

MIGHTY SK 71

[Chapter 71 Mr. Popular](#)

"Mister, are you looking for me?"

"Screw you bitch! He's definitely interested in me, not you."

"Get out you bitches! He's for sure trying to hit on me!"

Three beautiful women stared at the diamond rings and fought for Peter's attention.

"Don't worry, ladies. Each one of you will get a chance. Whoever comes in my arms first, will get the biggest diamond ring, while the latter will only get..."

Peter didn't even finish his sentence when the woman standing nearest to him rushed to sit on one of his legs and held him tightly with her arms.

The other two got really annoyed as they lost that opportunity. What they could do was to sit beside Peter, sad and mopey.

Brandon and Bella were both stunned on seeing this.

'Are those diamonds fake? If so, how would he deal with it later?' Brandon thought.

Bella stared at Peter in disbelief.

She thought to herself, 'I have seen these diamonds somewhere before. Ahaan! They belong to that idiot Scott! When did Peter get them from him? Why was I not informed about it?'

"Guys, see how popular I am, hmm? Call me Mr. Popular!" Peter looked over at Bella, pride all over his face.

"Mister, why don't you use your charm on me, by chatting with me in a quiet corner?"

The woman in Peter's arms tried so hard to flirt with Peter. It was easy to tell her real intentions when she said "chatting with me".

Peter was not disturbed at all. He causally took off one of the diamond rings and threw it at the collarbone of the women. Then he waved his hands, saying, "You can leave now."

"What?" The woman apparently didn't understand what was happening.

"You don't want the diamond ring any more? Fine. Then, I'll take it back," Peter said and stretched out his hand to reach for the ring.

The woman suddenly reached out for the diamond placed over her collar bone and jumped to leave quickly.

'The diamond is already mine. There's no way I'll let it go back anymore!' she thought to herself.

Peter did the same thing with two other women and soon let them leave.

Brandon widened his eyes on seeing this and out of admiration he said, "Man, you've come up with such a clever move! Take several fake diamonds to fool women around,"

In his mind, the women would soon know the rings were fake, if Peter didn't ask them to leave quickly.

"Who told you that the diamond rings are fake?" Peter shouted at Brandon, throwing the remaining two diamond rings at him. "See clearly! Absolute real diamonds!"

Brandon didn't make any sound and kept looking at the diamonds.

A moment ago, he couldn't tell if the rings were fake or not, because of the dim light and the distance. Now, he got a close enough look to judge if they were real diamonds or not.

Peter turned towards Bella with a grin and said, "Miss Song, so you said that I could do anything with you if I could pick up even one girl, right? Let's go right away. I just can't wait anymore!"

All Bella wanted to do, however, was to scold Peter for stealing Scott's diamonds.

She couldn't do that in front of Brandon, of course. After all, she was a CEO and didn't want to do anything with stealing.

"Don't hurry. Let's drink some more! If I get tipsy, you can do anything to me more unscrupulously, don't you think so?" Bella controlled her anger and rather replied in a flirtacious manner.

"Umm, well, that sounds like a good idea to me." Peter urged her to drink more.

Bella was already tired and fed up because of all that had happened during the entire day. Therefore, even she kept drinking more and more.

Brandon, however, didn't want to drink a lot, as drinking wasn't the only thing he wanted to do. His agenda included some beautiful girls as well.

In addition to that, he also felt like a third wheel to Peter and Bella.

Therefore, Brandon soon excused himself and went on to hit on a pretty woman.

Bella let go of her polite nature as soon as Brandon left.

"Peter, you are a fucking bastard!" She said in a tipsy tone and continued further, "You don't focus on your work. I can always see you flirting with other women. Are you taking Silverland Group as the place for you to hit on every beautiful woman you see there?"

"Nah, you're so wrong!" Peter shouted to show his dissatisfaction, "I never want anyone else. All I want is you!"

"Blah! Nonsense!" Bella shouted back, "You were always flirting with Shelly and Lisa. You even snuck into Elaine's office during the lunch break. I saw that with my own two eyes!"

"Oh, dear, you've really got me wrong here. They are just normal colleagues, nothing more. Miss Song, how could you think of me this way?" Peter started clarifying immediately.

"You are such a shitty guy!" Bella pouted and shouted out loud.

She pointed her finger on Peter's head suddenly, blushing and giggling.

"I'm not a bad guy at all. Instead, I'm a real good man. Miss Song, you've had enough of drinks for today, let's go now."

Peter flipped and got worried as he saw Bella blush.

'If I had known that she can't handle her drinks, I would have not brought her to drink here,' Peter thought.

Peter helped Bella to get out of the bar.

She was very tipsy and leaned against Peter for support, her mouth slightly open.

Peter couldn't stay calm anymore.

The two were just near the entrance when Bella suddenly mumbled, "I have to go to the ladies' room. Take me there!"

'This woman is just a trouble!' Peter thought, while assisting her towards the bathroom.

After Bella went inside the ladies' room, Peter waited for her by the door.

While going inside, she kept rambling, "Peter, you're just a coward! You said you wanted me, but you didn't even have the guts to follow me inside the ladies room. You're missing out on such a good opportunity!"

Peter heard that and nearly rushed into the bathroom, but he held himself back.

While he was waiting for her outside the ladies' room, he felt the need to use the washroom as well.

Peter thought that it would anyway take several minutes for Bella to come out, so he went to the men's room.

Back in the ladies' room, Bella was about to leave just when two women with heavy make-up came out of two different toilet rooms and walked towards Bella.

One of them had a towel in her hand and used it to cover Bella's mouth and nose with it, forcefully.

Bella couldn't even scream. She struggled for a while but then blacked out.

The two women took Bella outside from the washroom, across the entrance, into a dazzling Lamborghini, which had two other coquettish women inside.

Just after Bella was put into the car, the woman in the driver's seat hit the accelerator and soon drove away.

The woman in the passenger seat quickly sent a message to someone, writing:

"It's done."

[Chapter 72 Exquisite Driving Skills](#)

Peter had no clue about what had happened in the ladies' room, let alone that Bella had been taken away by someone.

After relieving himself, he went on to wait for her outside the ladies' room yet again.

Five minutes later, Bella still hadn't shown up. Peter instantly felt that something was wrong!

"Miss, could you help me find out if there is a pretty drunk woman in a black suit, inside the ladies' room?" Peter stopped a random woman who was about to enter the ladies' room and asked her for the favor.

"I'm not free right now." She cast a sidelong glance at Peter and waved him off without any hesitation.

"Don't come up with such lame excuses in order to hit on me. Such treats won't work on me. Bumpkin, I can figure all of it out from the way you are dressed, in such cheap clothes.

Don't even think about picking up pretty girls. It's never going to really happen,"

she said in a sardonic tone.

Peter was very angry by now, and wanted to kick her away!

He couldn't do anything but hold his anger back as he still needed to figure out whether Bella was in the restroom or not.

"Just please help me have a look and then it's all yours." Without speaking anymore, Peter rather chose to take out a diamond ring from his pocket.

"You really think you can fool me by showing me an artificial diamond ring that you have bought online?"

With a look of utter disdain and annoyance, she took the ring to figure out what was happening. Her expressions changed and voice stopped, as soon as she took the ring.

Suddenly, her attitude towards Peter changed and she said, "Mister, I was just kidding. How about having some fun inside to make up for my mistake?"

"Just check it out for me quickly and tell me whether there's a drunk woman inside. If you speak more, the diamond ring won't be yours," said Peter impatiently.

She didn't dare say anything more and just rushed into the ladies' room. It took her less than ten seconds to get back outside.

"Mister, there's no one inside. Maybe she has already left. Why don't you stay with me tonight?"

This woman was sure of that this was the way Peter would flirt with her and asking about some drunk girl was a mere excuse in order to initiate a conversation.

With her beautiful blue eyes, straight hair, and curvy body, she tried to show herself off in front of Peter when she was talking.

