

Bride of Mr.Billion Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Bella's POV: As soon as they got home, my sister Betty came up and asked, "Sister, what happened to your face?"

Hearing this, my mother immediately came over and asked anxiously, "Who did it? Is it your father?"

"Mom, I was slapped twice, but I slapped back twice!" When I saw my mother's distressed look, I pretended to be relaxed.

"Don't take it to heart, Bella. Your father must have listened to Connie."

Mom, are you trying to say that my dad hit me for a reason? Can I forgive him?

I threw the ice bag away angrily and said, "Mom, Ryan has never cared about you for so many years, Why are you still speaking for him? You have nothing to do with him now. You are strangers, and you are not as good as strangers. You are enemies!"

That was how my mother was. She was weak and had no idea what to do. The father was her god. Although they had divorced for many years, Ryan was still her husband in her heart.

That was what I hated most.

"He is your father after all." My mother's voice was very low.

Seeing such a weak mother, I felt sad and softened my tone. "Mom, I'm tired. I'm going back to my room to rest."

I entered my room in frustration, my face burning with pain. Fortunately, it was the weekend tomorrow, otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to go to work.

knock knock knock...

A few minutes later, the door was knocked twice, and her mother's voice came in.

"Bella, I forgot to tell you just now. Mom's good friend introduced you to a University professor. Your

face is not convenient now. I'll arrange for you to meet next week!"

Ever since my ex-boyfriend cheated on me, my mother has been looking for someone to introduce me to. Once I object, my mother will start to shed tears and force me to meet her.

A week

later, I sat in a very romantic restaurant, waiting for for someone to be introduced by my mother's friend. At seven o'clock, a man in grey trousers, a white shirt, and gold-rimmed glasses sat in front of me. "Hello, my name is Hank Cruise. I'm 29, and I'm a teacher in college now." His opening words were

simple and

clear. I looked him up and down, raised my chin and said, "I have a few questions for you."

The person in front of me looks very gently. I don't have a bad impression of him for the time being.

It's just that I don't like this kind of date. I came here just to make the Susan feel at ease.

So I thought I had to say something to stimulate this man and let him take the initiative to leave.

"By the way, let Susan know that don't introduce me to all kinds of men in the future."

"Go ahead. As long as i can answer, I will." Hank smiled, revealing two rows of white teeth.

Do you have a real estate i glanced at him

The pople

who could afford to buy a house in this city were all from wealthy families or particularly high salaries

It was actually very dinicult to buy a house in the city with the salary of a professor

I guessed that he couldn't have a house, so I deliberately made things difficult for him.

This question made Hank smile "m living in alwo hundred square meter."

I was stunned and thought, "It must be a property with a particularly bad location or a very bad environment

I immediately asked, "Do you have a Mercedes?"

Hank's smile deepened. "My car is a Land Rover now. If you like Mercedes, I can change it in the

I was stunned again. In order to defeat him, I continued, "My salary is not high and my temper is not good

"It doesn't matter. Girls will have bad tempers, I can understand." Hank continued to say gently.

I didn't achieve the purpose of driving him away, so I patted the table and said, "Are you sick? You have a big house and a good car. You are handsome, and you are a university professor. Why did you find a woman like me?"

"What's wrong with you?" Hank looked at me.

"When I was very young, my father ran away with other women. I'm a single-parent. Now my mother and sister rely on me. My ex-boyfriend said that I'm not gentle and not feminine. He went abroad with a rich girl," I said

"Anything else?" Hank still had a smile on his face.

"No." I lowered my head and drank juice. I had exposed all my shortcomings. Why didn't he retreat?

"You are the most special girl I have ever seen. In fact, I hate blind dates, but I don't like to make friends. You won't object to us being ordinary friends, will you?" Finally, Hank handed me a business card.

Friend?

When Hank said this, all my previous vigilance was put down. It didn't matter if they were just ordinary friends. I took the business card and began to eat and chat with him.

I didn't expect our conversation to be so pleasant.

I don't hate Hank at all. I even think it's great to have such a friend.

After dinner, Hank insisted on taking me home, but I didn't refuse. I stood at the entrance of the restaurant and waited for him to get the car in the parking lot.

"Bella?" Someone called me from behind all of a sudden.

As soon as I turned around, I saw my superior, Gary Ackerman. "Manager, are you here for dinner too?" I was very surprised. At this time, I saw Herbert and a male businessman walking out of the restaurant.

When i came out for a meal, i would meet someone i didn't want to see. This Herbert seemed

to be

everywhere.