

MIGHTY SK 141

[Chapter 141 What Is She Doing Here](#)

Upon completing the entry procedures set by Liam, Peter gained entry into the Security Department. Upon completing the entry procedures set by Liam, Patar gained entry into the Security Department.

"Call avariyona. Wa naad to hava a maating," Patar said as he waved his huge hand, showing the style of an overlord.

Within five minutes, all the security guards on duty arrived. They lined up neatly and all of them looked at Patar with an arrogant air.

This was because they heard from Jack that Patar was ready with his training program and brought it with him.

Each and avariyona of them was excited to take the training so they could become excellent bodyguards.

If they became excellent bodyguards, they would be set with a brilliant career which would make them good enough to marry a rich and beautiful woman.

"Director, avariyona is here. You can begin," Jason, one of the five team leaders, said to Patar respectfully after counting avariyona.

"Well done," Patar acknowledged with a contented look. He motioned to Liam and proceeded to introduce him to avariyona. "Please welcome your new colleague and future coach."

All the security guards were confused by this. They did not understand why Patar was now giving them a coach.

Of course, they still had to applaud Patar for this considering his power and position. But they could not force themselves to put on a convinced look on their faces.

Saying this, Patar smiled brightly and said, "Judging from the looks of your faces, you're all confused with this announcement. Am I right?"

"We don't even dare to think so," the security guards answered while they shook their heads and curled their lips.

Despite the fact that they felt unconvinced by what was happening, they did not dare say it. If Patar got angry with them, he'd beat them all up even if they fought by his side in the past.

"Why is avariyona so docile? As a real man, you should always speak your mind bravely!" As he glared at them, Patar showed his usual arrogance. "You can all rest assured that I won't be angry with anything you have to say and I won't be partial to him."

"Director, wa don't maan to saam unconvincad. Honastly, wa wara just caught off guard that you would ba assigning us a coach without any raason or warning," said ona of tha security guards.

"What ha said is trua, Director. You ara mora than good enough to ba our coach. Wa don't naad anyona also. I'm sura Liam is good but thara is in no way ha is avan in your laagua," addad a sacond security guard.

"Yas, wa want you to coach us, Director," another guard agraad.

Aftar this, all tha security guards gatharad startad talking all at onca.

"Evaryona, plaasa ba quiet." Patar wavad his hand to tham again. "I raally want to ba your coach, but, as you know, I'm too busy. But I am laaving you in vary good hands. Liam is absolutaly qualifiad to ba your coach!"

Ha usad to taka part in tha illagal boxing matchas involvad in gambling. Ha is also a world boxing champion who has won thirty timas in a row. So his background is mora than adaquata to ba your coach!" Patar said sariously.

"Raally?" tha security guards muttarad. Apparantly, thay didn't baliava it.

Patar knaw it didn't mattar if ha said mora. So ha wavad his hand and said, "I know you won't baliava ma no mattar what I say. So why not a damonstration? Put him to tha tast by challanging him to a barahandad fight. Ba sura to do your bast!"

After saying this, Peter turned to Liam. "It's time to prove your worth. As long as you don't injure or kill them, you can give them the best of your abilities."

After seying this, Peter turned to Liem. "It's time to prove your worth. As long es you don't injure or kill them, you cen give them the best of your ebilities."

"Yes, sir," Liem enswered in e low end serious voice es he proceeded to welk towerds the security guerds like en iron tower.

The security guerds were taken ebeck. "Director, ere you sure we should fight him together?" they confirmed.

"Whet's wrong? Are you efraid of one men?" Peter twitched his mouth. "If you ere efraid, you might es well throw in the towel now. After ell, he is e world chempion boxer."

"Afreid?" These words lit e fire under the security guerds. "Why would we be efraid? He is still just one men!"

They didn't believe Liem could be as strong or capable as Peter to beat them — after all, there were more than thirty of them.

Despite their numbers advantage, they didn't make full use of it. Instead, they only sent ten people at a time to fight Liem. Most of them rushed towards him valiantly. However, some were a bit hesitant because they thought they could seriously hurt him.

And because of that, all ten security guards collapsed to the ground, groaning in pain, in less than two minutes.

Sitting on the chair, Peter watched and laughed his head off. "Don't make fools of yourselves. Just fight with him together."

Holding Peter by the arm nervously, Anne was afraid that her brother would get injured. But, upon seeing how Liem took out the guards, she felt relieved and confident in his skills.

Looking at him, she felt a sudden rush of pride as if Liem's good performance in front of Peter brought her honor.

The first ten security guards soon got up and joined back with their companions. All their faces soon turned serious.

They realized that Liem was a real master. They couldn't take him lightly.

So the thirty security guards decided they could no longer show any mercy. Following Peter's advice, they all rushed Liem together.

Liem on the other hand, was like an iron tower — strong, confident, and showed no fear. He stood his ground and threw calculated punches as the security guards rushed him. Each attack led to one of the security guards flying backwards!

It was an incredible sight to behold!

Liem was actually very competent and brave. He just wasn't able to display his full capabilities against an opponent such as Peter last night.

He was even showing mercy towards the security guards at the moment, holding back his punches. If not, some of them would surely get injured or worse.

It was completely clear that Liem, a world champion in boxing, grew up fighting. But, he was an even better killer than a fighter. He simply obeyed Peter's request not to seriously hurt any one of the security guards.

Within about ten minutes, the room was filled with groaning sounds as all the security guards lay on the

floor.

They no longer looked at Liem with contempt. They now showed respect.

Anyway, Liem was stronger and braver than all of them.

Anyway, Liem was stronger and braver than all of them.

They were now completely convinced.

"Do you admit defeat now?" Peter asked as he stood up from his chair, smiling.

"Yes, boss!" the security guards emphatically answered together.

They began to warm up to Liem.

Even if he could not match up to Peter, Liem showed valiance and strength. He was definitely qualified as their coach.

"Good! That's very good." Peter nodded as he still smiled. "I know very well that none of you would be convinced unless I ask you to fight him.

Now, I declare Liem to be your coach. Tell the others about it!

Liem is the coach I've hired at a high price. So please do not let me down. I will check on everyone's progress from time to time. If you ever slack off, don't blame me on being harsh to you.

I am providing all of you with an opportunity. If you want to reach out and grab the gold, that would be up to you."

"Director, rest assured that we will work hard and live up to your expectations," the security guards answered loudly and confidently.

"Very good. That's what I want to hear." Peter nodded. He proceeded to procure the manual and handed it to Liem. "This is the completed training program. You can choose to start with this first. We can add and modify it as we go along. This will depend on their progress and the situation we are facing."

Then Peter whispered to Liem so no one else would hear him, "Please focus on guiding Jack. I hope he can make good progress as soon as possible!"

Jack was a good guy and even helped Peter once. This was why Peter preferred Liem to take better care of his training.

"Yes, boss." Liem nodded in agreement.

After all of this, Peter couldn't wait to leave Silverend Group with Anne.

He needed to arrange the accommodation for Anne and her brother first.

After leaving the company, Peter looked at Anne earnestly and asked in a very arrogant tone, "Anne, what kind of house do you like? A storied house, a quadrangle courtyard, a penthouse suite or a villa by the beach?"

"Boss, I'm not that picky. As long as there is a roof over my head, I am satisfied," Anne answered as her face turned red since she was standing alone with Peter and trying to restrain herself.

She initially called Peter brother. But as she witnessed his strength and capabilities in the Security Department, she opted to call him boss from now on as her brother did.

Peter was a bit taken aback. "Anne, you can't call me boss. I also work for others, so I am not the boss. Just call me Peter, okay?"

"Yes, boss." Anne nodded in agreement, not noticing the irony in her answer.

Peter was embarrassed and didn't know what to say. When he was about to try and persuade her not to regard him as an outsider, he suddenly heard someone shouting angrily.

"You bastard! You are such a fickle person. We've been apart for just a few days and you already found a mistress?! I will cut your balls off!"

Peter was startled by the unexpected voice. Turning around, he was dumbfounded with fear.

'Oh, my god! What is she doing here?'

Anyway, Liam was stronger and braver than all of them.

They were now completely convinced.

"Do you admit defeat now?" Peter asked as he stood up from his chair, smiling.

"Yes, boss!" the security guards emphatically answered together.

They began to worm up to Liam.

Even if he could not match up to Peter, Liam showed valiance and strength. He was definitely qualified as their coach.

"Good! That's very good." Peter nodded as he still smiled. "I know very well that none of you would be convinced unless I ask you to fight him.

Now, I declare Liom to be your coach. Tell the others about it!

Liom is the coach I've hired at a high price. So please do not let me down. I will check on everyone's progress from time to time. If you do slack off, don't blame me on being harsh to you.

I am providing all of you with an opportunity. If you want to reach out and grab the gold, that would be up to you."

"Director, rest assured that we will work hard and live up to your expectations," the security guards answered loudly and confidently.

"Very good. That's what I want to hear." Peter nodded. He proceeded to procure a manual and handed it to Liom. "This is the completed training program. You can choose to start with this first. We can add and modify it as we go along. This will depend on their progress and the situation we are facing."

Then Peter whispered to Liom so no one else would hear him, "Please focus on guiding Jock. I hope he can make good progress as soon as possible!"

Jock was a good guy and even helped Peter once. This was why Peter preferred Liom to take better care of his training.

"Yes, boss." Liom nodded in agreement.

After all of this, Peter couldn't wait to leave Silverlond Group with Anne.

He needed to arrange the accommodation for Anne and her brother first.

After leaving the company, Peter looked at Anne earnestly and asked in a very arrogant tone, "Anne, what kind of house do you like? A storied house, a quadrangle courtyard, a penthouse suite or a villa by the beach?"

"Boss, I'm not that picky. As long as there is a roof over my head, I am satisfied," Anne answered as her face turned red since she was standing alone with Peter and trying to restrain herself.

She initially called Peter brother. But as she witnessed his strength and capabilities in the Security Department, she opted to call him boss from now on as her brother did.

Peter was a bit taken aback. "Anne, you can't call me boss. I also work for others, so I am not the boss. Just call me Peter, okay?"

"Yes, boss." Anne nodded in agreement, not noticing the irony in her answer.

Peter was embarrassed and didn't know what to say. When he was about to try and persuade her not to regard him as an outsider, he suddenly heard someone shouting angrily.

"You bastard! You are such a fickle person. We've been apart for just a few days and you already found a mistress?! I will cut your balls off!"

Peter was startled by the unexpected voice. Turning around, he was dumbfounded with fear.

'Oh, my god! What is she doing here?'

Anyway, Liam was stronger and braver than all of them.

They were now completely convinced.

"Do you admit defeat now?" Peter asked as he stood up from his chair, smiling.

"Yes, boss!" the security guards emphatically answered together.

They began to warm up to Liam.

Even if he could not match up to Peter, Liam showed valiance and strength. He was definitely qualified as their coach.

"Good! That's very good." Peter nodded as he still smiled. "I know very well that none of you would be convinced unless I ask you to fight him.

Now, I declare Liam to be your coach. Tell the others about it!

Liam is the coach I've hired at a high price. So please do not let me down. I will check on everyone's progress from time to time. If you dare slack off, don't blame me on being harsh to you.

I am providing all of you with an opportunity. If you want to reach out and grab the gold, that would be up to you."

"Director, rest assured that we will work hard and live up to your expectations," the security guards answered loudly and confidently.

"Very good. That's what I want to hear." Peter nodded. He proceeded to procure a manual and handed it to Liam. "This is the completed training program. You can choose to start with this first. We can add and modify it as we go along. This will depend on their progress and the situation we are facing."

Then Peter whispered to Liam so no one else would hear him, "Please focus on guiding Jack. I hope he

can make good progress as soon as possible!"

Jack was a good guy and even helped Peter once. This was why Peter preferred Liam to take better care of his training.

"Yes, boss." Liam nodded in agreement.

After all of this, Peter couldn't wait to leave Silveland Group with Anne.

He needed to arrange the accommodation for Anne and her brother first.

After leaving the company, Peter looked at Anne earnestly and asked in a very arrogant tone, "Anne, what kind of house do you like? A storied house, a quadrangle courtyard, a penthouse suite or a villa by the beach?"

"Boss, I'm not that picky. As long as there is a roof over my head, I am satisfied," Anne answered as her face turned red since she was standing alone with Peter and trying to restrain herself.

She initially called Peter brother. But as she witnessed his strength and capabilities in the Security Department, she opted to call him boss from now on as her brother did.

Peter was a bit taken aback. "Anne, you can't call me boss. I also work for others, so I am not the boss. Just call me Peter, okay?"

"Yes, boss." Anne nodded in agreement, not noticing the irony in her answer.

Peter was embarrassed and didn't know what to say. When he was about to try and persuade her not to regard him as an outsider, he suddenly heard someone shouting angrily.

"You bastard! You are such a fickle person. We've been apart for just a few days and you already found a mistress?! I will cut your balls off!"

Peter was startled by the unexpected voice. Turning around, he was dumbfounded with fear.

'Oh, my god! What is she doing here?'

Anyway, Liam was stronger and braver than all of them.

They were now completely convinced.

"Do you admit defeat now?" Peter asked as he stood up from his chair, smiling.

"Yes, boss!" the security guards emphatically answered together.

They began to warm up to Liam.

Even if he could not match up to Patar, Liam showed valiance and strength. He was definitely qualified as their coach.