'He literally took out a diamond ring worth more than tens of thousands of dollars. That's quite generous.'

"Are you cent percent sure there is nobody inside?" Peter asked again, with frown on his brow. He was in no mood to joke. Finding Bella was the important thing at that time.

'Besides, that woman was pretty, but she looked like she must be in her forties. It would be better to address her as my elder sister than a younger one, ' Peter thought to himself.

"I'm pretty sure there's no one inside. But for your own contentment, why don't you come inside with me to check it out for yourself?" She said with pouted lips and began to behave like a cute little girl.

"You stay out here for me." Peter rushed into the bathroom.

A trace of disdain flashed in her eyes as she saw him running into the room. 'I really thought he is such a guy who won't have an affair with others. It turns out he is a hypocrite.'

She straightened her chest and walked into the ladies' room right after Peter. She assumed that this was Peter's way of trying to give her a hint.

Of course, it would make things very easy for her and Peter if no one was inside.

Peter ran out of the room before she could reach him and almost knocked her to the ground.

"Why did you come out? Where are you going?" she exclaimed. But Peter didn't turn back to respond.

Peter was very worried. He kept wondering who could have taken Bella away!

He was sure that no one had entered the restroom while Bella was inside but someone did walk out. He confirmed at the reception that more than one person had been seen walking out of the restroom.

It means that someone had been waiting for Bella inside the restroom for long, In an instant, he understood that this could lead to unprecedented killing intent.

Without any further hesitation, he rushed straight to the monitor room of the bar, knocked out the guard with a punch, and set up the surveillance.

The moment Peter saw the monitoring picture, he clenched his teeth and spat out a name: Alfred Gao!

Peter identified the two coquettish women, who were the female lieutenants of Alfred and had been taught a lesson by him the last time.

"Alfred, I was already supposed to bring you down in a few days. I didn't expect that you'd be so quick to get yourself into trouble. This time I will make sure you never have a chance of fighting me back."

Anger rose in Peter's heart as he went out to get into Bella's Hummer and drove as fast as he could in the direction of that blue Lamborghini.

He drove rashly, scaring all the pedestrians and fellow cars.

Peter couldn't care less. The only thought in his mind was to kill Alfred.

At that moment, the anger in his heart could be ignited without any effort at all.

Alfred had crossed a line this time.

It was better to pray for Bella to be all right. If things didn't turn into his favor, he wouldn't mind slaughtering the entire Gao family.

It never occurred to Peter that Alfred was capable of doing something so heinous like kidnapping Bella.

Peter drove as fast as he could and dialed Amelia's number from his phone.

"Help me in looking out for a blue Lamborghini which left the Drunk Beauty Bar about fifteen minutes ago, heading east along the river. And I need the location of Alfred Gao right now."

"Give me a reason as to why should I help you." She sounded upset. "I was woken by your call in the middle of the night. And you asked me for help! What's wrong with you?"

Peter almost dropped his phone as he heard this. "I'm not in the mood to talk to you right now. It's really urgent. Be frank. Will you help me or not?" asked Peter.

"Do not yell at me like that! You are not my superior, and you can't talk to me in this manner. There must be something wrong with you to ask others for favor with that attitude." Amelia wasn't convinced at all.

Peter was furious as hell.

He was just about to hang up right when Amelia's voice came in from the other end. "I will do you this favor, but you have to promise me one thing." Of course, she intended on looting him.

"I promise you, as long as it is something I can do." Peter agreed, without any hesitation. At that moment, he couldn't care less.

"Wait for it." Amelia hung up.

With loud and rumbling noises, seven or eight dazzling sports cars came chasing towards Peter's car.

A Porsche pulled up to the side, alongside Peter. One of the windows was rolled down, and a girl with a pretty face smiled at Peter.

"Dude, you got nice driving skills. Are you interested in playing a game?"

"I'm not that free." Peter was in no mood to play any such silly games with her. He replied impatiently, and sped away.

"How dare you look down upon me, you asshole!" shouted the pretty girl in the car. She sped up as well, matching Peter's speed and said to him, "Dude, I can promise you anything as long as you win."

As she spoke, she tried to seduce him by flaunting her curvy body.

"I'm not interested in little girls. Go away!" Peter was just about to speed up and drive away yet again, right when something struck him!

"By the way, did you see any blue Lamborghini driving east along the river road?"

"Why? Are you chasing that car? It turned into ZL Road at the last intersection," she replied with pouted lips.

"No, I just realize that why should I tell you? Besides, you are the one who's a stupid kid driving around with other stupid kids."

She stared at him as she finished speaking.

Soon, the Hummer turned 180 degrees around and sped off into the distance.

For Peter, a 180 degrees drift was nothing very difficult, though the road was pretty narrow, and slightly crowded. It was difficult to play it like this.

It took courage and confidence, moreover. If any collision ever happened, no one involved would survive.

All the people driving on the road were literally shocked to death on seeing this 180 degree turn and shouted, "Are you fucking crazy? You want to die, don't you? Don't drag us in."

[Chapter 73 A Bloodbath](#)

The cell phone suddenly rang. Peter eagerly grabbed the mobile phone and answered it.

"Something is wrong. The car you are talking about stops at Alfred's Club. Both Bella's and Alfred's phones aren't switched off. Their phones' current location shows that they are at Alfred's Club."

Amelia failed to figure out what happened. She just told Peter what she had seen.

"Really?" Peter frowned and continued, "It is against me, I guess. Anyway, thank you so much. I have to go."

As soon as Peter hung up the phone, his car roared towards the club.

'If what Amelia said is true, it is a blatant challenge, for sure. They must have made an ambush in the club. The only thing they need to do now is to wait for me to arrive.' Peter thought while he accelerated the car.

At the sight of a barbecue stall by the roadside, Peter had something spring to mind. He pulled over and

bought something there before resuming driving.

At Alfred's club

The usually noisy place was not open for guests tonight. Peter was welcomed by a dead silence.

Fifty killers were waiting for Peter on the first floor. They were hired by Felix. But the person who was behind this was Alfred. They were brave and battle wise. They were always ready to face the danger. Nothing could scare the hell of out them. Each of them could hit five.

On the second floor, only ten killers were deployed. The only difference was that they were hired by Gregorio.

It was said that they were internationally renowned mercenaries. Alfred had spent fifty times more on each of them. The higher payment endorsed their competence.

On the third floor were Alfred, Bella, Four Beauty Killers and two mysterious men, one fat and one lean.

They looked ordinary. But something unique could be sensed.

They were not hired by anyone. In actuality, they had received an order and specially came here to kill Peter. But under the circumstance, it appeared that they weren't needed at all.

Alfred wasn't aware of their specific identities, but still he showed his utmost respect to them. It was because Gregorio once said that these two people were absolutely impossible to be offended.

Still dizzy from her sleep, Bella moved her heavy eyelids. She gradually opened her eyes, but her vision was hazy as a fog. There was someone gazing at her face. She blinked for several times to stir away the blurriness of her sight. It was Alfred's face that came into her glance as soon as her sight became vivid.

She moved her eyes to the surroundings. An unfamiliar room came to her sight. The ceiling, the windows, and the furniture were all unfamiliar. This wasn't her house and definitely not her bedroom. 'Where in the world am I?' She rubbed her head as she slowly got up from the bed. She was trying to remember the moments before she passed out as she sat at the corner of the bed. "Why am I here?" she asked. She turned to Alfred. "Alfred Gao, did you kidnap me? What do you want to do?"

Upon realizing the situation she was in, Bella changed her face. 'How dare Alfred Gao kidnap me?'

"Be careful of what you said," Alfred said. She looked at Alfred, whose face remained calm. "Look at you, do you look like a person who is being kidnapped?" Alfred said. "I just invited you here to watch an excellent play," Alfred continued.

