

Chapter 3 The Oppressive Couple

The city square was as noisy as a market a second ago. But now, it was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

All the onlookers were too stunned to speak. They couldn't believe that the poorly-dressed man in front of them was actually rich.

"Are they acting a movie?" Someone broke the silence.

What was happening looked like a movie scene, but he quickly dispelled that idea.

Each of the cars in the convoy was worth about ten million dollars.

More so, they had run the red lights all the way here. This was an offense. Ordinary people didn't dare to do that, fearing that they would be arrested by the police.

It was pretty obvious that these people didn't give a damn about the traffic signals or the punishment for flouting them.

All these pointed to one thing. This young man must be very important and wealthy. The onlooker put two and two together.

The people who had mocked Horace just now took a step back with their heads lowered. They were afraid that he would punish them.

Unbeknown to them, their gossip wasn't on the list of things Horace was concerned about. He also had a thick skin.

Now, he was a little worried and shy.

He had thought Raul was going to come here in a low-key manner. He didn't expect him to bring this big convoy.

The grand homage made him feel very uneasy. He was used to living an ordinary life.

It didn't take long for Raul to notice his uneasiness. "Mr. Warren, please let's get in the car and have a talk," he suggested in a low voice.

"Okay," Horace readily agreed. He got into one of the Rolls-Royce cars with Raul.

As soon as the door closed, they became isolated from the outside world.

Horace felt relieved.

'Jeez! How do celebrities and rich people cope? It's so tiring to be at the center of attention. This is my first time experiencing such, but I already know it's not for me. No, no!' he thought to himself.

"Mr. Warren, we had to rush down here so you wouldn't have to wait for too long. I asked the other directors to go to the Sea Pavilion," Raul explained.

The Warren family had a lot of properties spread across the city. Some of the directors were far from the city square. Hence, he told them to go to the Sea Pavilion and wait for him and Horace there.

Horace nodded at his words. A tangle of thoughts was in his head. All this information was too much for his brain to process at once. He was only a young lad who had just graduated from high school today. It would take a while to take in everything.

While he was trying to sort out the information, something occurred to him. He was yet to ask his sick mother about everything.

He immediately called her.

Talking a mile per minute, he narrated what happened to him today. Afterward, he asked, "Mom, is he telling the truth? Is it true that I am an heir of such a powerful family?"

No response came from the other end of the line at first. After sighing deeply, Caylee Potter answered, "Yes, everything is true. Your biological mother is Shari Larson, and your father is Randall Warren. I'm not your real mother. I was only a maid to Miss Larson. I'm sorry for keeping this away from you. I understand if you would hate me because of this."

Horace's biological mother was the one who named him.

"No, Mom. Please don't talk like that. I can never hate you. You are my mother always and forever!"

"Horace..." Caylee choked with sobs.

"Mom, you don't have to say anything. Nothing can ever change my love for you. I'm your son, and forever will I be."

"Okay, my boy. You are so understanding. Even if I die now, I would have no regrets!" Caylee said tearfully.

"Mom, stop talking nonsense! You will live to a good old age. You will attend my wedding ceremony and play with my children. Don't talk about death again. Just have a good rest. I love you!"

Horace ended the call on a good note. He then put the phone back into his pocket and took a deep breath. He looked at the scenery outside in silence.

Raul read his countenance and knew he wasn't in the mood to talk. So, he kept mute.

The car continued to drive steadily on the road.

Shortly after, they arrived at the Sea Pavilion. The building was the most magnificent in that area.

The streetlights and the bright light from the Sea Pavilion lit up the entire environment.

Horace was about to meet the other directors of his family in Rinas here.

The drive lasted about thirty minutes.

On the way, Raul revealed that the Sea Pavilion was one of the Warren family's properties. And now, it was Horace's.

This made him realize that his family was wealthier than he had imagined. It became clear to him why his family was one of the top players that controlled the world's economy—they had profitable assets here and there.

The magnificence of the Sea Pavilion took Horace's breath away. He was eager to see what the inside would look like. But as soon as he got out of the car, he heard a disgusted voice from behind. "Horace, stop being a pest. I wouldn't date you even if you were the last man on earth. I made it clear earlier that I'm way out of your league. Why are you following me around?"

Horace quickly turned to look at the source of the voice. Much to his surprise, it was his so-called ex-girlfriend, Amaia.

