

MIGHTY SK 121

[Chapter 121 Fight With Tim](#)

Amelia felt the situation was serious after she got Peter's call. Without any hesitation, she immediately brought people with her.

In fact, the police had already been notified by someone from the crowd. However, the police didn't show up at once due to the tension.

But Amelia did not hesitate to come since she knew Peter was involved.

"Ah! Don't kill me! Don't kill me!"

Bang!

Peter saw Tim shoot Angus on his head the moment he hung up the phone.

Blood and brain exploded out of his head. It was gruesome.

By now, the people brought by Angus had all been killed.

Their heads were all blasted, and there was blood all over the floor.

They looked pitiful.

Tim walked to Peter's Hummer with a hammer in his hand. His face looked extremely cruel.

After killing so many people, he didn't mind killing one more. He would not allow anyone to record a piece of evidence.

With the technology available in the area, if Peter recorded the previous scene, he would become a wanted criminal.

"Don't go near me! I am with Diego's group. If you kill me, Diego will not let you go!" Peter seemed to be in a state of panic while yelling at Tim. He started the car right away and tried to run over Tim.

"Diego? Ha! Ha! I have killed so many people. Do you think I would care about killing one more?" Murderous, Tim grinned and quickly walked up to Peter.

Like a tiger, he was ready to pounce on his victim.

Peter did not hesitate to start his Hummer and drove towards Tim.

But Tim reacted really fast. He was able to avoid the Hummer from hitting him.

Then he used the hammer to smash the Hummer's front tire.

Homh!

With the intense power, the Hummer's tire blasted instantly. The car swayed losing its balance.

Dread filled Peter's eyes. He hurriedly kicked the door open and jumped out of the car.

Now, the Hummer had rolled over and had made several turns. Hitting a few other cars, it was now totally ruined.

Peter was shocked and was sweating profusely. Good thing he was quick to respond, otherwise, he would have been killed.

He had expected Tim to be strong, but he did not expect he would be this powerful.

It was a Hummer's tire. He was so strong that he broke it with one blow.

"Not bad. You must be Peter?" Tim was a bit surprised. He did not expect Peter could get out of the Hummer so quickly.

"I was going to warn you to stay away from my business. But now I need to kill you. Don't blame me if you go straight to hell,"

Tim said with a sneer, and with the hammer in his hand, he strode towards Peter.

He wanted to kill him right away. He would have to escape once the police arrived.

"Shit, are you insane?" Peter yelled with an angry face. "My Hummer! You destroyed my Hummer! You have to pay for my Hummer!

If you don't pay me a million dollars, I will not let you leave!"

Peter was delirious and rushed towards Tim instead of running away.

His heart was pounding. If Bella found out the Hummer was destroyed, he would be dead.

Tim was stunned. Even his people were shocked by Peter.

They did not expect Peter would demand payment now, instead of just running away.

Was he an idiot?

Within minutes, Peter was fighting with Tim.

Tim was strong, and his movements were fierce. The hammer kept on striking like a thunderbolt.

Every time he swayed it, the air would burst like there was an explosion.

If the hammer hit Peter, it would smash him and break every bone.

Peter was not afraid. He was avoiding Tim's attacks and was looking for an opportunity to knock him down

Good thing, he was able to escape Tim's hammer every time. He just remained calm and focused. But he still seemed to be in the passive situation.

Tim started to get irritated.

He was a powerful man and was a dangerous fighter. He liked brutal and unreserved fights. But Peter was not fighting him fiercely. How could he remain calm?

After a while, he started feeling tired and he was not as powerful anymore.

Tim was determined to kill Peter quickly before leaving. But now, it seemed impossible.

So without hesitation, he called his companions, "Come on, kill him! So we could leave at once."

His companions were confused for a while, and then quickly scrambled towards Peter.

They were surprised that Tim asked for their help. Tim never asked them to kill a man for him before.

"You are shameless! There's many of you, and I am all alone! I have called the police, and they will be arriving soon,"

Peter screamed on seeing the situation. He bent over and then punched Tim on his chest.

Strong and quick he attacked.

He was aware that at first, Tim's companions were not called to join the fight. So he intended to take it easy and wait for Amelia's arrival.

But now that they had been called to kill him, he had to do something.

With so many people fighting for Tim, even if Peter was strong, it would be impossible for him to win.

After he heard Peter's words, Tim was so angry he wanted to vomit. 'Shit! How shameless! It's a dispute

between two gangs. How could he call the police?' thought Tim.

He was not aware that Peter did not belong to Diego's group. He did not obey the community rules on fighting.

Tim was not afraid of Peter's powerful fist. He gathered all his strength until he was out of breath.

He had to bear it because he was unable to escape.

Quickly, he tried to hit Peter's head with his right hand.

Peter saw his movement and was able to avoid it.

Bam!

Peter took a shot at Tim's chest.

Crack!

Suddenly there was blood, and three ribs on his chest were broken.

Shock showed on Tim's eyes. He did not realize, Peter could be so fierce.

But he was not a normal fighter as well. The shock was momentary; he endured the pain and tried to hit Peter again.

This time stronger!

He was a really strong man.

Peter could not allow himself to get hit. Seeing Tim was about to hit him again, he twisted his body and avoided Tim's fist.

Then he turned around and hit back with his right elbow.

Crack!

Tim's chest was broken into pieces.

By this time, Tim's companion had decided to run towards Peter.

Peter kicked Tim away and turned around to run.

[Chapter 122 Wiped-Ou](#)

Peter made a run for his life. He jumped up and down, ran to a street corner and disappeared in an instant.

A dozen strong men ran after him. Outraged, they shouted, "The bastard is going to die today!"

However, before they reached the street corner, to their surprise, Peter was there. He was waiting for them.

The strong men were more than happy to see him again. With clenched fists and locked jaws, they were ready to tear him apart. But before they could do so, Peter proudly said, "Don't bother running after me anymore. The police are here."

Just then, numerous police officers appeared behind him.

The men were caught by surprise when they saw the police officers. Obviously, they did not expect that the reinforcement would arrive so fast at the scene. There was no alarm, and they did not hear any sirens from the police cars.

Suddenly, their thoughts were disrupted. Amelia, head of the police officers, raised a gun and said, "Drop your weapons and get down!"

The group of men was dumbfounded for a moment. But then, their eyes glittered with evil delight.

'We are not cowards! Surrender to the cops? No way!' Besides, they had already killed several people and had gotten their hands dirty. They were not going to surrender now. They realized, they would definitely be executed in jail. There was no way out of this.

"Sir, please leave here as soon as possible! Come on, guys! Kill them all!" one of the men shouted, and hurled his weapon towards Amelia.

Then he rushed at the police officers like crazy.

Emboldened, the other men followed his example. They all charged towards the policemen, and no one was stopping.

'The cops have guns. If we run away, they will shoot at us, we would be killed immediately. Rather than being shot, we'd better keep fighting!

We have been cornered. We don't have a choice but to die or to fight.'

Seeing this, Tim's eyes flashed with anger. Without saying anything, he turned around and left without being noticed.

'The cops would never catch me!'

"Damn it!"

Amelia became furious. She tried to dodge the weapon that was hurled at her and fired a shot. "How dare you disrespect the law! Catch them all! If you guys won't cooperate, we would fire again!"

Bang!

A bullet was fired from the gun and went straight into the chest of one of the gangsters. It killed him instantly. He fell on the ground and bathed in his own blood.

The death of one of the men did not scare the other members of the gang. Instead, it fueled their anger.

"Kill them!"