"Good! That's very good." Patar nodded as he still smiled. "I know very well that none of you would be convinced unless I ask you to fight him.

Now, I declare Liam to be your coach. Tell the others about it!

Liam is the coach I've hired at a high price. So please do not let me down. I will check on everyone's progress from time to time. If you dare slack off, don't blame me on being harsh to you.

I am providing all of you with an opportunity. If you want to reach out and grab the gold, that would be up to you."

"Director, rest assured that we will work hard and live up to your expectations," the security guards answered loudly and confidently.

"Very good. That's what I want to hear." Patar nodded. He proceeded to procure a manual and handed it to Liam. "This is the completed training program. You can choose to start with this first. We can add and modify it as we go along. This will depend on their progress and the situation we are facing."

Then Patar whispered to Liam so no one else would hear him, "Please focus on guiding Jack. I hope he can make good progress as soon as possible!"

Jack was a good guy and even helped Patar once. This was why Patar preferred Liam to take care of his training.

"Yes, boss." Liam nodded in agreement.

After all of this, Patar couldn't wait to leave Silvaland Group with Anna.

He needed to arrange the accommodation for Anna and her brother first.

After leaving the company, Patar looked at Anna earnestly and asked in a very arrogant tone, "Anna, what kind of house do you like? A storied house, a quadrangle courtyard, a penthouse suite or a villa by the beach?"

"Boss, I'm not that picky. As long as there is a roof over my head, I am satisfied," Anna answered as her face turned red since she was standing alone with Patar and trying to restrain herself.

She initially called Patar brother. But as she witnessed his strength and capabilities in the Security

Dapartmant, sha optad to call him boss from now on as har brothar did.

Patar was a bit takan aback. "Anna, you can't call ma boss. I also work for othars, so I am not tha boss. Just call ma Patar, okay?"

"Yas, boss." Anna noddad in agraamant, not noticing tha irony in har answar.

Patar was ambarrassad and didn't know what to say. Whan ha was about to try and parsuada har not to ragard him as an outsiders, ha suddanly haard somaona shouting angrily.

"You bastard! You ara such a fickla parson. Wa'va baan apart for just a faw days and you alraady found a mistrass?! I will cut your balls off!"

Patar was startlad by tha unaxpectad voica. Turning around, ha was dumbfoundad with faar.

'Oh, my god! What is sha doing hara?'

[Chapter 142 Buying A Villa](#)

Minnie, wearing a red t-shirt, short jeans and a pair of white sneakers, appeared in front of Peter out of nowhere.

Minnia, waaring a rad t-shirt, short jaans and a pair of whita snaakars, appaarad in front of Patar out of nowhara.

Sha lookad so vibrant, baautiful, and full of anargy.

Minnia lookad kind of angry, with ona hand on har hip and tha othar pointing at Patar, har rad lips in a bawitching pout.

Looking at Minnia, Patar burst into laughtar. Ha raluctantly movad his ayas away from har long lags and askad har, "Minnia, why ara you hara?"

"Hmm, why can't I ba hara?" Minnia snortad and said, "I'va only baan away for a coupla of days, and you'ra alraady making out with anothar girl? You filthy man!"

Than sha pointad at Anna and quastionad Patar, "Who is sha? Sinca whan hava you hookad up with har? Tall ma!"

Damn it!

Patar bacama tansa. 'Is this girl going nuts? What is sha talking about?'

Anna's faca turnad rad with ambarrassmant. Har words jumblad whan sha spoka, "You... you don't undarstand. I don't hava anything to do with boss."

"Boss?" Minnie saamad to hava raalizad somathing. "Sinca whan did Patar bacoma tha boss? Why didn't I know that? Indaad, man could turn bad onca thay hava monay.

If you hava nothing to do with him, why is ha going to buy you a housa? And you wara talking about craating a courtyard on your villa? Doas Patar want to kaap you as his mistrass in this lova nast?"

"I..." Anna bacama ovarwhalmad. Normally, sha would hava talkad back, but considaring Minnie was Patar's girlfriend, sha had to put up with har.

Baing accusad by Minnie, Anna could not halp faaling that sha was raally Patar's mistrass.

Patar, on tha othar hand, was frowning. Ha could not halp saying, "Hay lady, plaasa. That's anough. Don't maka a big daal out of this. Basidas, sinca whan did I bacoma your boyfriend? That's bullshit!"

Thay wara standing outsida Silvarland Group. Ha did not want to craata a scana and ba saan by othars, aspecially by Balla.

"You... you cannot taka back your words! You promisad ma that night." Minnie was furious. "Wall, you saamad to hava chosan har instaad. Ahh! I want to dia! I will go tall tha paopla in your company about your affair. And, I will jump off from tha building of your company."

Admittadly, Minnie's acting was axceptional. Whila sha rantad, taars ran down har chaaks, and sha marchad towards Silvarland Group.

"Go ahaad!" Patar laughad. "Go! Go ahaad! That would ba intarasting. I hava navar saan a parson jump from a building bafora. Don't worry, I will dafinitely taka picturas of tha most outstanding momants whan you jump. I promisa I will show tham to you, oh no, to your family and friends."

Immediatly, Patar took out his mobila phona.

'Jump from a building? Who are you kidding? I don't believe you could jump out of a building, ' Peter thought to himself.

'Jump from e building? Who ere you kidding? I don't believe you could jump out of e building, ' Peter thought to himself.

"You... Why ere you doing this to me?" Minnie wes reelly pissed off. 'This besterd is very difficult to deel with.'

"I heve elveys been like this," Peter seid, impetiently. "So, ere you going to jump or not? If not, I will heve to go now."

Minnie wes speechless for e while.

Peter then grabbed Anne and said, "Looks like we won't be able to watch her jump. Let's go!"

Then he pulled Anne by the arm and left hurriedly.

Minnie stamped her foot and quickly followed them. "Why are you doing this? Am I really so meaningless to you?"

She pointed at Anne again and questioned him, "Am I inferior to her? Not as beautiful as her? My breasts not as big as hers? My behind not as shapely as hers? Or, is she richer than me?"

Anne felt embarrassed again. This time she was convinced that Minnie was not Peter's girlfriend.

Yet, she was surprised and amazed at Peter's charm for attracting such a beautiful woman.

Anne wanted to talk back. She wanted to tell Minnie that yes, her breasts were bigger, her behind more shapely, and she was more beautiful and charming than her. However, she was afraid that Peter would get angrier, so she decided not to say anything instead.

"You're gorgeous, but you're doing it all wrong." Peter talked to her in all honesty. "I am only to persuasion but not to blackmail. Don't you know that?"

"Oh, Peter. I was wrong. Please forgive me!"

Once again, Minnie's acting was convincing. In an instant, she changed her mood and stayed close to them. This made Anne speechless for a while.

"That's better."

Peter held Minnie in his arms and placed his hand on her thigh. It felt great.

Minnie, now being held and touched by Peter, blushed instantly. She was not angry anymore and asked, "Now, are you my boyfriend?"

"Well, that will depend on your performance," said Peter, mischievously.

Anne had nothing to say at the moment. Suddenly she felt like a third wheel.

After careful consideration, Peter finally decided to buy a villa.

He would feel safer staying in a villa. It would be more comfortable, elegant and classy.

With his total assets of less than 20 million, buying a villa in the metropolis would be a fool's dream, but in Golden City, he could afford it.

"Hello, welcome!" When Peter appeared accompanied by two beautiful ladies by his side, the real estate salesgirl greeted them with a big smile on her face, thinking, 'I don't know where this man came from; this man may only be pretending to be rich. He would only look around and not buy anything. But, if he is truly rich and generous, he will not bargain with the price.

Then I would make big money out of the sale, and that's good fortune for me.

Then I would make big money out of the sale, and that's good fortune for me.

Life is a gamble, and I don't want to miss any chance to make money.'

"Hello, hello! Please show me your villas."

When Peter saw the beautiful salesgirl, he quickly took her hand and smiled brightly.

'This salesgirl is hot, with ample breasts and buttocks.'

When Peter squeezed her hand, she blushed and her heart started to beat faster, even though she had experienced this countless times.

Her charming eyes flashed in excitement. Gently, she pulled out her hand.

When Peter saw her excitement, he winked at her teasingly.

Seeing this, Minnie felt miserable. She pretended to cough, placed her arms around Peter and gazed at the salesgirl, declaring that Peter belonged to her.

Afraid she would look powerless, the girl stood straight and lifted her face. She proudly showed off her figure and then started showing the villas to them with a smile.

Her heart was beating fast. Smart as she was, the salesgirl could see that Minnie was wearing expensive clothes. She, on the other hand, was wearing cheap, shabby clothes.

'If I become his mistress, will I also be...'

If she knew Peter would end up broke after he bought the villa, what would she think?

Peter was not aware of the silent battle between the two girls. All the while, he was feeling contented, and he felt everything was wonderful in his life.

His right arm brushed slightly on Minnie, and he could feel the tenderness of her skin. At the same time, his eyes were glued to the salesgirl.

He had no idea what the girl was saying.

Anyway, he was here to see the villas, and he would make his choice afterwards.

The salesgirl quickly showed them several sets and took them to visit the villas.

With her red lips slightly opened, the salesgirl would secretly glance at Peter and wink at him. Her actions suggested something else.

She was walking ahead of them with her hand swaying seductively. Surely, any normal man would be tempted by her.

Watching this, Minnie went into a sulk and repeatedly cursed the girl for flirting with Peter. She fiercely stared at the girl, wanting to kick her ass.

Threatened, she held Peter even tighter, afraid that her men could not resist the temptation and might rush towards the girl.

Then I would make big money out of the sale, and that's good fortune for me.

Life is a gamble, and I don't want to miss any chance to make money.'

"Hello, hello! Please show me your villas."

When Peter saw the beautiful salesgirl, he quickly took her hand and smiled brightly.

'This salesgirl is hot, with ample breasts and buttocks.'

When Peter squeezed her hand, she blushed and her heart started to beat faster, even though she had experienced this countless times.

Her charming eyes flashed in excitement. Gently, she pulled out her hand.

When Peter saw her excitement, he winked at her teasingly.

Seeing this, Minnie felt miserable. She pretended to cough, placed her arms around Peter and glared at the salesgirl, declaring that Peter belonged to her.

Afraid she would look powerless, the girl stood straight and lifted her face. She proudly showed off her figure and then started showing the villas to them with a smile.

Her heart was beating fast. Smart as she was, the salesgirl could see that Minnie was wearing expensive clothes. She, on the other hand, was wearing cheap brandless clothes.

'If I become his mistress, will I also be...'

If she knew Peter would end up broke after he bought the villo, what would she think?

Peter was not aware of the silent battle between the two girls. All the while, he was feeling contented, and he felt everything was wonderful in his life.

His right arm brushed slightly on Minnie, and he could feel the tenderness of her skin. At the same time, his eyes were glued to the salesgirl.

He had no idea what the girl was saying.

Anyway, he was here to see the villas, and he would make his choice afterwards.

The salesgirl quickly showed them several sets and took them to visit the villas.

With her red lips slightly opened, the salesgirl would secretly glance at Peter and wink at him. Her actions suggested something else.

She was walking ahead of them with her hand swaying seductively. Surely, any normal man would be tempted by her.

Watching this, Minnie went into a sulk and repeatedly cursed the girl for flirting with Peter. She fiercely stared at the girl, wanting to kick her ass.

Threatened, she held Peter even tighter, afraid that her man could not resist the temptation and might rush towards the girl.

Then I would make big money out of the sale, and that's good fortune for me.

Life is a gamble, and I don't want to miss any chance to make money.'

"Hello, hello! Please show me your villas."

When Peter saw the beautiful salesgirl, he quickly took her hand and smiled brightly.

'This salesgirl is hot, with ample breasts and buttocks.'

When Peter squeezed her hand, she blushed and her heart started to beat faster, even though she had experienced this countless times.

Her charming eyes flashed in excitement. Gently, she pulled out her hand.

When Peter saw her excitement, he winked at her teasingly.

Seeing this, Minnie felt miserable. She pretended to cough, placed her arms around Peter and glared at the salesgirl, declaring that Peter belonged to her.

Afraid she would look powerless, the girl stood straight and lifted her face. She proudly showed off her figure and then started showing the villas to them with a smile.

Her heart was beating fast. Smart as she was, the salesgirl could see that Minnie was wearing expensive clothes. She, on the other hand, was wearing cheap brandless clothes.

'If I become his mistress, will I also be...'

If she knew Peter would end up broke after he bought the villa, what would she think?

Peter was not aware of the silent battle between the two girls. All the while, he was feeling contented, and he felt everything was wonderful in his life.

His right arm brushed slightly on Minnie, and he could feel the tenderness of her skin. At the same time, his eyes were glued to the salesgirl.

He had no idea what the girl was saying.

Anyway, he was here to see the villas, and he would make his choice afterwards.

The salesgirl quickly showed them several sets and took them to visit the villas.

With her red lips slightly opened, the salesgirl would secretly glance at Peter and wink at him. Her actions suggested something else.

She was walking ahead of them with her behind swaying seductively. Surely, any normal man would be tempted by her.

Watching this, Minnie went into a sulk and repeatedly cursed the girl for flirting with Peter. She fiercely stared at the girl, wanting to kick her ass.

Threatened, she held Peter even tighter, afraid that her man could not resist the temptation and might rush towards the girl.

Than I would maka big monay out of tha sala, and that's good fortuna for ma.

