

THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 9 Stripped Birthright

"Of course, I know that you are my son. That's why I want to beat you more so you can learn your lesson. Is this how I trained you, Pollard? You are such an arrogant boy. However, I kept ringing it in your ears that you have to stay humble. I told you not to oppress the weak. But what have you done today? Even though you knew that I was having an important meeting here, you still decided to make trouble. Don't you have a working brain? You are lucky that I'm here today. I'm afraid you would have done worse if I didn't come out. For bringing shame to me and our family, I will beat you to stupor!"

Fraser slapped Pollard's other cheek when he finished speaking.

"Waah... Waah..." Pollard held his cheeks with both hands. He couldn't bear the pain anymore, so he cried

like a child.

"How dare you cry?" Fraser was so angry that he hit his son's head.

He was naturally not a man that liked to spank his child, but he had to do it now. He was afraid that Horace would decide to punish Pollard in the cruelest way. He might even get sacked if things escalated. So, he tried to appease Horace by punishing his son personally.

"Dad!" With tears streaming down his face, Pollard looked at his father. He felt so betrayed and sad. He didn't understand why his father, who loved him dearly, was treating him like an outcast today.

There was a tingling sound in his ears. He also had a pounding headache. He feared that he would have a concussion if he continued to receive slaps.

'Wow! Is this how being very powerful feels?' Horace thought to himself as he watched the scene in front of him. 'If I wasn't the heir of the Warren family, the case would have been different today. I would have been disabled, or even tortured to death.'

For this reason, he hardened his heart and didn't have any pity on Pollard.

Although he had lived a hard-knock life for eighteen years, he had never resorted to stirring people's sympathy. He had taken the bull by the horns. He worked tirelessly to sustain himself and his mother.

Fraser noticed Horace's expressionless face at this moment. He became more ruthless and kicked his son.

He was a strong man, so his kick was heavy. Pollard

couldn't help curling up on the floor and wincing in pain.

"The national laws and our family rules frown on oppression. You have broken the rule. For this reason, you will be punished severely. Such behavior will not be tolerated!"

After Fraser finished speaking, he pointed at Horace's feet and ordered his son, "Kneel at his feet and apologize! Seek for his forgiveness now!"

"No! Over my dead body. Who the hell does he think he is? He's nothing but a pauper. Why should I apologize to such a person? Even though I broke our family rules, I won't kneel for this man. I only kneel for my elders. Perish that idea!" Pollard roared defiantly as he lay on the floor.

In the face of torture, he was still stubborn and

arrogant. He had been spoiled since childhood. He hated poor people. So, he couldn't bring himself to apologize to one.

Averi had regained his strength by this time. Holding his left cheek with one hand, he pointed at Horace and said to Fraser, "Mr. Lyons, this guy is just a fatherless loser. If you force Pollard to kneel and apologize, it would bring shame to your family."

As soon as Averi finished speaking, he saw that Fraser moved with his fist aimed at him. In the blink of an eye, he suffered from dizzy spells again. He held his head and groaned in pain.

Fraser shouted at him, "You idiot, don't stick your nose where it doesn't belong. This matter concerns the Lyons family. So, fuck off!"

He angrily kicked Averi, and the latter fell and rolled

three times on the floor.

Fraser resented Averi so much. After all, he was the reason why his son had offended Horace in the first place. Although he didn't know the details of all that happened, he had put two and two together after listening to the ushers at the door of the presidential dining room. As a boss of a top company, he was smart and observant.

After issuing that stern warning, he turned to look at his son. He said coldly, "Pollard, you won't apologize, right? Since you have chosen to be stubborn, I will personally teach you an unforgettable lesson! Don't blame me for being so ruthless. It's impossible to be respected by the public if we can't obey our family rules in their entirety!"

A vicious expression appeared on Fraser's face when he finished speaking. He grabbed his son's hair and

tried to force him to kneel at Horace's feet.

"Ouch!" Pollard groaned in pain. It felt as if his scalp would be yanked off his head any moment from now.

A pang of pain struck Fraser's heart as he looked at his son's face. He looked sympathetic for a split second. Nevertheless, he had to continue the punishment. The person Pollard had offended wasn't a nobody. He was the son of the Warren family's head. He was one of the wealthiest and most influential persons in the world.

Farris noticed that Fraser didn't even lift his son. He smiled wickedly and asked, "Fraser, my dear friend. You are too weak. Do you need my help?"

Without waiting for a response, he grabbed Pollard's neck and lifted him as if he were a piece of paper. He moved him to Horace and then kicked his legs twice.

Pollard sank to his knees immediately.

Farris released him and turned around. He said to Fraser, "You're welcome!"

It may appear that Farris was doing the most. However, he behaved that way because he was forever indebted to Raul. His success today was because Raul had helped him. For this reason, he made it a point of duty to deal with anyone that offended the Warren family.

"Ah!" Pollard shouted, kneeling at Horace's feet. When he tried to stand up, his father pressed him down.

"Pollard, apologize to him now. Otherwise, I'll denounce you as the heir of the Sky Group!"

"Eh? Dad, why would you do that? Why are you

humiliating me in front of this loser? Are you seriously telling me to apologize to him on my knees? Gosh! This is so embarrassing!"

It was at this moment that Raul finally said, "Fraser, we are not done with dinner. We don't have all evening. Please don't waste our precious time here. If you can't solve this matter in two minutes, you can stay here and teach him a lesson personally!"

No one in Rinas respected Horace more than Raul. He was a member of the Warren family, and he had a sense of belonging because he lived there since he was a child. Horace was the son of the head of the Warren family. As a result, Raul accorded him maximum respect.

He couldn't stand anyone disrespecting the heir. If Horace didn't want to keep his true identity a secret, he would have interfered in the matter by crippling

Pollard without thinking twice.

Now, Raul's patience was running thin. He decided to put pressure on Fraser since he couldn't get involved. His last statement was clearly a threat. If the matter wasn't sorted out in two minutes, Fraser would be sacked and he would risk losing all his wealth and private business.

When Fraser heard this statement, his blood ran cold. His body also trembled slightly. If he was expelled from the Warren family's company, he would have nothing. Although the Sky Group belonged to him, the real controller was the Warren family. A snap of Raul's fingers would make all his fortune disappear.

Meanwhile, Pollard smiled due to Raul's words. He thought that Raul was helping him. He knew that the man was more powerful than his father. As a result, he felt that his father would try to please Raul. "Dad,

you know that having dinner with Mr. Warren happens once in a blue moon. Don't worry about such trifles. You'd better go back with him to have dinner!"

"Shut up, stupid boy!" A look of helplessness appeared on Fraser's face. He sighed, took out his phone, and dialed a number. With a sad tone, he instructed, "From now on, Pollard is not the heir of Sky Group. Make the necessary arrangements!"

After he hung up the phone, he turned to Horace and asked, "Young man, are you satisfied with the way I handled this matter?"

By this time, a small crowd had gathered in the corridor. Only a few of them knew who Horace was. As a result, the oblivious ones were shocked by Fraser's action. They whispered to themselves, "When did the Lyons family's rules become this harsh? Pollard's birthright was stripped off just

because he oppressed a weak pauper. Oh, this is so terrifying."

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