

MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

Chapter 1 The Lady Whose Bag Has Been Robbed

Peter Wang felt sad and dejected as he walked out of the Human Resources office.

He found it so difficult to accept the result. From where he came, he was feared by all the gangs. They even called him "Mighty Soldier King". Here in the city, he couldn't even find a decent job because he lacked a college degree. Suddenly, his phone rang. Peter noticed and picked it up immediately.

"Peter," said the voice from the other line. It was his girlfriend. "It's over. I'm breaking up with you." "You've been gone for so long. I need a boyfriend, not a phone pal."

"Darling, please—" Peter tried to get her back. "I know I've been gone, but I'm back now. I'll always be with you now."

"Oh yeah? Well, what can you give me?" "A dishwasher working abroad earns much more money than you." "What exactly can you give me, huh?" she challenged, "Do you even have savings after working all these years? Have you found a single stable job since you got back? Will you be able to give me the things I want?"

"I can, I promise! I'll buy you the biggest house you will ever want! Darling, I'm really sorry I've been gone. I'm sorry that we're struggling. I'm having a hard time finding a job in the city, but it will be better soon, I promise. Things will get better, and when they do—"

"And how would you do that?", the girl interrupted. "How are things going to get better, Peter? Will you ever get to buy me a BMW car? Will you ever get to buy me a Louis Vuitton handbag? Ferragamo shoes? Chanel suits? Ha! You can't even afford to buy me a-

hundred-square-meter house, for Christ's sake."

Peter was silent.

She sighed. "You don't need to say anything, Peter. I'm tired. I can't deal with this anymore. Goodbye, Peter," she said as she hung up.

Peter held his hand-phone tightly, dumbfounded. Despite her muffled voice from the static of his old Nokia, her message was clear as day.

"AHHHH! Help! Somebody, help! Thief, thief! That thief stole my bag!" Peter heard someone scream from the other end of the street.

A lady in uniform was screaming in panic and desperation, running as fast as her high-heeled shoes would take her.

A man with dark sunglasses holding a Louis Vuitton handbag was fleeing from the scene towards a motorcycle.

"Go away! Right now!" He shouted to the onlookers as he jumped onto his vehicle.

As soon as he did, he crunched his brow, turned the handles and accelerated.

In shock, every person on the sidewalk squeezed themselves up to the wall as the motorcycle zoomed past them. Nobody dared block its way.

It's risky to be involved in robberies nowadays. Nobody wants to get hurt.

The lady in a suit watched the motorcycle drive away, helplessly.

The sight infuriated Peter.

As the motorcycle approached, he planted his feet firmly on the ground, pulled his left leg back, and with all his might, flung it into the raging vehicle in a strong forceful kick as soon as it passed in front of him.

The kick took the man by surprise. He couldn't believe what happened! His motorcycle tumbled sharply and it went spinning on the pavement. The impact threw him to the further end of the road and forced him to drop the stolen bag to the ground.

"Ahhhhh!"

The pedestrians held their hands to their mouths as they screamed.

Pe

ter, indifferent to the commotion, walked to the side of the man, calmly picked up the bag, and handed it to the lady. "Here's your bag, ma'am."

"Th-thank you." The lady managed to say when she realized that he was talking to her. She was still stunned from the events that just happened.

Peter inspected the lady for half a second before diverting his gaze.

"Not at all, it's my pleasure."

Peter turned to leave.

The lady looked like a corporate professional. He imagined her in her air-conditioned office and exquisite jewelry.

'We come from two different worlds, ' he thought. 'It's

useless to think about her.'

"Wait a second!" Peter felt a hand grasp his elbow from behind. "I'm Elaine Dai. What's your name? I... just want to thank you for your help," she continued. "Can we have lunch together?"

She looked at him as she awaited his response.

Peter is at his mid-20's, standing 180 cm tall. His face has well-defined angles on his forehead, cheeks, and jawline. He's not the type that you would notice in a crowd, but he's not bad-looking either.

"You're welcome, really. It's no trouble at all. You don't need to take me out for lunch. Thanks for the offer, though. I have to go." Peter pulled his hand away gently as he refused her invitation.

He was still thinking about his very recent breakup.

Less than an hour ago, the love of his life walked away from him. Apart from that, he's broke and unemployed. It was such a bad time to accept a lunch invite.

Elaine stood perplexed at his immediate refusal.

For most people, Elaine is a sight to behold. She had light skin and brown hair that emphasized her bright almond eyes. She had men falling at her feet and any of them would have accepted her lunch invite in a heartbeat.

But Peter, he just refused her without hesitation. 'Have I lost my charm?' she thought sadly. 'He didn't even tell me his name, ' she realized.

Peter was about to walk away when he heard a voice from behind him.

"Stop!" It was the man from the motorcycle! He pushed himself up and turned to Peter, holding a sharp, silver blade.

He didn't have serious injuries despite his fall. Like a rabid beast, he shot Peter a deadly stare.

'This should have been an easy robbery if he didn't get in the way, ' the man thought. 'It's time to give him a lesson.'

"Are you talking to me?" Peter turned to the man, unthreatened.

Peter hesitated because the man was badly injured. He stood in disbelief at the challenge thrown at him.

"What are you planning to do?" asked Peter "STOP!" Elaine cried. "STOP OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!" Elaine rushed in front of Peter, holding up her phone.

"Call the police?" the motorcycle driver asked manically. "Fuck the police! You'll both be dead by the time they get here!" The man started running towards Elaine, the sun shining brightly against his knife. The people in the street stood frozen in the background.

Elaine turned pale. She trembled. She didn't know what to do! Growing up comfortably in the city, she thought these things could only happen in the movies!

Peter gasped. 'What the hell? This man must be crazy if he could stab someone in broad daylight! It seems he hasn't learned his lesson!'

The man was about to stab Elaine. But Peter reacted faster.

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