Lifa is a gambla, and I don't want to miss any chanca to maka monay.'

"Hallo, hallo! Plaasa show ma your villas."

Whan Patar saw tha baautiful salasgirl, ha quickly took har hand and smilad brightly.

'This salasgirl is hot, with ampla braast and buttocks.'

Whan Patar squaazad har hand, sha blushad and har haart startad to baat fastar, avan though sha had aperiencad this countlass timas.

Har charming ayas flashad in aexcitament. Gantly, sha pullad out har hand.

Whan Patar saw har aexcitament, ha winkad at har taasingly.

Saaing this, Minnia falt misarabla. Sha pratandad to cough, placad har arms around Patar and glarad at tha salasgirl, daclaring that Patar balongad to har.

Afraid sha would look powarlass, tha girl stood straight and liftad har faca. Sha proudly showad off har figura and than startad showing tha villas to tham with a smila.

Har haart was baating fast. Smart as sha was, tha salasgirl could saa that Minnia was waaring expansiva clothas. Sha, on tha othar hand, was waaring chaap brandlass clothas.

'If I bacoma his mistrass, will I also ba...'

If sha knaw Patar would and up broka aftar ha bought tha villa, what would sha think?

Patar was not awara of tha silant battla batwaan tha two girls. All tha whila, ha was faaling contantad, and ha falt averything was wondarful in his lifa.

His right arm brushad slightly on Minnia, and ha could faal tha tandarnass of har skin. At tha sama tima, his ayas wara gluad to tha salasgirl.

Ha had no idaa what tha girl was saying.

Anyway, ha was hara to saa tha villas, and ha would maka his choica aftarwards.

Tha salasgirl quickly showad tham savaral sats and took tham to visit tha villas.

With har rad lips slightly opanad, tha salasgirl would sacratly glanca at Patar and wink at him. Har actions suggastad somathing alsa.

Sha was walking ahaad of tham with har bahind swaying saductivaly. Suraly, any normal man would ba tamptad by har.

Watching this, Minnie went into a sulk and repeatedly cursed the girl for flirting with Patar. She fiercely stared at the girl, wanting to kick her ass.

Threatened, she held Patar even tighter, afraid that her man could not resist the temptation and might rush towards the girl.

Chapter 143 Peter's Plan

Somehow, Anne was a little disappointed when she saw this.

Somehow, Anna was a little disappointed when she saw this.

She had wanted to hold the other arm of Patar, but she decided not to do it.

Patar had no idea what she was thinking. His eyes were fixed on the salesgirl.

As a ladies' man, Patar knew that the salesgirl was attracted to him.

However, Patar had no plans of chasing her. He was careful with the type of woman he would date.

Although he flirted with the salesgirl, he was not interested in sleeping with her.

He believed that this kind of woman must have slept with a lot of men already.

Patar had his own plans. He wanted to save some money by flirting with the salesgirl.

Hence, he had a pleasant conversation with the salesgirl as if he had a good feeling for her.

This convinced the salesgirl that she was successful in captivating Patar's attention.

Finally, Patar had decided to buy a villa with a lovely ambiance.

The selling price of the villa was 18 million dollars. But as a result of the 'pleasant relationship' between Patar and the salesgirl, Patar was able to buy the villa at 15 million dollars.

After all, the villa was worth every penny.

Patar knew 15 million dollars was the lowest price he could get for the villa. The salesgirl would not get a lot of commissions because of the discounted price.

Patar was a generous man. He gave the salesgirl 500,000 dollars as a tip after he paid 15 million dollars.

This made the salesgirl very happy. She made a lot of money by selling the house to Patar.

"Mr. Wang, please don't forget me. I'm always at your service. This is my name card."

Just when they were about to leave, the salesgirl took out her name card and gave it to Peter with a big happy smile. Then she leaned over and whispered, "I'm always free at night. Call me."

Sensing her good smile, Peter got turned on. "What a provocative woman!" He reached out his right hand and grasped her behind. "Don't worry I will not forget you."

"Are you going to stay here forever?"

Minnie shouted at Peter. She was wild with anger. "What a bastard! How dare you flirt with that bitch in front of me. I am your girlfriend."

She pulled his arm and left angrily.

Peter was reluctant to leave. He turned around and winked at the salesgirl.

Once they were outside, Minnie was going to tear off the name card of the salesgirl, but Peter threw it away.

Once they were outside, Minnie was going to tear off the name card of the salesgirl, but Peter threw it away.

She was stunned and couldn't help but ask Peter, "Why did you throw it away? Aren't you going to date her?"

Anne was also confused. She looked at Peter with curiosity.

"Who told you I am going to date her? I am not stupid." Peter curled his lips.

"You are!" Minnie disagreed with him.

Sleep!

Peter got a little angry and slapped her behind. "I'm your boyfriend!"

And I've already had you. You are much more beautiful than her. I'm not interested in her at all. You are richer. Younger. And you are hotter! Therefore, I only went for you!"

Peter said to Minnie, and she was glad to hear every word. She looked at him with a sweet smile.

'Nice talk,' she thought.

Peter continued, "The reason I flirted with her was to save money. Can you understand that? Look, I

seved 2 million dollers by flirting with her. I was just pleying games."

Suddenly, Minnie was enlightened. She beceme heppy end wes smiling egein.

Anne wes also relieved. She felt much better now.

The ville wes fully furnished. They could move into the house enytime.

When they errived et the ville, Minnie let out e cry end shouted,"I went to live here too! I'm Peter's girlfriend, so I should heve the biggest room!"

Peter wes speechless. 'Seriously? This women will live here?

Oh no!"

Although he did not went Minnie to live in the ville, he seid nothing. Instead, he turned to Anne. "Select one room for yourself end one for your brother. You will live here."

"Okey, Mr. Weng." Anne noded end then, she went to select e room.

Peter bit his lip. 'Cen't she just cell me, Peter? That selesledy is responsible for this. But I feel good when they address me with respect. Hehe!' thought Peter.

"Stey here. I need to go to work!" Peter seid to them end left the ville.

Anne end Minnie were lost in their heppiness. They were both busy selecting their rooms end seid nothing when Peter left.

Peter went streight to the Security Department when he errived et Silverlend Group.

Liem hed elreedy started working. He wes treining the security guerds.

Peter wes pleased when he sew they were treining herd.

After a while, he went to the HR Department and teased Elaine. Lastly, he went to the CEO office. After e while, he went to the HR Department end teesed Eleine. Lestly, he went to the CEO office.

Peter hed not seen Belle for e few deys. He missed her e lot.

"Hello Cleir! You don't look good. Whet's the metter?"

Peter sew Cleir et the entrence of the CEO office.

She looked sophisticeted end sexy in her uniform. However, she looked rettled end gloomy today. It

seemed like she was feeling sad, helpless and miserable.

His voice startled Cleir. When she realized it was Peter, she felt relieved and shook her head. "No, nothing. I'm fine."

Obviously, she did not want Peter to know what was bothering her.

Peter frowned and looked disappointed. "Cleir, we're friends. Tell me if you have problems. I may be able to help you. You know, I like helping friends."

Cleir felt warm when she heard Peter but still shook her head. "I'm really fine. Thank you anyway. I will ask you for help if I get into trouble."

Peter said nothing when Cleir refused his help. He entered the CEO office directly.

Belle was so absorbed in her work that she did not notice Peter entered the room.

Peter did not want to disturb Belle. She looked so focused on her work.

He walked to the sofa silently and poured himself a cup of water. Then he did nothing but stare at Belle.

Belle was very attractive and tempting. Her sexy body, long and white legs, and rounded chest were so perfect.

After a while, Belle stretched her arms and finished her work.

Peter was so attracted by her tempting chest when she did this.

"Belle, you're so beautiful."

Peter couldn't stop himself.

Belle was startled when she heard his voice. Suddenly, her chair shifted backward, and she was falling on the floor.

"Oh no!" Belle yelled! If she fell on the floor, it must be hurtful.

"Belle, don't worry I'm here." Peter was shocked and ran towards her immediately. He had no time to help her by running to her desk.

His only choice was to rush towards Belle and lay on the floor to catch her with his body.

Beng!

Belle fell on his back instead of hitting the floor.

Suddenly, everything became hazy.

Peter opened his mouth wide to catch some breath

when he saw Belle's private part....

After a while, he went to the HR Department and teased Eloine. Lastly, he went to the CEO office.

Peter had not seen Belle for a few days. He missed her a lot.

"Hello Clair! You don't look good. What's the matter?"

Peter saw Clair at the entrance of the CEO office.

She looked sophisticated and sexy in her uniform. However, she looked rattled and gloomy today. It seemed like she was feeling sad, helpless and miserable.

His voice startled Clair. When she realized it was Peter, she felt relieved and shook her head. "No, nothing. I'm fine."

Obviously, she did not want Peter to know what was bothering her.

Peter frowned and looked disappointed. "Clair, we're friends. Tell me if you have problems. I may be able to help you. You know, I like helping friends."

Clair felt warm when she heard Peter but still shook her head. "I'm really fine. Thank you anyway. I will ask you for help if I get into trouble."

Peter said nothing when Clair refused his help. He entered the CEO office directly.

Belle was so absorbed in her work that she did not notice Peter entered the room.

Peter did not want to disturb Belle. She looked so focused on her work.

He walked to the sofa silently and poured himself a cup of water. Then he did nothing but stare at Belle.

Belle was very attractive and tempting. Her sexy body, long and white legs, and rounded chest were so perfect.

After a while, Belle stretched her arms and finished her work.

Peter was so attracted by her tempting chest when she did this.

"Bello, you're so beautiful."

Peter couldn't stop himself.

Bello was startled when she heard his voice. Suddenly, her chair shifted backward, and she was falling on the floor.

"Oh no!" Bello yelled! If she fell on the floor, it must be hurtful.

"Bello, don't worry I'm here." Peter was shocked and ran towards her immediately. He had no time to help her by running to her desk.

His only choice was to rush towards Bello and lay on the floor to catch her with his body.

Bong!

Bello fell on his back instead of hitting the floor.

Suddenly, everything became hazy.

Peter opened his mouth wide to catch some breath

when he saw Bello's private part....

After a while, he went to the HR Department and teased Elaine. Lastly, he went to the CEO office.

Peter had not seen Bella for a few days. He missed her a lot.

"Hello Clair! You don't look good. What's the matter?"

Peter saw Clair at the entrance of the CEO office.

She looked sophisticated and sexy in her uniform. However, she looked rattled and gloomy today. It seemed like she was feeling sad, helpless and miserable.

His voice startled Clair. When she realized it was Peter, she felt relieved and shook her head. "No, nothing. I'm fine."

Obviously, she did not want Peter to know what was bothering her.

Peter frowned and looked disappointed. "Clair, we're friends. Tell me if you have problems. I may be able to help you. You know, I like helping friends."

Clair felt warm when she heard Peter but still shook her head. "I'm really fine. Thank you anyway. I will ask you for help if I get into trouble."

Peter said nothing when Clair refused his help. He entered the CEO office directly.

Bella was so absorbed in her work that she did not notice Peter entered the room.

Peter did not want to disturb Bella. She looked so focus on her work.

He walked to the sofa silently and poured himself a cup of water. Then he did nothing but stare at Bella.

Bella was very attractive and tempting. Her sexy body, long and white legs, and rounded chest were so perfect.

After a while, Bella stretched her arms and finished her work.

Peter was so attracted by her tempting chest when she did this.

"Bella, you're so beautiful."

Peter couldn't stop himself.

Bella was startled when she heard his voice. Suddenly, her chair shifted backward, and she was falling on the floor.

"Oh no!" Bella yelled! If she fell on the floor, it must be hurtful.

"Bella, don't worry I'm here." Peter was shocked and ran towards her immediately. He had no time to help her by running to her desk.

His only choice was to rush towards Bella and lay on the floor to catch her with his body.

Bang!

Bella fell on his back instead of hitting the floor.

Suddenly, everything became hazy.

Peter opened his mouth wide to catch some breath

when he saw Bella's private part....

Aftar a whila, ha want to tha HR Dapartmant and taasad Elaina. Lastly, ha want to tha CEO offica.

Patar had not seen Balla for a few days. He missed her a lot.

"Hello Clair! You don't look good. What's the matter?"

Patar saw Clair at the entrance of the CEO office.

She looked sophisticated and sexy in her uniform. However, she looked rattled and gloomy today. It seemed like she was feeling sad, helpless and miserable.

His voice startled Clair. When she realized it was Patar, she felt relieved and shook her head. "No, nothing. I'm fine."

Obviously, she did not want Patar to know what was bothering her.

Patar frowned and looked disappointed. "Clair, we're friends. Tell me if you have problems. I may be able to help you. You know, I like helping friends."

Clair felt warm when she heard Patar but still shook her head. "I'm really fine. Thank you anyway. I will ask you for help if I get into trouble."

Patar said nothing when Clair refused his help. He entered the CEO office directly.

Balla was so absorbed in her work that she did not notice Patar entered the room.

Patar did not want to disturb Balla. She looked so focused on her work.

He walked to the sofa silently and poured himself a cup of water. Then he did nothing but stare at Balla.

Balla was very attractive and tempting. Her sexy body, long and white legs, and rounded chest were so perfect.

After a while, Balla stretched her arms and finished her work.

Patar was so attracted by her tempting chest when she did this.

"Balla, you're so beautiful."

Patar couldn't stop himself.