Bella said nothing. Alfred had a point. This wasn't like she was being kidnapped. As Alfred said, her hands and feet weren't tied down either.

What Alfred has said may sound reasonable but Bella was not that gullible to be moved by his alibi. She smelled something fishy. "You are using me as a bait to defeat Peter, am I right?"

A smirk appeared on Alfred's face. He clapped his hands.

"You deserve to be the well-renowned female entrepreneur in Golden City. Such a beauty with brains. Your guess is right. No one could have thought of that but you."

"You are despicable," Bella screamed. Bella immediately reached for her handbag and took out her phone. "You use me as a bait to defeat Peter. Don't be a daydreamer. I won't let you do this," she said in a loud voice.

Much to her dismay, she was unable to use her cell phone. It ran out of battery that it couldn't even be switched on anymore.

Bella put down the phone and turned around. She saw Alfred's contemptible face. He wasn't surprised at all.

"Alfred, you are a sanctimonious person. At first, I used to think that you are just a little hypocritical but now I know that you are more than that. You are despicable!"

Hatred and resentment could be seen at Bella's eyes as she said those words. She was about to leave the room.

Before Bella could step closer to the door, she was restrained by the two hands that were pressing onto her shoulders. These made her sit back.

"Miss Song, I suggest you stay here for now."

"Right. Though Mr. Gao has a soft spot for women and won't hurt you, we are not going to spare you."

The two beauties beside Alfred said effeminately while pressing on Bella with their hands.

Bella was angry but she did not struggle nor fought. She knew that struggling was of no use in this situation as she was outnumbered.

She calmed herself down. She needed to think of a way to get out. She looked down at the stairs.

From her point of view, she could see exactly what was happening downstairs.

There were 50 killers and fierce mercenaries on the first and second floor, respectively. They were armed and set to kill. Bella's heart sank to the bottom.

The smell of death was in the air. If Peter was to come here, he couldn't escape death definitely.

Bella's heart fell into a flat contradiction. She was in the roller coaster of emotions.

She didn't know what to feel. At the bottom of her heart, she hoped that Peter would appear to save her, like a knight in shining armor.

But she didn't want Peter to dig his own grave. As much as she wanted to be saved, she couldn't bear to risk Peter's life. Her heart couldn't afford to see Peter die for her.

Alone in his room, Alfred looked at Bella's changing expressions. Calm as he looked, he was infuriated deep inside.

'Bitch! You are such a bitch!' he thought. 'In a little while, you will beg me. We'll see how humiliated I would let you feel.'

Alfred didn't believe Bella would rather see Peter die than beg him.

Meanwhile, Peter didn't waste any time. As soon as he received that phone call, he knew that Bella was in danger. He rushed and arrived at Alfred's Club in no time. As soon as he got his feet off the Hummer, he went straight to the door and gave it a powerful kick. The door got smashed and Peter entered in.

"My grandchildren, your grandpa is here. Come out, and give your grandpa a warm hug," Peter mocked as he entered the lobby. Peter stepped into the lobby and started to shout loudly. His voice roared like a lion ready to kill his prey.

His haughty tone and furious expression painted a disdainful look on his face.

The killers were already impatient. As soon as they saw arrogant Peter showed up in the lobby, they screamed and rushed to him on an impulse. Armed with sharp broadswords, they swarmed to attack Peter.

"Oh, shit!" Peter cursed as he turned around to change his course, "You are such damn, obedient grandchildren. I just walked into the door and now you are in pursuit of me for red packets."

The hired killers burst with anger. Peter has just kindled the fire with his insulting words. They would surely kill Peter.

'He's shameless and disrespectful to our job.' 'No one here wants your red packets. We are here to kill you, not to ask for red packets.'

They were all furious and hastily surged after Peter. They must chop this bastard into bits and let him know who the real grandchild was.

They were all running after Peter who was a meter away. When they approached the club entrance, they were stunned in surprise.

Peter jumped into his Hummer he has left on at the doorstep. He stepped hard on the gas pedal and headed on to chase the killers.

Peter grinned broadly in the Hummer. "Hahahaha, my grandchildren, let's play! Your grandpa loves to play bumper cars. The one who can beat me down will win a red packet from me."

The killers were taken aback and they swarmed out of the way to run for their lives.

They were now being chased by a Hummer. 'Even an obsolete minibus can easily kill an ordinary person, what more a Hummer can do! Only a brainless man would go straight for it with his own head.'

Though their flight reaction wasn't slow, their speed was.

With a burst of gunfire from the Hummer, more than a dozen people were thrown into the air. While their blood was splashing out, they screamed fiercely. They were massive bloodshed.

Fear was in the eyes of those wounded killers, and their hearts were filled with a grievance.

'Shameless! He's so shameless!'

They were hired killers. They were trained to kill and take lives. They were hired to kill. They were supposed to kill someone here. That someone was Peter. But instead, they were just thrown up in the air like dead leaves, without killing anyone. What a shame! There was no better insult as that. They should only stand there as Peter played hit-and-run.

"Tut tut tut, a bloodbath is in sight. But that's not enough!" Peter shouted shamelessly.

Stirring his Hummer around, he aimed to hit the last standing guys.

[Chapter 74 Shame On You](#)

"Shame on you!"

"Get out of the car and fight me if you have balls!"

"Son of a bitch!"

The killers shouted as Peter drove after them. They didn't expect him to be this crazy!

"Hurry. I'm starting to catch up to you! Faster, faster! One, two, three!" Peter said as he pushed the gas.

Bang!

The six killers fell to the ground as Peter's vehicle knocked them off.

"Too slow! Are you turtles? That wasn't fun. Let's change the rules. I'll give you a chance to rest for three seconds. After my count, you have to start running again, okay?"

Peter laughed loudly and stopped the car.

Likewise the thirty men stopped and took advantage of the opportunity to rest as they stared at him angrily. If only looks could kill, Peter would have been dead!

"Okay, ready?" Peter raised three fingers.

"Three!"

The men started to prepare to run.

"Two, one!"

Counting the last two seconds with just one breath, he immediately stepped on the break. 'That wasn't three seconds of rest at all, ' the killers thought.

The Hummer zoomed forward.

"Fuck you, cheater!"

"Shame on you!"

The men were furious! Apart from the fact that he was driving a car towards them, he also broke his word! That was disgusting.

Despite their anger, they were helpless. The car charged at them wildly, and soon ten of them were killed. The rest of the guys were left badly injured, except for two who were still completely fine.

They gave Peter a dagger look as he sat comfortably inside the car.

"Son of a bitch! Get out of the car and fight me!"

"Fuck you, bastard! Shame on you! You are not a real man! You're not a hero!"

"Who said I was trying to become a hero?" Peter replied. "Besides, can't you see what happened to your friends? What are you still doing standing there? Do you want to join them?"

Peter smiled grimly and stepped on the gas again!

One of them was knocked to the air and passed out.

The other was luckier. He was able to avoid Peter's attack. What happened next made him regret his decision.

It would have been better to be knocked into the air instead of this nightmare.

The last man standing ran like a maniac as Peter drove and chased after him.

He ran at full speed towards Alfred Club.

He knew he'd have backup on the second floor. This could be his chance to survive this predicament.

'Son of a bitch! You're definitely dead! You can't chase after me when I reach the second floor.'

Before he could reach his destination, though, the Hummer reached him first.

He immediately fell unconscious after the impact. 'Son of a bitch!'

Looking over at the scene from the third floor of Alfred Club, Alfred twisted his face with anger.

'Son of a bitch! Fuck! Bastard!' He couldn't curse Peter enough.

He paid a lot for those men, but Peter just killed them off!

It would have been better if they even only got to injure Peter.

How could he have expected that all fifty men would be knocked off by a Hummer?

Alfred was completely irritated but Bella burst into laughter.

She didn't expect that Peter would kill them in such an unorthodox way.

