

THE POOREST BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 18 Greedy Women

It looked like things were getting out of hand. An old man didn't want that, so he weighed in. "Young man, you may be powerful and so wealthy that five million dollars means nothing to you. However, I advise you to get off the bus as soon as possible. You have beaten this man black and blue. You might land into trouble if the police get wind of this."

"Buddy, I'm on your side. You have done a good job. This kind of person deserves to be taught a lesson. But I also advise that you leave immediately. You can rest assured that everyone would pretend as if nothing happened. Our lips are sealed!" A young man in his twenties tried to convince Horace.

Then an elderly woman, who looked about fifty years old, chimed in with a loud voice, "Young man, I will gladly pretend like nothing happened since you are so

rich. If you give me one thousand dollars, my lips would be sealed!"

"What?" The supportive young man was stunned to hear the woman's request. He looked at her and said disapprovingly, "Madam, how can you request money in exchange for your silence. We were all unhappy when that wicked man bullied the girl, but none of us dared to stand up to him. This man was the only one brave enough to step in. Why are you trying to make things more difficult for him? Can't you be reasonable?"

"What do you mean by that? Better watch your tongue, young man. I don't want to be framed for what I know nothing about. I never thought about beating this man. As an educated woman, I know that's illegal. I would never stoop so low to fight in public." The woman snorted, putting on airs to save herself from embarrassment.

'Why are some elderly people like this? She is acting her age. She's obviously trying to exploit this young man's misfortune to satisfy her greed. Phew! What a disgrace!' some passengers thought as they looked at the middle-aged woman.

The woman's greedy request seemed to awaken the greed of the other middle-aged women on the bus.

In unison, they shouted at Horace, "Yes, our silence is very expensive. You have to pay for it. If you don't give each of us one thousand dollars, we will spill the beans if the police or anyone asks us about this incident!"

"Everyone, please be quiet! I beg you all not to make this situation worse for him. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have given that troublesome man a dollar in the first place. This has taught me a good lesson. I will never

give any stranger money in the future. Please just let this young man go."

Ansley felt guilty after she saw several women pestering Horace for money. She felt that all this would have never happened if she hadn't given the man a dollar bill.

The old man that had persuaded Horace to leave was disappointed in the middle-aged women. He shouted at them, "You all are a disgrace to the older generation. Young man, young woman, I don't blame you two for standing up for yourselves. Indeed, the elders constantly complain that there's a high rate of moral decadence, but it seems elders like these greedy passengers are the cause of the problem!"

The old man eyed the greedy passengers. He added, "Both of you have my support. Irrespective of what happens later, I'll make sure you are not unjustly

punished for it."

He pointed at the troublesome passenger lying on the ground and said, "People like this man are the ones that make the younger generation hate the older generation. He is a scumbag. He was so brazen to ask for money from a young girl, and he didn't appreciate her. It's the first time I'm seeing a man this shameless. Alas, he deserves every blow he received today!"

"Thank you, sir!" Horace thanked the old man. He turned to look at the protesting old women and chuckled. "I'm worth tens of billions, but you only want one thousand dollars from me? Let's do it this way. Just like this bully, I'll gladly give each of you five million dollars if you let me break all your limbs. What do you say to that?"

"Tens of billions?" The women burst into laughter

when they heard Horace's words. One of them pointed at him and said with mockery, "Young man, since you are so rich, one hundred thousand dollars must be chicken feed to you. Why don't you prove yourself by giving each of us the money? We will pretend like we saw nothing."

"Are you kidding me? What's the difference between you all and this bully? Don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? You should be upholding justice in this case, but you want to sell your dignity for a little money! You all seem to be doing well for yourselves. It seems you have been funding your lifestyles by blackmailing people!" The reasonable old man pointed at the elderly women, shook his head, and sighed with disappointment.

"Old man, stop being a busybody. We are not asking you for money. Why are you so angry? Look at you, poor man. I'm sure you have never held one hundred

thousand dollars in those wrinkled hands of yours." One of those middle-aged women was so angry that she mocked the old man despite his age. She was talking as if she were a millionaire or even a billionaire.

"You... You..." The old man pointed at the woman that insulted him. He was so embarrassed that he couldn't find the right words to say. Even though he badly wanted to retort, he wasn't sharp-tongued like her.

"Sir, please pay no heed to her. Don't stoop to their level by arguing with them!" Horace advised him politely. With a smile, he added, "Sir, are you on WeChat?"

"WeChat? Yes! My son set up an account for me a few days ago. He said making phone calls with WeChat is free!" The old man nodded and took out his cellphone from his tote bag. He then handed it to Horace and said, "Young man, I don't understand how to use the application well. If you want us to connect, take my phone and do it yourself."

"Okay!" Horace collected the phone. He then took out his phone and scanned the man's WeChat QR code.

A voice notification suddenly chimed on the old man's phone. It said, "Five million dollars have been transferred to your account!"

"What? Five million dollars?" Everyone on the bus was shocked to hear the voice notification. One of the middle-aged women queried with disbelief, "Young man, do you think we don't know that youths nowadays can manipulate alerts on their phones? That alert is fake, right?"

Horace turned a deaf ear to the woman's comments. He didn't have to prove to her that the alert wasn't fake. After all, he had really transferred that amount to the old man. He just returned the phone and said, "Sir, you need to keep your phone safe. Don't lend it to anyone."

"Of course. I will keep it safe. After all, you just sent me five million dollars!" the old man said to him with a playful smile. He thought that Horace was joking.

To his surprise, he found that the alert was real when he finally looked at his phone screen. He widened his eyes and counted the zeroes. Afterward, he stammered, "Young man, you really sent me five million dollars. Take it back! I don't want your money!"

"Ha-ha!" Some of the elderly women burst into laughter when they heard the old man's statement. One of them held her stomach and remarked mockingly, "I have been wondering why this old man has been supporting this man. It turns out he's an accomplice! Five million dollars? That's crazy! What a liar! They both think they can deceive us. Now I will definitely tell the police all that happened!"

The passengers on the bus had never believed that Horace was rich. He was poorly dressed and didn't have the usual noble aura of wealthy people. When the other passengers heard the woman's words, they bought into her idea. They reasoned that Horace must have hired the old man to put on an act.

At the moment, the bus bell rang again. The automated voice announced, "We have arrived at Phury Garden. Passengers, please get off the bus through the back door. Be careful when the door opens. Have a wonderful day!"

At the same time, a Rolls-Royce slowly came to a halt at the bus stop where the bus was parked.

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