

MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

Chapter 12 One Million Dollars

"I've never heard of it before." Peter ducked his head to eat after spouting that sentence.

Alfred almost froze with shock when he heard the words that came out from Peter's mouth.

Alfred felt like he had punched a soft pillow. His blow was supposed to be powerful, yet it seemed pretty useless after what Peter had said. "How about you? What do you do, bro?" Alfred was by no means going to reconcile with his defeat.

"What do I do?" Peter repeated. He was startled for a second, and then he said, "I have a normal job. I'm a security guard."

Bella felt a chill down her spine with what Peter had said. She hurriedly put her hand over Peter's mouth to

stop him. "Oh dear, see how careless you are. You've got some crumbs on your face. Let me clean them for you."

Bella gently wiped the crumbs off with her little hand as she nervously tried to make up an excuse. She was burning with rage inside, but she was trying to hold it in.

'You bastard!' She cursed him in her mind, 'How can you tell the truth? Now everybody knows you are a fake, you idiot.' Such a clichéd romance plot like a CEO falling in love with a security guard was only applicable in chic-lit books. Nobody would believe them!

However, it was already too late when she covered Peter's mouth.

Alfred was dazed for a while, and then he broke into a

laugh. "Security guard? Interesting, " he paused and then continued, "I'll give you one million bucks if you get out of here right now. What do you say?"

A million?

'Shit!' Bella had a bad feeling about it.

"Really?" Peter asked, his eyes beaming at the amount of money mentioned.

"Yeah. I'm serious, " Alfred said as he nodded.

Peter showed him his bank account details on his phone without any hesitation. "Transfer it to me now. I'll get out of this room as soon as the money arrives!"

Bella ground her teeth in anger. If she had a gun in her hand, she would definitely shoot him in no time! Son of a bitch! How could he betray her for money!

However, Alfred was still laughing. To him, a million was just a drop in the ocean.

Once Peter had received the money, he rose up from his seat and got out of the room immediately, without looking back. Bella wanted to stop him, but she failed to.

Alfred burst into laughter again. "Did you see what kind of man he was, Bella?" he asked and continued, "He's not the right person for you. Whether he's your real boyfriend or not, he's not reliable."

"Yes, Bella. Alfred is right. I don't think he's reliable, either. Look at Alfred. He really loves you, " Jane agreed.

Bella's face turned pale. The sparkle in her eyes dimmed, and a cold, hard knot tightened in her chest.

Her purpose of bringing Peter to see her parents today was to let them give up the idea of fixing her up with Alfred. But now, everything had turned the other way around. Peter had betrayed her for a million!

Strangely, Bella felt mortified and inexplicably sad. She had gotten too mad that she might end up literally killing him.

"I gotta go now. I still have something else to do. Enjoy your meals." Bella had no mood to stay since Peter had left. She stood up and intended to leave after she saying those words drily.

Jane wanted to stop her by grabbing her arm, but she let Bella go when she saw Alfred's eyes.

Alfred knew that it was useless to force her to stay. He believed that she would be his and only his in a

matter of time.

Bella quickly walked to the door of the room. Just as she had opened the door and was about to step out, a man walked into the room. The two people collided with each other. She raised her head and froze on the spot. The man was none other than Peter! That bastard!

She stared at his face disappointingly. The anger that she was holding in suddenly ignited within her again. She really wanted to slaughter him into pieces right now!

However, at that moment, Peter held her arms with both his hands. "Sweetie, are you all right? Did I hurt you just now?" he asked anxiously, "Oh my god! You look ghastly, my dear. Who made you this mad? Where are you going? Have you finished eating?"

The sudden hug and all these questions disarmed Bella a little, but she still gave him a scornful glare.

"Didn't you just leave with the money? Why did you come back?"

"You're still here. How can I leave without you?" Peter feigned surprise. "That idiot promised to give me a million if I left the room. I was thinking of going to the restroom anyway, so I agreed. And why not? I

t's one million!"

