

# Bride of Mr. Billion Chapter 1

Chapter 1  
Bella's POV

Last night, I had a sex with a strange man.

I'm not a random woman. I did this because I was too sad yesterday.

The boyfriend who had been in love with me for three years said that I was not gentle, considerate, and sexy.

Then he turned around and went to England with a rich girl.

Although I'm very strong in front of my friends, I'm really sad.

In order to ease my mood, I went to the bar alone and drank a lot.

I met that man in the bar. I don't even remember his appearance.

At this time, I heard the sound of running water. It was the sound of him taking a shower in the bathroom.

I slowly opened my eyes.

It was a luxurious guest room. The morning sun shone on the messy sheets, underwear, clothes, and shoes on the carpet.

I looked down at the clear kiss marks on the naked body under the quilt, and there was a faint pain in my lower body.

All of this reminded me of the intensity between me and that strange man last night.

I grabbed my long hair, and some memory fragments rushed into my mind. Almost all of them were pictures of me being pressed under the man's body and violently hit.

It had to be said that men's skills were not bad...

Oh, no, it was not the time to think about this problem.

I've never had such an experience sleeping with strangers. At this moment, I don't know how to face all this.

Maybe I should run away now, before he finds me.

I got up from the bed, put on my clothes, took my bag, and walked to the door.

But at this time, the bathroom door opened.

A super handsome man came out the bathroom.

He had thick golden hair and a handsome face. Through his loose bathrobe, one could vaguely see his sexy and strong chest muscles.

My heart beat faster uncontrollably.

This man is much better-looking than that scumbag's ex-boyfriend.

The image of our sex last night appeared in my mind again. He hugged me, stroked me, and kissed me... My cheeks suddenly became hot.

I shook my head and forced myself to stop thinking about those scenes. In order to calm down as soon as possible, I fanned myself with my hands, but it was useless.

Compared with my restlessness, the man's performance was very calm.

When I looked at him, I could feel that he was looking at me from head to toe, as if he was looking at a product.

I saw the corner of his mouth twitched and showed a disdainful expression. Why did he show such an expression to me?

At this time, he suddenly walked to the bedside and reached out to pick up his wallet.

There was a thick stack of cash in his wallet, and I immediately woke up.

What does it mean? Slept with me for one night, so paid me?

Treating me like a prostitute?

It was too insulting!

I decided to fight back!

I immediately took out the only 150 dollars from my bag and threw them on the bed sheet before he could.

I crossed my arms in front of my chest, pretending to be calm. I looked up at him and said in a picky tone, "Although you are very handsome, your physical strength is not good and your skills are poor, so it's only worth a little money!"

I said that on purpose. After all, when facing a man who wanted to humiliate me, I didn't want to expose that I only had a little money now.

"What did you say?" The man questioned me with a strong tone of anger.

I'd already said those words, so I couldn't take them back.

So no matter how embarrassed I was at the moment, I still had to force myself to keep calm.

In order to put on a more realistic act, I went up and patted him on the shoulder. In a very serious tone, I said, "I suggest you give me a discount first and accumulate experience. Once you've mastered this technique, you can definitely raise the price!"

With that, I turned around and left as fast as I could.

While I was running away, I could faintly hear the man's roar. "Damn it!"

I know. I pissed that man off...