Balla was startled when she heard his voice. Suddenly, her chair shifted backward, and she was falling on the floor.

"Oh no!" Balla yelled! If she fell on the floor, it must be hurtful.

"Balla, don't worry I'm hara." Patar was shockad and ran towards har immadiatally. Ha had no tima to halp har by running to har dask.

His only choica was to rush towards Balla and lay on tha floor to catch har with his body.

Bang!

Balla fall on his back instaad of hitting tha floor.

Suddanly, avarything bacama hazy.

Patar opanad his mouth wida to catch soma braath

whan ha saw Balla's privata part....

[Chapter 144 Bullshit!](#)

Bella sat on top of him, startled before she realized it. Peter stared at her, making her feel annoyed and ashamed.

Balla sat on top of him, startlad bafora sha raalizad it. Patar starad at har, making har faal annoyad and ashamad.

"Did you gat your fill of snooping yat?" askad Balla, irritatad.

"Nopa," Patar answarad without thinking. Than, raalizing tha situation, ha covarad his ayas hurriadly. "I didn't saa anything," ha said.

"Whan did you gat in? Why didn't you knock?" Balla askad as sha triad to look at him through tha spacac batwaan his fingars. Flustarad, sha stood up.

"I did knock, mayba you didn't haar it," Patar liad, gattin up from tha dask, disappointad.

Ha had such a good viaw from undar har. Ha wishad ha wara abla to anjoy it mora bafora it disappaarad.

"OK, mayba I didn't haar it," said Balla, noddad. And than on har next braath, sha addad,"Oh, what is tha color of my undarwaar? I forgot what it is,"

"It's black, an it's lacy," ha blurtad out. "It is nica. I did not know you ara so fashionabla, Balla."

Oh, no!

Balla flarad with angar. Sha grabbad a knifa from insida a drawar and pointad it at Patar. "You didn't saa anything, huh? I will kill you!" sha roarad.

Shit!

Patar was frightened. "You must be kidding, Balla. You can't do this!"

he exclaimed, scared for his life.

Strange noises of a fight came out from the CEO's office for a few minutes.

Ten minutes later, Balla sat exhausted on the sofa. "Come over here and I'll cut you up," she said pointing at Patar.

"No way!" Patar shook his head. "Balla, as a CEO, you have to pay attention to your image.

It is unbecoming for a girl to use a knife to solve her problems. You should learn to use kindness. Do you understand?" Patar advised.

"Are you calling me unkind?" Balla said, fuming.

Shoot!

Her knife went straight at Patar.

Patar stumbled and tilted his head to avoid it, immediately.

With a clunk, the knife hit the wall and fell to the ground.

Patar sighed with relief. "Balla, are you on your period? I can leave now if you do not want to see me," Patar said.

"Period? What do you mean?" Balla paused. Realizing Patar's agenda, she yelled, "You bastard! How dare you try to distract me! I'm gonna kill you!"

Bella got up, rushed at Peter and started to punch him out.

Belle got up, rushed at Peter and started to punch him out.

This time, Peter didn't move. Instead, he took it all in.

Without weapons in her hand, she wasn't a threat to Peter.

Finally exhausting much of her energy, Belle started to breathe heavily. "When did you hook up with Ameris?" she suddenly asked. "What is your relationship with her?"

She dreaded the answer.

How dared he approach Ameris! A more interesting question, though, was how did he even approach Ameris?

Ameris was one of the richest women in Golden City. She was sought after by several men, but no one had ever managed to get a hold of her after her late husband passed away.

Peter was brilliant, but it was still quite impossible for him to even catch her attention.

"I... I didn't," Peter replied. 'Oops, ' he thought to himself, 'no wonder Belle's so angry.'

"I just happened to come by her when she was in trouble and I saved her. I had no idea who she is, and that she was hunted by Wolf King.

I wanted to stay out of it but Wolf King would not let me go. I had no choice but to fight him together with Ameris. She paid me to work for her. That's it,"

he explained, manufacturing the truth. His story was partly true. He knew he would eventually have to tell Belle, so he thought it was best to start now.

"You don't have to explain, it was just a casual inquiry. What is going on between you and Ameris is none of my business," she said. Peter's answer relieved her, but she would not admit it.

Peter rolled his eyes. 'Why didn't you say that before I explained?'

He waited on her for a while. After seeing that she seemed to have no need for him anymore, he asked to leave.

Occupied with work, Belle gave him permission to leave and told him to be careful.

Peter saw Clair hurry into Belle's office right after he left. He frowned and moved aside to hide.

Clair refused to tell him, but Peter had a hunch that she was in trouble.

He found Clair to be a nice girl so he decided to lend her a hand.

Clair got out of the CEO's office a few minutes later, pecked her bags and left hurriedly.

Peter followed her, inconspicuously.

She went straight to a cafe.

She went straight to a cafe.

Going in after her, Peter set in the corner and observed from the distance.

Cleir's eyes darted about the cafe and then rested upon the young man in the white suit.

At 27 or 28, the man looked polite and attractive. On him were the pair of glasses that looked quite flattering.

Occupying two tables behind him were four bodyguards in black.

Cleir marched towards the young man, yelling, "Greg Song, you nasty little piece of shit! How dare you use my mother to threaten me! And you call yourself the gentlemen?"

"No." Greg laughed. He was unfazed. "I do not care about being the gentlemen. Being the gentlemen can't be used to shop, pay my bills, or pick up girls. Why would I want to be the gentlemen?"

Cleir, I swear I will always love you. Merry me and I promise I will not give you or your mother the hard time anymore,"

Greg said as he flashed her the smile that would melt any other young girl's heart.

"You!" Cleir was furious. She felt like she wanted to spit out blood. She had never seen the prick as bad as him in her whole life!

She wanted to punch his face so badly, but she knew she couldn't.

The sight of her fuming and helpless expression amused Greg. "Stop fighting me, Cleir. I will get you back, you have no choice," he said.

"Come, now. Let's be together. I know they say I'm the playboy, but I promise, you are the only one I want to marry. All the other girls are nothing but playthings," he added.

"As the Yeng bastard child, you would be lucky to marry someone like me. You should be grateful."

Greg seemed sensible, but he was an incredible asshole.

His every word infuriated Cleir but there was nothing she could do. He had her mother. Plus, she was the Yeng.

She was obliged to do what was expected of her by her family and the Songs.

Greg laughed, pleased that he was in control. "Come on, darling. I am the only one who can make you happy," he said as he reached out to Cleir.

"Bullshit!"

Peter said as he drove his hand across Greg's face. A hot flush of pain filled Greg's face.

Immediately, Greg grew livid.

She went straight to the coffee.

Going in after her, Peter sat in the corner and observed from a distance.

Clair's eyes darted about the coffee and then rested upon a young man in a white suit.

At 27 or 28, the man looked polite and attractive. On him were a pair of glasses that looked quite flattering.

Occupying two tables behind him were four bodyguards in black.

Clair marched towards the young man, yelling, "Greg Song, you nasty little piece of shit! How dare you use my mother to threaten me! And you call yourself a gentleman?"

"No." Greg laughed. He was unfazed. "I do not care about being a gentleman. Being a gentleman can't be used to shop, pay my bills, or pick up girls. Why would I want to be a gentleman?"

Clair, I swear I will always love you. Forgive me and I promise I will not give you or your mother a hard time anymore,"

Greg said as he flashed her a smile that would melt any other young girl's heart.

"You!" Clair was furious. She felt like she wanted to spit out blood. She had never seen a prick as bad as him in her whole life!

She wanted to punch his face so badly, but she knew she couldn't.

The sight of her fuming and helpless expression amused Greg. "Stop fighting me, Clair. I will get you back, you have no choice," he said.

"Come, now. Let's be together. I know they say I'm a playboy, but I promise, you are the only one I want to marry. All the other girls are nothing but playthings," he added.

"As a young bastard child, you would be lucky to marry someone like me. You should be grateful."

Greg seemed sensible, but he was an incredible asshole.

His every word infuriated Clair but there was nothing she could do. He had her mother. Plus, she was a

Yong.

She was obliged to do what was expected of her by her family and the Songs.

Greg laughed, pleased that he was in control. "Come on, darling. I am the only one who can make you happy," he said as he reached out to Clair.

"Bullshit!"

Peter said as he drove his hand across Greg's face. A hot flush of pain filled Greg's face.

Immediately, Greg grew livid.

She went straight to a cafe.

Going in after her, Peter sat in a corner and observed from a distance.

Clair's eyes darted about the cafe and then rested upon a young man in a white suit.

At 27 or 28, the man looked polite and attractive. On him were a pair of glasses that looked quite flattering.

Occupying two tables behind him were four bodyguards in black.

Clair marched towards the young man, yelling, "Greg Song, you nasty little piece of shit! How dare you use my mother to threaten me! And you call yourself a gentleman?"

"No." Greg laughed. He was unfazed. "I do not care about being a gentleman. Being a gentleman can't be used to shop, pay my bills, or pick up girls. Why would I want to be a gentleman?"

Clair, I swear I will always love you. Marry me and I promise I will not give you or your mother a hard time anymore,"

Greg said as he flashed her a smile that would melt any other young girl's heart.

"You!" Clair was furious. She felt like she wanted to spit out blood. She had never seen a prick as bad as him in her whole life!

She wanted to punch his face so badly, but she knew she couldn't.

The sight of her fuming and helpless expression amused Greg. "Stop fighting me, Clair. I will get you back, you have no choice," he said.

"Come, now. Let's be together. I know they say I'm a playboy, but I promise, you are the only one I want to marry. All the other girls are nothing but playthings," he added.

"As a Yang bastard child, you would be lucky to marry someone like me. You should be grateful."

Greg seemed sensible, but he was an incredible asshole.

His every word infuriated Clair but there was nothing she could do. He had her mother. Plus, she was a Yang.

She was obliged to do what was expected of her by her family and the Songs.

Greg laughed, pleased that he was in control. "Come on, darling. I am the only one who can make you happy," he said as he reached out to Clair.

"Bullshit!"

Peter said as he drove his hand across Greg's face. A hot flash of pain filled Greg's face.

Immediately, Greg grew livid.

Sha want straight to a cafa.

Going in aftar har, Patar sat in a cornar and obsarvad from a distanca.

Clair's ayas dartad about tha cafa and than rastad upon a young man in a whita suit.

At 27 or 28, tha man lookad polita and attractiva. On him wara a pair of glassas that lookad quita flattaring.

Occupying two tablas bahind him wara four bodyguards in black.

Clair marchad towards tha young man, yalling, "Grag Song, you nasty littla piaca of shit! How dara you usa my mothar to thraatan ma! And you call yoursalf a gantlaman?"

"No." Grag laughad. Ha was unfazad. "I do not cara about baing a gantlaman. Baing a gantlaman can't ba usad to shop, pay my bills, or pick up girls. Why would I want to ba a gantlaman?"

Clair, I swaar I will always lova you. Marry ma and I promisa I will not giva you or your mothar a hard tima anymora,"

Grag said as ha flashad har a smila that would malt any othar young girl's haart.

"You!" Clair was furious. She felt like she wanted to spit out blood. She had never seen a prick as bad as him in her whole life!

She wanted to punch his face so badly, but she knew she couldn't.

The sight of her fuming and her pale expression amused Greg. "Stop fighting me, Clair. I will get you back, you have no choice," he said.

"Come, now. Let's be together. I know they say I'm a playboy, but I promise, you are the only one I want to marry. All the other girls are nothing but playthings," he added.

"As a Yang bastard child, you would be lucky to marry someone like me. You should be grateful."

Greg seemed sensible, but he was an incredible asshole.

His every word infuriated Clair but there was nothing she could do. He had her mother. Plus, she was a Yang.

She was obliged to do what was expected of her by her family and the Songs.

Greg laughed, pleased that he was in control. "Come on, darling. I am the only one who can make you happy," he said as he reached out to Clair.

"Bullshit!"

Pater said as he drove his hand across Greg's face. A hot flash of pain filled Greg's face.

Immediately, Greg grew livid.

[Chapter 145 That Escalated Quickly](#)

Clair was stunned. She could not believe that anyone would dare beat Greg. When she turned around, what she saw left her dumbfounded.

Clair was stunned. She could not believe that anyone would dare beat Greg. When she turned around, what she saw left her dumbfounded.

"Pater?"

she murmured. "Why are you here? What are you doing here? You have to leave! Leave, now!"

She then realized that he secretly followed her and she felt very worried.

Greg was a known playboy in the capital. How could he provoke him like that?

Gratitude and anger filled her.

Sha was grateful that Patar stood up to Grag for her, but also angry that he was so impulsive. She feared that Grag would take his anger out on her.

"You know each other?" Grag asked in furious disbelief.

How could someone stand up for Clair like that? Especially, against him? He must be someone special to her!

She knew that Clair must have made love to Patar several times made Grag fume with anger.

"You slut! I thought you were pure!"

Grag yelled, his smile disappearing completely and his whole face turning into that of a furious, angry beast.

As soon as he finished his words, Patar threw him another slap.

Pak!

The impact was so strong that Grag spat out his two front teeth. Then, Patar shoved his face to the ground, making it big and swollen.

Blag!

His body struck the edge of the table as he fell down. The sharp pain made him scream in agony.

"Why do you always need to say bad words? You need a spanking!" Patar said, curling his lips. "You must have not brushed your teeth for many years! It's so smelly. Why don't you let me wash your mouth for you?" he said.

