

Unexpected Fortune: The Long-lost Heir Returns Home

novel by Joshua Damiani

Chapter 1 Painful Heartbreak

"Hey, Amaia. This is the cellphone I bought for you. Take a look and tell me if you like it."

The city square of Rinas was crowded with people.

The neon streetlights illuminated the streets as night fell. Many fashionably dressed young men and women had come there to enjoy the weekend.

Horace Warren's appearance there drew the attention of the people close by. They stared at him curiously as he walked up to a girl.

He opened the delicate gift box in his hand. A new cellphone was inside.

Since the beginning of the new semester, Horace had worked a part-time job after school. He had saved most of the money and survived on very little. He was finally able to buy a new cellphone for his crush on the day of their graduation.

With a loving smile, he stretched the opened box to her.

He was expecting to see her face lit up with surprise and happiness.

Much to his surprise, Amaia Todd just glanced at the cellphone, hissed, and turned her face away without saying anything.

"Amaia?" Horace called out her name in confusion.

Amaia flipped her hair and looked at him with an icy glare. "Horace, please don't contact me anymore. I don't want to have anything to do with you!"

"Wow!" All the onlookers were surprised. Some of them widened their eyes. Others opened their mouths and even whispered to the people beside them.

From Amaia's words, they guessed that the young man was courting this lady but was refused decisively. People liked to watch such a dramatic scene.

"Why? Did I do anything wrong, Amaia? Please tell me what my offense is so I would apologize and never repeat the same mistake."

Horace felt a pang of pain in his heart when he heard her words. He was confused. He had been planning for today for the whole semester. This was far from the response he hoped to get.

Everyone in their class knew that he had been chasing after Amaia for a long time.

He was head over heels in love with her, so he took good care of her. Every day, he bought her breakfast and helped her take notes in class.

Horace made sure she didn't stress herself in school. He provided everything that she asked for just to make her happy.

Amaia had been indulging him and accepting all his gifts. She even flirted with him sometimes.

Although she never said yes to him, they were already a couple in the eyes of their classmates.

Today was their graduation day. Since they would be out of high school, Horace thought that it was best to profess his love to her.

The confession of his love would make their relationship official.

He had the evening completely mapped out in his mind. But he didn't expect that Amaia would respond like this.

"Stop contacting me because I have a boyfriend!" With a bitchy expression, she added coldly, "I don't want my boyfriend to think something is going on between you and me. You'd better not contact me anymore!"

"Your boyfriend? I thought I was your boyfriend!" Horace looked at her with confusion written on his face.

"Bah! Don't flatter yourself, Horace. You were just my friend!"

Eyeing him from head to toe, she continued, "I was only being nice to you. Take a look at yourself. Do you think you are worthy enough to date me? Tsk, tsk, tsk!"

"But... But I love you and bought this as a token of my love."

Horace's mind was a mess. He held out the phone again with trembling hands.

He had worked his butt off and saved for a whole semester just to afford this cellphone.

He wanted it to be a token of his love for her.

Amaia slapped his hand with disgust.

The brand new phone fell to the ground. The sound it made when it crashed hurt Horace. He felt as if it was his heart that was thrown away.

"How dare you give this to me now?" Amaia questioned him.

She then added, "Yes, I said I wanted a new phone, but it was at the beginning of the semester. You didn't buy it until our graduation. Are you fucking serious right now?"

Amaia flipped her hair back again. Pursing her lips arrogantly, she took out a rose gold iPhone from her pocket and showed it to him.

"See? This is the latest iPhone. My boyfriend bought it for me. It costs more than one thousand dollars. That amount is chicken feed to him. Can you rub shoulders with him?"

Horace was short for words. His heart was breaking into a thousand pieces. He squatted to pick up the broken phone.

It was at this moment that a young man who seemed to be Horace's age-mate walked up to them.

"Hey, baby. You came early. Let's go. I've already booked a room!"