The car he used was hers and it was badly damaged, but she didn't feel bothered at all.

The two killers who sat with them as they watched didn't seem so surprised at what happened.

Peter went up the stairs after he finished dealing with the fifty killers.

The ten mercenaries on the second floor looked at him hatefully.

They were already aware of how Peter dealt with their companions and they were not impressed.

One of them threw a three-square tool at Peter. "Kill yourself if you are smart," he said.

Peter pretended to be scared. He took a step back and then picked it up carefully. "Hey, bro, is it sharp? I don't want to feel any pain."

"Do it quickly and you won't."

The mercenary curled his lip and continued, "It's my main weapon. Of course, it's sharp."

"Really?" Peter inspected it closely

as the mercenary patiently watched him.

He'd like to see Peter take his own life.

After a while, Peter looked up. He seemed troubled. "Is it really sharp, bro? I don't want to feel pain."

The mercenary grew impatient. "It can kill you without pain! You're a man! Be brave!"

"Okay," Peter said. "I'll do it!" He closed his eyes and held the tool tightly.

The ten mercenaries looked at Peter expectantly. Deep inside, they thought of how much of a fool their boss was.

'Fuck! That rich fool didn't have to spend so much money on us to get this job done.'

It seemed that Alfred overestimated Peter with all the warnings he gave them.

Peter closed his eyes as he prepared to stab his throat.

From the third floor, Bella stood up and shouted, "No, Peter!"

Ignoring her, Peter started to pull the tool towards himself

as the mercenaries looked on hardly believing their eyes.

Before any of them could react, Peter changed the tool's direction

and threw it at the nearest man.

It was too fast

and too sharp!

Bang!

It went straight through the man's throat.

Blood splashed everywhere.

He died before he could scream.

"Wow! You weren't lying when you said it was sharp. It did kill you painlessly! That was a great weapon!"

Peter smiled.

The nine remaining men were stunned. Then, they went purple with rage.

[Chapter 75 The Super Paprika](#)

"Damn it! You tricked us? How dare you?"

"We're going to kill you!" the soldiers shouted at Peter.

They then pulled out their weapons and rushed towards him.

As being maestro soldiers, they couldn't bear such humiliation coming from Peter.

"Oh my God! I'm so sorry! Take it easy! Stay away from me!" Peter screamed back. "Oh, men, I didn't mean to do that. Trust me. I don't want to play with you. I just want to play with beautiful women," said Peter sincerely.

He then ran away quickly and yelled, "Oh, God, help me. Help me! They're going to kill me!"

All the nine soldiers were furious with Peter's words and crazy actions.

'What an idiot!' they thought to themselves.

Thanks to the strict gun usage of H Country, else they would have shot Peter a thousand times.

With a good physique and remarkable strength, Peter ran faster than all the nine soldiers. Although they tried their best, they still couldn't chase and catch him.

"You bastard, stop running! Fight us face to face!"

The soldier who was leading the pack, screamed with anger in his eyes.

"Okay! If that's what you want," said Peter. He stopped running immediately as he heard these, turning

around and punching the soldier in the face.

The soldier was shocked for a second and gave a wicked grin to Peter.

'I must take my revenge for this by punching him, breaking his leg and killing him ultimately!'

the soldier thought to himself. He clenched his fists and tried to punch Peter as hard as he could.

But before he could do this, Peter threw some red powder in his eyes.

"Aaaaahhhhhh! What the fuck are you doing?"

The soldier cried out of pain. He couldn't see anything anymore. His eyes were burning in pain. Tears were running down his cheeks.

"Paprika? You threw paprika in my eyes? You bastard! Only a coward use such despicable means!" the soldier shouted.

Rest of the eight soldiers were confused on seeing this happen. Some of them didn't understand the situation.

Peter took advantage of their confusion. He took paprika out of a bag once again and threw it into their eyes as well.

Three soldiers escaped the attack but the remaining five were out of luck and suffered.

They all acted very similar to the previous soldier who had been attacked, crying out loud in pain.

"You bastard, wait!"

"Such dirty tricks you are using!"

"Shame on you, son of a bitch!"

said three different soldiers.

As maestros, they didn't take Peter seriously. They thought they would beat him easily.

But they didn't know that Peter was a jerk. He had so many "irregular" methods and dirty tricks.

"Yes, you're right. I'm a bastard. Are you mad with me?" Peter said with a big smile on his face as he put a hand inside the bag again, pretended to take out something and throw at them.

Three soldiers quickly covered their eyes, thinking it was their turn now.

All of a sudden, Peter ran towards them and kicked their balls one after another.

They all screamed with pain and jumped on the ground, covering their injured part of body by their hands.

They realized that Peter fooled them, and fooled them good.

They were all disappointed in themselves. They felt as if God was playing a sick joke on them.

"Wow! Are you all trying to dance? It looks great! How about I add some music for you? Let's dance to the beat together!" Peter laughed and said.

He then ran like the wind towards the other five soldiers.

Those five were still wiping their tears away from the paprika attack. They couldn't open their eyes yet, let alone see Peter running towards them.

Before they could even react and move, Peter had already trampled on them and broken their legs.

"Hey! Stop dancing and take these five losers out of here!" Peter said to the three soldiers. "Otherwise I'll call the police and get you all arrested," Peter said sarcastically.

He smiled at those soldiers and walked towards the third floor.

On seeing all this, Alfred got furious and acted like a wounded beast. How could this have happened?

A person with a damn Hummer and a bag of paprika took down 50 hatchet men and 10 pro soldiers. It sounded ridiculous, but it had happened.

Those people had cost him over a hundred million dollars but they were defeated by a single person and his bizarre tricks. It was very difficult for him to accept it.

Four Beauty Killers were astonished by Peter's performance.

Bella couldn't control herself and began to laugh out loud. She felt that she just watched a comedy film and Peter deserved an Oscar for it.

Peter walked up to the third floor. His walk instantly became something more like a strut. He was a little relieved when he saw that Bella wasn't hurt by anyone.

"Wow, Mr. Gao. Thank you for the delectable food. How did you know I was hungry? That's so sweet!" Peter said in a cheerful tone.

He sat next to Bella and took a bottle of wine, drinking out of it carelessly.

Two men were sitting next to Alfred, one of them fat and the other slim. Peter knew that they might be some big guys. But he didn't fear them anyway. He sat there without saying hello to them.

Alfred was mum with a face full of rage.

He could only depend on these two men now. He might pay a heavy price if they couldn't beat Peter today.

Alfred knew Peter was a man with terrifying and cunning actions. He was a little scared and regretful for his own crazy behavior.

"Why are you sitting here? Who asked you to? That's so rude of you. You're an embarrassment to H Country."

The fat man directed words at Peter in a sarcastic tone.

Just then the thinner man began speaking, "A real man should be upstanding and honest. Using cheap little tricks are the characteristics of losers. Shame on you!"

These two men were greatly arrogant, condescending, and offensive. They looked down upon Peter.

In their opinions, Peter was nothing but a man of some cheap tricks. Otherwise he would have died downstairs.

"Huh, I heard some strange noises. Are the dogs barking?" Peter pretended to be surprised on hearing the various remarks coming from those two men. He looked at Alfred and asked, "Mr. Gao, since when do you have these two dogs? They look good but a little troublesome. Keep your eyes on them, or they may bite people."

Barking is a small thing but biting people is not. You know some dogs have rabies. The dogs' owner must pay a lot of money for victims if they bite people. What a pity."

Alfred was still silent.

The two men were offended on hearing this.

Especially the fat one, he suddenly stood up and asked Peter with a furious face, "What the hell are you talking about? Are you comparing me to a dog?"

Peter wrapped his arms around Bella and answered, "What will be your guess?"

"I guess it's me." The fat man replied in an angry tone.

"Hahahahahaha!" Peter couldn't help but laugh.