A deafening roar of anger erupted. The rest of the strong men charged at the police with no regard for their own lives.

The faces of the policemen turned pale. They did not expect this group of gangsters would risk their lives just like that. It was their first time to deal with this kind of furious and desperate men.

The policemen gritted their teeth, pulled out their guns and opened fire at the strong men approaching them.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Next thing, bullets were flying and blood was everywhere.

The strong men fell down one after the other, moaning in pain and anger.

Most of the strong men died instantly or were badly injured. Only six were left fighting the police.

They were able to close in at the policemen.

"Go to hell!"

One of the six men sneered and gave one of the police officers a strong punch! The officer fell down on the ground right away with blood dripping out of his nose. His gun was taken away by the man.

At the same time, the other five defeated five policemen themselves and took away their guns.

With a gun in each one's hand, they feared nothing.

Armed with guns and holding six policemen hostages, the six men became more uncontrollable and

aggressive.

Amelia and the other officers had wanted to shoot. But considering the safety of the hostages, they had to think of another plan.

"Step back! Everybody steps back! Or I will blow his brains out!"

one of the men shouted. He smiled viciously while hiding behind a hostage and pointing the gun at his head.

"Put down the weapons, or you will regret it!" said Amelia. Her face became troubled. She tried to convince them to surrender. "Put down your weapons and surrender! That is the best choice for you! If you surrender, there may still be a way out. If you refuse, there is only one ending for all of you! It's the end of the road for you!"

Even if you manage to escape today, we would hunt you everywhere in the country or even in the whole world. You will have nowhere to go. To live would be no better than to die."

"Shut up!"

The man knocked the hostage's head with his gun and injured the officer badly that blood gushed out of his head. "Damn it! Don't play games with me!"

I have killed so many people and in full view of everybody attacked your police officers. Even if I surrender, I am doomed to be executed. I am not a fool.

Step back! Step back! Or I will shoot him now! I am ruined and sentenced to die anyway. Why not end everything together with you?"

The man went berserk and shot the hostage in his arm.

Bang!

Blood was everywhere in the scene.

The other five strong men followed his actions and shot the hostages in their arms as well. The six hostages groaned in pain.

No more worries. No more pain. The strong men cared about nothing now.

Amelia's face darkened. She did not expect things to go this far.

She turned around, wanting to talk to Peter, only to find out that he had disappeared.

Apparently, he fled away in the chaos.

"Shameless bastard!" Amelia trembled with anger.

"Damn it! It seems like you want these cops to go to hell, right? Move back! Now!" the gangster asked again.

She could not risk the safety of her colleagues.

"Move back!"

The gangster was pleased and smiled at his companions. Quickly, they retreated to their car with the six hostages.

Amelia was not willing to let them go, but she had no choice.

Soon, the men were back in their car. They were about to open the door when something unexpected happened.

A figure appeared suddenly and smashed his fist on one of the men from behind.

The unforeseen figure caught them by surprise. They all looked at their companions, frightened of what was happening.

The man that was attacked panicked. He fired three shots.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The three bullets caught the body of the mysterious man in the dark. He screamed in pain and tried to stop the blood from flowing out.

The strong man did not even bother to look at the figure. He punched the man and toppled him over. He was about to get in the car when another face appeared behind the one he just killed.

The face was smiling and it was a very familiar face.

'Peter?'

He was stunned for a moment but soon raised his gun and pointed it at Peter.

But before he was able to fire his gun, he was smashed by a hammer in his chest.

Bump!

The strong man crumbled to the ground and could hardly stand up.

Quickly, Peter took away his gun.

With the gun in his hand, Peter aimed at the group of strong men and opened fire at them.

The five strong men were all hit by a bullet in the wrist. They pressed their wounded hands and screamed in pain.

The five hostages took advantage of what was happening. This was their chance to escape.

The struggle between the two forces began.

The police officers were able to restrain the strong men and took back their guns. The policemen prevailed and the situation encountered a sudden change.

"Catch them all!"

Amelia ordered, delighted on the turn of events. She shot each of the six men on their legs to make sure they wouldn't be able to fight back anymore. She then asked the policemen to strike back.

In pain, and to make sure they were restrained, the six men were ordered to lie flat on the ground. Their hands were secured by a handcuff.

The strong men gritted their teeth in anger and stared at Peter furiously.

They could have escaped if Peter hadn't showed up and ruined everything for them.

If it weren't for Peter, they would not have been caught. And even if they were caught, the police wouldn't be able to restrain them so easily.

They were raging mad.

They would never admit defeat.

Unwilling to accept their failure, they looked down on the body that was thrown by Peter. It was the mysterious man in the dark.

Realizing who the body belonged to made them burn in anger.

It turned out that the man they killed was Tim, Wolf King Jr.

Then there was a thud!

The man who fired the three shots and killed Tim became deliriously mad. He fell on the ground unconscious.

The other five men trembled with intense anger.

They suffered a disastrous defeat today.

They were wiped-out.

[Chapter 123 Dog Eats Dog](#)

"So, those bandits have been defeated. Thanks to me, of course. What do I get? Something shiny, I hope," Peter let out a grin as he walked towards Amelia. Amelia scoffed and rolled her eyes.

"Don't be an idiot." Peter laughed at her remark, only to be met with a side-eye glare. Pointing to those fierce men, Amelia asked, "Why were they after you?"

She asked quietly, more so to herself, as she began to really look at Peter. He never failed to surprise her, especially when it came to his physical strength.

Even though he had been ganged up, he was able to swiftly and bravely deal with the bandits by himself. She couldn't fathom it.

He used Tim to lure the bandits ahead of them, and that was when he snuck on them from behind, sliding the rifle strap loose and away from them, before ultimately using the same rifle to strike them on the back of their necks.

'It's not as easy as it sounds, ' Amelia thought to herself, as she tried to imagine how the attack would happen if she were in his place.

It wasn't possible, not in the slightest, to attack in that way without having Peter's brute strength and confidence in his skills.

The greatest thing about his attack was his calculated moves. They were efficient, yet heavy and strong.

Anyone without Peter's skills never would have defeated the fierce men. Anyone who wasn't Peter at this exact moment would have infuriated those men more.

'Just who the hell is this guy?

What's a man of this power doing in a place like Golden City?' she thought to herself.

Peter sprang up beside her, breaking away from her inner monologue. "Madam, you misunderstand. I'm nothing but a passerby," he explained, "I just chanced upon watching those idiots kill someone, so they tried to kill me too.

Some of them were Wolf King's men, and some of them were Diego's. You know Diego, right? He is Golden City's neighborhood Swiper." Peter tried to find the words to explain better. "Listen. I don't hurt people for no reason. You need to understand, I was the one they were attacking!"

Amelia scoffed, "Oh shut up. Don't play dumb with me. I saw you save Amaris the other day.

Such a romantic you are, having the balls to meddle with Wolf King just to please a woman. Is that because you're young and frivolous, or because you're mentally ill?"

Amelia's words struck sharp, and she looked at Peter with disdain.

'For your libido, ' Amelia thought to herself, 'you'd actually be willing enough to risk your life, '

"You really, really misunderstand, madam!" Peter began to defend himself. "What happened yesterday was just a coincidence. I only got involved, really. Amaris hijacked the taxi I was riding in. That was how I got involved!

It's not my fault. I'm unlucky. Bad things happen to me, all the damn time." But Peter knew he couldn't keep hiding everything. He knew Amelia wasn't going to have any of it. After all, she was nothing like Cassie. Poor, foolish, Cassie.