When Amaia saw him, her face lit up. She did a little jump like a child and then said to Horace, "Look, this is my boyfriend!"

The moment Horace set eyes on the man, he recognized him. He was also his high school classmate, Addy Moran. He was one of the popular boys in school because he was from a rich family.

Amaia ran over excitedly and held his arm. She stood on her tiptoe and whispered something to him.

Addy looked at Horace with interest and walked up to him. With a sinister smirk, he queried, "Have you realized how dumb you are, Horace? I once told you to matchmake me and Amaia. I offered to pay you ten thousand dollars, but you outrightly refused. She's my girlfriend now. You've gotten no girl and no money. Do you regret it now?"

This was a big lie. Addy hadn't asked him to matchmake him and Amaia. He wanted him to drug her so he could sleep with her. Addy had thought Horace would jump on the offer because he was from a poor family. But to his surprise, he received a big no that was accompanied by a hot reprimand.

Addy took delight in seeing the betrayed expression on Horace's face.

"Anyway, heed my warning. Stay away from my girlfriend, or I'll beat the living daylight out of you!" he uttered seriously while pointing at him.

He then patted Amaia's butt playfully and took her hand, intending to leave.

"Stop right there!" Horace shouted before they could walk away.

Addy and Amaia turned around and stared at him with complacent expressions. They wanted to see what he planned to do.

In the blink of an eye, Horace threw the broken cellphone and it hit Addy's forehead hard.

"Take the phone with you!" he shouted angrily.

"Fuck! You bastard! How dare you?" Addy cursed as he held his forehead. The pain was too much that he staggered backward and fell to the ground.

Amaia was also taken aback. Pointing at him, she yelled, "What the fuck! Horace, what's your problem? Have you gone mad?"

Addy stood up and punched Horace in the face.

"Son of a bitch!"

The heavy punch dazed Horace, but he quickly recovered.

Not to be outdone, he gave Addy a kick in his abdomen. His dusty shoe made a clear footprint on the expensive suit.

"Oh my goodness. They are fighting! They are fighting!"

The onlookers had thought the quarrel would end a while ago. They were shocked when Horace started the fight.

The scene was becoming dangerously violent, but they totally lived for it. They all cheered the warring men by clapping and whooping. No one attempted to break the fight.

Amaia was also shocked at how things were getting out of hand. She was in a daze, but she soon came to her senses. She screamed, "Stop it, Horace!"

She charged toward him and kicked him with her pointy high heels.

The two young men were neck on neck. Horace didn't think anything of Amaia's last command until he felt the sharp pain on his side as if he had been stabbed.

Before he could recover from the pain, Addy pushed him down ruthlessly.

"You swine! I'll teach you an unforgettable lesson today!"

He seized the opportunity to rain blows and kicks on his opponent who was lying on the ground.

Amaia also gave him kicks occasionally.

Horace was no match for them. The blows were becoming more and more intense, so he took a fetal position and covered his head.

The excitement in the square died down at this moment. The onlookers were afraid that Horace would die if things went on like this.

Some men quickly stepped forward and pulled the couple away. They persuaded them to let him go.

Addy wasn't having any of this. He broke away from their hold and kicked Horace hard. But they seized him again. "You loser, don't let me set my eyes on you again. If I do, I will beat you to death!" he shouted breathlessly.

Then he spat on him and left with Amaia.

Horace lay on the ground as he gasped for breath. His whole body was on fire due to the blows he just received. He stared blankly at the sky.

'Poverty is a terrible disease!' Horace knew that Amaia threw his affection away because he didn't have money. The rich ruled the world. And he finally realized this.

At this moment, his face was pale and he felt as if a knife was driven into his heart.

He had loved Amaia for three whole years.

In high school, he practically worshiped the ground that she walked on. He provided her with everything she needed.

All his efforts and resources went down the drain tonight. His dignity also went with them.