The wine from his mouth flew out and hit the fat man's face. He then gave a thumbs up and said, "Congratulations. You're absolutely right."

"You bastard. I'll kill you!" The fat man responded. He wiped the wine from his face and raised his fist in order to punch Peter.

All this happened pretty quickly and it

startled Peter. 'He's very good at martial arts!' Peter thought to himself.

[Chapter 76 Get Out Of Golden City](#)

But Peter was not intimidated at all. He replied to his fist with a knife and fork that he picked from the table.

Puff!

With a not-so-loud noise, the sharp knife and fork pierced into the skin of the man but were stopped and bended by his bones, unable to go any deeper.

"Ouch!" The fat man screamed out, gasping heavily.

Shameless! Cheap tricks!

He hadn't expected that Peter would use the knife and fork to fight against his fist punch.

"Wow! Such a hard fist. The knife and fork got bended!" Peter said out of sheer surprise, and stabbed him again.

Unable to tolerate more, the fat fighter stood up, cradling his fist. Strong as he was, he couldn't stand more attacks like these.

On seeing his partner get defeated by Peter's dirty tricks, the thin man got angry. He grabbed the wine bottle from the table and hit Peter with it.

Given how Peter was, even he wanted to use cheap tricks now.

"Ouch!" Peter screamed, reaching out to the thin fighter's wrist as quick as lightening, grabbing the bottle in a second.

He broke it on the thin man's head.

"Bamn!"

The bottle broke into pieces. But the thin man was a tough fighter. He remained safe and sound.

The thin fighter was shocked by what had happened, a hint of panic appearing in his eyes.

He thought he might have underestimated his enemy, Peter. Putting aside other things, he realized he wouldn't be able to do what all Peter did.

"Wow. Such a hard head. You are not hurt at all!" On hearing Peter's compliment, the thin fighter couldn't help but feel proud.

"Of course. I have practiced iron head skills. Neither swords nor spears can pierce my skull."

"Bamn!"

As soon as he finished talking, Peter picked up a glass of wine, smashing it on his head yet again.

The glass broke into pieces, spreading the wine all over the thin fighter's head. But his head stayed unhurt.

"It's really so hard!" Peter said, feeling amazed.

The thin fighter responded in an arrogant tone, "So it is. Do you think my iron head is a powder-puff?"

But all of sudden his expressions changed as

he saw Peter taking out a lighter and snapping it over his head.

The moment alcohol met the lighter, his head was on fire. He screamed out loudly.

"What a shameless son of a bitch!"

The thin man cursed Peter and tried to put out the fire on his head using his hands.

Eventually the fire was out, but his head was severely injured, bald and red, with burning marks here and there.

"The iron head feared fire, I had no clue! I thought it was not vulnerable to fire and water as you said," Peter sighed.

The thin fighter was mad at Peter.

"I didn't say it was not vulnerable to fire and water. I only said it was not vulnerable to swords and

spears. How impudent!"

The fat fighter had recovered after some rest, by now, and he started attacking Peter.

Peter had gained an upper hand on these two men by his tricks. They must take revenge.

Although the thin one wanted to help, he was unable to lend a hand as his head was miserably burnt. He could only hope that his fat brother could teach Peter a lesson.

The fat fighter was a master of inner energy and had incredible force.

When he whipped his fists, air flowed around them and inner energy overflowed from within, bursting blasting sound, containing overwhelming power.

His one punch had enough power to knock down ten wild bulls.

Peter's eyes glittered with the thirst for violence. Without playing tricks or dodging, this time, he slammed his fist up against his enemy.

The fat fighter was amazed on seeing that Peter was not resorting to his dirty tricks for the first time.

"Bamn!"

Their fists smashed against each other.

The fat fighter had a grin on his face which soon disappeared. In the next moment, he was laying on the ground like knocked down by a racing train.

As he fell, his entire arm cracked inch by inch, which could be heard very clearly.

"Get out of here if you don't want to die. I'll kill you right here, right now!" Peter announced.

Chills ran down the spines of both the men, as they shivered in fear.

He was definitely a kung fu master!

This bastard had been hiding his ability and played coward and weak, instead!

They ran out of the Alfred Club as fast as they could with their broken arm and burnt head.

Alfred's face turned pale and he was frightened to death.

His last ray hope had been destroyed. He couldn't help but tremble out of fear.

Without any hesitation, Alfred kneeled down to beg for mercy. But he begged to Bella instead of Peter.

"Bella. I know you hate me. But I also helped you a lot those years. Please spare me once for God's sake. I promise I won't do it again!"

Alfred knew that it was useless to beg in front of Peter. But Bella was different. She was empathetic and kind hearted.

Peter frowned, on seeing this. He clearly did not expect this to happen. He didn't say anything, but just looked at Bella.

There was a silence. After a while, Bella softened and said, " Peter, let's spare him this time. Even though I don't want to admit, I did benefit a lot from his help back in the years."

"You are the boss, as you say," Peter nodded and turned to Alfred. "I can spare you this time, but there is one condition."

"What condition?"

"Get out of Golden City."

"Consider me gone!"

Alfred agreed to his condition in less than a second. His life was the most important thing at that moment.

An hour later, Peter dropped Bella back to her garden villa. Just when he was about to leave, Bella said, "It's already pretty late. Why don't you just stay the night?"

Bella looked shy, and said in a low voice that he could barely hear. This was the first time Peter was seeing Bella being tender like a maiden, which was pretty tempting.

He wanted to refuse at first, but he changed his mind when he saw Bella's shyness.

He felt excited for some reason.

He had long lost the hope of Bella keeping her promise. But now it seemed that he still had a chance.

Bella invited him to stay overnight with her, alone. What else could Bella mean except that thing?

Peter was thrilled to think about the details, and he let his imagination go wild.

"Make yourself comfortable on the sofa. I'll take a shower and be back," Bella told Peter as they entered her villa. Then, she smiled and elegantly walked toward her bathroom.

Enchantress!

Peter didn't sit on the sofa, rather walked towards Bella and said, "Taking a bath alone would be boring, don't you think so? Why don't we shower together?"

"Bad, bad boy!" Bella gave him a shy glance and said, "I won't do that!"

Unwilling to give up, Peter cajoled, "I can rub your back and help you wash your body!"

Without replying, Bella just walked away, entering the bathroom and locking the door behind her.

Peter felt upset on getting rejected.

Half an hour later, Bella walked out in a bathrobe and she looked no less than a model.

Her figure caught Peter's attention immediately and he couldn't help but breathe heavily.

Bella looked like Venus after a bath, beautiful and sexy. Her hair was still wet, with water dripping down her body.

She was as white as milk, and her skin was glossy under the light.

The most seductive part was her body. Peter could see the charming curves through the semitransparent bathrobe.

"Oh, Bella. I love you! I'm coming for you." Peter felt his breath hot and heavy, and pounced onto Bella.

Since he hadn't touched any woman in a long time, he couldn't resist Bella.

"You are such a bad boy!" Bella said in a flirting tone, "I'll be yours sooner or later. I'm right here waiting for you. Why are you so impatient. Clean yourself first. You stink!"

"Wait for me then. I'll be back soon!" Peter answered quickly and

rushed to the bathroom to clean up.

When he entered the bathroom, he saw something that gave him a shock.

Bella's underwear was hanging right there, in front of his eyes. Maybe she had forgotten to take it down as she was in a rush.

Peter struggled to control himself, quickly showered and rushed outside.

But Bella was nowhere to be seen.

'Bella must be waiting for me in the bed stark-naked.' Instead of getting annoyed, Peter got even more excited, breaking into the largest bedroom of the villa.

[Chapter 77 Revenge From Bob](#)

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Bella, open the door! I'm done!"

Peter frowned and stood outside Bella's bedroom. He had a bad feeling about the closed door. 'She said that she was ready to sleep with me. Why did she lock the door?' Peter thought.

However, Bella didn't respond and the door remained closed.

