

MIGHTY SK 131

[Chapter 131 Martin's Dirty Trick](#)

"Hot! I feel hot!"

Shelly felt her body burning. She blushed and longed to have sex with someone. But she didn't realize it was Martin's dirty trick. Rather, she thought she drank too much.

Martin looked at her with evil and lustful eyes. He went and locked the door and went back to his seat.

Flourishing Dynasty was an evil's nest. The rooms were all soundproof and servers would not normally come in without the guest's request.

But to be safe, Martin decided to lock the door. There were only three of them in the room. Since Peter had passed out and was still unconscious, he was not a threat. Martin was free to carry out his plan without any worries.

Martin envisioned himself touching Shelly's beautiful body in the presence of Peter. He couldn't wait to strip her naked.

But since he was the one taking the video, he could not display his true nature so quickly. He asked Shelly cunningly, "Are you feeling well, Shelly?"

"I feel so hot," Shelly murmured. Her mind was bleary, and she couldn't help tearing off her clothes.

Martin started to get annoyed. He didn't expect Shelly could fight off her urges this long. He was waiting for her to throw herself at him.

Looking at her attractive body, he almost lost his patience. He decided to tempt her again.

"Are you alright? Let me take you home," Martin said deceitfully. Then he approached Shelly.

Since it was taking Shelly a long time, he decided to make a move. He believed, Shelly would soon give in to his drawing power.

Martin moved closer and closer to Shelly. He held her arm and enticed her some more.

Suddenly, the sleeping Peter sat upright and said, "Now we see your dirty trick! Shelly's right. You're a fake!"

Martin was startled by Peter. He asked confused, "Didn't you get drunk? Why are you still awake?"

After saying these words, he realized his blunder and wanted to take back his words. "Were you just pretending to be drunk?" he asked.

Even though he was not smart, he soon realized Peter was just pretending to be drunk. It was impossible for him to wake up in the nick of time.

"It seems that you are not stupid," said Peter. Peter lifted Sherry carefully into his arms. He gave her a gentle stroke and then pointed at Martin accusingly. "If I did not pretend to get drunk, how can I uncover your true nature?"

Now, no more nonsense. Sign the contract and get out! Or I will teach you a lesson!"

Peter said as he pointed at the contract on the table.

He didn't want to waste any more time on Martin. He was a nobody and was not a threat. Most importantly, Shelly was drugged. He needed to detoxify her right away.

"Sign the contract? Don't threaten me!" Martin shouted, "Teach me a lesson? What the hell would you teach me? I did nothing to Shelly!"

He paused for a moment, took some money out of his pocket and threw it on the table. "Damn it! Don't meddle with my business! Take the money and get out!"

I'm warning you! Rowen Bian, the head of Rowen Corporation, is a relative of mine. I can ask some experts to teach you a lesson anytime!"

Martin threatened Peter. He was obsessed with Shelly, and he was not giving up.

"Good." Peter smiled and then slapped Martin unexpectedly. There was murder in his eyes.

"Damn it! You want me to call the police and check the content of the wine? Stop the bullshit and sign it! Or you will have to pay for what you did!"

Peter was fed up. He did not want to waste any more time. Martin was just pissing him off. 'I am not a fool and I won't be patient anymore!'

Martin's face began to swell, and he spat blood on the table. Peter restrained himself or else even his teeth would be removed.

Martin wiped the blood from his mouth and roared in anger, "Damn it! How dare you slap me! Just you wait!"

He picked up a bottle from the table and tried to smash it on Peter's head. The expression on his face was desperate and frightening.

Other people would have been scared of his face. But Peter was not an ordinary man and could not be

scared easily. So Martin's face and threats failed to stir any fear from Peter.

The bottle was about to hit Peter's head. Just a few more inches away, Peter quickly grabbed Martin's wrist.

Martin was pinned down and unable to move. With a swift move, Peter grabbed the bottle away from Martin's hand.

Bang!

The bottle smashed on Martin's head and cracked into pieces. Several shreds of glass fell all over the floor.

"Ah!"

Martin screamed in pain and covered his head with his hands. He began to feel scared. He realized Peter was a tough opponent.

'This guy is really hard to deal with.' Martin had to finally admit that he was no match for him.

