doubt filled Cowan's mind. He still couldn't come to terms with the truth.

He stared at Horace's clothes and gnashed his teeth

in regret. He knew he was in hot soup. Horace's aura and poor dress sense made him look as poor as a church mouse. No one would have guessed he was actually wealthy.

Javier, like his arrogant colleague, was also trembling with fear. He had taken delight in mocking Horace just now. But the latest development made his eyes shine with despair.

'Ah! What have I done? Why was I so stupid and blinded by rage that I ordered that such an important man be thrown out like garbage? How I wish I could turn back the hands of time! Would he forgive me? My God! I'm finished!' Javier was so sad that he wanted to burst into tears, but his tear ducts failed him.

Oblivious to the fear and regrets of the two rude doctors, Horace looked at the men who had just greeted him. "Professor Bates, Dr. Warren, please

accept my apologies for troubling you. You must be so tired right now."

After he finished speaking, he helped them up.

Tobias shook his head and remarked, "Mr. Warren, you don't have to apologize to us. It's no trouble at all. This is our job!"

"Yes, it's a great honor to work for you, Mr. Warren. We are at your service any day, any time," Donn echoed excitedly.

The fact that Donn spoke to Horace so respectfully came as a surprise to the onlookers. They stared at him with their mouths agape. In their minds, they questioned, 'Is this not the same man who just behaved rudely to Dr. Holland a few minutes ago? How come he's so respectful now? Dude, tell us the truth. Did you stop the time and change into someone

else while we were all frozen?'

A loud cracking sound broke the silence. Cowan's knees had finally given in to the intense pressure. The previously arrogant man was now kneeling at Horace's feet. "I'm sorry, Mr. Warren. I failed to recognize you just now. It was stupid of me to have offended you. Please forgive me!" he begged, sobbing like a child.

"Screw you! You deserve to die ten thousand deaths for insulting Mr. Warren!" Donn flipped out when he saw the miserable man on the ground. As the director of the Warren Infirmary's research institute, it meant that he worked for Randall, and by extension, Horace.

He was present when Cowan scolded and hurled insults at Horace. In a fit of pique, he kicked his chest hard. "How dare you insult Mr. Warren? You deserve to die!" he shouted viciously.

Tobias was also furious. His plastered smile had been replaced with an angry frown. "If you had done something else, I would have let you go with just a slap on the wrist. But you dared to insult Mr. Warren. No, no, no! That's unpardonable. You can never go scot-free. He's the son of the Warren family's head. You have crossed the line!" he roared ferociously.

"Come here, Javier Bowman!" he ordered the assistant director. While he was still preparing to get off the plane, he had heard Javier calling someone unprintable names. He didn't know that the person at the receiving end of the insults was Horace. If he had known earlier, he wouldn't have been friendly with Elmore at all.

A shiver ran down Javier's spine when he heard this command. Sweating and trembling seriously, he slowly walked towards Tobias.

His blood ran cold when he saw the furious expression on the old man's face.

It was his first time seeing Tobias angry. He was known to be an easygoing old man who had a permanent bright smile. 'How come his smile disappeared? He must be really mad. God, please help me!' Javier said a prayer as if he was about to face the devil. The pressure in his heart was too much, so he knelt in front of Horace just like Cowan.

"Mr. Warren, I am so sorry. Please have mercy. I am a family man. I have a wife and kids to provide..."

He was cut short by Horace. "Oh, so you are a loving father and husband? Bah! Something tells me that you have strings of mistresses and illegitimate children outside!"



With a wave of the hand, Horace continued, "That aside. As you know, Professor Bates and Dr. Warren flew in from Antawood. I had decided to personally welcome them once they touched down. But you treated me like a piece of trash and even asked the security guards to throw me out. Why are you so arrogant? To make matters worse, Cathy suggested that you allow me to state my mission, but you vehemently refused and gave her a stern warning. Are you still as stubborn as a mule? Do you still think no one can tell you anything because you are the assistant director?"

"I was wrong, Mr. Warren. Please forgive me! I won't do it again!"

At this moment, Cowan crawled and held Horace's leg tightly. "Mr. Warren, I wronged you, but please forgive me. I put this on everything I love. I'd never speak like that to anyone again. You can punish me!" After that,

Cowan began to slap his right cheek severally.

The piercing sound indicated that the slaps were painful. He was really taking this to the extreme.

Taking the cue from him, Javier began to rain slaps on his face. He also pleaded, "Mr. Warren, I shouldn't have been so condescending and rude. I deserve to be punished. Please forgive me!"

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Chapter 89 Harsh Penalty



"Ha-ha!" Horace pinched the bridge of his nose and chuckled while shaking his head. "Your sudden change of attitude amazes me. Dr. Bowman, would

you have spared me today if I wasn't the heir of the Warren family?" he asked seriously.

