

Donn had been silent throughout the entire exchange. He didn't want to be added to the group chat. And so did Tobias, who was too weak to say anything now. Horace sensed this and ordered them to hand over their phones.

When he was done adding all the medics, he turned to look at his girlfriend. She was the only one remaining. "Laila, come on. The group chat would be fun!"

"Uh-uh! Count me out, Horace. You guys should have fun all by yourselves. After all, I didn't do anything to help you." Laila shook her head as she refused.

"What do you mean by you didn't do anything to help me? Of course, you helped. Your presence was

enough. If you don't join the group chat, I will be sad!" Horace pouted as if he was indeed unhappy.

'Mr. Warren, you are really a bad actor. No one would fall for that. Even a two-year-old child would know that you are putting on an act!' Gladys thought to herself as she stared at him.

"Oh, Horace, don't be sad. I will join the group. Please smile!" Laila uttered apologetically.

Her words took Gladys by surprise. She stared at Laila with her eyebrows raised. She pondered, 'Even a blind man could see that Mr. Warren was just faking it. How come she fell for it?'

A bright smile appeared on Horace's face at this time. He added Laila to the group chat.

Now that everyone was in the group, he sent out ten

red envelopes. Each one was loaded with one thousand four hundred dollars. However, the money that each person would receive would be decided by the system.

Since the amount in the envelope could only be two hundred times the number of people in the group chat, Horace couldn't send more than that. They were seven, so only one thousand and four hundred dollars was allowed in each envelope. He couldn't send more money in each one even though he wanted to. This was the first time he was doing such a thing. He didn't expect that it would be so tiring to just enter the password.

"Hurry up, everyone! There are ten envelopes in the chat. Let's see who would win the most money!" Horace alerted the others after sending the red envelopes.

'Whoa! Rich people have their way of doing things. But only a few of them are as generous as Mr. Warren. He's urging us to take red envelopes! This goes on to say that he's out of our league!' Susie sighed.

Her thoughts didn't stop her from clicking on one of the envelopes.

"Oh, this one contains five hundred dollars. Woo-hoo! I must have gotten the highest money!" Susie exclaimed happily.

"Mr. Warren, one red envelope is more than enough. Why did you send so much?" she asked curiously.

"The answer is very simple. You saved my mother. How could I send only one red envelope? Even hundreds of envelopes cannot repay you for what you have done for me. I would have sent more, but it's so

tiring to enter the password!" Horace replied with an appreciative smile.

Laila also clicked on one of the red envelopes. Her eyes widened immediately after she saw how much was inside. Staring at her boyfriend, she thought, 'Horace only sent ten red envelopes this time with huge amounts of money in them, but something tells me he wants to send more. I know him to be a grateful person. He would surely go all out to show his gratitude today!'

All of a sudden, Cara's scream rang out in the entire operating room.

"Oh my God! How much have you spent, Mr. Warren? What is the total amount you put in all the envelopes? The ones I just picked contain more than a thousand dollars! Is there anyone who has gotten more than that?"

This last question put a damper on Susie's happiness. She looked at her pitifully and retorted, "Cara, don't get a swollen head just yet. The game is not yet over. There are still other unopened red envelopes. Let's make the calculations after we have picked every single one. Humph!"

Susie clicked another red envelope with determination.

"Ha-ha! Cara, I have gotten about three thousand dollars now! Can you beat that?"

"What?" Cara's arrogance faded when she heard this. After biting her lower lip jealously, she remarked, "Oh, Susie, how could you have that much money! Let me check out the total amount of each red envelope!"

Meanwhile, Horace clicked on all the envelopes for

Donn and Tobias on their respective phones. By the time he was done, his fingers ached a little.

Now that everyone had opened all the envelopes, Cara checked the details of each one. What she saw dampened her spirit. "Mr. Warren, please let's do it again, okay?" She pleaded with a sad face.

It turned out that she had gotten the least money out of all seven of them.

"Cara, opportunity comes but once. This game could be likened to what happens in our daily life. Maybe this is your fate. Just accept it," Horace replied slowly with a blank expression.

He had also noticed that Cara received the lowest money out of all seven of the participants.

"Alas!" Cara was saddened by the outcome, but she

couldn't go against Horace. It was his money after all. She was currently envious of Laila, Gladys, and Susie because they had all won more money than her.

Instead of blaming this on her ill-luck, she felt like teleporting to the WeChat headquarters to go teach the technology team a lesson. She felt that they had given her an unlucky streak intentionally. 'Aargh! I wish I could beat all of them up! How is it possible that I got the least money when there are so many envelopes?' She bit her lower lip until blood streaked to her tongue.

"Thank you all for your hard work. I'll treat you to a sumptuous meal later today!" Horace suddenly announced.

He then looked at Cara and asked, "I have a task for you, Cara. Are you interested?"



"Of course, Mr. Warren. I'll do whatever you ask of me!" Cara blurted out without hesitation.

She enjoyed working for him. He was fond of giving handsome rewards for just little tasks. How could she not be interested?

"Okay!" With a nod, he added, "Please you have to stay here and take care of my mother and Professor Bates when I take everyone to eat out. As a reward, I would transfer the money I just got from the red envelopes to you when I get back!"

"Really? You are so kind, Mr. Warren!" Cara jumped up like an excited little girl. Her sadness had vanished into thin air.

Since she was plus-sized, her breasts were naturally plump. They had bounced slightly when she jumped. Horace was dazzled by the sight.

If Laila wasn't present here, Cara would have jumped on him in the guise of showing appreciation.

She had noticed how he stared at her bouncy titties. She chuckled and blinked seductively. Horace came to his senses and said to the others, "Erm. Let's go to the Sea Pavilion!"

"The Sea Pavilion?" Gladys and Susie instantly looked forward to having lunch there.

They knew that the Sea Pavilion was one of the top restaurants in Rinas. Although they had never been there, they had heard several amazing stories about the place. Reports had it that the food there was the most delicious in the whole of Rinas.

'Oh my! He's taking them to the Sea Pavilion!' Cara felt a pang of pain in her heart. As a foodie, the Sea

Pavilion was on top of the list of restaurants she wanted to eat at. She had fantasized about it for a long time. Now she couldn't go because she had to keep her promise to Horace.

"Let's go!" Horace did the follow-me hand gesture with one hand and held Laila's hand with the other.

The couple stepped out of the plane with the others in their wake. Susie and Gladys went straight to the hospital's changing room to change out of their surgery scrubs.

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Chapter 92 Shady Driver



Susie and Gladys hastily put on casual clothes and went to meet the others at the gate of the inpatient department.

"Does any of you have a car? Please can I borrow it for a while?" Horace asked when they were complete.

It was at this moment that he became worried about how he would move all five of them to the Sea Pavilion since he didn't have a car. If they decided to go by taxi, they would have to split up. One car would be enough to convey them there if one of them had one.

For the umpteenth time, Gladys and Susie were stunned by his words. It was so surprising that a rich man like him didn't have a car. They both reasoned that Horace had gone all out just to keep every bit of his identity under wraps. To them, he would have gotten a cheap car if he only wanted to keep a low

profile.

Raising her hand, Susie said softly, "Mr. Warren, I have a car, but it's not fancy!"

"It doesn't matter whether the car is fancy or not? We can make do with it as long as it moves!" Horace replied with a chuckle. He then continued, "We are just going to have a meal together, not to compete for who has a better car!"

"That's not what I meant, Mr. Warren. I'm just afraid you won't feel comfortable in it!" Susie hurriedly explained. It was common knowledge that rich men loved to ride luxury cars worth several millions of dollars. Thus, she thought he liked one of those.

Her old car was no match for luxury cars. Although it worked fine, it didn't provide optimum comfort. She was afraid that Horace would be uncomfortable and

she would end up in his bad books as a result.

"As I said earlier, it doesn't matter. It's not like I plan to live in the car. The journey is a short one. Besides, do you think I am so delicate?"

Horace pointed at himself as he asked that question. With a smile, he added, "I'm actually pleased that we can go there by car. Usually, I take the bus!"

As a twenty-six-year-old nurse in the Rinas Infirmary's obstetrics and gynecology department, she had met all kinds of people, including the elites.

'Wow! This young man never ceases to amaze me. He has continued to show that he's humble, unlike the other trust-fund babies. He's indeed one of a kind!' Susie thought to herself as she stared at him.