Peter didn't wait for her to say anything. "Are you jealous? If you are, you don't have to be. I swear to you. There's nothing between Amaris and me."

"You're so pious! I don't want to hear it. Let's go. We have to report this to the police," Amelia grunted and turned.

She tilted her head, remembering an afterthought. "Oh, right. I heard you trampled Gregorio. Was that true?"

"Gregorio?" Peter was stunned. "You know about Gregorio too? I'm under the impression that you're stalking me now," he smirked.

His teasing fell on deaf ears. He continued, "Are you friends with him? Because if you are, I wouldn't mind taking a little detour to meet him next time," Peter said calmly, trying extremely hard to hide his shock.

He had only trampled Gregorio that noon, thinking it was impossible for her to know about it so soon.

'How'd they even know each other?' he asked himself. Amelia was mysterious and secretive. How could Gregorio have attracted her attention? What was so damn special about Gregorio that he was enough to be mentioned by Amelia? Peter realized that he should be more cautious in the future. Just in case.

'Enemies everywhere. Great.'

"Am I friends with him?" Amelia quipped, breaking Peter out of his daydream. Amelia sneered at him. "You couldn't possibly imagine what Gregorio and I have been through. I was just about to tell you that you might have trampled him too lightly. Next time, you should cripple him and throw him out the Golden City!"

He was left speechless, mouth open. Amelia shook her head at him, and proceeded to walk toward the police station. Peter followed.

When they returned, it took a little over an hour to finish the report, but finally, they were done.

The police eventually agreed to be on the lookout for Wolf King and Diego.

Wolf King and Diego were very angry.

Even though Wolf King was known for his self-restraint and cool head, he couldn't control his temper. He went into such a rage that he flipped the table in front of him, breaking the expensive vases on it.

He had to bring all his valiant men from the northwest, leaving their families. But they were killed or arrested. How could he suppress his anger then?

His heart broke when he heard of Tim's death.

Tim was his best man, groomed to be his successor. He was more valiant than other men.

No one could compare to him. Not when it came to his honesty, loyalty, and virtue.

"You bastard! You dare interfere between Amaris and me? I'll send you to your damn grave!

How dare you offend me? I'll uproot you and your men. I don't care who you are, I'll make you rot in hell, do you hear me?" Wolf King brooded, thinking how Diego ruined his plans.

He thought Amaris had asked Diego for help and Diego promised to cooperate with her for profit.

As for Peter, he never really crossed his mind. Even if someone told him the truth, he knew in himself that he wouldn't believe it.

Peter was just some measly security director of an insignificant group. How could he be so competent? Even if Peter could have the audacity to stand up to his valiant generals, he was nothing compared to Tim.

Wolf King turned to his trusty fellow. "Caden, hit the Purple Leaf Tea House tonight. I'll warn Diego. Maybe I'm just a new comer here, but I can deal with the pesky bandits like him."

Caden nodded and turned away from him.

"Yes sir!" he said vigilantly, as he always did. This was not the first time that he had done such things.

"Remember to be careful. You don't have to kill him. Just scare him. Tim lost his life because he defied me. Do not condemn yourself to follow after him,"

Wolf King warned him cautiously, eyes squinting at Caden.

"Yes sir!" he repeated. Caden responded with a bow, and then went to execute the command.

Although he appeared to be calm, he was overjoyed on the inside.

When Tim was alive, Caden could never compete with him. Tim was too influential and strong, which was always in favor from Wolf King. So much so that he was groomed to succeed him.

Caden could do nothing but bear it. After all, only very few thought that Tim was inferior to anyone.

But alas, Tim was dead. Gone were his worries, and he didn't even have to kill him himself.

Tim was dead, and Caden was next in line. The future looked bright.

At the Purple Leaf Tea House

Diego was livid with good reason. He sent for Peter, but he finally received the news that a group of his men had been completely annihilated.

The men he sent were men he knew and trained personally. They were loyal to him, especially in the trying years of the past.

The death of his men brutally destroyed his charging force.

"You'll regret this, Wolf King," Diego grumbled to himself. He was burnt out. "Even if I don't have the men to attack you, I will not allow you to belittle me.

How dare you kill my loyal men? I will get my revenge. Even if I have to risk my life, I'll rip you apart and give my men justice!"

Diego said angrily. He called the rest of his men.

Even if Wolf King was influential and powerful, he wasn't in the northwest region.

Golden City was out of Wolf King's influence, and Diego aimed to take advantage of this. Wolf King's

men in Golden City were few, and he knew that he had to be careful to prevent any more losses.

Of course, it was Diego. He never backed out of a challenge.

Peter was oblivious to the fact that Wolf King and Diego were about to have a dog-eat-dog strife. If he knew that, he would surely have danced from excitement.

By the time he had come to the Amaris Manor, Amaris was gone. He was about to take out his mobile phone and call her, but when he checked, his phone was out of power.

Peter struggled to find a charging port. He would have to call Amaris at a later date. Now that Wolf King had launched a fierce attack on him, he was afraid that Amaris might run into trouble.

But he was too late. Amaris had come to Silverland Group.

[Chapter 124 Threats From Wolf King](#)

Amaris immediately got the receptionists' attention as she entered Silverland Group.

At first glance, it was already apparent that she was a prominent figure.

The two security guards couldn't believe their eyes.

'What a beautiful woman! She is as beautiful as our boss, Miss Song!'

Amaris smiled sweetly as she walked towards the front desk. "Excuse me, I'm looking for Peter Wang, Director of the Security Department," she said.

Her voice was like music from heaven.

The receptionists and security guards were mesmerized.

Bella was beautiful, but she was not as soft as Amaris.

Finally coming to her senses, one of the receptionists responded, "May I have your name?"

"Amaris Gong," she replied. Suddenly, the hall turned silent.

Everyone in Golden City knew who Amaris Gong was.

She owned Gong Group and was the richest woman in Golden City. Her husband died young, and since then, a large number of men had fallen at her feet because of her breathtaking beauty.

"I am Peter's girlfriend," she added.

'What?

Are you kidding me?'

It was apparent that everyone in the hall had the same thought running in their minds.

'Peter is unbelievable!

He has dubious relationships with some beautiful women in the company and is even rumored to have an affair with Bella Song, herself!

He is so lucky! How did he manage to get Amaris Gong? We are so jealous of him!

Wait a minute, did he flirt with her and then dump her? Is that the reason why Amaris is here? Maybe we shouldn't let her see our Director, ' the two security guards thought.

Peter was their boss and they understood the importance of these things.

"I'm really sorry, Ms. Gong, but our Director is out on a business trip. May we know the reason for your visit? We can deliver your message to him, instead," one of the security guards offered

while his colleague hid in a corner and called Peter.

"He is on a business trip? Oh, that's a shame. I can wait for him here, then," Amaris replied, disappointed, as she walked slowly towards the sofa at the lobby.

The security guards were dumbfounded.

'Oh, my god! What is she doing? If Miss Song sees her, Peter will definitely be dead!' they thought.

Peter was just about to call Amaris when his phone started to ring. It was his colleague, Bob.

"Boss, bad news! Amaris Gong is here in the office and she is looking for you," the security guard said in a whisper.

"What?" Peter was stunned. "Okay, I'll be back in a minute," he said.

Peter rushed to Silverland Group as soon as he hung up.

'Oh my god! Why did she go to Silverland Group? If Bella finds out, I will be dead!'

Peter thought, terrified at the thought.

He arrived at the office half an hour later and immediately spotted Amaris.

She looked so candid and carefree at the sofa. Her relaxed position only made her more alluring.