As a morally upright young man, he believed in treating women right. He thought he could win Amaia's heart by being sincere and treating her like a queen.

He didn't expect that she would help to beat him to a pulp after everything.

'Amaia, is money more important to you than my genuine love?' Horace queried her in his heart. 'Why was I born poor? If I were a rich man, Amaia would've treated me well.'

At the thought of this, Horace smiled with tears in his eyes. "Oh, I am such a loser. I was just beaten, but I still managed to fantasize about being rich!" He teased himself pitifully.

Now that Horace was lost in thoughts, the onlookers sighed sympathetically and began to leave.

There was no point waiting since the show was over.

Horace was left lying on the ground and staring in a daze.

He was there for a long time before he finally got up painstakingly.

His bones cracked and his heart beat faster than normal. The pain in his body was intensifying. He took a deep breath.

Amaia and Addy had shown him no mercy. However, the most painful kicks were from Amaia because of her high-heeled shoes. It had sent tingling pain to every spot it landed.

How heartless!

With his back bent, Horace took a shaky step and was about to return home.

He froze when his phone suddenly rang out.

He took it out and looked at the screen. The call was from a stranger.

His phone was old and the screen was cracked, but it was still working fine.

"Hello? Please am I on to Mr. Warren?" A respectful middle-aged man's voice came from the other end of the line as soon as he answered.

'Huh? Did he just say Mr. Warren?'

No one had ever addressed him like this before. He reasoned that this person must be a fraudster.

Horace rolled his eyes with displeasure. He then replied weakly, "I'm Horace Warren. Please don't waste your time. I haven't gotten any money for you. Call someone else."

He hung up the phone before the caller could respond.

But his phone rang again in less than two seconds.

Horace saw that it was the same number.

He was already having a bad day, so he angrily declined the call.

However, the caller didn't give up. His phone rang off the hook.

This fueled Horace's anger. He decided to blacklist the number immediately.

But for some reason, he ended up clicking the receive icon. Perhaps it was because he badly needed to talk to someone about his suffering.

"Mr. Warren, please listen to me..."

The man on the other end of the line urged him not to hang up as soon as he answered the call. However, Horace interrupted him.

"Dude, I don't know who you are. But I must say that I admire your persistence. If you had called me yesterday, you could have duped me of a thousand dollars..."

"Mr. Warren, I am not..." The middle-aged man sounded embarrassed when he heard this statement.

Horace cut him short again. "I paid my mother's medical bills today and bought a cellphone with the remaining money. I wanted to give it to the girl I loved as a present. Unfortunately, she rejected it and humiliated me in the presence of a huge crowd in the city square. I then had a fight with her boyfriend. Guess what. I lost!"

The caller fell silent and listened attentively. Horace poured out his heart to him.

With a peal of sad laughter, he concluded, "I'm nothing but a poor loser. If you intend on duping me or selling goods to me, I advise that you find someone else."

Horace took a deep breath. He felt as if a weight had been lifted from his heart.

Just when he was about to hang up the phone, the caller said, "Mr. Warren, you have suffered a lot. It might interest you to know that you aren't a poor loser. You are one of the noblest persons in the world. I'll transfer one hundred million dollars to your account once I get off this call. Use it to solve your problems first."

The man named Raul Warren then hung up the call. His blood was boiling and he clutched the phone in his hand tightly to suppress his anger. He turned to his men and commanded, "Prepare the convoy. I need to go to the city square to pay homage to Mr. Warren now!"

Meanwhile, Horace was staring at his phone in confusion. He didn't understand the man's last statement.

"Me? One of the noblest people in the world? One hundred million dollars? That was ridiculous! That man must be insane!" he muttered with disbelief.

Horace's phone suddenly vibrated, and the screen lit up again.

A message had popped in the middle of the cracked screen. It read, "Bank Account xxxxxx1235 just got credited with 100, 000, 000 dollars."