"If you say so, Mr. Warren. Please follow me!" she

finally said.

Afterward, she led everyone to the hospital's parking lot.

"I'm sorry that I don't have a car in Rinas, Mr. Warren. If I did, I would have served as your chauffeur today," Donn said apologetically as they walked.

"Please don't make me mad at you, Donn. Why are you apologizing when you didn't commit any offense? You are not God. There's no way you can make provision for everything. Besides, you just landed barely three hours ago. Let's get this straight now. I don't want you to treat me as your superior from now on. Just treat me as your friend, okay?"

Horace gave him a serious look. He didn't expect Donn to have a car. After all, he had only arrived today and wasn't familiar with the city. It was normal

that he didn't have one. He felt there was no need for him to apologize because he did no wrong.

'It seems Mr. Warren is really different from the other descendants of the Warren family in Antawood. He's so understanding. The others would have put the blame on their subordinates. I had expected him to do the same, but he extended a hand of friendship instead. Coming here was the right decision. I'm the heir's friend now!'

Several thoughts filled Donn's head at this moment. He had grown up in the Warren family's mansion in Antawood. All the children of the family had the same character traits. The young men were capable and excellent, but they were egoistic bullies. They were so arrogant that they treated their subordinates like trash. They had always trampled on him. On one of such occasions, he almost lost his life. He would have died that day if the former head of the family hadn't



stepped in.

In order to find out if Horace was like his egoistic relatives or his father, Donn had hastily granted Egan's request when he was informed about Caylee's ill health. He had heard that Horace was the long-lost son of Shari and Randall. This meant he was the only one that was qualified by blood to be the next in line.

Donn didn't expect Horace to be the exact opposite of the other descendants. It turned out that he was so humble and friendly. No wonder Egan assured him that he would be pleased to meet him.

All of a sudden, Susie halted and tapped the bonnet of a car. "Mr. Warren, this is my car!"

She unlocked it and opened the door of the back seat for him. She then made the welcome hand gesture. "Please get in, Mr. Warren."

"What I just told Donn applies to the rest of you. Please don't give me any special treatment. I can open the door myself," Horace muttered.

He then got in with Laila.

Donn had spent his days and nights researching and experimenting in the lab. However, his EQ was pretty high. When he saw that the two lovebirds got in the back seat, he went to the front passenger seat.

As a result, Gladys had no choice but to get in the back seat using the other door. The car was a small one, so Horace was sandwiched between both women.

Susie who was sitting in the driver's seat looked at those in the back seat through the rearview mirror. Her heart muscles twisted when she saw that Gladys

was sitting so close to Horace. 'Jeez! If I had known earlier, I wouldn't have said I had a car. Perhaps I would have taken the same taxi as Mr. Warren and sat beside him. Gladys is so lucky. Well, I shouldn't beat myself up over this. I would get a good chance soon.'

With this thought in mind, Susie started the car.

She decided to help her friend now. Not only did she make a sharp turn, but she also slammed the brakes hard from time to time. Everyone's heart skipped a beat constantly. It was a bumpy ride.

On the fairly busy road, Susie abruptly changed lanes to the right for the umpteenth time. She then slammed the accelerator. The force pushed Horace to Gladys.

"What the hell?" she shouted. "Oh my goodness!" Horace exclaimed when he felt something soft on his

head. He sat upright and said to Gladys, "I'm so sorry about that. I didn't mean to touch you at all."

Gladys was not only five years older than Horace, she was also a nurse in the gynecology department of the Rinas Infirmary. Embarrassment overwhelmed him at this time.

He let out an awkward cough and held Laila's hand tightly.

Gladys noticed that her shout had made him embarrassed. She bit her lower lip hard before plucking up the courage to explain.

"Mr. Warren, I didn't mean that. I was just flustered."

Laila chuckled and chipped in, "It's okay, Horace. Accidents happen all the time. I'm the only one in your heart, so I'm rest assured!"

'This girlfriend of mine is so understanding. Other girls would have taken offense even though it was an accident. I'm lucky to have such a good girlfriend!' Horace thought happily. He gave her hand a squeeze and stared into her eyes affectionately. He then whispered into her ear, "You are the best, baby!"


"Horace, you aren't an ordinary person. You are from a powerful family. I'm lucky to have such an important guy as my boyfriend!" Laila's inferiority complex began to kick in as she stared at him. The gap between their social statuses was just too wide.

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Chapter 93 The Unbridled Tongue





Horace did a facepalm and chuckled. "Laila, I'm an ordinary person. Do I look like a superman to you? I can't even fly!"

"Horace, you are my superman. My very own hero," Laila said with a ruddy face and affectionate smile.

"Well, my love, I also like being your superman. I'll always protect you," Horace replied and kissed Laila's hand.

'Damn it! My plan failed woefully. I shouldn't have caused Mr. Warren to fall on Gladys. Instead of having a serious lovers' quarrel, these two are all mushy. I just made their bond stronger. Their public display of affection is really getting to me!'

Susie sighed as the lovebirds continue to display their affection. This wasn't how she had planned for things

to go.

Without pulling an abrupt move again, Susie soon drove into the Sea Pavilion and parked the car in the parking lot. A Lamborghini also parked beside it.

The driver of the Lamborghini pointed at Susie's car and said to the other people in the car, "Look, someone is bringing down the value of the Sea Pavilion. I'm appalled to see that a poor person who drives an Alto can come here for meals. Why did the security guards allow such junk in this prestigious place?"

Susie drove an Alto. As a young woman from a less-privileged family, it was a big deal that she had been able to afford an Alto after working her butt off at the hospital.

The young man who was sitting in the Lamborghini's

front passenger seat commented, "You know, poor people can be quite stupid. Something tells me that these paupers sold their most prized belongings just so they could eat here. They can only afford to eat expensive meals in such a fancy place once in their lifetime. It's the biggest luxury to them!"

The young men were still gossiping when Horace and Laila got out of Susie's car.

"Oh my! Is... Is that Horace?" the young man sitting in the front passenger seat of the Lamborghini stammered while staring at Horace in horror.

"Are my eyes deceiving me? Why is Laila here? Isn't she supposed to be working?" he added after he rubbed his eyes and did a double-take at Laila. "I'm shocked that these two paupers are together. When did this happen?"



"Averi, are they your friends?" the driver of the Lamborghini asked.

The young man in the front passenger seat was Averi, Horace's former high school classmate. He had gotten beaten up when he tried to bully Laila at the Sea Pavilion the other day.

His friend who was driving had queried him when he heard his statement and saw how he looked at them.

"Zayn, I will not have you insult me today. How can I be friends with those poor losers? They are just my former classmates who hold a grudge against me!"

"I thought as much, Averi. There's no way you would make friends with such losers!" Zayn Duffy tapped the steering wheel and chuckled. Thereafter, he asked, "Did you say those two hold a grudge against you? How dare they come to the Sea Pavilion so leisurely?"

This is arrant nonsense. Do you want me to help you teach them a lesson?"

"No, thanks, Zayn. I prefer to handle them myself."

Averi shook his head and added, "It might interest you to know that those two not only stepped on my toes, but they are also in Pollard's bad books. I wanted to teach them a lesson before now, but Pollard said that he wanted to cripple them by himself. The Lyons family has been destroyed yesterday. Anyway, I can't wait for Pollard anymore. I must take revenge myself today!"

Gritting his teeth in anger, Averi stared at the couple outside. "How is it possible that these two paupers have enough money to eat here? I don't think they came to eat. Laila works here. Horace even came here for an interview that day. He was probably employed and they decided to come to work together. It should be very easy for us to torture them. Let's just

go and have a meal and make sure they serve us. Tut, tut, tut! Laila is such a beautiful girl. Don't you think so too?"

"Well, I didn't see her face clearly just now, but I have to admit that she has a good figure. I will check out her face later. You know I like pretty women. If she's pretty, I would have a thing for her."

It was at this moment that Susie and the others got out of the car. Excitement and lust flashed in Zayn's eyes when he saw Gladys and Susie. After licking his lips, he said, "Look, bro. These women have great figures too, especially the one wearing a Lolita dress. Wow! She is exactly my ideal type of girl. I want to have her!"