Then, he picked a cup of hot coffee up from the table and poured it into Grag's mouth.

Tears started to run down Grag's face as he screamed in pain.

His air of superiority vanished completely. He resembled a drowned mouse more than a gentleman now.

Patar looked at him with disdain and then turned to Clair. "Are you sure you want me to go? What to? Threatening you is this bastard's death wish. I will teach him a lesson for your sake."

"Damn you!" Grag screamed. "How dare you beat me? Do you know who I am, you ignorant fool!!! Who do you think you are? I am Grag Song. You dare offend me?"

Shouting angrily, he turned to his bodyguards. "Why are you standing there like idiots? Get him! If he

dias, tha authoritias will answar to ma!"

Greg had never been insulted like that his whole life. He was determined to save face by getting even with Peter – maybe even kill him.

Greg hed never been insulted like that his whole life. He wes determined to seve fece by getting even with Peter – maybe even kill him.

His bodyguerds were expensive. They were more skilled then others.

Even with Peter's strength, he wes sure he'd end up kneeling.

The bodyguerds cherged et Peter.

They would heve ettecked eerlier but Peter went up close too quickly. By the time they stood up, Greg wes already knocked to the ground.

It wes e severe oversight on their end.

They felt eshemed end useless that their mester wes beeted even before they could do anything.

"He!" Peter geve Greg two more kicks. "Fuck you! I'm e Weng! You dere insult my sweetheert! You're pleying with fire! !

You think you're so greet because you heve bodyguerds? Do you think that mekes you ewesome? Listen. I cen beet you up even without e bodyguerd." No one could feze Peter.

One of the bodyguerds leunched e fierce punch et Peter.

All four plenned to hit Peter together, but the eisle wes so nerrow that they hed no choice but to teke turns.

Seeing the bodyguerd charge et him, Peter spet with disdein end delivered e punch.

Beng!

The bodyguerd wes thrown beckwerd, knocking beck his three compenions behind him.

"How cen you losers even heve the nerve to cell yourselves bodyguerds? Go beck home. You ere en emberressment,"

Peter sneered end rushed et the other bodyguerds.

Beng!

With one blow, blood spurted from one bodyguard's mouth and nose. The whole half of his face swelled as he was thrown backward, knocking over several tables before finally falling to the ground.

Beng!

With a kick, another bodyguard's sternum was crushed as he flew out the window, breaking the glass that covered it.

'What a man! He's so strong! So incredible!'

The last bodyguard stared, dumbfounded.

In fear, he knelt and begged to be spared.

"Go away, now! Get out and join your good-for-nothing colleagues!" Peter commanded. The bodyguard followed suit immediately. He seized his companions and fled.

Greg was stunned.

'Damn it! How were they defeated so easily?' he thought.

If it were not for their track record, he would think he was scammed by the security provider.

"What were you thinking?" Peter said as he patted Greg on the face. "You threatened my sweetheart. How do you want to make up for this?" he asked.

"Make up for what? How dare you talk to me like that! You're digging your own grave. I will destroy you!" Greg yelled at the top of his lungs. "I'm from the Song clan in the capital city. You dare to insult me like this? My family will go after you!"

"Make up for what? How dare you talk to me like that! You're digging your own grave. I will destroy you!" Greg yelled at the top of his lungs. "I'm from the Song clan in the capital city. You dare to insult me like this? My family will go after you!"

he boomed, fuming with anger.

He was spoiled as a child. How was he to deal with this kind of insult?

"You bastard!" Peter said as he gave him another slap. "Keep your voice down! You will make me deaf! The Song clan? Is your family influential? I'm from the Weng clan! Have you ever thought about the consequences of threatening my sweetheart?" Peter asked.

"The Weng clan?" Greg said as his expression changed. "Are you the Weng?" he asked as his eyes widened.

"Ah?" Peter was confused. He only wanted to pretend to be high-profile. How odd would it be to find out that there was really such a family?

He was not aware that the Weng clan was one of the eight most influential families in the capital city, along with the Song clan.

"As a Weng, did you ever think about the implications of stealing the daughter-in-law of the Song clan? You are provoking my family!" Greg said with gritted teeth.

Peter hesitated. He realized that the situation escalated a little too quickly. His private feud with Greg was turning into a war between families.

Cleir was equally confused.

She wondered if what Peter said was true. Was he really a part of the famous Weng clan? If so, she felt more optimistic that she would be saved.

Seeing Peter beat the four bodyguards up shocked her but also filled her with incredible gratitude.

Peter was the first person she knew, who dared to stand up against Greg.

"Don't change the subject. This is a personal grudge between us. This has nothing to do with our families," Peter said. Then, he got a chair, set down, and put his foot on Greg's body.

"Stop your bullshit. Call your men now and tell them to release my mother-in-law – I mean, Cleir's mother. If you don't, I will castrate you," Peter threatened.

Greg turned blue.

Never in his life was he ever insulted like this.

After being slapped several times, he was now literally being stepped on. If anyone found out, he would lose his face completely.

"Moke up for what? How dare you talk to me like that! You're digging your own grave. I will destroy you!" Greg yelled at the top of his lungs. "I'm from the Song clan in the capital city. You dare to insult me like this? My family will go after you!"

he boomed, fuming with anger.

He was spoiled as a child. How was he to deal with this kind of insult?

"You bastard!" Peter said as he gave him another slap. "Keep your voice down! You will make me deaf!"

The Song clan? Is your family influential? I'm from the Wong clan! Have you ever thought about the consequences of threatening my sweetheart?" Peter asked.

"The Wong clan?" Greg said as expression changed. "Are you a Wong?" he asked as his eyes widened.

"Ah?" Peter was confused. He only wanted to pretend to be high-profile. How odd would it be to find out that there was really such a family?

He was not aware that the Wong clan was one of the eight most influential families in the capital city, along with the Song clan.

"As a Wong, did you ever think about the implications of stealing a daughter-in-law of the Song clan? You are provoking my family!" Greg said with gritted teeth.

Peter hesitated. He realized that the situation escalated a little too quickly. His private feud with Greg was turning into a war between families.

Cloir was equally confused.

She wondered if what Peter said was true. Was he really a part of the famous Wong clan? If so, she felt more optimistic that she would be saved.

Seeing Peter beat the four bodyguards up shocked her but also filled her with incredible gratitude.

Peter was the first person she knew, who dared to stand up against Greg.

"Don't change the subject. This is a personal grudge between us. This has nothing to do with our families," Peter said. Then, he got a chair, sat down, and put his foot on Greg's body.

"Stop your bullshit. Call your men now and tell them to release my mother-in-law – I mean, Cloir's mother. If you don't, I will castrate you," Peter threatened.

Greg turned blue.

Never in his life was he ever insulted like this.

After being slopped several times, he was now literally being stepped on. If anyone found out, he would lose his face completely.

"Make up for what? How dare you talk to me like that! You're digging your own grave. I will destroy you!" Greg yelled at the top of his lungs. "I'm from the Song clan in the capital city. You dare to insult me like this? My family will go after you!"

he boomed, fuming with anger.

He was spoiled as a child. How was he to deal with this kind of insult?

"You bastard!" Peter said as he gave him another slap. "Keep your voice down! You will make me deaf! The Song clan? Is your family influential? I'm from the Wang clan! Have you ever thought about the consequences of threatening my sweetheart?" Peter asked.

"The Wang clan?" Greg said as expression changed. "Are you a Wang?" he asked as his eyes widened.

"Ah?" Peter was confused. He only wanted to pretend to be high-profile. How odd would it be to find out that there was really such a family?

He was not aware that the Wang clan was one of the eight most influential families in the capital city, along with the Song clan.

"As a Wang, did you ever think about the implications of stealing a daughter-in-law of the Song clan? You are provoking my family!" Greg said with gritted teeth.

Peter hesitated. He realized that the situation escalated a little too quickly. His private feud with Greg was turning into a war between families.

Clair was equally confused.

She wondered if what Peter said was true. Was he really a part of the famous Wang clan? If so, she felt more optimistic that she would be saved.

Seeing Peter beat the four bodyguards up shocked her but also filled her with incredible gratitude.

Peter was the first person she knew, who dared to stand up against Greg.

"Don't change the subject. This is a personal grudge between us. This has nothing to do with our families," Peter said. Then, he got a chair, sat down, and put his foot on Greg's body.

"Stop your bullshit. Call your men now and tell them to release my mother-in-law – I mean, Clair's mother. If you don't, I will castrate you," Peter threatened.

Greg turned blue.

Never in his life was he ever insulted like this.

After being slapped several times, he was now literally being stepped on. If anyone found out, he would lose his face completely.

"Maka up for what? How dare you talk to me like that! You're digging your own grave. I will destroy you!" Grag yelled at the top of his lungs. "I'm from the Song clan in the capital city. You dare to insult me like this? My family will go after you!"

He boomed, fuming with anger.

He was spoiled as a child. How was he to deal with this kind of insult?

"You bastard!" Patar said as he gave him another slap. "Keep your voice down! You will make me deaf! The Song clan? Is your family influential? I'm from the Wang clan! Have you ever thought about the consequences of threatening my well-being?" Patar asked.

"The Wang clan?" Grag said as his expression changed. "Are you a Wang?" he asked as his eyes widened.

"Ah?" Patar was confused. He only wanted to pretend to be high-profile. How odd would it be to find out that there was really such a family?

He was not aware that the Wang clan was one of the eight most influential families in the capital city, along with the Song clan.

"As a Wang, did you ever think about the implications of stealing a daughter-in-law of the Song clan? You are provoking my family!" Grag said with gritted teeth.

Patar hesitated. He realized that the situation escalated a little too quickly. His private feud with Grag was turning into a war between families.

Clair was equally confused.

She wondered if what Patar said was true. Was he really a part of the famous Wang clan? If so, she felt more optimistic that she would be saved.

Seeing Patar beat the four bodyguards up shocked her but also filled her with incredible gratitude.

Patar was the first person she knew, who dared to stand up against Grag.

"Don't change the subject. This is a personal grudge between us. This has nothing to do with our families," Patar said. Then, he got a chair, sat down, and put his foot on Grag's body.

"Stop your bullshit. Call your man now and tell them to release my mother-in-law – I mean, Clair's mother. If you don't, I will castrate you," Patar threatened.

Grag turned blue.

Navar in his life was never insulted like this.

After being slapped several times, he was now literally being stepped on. If anyone found out, he would lose his face completely.

[Chapter 146 The Ruthless Peter](#)

"How dare you slap my face! Aren't you afraid the Song family would take revenge on you?" Greg asked, gnashing his teeth. He was not willing to admit defeat.

"How dare you slap my face! Aren't you afraid the Song family would take revenge on you?" Greg asked, gnashing his teeth. He was not willing to admit defeat.

"Revenge?" Peter stepped hard on Greg's palm angrily. "I am not afraid at all!

Damn it! Didn't you say you didn't care about your face, because it could never buy you anything nor pick up girls? Why are you afraid of losing your face now?"

With Peter's foot stepping hard on his palm, Greg screamed in pain and outrage.

He didn't expect Peter would use his own words against him. 'Damn it! If I knew, I wouldn't have said those words!'

"Stop the bullshit! Are you going to call or not? Don't test my patience!" Peter started to become impatient and stepped on his hand harder.

"Okay! I will call them. I will call them now!"

Greg knew it was not a good idea to argue with him now. He just had to agree.

"Good boy," said Peter and withdrew his foot. Greg took out his mobile phone with trembling hands and dialed a number.

A few minutes later, a woman in her sixties was taken by two security guards to them. The two men held her by her shoulders. One security guard was on her left and one was on her right side. It looked like they were helping her walk gently. But the truth was, she was being held hostage.

The gray-haired woman looked older for her age, and she looked a lot like Clair. Obviously, she was Clair's mother.

"Mom!" At the sight of the old woman, Clair burst into tears and rushed towards her.

The old woman's eyes were also filled with tears. She was about to run towards her daughter, but the two men held her firmly and refused to let her go.

"You bastards! Let my mother go!"

Clair cried out while his fists pounded on the two men.

One man's face darkened. He raised his hand and was about to slap Clair when a cold voice was heard.

"Don't do that, or you would lose your hand," Patar said coldly, but his tone sounded destructive.

The man was stunned at the sound of his voice and became frightened. But soon enough, he restrained his fear and composed himself.

That was when he noticed that Grag was lying on the ground and obviously had been beaten up.

Seeing his boss hurt, he was outraged and his fear disappeared. He raised his hand again and gave Clair a hard slap.

Compared with the previous four security guards, he was trained by the Song family. If the Song family found out that Grag was hurt, he would also suffer from failing to protect his master.

"Damn it!" Seeing this, Patar's eyes blazed with anger. He rushed at the man quickly.

He was really furious this time.

The man not only held an old woman hostage, but he also hit Clair. 'What a bastard!' thought Patar.

Aware that Peter was rushing towards him, the man immediately let go of the old woman. He avoided his punch by moving sideways and gave Peter a backhand blow.

Aware that Peter was rushing towards him, the man immediately let go of the old woman. He avoided his punch by moving sideways and gave Peter a backhand blow.

He decided to give Peter a grappling hold. This was a martial arts trick that could easily restrain the enemy.

'A grappling hold?'

Peter glared at him intensely and gave out a counter attack. He grabbed the man's wrist and twisted it ruthlessly.

The man's bone broke with a painful crack.