"Honey, you are here!" Amaris smiled at the sight of Peter.

Immediately, she stood up and threw herself into his arms.

"What are you doing here? Let's talk outside." Peter glanced at the CCTV camera warily. Even with Amaris so close to him, he was not in the mood to feel her soft and sexy body. He was too afraid that Bella would see him.

"I wanted to surprise you," Amaris replied as she held Peter tighter.

'Surprise? This is not a very pleasant surprise. I will surely be dead!' Peter thought but he dared not say it out loud. "By the way, are you okay?" he asked, changing the subject.

Amaris' expression turned serious. "Wolf King gave me a warning," she replied.

"He asked me to give him the Gong Group and myself in three days. I had sixteen bodyguards, but now, six of them are badly injured and the remaining ten left me, scared for their lives. I am all alone now."

As expected, Wolf King would not let her go too easily. This did not surprise Peter. "Don't worry, I'm here for you. I will definitely help you and stop Wolf King since you promised me three billion dollars and your sexy body," he assured her.

"Thank you," Amaris replied, as she hugged Peter more tightly. She really did need his help right now.

"Ahh," Peter unintentionally blurted as he secretly glanced at the CCTV camera.

"What's wrong with you?" Amaris asked.

"Your hug gave a lot of pressure on my heart," Peter said jokingly as he pointed at his chest.

"Bastard," Amaris cursed as she slapped his shoulder lightly. She felt much better now.

The two security guards watched them in jealousy.

'Our boss is really awesome! All his women are so beautiful!

What's his secret?'

Quickly, Peter and Amaris left Silverland Group and drove to Amaris Manor.

Peter told Amaris about the accident that happened that afternoon, as he drove.

The news of a big fight between Diego's men and Wolf King's men made Amaris feel both relieved and worried.

Good thing Peter was fine.

A shocking sight greeted them as they arrived at Amaris Manor.

On the door was a large and deep hole with

words written in red, at the sides.

On one side, it said "Three Days" and on the other side, it said "Dead!"

It was terrifying.

Clearly, they were warnings from Wolf King.

As they entered, they found that everything had been destroyed — the house and the garden.

It was a total mess!

The beautiful manor was completely ransacked. No one was here anymore.

"How could he do this? How dare he!" Amaris trembled with anger.

This was her home. Destroying it shook her at the core.

"You can't live here anymore. Let's find another place for you. Don't worry. Wolf King will pay for this,"

Peter promised. This was something that he did not anticipate from Wolf King, as well. Comforting Amaris was the only thing he could do for her right now.

'What a bastard! How could he do this to a woman?' Peter thought.

[Chapter 125 Fierce And Aggressive Wolf King](#)

"Oh, well." Amaris sighed with resignation as she and Peter went on their way.

They cast long shadows in the moonlight. Indescribable sadness and loneliness emerged in Amaris's eyes.

She felt all alone despite Peter's company.

They proceeded to a five-star hotel and booked a Presidential Suite.

Their purpose for choosing such a hotel was very simple: they wanted to stay in a relatively safer place.

People who could afford such a luxury hotel were usually quite prominent. Even Wolf King would have second thoughts about causing trouble in such a place as it might inconvenience other powerful personalities.

Amaris sat, silent and distraught.

Not in the mood to flirt as well, Peter sat with her in silence.

A few drinks later, they soon fell asleep.

Peter found himself waking up at odd intervals, though. It was somehow difficult for him to sleep peacefully.

He had just fallen into another light sleep when he received a call from Amelia. What she said shook him wide awake.

"What's wrong? What happened?" Amaris asked, also shaken to consciousness because of Peter's reaction.

"Wolf King and Diego began fighting with each other! Stay here and rest. Do not leave this room! I'll go and have a look," Peter told her.

"Be careful," she said as she kissed him lightly on the forehead. "I'll wait for you to come back," she added.

"Okay." Peter nodded. He grabbed his coat and left the hotel immediately.

It was a dark and windy night.

Dressed in black armor, Caden left Prairie Pastoral with eight fierce men and went straight to Purple Leaf Tea House.

The men all carried sharp knives that reflected in the moonlight. They all looked fierce.

Caden carried a white canvas bag which contained some homemade explosives.

He was about to go to a fight that would possibly redefine his future.

If he did a good job, he would finally be able to replace Tim completely and receive training from Wolf King to be the next leader of the Northwest Underworld.

Slacking off was not an option. He would not allow himself to fail.

He was not only determined to bomb Purple Leaf Tea House, but also wanted to find a way to kill Diego so that he could prove his worth.

They proceeded to head towards the tea house after parking a few kilometers away.

Little did they know, Diego already sent 30 of his men to Prairie Pastoral. They were ready for blood.

Caden and his subordinates arrived at Purple Leaf Tea House ten minutes later.

With a wave of his hand, the eight men dispersed to hide in themselves from sight. From their own spots, they watched, vigilant and inconspicuous.

Having covered his face with a scarf, Caden walked towards Purple Leaf Tea House.

"Are you..." the two brawny men at the gate were about to ask, feeling something off about the situation.

Before they could finish, Caden swooped forward, took an iron rod, and threw it at them, violently.

Bam!

Instantly, one of the men fell to the ground with his face covered in blood.

His skull was cracked. It was a horrible sight.

Without a pause, Caden waved the iron rod to the opposite direction and threw it towards the other brawny man.

Responding quickly, the man took two steps back and managed to avoid the attack. He was about to shout for help when

a dagger shot out from Caden's cuff, flew in the air and pierced his throat in a split second.

The man fell to the ground, unable to breathe anymore.

"Dead dogs!" Caden mocked them with disdain. He then opened the door with his rod and entered.

Ambush was not unusual in Purple Leaf Tea House.

Diego knew that there was a possibility for Wolf King to attack at night, so he made sure he was prepared.

Seeing Caden break in, dozens of fierce men in the area glared and charged at him, roaring deafeningly.

Caden froze in shock for a moment and then grinned.

He put his iron rod away, took a bomb out from his bag and threw it out.

"Here is a big present for you!" he said with a grim smile as he proceeded to walk out of the tea house. Upon reaching a ten-meter distance, he pressed the button on his remote control and, boom!

With a loud bang, flames soared high into the sky.

Broken limbs and blood flew from all directions as the bomb went off, killing the fierce men. Several unlucky men were soon eaten up by the fire with barely anything left of them.

Screams, howls, bawls, and wails — sounds of pain and agony echoed through Purple Leaf Tea House.

Some managed to escape by jumping through the window of the second or third floor. Surely, these men were all valiant fighters led by Diego, which explained their fast reflexes.

"Go to hell!" Caden roared with a grim smile. Holding his iron rod, he led his men to prepare to attack.

The eight men immediately rose to their feet. With their sharp knives, they rushed at the nearest enemies.

Blood and violence clouded the atmosphere.

Boom! Pak! Swoosh! Clunk!

Caden and his eight subordinates advanced. They were formidable and aggressive.

The men fell at their feet one by one, stained in blood.

Caden's men were also wounded, but they were in a better condition compared to their opponents.

Caden got more fired up and fought wildly.

His iron rod cut and bludgeoned, spreading blood everywhere.

Twenty minutes later, all the valiant men who had rushed out from the tea house were killed. Among Caden's subordinates, one was killed and two were seriously injured.

Caden, though, was not pleased. "Has anyone seen Diego?" he boomed, frustrated.

Diego was his real target. He would never be satisfied until Diego died.

"No," the seven fierce men all shook their heads.