Without waiting for a response, he looked at Cowan and said, "Corruption and classism have infiltrated the healthcare industry. Ordinary people have a hard time getting timely and good treatments because of greedy and rude medical practitioners like you. An operation that normally costs some hundred thousand dollars in other hospitals. However, you demanded a whopping two million dollars. As if that wasn't enough, you became greedier and asked for eight million dollars. It's daylight robbery! You are jacking up prices at will. How about you drop the medical profession and become a robber instead? The only way I can spare you today is if you give me sixteen million dollars!"

"Ah! Sixteen million dollars?" This hit Cowan like a bolt out of the blue. He almost fainted from the shock. Although the cost of the surgery had been inflated, he

could only receive ten percent from each payment. This meant that he had to operate on eighty patients before he would be able to earn sixteen million dollars. There were many cancer patients admitted to the Rinas Infirmary, but only a few of them could afford the surgery fee. Most rich people in this city didn't come here for treatment. They preferred to go to Antawood.

The money in his account didn't add up to sixteen million dollars. If he wanted to get it, he would have to sell his car and house and also take loans.

These loans would take years to pay back. In essence, he would go bankrupt for the rest of his life if he wanted to appease Horace with such an amount.

"Mr. Warren, I'll give you sixteen million dollars. Please let me go, okay?" Javier asked and kowtowed.

Cowan couldn't afford that amount because he was an ordinary doctor, but it wasn't a big deal for the assistant director of the hospital. Javier's basic salary wasn't very high. However, he got paid ten percent of every operation carried out by the subordinate doctors.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk! You wish!" Horace stared at Javier and added calmly, "I wasn't directing that first demand at you. Since you hold such an important position, you are three ranks higher than Cowan and earn more than him. I won't blackmail you, but you need to be fined according to your status. Just give me fifty million dollars. That's a fair deal, right?"

'Fifty million dollars? But you just said that you won't blackmail me? Where am I supposed to get that kind of money from?' Javier sighed. All the cuts he received from other doctor's operations and the funds he had embezzled for so many years didn't amount to

fifty million. He had never handled such an amount before. He would go bankrupt and swim in unplayable debts if he really wanted to raise such an amount.

Both erring men suddenly became dumb. They could only scratch their heads in confusion and fear. Horace didn't spare them some time to think about it thoroughly. He just turned away from them.

With a disapproving expression, Donn said to Elmore, "It seems to me that a great part of your staff is corrupt and morally decadent. I'll have to reconsider the cooperation between the Warren Infirmary's research institute and your hospital. We only have dealings with upright people!"

Tobias snorted and chipped in, "Mr. Warren is a noble person. How dare you insult him and treat him like trash? He gave you light punishments, but you are hesitating. So you want him to let you go scot-free?"

Anyway, I hate to break it to you, Dr. Holland. The medical research institute wouldn't be the only one to put an end to the cooperation with your hospital. The pharmaceutical factory would no longer supply drugs to you from now on!"

Without giving Elmore a chance to speak, Tobias and Donn turned and stood by Horace's side.

A banging headache suddenly plagued Elmore. These declarations were heavy blows for him. In anger, he pointed at Cowan and Javier and shouted, "You two are fired! I regret employing you both. Some time back, I noticed that you were behaving rather shady. Now that it's obvious that you are corrupt, an investigation team would look through all your work. If they find out that you have overcharged or taken bribes from patients, you will be dealt with!"

Cowan and Javier were taken off guard by the

director's declaration. They both groveled at Horace's feet again. Each of them held one leg and cried, "Mr. Warren, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have behaved that way. I'll pay you the money. Just don't make me lose my job. I swear on my life, I'll do whatever you ask of me. Please have mercy!"

These full-grown men were acting like pitiful children. Tears were already rolling down their cheeks.

Horace was naturally softhearted, but he had no sympathy for them. He was fighting not only for himself, but also for all the other patients that had been treated unfairly.

He wriggled from their hold and both men crashed to the ground. "Since you didn't seize the opportunity when I first extended it to you, it's all gone now. The hospital's affairs are none of my business. I don't give a damn about your jobs!"



Horace shot them a final glare and began to walk out of the tarmac.

"Alas!" The hospital staff stared at the miserable men on the ground and then glanced at Horace's receding figure. Meanwhile, Elmore was thanking his lucky stars that he hadn't said anything to Horace earlier. If he had, he would be kneeling on the ground and begging for forgiveness like Cowan and Javier. The thought of losing his job and all he had worked for all these years scared him out of his wits.