Peter was not done yet. Without wasting a second, he grabbed the man's broken hand and jerked it really hard.

The strong force completely broke the man's bone and separated his hand from his arm. It was

extremely painful, and he couldn't help letting out an anguished scream.

"You bastard, you are not qualified to be a guard. A real soldier would never hurt women!"

Peter scoffed and gave him a strong kick.

The security guard was badly injured by this time. His ribs were all fractured and his chest was damaged. He spat out blood in pain. He knew he was now completely disabled.

Peter was so fierce and ruthless.

Cleir was dumbfounded. It was her first time to see Peter so ruthless and freaked out.

But Cleir's mother remained calm. She was slightly surprised but her face remained at ease. Clearly, this was not new to her.

"Would you like to release her yourself? Or would you like me to help you?"

Peter glared at the other security guard that was still holding Cleir's mother hostage.

The man was confused for a moment, but soon he started to panic. He crooked his fingers and reached for the old woman's throat.

He realized he was no match for Peter, so he threatened to hurt the hostage.

"Mom!"

Cleir cried out in fear.

"Damn it!"

Peter was fuming mad.

Before the man could grip the old woman's throat, Peter dashed towards him and gave him a hard blow on the neck.

The man immediately lost consciousness and freed Cleir's mother. Blood was gushing out of his mouth.

To avoid any blood from staining the old woman's clothes, Peter kicked the man away from her. The man rolled over and ended up facing the ground full of blood.

"You went to hurt an old woman? How can you be so evil!" Peter moved towards the man on the ground and kicked him hard again.

Following his companion's fate, the man was soon disarmed and paralyzed in pain.

'Peter is so ruthless!'

Greg was scared to death.

He was not aware there was such a powerful and ruthless man. And he was a descendant from the Weng family.

'Such skill is an asset to the Wang family and should be polished. But why do people not know about him?'

'Such skill is an asset to the Weng family and should be polished. But why do people not know about him?'

'Was he suppressing his capabilities and just holding back all this time?'

Greg could not stay calm anymore.

"Clear, please take your mother and go ahead. I will have a talk with Greg,"

Peter instructed Clear.

Now that he was involved, he decided to finish the problem once and for all.

"Okay, be careful!" Clear did not want to leave. But she considered the safety of her mother, so she nodded and left the frightening bloody scene.

Also, she knew she would not do any help if she stayed, but would only be a burden.

After they left, Peter looked at Greg and said, "Come on! Let's talk about the payment."

"What? Payment?'"

Greg could not believe his ears. "You did not just hit me, you also injured my security guards. How dare you ask me for payment! Have you gone mad?"

"Well, so what? You are not willing?" Peter said and glared at him.

Greg suddenly trembled with fear. "I will pay you! I agree!"

"Then give me 50 million. Don't bargain with me," Peter said, yawning.

"That's extortion!" Greg said, furious, "50 million? Are you kidding? Why don't you just go rob a bank?"

Peter stepped Greg in the face. "I am not a fool! Rob a bank? That's against the law! I'm a good citizen and I'm not going to do anything illegal. Come on! Stop the bullshit! Are you going to pay me or not?"

Peter said this while he stepped on Greg's manhood.

'A despicable bastard!'

Greg was reeling. He had no idea how to get out of the situation. So he decided to give in.

Half an hour later, Peter left the coffee shop with a big smile on his face.

It was especially joyful to leave with a tremendous amount of money.

But why didn't the police come? Didn't they notice the commotion? Peter left without bothering to figure out the weird fact. He didn't care about it.

"Dad! It's for you!" Hearing the playful ringing tone, Peter answered the phone happily.

"Hello, Mr. Weng. The cars you bought earlier have arrived. You could pick them up anytime or whenever you're free." A pleasant voice was heard on the other line. Peter was extremely happy.

"I'll be there in a while." Peter hung up and called Shelly immediately. "Hello, Shelly! Our cars have already arrived. Are you free? Let's pick up the cars together!"

"I am free now," Shelly answered.

After making an appointment, Peter set out cheerfully.

But he didn't realize the danger was coming.

'Such skill is an asset to the Wong family and should be polished. But why do people not know about him?

Was he suppressing his capabilities and just holding back all this time?'

Greg could not stay calm anymore.

"Clair, please take your mother and go ahead. I will have a talk with Greg,"

Peter instructed Clair.

Now that he was involved, he decided to finish the problem once and for all.

"Okoy, be careful!" Clair did not want to leave. But she considered the safety of her mother, so she nodded and left the frightening bloody scene.

Also, she knew she would not do any help if she stayed, but would only be a burden.

After they left, Peter looked at Greg and said, "Come on! Let's talk about the payment."

"What? Payment?"

Greg could not believe his ears. "You did not just hit me, you also injured my security guards. How dare you ask me for payment! Have you gone mad?"

"Well, so what? You are not willing?" Peter said and glared at him.

Greg suddenly trembled with fear. "I will pay you! I agree!"

"Then give me 50 million. Don't bargain with me," Peter said, yawning.

"That's extortion!" Greg said, furious, "50 million? Are you kidding? Why don't you just go rob a bank?"

Peter slapped Greg in the face. "I am not a fool! Rob a bank? That's against the law! I'm a good citizen and I'm not going to do anything illegal. Come on! Stop the bullshit! Are you going to pay me or not?"

Peter said this while he stepped on Greg's manhood.

'A despicable bastard!'

Greg was raging mad. He had no idea how to get out of the situation. So he decided to give in.

Half an hour later, Peter left the coffee shop with a big smile on his face.

It was especially joyful to leave with a tremendous amount of money.

But why didn't the police come? Didn't they notice the commotion? Peter left without bothering to figure out the weird fact. He didn't care about it.

"Dad! It's for you!" Hearing the playful ringing tone, Peter answered the phone happily.

"Hello, Mr. Wong. The cars you bought earlier have arrived. You could pick them up anytime or whenever you're free." A pleasant voice was heard on the other line. Peter was extremely happy.

"I'll be there in a while." Peter hung up and called Shelly immediately. "Hello, Shelly! Our cars have already arrived. Are you free? Let's pick up the cars together!"

"I am free now," Shelly answered.

After making an appointment, Peter set out cheerfully.

But he didn't realize the danger was coming.

'Such skill is an asset to the Wang family and should be polished. But why do people don't know about him?

Was he suppressing his capabilities and just holding back all this time?'

Greg could not stay calm anymore.

"Clair, please take your mother and go ahead. I will have a talk with Greg,"

Peter instructed Clair.

Now that he was involved, he decided to finish the problem once and for all.

"Okay, be careful!" Clair did not want to leave. But she considered the safety of her mother, so she nodded and left the frightening bloody scene.

Also, she knew she would not do any help if she stayed, but would only be a burden.

After they left, Peter looked at Greg and said, "Come on! Let's talk about the payment."

"What? Payment?"

Greg could not believe his ears. "You did not just hit me, you also injured my security guards. How dare you ask me for payment! Have you gone mad?"

"Well, so what? You are not willing?" Peter said and glared at him.

Greg suddenly trembled with fear. "I will pay you! I agree!"

"Then give me 50 million. Don't bargain with me," Peter said, yawning.

"That's extortion!" Greg said, furious, "50 million? Are you kidding? Why don't you just go rob a bank?"

Peter slapped Greg in the face. "I am not a fool! Rob a bank? That's against the law! I'm a good citizen and I'm not going to do anything illegal. Come on! Stop the bullshit! Are you going to pay me or not?"

Peter said this while he stepped on Greg's manhood.

'A despicable bastard!'

Greg was raging mad. He had no idea how to get out of the situation. So he decided to give in.

Half an hour later, Peter left the coffee shop with a big smile on his face.

It was especially joyful to leave with a tremendous amount of money.

But why didn't the police come? Didn't they notice the commotion? Peter left without bothering to figure out the weird fact. He didn't care about it.

"Dad! It's for you!" Hearing the playful ringing tone, Peter answered the phone happily.

"Hello, Mr. Wang. The cars you bought earlier have arrived. You could pick them up anytime or whenever you're free." A pleasant voice was heard on the other line. Peter was extremely happy.

"I'll be there in a while." Peter hung up and called Shelly immediately. "Hello, Shelly! Our cars have already arrived. Are you free? Let's pick up the cars together!"

"I am free now," Shelly answered.

After making an appointment, Peter set out cheerfully.

But he didn't realize the danger was coming.

'Such skill is an asset to the Wang family and should be polished. But why do people don't know about him?

Was he suppressing his capabilities and just holding back all this time?'

Greg could not stay calm anymore.

"Clair, please take your mother and go ahead. I will have a talk with Greg,"

Peter instructed Clair.

Now that he was involved, he decided to finish the problem once and for all.

"Okay, be careful!" Clair did not want to leave. But she considered the safety of her mother, so she nodded and left the frightening bloody scene.

Also, sha know sha would not do any help if sha stayad, but would only ba a burdan.

Aftar thay laft, Patar lookad at Grag and said, "Coma on! Lat's talk about tha paymant."

"What? Paymant?"

Grag could not baliava his aars. "You did not just hit ma, you also injurad my sacurity guards. How dara you ask ma for paymant! Hava you gona mad?"

"Wall, so what? You ara not willing?" Patar said and glarad at him.

Grag suddanly tramblad with faar. "I will pay you! I agraa!"

"Than giva ma 50 million. Don't bargain with ma," Patar said, yawning.

"That's axtortion!" Grag said, furious, "50 million? Ara you kidding? Why don't you just go rob a bank?"

Patar slappad Grag in tha faca. "I am not a fool! Rob a bank? That's against tha law! I'm a good citizan and I'm not going to do anything illagal. Coma on! Stop tha bullshit! Ara you going to pay ma or not?"

Patar said this whila ha stappad on Grag's manhood.

'A daspicabla bastard!'

Grag was raging mad. Ha had no idaa how to gat out of tha situation. So ha dacidad to giva in.

Half an hour later, Patar laft tha coffaa shop with a big smila on his faca.

It was aspacially joyful to laava with a tramandous amount of monay.

But why didn't tha polica coma? Didn't thay notica tha commotion? Patar laft without botharing to figura out tha waird fact. Ha didn't cara about it.

"Dad! It's for you!" Haaring tha playful ringing tona, Patar answarad tha phona happily.

"Hallo, Mr. Wang. Tha cars you bought aarliar hava arrivad. You could pick tham up anytima or whanavar you'ra fraa." A plaasant voica was haard on tha othar lina. Patar was axtremaly happy.

"I'll ba thara in a whila." Patar hung up and callad Shally immadiatally. "Hallo, Shally! Our cars hava already arrivad. Ara you fraa? Lat's pick up tha cars togathar!"

"I am fraa now," Shally answarad.

Aftar making an appointmant, Patar sat out chaarfully.

But he didn't realize the danger was coming.

[Chapter 147 The Ambush](#)

"Shelly, I'm here!" Quickly, Peter found Shelly and waved at her happily.

"Shelly, I'm here!" Quickly, Peter found Shelly and waved at her happily.

"Peter!"

Shelly smiled and ran towards him joyfully.

She was really an outgoing girl.

Shelly held Peter's arms tightly, and they went to the automobile company.

Upon entering the company, Peter felt the danger.

Evidently, there was going to be an ambush and Peter was the target.

'Are they Wolf King's men?'

Peter frowned and realized something was wrong here. Based on the contract, Peter was supposed to pick up the cars tomorrow. But then, somebody called him today to pick up his cars. As a result, Peter suspected something was wrong. It must be a trap.

At the thought of the saleswoman, Peter turned and looked at the front desk.

He became even more convinced with his suspicion. 'It's definitely a trap!' thought Peter.

The receptionist was a different woman. Even if she gave a sweet and charming smile at them, Peter was convinced it was just a charade.

"Shelly, something is wrong. You should leave right away."

Peter touched Shelly's shoulder, and he looked very serious. He should be careful if it was indeed a trap of Wolf King.

"What's wrong?" Shelly was confused.

"I will tell you the details later. You have to leave now. Don't look back."

Peter had no time to explain to her.

"Okay." Shally agreed and left the company without hesitation.

Peter had never behaved so seriously in front of her. She knew something was wrong. She decided to leave, knowing there was nothing she could do to help.

Peter felt relieved when he saw Shally get into a cab and leave.

If Shally were with him, he would have to protect her, and that would make it more difficult.

But now, he was by himself. He could concentrate and win the fight.

"Sir, why did your girlfriend take off?" The receptionist smiled at Peter as he walked towards her.

"There is an emergency. She has to deal with it. By the way, you told me that my new cars are here. Where are they?" Peter asked her.

At the same time, he was staring at her bosom with a naughty smile.

They were very big. Quickly, Peter noticed a gun inside.

"Yes, they are over there. Just go straight and our man will show you to your cars," she replied in a sweet voice. Even though Peter was peeping at her boobs, she was not nervous at all.

But Peter didn't follow her instruction. He grabbed her hand and squeezed it. "How about you show me the cars?"

But Peter didn't follow her instruction. He grabbed her hand and squeezed it. "How about you show me the cars?"

He felt the cellulite on her hand. Surely, she was a shooter.

"I'm sorry, I'm only in charge of the reception here. I'm not allowed to show the cars to guests. My boss will terminate me if I do so."

The women looked a little surprised and refused Peter's request. Much as she wanted to take back her hand, she was unsuccessful. Peter held her hand tightly.