"Retreat!" Caden ordered decisively. With a wave of his hand, the men withdrew.

The fight was so fierce that it was highly likely to attract the attention of the police soon. He didn't want to repeat Tim's mistake.

As the fight was about to end, Prairie Pastoral was also ransacked by 30 of Diego's loyal subjects.

All of them were trained by Diego himself, which made them highly skilled fighters extremely loyal to him.

They showed no fear of death. They would gladly take it just to protect and serve their superior.

30 blood-thirsty men rushed inside and fought against the fierce men led by Wolf King.

In a few minutes, a dozen of Diego's men managed to kill eight of Wolf King's, at the cost of their lives.

What a tragedy!

"Damn it! Go to hell!" Wolf King cursed furiously.

Fired up by the savagery of Diego's men, the fire inside Wolf King was soon awakened.

With a grim smile, he pulled a nearby door out of its frame and charged at his opponents.

The heavy door plank looked light as a crab stick in Wolf King's hands. He waved it around, seemingly effortlessly.

Just in a few seconds, five men were crushed to death under the weight of the door. It was indeed a tragic encounter.

[Chapter 126 Triggering A Figh](#)

The sight of Wolf King shocked the fearless squad, but they still charged into battle like rabid animals.

This made Wolf King even more hyped for battle.

BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!

In a matter of minutes, several squad members met their demise as they were smashed against the door. Blood scattered all over the place.

Wolf King looked invincible!

The expression of the remaining squad members changed.

"Bastards! You will pay for what you did to my men," Wolf King grinned as he continued the blood bath.

Driven by rage, he ravaged.

The men he brought to Golden City were at the top of their ranks. Over half of them were killed yesterday, and eight more were gone today.

How could he not be enraged?

The thought of this made Wolf King very angry.

On that day, he was determined to live up to his name.

BAM, BAM, BAM!

In the blink of an eye, he knocked over three more members. The door started to give in to the impact.

The eight remaining members charged, seizing the opportunity to get their hands on Wolf King.

Missing this window would make it difficult to kill him afterward. It was now or never!

But would Wolf King be slain that easily?

Wolf King grinned and tore off his shirt, revealing his muscular body. He towered over the eight men like a mountain and threw himself towards an attack.

BANG, BANG, BANG!

In three blows, the three men's heads burst and they fell to the ground, dead.

One of the remaining five men managed to land a blow on Wolf King, but the other four only failed in their efforts.

A wound stung, momentarily distracting Wolf King. Coming to his senses, he pulled his rival's head towards him and hit him hard with his own forehead.

BANG!

The man's head exploded as if Wolf King's were an iron ball.

The blood sprayed all over Wolf King's face, which made him look even more menacing.

He kicked over one man and got a sword off his hand. Then, he rushed at the remaining four, fierce and bloodthirsty.

The remaining fighters were no match for Wolf King. They were dead in a matter of seconds.

Prairie Pastoral was a bloody mess.

A strong stench of blood and death filled the air.

Wolf King was terrifying with his strength and power.

"Cut their heads off and send them back to Diego," he told his men as he pulled down a curtain and wiped his hands and wounds.

"Yes, sir," his men replied as they did what they were told.

What a terrifying scene!

Caden and his men arrived at their car, parked a few kilometers away, confused at the sight of a mysterious man sitting on the hood of the car.

The man wore casual clothes and a hat that hid most of his face.

He seemed quite relaxed, lounging on the hood as he played a popular game, Strike of Kings, on his mobile phone.

Caden's brow furrowed as he took his iron bar and approached. "Who are you?"

He suspected that this was no ordinary gentleman.

"Shhh, quiet! Can't you see I'm busy with my game? My teammates will kill me if I lose the game! If that happens, I'll kill you!"

the man replied, barely raising his head. It was as if eight men were children and not fighters.

Caden burst in rage, "Get out of our car or I will kill you!"

If it weren't for his hunch that the man was more than what he seemed, he would have already beaten the crap out of him.

"Dammit! I lost the game! You're so annoying!" the man exclaimed as he finally put away his phone and looked up at Caden.

His face was covered with a black scarf and he wore sunglasses even though it was the middle of the night.

He was clearly on a mission.

"Are you one of Diego's men?" Caden asked.

"Diego?" The man laughed. "Who the hell is Diego?"

"Well, then who are you? Why are you here?" Caden replied.

"I'm a good man," he said as he held up his phone in his hand. "It has been my dream to be a policeman since I was a child. I wanted to uphold justice, maintain peace and stability, and punish criminals.

You are trying to leave after you blew up a building and killed people without taking responsibility? What are you thinking?

You cannot deny this as I have hard evidence. I took a video. I suggest you come with me to the police station and confess your crimes," he said.

"There is a saying: put down your sword and be at peace. Boundless is the sea of bitterness, yet anyone who will repent will find the shore nearby. It is not too late to change your ways. You are still young. Don't hold on to your misguided ways,"

the man chattered non-stop, doing his best to change them.

Caden looked at him, confused.

'Has this man lost his mind? Is he seriously asking me to go to the police station and confess?' he thought.

"Fuck you and your confession. Fuck you and your sea of bitterness. Go to hell!" he spat as he swung his iron bar towards the man.

He had no time for this. They had to get away immediately. That was the most important thing right now!

Caden was fierce, as always.

The sound of the wind as his iron bar swished through the air was enough to rumble a hill!

"I told you it is not too late to mend your ways." The man signed, lifted his right hand and grabbed at the iron bar.

"Do you want to die?" Caden said fiercely.

He felt so insulted with this man's demeanor.

He had fought countless men over the years and no one dared to try to grab his iron bar when he threw it with all his strength.

Even Wolf King couldn't do that.

BANG!

The iron bar hit the man's palm and made a loud noise.

Caden was stunned.

The man caught the iron bar!

Before Caden could react, the man grinned and pulled at the bar hard. In an instant, the bar slipped out of Caden's hand and into the man's.

"This is a nice weapon. I would like to have a little swing at it," the man remarked. The iron bar weighed around 20 kilograms, but the man held it like it were nothing. Then, he swung it towards Caden.

Caden's expression changed dramatically.

Never in his life did he imagine that his own weapon would be used against him.

The iron bar fell on him like a meteor from the sky and hit him squarely on his left shoulder.

CRACK!

Caden fell to the ground, his shoulder bone shattered.

Dumbfounded!

His companions were dumbfounded.

No one expected this random stranger to be so terrible! He knocked Caden down in a few seconds!

Things happened so fast, they were unable to react accordingly right away.

The man was not about to wait for them to come to their senses. In a matter of seconds, the seven fierce men were on the ground, unable to get back up.

"Another eight people, gone. Would Wolf King feel bad, this time?" the stranger muttered. Then, he took out his phone and dialed a number. "Hey, I've done a good deed again. Should I get rewarded this time?" he said to the other person on the line.

"Are you Peter Wang?" Caden watched in astonishment.

The stranger grinned again and shook his index finger. "No, my name is Tim!"

His answer confirmed Caden's suspicions. "You were the one who started all of this and you are the one who is benefiting the most from the situation.

It must be you who have killed Tim and the others yesterday. You were also the one who provoked the fight between us and Diego. Good for you. We all underestimated you,"

Caden said. Despite his anger, he was also afraid.

Peter, a mere director of the Security Department, managed to make a fool out of both Wolf King and Diego, triggering a fight between them.

How was that even possible?

[Chapter 127 The Angry Wolf King](#)

In Prairie Pastoral

Wolf King took a bath, put on a bathrobe and sat silently on the sofa.