Indeed, Gladys was a beautiful woman. She had a curvaceous body, but her face was cute. She was addicted to Lolita dresses. Her greatest wish was to

have every piece of them and then build a huge collection. In fact, she was intent on marrying a rich man so she would be able to buy all the clothes she wanted.

"I think they are all waiters in the Sea Pavilion. The boss of this restaurant is my father's friend. Even if we flirt with them later on, nothing will happen. Let's all make good use of this opportunity, okay?" Zayn announced gleefully.

"Wow! Zayn, you are so awesome!" Everyone in the Lamborghini praised him.

In excitement, they all got off the car and walked towards the main entrance of the restaurant.

Horace and the others had no idea that Averi and his friends were here and even planned to make trouble for them. They just walked into the restaurant orderly.

Riley, the lobby manager, was so stunned to see Horace here at this time. Her eyes widened and she froze for many seconds. She didn't get any notice that he was coming here today.

Like the professional that she was, she regained her composure and walked up to them. "Excuse me, do you have a reservation?"

Riley was aware that Horace wanted to keep his real identity a secret from Laila. She decided to play along. And this was why she treated him like a regular customer now.

"Good day, Miss Hilton. I don't have a reservation. Please arrange a presidential dining room for us!" Horace said gently as he stared at her with a blank expression.

A total of ten waiters were assigned to the presidential dining room to give the users an excellent experience there. All the waiters here worked double shifts. The morning shift was from nine o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the evening. They could only rest for one and half hours at noon. The night shift was from five o'clock in the evening to eleven o'clock in the evening. There was no recess for them because evenings were the busiest of times for the restaurant.

The management of the Sea Pavilion had put the welfare of the waiters into consideration. They were divided into three groups, so they could switch places with each other. Some rested while others worked in the restaurant. As a result, less than half of them could recognize Horace.

"Who the hell is this guy? Is he crazy? How dare he ask Miss Hilton to arrange the presidential dining room for him? Doesn't he know that only about ten

people in this city can afford to use the presidential dining room? Argh! Poor people don't know their place nowadays. Look at his clothes. They are worse than the rags I use at home. He's nothing but a peasant. How does he intend to pay for the meals here?" one of the waitresses muttered with disgust.

A slender hand covered her mouth as soon as she finished speaking. The hand was her colleague's. "Livia, do you want to die today? How dare you speak ill of Mr. Warren? If Miss Hilton heard what you just said, you can be sure that you would be sacked immediately. Not only that, the boss would skin you alive if he gets wind of what you did. You'd better bridle that rude tongue of yours. A word is enough for the wise!"

She then removed her hand from Livia Natt's mouth.

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Chapter 94 Sexual Harassmen



Livia appeared confused for a second. She then looked at her colleague with a frown. "Are you serious, Flora? You are tricking me, aren't you?" She didn't believe her colleague's statement.

"Trick you? Why would I do that? Livia, all I said is nothing but the truth. This young man is the same one the boss showed respect to the other day. Do you think you would go scot-free if you offend him?"

"Oh my! Thank you so much, Flora!" Livia thanked her repeatedly and held her chest in fear and relief. Horace had been the topic of all the employees' gossip because Raul had addressed him as Mr.



Warren.

After Riley appointed a waiter to head the service for the presidential dining room, Horace and the others followed him.

The interior of the presidential dining room took Gladys's breath away as soon as she entered it.

"Wow! The Sea Pavilion's exterior and other parts are already so beautiful. But I didn't expect that the presidential dining room would be this breathtaking. This is the first time in my life that I'm entering such a luxuriously decorated room!"

"Gladys, this is one of the best restaurants in the city, and the presidential dining room is the best here. How can it not be this beautiful? It shouldn't come as a surprise really," Susie explained to her.

Since she was three years older than Gladys, she was more knowledgeable. She had never been to the Sea Pavilion or even the presidential dining room, but she had heard from people that this was the best luxurious private dining room in Rinas.

After both women finished their conversation, Horace chuckled. He then handed them the tablet that the waiter had just given him, "Here you go, ladies. Order whatever you want. Don't worry about the price. I have gotten everything covered!"

"Oh..." Susie was surprised by the go-ahead he just gave them. She stared at the tablet for a while. Afterward, she said, "Mr. Warren, please order whatever you want for us. We are not picky eaters. Anything you order is fine by us!"

"No, I can't impose my taste on you. Please feel free to order. I'll tell you what? Each of us should order our

favorite dish, then I will order the specialty dishes to go with them," Horace uttered in a gentle voice.

Meanwhile, Averi and his friends entered the Sea Pavilion. They spoke to Riley for a while. Afterward, a waitress led them to the second floor.

Zayn's eyes caught a glimpse of the presidential dining room. Two waitresses were standing in front of the closed door. He asked the waitress beside him in a low voice, "Why are those two standing there? Is there anyone inside the presidential dining room today?"

"Yes!" The waitress nodded.

With a complacent smile, Zayn said to his friends, "Only about ten people can afford to use the presidential dining room in the whole of Rinas. I have a good relationship with all of them. It seems some of

them are there now. I will take you to meet them later. You would get to meet some of the most important persons in this city!"

"Thank you, Zayn. You are the best!" Averie and the others were excited to hear this. They weren't from poor backgrounds, but they had never met the top big shots in the city before. It would be a great honor to meet them today.

Their praises made Zayn's head swell. He grinned and raised his head up high.

"You all are my homies. Since you have proven to be loyal, I'll surely give you a good life by using my connections. Let's go in and have dinner first. I'm a regular customer here. If you dine with me, the management will give you a twenty percent discount!"

Zayn majestically strode into an ordinary private

dining room with his friends in his wake. Although he was from a rich family and loved to brag, he couldn't afford to use the presidential dining room.

Averi's mind was on his two former classmates and getting revenge on Horace for the humiliation he went through. Thus, he called the attention of the waitress. "Miss, do you know a waitress called Laila Tran and a waiter named Horace Warren that work here?" he asked curiously.

The waitress thought for a while and then responded respectfully, "Sir, I know a waitress called Laila Tran, but there's no employee called Horace Warren here. Laila is not on duty today. She asked for a one-day leave."

For hours, this waitress had been serving in some of the private rooms on the second floor. She had been in one of the rooms when Laila came to the second

floor and entered the presidential dining room. To the best of her knowledge, her colleague was probably attending to what she took a day's leave for.

"What? That's impossible. I just saw Laila entering this restaurant with Horace. How can you say there's no employee like that? Now tell me, is Laila your friend? Are you lying just to cover up for her?"

Averi didn't believe a word that the waitress said. After all, he had seen them with his own eyes.

"Sir, I'm telling the truth. Honestly, I'm not trying to cover up for her. If you don't believe me, you can ask the others!" The waitress instantly became afraid. She was telling the truth. 'Is this man going to cause trouble for me? Why isn't he taking my word for it? Would he mobilize his friends to bully me? Oh dear Lord, help me!'

She said a desperate prayer as she stared at Averi. A cold sweat broke out on her forehead and back at this moment.

"You bloody liar!" Zayn shouted at the waitress before Averi could say anything. Pointing at her, he continued, "We are not blind! We just saw Laila entering this restaurant a few minutes ago. How can you say that she didn't come to work today? Did she come here to have a meal? Is that what you are insinuating?"

"Mr. Duffy, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. Laila indeed took the day off. I haven't set my eyes on her today!" With confusion in her eyes, she added, "Since you said she's here now, it seems she changed her mind and swapped shifts with someone. I'm just a waitress, Mr. Duffy. I really don't know how the management works, nor do I know what's going on downstairs!"

"Well, you are right. You are just an ordinary waitress. How would you know what your colleagues discuss with the management if they don't tell you? It's just that your attitude is getting on my nerves. Come here!"

Zayn stared at the waitress sinisterly.

"Eh?" The waitress was taken aback by his command. Her blood ran cold. However, she slowly walked to him. "Mr. Duffy, do you need me to do anything for you?"

"Shut up, don't ask me silly questions!" Zayn suddenly grabbed her thigh with his right hand and pulled her over roughly. Thereafter, he put his hand under her skirt and touched her buttock.

He then squeezed it hard with a lustful grin.



A sharp pain shot from her buttock to her brain. She wanted to cry out, but she bit her lips hard.

'Oh my God, it hurts so much!' She groaned and frowned. It was torture. Her first two instincts were to push him and run away. However, she didn't dare because she knew who he was. He was from a wealthy home. Resisting him would spell doom for her. Hence, she decided to endure it even though his touch made her sick to her stomach.