Peter wasn't going to give up yet. He knocked on the door again!

Still, no answer.

"What a liar you are! I won't believe you ever again!"

At last, Peter turned around and walked towards the sofa in low spirits.

In the bedroom

Bella stood in front of the mirror, naked and thought, 'How perfect my body is!

I'm way too beautiful! He won't get me easily! I'm happy to see how crazy he is for me! He likes to flirt with other women, doesn't he? I'll definitely punish him, now!'

Bella and Peter had no interaction the whole night.

The next morning, Bella came out the bedroom in her work clothes.

Peter jumped up from the sofa and expressed his dissatisfaction towards her.

"How can you do that to me? You have broken your promise! You said you would sleep with me! I won't trust you anymore!"

Bella said nothing. Instead, she took out her phone and started taking his pictures.

After that, she put the phone into her bag and acted coquettishly, "Don't be mad! I was drunk last night and fell asleep. I'm sorry. Well, I will make it up to you later. Anyway, I'm your woman! You can get me anytime!"

Peter felt intoxicated with her charming face and sultry words.

However, he came to his sense soon and shouted, "You were drunk? So, why did you lock the door? You are just lying, aren't you?"

Suddenly, Bella said in a bossy tone, "Stop this bullshit! Drive me to the office or I will sue you for trespassing!"

Then, Bella showed her phone to Peter. "I have taken your photos! They are the evidence now!"

'Fuck!!!'

Peter was flabbergasted! All of a sudden, he understood why she took his photos.

Peter got very angry. "You've broken my heart! I risked my life to save yours yesterday!"

"Well, it's the past! Stop talking and drive me to the office! Right now!" Bella ordered.

Bella knew the best way to deal with Peter was to act bossy! Otherwise, Peter would become cheeky and stick to her like a leech.

"Well, well. Good for you, you liar!" Peter gritted his teeth and walked out of the villa.

When they arrived at the office, Peter finally met the other drivers. Unlike Bob and his brother, they treated Peter nicely.

As a result, Peter played well and built a good relationship with them. Peter was always good at showing off! All of a sudden, he received a message.

"Lisa is in danger! Go to Room 302 of the Royal Hotel!"

Peter was shell-shocked. Without any hesitation, he ran to the Royal Hotel as fast as he could. At the same time, he called Lisa's phone.

The phone was switched off, unfortunately.

Peter was worried. He called Shelly next.

But Shelly was not with Lisa and knew nothing about her business.

Three people were present in Room 302 —

Lisa, Bob, and

a middle-aged fat man, who wore glasses.

He was Bert Jin, who owned a private hospital. Actually, Lisa was there to sell medical equipment. She didn't expect she'd run into Bob.

She felt something was wrong as soon as she saw Bob there. Therefore, she was going to leave but failed. Bert Jin had stopped her.

"Miss Ye, we shall sit down and discuss about our cooperation. Why are you in a hurry? Sit down, please!"

Bert Jin smiled at her coldly and stood at the door.

"Sorry, I have an emergency to deal with and I need to go! How about we talk business later?"

Lisa replied, her voice slightly trembling. She was a shy and timid girl! At that moment, she panicked.

"Well, Miss Ye, if you want to talk business with me later, then let me fuck you first! How about that? Today is a good day! Let's have sex! All right, babe?"

Bert Jin looked at her with a dirty smile. Meanwhile, he dragged Lisa inside and threw her on the sofa.

Lisa said in a panicked voice, "Sir, you can't do this! It's illegal!"

"Illegal!?" Bert laughed out loudly and said, "As long as you are willing to have sex with me, it's not illegal at all! Am I right, Bob!?"

Bob just looked up and stared at Lisa.

"Of course, you are right! If the policemen come, I will prove that this bitch has seduced you for business."

Bert Jin got excited and said, "Did you hear that? You seduced me! I didn't violate any law!"

He caught Lisa's hand when he said it.

Lisa's face became white! She couldn't help but tremble!

She almost cried and said, "Peter will never let you off if you dare touch my body!"

"Peter? Who is he? I don't know who that is!" Bert ignored Lisa's threat and continued.

For him, Lisa was just a mere seller. If she really came from a powerful family, she would never do such a

job!

However, Bob got annoyed!

The reason why he was doing this was to get back at Peter.

As Lisa mentioned Peter, Bob got very angry!

He still remembered how Peter humiliated him in front of others! He lost his temper completely and tried to choke Lisa.

"Peter? Why are you talking about him all the time? Did you sleep with him? I'm gonna fuck you to death! I really want to see how Peter will save you!"

Bob shouted and looked terrified. "You bitch, take off your clothes! Make me and Bert feel comfortable! Maybe I will let you go then! Or I will ask a group of my men to fuck you!"

Lisa was scared to death. She was so afraid and scared when she heard what Bob said.

'Am I really in trouble? Can nobody save me?' Lisa really wanted to die on contemplating that the two ugly guys might rape her!

"Peter, please help me!" Lisa couldn't help but think of Peter at that moment. Peter had always been able to get her out of troubles!

"You fucking want Peter? Let me tell you the truth darling! Nobody can save you! Not even Peter! Take your clothes off, right now, you little slut!"

Bob was so furious that he would have killed Lisa if Bert hadn't stopped him.

Despair welled up inside her. She stared at both of them angrily. She had decided to commit suicide before letting them touch her!

She would never take her clothes off, at any cost.

"Fuck you. Let me just help you!" Bob was furious and was about to take her skirt off.

He wanted to torture this woman to death, as a revenge from Peter! And raping Lisa was only the beginning of his plan!

However, the door was slammed open before Bob could tear her clothes.

[Chapter 78 Thank You For Reminding Me](#)

Both Bob and Bert were scared to death, and they subconsciously glanced at the door of the private room they were in, seeing a twenty-five-year-old young man standing at the door, full of anger.

When Bob looked at this young man, he was terrified. He had never expected that Peter would show up to obstruct his way.

From beginning to the end, he didn't leave any opportunity for Lisa to call for help from Peter or anyone. How did Peter know that Lisa was here in danger?

But Bert was different. He didn't know Peter at all, so he wasn't terrified by him. The moment Bert saw a twenty-five-year-old man standing outside the room instead of policemen, he was immediately outraged.

"Who the hell are you and how dare you kick my door? Don't you know that you are supposed to knock the room? Run, run for your life! Otherwise do not blame me for what I do."

Bert was raged. If he wouldn't have been eager to rape Lisa, he would have rushed to fight with Peter and wouldn't let him go easily.

Bob put on a gloomy face and stopped his action. He knew that it was impossible to touch Lisa as long as Peter was there to protect her.

Although he was desperate to kill Peter, he gave it up when he thought that it was impossible to fight Peter given how strong he was.

"Sorry, my feet were itchy when I saw this room, so I thought of taking a kick. How will you deal with me? Come to bite me?"

Peter looked at him and said provocatively.

The moment he saw Bob there, he understood what was going on. It was obvious that Lisa was involved here.

"Peter!" When seeing Peter, Lisa had a hint of hope in her eyes, and rushed toward him to hug him.

She was teary-eyed, but she felt happy on seeing Peter. At that moment she just wanted to marry him.

"Lisa, I'm here now. Take it easy. I can ensure that you were born to be my woman. In this life, you only belong to me, and except me no one can touch you."

Peter opened his arms and hugged Lisa tightly. Well, Lisa was still so soft, same as before.

"Peter, you are so naughty. You are joking even during such a critical time."

Lisa was almost crying, but on hearing Peter's words she couldn't help but laugh shyly.

"Fuck! You are the one called Peter." Bert had finally figured it out, and became furious.

He felt raged and disappointed, as a beautiful women had just slipped by in front of his eyes.

"You are a stinky security guard. Do you want to die? You dare to stir up my plan! Are you fucking tired of living?"