He made a pot of black tea for himself and waited for Caden.

However, after several hours of waiting, he frowned and felt something was wrong.

An hour ago, someone told Wolf King that Purple Leaf Tea House had been destroyed. Caden should have returned by now, but he hadn't.

'What's taking him so long?' Wolf King thought. After a while, one of his men entered as Wolf King was about to ask his men to find out if there was a problem.

"Sir, the police have arrested Caden and his men for attempted murder," the guy said in a trembling voice. He looked scared. Obviously, he knew Wolf King would be very angry with this news.

"What?" Wolf King was furious. "Caden and his men have been arrested? All of them? Are you kidding me?"

He could not believe what he heard. Everything was going wrong for the past few days. Wolf King

exploded in anger.

He thought he would get both Amaris and her Gong Group if he asked his men to threaten her. He was so confident with his plan that he did not expect any trouble.

"Is there any big potato in Golden City?" he asked.

"Ye... yes," the guy replied and his whole body trembled.

Wolf King was so furious that he threw the tea away. He turned to another guy. "Condor, find out what happened there. I want all the details.

Diego is a nobody. He is not capable of doing these things to Tim and Caden. It must be somebody else!"

Clearly, Wolf King was very smart. He realized something was wrong instantly.

"Yes, sir!"

Condor replied and left quickly.

Wolf King looked dangerous and cursed in a low voice, "No matter who you are, I will kill you if you mess with my plans!"

Wolf King then ordered, "Go to the police station and bail out Caden!"

Money is not a problem. Just get him out. Take actions if you can't bail him out. Tim is dead and I don't want Caden in trouble.

"

At the police station, Amelia was a bit worried. Wolf King would not forgive Peter since he killed Tim and got Caden arrested.

Wolf King was so powerful and influential that even Amelia would not dare piss him off.

"Amelia, you look worried. Does it bother you a lot?" Peter continued, "If it bothers you so much, then let them go. It doesn't matter."

He thought it would be easy for Amelia to arrest Caden due to her mysterious family background. However, it seemed that it would cause big trouble for Amelia.

"Let them go?" Amelia stared at Peter and said coldly, "I have arrested them and I can't just let them go."

She paused, and then continued. "It is challenging, but I'm okay with it. Wolf King is horrible, but he

would not dare kill me.

Don't worry about me. Take care of yourself. You will be his target." Wolf King was a powerful man and he would find him.

"Even if Caden has been arrested, he will not be in the police station forever. Keep an eye on him."

"Okay, I'll be careful." Peter nodded. "Thank you. If you need me, just call me. I will do my best to help you."

After all, Amelia had helped him a lot and Peter felt really grateful.

Without her help, he could not have triumphed the past days.

Wolf King was rich and powerful.

No ordinary person would dare kill Tim and arrest Caden.

They would lose their position, even their own life if they failed. Only Amelia dared to help Peter since she came from a mysterious and equally powerful family.

"Let's not talk about this right now. Just give your word that you won't get yourself killed," Amelia said to him coldly. "You can call me if you get into trouble."

"Okay, thanks!" said Peter. Suddenly, Peter hugged Amelia and said, "You are really good to me!"

Amelia's face went red and her cold heart softened.

No one dared to get close to her due to her background, position and the threats from her fiancée. No one dared hug her like Peter.

For a moment, she felt like a woman.

Deep inside, Peter hugged Amelia, just to show his gratitude to her.

He knew Amelia was lonely deep inside even though she tried not to show it.

Time seemed to have stopped and the two felt a sudden closeness.

Amelia closed her eyes slowly and relished the scent of Peter. She felt lost in his hug.

But Peter suddenly released her. "Okay, it's getting late. I should go now. Take a good rest!"

Amelia was a bit offended. She stared at Peter. "Fuck off! Go away right now!"

She was annoyed that Peter had to ruin that moment.

"What?" Peter was confused. He did not understand what happened. "What's wrong with you? Are you insane?"

"You're the one that's insane! Bastard!"

Amelia shouted and then gave him a kick.

Peter avoided her kick and left quickly.

He was at a loss and didn't know why Amelia's mood changed so quickly.

It was already five o'clock in the morning when he arrived at the hotel.

Amaris was awake. She had been waiting for Peter.

Because of the threats from Wolf King, her bodyguards and servants had left her. She was alone.

She could not sleep well without Peter.

"You're back!"

Amaris felt relieved when she saw Peter. She threw herself into his arms immediately.

She held him so tight as if Peter would disappear if she released him.

"Of course, I am back." Peter could not control himself as he felt Amaris' soft and tempting body.

Amaris was wearing a red see-through dress. It flaunted her entire body. 'How gorgeous!' thought Peter.

"I'm so glad you're back." Amaris wiped her tears and gave him a kiss.

[Chapter 128 To Lavish Money On Beauty](#)

Peter and Amaris enjoyed each other passionately. Their romantic night did not end until 9 the following morning.

They ordered something to eat. After a big breakfast, they fell asleep enveloped in each other's arms.

Peter was exhausted. He slept soundly and did not wake up until 1 in the afternoon.

When he woke up, he stared at Amaris. She was still in a deep sleep, and he did not want to wake her.

After washing and getting dressed, he left a note and headed out of the hotel.

Peter was not as rich as Amaris who was very wealthy and well provided for. He had to work and earn a living.

"Peter?" Upon arriving at the company, Peter heard a familiar voice.

He turned around and saw Shelly running towards him cheerfully.

They hadn't seen each other for a while. Seeing her again, Peter was mesmerized. Shelly had matured and became more beautiful. Surely, working in the Sales Department was good for her.

Peter was in a spell for a while. Swiftly, Shelly fell into his arms that Peter could smell her perfume. "I miss you so much, Peter," she said.

"I miss you too," said Peter. He was very happy to see her and could not wait to touch her. "Long time no see. Did you gain weight? Or you became slimmer? Let me see."

"You naughty guy!"

Shelly blushed and grasped his hand quickly to stop him. She tried to look dismayed and offended.

"Peter, why do you treat me that way? It's not fair!"

"What are you talking about?" Peter smiled. He held Shelly's hand and squeezed it, with his gaze drifting to her plump breast.

"You became the Director of the Security Department. Why did you choose Lisa to be your secretary instead of me?"

She pouted her lips and tried to look very unhappy. "Do you think I'm not as good as Lisa? Is she your lover?"

"That's not all, Peter. You haven't called me for a long time. You've been very unfair to me!"

"Oh, I see!" Peter was suddenly enlightened. "Lisa is too shy to be a salesperson, so I asked her to be my secretary instead. That's all."

"If you want to be my secretary, you are surely welcome. I would ask Miss Song for approval right away."

Peter looked at Shelly with a knowing smile. "But there is a condition. You need to give me something in return."

Shelly was more daring than Lisa. Besides, she knew Peter very well, so she would not be surprised by his suggestion.

She blushed slightly. "What do you want? Don't worry. I am not as shy as Lisa.

If you feel tired, I could give you a massage. If you're cold, I could give you a warm hug. If you're hot, I could cool you down. If you want to go to bed, I could make your bed warm.

I could definitely perform better than Lisa as a secretary. You would never find a better secretary than me," Shelly said proudly.

Peter was stunned. Her fearlessness overcame him.

During the separation, she had become bolder.

'How charming and persuading she has become! So adorable!'

Then Shelly became serious. Her expression changed. "Peter, are you free tonight?"

"Certainly, if you're the one asking me. Anytime, I am free," Peter joked back. He then asked seriously, "What happened? If there's a problem, don't hesitate to tell me."