Peter glared at Martin scornfully, gave him another kick and toppled him to the ground. His foot rested on Martin's head. "Stop the bullshit and sign the contract. Now!

The reason why I pretended to get drunk is to reveal your trick and for you to sign the contract. Do you really think you could make me drunk while you stay sober? Nonsense."

"I'll sign it! I will sign it now!" With Peter's foot still on his head, Martin felt disgraced. But out of fear, he clenched his teeth and agreed.

Peter removed his foot from his head. Martin stood up immediately and signed the contract. He then took his phone and was about to leave.

"Wait a minute!" Peter stopped him.

"What else do you want?"

Martin gritted his teeth and glared at Peter in anger.

Peter said mockingly, "You can go, but your phone can't."

"You..." Martin was furious.

"You planned to threaten me with the video. You can't do that. I can't let you. If you don't give me your phone, both you and your phone can't go."

Peter was starting to get impatient again.

Even if he allowed him to take his phone and played more tricks, Peter was not afraid. But he was too busy to deal with such a nobody.

Really powerful enemies like Diego, Wolf King and Gregorio were waiting for him. He didn't have extra time to play with a weak opponent.

Martin glared at Peter angrily but finally gave in. He left without his mobile phone. 'Just you wait! You will pay for this!' Martin consoled himself.

Peter took the phone and threw it on the ground. He smashed it with his foot until it broke into pieces.

"So hot! I feel so hot! I can't stand it anymore." Shelly was still intoxicated. She moved her body heatedly.

She fastened her body to Peter passionately and threw her arms around his neck. Her lips were getting closer and closer to Peter's.

Peter drank some wine earlier, and now he was being tempted by such a beauty. He had started to lose control. It was a torture to look at her beautiful face.

"Shelly, stop it!" said Peter. He reached to cover her lips with one hand and tried to calm her with his other hand.

Peter was not a despicable person. He would not take advantage of a girl that was under the influence of drug. Even though he always played jokes on her, he was sincere in not wanting to take advantage of her.

[Chapter 132 What A Bully](#)

It took Peter about an hour to calm and treat Shelly. After an hour, Peter felt so exhausted that he sat down limp and sweaty.

'Oh men! I feel so tired! It would have been simpler if I just had sex with her.'

Although he didn't have sex with her, he felt her all over including her bosom and private part. It was a tough experience for Peter. Shelly was really hot and moaned a lot. He was a man, and he really couldn't stand it.

Half an hour later, Shelly woke up. When she came to her senses, she covered her chest with her hands and her face went really pale. "Don't touch me!"

Clearly, she knew she was drugged.

The thought of having sex with Martin, that bastard, made her want to die.

"Nobody touched you," Peter assured her, worried. "Are you okay? Do you feel anything wrong?"

Although Peter had saved her, he was still afraid of the bad effects that the drug might still have on her.

"Peter!" Shelly's eyes lit up when she saw Peter was with her. She was so happy that she threw herself in his arms without hesitation. "You're awake! Where is that bastard?"

"It's all your fault! Why did you get drunk? That dreadful man could have tricked me." Shelly complained in a flirtish manner.

"Don't worry. You are safe."

Peter almost lost control when he felt her hot body. He tried his best to behave.

He pushed Shelly away immediately. "I beat up that bastard. I was not drunk at all. I was there to protect you and help you get that contract. Look! He signed the contract!"

Shelly was so surprised when she saw the contract. She couldn't help but kiss Peter. "Wow! You're awesome!"

"Stop talking. Let's get out of here." Peter was eager to leave the place. He was afraid that he would lose control if he stayed with Shelly for one more minute.

"Okay." Shelly nodded. She put on her clothes and left Flourishing Dynasty with Peter quickly.

Outside, Peter calmed down when he felt the cold air.

Shelly held Peter's arms closely. She felt so fortunate to be with Peter. Looking at the busy street and Peter's handsome face, she remembered a popular song.

It was called 'Fly Away'.

I've seen a lot of mountains and rivers.

I've been traveling around the world.

I am okay with

the tough days.

The rose at the roadside

is so beautiful.

I'm gonna turn off my phone

and ignore everything.

I will never feel tired during my journey.

The fortress is decadent at sunset.

Fly away against the wind

and you will find

how beautiful the world is.

Suddenly, Shelly wished she could stay with Peter forever. She dreamed of a happy and peaceful life with him.