Like a devil's incarnate, Zayn was beyond pleased to see the painful expression on her face. He licked his lips and continued to grin lustfully. Her pain made him more aroused, so he didn't hesitate to continue squeezing her buttock ruthlessly.

It wasn't until after two long minutes that he finally let go of her.

Staring at her lustfully, he commented with an evil smirk, "Not bad. You have a smooth and elastic skin. Your ass is something else. Now, go and call Riley for me. There's something she must know!"

"Yes, Mr. Duffy!" Hot tears had welled up in the waitress's eyes at this time. She was still a virgin and had never been groped before. 'Boo-hoo! Why did such a thing happen to me? He squeezed my buttock so hard as if I was an object. Why are rich kids so spoiled and wicked?' The wailing and complaints could only be done in her heart. She didn't dare to offend Zayn. Otherwise, he would hurt her even more. She could only bow and leave the room as quickly as possible.

The Sea Pavilion's management protected their employees from bullies and stood their ground whenever a customer was trying to behave arrogantly

just because they had money. However, rich men like Zayn always investigated people that dared to offend them. She was afraid that he would hurt her family just to get back at her if she reported him to the management.

Bringing harm to her aged parents and other loved ones was the last thing she wanted to do. So, she decided to suffer in silence.

She returned to the private room with Riley in a matter of minutes.

"Mr. Duffy, you sent for me. How may I help you? Do you have any complaints about our services?" Riley asked politely.

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Chapter 95 Devilish Perver



"Miss Hilton, I will get straight to the point. I heard that there's a waitress named Laila Tran here. Ask her to come and serve me. She must be our waitress today!" Zayn commanded in an evil tone as he glanced at Riley.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Duffy. Laila is on leave today. She didn't come to work. Please another waitress would serve you guys!"

'This arrogant young man is at it again. He must have a screw loose or something. He wants Mr. Warren's friend to serve him. Isn't he afraid that he would incur his wrath?' Riley thought, biting back a reprimand.

Raul had filled her in on how to treat Laila the very first day Horace came here. His words still echoed in her head.

He had told her that Laila was Horace's very good friend and that she must take good care of her at work.

Riley couldn't go against Raul or Horace. Hence, she had since treated Laila with extra care and given her the easiest work to do. Also, she had willingly given her the day off when she asked.

Although Riley still didn't know the exact relationship Horace and Laila had, she had seen him stand up for her by confronting Pollard. For this reason, she had stopped Laila from serving male diners. She was certain that she would be in big trouble if any of the perverted diners took advantage of Laila. Horace

might forgive her, but she was sure Raul would make her life a living hell.

Therefore, it didn't matter if Laila was on duty or not. She would never send her here.

"Did you just say she's not at work? Are you kidding me? But I just saw her entering the restaurant minutes ago!" Zayn retorted with a sneer.

He continued, "Miss Hilton, don't behave arrogantly when speaking to me. Come down from your high horse. You are just an ordinary lobby manager. Have you forgotten that my father is Nathan Duffy? Even your boss is polite to him. This goes on to say that you must respect me!"

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Duffy. Honestly, I'm saying the truth. Laila is really on leave today!"

Zayn's words had struck a nerve with Riley. She shot him a glare and her words became a little cold. In a bid to wave the argument aside, she put a tablet in front of him. "Mr. Duffy, please what dishes would you like to have today? Order them yourself!" she said with a hint of anger in her voice.

Afterward, she turned to the waitress and said, "Emma, let's go. Mr. Duffy and his friends will serve themselves today."

Without hesitation, she led the waitress towards the door. She knew that Zayn was a pervert. To protect the employee, she didn't want to leave Emma there.

Zayn's request for Laila to serve him couldn't be fulfilled. She knew that she couldn't handle him, so she wanted to report to Raul and ask him to deal with this matter. She was an ordinary lobby manager. On the other hand, Zayn's father, Nathan, was the

second richest man in Rinas. And thus Zayn was one of the richest young men in the city. She was no match for any of them, nor did she have the right to punish him.

Before Riley could step a foot out of the door, Zayn pointed at her and shouted in her direction, "Screw you, Riley Hilton! You have stepped on the lion's tail. Mark my words. If you dare step out of this room, I will make you regret ever being born!"

"Wow, Mr. Duffy, how impressive. But your threats don't scare me. I'm looking forward to seeing what you plan to do!" Riley laughed and clapped her hands scornfully. She then stormed out of the room with Emma.

Riley naturally wouldn't have stood up to Zayn because he was a rich and troublesome man. However, she was confident that he would be taught



a good lesson soon. After all, he had been demanding for Horace's friend and seemed to have ulterior motives.

"Fuck!" Zayn took a plate and smashed it on the ground in anger. He didn't expect that Riley would leave without hesitation and even mock him while at it.

Never had he been this humiliated. She had brutally wounded his ego in a matter of seconds.

It was even more annoying because she had done it because he insisted on the waitress he wanted. Even after smashing all the tableware in front of him, his anger still didn't subside. He could only sit down and clench his fists as his blood boiled. His eyes were also bloodshot as if someone had poked them.

It was in this moment of fury that an idea came to him.

He hit the table and said to his friends, "Let's go to the presidential dining room! I'm sure the person using it now must be my father's friend. I won't sit back and allow that bitch to disrespect me. The big shot in there would help me punish her!"

He sprang to his feet and walked out of the dining room. Averi and the others followed him like loyal disciples.

However, they met with a surprise as soon as they stepped out of the room. Laila was walking down the hallway.

She was on her way to the washroom at this time.

"Zayn, that's Laila. The lobby manager lied to you just now!" Averi said to his friend while pointing at Laila who was still walking towards them.

"Damn it! I knew that bitch was lying through the teeth!" Zayn cursed and punched the air angrily. He then stared at Laila and exclaimed, "This girl is so pretty! Tsk, tsk, tsk. Just look at her. She has a killer figure and the face of an angel!"

After licking his lips lustfully, he commanded, "Averi, go and stop her. She looks sweet. I'm going to have her right here and right now. Who cares if this is a public place? I don't care one bit!"

Zayn's father, Nathan was the second richest man in Rinas. However, he wasn't one of the Warren family's cadres. The properties he owned were solely his. His lack of affiliation with the Warren family caused him not to know who owned the Sea Pavilion, nor did his son have any idea. If Zayn knew the owner, he wouldn't be making trouble here.

"Yes, Zayn!" Averi responded like an obedient servant

and went to block Laila's way without hesitation.

His sudden appearance took Laila off guard. She stepped backward and looked at him with a frown. "What are you doing, Averì? out of my way!" she ordered in a shaky voice.

"Huh? I should get out of your way? Ha-ha! You make me laugh, Laila. Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you speak to me in that tone?" Averì let out a peal of mocking laughter. He then looked at her with a lustful smirk. Laila instantly sensed danger and her heart began to beat fast. She took another step back with horror in her eyes.

"Zayn, you'd better stay away from her. Believe it or not, if you and your friends lay a finger on her, your father's company will be destroyed with a snap of the fingers!"

A threatening voice boomed in the hallway. It was Riley's. She hadn't gone far yet. When she heard Laila's scared voice, she immediately turned around and saw what was happening. She knew that all hell would break loose if Laila got as little as a scratch from these men.

Judging by the way Horace came here arm in arm with Laila today, she deduced that they were more than just friends now. 'Mr. Warren is the heir of the Warren family and the boss respects him. This automatically means that Laila's status has been upgraded. If she gets hurt here, all the employees will be severely punished. I can't let this happen under my watch!' she thought to herself.

"Ha-ha! Are you out of your fucking mind, Riley? Even Raul wouldn't dare to speak to me in that manner. What gives you the audacity to say such to me?"

Zayn was so irritated that one moment he was laughing, and the next, he was shouting at her. He then commanded Averi, "Dude, what are you waiting for? Bring that bitch to me. I'll have a taste of her now. I can't wait to see who is so powerful that he can destroy my family's company with a snap of his fingers as she said!"

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Chapter 96 Skilled Fighter



Like a robot that was being controlled, Averi quickly replied, "Okay, Zayn. I'll bring her here right away!" He then stretched out his hand and was about to pull Laila towards him.