Before he could say anything, Amaia continued, "Hey, are you trying to pull a fast one on me? I know that you are from an extremely poor family. Do you really think you can trick me by renting a car? You pathetic loser, stop pestering the life out of me! If you don't stop, you would only make me hate you more. Trust me, you will regret ever being born if I flare up!"

"Mr. Warren." Raul's face blazed with rage when he heard how Amaia spoke rudely to Horace. He couldn't help but call his attention in a low voice.

Although he badly wanted to teach Amaia a lesson there and then, it would be disrespectful to act on impulse. So, he decided to ask for permission first.

Sensing Raul's anger, Horace chuckled. "Thanks for your concern, Uncle Raul. Don't sweat it. If a dog barks at you, do you have to bark back? Let's go!"

Horace was about to turn around when he heard Amaia's voice accompanied by a clap.

"Bravo! You are an excellent actor, Horace. You did not only rent a car, but also hired a chauffeur, who is equally a great actor. You both deserve the Oscars. I'm impressed!"

Amaia placed her hand on her chest and pretended as if she was touched. But the next second, a disdainful expression appeared on her face. She roared, "You are so pathetic. I know that none of these belong to you. You are living a fake life. But my Addy really has them!"

After Amaia finished speaking, she hugged Addy and caressed him intimately.

In Horace's eyes, she was unrecognizable. This wasn't the girl he had once loved with all his heart. He sighed and uttered, "Amaia, you think you are hurting me. I hate to break it to you that you are downgrading yourself!"

"Eh? I am downgrading myself? My greatest regret is having stooped so low to your level by indulging you when we were in high school. Now that I'm with a man who can take care of my needs, I am beyond happy. You must be stupid to think that dating a handsome and rich guy is a downgrade!"

Amaia stared at him with scorn. She continued shamelessly, "Horace, you know what? If you had the dough, I would have submitted myself to you! Do you have it? Sadly, no. You are so poor that you even sold your house. Tell me. What do you have to your name now? Nothing! Just abject poverty! Eww! Keep your poverty away from me!"

"Mr. Warren!" Raul called his attention again. He couldn't tolerate Amaia's insults and Addy's scornful laughter anymore. He was only restraining himself because of Horace. If not, he would have finished them off since they were courting death.

He couldn't let anyone who insulted the heir of the Warren family go scot-free.

Horace suddenly raised his hand to stop Raul from acting on an impulse. He dug in his ear with his little finger and commented, "Amaia, you are so full of yourself. Stop exaggerating your significance. I didn't put on an act just to win you over. I loved you, but that ship has sailed already!"

"Ha-ha! Are you trying to save face since your plan fell through?" Amaia burst into a mocking laughter. She then did a puppy dog look and added, "Oh, Horace, you have changed. Have you suddenly forgotten that you said you would do everything for me? Didn't you worship the ground I walked on during high school? Why did you say such cruel things to me now? Look at me, do you really have no love for me?"

Her puppy dog look was perfect. It was as if she was truly hurt. If Horace didn't know her well, he would have fallen for her excellent acting.

"Ha-ha!" Addy suddenly laughed out loud. He hugged Amaia and kissed her hard. "Baby, you did a good job!" he said with a proud smile.

"Amaia, don't you think you are being too cheap now? Have you no self-worth? Honestly, I feel sorry for you. A lion adored you, but you chose to date a dog. What a shame!" Horace tut-tutted and sighed.

He glanced at her and then at Addy. "Do you think he can make you happy just because he's rich?"

"Screw you, Horace! Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you judge me? Did you just call yourself a lion? Well, I put it to you that you are a mangy dog! Ptui!" Addy spat at him with disgust.

"Addy, have you ever experienced despair?" A sinister grin played on Horace's face. "If you hadn't come to provoke me tonight, or had made an attempt to stop her from insulting me, you would have continued to enjoy your life. But now, I have decided to make you experience hell on earth. You like to trample on people, right? You think you can be unscrupulous because your family is rich, don't you? It's time for you to learn simple manners the hard way!"

"Uncle Raul!" Horace was no longer reluctant to accept his new identity. He felt it wasn't a bad idea to have his own power so he could put this kind of people in their place.

"Yes, Mr. Warren!" Raul's patience was already running out before Horace called. Thus, he was all charged up to do whatever was commanded of him.

"I want him to lose everything!" Horace commanded, pointing at Addy.

"To lose everything? Mr. Warren, you are far too kind. The punishment is too light. How about I just kill him?" Raul suggested, drawing his thumb over his neck.