"Mr. Warren is so awesome! The expert oncologist and even the assistant director are like ants in his eyes!" Admiration shone in Susie's eyes as she stared at Horace's receding figure. She felt that he was so humble, yet so intimidating. She concocted a plan in her head in a trice. Afterward, she grabbed her colleague's arm and said, "Gladys, let's go and find

out which ward his mother is admitted to. He's so awesome!"

The two nurses followed Horace secretly to Caylee's ward.

Both of them were a little shocked to see him enter a ward in the oncology department. "Gladys, isn't this the ward Cara's relative stays?" Susie asked in a low voice.

"It seems so!" Gladys replied uncertainly. She stared at the room number on the doorpost with squinted eyes. Afterward, she nodded. "It most certainly is this ward. Cara had told the management that her relative is down with cancer and has been admitted here. She took a long leave on the basis that she wanted to take care of her full-time! Wow! So Cara is related to such powerful people? Who would have thought?"

Susie did a facepalm when she heard this. 'I thought you were just naive. It turns out that you are indeed stupid. How did you become a nurse with such a low IQ?' she insulted her colleague in her mind.

"Put on your thinking cap, Gladys. If Cara has such a powerful relative, do you think she would be slaving off in this hospital? She's not doing this job for the love of mankind like Cathy, who's a rich kid. She's a greedy person. From the look of things, she found out about Mr. Warren's noble identity. Something tells me that she lied and took a long leave to cater to the patient because of the juicy benefits she was offered!"

"Whoa! You have a point there. How about we go inside and have a look? Maybe Mr. Warren would hire us if he sees that we are cute. We'll be able to make a fortune if that happens!" Gladys's eyes shone with great expectation. She was already mapping out her way out of poverty.

Before they could decide on what to do, the door of the ward suddenly swung open. They stepped back in fear. It was Tobias. He walked out of the ward and looked at them. "Are you two nurses in this hospital? Inform Dr. Holland that I have hired the two of you to assist me!" he ordered straightforwardly.

"Okay, Professor Bates, we'll call him right away!" they said in unison as soon as he finished speaking.

Today was their lucky day. They had been planning on how to get close to Horace. But the next second, a golden opportunity dropped in their laps. They had never been this happy.

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[THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE](#)

Getting Elmore's consent was a piece of cake. No one dared to go against Tobias in the Rinas Infirmary.

Now that they had permission, Susie and Gladys followed Tobias into the ward. This was what they had wanted since Horace's identity was revealed moments ago.

The moment they set eyes on Caylee who was lying on the bed, they noticed that she and Horace had something in common. She looked like a poverty-stricken peasant, not a noble lady from a rich family.

They stared at her for a long while before averting their eyes to look at Horace and Laila.

'Why did they look so poverty-stricken? Are they

trying to keep a low profile by pretending to be poor? I have to admit that their disguising game is second to none. There's no way anyone would guess that they are rich and powerful people!

Susie and Gladys were lost in thought.

But they were jolted back to reality by Horace's voice.

"Professor Bates, what's the success rate of this operation?" he asked Tobias shortly after he entered the ward.

"Mr. Warren, please rest assured. The success rate is one hundred percent. Madam Potter would definitely pull through. The Warren Infirmary's technology is far more advanced than the ones in other hospitals in this country. Achieving things that they can't are very easy for us!" Tobias replied in a gentle and assuring voice.

He then continued, "It's rather unfortunate that the materials used to develop some drugs are too rare. If not, dying of cancer would be a thing of the past. Cancer would've been removed from the list of terminal diseases before now. But there's still hope. Dr. Warren and his team have made some notable progress in their research. When they can develop substitutes for those rare materials, a new era would be launched in the health industry!"

"Great!" Horace nodded with an impressed expression. He then bowed to Donn and said, "Dr. Warren, thank you. On behalf of all the cancer patients and their families, I want to appreciate you and your team for working tirelessly to put an end to the pain and suffering that this disease causes. Keep up the good work. You guys are angels on earth!"

Laila quickly followed suit when she saw her boyfriend bowing.

"Oh, Mr. Warren, ma'am, please you don't have to do this. I'm not worthy of your respect!" Donn said in horror as he knelt at their feet.

Shaking his head in disapproval, Horace helped him up and said, "Dr. Warren, you and your team deserve all the respect in the world. Come on!"

"Thank you for your words of encouragement, Mr. Warren. I will relay your appreciation to my team. We promise not to let you down!" Donn nodded appreciatively.

It was a great honor for someone like Horace to bow to him. He was always arrogant to other people because he headed a big medical research institute. He was one rank lower than Raul who was the general director in Rinas. This meant that the gap between him and Horace was a huge one.



"I believe in you!" Horace patted him on the shoulder. Turning to Tobias, he asked, "Professor Bates, do you need me to prepare anything for the operation?"