"Averi, don't you dare!" Riley roared at him before he could touch Laila.

Averi threw his head back and burst into laughter. He looked at Riley as if she was crazy. Now that he had Zayn's support, he wasn't afraid of her anymore.

With a complacent smirk, he asked Riley, "Miss Hilton, what did you just say? I don't have your time. Just watch and see if I would dare or not!"

The next second, he reached out to grab Laila's arm. But before his fingers could even touch her, he felt a sharp and unbearable pain on his left side.

He immediately crashed to the floor holding his side.

Donn had suddenly appeared at the scene. He stood beside Averi with an expressionless face.

He had gone to the washroom before Laila stepped out. It wasn't long after he came out that he saw a small crowd in the hallway. He listened to the exchange for a while. When he saw that Averi was about to lay his hands on Laila, he rushed over and gave him a hard kick.

Laila was Horace's girlfriend. Donn felt that she was supposed to be accorded respect by everyone below Horace. His blood boiled when he saw that these perverts wanted to harm her.

Everyone's attention had been focused on Averi a second ago. None of them noticed Donn. This was why he was able to attack without any hassle.

Nevertheless, Zayn and his cohorts wouldn't have taken him seriously even if they had seen him. They would have thought he was just a passer-by. That he would upset their plan was the last thing that would



come to their minds.

"Averi, right? Bastard, you are courting death!" Donn said coldly as he stared daggers at Averi who was writhing in pain on the floor.

He had heard everything they said just now. Their intentions were repulsive and made him ashamed that he shared the same gender as them.

"Fuck! Who the hell are you? How dare you kick me? Do you know who I am? For your information, you are the one playing with fire!" Averi roared as he tried to endure the pain in his side. He hadn't seen the kick coming. As far as he was concerned, he was untouchable since he was just carrying out Zayn's orders. He didn't know that Donn had no respect for his backer at all.

Zayn was also shocked by the sudden kick. After

recovering from the shock, he eyed Donn from head to toe and shouted, "You bastard! Who the fuck are you? In fact, I don't care who you are or which hole you crawled out from. All I know is that you are doomed today! I'll teach you an unforgettable lesson!"

The sound of Zayn's threatening voice gave Averì confidence and strength. He managed to get up from the floor and faced Donn. "Fuck you, bastard. I work for Zayn. Look at you! I'm sure you don't know how powerful he's. Don't worry, you will find out very soon!"

Averì moved closer and roared at Donn's expressionless face, "For your information, Zayn is the son of Nathan Duffy, the second wealthiest man in the city. Ha-ha! Are you about to pee in your pants now? Oh, don't do that yet. You need to kneel and apologize to me first. Maybe I'll let you go after a light punishment today..."

While Averil was still running his mouth, Laila looked at Donn and said, "Thank you, Donn."

"You are welcome, Mrs. Warren," Donn replied in a low tone.

Although Laila was just Horace's girlfriend, he held her in high esteem. They seemed very much in love, so he felt that it was only right to address her as Mrs. Warren instead of her first name.

There was no harm in calling her that. Donn also felt that it was best to show support for her in view of the future. If she became Horace's wife later on, she would surely remember this moment.

Donn shifted his attention to the talkative man in front of him and said, "Shut that hole you call a mouth! If I had known this is how you would be, I would have

exerted more force in that kick. It seems you still have the strength to run your mouth!"

"Did you just call her Mrs. Warren?" Averi's brain just processed Donn's reply to Laila. He stopped spewing threats and then burst into laughter. "Hey, Laila. I didn't expect that you would get married so soon. Now tell me, which rich family did you marry into? This has gotten to be the funniest joke I have ever heard! You idiot!"

Averi had just finished speaking the last word when he felt another sharp pain in his belly. Donn had kicked him again.

He flew in the air and crashed to the floor with a thud. He was unable to stand up this time. The kick was harder than the first one.

"Watch your mouth, moron. How dare you speak to

Mrs. Warren like that? Speak a word again and I will break all your bones here!"

Riley became even more confident now that Donn was involved. She moved to them and said, "Zayn, you're doomed! Your plan was foiled, but Averi had dared to make a move on Laila. You also spoke about her condescendingly. You've greatly offended Mr. Warren. You can be sure that you are in big trouble and your family would suffer for your sins too!"

"Ha-ha! You're funnier than a professional comedian, Riley. Do you think I would get scared by your empty threats? Did you just say I'm in big trouble? In case you don't know, the Duffys are not afraid of anyone in this city. No one has dared to go against us. Even Dario, the richest man, is respectful to my father. Who the hell is this Mr. Warren of yours? I'm sure he's not even part of the top ten richest men!" Zayn guffawed at Riley's threat.

He then pointed at Donn and commanded his two other friends, "Don't just stand there. Kill him now! How dare he meddle in my business? He must pay with his life!"

"Have you gone mad, Zayn? Don't you dare touch him!" Riley flipped out when she heard his deadly command. Her face turned cold as she stared at him. She knew that Donn came in with Horace. She couldn't just stand there and watch them attack him because he stood up for what was right.

"Boys, don't be afraid of this woman at all! Attack!" A murderous expression appeared on his face. His red eyes indicated that he was out for blood. He made way for Donn with his cohorts following him.

"Security! Security! Where are the security guards?"

"Security guard? Why are you calling the security guards? Don't bother yourself, miss," Donn said to Riley. He twisted his neck leisurely and cracked his knuckles as he stared at the three young men rushing towards him.

He had just rolled up his sleeves when Zayn got to him. Before the latter could attack, he kicked him.

The kick was so heavy that Zayn fell and slid down the smooth floor. Afterward, Donn withdrew his foot and kicked the two other men.

The skillful attack lasted only a few seconds. Zayn and his boys were currently lying on the floor, writhing in pain.

"It has been ages since I had a fight with anyone or even practiced in a gym. I have been so caught up with my research work in the lab. Since I could knock

you down with such little skills, I wonder what would happen if my friends at the Dragon Soul dealt with you!" Donn murmured to himself as he stretched out his body leisurely.

He used to be a trainee of the Dragon Soul. He hadn't been sworn in as a bonafide member, but his fighting skills were higher than that of a common man. He knew how to deal with anyone using little effort. A soft and spoiled trust-fund baby like Zayn was no match for him.

Dealing with these guys was a piece of cake for Donn. If he exerted a little more force, they would be dead or at least become disabled.

"Wow! Donn, aren't you a medical researcher? How come are you so good at fighting?" Horace asked all of a sudden.



He majestically walked to the scene and everyone's eyes were riveted on him. One of the waitresses had just informed him that Laila was caught up in a mess. He had rushed out of the dining room as quick as lightning. As soon as he arrived, he witnessed the quickest fight ever. Horace was beyond relieved to see that Laila was fine. He held her hand and squeezed it lovingly.

"Donn, I just heard you mention something called the Dragon Soul. What is it about?" he asked curiously.

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Chapter 97 Low Net Worth



Donn quickly spun around when he heard Horace's voice. "Mr. Warren!" he greeted him respectfully with a bow.

"I know how to fight because I received special training in the training camp of the Warren family's guard team before venturing into experimental research. The skills I learned there are still in my blood, so I have more combat ability than an ordinary person!" he explained.

Getting down to the second question he was asked, he continued, "Mr. Warren, the Dragon Soul is the top guard team of the Warren family. It consists of the best fighters in the country. They are dreaded by many. I haven't been selected to join, so I don't know much about it!"

"Did he just say Mr. Warren?" Zayn, who was groaning on the floor had been listening to their

conversation in a daze. He came to his senses after he heard Donn addressing Horace with that title thrice. He couldn't help staring at him with his eyes wide open.

'What's going on here? Wasn't Horace the same poor loser who *Averi* talked about? Why does this guy hold him in high esteem? He's not even bothered that the person he's respecting is so poorly-dressed. Something just doesn't add up!'

A few meters away, *Averi* turned on the floor and looked at the men who were standing. The pain in his stomach was causing discomfort in all parts of his body. He couldn't stand up, but he could speak and move his hands. He looked at Horace and rubbed his eyes doubtfully. "Horace, are you shooting a movie or what? It's no big deal if you are. But I want to know why you made us your extras without our consent. How dare you tell that man to attack me and *Zayn*?"