Sadly, she knew it could never come true. Peter did not belong to her.

While lost in her thoughts, a group of guys appeared in front of them.

"That's him! Kill him now!"

Martin, followed by ten men, was rushing towards Peter.

There was a distance between them, but Peter clearly heard Martin's anger.

Peter looked at Martin with hatred.

'What a loser! You asked some rascals to help you kill me? Is that all you can do?'

Peter thought.

Martin and the rascals rushed towards Peter quickly. "You bastard! How dare you slap me and hit my head with a bottle! I'm going to kill you today!

I warned you that I'm a relative of Rowen. I can ask people here to kill you.

You may be fucking skilled but I've got so many men with me. What could you do? I will never let you go easily, even if you give Shelly to me or even if you kneel and beg for forgiveness."

Martin was obviously furious with Peter.

At the same time, Peter looked at Martin with equal hatred. Martin was a disgusting and despicable man. "I'm not going to say sorry.

You're a loser and you don't deserve my apology. You can't hurt me even if you have so many men with you. Use your mind, you old bastard!

I thought you were an accomplished man. I didn't expect you to bring these useless rascals here. Shame on you!" said Peter.

"What are you saying?" Martin was so enraged that his face went completely red. He turned to the rascals and ordered them, "Kill him!"

However, the men did not move. They stared at Peter and dared not take a single step.

Peter was confused when he saw this. 'What are they doing? Why are they not moving?'

Martin was also stunned. When he came to his senses, he shouted, "What are you doing? Kill him!"

Slap!

Surprisingly, one of the men slapped his face really hard. "Shut up! You bastard!"

Then the man looked at Peter with respect and smiled. "Peter, I'm sorry about that. We have nothing to do with him. We are just passersby."

In truth, he was really afraid deep inside.

He would never forget that day: There were more than a hundred of them, and they were all badly beaten up by Peter. He had no weapon, just a stick.

"You!" Martin was confused and didn't know what just happened.

Peter frowned. "You know me?"

"Yes, I will recognize you even if you're dead." After he finished, the man's face changed. He slapped himself in the face.

"Peter, I'm sorry, I said it in the wrong way. I mean I know you."

The man didn't know how to correct his statement. He was so nervous that he slapped his face once again. "I'm sorry. I don't know what to say right now."

'How stupid of me! if he gets irritated, I will be dead, ' thought the man.

Peter just looked at him, speechless.

He ignored his misdeed. "Martin asked you to beat me, right?"

"Yes. Well, no... yes."

The man didn't know how to answer the question. He was so scared that Peter would beat him up if he gave the wrong answer.

Peter interrupted him. "Don't talk. Beat up Martin and I will let you go today."

The man was greatly relieved when he heard Peter. He turned to Martin and kicked him really hard. Then he asked the other men to punch Martin.

"Kick his ass! Fuck! How dare you mess with Peter! Are you fucking blind? Kick the bastard!"

The rascals ganged up on Martin without hesitation.

They knew how dangerous Peter was. If they disobeyed, Peter could beat them up instead.

'Martin, you bastard! Are you insane? How dare you ask us to fight with Peter? We could all die!' thought the men.

"Have you lost your mind? I am a relative of Rowen... Okay, I'm sorry. Please, don't beat me."

Martin was really mad at first. He threatened the men by boasting his relationship with Rowen. But the men paid no attention.

He was so furious that he cursed deep inside. 'I am so unlucky! What a bully!'

[Chapter 133 Meeting Diego](#)

Peter didn't have the time to care about those crazy dogs' biting each other, nor did he have the time to pity Martin. He immediately took Shelly away with him.

After seeing Shelly home, he was about to take a cab back to his apartment, but a black Mercedes Benz suddenly stopped beside them.

The vehicle, Peter noticed, was the same one that had been following him. He shrugged when he noticed that he was being tailed since his trip from Flourishing Dynasty.

The car doors opened. Two men got out.

They weren't significantly large, but their bodies were toned to the extent that they still looked intimidating.

"Peter, Diego wants to see you," one of them said coldly.

The other man behind him crossed his arms and cautiously waited for Peter to move. Peter stayed still, highly aware of the tension growing in between them.

If Peter offered any resistance, they were on orders to capture him at once.