"No, Mr. Warren. We've gotten everything covered. You just need to wait for the good news." After this assuring reply, Tobias said to the two nurses behind him, "Give me a hand so we can wheel Madam Potter onto the plane!"

He then explained to Horace, "Mr. Warren, the airplane we took is the air ambulance of the Warren family. Many of the equipment are delicate, so it's inadvisable to take them off the plane. We have to operate her in there."

"It's okay, Professor Bates. I don't care about the location of the surgery. I just want my mother to be all right. You can go ahead." It was at this time Horace

finally acknowledged the nurses' presence. "Nice to meet you two. I trust that Professor Bates called you here to assist him. Please do just that so the operation would be successful. In the end, I will give each of you some money for rendering your services well."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Warren. We appreciate your kindness, but we can't accept it. We are nurses. It's our duty to save lives!" Susie responded before her colleague could say anything.

"Yes, she is right, Mr. Warren. We can't accept your money. After all, we took the Nightingale Pledge and we are also nurses in this hospital. It's our duty to assist in treating a patient!" Gladys echoed.

They knew that the information they got about Horace today was just the tip of the iceberg. They badly wanted his money, but they thought it best to get

close to him instead of just accepting his money.

The nurses' refusal didn't go down well with Horace. He wanted to insist on paying them, but he swallowed his words when he saw his mother's critical condition.

"Well, let's talk about it later. Thank you so much!" he said waving his hand.

"You're welcome, Mr. Warren. We will put in our best!" Susie said.

Afterward, the two nurses helped Tobias to wheel Caylee towards the tarmac.

Great fear and expectation filled Horace's heart as he paced back and forth in the plane. He prayed to God to make the surgery successful. His heart was in his mouth at this time. He had been waiting for about ninety minutes. Tobias had assured him that the

surgery would be a hundred percent successful, but he still couldn't stop himself from worrying.

Laila held his hand and said assuredly, "My love, please try to calm down. Put your trust in Professor Bates. Your mother will be fine!"

All of a sudden, the door of the operating room swung open. Gladys stepped out with a smile on her face. She said to Horace, "Mr. Warren, Professor Bates asked me to tell you that your mother's surgery was successful!"

"Yes, yes, yes!" Horace screamed out joyously. He then heaved a sigh of relief before stepping into the operating room.

When he saw that Tobias was slumped on the seat, he cupped his hands and said gratefully, "Thank you, Professor Bates!"

"Mr. Warren, I'm just doing my job. But you are welcome!" Tobias replied after mustering up his remaining strength.

"Okay!" Warm tears welled up in Horace's eyes within seconds. He had been holding them back for more than an hour. Laila's support was the only thing that kept him grounded.

All the things he had to suffer since his mother came down with this sickness flashed through his mind.

He had worked part-time, borrowed money, begged for help, and even received insults from mean people. He had done everything humanly possible to save his mother.

A heavy burden was lifted from his shoulders now that she was safe.

Horace badly wanted to burst into tears, but he held back because Laila was present.

Susie noticed his moist eyes and felt pity for him. 'Ill health not only affects the patients, but also the family members and friends. It's no respecter of persons. Mr. Warren is a super-rich man, but he's about to burst into tears because his mother is now healed after a long time of suffering!'

All of a sudden, Horace did a facepalm and laughed hard. He then said, "Come on, let's circle back to my earlier offer. You have both worked hard for ninety minutes. I'll give you some money. It's to show my gratitude for your diligence!"

Cupping his hands, Horace added, "Thank you for your hard work today!"

"No, Mr. Warren. There's no need to thank or reward us. It's our duty as nurses!" Gladys murmured as she waved humbly.

This air ambulance was small, and the operating room was very big. There was also a sound-proofed glass partition around the bed. So, their conversation wasn't affecting Caylee at all.

Despite this, Horace was afraid that they would disturb her. He intentionally spoke in a low voice.

The others took the cue. They responded to him in low voices.

"Ladies, there's a transfer limit on WeChat. I can't give you too much money even though I want to. The reward would be just right. Not too much, and not too small. Please don't turn down my offer anymore. You helped to save my mother's life. I can't thank you

enough. It's only right that I reward you handsomely for the stress."

After saying that, Horace created a group chat and added Cara in. He then looked at Gladys and Susie and said, "Please don't refuse me anymore. Connect with me on WeChat, so I can add you to the group chat!"

It was easy for Horace to add Cara to the group because he already had her contact.

At this moment, Susie and Gladys looked at each other. They spoke with their eyes and agreed on what to do.

It took a while before Susie turned to Horace and nodded. "Okay, Mr. Warren. Thank you so much!" she said appreciatively.



"Thank you? Please don't thank me. You deserve to be rewarded!" Horace said with a smile.

He then displayed his WeChat QR code and they both scanned it willingly. Afterward, he added them to the group chat.

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