You are playing with fire. And do you know what always happens when you play with fire? You get burnt! Shit! Do you have any idea who Zayn's father is? He's the CEO of the Nathan Logistics Company!"

To Averı, Horace could never get wealthy even in a million years. His first thought was that they were shooting a movie here. 'This disgusting guy is as poor as a church mouse. There's no way anyone would respect him so much!' he reasoned.

"The CEO of Nathan Logistics Company? Who is he?" Horace immediately asked Donn in confusion.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Warren. I have no idea who he is. Perhaps he's just a nobody in the city," Donn replied respectfully.

Nathan wasn't affiliated with the Warren family, so Horace had never met him, nor did he see any

information about him on his cellphone. He didn't know who he was.

Donn lived in Antawood, so it wasn't surprising that he didn't know about the unaffiliated rich man here.

By this time, Susie had already joined the crowd. She chipped in, "Mr. Warren, if I may. Nathan Duffy is the second richest man in this city. He's worth more than twenty billion dollars!"

Although Susie knew that Horace came from a rich family, she didn't know if his family was as powerful as Nathan's.

Location was also another factor that she took into consideration at this time. She felt that even if the Warrens were more powerful than the Duffys, it wouldn't make much of a difference because this situation was currently happening in Rinas. From her

judgment, Zayn had more people at his beck and call, but Horace probably didn't.

The only members that Susie knew from the Warren family were Tobias and Donn. She felt that the family's power didn't extend from the jurisdiction of Antawood.

The prompt explanation that Susie just gave fueled Averì's pride. Despite his pain, he pointed at Horace and said arrogantly, "Damn it! Horace, you are doomed. How dare you put up an act and ask this bastard to hit Zayn? You have bitten more than you can chew. Be ready to face the music soon!"

The indifferent expression on Horace's face wasn't the response Averì had expected to get. He clenched his fists angrily. "Didn't you hear what I just said? What the hell are you waiting for? Kneel and apologize to Zayn. He would still kill you, but your

apology would save you from going back to the earth in pieces. You'd better do it now!"

Ignoring Averi's statement, Horace said to Susie, "Oh, I see. His net worth is a mere twenty billion dollars. I thought he was a trillionaire. What a shame!"

"Oh my! He just said a mere twenty billion dollars." Judging by Horace's last statement, Susie concluded that he wasn't an ordinary rich kid. The fact that he downplayed Nathan's net worth dazed her. She had never seen one hundred million dollars, not to mention twenty billion dollars. But here he was calling it a mere sum. Today was even the first time she had gotten more than two thousand dollars from red envelopes at once, thanks to Horace. She normally had to work for many days before getting that amount.

"What's wrong, Susie? Do you think twenty billion dollars is a huge amount of money?" Horace asked

after hearing her sigh. It was a small amount to him because he was worth almost one hundred billion dollars excluding the other landed properties the Warren family had. His net worth was five times Nathan's. It had only been about two weeks since he reconnected with his family, but he was richer than someone who had been working for years.

Instead of answering his question, Susie thought to herself, 'Did I hear it wrong? Is he trying to insinuate that twenty billion dollars is not a huge amount of money? Holy crap!'

When Susie didn't reply, Horace turned to Riley and ordered, "Please go and call Uncle Raul! The man in question is only worth chicken feed, so there's no point bothering Mr. Hudson this time!"

'Chicken feed? Twenty billion dollars is just chicken feed? Wait a damn minute! Am I having hearing



problems? Or did he really say that just now? Jeez! Everyone present, excluding Donn and Laila, was shocked by Horace's last statement. They felt that he was being arrogant and even talking gibberish because twenty billion dollars was actually a whopping sum.

Donn had great knowledge about the Warren family's power and affluence. To him, Horace was actually humble, not arrogant.

Laila knew Horace to be a truthful person. Since he had said that it was chicken feed, then it was chicken feed. He could do no wrong in her eyes. Besides, she suspected that he had more than that amount.

"Is this guy crazy?" Zayn muttered as he stared at him in confusion.

"I think so too, Zayn. It seems he's losing his mind

because his mother is dying in the hospital and he can't afford to pay her medical bills. No wonder he has been talking nonsense since he arrived!" Averi echoed his friend's words while nodding incessantly.

"From the look of things, it seems he's not the only one crazy... Riley is also out of her mind. She's even going to call Raul on the orders of this madman. The madness must have eaten deep into their brains!" Zayn murmured as he stared at Riley's hasty receding figure.

"It's a good thing that you asked her to call Raul. He's my father's friend. He also knows me well. When he arrives, I will tell him that his employees treated me like trash, and then Riley would be fired. Just wait and see!" he added.

With a menacing laugh, he shot Laila a devilish look and declared, "When all is said and done, I will ask

him to give this girl to me!"

He turned to look at Emma and added, "And this girl too. Her buttocks feel so good. I must have a taste of them. Ha-ha!"

"Your mind is fucked up, Zayn. Why are you objectifying women? Donn, slap his face!" Horace's face blazed with fury.

Clenching his fist tightly, he said to Averi, "I let you go last time with just a slap on the wrist, but I didn't expect that you would be so ungrateful. I won't make the same mistake again. Just so you know, your family will be doomed when Uncle Raul comes. In this way, you would never be able to commit any more crimes against me or the people I love!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren!" Donn obediently responded to Horace's command. He wanted to do more than just

slap Zayn. If he was alone, he would have punched him in the face until all his teeth fell off. He couldn't tolerate him for cursing Horace and objectifying Laila.

Without wasting time, Donn moved to Zayn and took a swipe at his face.

The piercing sound of the slap reverberated through the entire second floor. It sounded like a mini thunder.

He gave him nineteen more thunderous slaps until Horace signaled him with a wave.

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Chapter 98 Great Shocker



"Aaaah! You bastard, how dare you hit me again? Just wait until Mr. Warren comes. I'll kill you!" Zayn roared at Horace.

He was writhing in pain and holding his swollen cheeks. His mouth was bleeding at this time. The pain was too much, but he had mustered all his strength to shout. He took solace in the fact that his father's friend, Raul, was on his way here. He thought his affiliation would give him the upper hand today.

Donn's blood boiled when he heard Zayn's roar. He angrily rained five more slaps on his cheeks.

With a remorseful face, he bowed and apologized to Horace, "I'm sorry, Mr. Warren. I shouldn't have done it without your permission. It's just that I can't stand this guy!"

"I thought we already went over this, Donn. Why are

you apologizing again when you haven't done anything wrong. If you want, you can beat him to death!" Horace chuckled as he made this statement.

The additional slaps did a number on Zayn. He suddenly became so quiet and just stared at them. 'These guys might beat me to death. I should just wait quietly for Raul's arrival. Only then can I kill Horace!'

His mouth was hot, a little numb, and bloodied. Not only that, but his cheeks were also burning up and swollen. He felt as if hemorrhoids had grown in his mouth.

Zayn's unusual obedience and quietness caused Horace to say with a mocking smile, "Dude, where did all your arrogance go? What's wrong with you now? How dare you have an ulterior motive for Laila? You even objectified her. You have crossed the line, Zayn! Your family's company is the Nathan Logistics

Company, right? Just wait and see. I'll make you lose everything!"

Due to Horace's calm demeanor, Susie and Gladys had thought that he was an easygoing person. But they had a change of heart when they saw how he became as ferocious as a lion who was trying to protect his lioness.

Zayn remained mute despite Horace's mockery. He was determined to wait for Raul before taking action.

Although his mouth was zipped up, it didn't mean that his cohorts bit their tongues. Averi suddenly pointed at Horace and shouted, "You are doomed, Horace. What gave you the balls to beat Zayn so hard? Mark my words. Prepare to meet your creator soon. You and everyone associated with you will be killed by Mr. Duffy. You are just a loser from the trenches, but you dared to command someone to beat a nobleman from

the rich circle. You will regret this soon!"

"Regret? No, I won't regret it. But I'm afraid that you will be the one gnashing your teeth in regret." Horace glared at Averi and commanded Donn, "This guy is talking too much, Donn. Go and slap his face!"

"Yes, Mr. Warren!" Donn went straight to Averi. The latter tried to cover his face, but Donn held his hands and gave him a hot slap on his cheek.

As if he was beating a drum, he slapped him rhythmically. The sound echoed on the entire second floor.

All of a sudden, the sound of heavy footsteps was heard. Raul and Riley ascended the stairs to the second floor.