"Nothing serious. There is a big client who invited me to have dinner and go to a music bar with him. He is an old man. I'm afraid he may have other plans for me,"

Shelly explained. She looked worried and her face turned cloudy. Apparently, it was not an easy task to be a salesperson, especially for a girl blessed with good looks.

"What?" Peter glared at Shelly. "Damn it! Don't worry, I will go with you!"

He paused for a moment and then asked, "Are you free this afternoon, Shelly? If you're not busy, could you go somewhere with me?"

"Go where?"

Shelly asked.

"To buy a car," said Peter. He felt embarrassed. "I wrecked Miss Song's Hummer. I need to buy her another one before she finds out."

"A Hummer? You wrecked it?" Shelly was bewildered. 'Oh my gosh! How did he wreck the Hummer?'

Then she asked apprehensively, "Peter, you didn't hurt yourself, did you?"

"I'm fine," Peter answered as he shook his head.

"Wait a minute. I need to change, and then I will go with you."

"Okay."

Shelly changed while Peter went to the Security Department.

"Hello, Mr. Wang," someone greeted him. It was from Jack. When Peter entered the office, Jack followed him and came in. He looked embarrassed.

"Jack, I'm flattered, but please don't call me that. Just call me Peter." Peter waved his hand and motioned Jack to sit down. "If there's anything you want to tell me, just say it."

"They sent me to ask you if you have finished making the training plan." This was very awkward for Jack.

He did not want to come at all and asked Peter. But Andy and the four other heads of the security teams did their best to persuade him. The security guards knew that Jack was closest to Peter among all of them. That made him the most suitable representative.

'Oh yeah! I have been very busy recently. I forgot!' Peter thought anxiously. But of course, he could not tell Jack the truth. The security guards would be very disappointed.

He nodded and answered calmly, "It's finished, but I left it at home. Please tell them I will bring it tomorrow."

"Okay, I should be going then. Bye!" Jack left happy and contented with Peter's answer.

Sitting at the office for a while now, Peter realized something important was missing. Then he realized, Lisa did not report for work that day.

He called her immediately and was told by Lisa that she was ill and needed to take the day off. He breathed a sigh of relief.

After telling Lisa to take care of herself and making some jokes to make her feel better, Peter hung up the phone. 'As the boss, I need to show care and concern for my subordinates.'

Soon, Shelly called Peter to tell him she had got changed and was ready to leave.

Peter then took off with Shelly without wasting any second.

When they passed the hall, two security guards stared at them, impressed. 'Impressive! A successful man blessed with a romantic life. How lucky!'

Peter and Shelly soon arrived at their destination — a showroom for expensive cars. A beautiful salesperson greeted them with a warm smile.

She did not look down on Peter even he was just wearing cheap clothes. She started introducing cars knowingly to them.

Peter had wanted to go straight to the displayed Hummers right away, but he changed his mind when he noticed Shelly was completely fascinated with the cars.

So he decided to look around with her. Anyway, he was rich now, and he didn't have to worry about money.

Shelly clutched Peter's arm the entire time. She seemed nervous and uneasy. She came from a humble beginning and she had never been to a place like this.

She was overwhelmed by the luxury cars and started to like all of them.

Peter felt her excitement and suddenly felt generous. "Shelly, if there's anything that you like, just tell me. I will buy it for you."

As a gentleman, he loved lavishing beauty with money.

[Chapter 129 Holding Hands](#)

"No, thank you. I'm just looking," Shelly said, a bit embarrassed. She could not help herself from appreciating the red 3-Series BMW on display.

Looking at the car, Peter remembered a popular saying: "I would rather cry in a BMW than smile on a bicycle."

He was impressed that Shelly had good taste.

The BMW was well-designed. All its lines were clean and sleek. Anyone would be tempted to purchase such a premium product.

"Let's have a closer look at it," Peter said despite her hesitation.

The car was about a hundred thousand dollars, which was something Peter could afford as he had 20 million dollars with him.

"Oh, no. Thank you so much, but no. I don't need it. I just wanted to take a look," Shelly said nervously. She only intended to accompany Peter in buying a car for Bella. She had no intention of getting one herself.

"Don't worry. I have enough money," Peter assured her. "How much is it?" he asked the salesgirl.

The salesgirl began to give him extensive details about the car as she looked at Shelly with envy.

Hooking up with rich men wasn't easy, nowadays. Even if you found one, convincing him to buy you a luxury car would be even more difficult.

Only a few rich men were like Peter. Not only was he young, he was also very handsome and generous.

'Why am I not as lucky?'

the salesgirl thought as she gazed at Peter.

"Peter, I really don't need it. Even if you buy it for me, I will not be able to afford its use and maintenance," Shelly said.

Despite her gratefulness, she had to refuse Peter's kindness. She was not after his money. He might misunderstand.

"What do you mean? I was not going to buy it for you. I was only planning to lend it to you. Don't think about it too much," Peter replied. Seeing that Shelly would not accept his gift, he decided to change his strategy.

"As part of the Sales Department, you have to keep working, rain or shine. You will also need to take the subway, even in rush hours. A car would make things easier for you. What's more, having a car can improve your image. It can make people more eager to discuss business with you.

If you do not feel comfortable accepting the gift, you can pay me back when you make enough money. In case I go broke in the future, at least I will get to rely on you," Peter explained.

Hearing Peter's explanation filled Shelly with sadness.

While she did receive a lot of growth, she did have more than her fair share of hardships.

Just as Peter narrated, she had to work hard regardless of wind and rain. She also had to take the subway and bus during rush hours every day. As soon as she got home, she would feel extremely exhausted. All she would be able to do was to lie down in bed.

"Peter, you are so kind," Shelly said as she kissed Peter on the cheek. She almost wanted to cry.

"I promise, if you really do go broke one day, I will be there to support you. I will work as hard as I have to just so I am sure that you will have enough food and clothing," she said.

It was a simple message, but Shelly meant every word. Was this her special way to show her true feelings?

Peter smiled at her slyly and then he bought the BMW without hesitation.

Before they left, he also got himself a Hummer.

There were no more stocks left so they would have to go back for it a few days later.

The salesgirl stared at Peter and Shelly as they left.

She wished she could meet such a thoughtful man too, in the future. Even if he were not rich, she would still be willing to stay with him forever.

After leaving the car shop, Peter bid Shelly goodbye and he made his way back to the office.

She reminded him of their evening plans and then left him to his day.

Upon returning, Peter closed the door of his office and began to plan the training program.

It was a fairly easy task for him given his years of experience in the army.

Moreover, all the difficulties and disputes he was involved in, in his life, made him realize the importance of power.

He was determined to cultivate this as his asset because he was sure that it would definitely help him in the future.

Peter spent the whole afternoon designing the program. He based it on actual facts and capabilities of the Security Department of Silverland Group, without sugarcoating.

Peter immediately packed and left as soon as he finished the program.

Bella did not come to see him for the whole day. Thinking that she was a very busy woman, Peter decided it was best not to bother her.

Peter met Shelly at the front gate of Silverland Group.

She was no longer wearing her work uniform. Instead, she had changed into a lovely lavender dress as her long hair fell over her shoulders. It made her look very youthful.

Her arms were smooth like jade. Visible under the hemline of her dress were her soft and delicate calves. On her feet were blue sandals.

She was very beautiful.

All was well.

"My dear!" Shelly exclaimed joyfully, immediately walking towards Peter and putting her hand on his arm. They looked like a couple!

The pleasure on Peter's face made Shelly very happy. Her dimples appeared when she smiled.