He didn't leave her after all...

Bella couldn't help but laugh. Peter's explanation made her feel warm.

However, Alfred was driven crazy. He finally realized that he was fooled by Peter.

"I will remember you! Let's wait and see!" Alfred said furiously. He pulled a long face as he looked at the two people holding each other, and then he left immediately. A surge of envy was evident in his eyes when he left.

He would definitely beat Peter up if he were not a security guard and if they were not in a high-end restaurant.

"You, the two of you..." Jane stuttered, pointing at Peter and Bella. She was too mad to say anything. Angrily, she hurried off after Alfred.

Rex left the room unhurriedly after taking a glance at Peter with interest.

"Can you let me go?" Bella said coldly when all of the people were out of their sight.

"Sorry, I almost forgot." Peter loosened his hands unwillingly. It felt good... holding her. How he wished he could hold her longer.

"Let's go." Since everybody had left, Bella didn't want to stay any there, either.

"But those dishes hadn't been touched, yet."

"Then, enjoy them yourself."

"Fine, never mind then. But can I, at least, pack them up?"

"Oh, come on!"

With the neon lights shining brightly against the

nightscape of Golden City, the beautiful scene was a sight to see.

The fiery, red Hummer was like a tank dominating the road, causing countless of people to stare. As the cold wind blew in from the window, Bella felt both her heart and body refreshed.

However, when she saw the aggrieved and depressed expression on Peter's face, her good mood suddenly dissipated.

"Do you have anything to say? Just spit it out. Don't show me that face."

"Fine, then. I'll say it since you asked. Miss Song, how did you like my performance tonight?"

"Not bad." Bella frowned. She seemed to know what Peter had wanted to say.

Sure enough!

"Then, when can I get the other 5, 000?" Peter asked.

"Screw you!"

Bella spluttered sharply. She slammed her foot on the gas pedal, speeding up, faster and faster.

Peter was frustrated. He was already certain that the 5, 000 was nothing more than words.

Along the road, Bella was rigid with anger. The car sped up steeply, non-stop. Looking at Bella's cold face, Peter just sat quietly. He didn't dare say a word, for he feared that this bitch would get them in a disastrous accident if he made her even more unhappy.

In the end, Bella drove Peter to the beach. After getting off the car, she took her shoes off immediately and walked on the sand barefoot.

She looked very relaxed while walking along the beach, especially with the sea breeze brushing against her face and the waves crashing on the shore. The cool and invigorating wind seemed to be blowing away all of her frustrations.

Peter didn't disturb her, for he knew that she was not in a good mood. He followed her quietly. He looked at her curvy back and her free-flowing dress, and suddenly, he noticed how beautiful and charming she was at that moment.

A moment later, Bella sat down on the sand with her hands over her knees and started to cry.

This moment, she looked more like an ordinary,

helpless lady than a cold, bitchy CEO.

Peter sat down next to her quietly, still not saying a word. He felt a surge of empathy, thinking that it was not easy to be a rigid CEO. All the people saw was the superficial side of her, the powerful and glorified version of her, but who knew that she could be sad and helpless, too?

Bella sobbed for a while. Suddenly, she raised her head and hugged Peter. She closed her eyes and said, "Kiss me."

Her words caught him off guard. What should he do? Should he kiss her or should he kiss her? Maybe, he should kiss her? Ugh, why did God always put him in such difficult situations?

Looking at her charming nose, appealing cheekbones, her flaming lips... Peter's brain went

totally blank. He closed his eyes involuntarily and bowed his head slowly.

Suddenly, a few snickers brought them back to their senses before Peter's lips had reached Bella's, destroying the beautiful moment completely.

"Whoa, bro. Thanks for the free live performance. Hey lady, since you look lonely and desperate, how about we spend the night with you?"

"Dude, she's hot. She really turns me on. We'll have fun tonight."

Some strange voices came out from the dark. Then, several men with glossy faces appeared, walking in their direction.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.