"Yes, I do." Bert was stunned when he heard Peter continued,"I am desperate to die. It's really boring to live. Come on and kill me!"

"You son of a bitch!" Bert was ready to destroy him. "Wait for me, I will call the bodyguards immediately and get you killed you in minutes. A stinky security guard! Bob might be afraid of you, but I am not."

As Bert said, he dialed the number of his bodyguard.

Peter was puzzled at the fact that a guy like Bert had bodyguards. Were they so cheap and jobless that even Bert could hire them? Instead of leaving the room, Peter sat on the sofa along with Lisa.

"Wow, Bob, you are here! I haven't seen you in a while. How have you been?" Peter turned to Bob and pretended to be surprised.

"Well, I'm doing good," Bob answered. He was furious, but he didn't dare to vent his anger on Peter.

"That's good. I missed you so much. Come on, let me propose a toast to you." Peter poured the wine in two glasses and passed one to him.

Bob was going to click the glass with Peter's glass, however, before this, Peter poured the wine on his head suddenly.

"Oh, I'm sorry, wow! My hand is shaking. I am wiping it for you." As Peter said, he hit Bob's head with the glass.

Slam! The wine glass had been broken into small pieces and Bob's head started bleeding.

Peter pretended to be shocked and panicked. "Bob, I am so sorry. I get nervous when I see prominent people like you. I..."

"Enough!" Bob couldn't bear with Peter any more and interrupted,"Can't you fight like a man and do not use cheap tricks instead?"

Bamn!

Peter punched Bob's face.

Bob fell over directly, half of his face swollen, more than a dozen broken teeth coming of his mouth, mixed with blood.

"Hey, you..." He couldn't vent his anger. When he was about to open his leaky mouth, Peter picked the bottle from the table and smashed it on his head.

Danggggg!

When the bottle of wine was broke on Bob's head, his bleeding skin and flesh worsened.

It was a sight of horror to see Bob's bleeding head.

Bob was outraged and thought to himself, 'Fuck you! How dare this piece of shit bully me?'

However, Peter didn't leave him any time to vent out his anger or reciprocate. He went ahead to kick him.

Thump!

Peter crushed two of Bob's fingers. As a result, Bob slouched on the ground and cried hysterically out of pain.

The nerves of the fingertips are linked with the heart.

Bob was on the edge of going berserk.

However, it was just the beginning.

Peter continued to kick him.

Bamn!

One of Bob's legs was broken!

Bamn!

Bob's second leg was broken too!

When finally Peter stopped attacking, Bob didn't even have the strength to cry. He lay there on the ground, trembling in pain.

Every time he moved his body, the injured parts stung.

"Bob, I think you are right. It is more cheerful to attack someone in a straightforward manner than to use cheap tricks. Thank you for reminding me!"

Peter said gracefully, with Lisa in his arms.

Bob was stunned. 'Oh my god, I keep getting myself into trouble because of my mouth.'

Bert was petrified, for it was the first time he had seen such a lunatic scene. But if it weren't for his trembling legs, he would have run away by then.

Fortunately, before Peter began to deal with him, Bert's bodyguards had arrived.

"Boss, what can I do for you?" Two bodyguards rushed towards Bert and asked respectfully.

Seeing his bodyguards arrive, Bert recovered his confidence and didn't seem much scared.

Pointing towards Peter and Lisa, Bert said arrogantly, "I am going to make this guy cripple and rape that woman!"

He paid a high price to hire the bodyguards, aiming to show off. And he thought it was a piece of cake for the bodyguards to deal with Peter.

"Hey, Bert, your bodyguards are here, and you seem to be confident again." Peter was surprised on seeing Bert with his two bodyguards.

[Chapter 79 You've Been Scammed](#)

"Hah! I'm not afraid of you. My bodyguards can beat the crap out of three men like you and they're hella expensive!"

Bert said arrogantly. "Do the smart thing: get on your knees, beg for mercy and let me have fun with the girl. Otherwise, my bodyguards here will beat the hell out of you and make sure you'll regret this day for the rest of your life."

"You're really scaring me, Bert," Peter said with a fearful look on his face. "I just have one problem: I never really learned how to get on my knees from the moment I was born. Teach me how?"

"I see you wanna do this the hard way," Bert said furiously. "Get him and chop his balls off."

Two bodyguards charged at Peter at their boss' command.

Ping!

One of them delivered a blow to Peter's head

cleanly and quickly.

"Ow!"

Peter screamed as he fell on the sofa while holding Lisa in his arms.

Bang!

The guard's fist landed on the wall instead!

Hiss!

He winced in pain and started rubbing his fist.

He just hit a solid wall with his fist! How could he have endured the impact?

His companion gave him a pat on the shoulder, rose, and started to rush in. He jumped on the table and delivered a kick towards Peter and Lisa.

Reacting quickly, Peter jerked his leg to kick the bodyguard back, hitting him at the waist.

Bang! The guard was knocked back just before his leg reached Peter. He fell to the ground, unable to get himself back up again.

"Oh God! You scared the shit out of me," Peter told Bert as he sat up looking frightened. "Boss, how much did you pay for your bodyguards?"

"One hundred thousand a month for each," Bert answered, looking pale.

"One hundred thousand! And they're so weak! You know what? You've been scammed! I only earn three thousand a month with my level of fighting skills, but they are paid one hundred thousand? Why don't you give me fifty thousand and I'll be your bodyguard?"

Peter offered with a grin.

Before Bert could speak, the bodyguard who hit his fist on the wall started to charge at him.

His eyes were cold. Drawing a sharp knife from his pocket, he stabbed at Peter ferociously.

How was a strong, towering bodyguard supposed to accept being beaten by a mere security guard? What a shame!

The sharp knife pierced the air and went straight at Peter.

Peter got irritated.

He raised his right hand, grabbed the bodyguard's wrist and broke it forcibly. The crack of a bone echoed in the room, leaving the knife falling down to the table.

Peter caught the blade in the air and shoved it towards the bodyguard's arm. Blood spurted from the incision.

"Ahh!"

The injured man screamed.

"Take your buddy and fuck off!" Staring fiercely at him, Peter shouted angrily. The bodyguard quickly helped his companion up wordlessly and ran away as far as they could.

Bert was scared shitless. He never would have expected that the bodyguards he paid so well would be defeated so easily.

More than being defeated, they just ran away and left their employer behind! That annoyed Bert even more!

"Now that they're both gone, let's talk business," Peter said with a grin.

Thump!

Suddenly, Bert was down on his knees pleading, "Please don't hurt me. Please. I'll give you fifty thousand and you don't even have to work as my bodyguard. I promise I'll stay away. I won't ever touch that girl again."

Peter was in awe. Bert obviously didn't want to end up like Bob.

"Fifty thousand?" Peter seemed unsatisfied, "I suddenly realize I'm worth one hundred thousand with my fighting skills. Don't you think so?"

"One hundred thousand. No problem." Bert didn't care about anything else at this moment. He was ready to give whatever Peter would request for.

Peter dictated a series of bank card numbers. "Transfer the money, quick!"

He immediately did as he was told. "Bro, can I go now?"

"Bro? Who's your bro? Do I have an ugly bro like you? Don't flatter yourself. Besides, surely you can't go

yet. I'm not done carrying out my duty as a bodyguard."

"Please, Peter. You're my lord now." Bert was at the brink of crying. "Besides, what duty?"

"My duty to beat my employer, of course," Peter said with a grin. "I'm a different kind of bodyguard. Instead of protecting my employer from knives and bullets, I specialize in shoving and feeding them to my employer."

"Usually, I charge ten thousand for one punch. You gave me one hundred thousand, it would only be fair for me to punch you ten times,"

Peter said as he walked towards Bert.

'Screw you and your stupid rule! I've never heard of such a thing. You obviously just want to beat me up, ' Bert thought

but dared not to say it out loud. "My lord, please. What I did was wrong and for that, I'll slap myself. Is that okay? Please forgive me."