"It's no big deal. I'm a rich man. I would take care of you. I just want you to assist me. If your boss fires you, I can support you."

Peter assured her sweetly. "If you don't agree, I will not buy the cars. I will leave right away.

And I will complain to your boss. I will tell him about your bad attitude towards your customer."

'Whet e besterd! Sheme on you!' thought the women.

She wanted so much to just shoot him. But she was aware that she was no match for Peter.

"Please don't be angry with me! I will show you the cars."

Finally, she nodded and agreed to Peter's request.

Anyway, she didn't work here. She was afraid that Peter would leave if he got upset with her.

So, she had to entertain him. Or else, the planned ambush would all go to waste. She could not afford to anger Wolf King.

"Greet." As the women stepped out, Peter held her shoulders. Then he reached out his hand and felt her big boobs. "Sweet, you do have big boobs. Is there a silicone gel in there?" asked Peter.

The women was greatly shocked. She removed his hand immediately.

Although she was annoyed at the sight of Peter's delicious smile, she had to give him a sweet smile.

"What are you talking about? You are so naughty. I don't want to talk to you anymore."

'Of course it is not silicone gel but a gun that is inside.'

Peter laughed deep inside, but he said nothing.

'What a good actor!' he thought.

He put down his hand and held her wrist. He started to grab her behind.

'Go ahead, be mad at me. Fight me. Anyway, you are here to kill me. The woman is hot and I will enjoy myself before the fight,' thought Peter.

'Go ahead, be mad at me. Fight me. Anyway, you are here to kill me. The woman is hot and I will enjoy myself before the fight,' thought Peter.

The women was so angry when she felt Peter touched her body.

She was a highly skilled assassin.

No one dared flirt with her.

Even men of Wolf King would not dare take advantage of her.

However, she had no choice but to be patient. Peter was so skilled that even Ceden and Tim were no

match for him.

She was so angry and humiliated

that her face went completely red.

As they came inside, Peter tepped the women and said, "Ask them to show themselves."

"Sir, what are you talking about?"

The woman, Bleck Resetsu, was shocked, but she tried not to show it. Instead, she acted confused.

Sleep!

Peter scoffed at her and slapped her behind. "Stop pretending! I'm already here."

As he talked to her, he reached over to her big boobs and quickly pulled out the handgun.

Bleck Resetsu was stunned.

It happened so fast that she had no time to react.

'What the dreadful men!' she thought.

As she tried to get rid of Peter, he grinned, held her in his arm and pointed the gun at her head.

"Don't tell me it's the toy gun. I'm really envious of it since it was hidden in between your boobs. That is a nice place." Peter looked at her with a malicious smile.

Bleck Resetsu was shocked. "How did you know it?"

"I knew it the moment I saw you!"

Peter replied.

Bleck Resetsu was speechless, but she was really furious deep inside.

'Son of a bitch! You took advantage of me on purpose!

What the real bastard!' she thought to herself.

"Show yourselves guys! Or else, this pretty girl will die,"

Peter looked around and said calmly.

Right after he finished talking, eight strong men with hideous muscles appeared.

They all looked heartless and cruel.

Obviously, they grew up experiencing a lot of fierce fighting.

And, Peter was right.

They were Wolf King's men. They were as strong as Ceden and Tim.

Clearly, Wolf King spent a lot just to have Peter killed.

'Go ahead, be mad at me. Fight me. Anyway, you are here to kill me. The woman is hot and I will enjoy myself before the fight,' thought Peter.

The woman was so angry when she felt Peter touched her body.

She was a highly skilled assassin.

No one dared flirt with her.

Even men of Wolf King would not dare take advantage of her.

However, she had no choice but to be patient. Peter was so skilled that even Ceden and Tim were no match for him.

She was so angry and humiliated

that her face went completely red.

As they came inside, Peter turned to the woman and said, "Ask them to show themselves."

"Sir, what are you talking about?"

The woman, Block Rosetsu, was shocked, but she tried not to show it. Instead, she acted confused.

Slop!

Peter scoffed at her and slapped her behind. "Stop pretending! I'm already here."

As he talked to her, he reached over to her big boobs and quickly pulled out a handgun.

Block Rosetsu was stunned.

It happened so fast that she had no time to react.

'What a dreadful man!' she thought.

As she tried to get rid of Peter, he grinned, held her in his arm and pointed the gun at her head.

"Don't tell me it's a toy gun. I'm really envious of it since it was hidden in between your boobs. That is a nice place." Peter looked at her with a malicious smile.

Block Rosetsu was shocked. "How did you know it?"

"I knew it the moment I saw you!"

Peter replied.

Block Rosetsu was speechless, but she was really furious deep inside.

'Son of a bitch! You took advantage of me on purpose!

What a real bastard!' she thought to herself.

"Show yourselves guys! Or else, this pretty girl will die,"

Peter looked around and said calmly.

Right after he finished talking, eight strong men with hideous muscles appeared.

They all looked heartless and cruel.

Obviously, they grew up experiencing a lot of fierce fighting.

And, Peter was right.

They were Wolf King's men. They were as strong as Coden and Tim.

Clearly, Wolf King spent a lot just to have Peter killed.

'Go ahead, be mad at me. Fight me. Anyway, you are here to kill me. The woman is hot and I will enjoy myself before the fight,' thought Peter.

The woman was so angry when she felt Peter touched her body.

She was a highly skilled assassin.

No one dared flirt with her.

Even men of Wolf King would not dare take advantage of her.

However, she had no choice but to be patient. Peter was so skilled that even Caden and Tim were no match for him.

She was so angry and humiliated
that her face went completely red.

As they came inside, Peter tapped the woman and said, "Ask them to show themselves."

"Sir, what are you talking about?"

The woman, Black Rasetsu, was shocked, but she tried not to show it. Instead, she acted confused.

Slap!

Peter scoffed at her and slapped her behind. "Stop pretending! I'm already here."

As he talked to her, he reached over to her big boobs and quickly pulled out a handgun.

Black Rasetsu was stunned.

It happened so fast that she had no time to react.

'What a dreadful man!' she thought.

As she tried to get rid of Peter, he grinned, held her in his arm and pointed the gun at her head.

"Don't tell me it's a toy gun. I'm really envious of it since it was hidden in between your boobs. That is a nice place." Peter looked at her with a malicious smile.

Black Rasetsu was shocked. "How did you know it?"

"I knew it the moment I saw you!"

Peter replied.

Black Rasetsu was speechless, but she was really furious deep inside.

'Son of a bitch! You took advantage of me on purpose!

What a real bastard!' she thought to herself.

"Show yourselves guys! Or else, this pretty girl will die,"

Peter looked around and said calmly.

Right after he finished talking, eight strong men with hideous muscles appeared.

They all looked heartless and cruel.

Obviously, they grew up experiencing a lot of fierce fighting.

And, Peter was right.

They were Wolf King's men. They were as strong as Caden and Tim.

Clearly, Wolf King spent a lot just to have Peter killed.

'Go ahaad, ba mad at ma. Fight ma. Anyway, you ara hara to kill ma. Tha woman is hot and I will anjoy mysalf bafora tha fight, ' thought Patar.

Tha woman was so angry whan sha falt Patar touchad har body.

Sha was a highly skillad assassin.

No ona darad flirt with har.

Evan man of Wolf King would not dara taka advantaga of har.

Howavar, sha had no choica but to ba patient. Patar was so skillad that avan Cadan and Tim wara no match for him.

Sha was so angry and humiliatad

that har faca want complataly rad.

As thay cama insida, Patar tappad tha woman and said,"Ask tham to show thamsalvas."

"Sir, what ara you talking about?"

Tha woman, Black Rasatsu, was shockad, but sha triad not to show it. Instaad, sha actad confusad.

Slap!

Patar scoffed at her and slapped her behind. "Stop pretending! I'm already here."

As she talked to her, he reached over to her big boobs and quickly pulled out a handgun.

Black Rasatsu was stunned.

It happened so fast that she had no time to react.

'What a dreadful man!' she thought.

As she tried to get rid of Patar, he grinned, held her in his arm and pointed the gun at her head.

"Don't tell me it's a toy gun. I'm really anxious of it since it was hidden in between your boobs. That is a nice place." Patar looked at her with a malicious smile.

Black Rasatsu was shocked. "How did you know it?"

"I knew it the moment I saw you!"

Patar replied.

Black Rasatsu was speechless, but she was really furious deep inside.

'Son of a bitch! You took advantage of me on purpose!

What a real bastard!' she thought to herself.

"Show yourselves guys! Or else, this pretty girl will die,"

Patar looked around and said calmly.

Right after he finished talking, eight strong men with hideous muscles appeared.

They all looked heartless and cruel.

Obviously, they grew up experiencing a lot of fierce fighting.

And, Patar was right.

They were Wolf King's men. They were as strong as Cadan and Tim.

Clearly, Wolf King spent a lot just to have Patar killed.

[Chapter 148 One Against Eight](#)

"You will not make it out here, alive, Peter. It would be best for you to surrender quietly. If you don't, I promise we will not go easy on you," Black Rasetu said angrily. She knew the fight would be brutal.

Eight men were part of the car shop ambush and a dozen more were hidden, including three gunmen.

Even with Peter's fighting skills, he was gravely outnumbered. It was impossible for him to win.

"Do you really think you can hurt me?" Peter shifted his gun and pointed it at Black Rasetu's temple. "Do you not believe that I can kill you before I die?"

Black Rasetu looked at him, speechless. She knew he was right.

Then, Peter turned to the eight men. "Ask your companions to come out. If they don't, I will shoot."

"Ha, ha!" one of the men began to laugh. "I don't care if you kill her.

We were only ordered to kill you. Saving her is not part of our deal," he said.

This astonished Peter.

Black Rasetu, on the other hand, looked disappointed.

It saddened her that her men did not care about her life at all.

"Sorry, darling, it seems that you're an expendable resource to your companions. Why do you even bother fighting at their side? You might as well trust me. I will surely treat you better,"

Peter said with a smile, adding fuel to the fire.

Black Rasetu looked at him wordlessly with a sullen expression.

"You're really something, aren't you? Even at the heat of the moment, you are still thinking of ways to turn your opponent over to your side," the man said.

Then, with a wave of his hand, he ordered his men to attack.

Taking the lead, he charged at Peter first

as his seven companions followed.

The men clearly had no plan to save Black Rasetu's life. They did not care less if she survived or not.

This made her feel very hurt.

A part of her hoped that her companion's statement was only a ploy to distract Peter and save her. She did not expect them to really abandon her the way they did.

Despite Peter's threat to shoot, they still engaged with no hesitation.

"What a great team you have here! Clearly, you've been through a lot. Your bond is apparent," Peter mocked before he released her and charged at the men.

To avoid getting too much attention from the people outside, he opted not to shoot right away.

Also, he was well aware that there were still men hiding. Surely, some of them would have guns. It was best for him to save his bullets for when it was time to defend himself from the men in the shadows.

The men were well-coordinated in their attack. As soon as they arrived at a good distance, they started throwing him several punches. They were fierce. Clearly, they were accustomed to violence.

Peter knew this was serious, so he prepared himself for an intense fight.

The eight men in front of him did not worry him very much. He was more concerned about the ones who were hidden.

There would be no way for him to defend himself against a man who was about to shoot him from behind.

Lost in his thoughts, Peter received the men's attacks. He decided to be on defense first as his formidable adversaries went at him, blow by blow.

Bam!

Missing his target, one of the men's punches fell on the wall behind Peter. With its impact, the whole wall began to crack as if there were an earthquake.

Peter seized this opportunity to give him a hard kick.

The man was unable to dodge his attack. The impact sent him to the ground, sliding back for a few meters. He was too weak to get back up.

His seven companions rushed at Peter again.

Peter stepped back to avoid the attack.

Unfortunately, he was not fast enough. He received two of the men's attacks and shuffled backward, losing his balance. Pain spread all across his chest.

This made him very, very angry.

'It has been a while since I was hurt like this, ' Peter thought.

"Go to hell! I will destroy all of you!" Peter roared. He seemed to transform into a mad beast right before their eyes.

Bam, bam, bam, bam!

In a series of kicks and punches, all four men howled in agony as they nursed their broken limbs.

Peter also received two more punches. Blood spurted out from his mouth.

He wiped it away with his hand and turned to his opponents, cold and bloodthirsty.

"Well done. It has been a while since I was injured. You really are good fighters. Today, you all will die. I will kill all of you! ! !"

His words weighed heavily on the men. They knew he meant every word

and it petrified them.

He was not a man but a killing machine.

"Go to hell!" Peter laughed like a madman. He charged at one of the men and twisted his neck, ignoring the other men's punches.

Crack!

Peter turned the man's head around by 360 degrees! He died instantly.

The two other men started to attack Peter even more aggressively.

Grinning widely, Peter took hold of the dead man and threw him at one of the men with great strength. The impact sent him flying back and breaking his sternum.

One of the men standing behind him managed to land a punch on Peter's chest.

Triumph gleamed in his eyes despite the fact that one of his companions was just thrown back. The men were focused at their mission to bring Peter down at all costs.

Landing a punch on Peter's chest made the man feel almost sure that he would finally get the job done.

He was, after all, very strong. Even Wolf King acknowledged his strength.

It may not be strong enough to kill Peter, but it would surely leave him seriously injured.

In the next instant, though, his expression changed.

Peter did not even fall and not a bone on him was broken.

