

## MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

### Chapter 13 Opponents Always Mee

These guys were wearing earrings, had cigarettes between their lips, and adorned tattoos on their bodies. There was a kind of evilness in their eyes, and they looked like a group of ruffians.

'Damn it! Who are these people? How dare they come out and make troubles at such a critical moment!'

Peter was about to kiss Bella, but the moment was interrupted by these guys. He immediately boiled over with rage, and he couldn't control his temper at all.

"Break their necks!" Bella was even more furious. She was not afraid of them, so she uttered such words.

She was confident in Peter's fighting skills. Bob was completely defeated by him, let alone these low-class ruffians.

"Okay!" Peter grinned and then raised his head.

At that moment, he unexpectedly saw a familiar face. But he was seeing not one but two familiar faces.

One was the bare-armed man whose head was cracked by Peter in the bar when the latter made efforts to save Bella. The other was the bag snatcher who was badly beaten by Peter when he robbed Elaine a few days ago.

"You?"

"It's you!"

The two men also saw Peter at once, and their eyes flashed with immense anger.

When these two guys saw Peter, they completely

forgot about the beautiful Bella; instead, they rushed toward Peter furiously.

"It's the guy who beat me up that night. Teach him a lesson for me!"

"That bastard! He got himself involved in my business and messed it up. He also made me lose a motorcycle. Brothers, let's make that guy suffer and kill him!"

All clenching their fists, the two guys screamed so loud, adrenaline pumping through their veins. Hearing their words, the other young men hesitated only for a second. Then, they also showed their eagerness and rushed toward Peter.

A dozen guys instantly darted toward Peter in a rage. The scene was quite frightening, especially since it was one against many.

With his mouth twitching, Peter took two steps back and said, "Brothers, you've mistaken me for someone else. Do you believe me?"

"Of course not!" The bare-armed man was the first who dashed toward Peter. Raising his huge fist, he did not hesitate to hit him.

"Please, believe me. I'm telling the truth. Brother, we are all civilized people. Let's not do this, okay?"

Upon saying that, Peter jumped aside and dodged his opponent's attack, and the bare-armed man received a sudden kick in his ass.

With the surprise hit, the bare-armed man was thrown forward to the ground. He screamed so loud and tried to get up but couldn't.

"I told you not to be so rude, but you didn't listen to me. So it's not my fault, " Peter mumbled, dodging a kick and giving a punch to the person in front of him at the same time.

Bam!

A young man was hit in the nose. The bridge of his nose immediately cracked and broke with blood dripping on his face. This guy was thrown backwards with great strength and, then he fell down embarrassed to the ground.

"The bridge of your nose is so fragile; it can't even bear a punch from me. How weak!"

The young man wanted to curse Peter, but he could only do so in his mind. 'Shit! Is the bridge of your nose as hard as my fist? I'll punch you in return.'

Moving on angrily, Peter produced two more kicks, one for each of the two men who tried to attack him. The two young men screamed. They were thrown away, with hands over their bellies.

"What the hell! This guy has some skills. Brothers, let's take our weapons out."

Seeing that the situation was not good, the other six or seven young men stopped in their tracks immediately and pulled out their weapons.

In an instant, all of these men had weapons in their hands.

There were flick knives, fruit knives, short steel tubes, iron wrenche

s, and so on. One of the guys even brought a sledgehammer. In short, they took out whatever on

them.

On seeing this, Bella couldn't help but worry about Peter.

If the thugs were bare-handed, she wouldn't worry about him, but now, things were different. The men had weapons now. What if Peter would get hurt real bad?

Bella didn't know why she suddenly became so concerned about Peter.

Focused on the battle he was in, Peter had no clue what Bella was thinking about in that particular moment. Looking at the various weapons, he jumped up at once, with his mouth twitching.

"What are you guys doing? What are you trying to do? How dare you take out your knives and hammers in

broad daylight? Are you guys outlaws?"

"What nonsense are you saying! It's dark now, not broad daylight. You're such a fool!" Seeing Peter's arrogance, a young man couldn't help but curse at him furiously. Afterwards, summoned by the young man who spoke, his comrades rushed toward Peter aggressively.

"You, all of you... Don't make me do it. You're not the only ones who have weapons. I do, too!" Peter gnashed teeth in hatred as if he had made up his mind because he had been forced to.

Frightened by his imposing manner, the young men instantly stopped in amazement. They all froze, wondering what Peter's next move would be.

Bella breathed a sigh of relief. The fighting spirit in her eyes was restored.



However, Peter's next act almost made them gauge their eyes out.

Suddenly, he took off his shoes and carried them respectively in his left and right hands.

"Are those your weapons?" One of the young men felt a little confused.

"Yes. What's wrong? Are you scared?" With a satisfied expression, Peter raised the shiny leather shoes in both his hands. "I'm warning you all. My shoes are as ruthless as your knives and swords. They won't spare anyone. I'm afraid I'll hurt you."

"Shit! We got fooled!"

"Go ahead! Slice him up!"

The patience of this group of young men had already gone with the absurdity that Peter had been showing them.

'A pair of leather shoes as his ultimate weapon? This bastard is insulting our IQ and scorning our dignity!'

In an instant, several young men eagerly rushed close to Peter. They were about to hit him with various weapons — knives, sticks, hammers, and so on.

Peter smiled. Twisting his body from side to side to align his spine, he waved his shoes and threw them out with a confusing posture.

Bam, bam, bam, bam!

With a few smacking sounds, four young men were hit by the soles of the shoes. They all felt a burning pain in their faces, and then, they fell to the ground with

dizziness. Blood gushed out of their mouths with some of their teeth mixed in it. What a miserable sight!

"I told you guys that my shoes would spare no one, but you didn't believe me, " Peter mumbled, looking towards the last three people standing.

Two of them were holding a knife and a stick respectively; they wanted to attack Peter, but they were also hesitating. The other one was hiding far behind them. He couldn't dare rush forward.

That coward was the bag snatcher. He was cleverer than the bare-armed man. He had just shouted some aggressive and threatening words, but he didn't act upon them.

He knew that Peter's strength was too much. Even if they would be able to defeat him, the first person who

would rush up to him would be beaten up for sure.

But to his surprise, in just a few moments, all of his friends got thrown down by Peter.

Knowing that it was almost impossible to escape, the bag snatcher took a glance at Bella who was near him. Then, he gritted his teeth and ran toward her at full speed.

What was that bag-snatching doucheface trying to do?

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