"Good day, Mr. Warren!" All the waiters and



waitresses greeted Raul with a bow as he walked to the scene.

A glimmer of hope shone in Zayn's eyes at this moment. Lying on the floor, he mustered all his strength and shouted, "Mr. Warren, please come over. I'm in severe pain. These men almost killed me!"

Raul increased his pace when he heard this. To Zayn, he had recognized him and was walking faster because of him.

Unbeknown to him, Raul had only done that because he didn't want Horace to wait too long.

Zayn was already thinking of all the things he would do to punish Horace now that his father's friend was here. When Raul finally arrived at the scene, he pointed at Horace with difficulty and reported, "Mr. Warren, this wicked guy made me so miserable. I

don't want him to go scot-free. Avenge me!"

His mind was filled with great anticipation. But what Raul did next utterly stunned him.

Raul bowed to Horace and greeted, "Good day, Mr. Warren!"

'Wow! It turns out that the rumors are true!' All the waiters and waitresses present couldn't help sighing when they saw how their boss showed respect to Horace. Afterward, they stared at Horace and wondered what kind of person he was.

None of the waiters and waitresses here had witnessed how Raul respected Horace the first day he came to the Sea Pavilion. When they heard the rumor later, they took it with a pinch of salt. Experiencing firsthand made them shocked to the bones.

It was just a false rumor to them before. But now, they confirmed it to be true.

'Huh? What the hell is going on? Why is he greeting this pauper instead of dealing with him immediately? He didn't even look at me!' Raul's greeting to Horace took Zayn off guard. His head was instantly filled with many unsolved puzzles.

In a bid to get immediate answers, he shouted at Raul, "Mr. Warren, this guy is just a pauper. Why are you treating him with respect? Look at me. See what he did to my face and body. I'm the son of the CEO of Nathan Logistics Company. I'm also one of the youngest big shots in Rinas. Don't you recognize me? Or are you not the real Mr. Warren who is my father's friend? Why are..."

"Shut up!" Raul cut him short. With great disdain, he continued slowly, "You bloody fool! Who the hell are

you? How dare you disrespect Mr. Warren?"

Zayn's mouth flew open when he heard this shocking response. He blinked his eyes severally in a daze. He then rubbed his ears and wondered if he had misheard. The Raul that he knew would never shut him up, so he couldn't believe what just happened. It was even more surprising that Raul cursed at him. He even went further to scold him for disrespecting Horace.

'This is a dream. It can't be happening. It's a dream!' Zayn still couldn't come to terms with the truth.

His mind was a mess. He couldn't think straight, so he didn't know what next to do. He had been looking forward to Raul's arrival. The man was his only hope. Never did he imagine that his father's so-called friend would take sides with his enemy without acknowledging him at all.

It was difficult for him to accept such a sudden change.

Horace simply nodded to Raul's greeting. With one hand in his pocket, he asked, "Uncle Raul, would it be difficult to destroy the Nathan Logistics Company?"

"Mr. Warren, it might interest you to know that your father had made an elaborate plan in this city and also used some tricks on the Nathan Logistics Company secretly. These secret moves are enough to take the company into his pocket. He could do it with a snap of the fingers," Raul replied respectfully.

"Wow! My father is so awesome!"

Nodding his head with pride, Horace queried further, "Since he has already set everything in place, why hasn't he taken action yet? Is he waiting for the right

time?"

'Indeed, Mr. Warren is a smart young man. The ability to strike while the iron is hot is one of the greatest attributes of a good leader!' Raul reasoned.

He then responded politely, "Mr. Warren, the only thing stopping your father from taking over the Nathan Logistics Company is the objection of the Board Of Elders."

"The Board Of Elders?"

"Yes!" Sensing that Horace didn't understand, Raul explained, "In the beginning, your father's power and that of the Board Of Elders were equal. But as your father's wealth began to increase, so did his power. He controls many businesses across the country and the world at large. Out of jealousy, the Board Of Elders prevented him from acquiring the Nathan

Logistics Company so his power wouldn't increase anymore."

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Chapter 99 Dashed Hopes



"What? Are the members of the Board Of Elders a bunch of idiots?" Horace blurted out. With a frown, he continued, "They are all from the Warren family, aren't they? Why did they let their hatred for my father becloud their sense of reasoning? They are supposed to set aside their differences and join hands together to fight a common enemy!"

"Mr. Warren, the elders suffer from an inferiority complex because of your father. They are afraid that

he would get too powerful." Raul looked at him in surprise and then explained with a sigh.

Horace deduced that there was an underlying meaning to Raul's sigh. Hence, he further queried, "What do you mean, Uncle Raul? What kind of person is my father?"

"Well, I think it's not in my place to fully explain his personality to you. Mr. Warren, when you meet him, you will find out everything about him yourself," Raul replied politely.

He then continued, "The misbehavior of the son of the Nathan Logistics Company's CEO has come at the right time. You can kill two birds with one stone. By taking control of that company, you will punish this unruly idiot and carry out your father's secret plan for him! It's a win-win for you and your father either way."



The conversation between Raul and Horace confused Susie and Gladys more. They were farther away from understanding how powerful Horace was. They were talking about getting the Nathan Logistics Company as if it was like grabbing a gallon of milk from the supermarket.

They wanted to point out to Horace that the company he was talking about was a strong one that had passed through many unfavorable economic phases, but it was still standing. It was a big company with a market value of tens of billions of dollars and ranked second in the city.

However, they bit their tongues and only thought about it in their minds.

Everyone present began to think that Raul was bragging excessively. They all knew that the company he was talking about was a big one.

The employees of the Sea Pavilion didn't know of the Warren family and the power they wielded. They were also oblivious of Raul's real position in this city. The only person that knew more about him and his family was Riley because she had more contact with him.

Horace suddenly chuckled and asked, "Oh, does that mean I've started helping my father?"

"Sort of, Mr. Warren! You need to know that he filled me in on the secret moves he had made while transferring all the assets he had here to you. He said that there's no need to hide any detail from you. So, Mr. Warren, you are also doing yourself a favor!" Raul nodded.

He then looked at Zayn and asked, "Since he disrespected you and your girlfriend today, you should teach him a good lesson. What do you intend to do

with him, Mr. Warren?"

"My father gave me so many properties. I have become so wealthy that I don't think I can finish my money even if I squander it!" he uttered with an ambiguous sigh. Frowning deeply, he stared at Zayn and replied, "This guy is just a contemptible scoundrel. His money is the reason why he behaves so badly. To nip his attitude in the bud, make sure he loses all he has!"

"Okay, Mr. Warren. The secret plan your father set up would be carried out immediately." Bowing quickly, Raul added, "I need to take my leave now. I believe that the plan would begin to take effect in three days. You should just wait for the favorable results."

"Okay, you can go." Horace nodded.

Before Raul could leave, Zayn roared, "Mr. Warren,

are you kidding me? Aren't you my father's friend? Don't you know me? Why aren't you helping me? You are even planning with this guy to snatch my family's company away. What has gotten into you?"

"Huh!" Raul halted in his tracks and chuckled. "Bold of you to assume that I am your father's friend. Or did he tell you that? Your father has only had a few meals with me. We are not friends. If he's being honest, he would tell you that he doesn't treat me as a friend either! And who do you think you are? Why should I help you? For your information, now that you have offended Mr. Warren, none of the top guns in this city would help you! Did you just say I am planning to snatch away your family's company? That's the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard. The business industry is a battlefield. All is fair in love and war. If you snooze, you lose. Just admit defeat! Ask you father if he wants to snatch away the Sea Pavilion. And if he still has the balls to fight, tell him to try

taking it!"

"This... This is preposterous!" Zayn stammered.

Shaking off some of his fears, he shouted, "You backstabber, you'd better watch your back. I promise you that you would regret it!"

Zayn was so angry that he could no longer feel the pain in his mouth. However, he still couldn't stand up.

He turned to his friends and ordered, "Which of you can get up now? Go to the presidential dining room and ask the big shot there for help. I'm dead sure one of my father's friends is in there. Go there and ask for help. I'm going to kill these bastards and teach Raul an unforgettable lesson today!"

Susie and Gladys raised their eyebrows in surprise when they heard Zayn's roar. There was no top gun

there because they had been the ones in there just now. It occurred to them that Zayn was putting his hope on non-existent people.