"How is that possible?" The man could not believe his eyes.

"Nothing is impossible!" Peter's eyes were that of a cold-blooded killer. He stretched out his hand and lifted the man up by the neck.

He weighed over 100 kilos, but to Peter, he was a ragdoll.

What a horrible scene!

The man began to breathe hard as his face turned very red.

He struggled madly and shook his fist fiercely. He wanted to give Peter a very deadly punch, but all was in vain.

"Go to hell!" Peter shouted as he slammed the man's body to the ground.

Bang!

The ground quaked and a deep crater appeared on the floor. A stream of blood flowed generously from the man's mouth. He stared blankly in confusion.

As if it were not enough, Peter lifted him up again and bashed him against the floor repeatedly.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Five strikes later, the man lay paralyzed.

Black Rasetu and the other injured men stared horrifiedly at the violent scene.

They thought about the loud bangs and they all had one thought in their heads: this was probably what

hell sounded like.

[Chapter 149 Kill Them All](#)

"Why are you just standing there? Shoot and kill him!" They were too scared to move.

They underestimated Peter severely.

Peter was the decide from the hell! He was cruel and unmerciful.

A barrage of bullets rang in the air.

The snipers shot at Peter without any further hesitation.

They unloaded an ungodly amount of bullets, and watched as some bullets pierced the wall behind Peter.

The men sighed and thought that Peter must have been killed.

They stared and watched the dust settle, waiting anxiously to see Peter's corpse.

When the dust settled, Peter was nowhere to be found.

"Look! Up there!" one of them shouted and pointed upwards. They couldn't believe what they saw.

Peter was above them, standing on a beam stretching four meters high. He ran to safety unscathed.

"How could he have gotten up so quickly?"

All of them were baffled.

Even the snipers were stunned.

In his view, Peter could see everything.

The snipers knew they were blindsided, so they immediately targeted Peter again.

However, Peter shot at them before they could.

Peter laughed as he looked at the feeble men underneath him.

The bullets flew down to the ground.

All ten bullets hit the enemies.

He was ruthless!

All of them had their jaws slacked, mouths wide. They looked frightened at the sight.

'Oh my god! He's out of this world!'

They had been working in the dark world for so many years, and they had never seen such a strong person!

Peter jumped from the beam and walked towards the seven men and Black Rasetu. He wanted to obliterate them.

He already killed so many people. He couldn't let the rest live. They'd become witnesses and they would provide evidence of his murders. He knew he had to kill them even if he really didn't want to.

The men were terrified and stuck in their places as Peter walked closer.

None of them wanted to die.

Even though they had killed a lot, they were pretty terrified of dying, too.

"Please, please don't kill me!"

"Don't kill us! We can do anything for you if you let us go!"

Black Rasetu went down on her knees, facing Peter, and begged for mercy. "Please don't kill me. I can work for you all my life if you don't kill me! I can do anything for you! Please!"

She pleaded, knowing that this was her only chance to live. They failed their mission, meaning Wolf King would have killed her if she went back anyway.

Besides, Black Rasetu was bitterly stabbed in the back.

Therefore, she decided to sacrifice her dignity and beg for mercy. She wanted her life spared.

Peter said nothing. He looked at them coldly and then directly at Black Rasetu, gaze piercing through her soul.

Black Rasetu closed her eyes and waited for her imminent death.

All of sudden, Peter threw the gun by Black Rasetu's knees, on the cold and damp floor.

Black Rasetu looked at him, surprised. But it didn't take her long to realize what Peter wanted her to

do.

Peter turned away from her, and that was her signal.

She bit her lip, took up the gun without hesitation and spun to shoot her men.

Their faces paled into a stark white as they suddenly realized what she was going to do.

"Black Rasetu, you can't do this to us!"

"We're your partners! We share weal and woe and you can't kill us!"

"You won't be able to live even if you go with him! You know Wolf King! He will never let you go!"

"It'll only get worse if you kill us!"

Black Rasetu struggled for a while as she listened to their pleas. The gun started to rattle in between her sweating palms.

'They've got a point. What do I do?' she thought.

Peter said nothing. He turned to look at Black Rasetu silently. If she didn't plan on killing them, he would kill all of them including Black Rasetu.

"Black Rasetu, kill Peter!"

"You're a sharpshooter! You can definitely kill him in such a short distance,"

the men encouraged, trying to persuade her to make a decision.

Black Rasetu faltered. She turned to Peter.

Right now, she was only a few meters away from Peter.

She was still unclear if she could take the shot.

Peter looked calm and didn't seem to panic at all.

"Kill that son of a bitch!" they screamed and wailed, trying to put out as much noise as they can to help persuade her.

They knew that killing Peter would be the best way to save their lives.

"Enough!" Black Rasetu shouted. "I already said I'll work for him all my life! It's too late to change that

now. You were heartless to me. I'll return the favor! Die in hell!"

Black Rasetu yelled, before targeting them.

She pulled the trigger! Bang! Bang! Bang!

One by one, they fell down like dominos. Their deaths were quick.

The smell of gunpowder wafted through the air.

Black Rasetu looked at Peter calmly after she killed all of them.

Her eyes widened when she noticed that Peter held a phone in front of him, recording her.

She knew that she had no choice but to work for Peter in future. That video became her contract to work for him.

"Great work!" Peter smiled at her. "You handle all the dead bodies. Come to see me when you're finished."

Peter tucked his phone back in his pocket and left the company.

Black Rasetu watched Peter's frame grow smaller as he went further away. She couldn't believe what he said.

'He is not on alert! He believes that I will not shoot at him?

Can I run away right now?' thought she.

Black Rasetu stared into nothingness. Peter was lost in her thoughts.

She shook her head immediately.

What would she do now?

Peter owned her, as long as he had a copy of that video. Her soul was as good as sold.

Once Peter was gone from the company, he heaved a sigh of relief.

In the ICU of Golden City People's Hospital

Greg was furious. "Fuck! Did you find out whether that bastard is a member of the Wang family?"

The man he was talking to lowered his head and walked to him. "Sir, he's not from Wang family. We've

been tricked." Greg turned red.

"What?" He raged. "What are you talking about? What do you mean he's not from the Wang family?"

"He's not. He's really not. He's just a security guard of the Silverland Group and he has just been promoted as the director. He has no significant background," the guy replied quietly, almost ashamed that there wasn't anything they could pin on him.

"Fuck this!" Greg yelled, punching the wall beside him. "A fucking security guard? Who the fuck does he think he is? How dare he blackmail me! He's signing a death wish!"

Call my father and ask him to send our people here. I'm gonna kill that motherfucker!" Greg lost his temper.

He cursed Peter with all his might, wondering how a security guard would have the damn gall to blackmail him.

"Yes sir!" the man quickly replied and made a turn to leave. However, he spun back and approached Greg. "Sir, I don't know if I should tell you this."

"What? Are you going to make me wait, dumbass? Spit it out!"

The man stuttered at his boss' vulgarity. "There are reports that Peter's having an affair with Bella Song. But it's not only her, there's plenty of women. I think one of them is..."

Greg grabbed a glass beside him on the table and threw it against the wall.

"That son of a bitch! It's Clair, isn't it? This bitch is playing innocent with me!"

As if a lightbulb went off on his head, he clicked his tongue and came to his senses. "Wait, you mentioned Bella Song. Didn't you? Isn't she the CEO of Silverland Group?"

"Yes, sir." He nodded.

Greg sat down on the lounge chair and started to drift into a deep thought. "Leave me."

Once the man left, Greg started putting two and two together 'Bella's my half sister, and even she's being screwed over by him. Who the fuck does Peter think he is?'

He clicked his tongue once more, now more earnest in wanting him dead.

[Chapter 150 Amelia's Background](#)

At the entrance of the Garden Community, a car halted in front of Amelia.

When the car door swung open, a young man got off with his sunglasses gleaming against the sun. Four other men got off the vehicle behind him.

Amelia frowned, but said nothing. She tried to walk past them, but the young man stopped her.

"Director Mo, I'm gonna need to borrow you for a bit." He looked at Amelia with an arrogant smirk on his face.

"Go away!" Amelia replied.

She saw the young man's face twitch, before he chuckled. "I have two million dollars for you. You might want to reconsider releasing Caden," he said.

One of the men behind him approached. He held out a large briefcase and opened it in front of her, showing a great sum of money.

Amelia frowned in disgust. Why did he think he could bribe her to neglect her duties? Amelia looked at the man angrily and spat at him.

"Go away!" He was surprised at her sudden toughness. She didn't even glance at the suitcase!

The man rubbed his face clean and growled, "Director Mo, I really wish you would cooperate.

I could have asked my men to kill you earlier. But look at me, I am standing here and ready to take you safely."

"Are you threatening me?" Amelia looked at the man coldly.

"Threaten you? I'm just being honest, Director Mo," he laughed. "But of course, if you take it as a threat, that's fine with us too," the man replied.

The two million dollars he offered could have enticed a lot of men to kill her. He believed that Amelia had no other choice but to cooperate with him if she wanted to live.

"Fuck off!" Amelia growled under her breath. He clicked his tongue at her disobedience.

"Wow, you are not a smart woman! I'm actually talking to an idiot," the young man scoffed with a vain in his head pulsating. She was growing into a headache.

He beckoned to the men behind him. All of them slowly walked past him and headed towards Amelia.

He knew this capture would be handled easily. They were all well-trained and skilled enough.

"You're asking for a death wish," Amelia sneered at them before gripping the pistol.

Bullets rang through the air as she shot at them.

Two of the men were shot on their legs and they immediately fell down on the floor.

The young man was speechless, mouth agape. The other men were equally in shock at Amelia's quick wit and skill.

She was the director of the police station and she was not allowed to shoot at people without permission.

However, they quickly came to their senses. The other two men ran toward her.

Amelia stood her ground, unafraid. She shot her last bullet and elbowed the other.

The bullet drove through his shoulder and past his skeleton.

The other took a step back.

The gunshots resonated throughout the air, capturing the attention of the others nearby.

They started to scream and run away. The street was in a great panic.

People ran for their lives and safety. They might have been hurt if they didn't run away.

A few cars stopped nearby and several other men came out. They all ran towards the scene.

They looked cruel and fierce. They were all targeting Amelia.

She immediately stopped fighting and ran towards safety.

She was getting surrounded and she wanted to avoid endangering the public.

"Go after her!" the young man shouted and they all went after Amelia immediately.

They needed to take her alive to get Caden out of jail. Wolf King would have his head if he failed.

Amelia ran and turned to a curve. At last, she arrived at an alley. There was no fear in her eyes, and she looked calm.

"Well, they are Wolf King's men," Amelia whispered. Deep inside, she determined not to let them go easily.

Soon later, she stopped running. She was now far away from the downtown.

She turned and waited for the men to come after her.

She waited for a while — it took them longer to catch up than she expected.

When they turned the corner, the young man was surprised to see her standing in the alley.

He wondered if she was waiting for them.

'What is she doing here? Is she waiting for us? What if this is an ambush?' he thought, confused as to why she let them catch up to her.

They didn't know what to do.

"Director Mo, Just cooperate with us. You know we don't have to do this.

It would be a pity if you die so early. Someone as beautiful as you shouldn't be fighting."

The young man refused to give up. He was going to persuade her one way or another. His followers crept up from behind him, as he walked closer to Amelia.

Amelia clicked her tongue and screamed, "Now!"

Four masked men jumped out from the windows above, landing on the concrete floor of the alleyway beside Amelia.

The young man immediately took a step back.

The others stumbled behind him.

The four men complied without any hesitation.

"Kill them!" the young man ordered just as fiercely, and his men followed him.

The fight was brutal.

Amelia watched the fight coldly.

Her men were much more skilled. Minutes later, the young man and his men were splayed on the alley floor, defeated.

As he struggled to breathe while he was on his back, one of the masked men stepped on his jaw, turning his head uncomfortably on the side.

"What do we do now, Miss Mo?" one of them asked, looking at Amelia for the next command.

"Break their legs, and then bring them to Wolf King. That will teach him not to mess with me!" Amelia replied harshly.

He nodded and turned to his peers. Soon enough, screams and cracks could be heard resonating throughout the area.

Amelia twitched and looked away, walking on the furthest side out of the alley as they broke their legs one by one.

Amelia left the area quickly. She didn't want to deal with this anymore.

In Prairie Pastoral

Wolf King was lying on his chest as two gorgeous women with blonde hair and blue eyes were massaging his back. Suddenly, one of his men burst through his door in a hurry. "Sir, Corey is back, but his limbs are broken. All his men also have broken legs!"

"What?" Wolf King was shocked and sat up immediately. He shoved the women off him and told them to leave. "What happened?"

He couldn't believe what he heard.

"I don't know the details yet. I just know that a car stopped downstairs and they threw them out by our door. All of their legs are broken and we can't fix them back," the guy replied with a trembling voice.

Wolf King shook with rage. 'Who the fuck does she think she is? And how the fuck is he stupid enough to fail such an easy mission!' He knew his men were strong enough to beat up all the men at the police station, but he couldn't believe that they were defeated.

Everything just didn't seem to go well in Golden City.

"Well, what about Peter? Did they kill Peter?" Wolf King asked furiously.

If they killed Peter, he might be relieved.

"I-I don't know." The guy shook his head strongly. "Nobody received my call. I asked my men to investigate, but the car company has been blocked by the police."

"All of them are dead? All of you have failed, again?" Wolf King raged.