She knew that it was nice for girls to dress-up for their sweethearts. She would not normally put out this much effort if she were not meeting Peter.

"Ah, where did this goddess come from? She looks familiar," Peter exclaimed and then smiled. "When did you become so pretty, Shelly?"

"I have always been pretty!" she said as she pinched his arm and gave him an angry glare.

"Oh? How could such a pretty lady be so fierce? I always thought you looked nice in your office uniform, but seeing you like this made me realize that you look even more charming when you're in your casual clothes," Peter said.

"You're so pretentious, Peter! You pretend to be so nice but you're actually so naughty!" Shelly said as her cheeks turned pink.

Talking and laughing, they soon arrived at their destination: Flourishing Dynasty.

The place sounded like a KTV, but it was actually a club.

It provided accommodation, entertainment, and other services.

It was not one of the most high-end clubs in Golden City, but it was one of the most well-known ones as it was frequented by overnight millionaires.

Martin Huang was the customer who asked Shelly out. As a senior executive of a private hospital, he was over forty years old. He was worth over tens of millions.

He intended to dine and sing with Shelly, but he also had his own ulterior motives.

Peter and Shelley climbed to the third floor and entered River Embankment box.

This was a private room Martin Huang reserved for his meeting with Shelly.

Martin Huang was already waiting.

He looked gentle and handsome in his formal suit and glasses, but his overall image was dampened by his bulging beer belly and his deep-sunk eyes.

"Shelly, you are here!" Martin Huang said as he stood up with a big smile. He was stunned at her beauty.

He had only seen Shelly in her office uniform. Seeing her dressed more casually, he felt so refreshing.

She looked so youthful and charming but still oozing with finesse. She was truly a beautiful lady! He was now very determined to chase Shelly.

As he indulged in his fantasy, he suddenly became uncomfortable.

He saw a man coming in after Shelly, and they were holding hands.

Apparently, he was with her.

[Chapter 130 An Enamored Guy](#)

Martin was dismayed and felt a little angry deep inside. However, he controlled his temper.

After all, he was a dignified man, and he was good at concealing emotions. He knew he could not show his true feelings. Or else, he would lose his chance to get Shelly.

"Mr. Huang, I'm sorry we're late. This is my boyfriend, Peter Wang."

Shelly walked to the table and introduced Peter.

"Well, your boyfriend? Nice to meet you, Peter." Much as he disliked Peter, he had to shake hands with Peter like a gentleman.

"Nice to meet you, too." Peter smiled as he sat down. He had to behave politely since Shelly was going to discuss business with Martin.

"Peter, I'm so glad you're here. I was thinking, Shelly doesn't like to drink. Now that you're here, I can drink with you instead."

Promptly, the dinner was served. Martin stood up and filled Peter's glass with wine.

Martin knew he could not pursue Shelly on the table. So, he decided to play nice first. He had a plan. He was going to make Peter drunk first and then get Shelly later.

Martin was so good at drinking. He was confident that he could make Peter drunk.

"Seriously?" Peter with his mouth wide open looked a little nervous. "Mr. Huang, I don't drink."

"What are you talking about?" Martin grinned. 'I know you don't drink. You'd better not be good at drinking. Or else, I can't get Shelly!'

Although he felt jubilant deep inside, he did not show his emotions and frowned. "If you don't drink,

then Shelly will have to drink with me.

Come on, man! For our partnership and first meeting, let's have a drink."

After which, Martin finished off his wine.

Peter frowned and looked really upset. He had no choice but to pick up his glass and finish off his wine as well. After he was finished, he couldn't help but give out a few coughs.

Peter looked as if he didn't really drink.

"Peter, are you okay?" Shelly looked worried as she patted his back.

"Fi...fine. I'm good." Peter assured her as he tried to smile.

Martin was very furious when he saw Shelly was so worried about Peter. But, he said nothing and picked up his glass full of wine again.

Peter, unable to refuse him, had to continue drinking as well. Shortly, two bottles of wine had been consumed and Peter was a little drunk.

During dinner, Martin also asked Shelly to drink with them. This made Shelly a little drunk and her face flushed. The color on her face made her more attractive.

"One more drink, man!" Martin was very pleased when he looked at them. He didn't stop drinking. Instead, he picked up his wine glass again and urged Peter to drink.

Actually, Martin was surprised. Despite Peter's claim that he didn't drink, he had already consumed a lot.

'Good thing, he's not a drinker! Or else I would be drunk by now, ' thought Martin.

"No, I'm already drunk. I can't do this anymore." Peter shook his head and refused.

"What are you saying? If you want to have a partnership with me, you have to continue drinking." Martin smiled to himself as he threatened Peter.

"Okay, this is the last. I really can't drink anymore,"

Peter said trying to talk straight and then finished off his wine.

"Oh, men!

I'm really drunk. I want to sleep."

Instantly, Peter lay on the table. He had obviously passed out.

"Are you okay, man? Don't play with me. I know you're not drunk. Why did you pass out? Get up and have a drink with me. Or else, I will cancel this partnership with you."

In truth, Martin was happy to see Peter unconscious. But he wanted to make sure Peter was not faking it, so he nudged Peter to check.

Peter snored loudly and remained asleep.

"Peter, wake up! Are you okay?" Shelly became frightened when she saw this. She couldn't help but push Peter.

She was not aware of Peter's drinking ability. So even she was not sure if Peter was faking it or not.

Shelly was a bit drunk too.

She started to panic. Peter had passed out, and she didn't know what to do with the enamored guy.

"Shelly, don't worry. He is just a little drunk. He will be fine," Martin said as he picked up his glass again. "Now, let's have a drink."

"I'm sorry Mr. Huang. I can't drink anymore. I have to bring him home."

Shelly was not stupid. She wouldn't dare drink with Martin alone.

However, she was too drunk to stand.

'Gosh! Peter, why did you do this? You were supposed to protect me. Now you've passed out. What should I do?'

Shelly lost her balance.

"Shelly, are you okay? Shall I take you home?" Martin quickly stood up as he held Shelly.

Martin was completely turned on when he looked at her beautiful face and provocative body.

'What a hot woman!'

"No, leave me alone." Shelly felt dazed and tried to avoid Martin's help. "I'm fine. I can go home by myself."

Peter! Peter, wake up. Let's go home." Shelly pushed Peter again, but he remained asleep.

"Okay, I have a suggestion. Let's have a last drink and then I will sign the contract. What do you think?"

Martin ignored her. Instead, he took out the contract and filled Shelly's glass with wine.

He was out to deceive her. While Shelly was busy trying to wake up Peter, Martin took out a bag of powder secretly and added it in Shelly's wine.

Shelly couldn't help but look up when she heard him. "Are you serious? One last drink and you will sign the contract?"

The contract was worth five million dollars. She really wanted to get that contract, so she could get a high commission. Besides, it was one last drink. It was no big deal.

Shelly would never have thought Martin would add the powder into her wine. Martin was the top manager of a hospital. She thought he was a good man. And they all drank from the same wine, so Shelly never doubted his suggestion.

"Of course, I'm serious. I give you my word,"

Martin said sincerely, but deep inside he was rejoicing.

'I will sign the contract and I will also get your body, ' he thought to himself.

Convinced, Shelly drank the wine without hesitation.

Martin looked at Shelly with a dirty smile. He took out his phone and started the recording.

The powder he added into her wine was an aphrodisiac. Shelly would not stand it.

Soon, Shelly would throw herself into his arms. And Martin was not afraid because he planned to record everything as a piece of evidence.