"That sounds bad." Peter gave him a punch.

Bang!

Bert felt hot blood gush from his nose as the world around him seemed to turn. Suddenly his body felt heavy and he fell flatly on his back.

Before he could scream, Peter had already thrown a second punch.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Ten punches later, Bert's face was black, blue, and swollen. Even his mother would not have recognized him. He lay on his stomach, crying.

How humiliating! He was a grown man beaten and crying in pain.

"Why are you crying, sir? Is it not enough? Do you want more punches?" Peter frowned, dissatisfied.

"No, no, please. I won't cry anymore. Please don't punch me." Bert stopped his crying immediately even as his tears uncontrollably continued falling.

"That's more like it. Listen, do you think you should apologize to my girl, Lisa?" Peter reminded.

"Yes, I'll apologize." Bert scrambled to kneel down in front of her.

"Miss Ye, I was wrong. I was bewitched and I lost my mind. I did very stupid things. Please forgive me. I promise I won't do it again."

Lisa looked at him fearfully as she huddled tighter into Peter's arms. "You, you stay away from me."

She wasn't normally a timid girl, but today was too much for her to take. It wasn't like the time when she, Shelly and Peter fought the hooligans in the hotel.

Bert wanted to crawl to Lisa's side to continue his apology, but Peter kicked him aside. "Didn't you hear her when she asked you to stay away? You've done enough. Now you just have to cooperate with us."

"No problem, no problem," Bert immediately said before Peter could finish his words. "I will go to your office tomorrow and sign the contract with Miss Ye."

"Good boy. Okay, now you can take your time and enjoy yourself. We'll go now." Peter nodded as he and Lisa left the room.

As for Bob, Peter ignored him completely. Being disabled, it would be impossible for him to be violent again in his lifetime.

As they were walking out of Royal Hotel, Peter suddenly noticed something odd about Lisa's expression.

She was biting on her lips and her cheeks were flushed as she hummed a tune that Peter found very seductive.

[Chapter 80 Bella's Grandfather Was Assassinated](#)

"Is there something wrong, Lisa? Are you okay? What do you need?" Peter asked her gently.

"You...You...Your hand!"

Lisa replied, looking at Peter shyly.

"What's wrong with my hand? This feels nice,"

Peter replied subconsciously pinching the side of her body before he realized what she was talking about. "Oh, sorry, I forgot to remove my arms around you."

"You're so naughty, Peter!" She replied shyly as her face burned red.

She wanted to be mad but couldn't find it in herself to do so. She even felt a little sad when he took his hand away.

'What the hell is wrong with you, Lisa?' she thought to herself. 'Are you longing for love? Why are you being so sappy?' Pooh!

"Lisa, it's not nice to lie. You want my arms around you, don't you? Do you want to have a few more moments with me?"

Peter smiled at her mischievously.

"What? Of course not! Ah, you're so bad! If you continue like this, I will start ignoring you." Lisa replied, stamping her foot.

"Well, I did save you. Don't you want to repay me? You know, it's good to be grateful and return favors,"

Peter told Lisa earnestly.

"That's how stories go, right? The beautiful princess repays the brave hero with her love. I'm not very fancy. I'm okay with how the normal plot goes. We can go to the guest house or the hotel..."

"Peter!" Lisa felt very embarrassed. She didn't know how to react! A part of her felt appalled

but another part was secretly pleased. She didn't expect Peter to be somewhat attracted to her because she wasn't very pretty.

It was strange to admit that she never imagined this kind of thing to happen to her, and frankly, she didn't know how to react. She felt so confused but felt a little better that it was Peter and not some random person. Still, she couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed about the situation.

Peter also decided that it wouldn't be proper to insist, so he stopped. He knew when enough was enough. If he continued like this, Lisa would be too ashamed.

She was really a shy girl. If it were Shelly, she might have even initiated the teasing.

They grabbed a meal before returning to the office.

Even before he could sit down and get himself a cup of tea, Bella was suddenly running to him.

"Peter! An accident! My grandpa was assassinated. Hurry, drive me to Grace Hospital." Bella's voice was full of anxiety.

Peter quickly rushed to the underground garage.

He had never met Bella's grandfather before, but he did remember Bella mentioning him once.

Her grandfather was her favorite in her family, but he was already suffering because of his health. He had been confined in Grace Hospital for the longest time.

Peter couldn't understand why Bella's grandfather would be assassinated. Was it related to the \$10 million?

Peter and Bella met up in the underground garage. Bella looked very worried. She obviously cared so much about her grandfather.

He drove her to the hospital quickly and quietly.

At Grace Hospital

The police put the building on lockdown. No one left the building without being questioned by the police.

Bella's grandfather was a revered figure in Golden City. His legacy as a businessman was one that was deeply honored.

Despite his humble beginnings, it only took him five years to grow Silverland Group from a small company into a hallmark enterprise.

It was impossible for them to take his assassination lightly.

All three floors of Grace Hospital were crowded with people. In the operating room, Bella's father, Rex, her stepmother, Jane, Jaden, and a group of the company's directors sat quietly.

Peter and Bella soon arrived. "Dad, how's grandpa?" Bella asked before they could even enter the room.

Rex pointed at the operating room and shook his head. "They're doing everything they can. It's still unclear as of the moment."

Just as soon as Rex finished his words, the operating room door opened, and a doctor came out with a few nurses.

"Doctor, how is my grandpa?" Bella asked anxiously.

"Sorry, we did everything we could. Please accept my sympathy."

The doctor sighed.

Bella felt her knees go weak. The next thing she knew, she was falling to the ground but Peter held her just in time.

"No! No! My grandpa can't be dead! My grandpa can't be dead! Peter, you know medicine, right? Please, I beg you, please save my grandpa."

Bella pleaded in tears.

Peter didn't know what to say. He and Bella went to the operating room

as Rex, Jane, Jaden, and the other directors followed.

One look at the old man and Peter knew that there was nothing he could do to save him.

The wound on his chest clearly ran directly to his heart. If they got here sooner, there might have been a chance. But now, it was too late. He was gone.

There was only so much that he could do. He wasn't a god who could revive dead people. Superior medical skills couldn't even save him now.

"I'm sorry," he said apologetically looking at Bella.

"What?! You can't save my grandpa?!"

Bella felt as if the sky would fall. She beat at Peter's chest.

"Aren't you capable? Aren't you competent? How can you not save my grandpa? You're a jerk! You're a stupid jerk!"

She said desperately before rushing to her grandfather's side. "Grandpa, you can't die, I don't want you to die."

Peter's heart broke as he heard her voice so full of grief.

He sighed deeply as he slowly walked out of the ward.

He wanted to give the old man's relatives to be alone with him.

At the hospital gates, Peter approached the police assigned to the case.

Surprisingly, it was Cassie.

"You're assigned to criminal cases?" He was shocked.

"You seem surprised," Cassie replied, mildly insulted.

"No. No."

Peter quickly shook his head. "Are there any clues? Have you identified the killer?"

"Not yet," Cassie replied. "We don't even know if it was from the outside or if it was an inside job. The murderer clearly knew what he was doing. The place is clean, and there are no clues anywhere."

"I... I have a suggestion. But I don't know whether I should mention it or not."

Peter hesitated for a while and said, "You can investigate Jaden and see if he had any unusual activities, or if he's been in contact with anyone shady."

Actually, Peter wasn't pulling suspicions out of thin air.

He suggested this because right when the doctor told them the grave news, he noticed Jaden looking somewhat relieved, and even possibly happy at the news, despite his best efforts to hide it.

"You suspect Jaden?" Cassie was surprised but soon got a hold of herself. "Thank you. I will consider it."

"Okay. Sort this out first. Let's have dinner soon."

He bid her goodbye and made his way back. As he was walking, something caught his eye by the hospital entrance and his expression changed abruptly.