With a mocking expression, Horace folded his arms across his chest and said to Zayn and his cohorts, "Come on, one of you should get up. You are free to go and ask for help. I'll wait for you here!"

All the waitresses who served in the presidential dining room snickered when they heard Horace's statement. 'This wealthy young man seems so calm, but he turns into a handsome warrior when fighting his enemy. I like him so much. How I wish I could get married to him and live happily ever after!' They all fantasized about life with Horace.

All of a sudden, Averi started to get up from the floor with great difficulty. He supported himself with the wall and said to Zayn, "Don't worry, Zayn. I'll go there and

call someone now!"

"Good job, Averì. You can do this. I'm counting on you!" Zayn praised him.

Holding the wall with both hands, Averì took small steps towards the presidential dining room. Donn had beaten him to a stupor. Although he had managed to stand up, all his bones were aching badly. Nothing but pain was suffusing inside him.

Although Donn hadn't joined the Dragon Soul, as a former trainee and the current director of the Warren Infirmary's medical research institute, he had great knowledge about the human body structure. He knew what part was the most fragile and how a kick would cause the receiver immense pain.

The distance between the scene of the incident and the presidential dining room was only fifty meters.

However, Averi spent twenty minutes moving there due to his slow pace.

When the door of the presidential dining room was within his reach, a proud smile appeared on his face. "Finally!" he muttered with bated breath.

"Hurry up, open the door for me. I want to go in and find my friend!" he impatiently ordered the waitress at the door.

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Chapter 100 Incessant Problems





"I'm sorry sir. Visitors are not allowed into the presidential dining room except the diner says otherwise. Please call your friend to inform him that you are outside," the waitress replied with a polite smile.

She was following the laid down rules of the management. The information of all the diners who came was recorded once they arrived. If any additional person came, they had to contact the main diner first before they would be allowed to enter. Failure to do so meant they would be denied entry.

The unfavorable response annoyed Averil. He pointed at Zayn who was lying on the floor and said, "Open your eyes wide. That guy is the son of the CEO of the Nathan Logistics Company, Zayn Duffy. He sent me here. Isn't that enough reason to let me in? Open the door and get out of my way this minute!"

The waitress knew Zayn, but she also knew that Horace was the one that used the presidential dining room. She had witnessed the scene just now. In order not to annoy Horace, she didn't allow Averi in. It was too big a risk to take.

With the polite smile still plastered on her face, she insisted, "I'm sorry, sir. It's against the restaurant's policy to allow another person into the presidential dining room after all the names of the diners were recorded. You have to call your friend before you can go in."

"Fuck!" Today was a bad day for Averi. He didn't expect that he would get humiliated like this here. He only accompanied Zayn to have a good meal, not get beaten and humiliated.

Three of his friends, including Zayn had taken on Donn, but he had defeated all of them. He had beaten

Averi black and blue. Horace even looked down on him. As if that was not enough, the waitress denied him entry. It was a hard pill to swallow.

"Please accept my apologies, sir!" Despite Averi's curse, the waitress still smiled at him politely and apologized. This was part of her training. She wasn't supposed to be rude to the customers even in these kinds of situations.

It was at this moment that Horace looked in their direction and said to the waitress, "Hey, Miss, just let him in!"

"Okay, sir!" she replied obediently.

She then opened the door of the presidential dining room and said to Averi, "This way please!"

The waitress's obedience to Horace's command was

the least of *Averi's* worries now. He just walked in and scanned the entire room. There was no one inside. His eyebrows furrowed immediately.

"Zayn, there is no one in here!" he shouted the next second.

A deep frown appeared on Zayn's face as soon as he heard those words. It was then his brain processed that Horace had just asked the waitress to open the door for *Averi* and she did without hesitation. Shaking his head doubtfully, he shouted, "No, it's impossible!"

From the presidential dining room, *Averi* thought his friend didn't believe his report. He scanned the room and then shouted again, "Zayn, I'm serious. There's really no one here. I can see that it's empty from where I stand!"

Zayn was too stunned to speak. His doubtful

expression had changed to utter confusion at this time. He was so confused that he didn't even hear Averil's last statement. He just continued to shout, "No, it's impossible!"

Squinting his eyes in suspicion, he stared at Horace and asked, "Were you the one that used the presidential dining room just now?"

"What's wrong? Do I have to report to you before and after I use it? Is this place yours?" Horace chuckled and slapped the air indifferently.

"Your name is Horace Warren. And Raul's surname is also Warren. Wait! Does this mean you are his illegitimate child? No wonder everyone in this restaurant is showing so much respect to you and he is defending you instead of me. It turns out that you are his secret child!" Zayn concluded rashly as he stared at Horace.

"Your name is Zayn Duffy, right? Take my friendly advice. Don't you dare say such a thing again. If Uncle Raul gets wind of it, he will skin you alive. Do you understand?" Horace chuckled and added, "Zayn, you are in his bad books now. You'd better be careful!"

Horace was the son of Randall. His father was not only the head of the Warren family of Antawood, but also one of the top personalities in the world. It was stupid of Zayn to say that Horace was Raul's illegitimate child. He was playing with fire!

All of a sudden, Zayn's phone rang out loud. He took it out of his pocket and looked at the screen. The caller ID made him smile. Before now, it hadn't occurred to him to call his father.

The call was from his father, Nathan.

With great difficulty, he answered the phone and cried out loud, "Hello, Dad! I just..."

"Shut your mouth! Tell me, Zayn. Have you been up to no good again? Who did you offend this time?"

Zayn had intended to complain to his father and hear a few words of consolation from him. He didn't expect that his father would cut him short and start questioning him angrily.

The caller ID read, 'Dad', and Zayn was sure it wasn't a wrong number. Also, the caller had his father's voice. If it weren't for these factors, he would have thought the man on the other end wasn't his father.

With a shaky voice, he asked, "What's wrong? Dad! What happened?"

"Did you just ask me what happened? Fuck! What have you been doing? Don't you know that many shareholders are selling out the shares of our company now? More so, our loyal customers who have difficult orders are currently breathing down my neck and asking me to deliver their goods in crunch time. Don't play smart with me, Zayn. What the hell did you do?"

The last sentence came out as a roar. He was no fool. It was obvious to him that someone was messing with him and trying to destroy his company.

Nathan was currently ranked second on the list of the richest people in the city. He was revered by many. As a result, he was certain that none of the big shots in the city would dare to harm his business. It was possible for top guns in other cities to aim at him, but he reasoned that they wouldn't do so if there weren't any benefits or tangible reasons. The person behind



this seemed to hold a grudge against him. He had racked his brain for a while, but he realized he hadn't offended anyone recently. This drove him to the conclusion that his son had probably done something.

Zayn's arrogance was not news to him. However, he had been so busy running the company that he didn't have time to teach him to be humble. His son had been spoiled rotten while he chased money. Nathan's wife who had a lot of time on her hands was a carefree mother. She overpampered Zayn too much right from when he was born. She never allowed anyone to correct him.

A woman's disapproving voice suddenly came from the other end of the line. "Nathan, why are you shouting at him? It hasn't been confirmed that he's the one at fault. Stop shouting at him!"

"Can you listen to yourself, woman? If it's not his fault,

then whose is it? Mine? Damn it! You are the one that spoiled him. Even now that he has done something bad, you are stopping me from scolding him. Tell me, how would he ever become responsible?" Nathan felt a splitting headache. He scratched his head irritably as he shouted.

Randall's secret moves were excellent and hard to trace. They did a number on Nathan's company within a short time. Problems were coming from left, right, and center. As a result, Nathan's head was in a muddle since he was alerted of the first problem.

After Nathan grunted for a while, his clear voice came from the other end of the line again. "Zayn, don't play dumb with me. Tell me who you have offended and what exactly you did to make that person so hell-bent on destroying our company. There might still be a chance to appease that person. You'd better speak up if you don't want me to cut you off from gaining from

my wealth. That means, no allowances and other benefits!"

The phone wasn't on speaker, but Nathan's voice was extremely loud. The entire second floor was as silent as a grave, so everyone around Zayn could hear Nathan's voice clearly.

'Goodness gracious! Mr. Warren is indeed so powerful. He has begun to wreak havoc on their company within such a short time!' Susie and Gladys thought as they stared at Horace in shock.

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