Peter stayed still, not in fear, but he felt that this was bound to happen any time soon. Peter sneered. "Drive me there, then," he said, nodding to them. One of them opened the car door and he entered quietly.

This was bound to happen — they always came one after another. It was time to meet Diego to settle this.

The two henchmen looked at each other. Despite feeling incredulous, they were content that they didn't have to use force. They entered the vehicle and started the engine.

At Strongway Boxing Gym

After Diego's property at Purple Leaf Tea House was destroyed, he moved here.

Strongway Boxing Gym may have sounded like your average gym, but there were no pupils or apprentices here. People who practiced here were all Diego's men.

The gym was technically designed to cover Diego's training grounds for his henchmen.

It was still busy at the gym, even in the late evening.

A group of young people in their white training suits were inside. Several of them trained in various activities. Some were practicing punching, some with kicking.

With every move they made, they yelled out words like "heh, hah, hoh" which did sound very powerful.

At the back of the gym was a stage, where Diego sat on a glistening bronze armchair. His face was stoic, however his eyes seemed content as he watched his men train diligently.

He had just finished investigating the Purple Leaf Tea House attack, when he found out about Peter.

Diego had bestrode Golden City for years on end. However his experience and wisdom told him that he and Wolf King were both fooled by Peter, which was essentially the reason why he sent for him.

As far as he knew, he and Wolf King were deadly enemies, but before one of them would have died, they wanted Peter to pay the price.

Diego believed that Wolf King could be a tough nut to crack, but Peter was merely an annoying small fry.

A car suddenly screeched to a halt outside the gym.

Diego raised his head, looking at the door. He couldn't help but feel heat burning in his eyes. The hunger for revenge was fueled.

A moment later he saw his men lead Peter inside.

Above the door hung a sign that read "Strongway Boxing Gym". The name was written in a beautiful, elegant script. Peter thought it was quite peculiar for the script to be seen on an area that exercised brute strength, but the gym showed elegance and class nonetheless.

But when he stepped inside the gym and saw the disciples in white suits punching and kicking, he almost laughed aloud.

In Peter's eyes, those people looked feeble even though they yelled loudly, just like how a peasant's son would still grossly stand out, no matter how regal you could dress him. Their punches and kicks were showy but remained impractical.

They made the name of the boxing gym become a joke.

Peter's eyes swept through the room until they finally fixed on Diego, who was in the armchair.

Peter knew of Diego's name years ago, but this was their first time meeting one another. He really wanted to see what all the commotion was about the underground emperor, who ruled Golden City for years.

When Peter looked at Diego, he found the latter doing the same.

Diego also wanted to see what this man looked like — the man who, with little to no effort, provoked the great war between him and Wolf King — and to see whether it was true that he was not afraid of death.

Both Diego and Wolf King were infamously ferocious. Common people would always try their best to avoid them, but Peter was ballsy enough to tick them off and divide them.

"You've proved the saying that heroes always come out of youngsters. Your youth and courage make you an extraordinary man." Diego studied Peter, looking at him from head to toe. He laughed.

"You're a talent. Clever and bold, you could have been promising. But unfortunately, you've done stupid things."

In all honesty, Diego did feel sorry for him. Diego was a pretty good judge of men, and he could tell what kind of a person Peter was.

When Peter looked into his eyes without any trace of fear, he allowed himself to praise him.

Peter was tough enough to look at Diego, the underground monarch of Golden City. The same man that everyone else knew and feared, that even the high officials and the high society revered him.

Diego would admit that even he himself did not have the bravery that Peter had at his age.

"You are partially right. Heroes do come out of youngsters. I am clever, bold and promising. But I don't understand why you'd think I'm unfortunate because I've done stupid things?"

Peter asked with a smile, and seated himself in one of the lounge chairs. Dozens of men had glared at him, which he happily ignored. Still, he showed no fear.

This was absolutely an open act defiance.

One of the men behind Diego was irate. "Boy, don't you know who you're talking to? Be respectful."

The other one spoke, just as upset, "No one allowed you to sit down. Did you hear Diego ask you to? Get up!"

They couldn't tolerate Peter's disrespectful behavior.

He had the audacity to not only verbally challenge Diego, but also sit like he owned the place.

Even when high officials came by here, they didn't dare to sit until Diego allowed them to.

Who did he think he is?

Diego didn't say anything but stared at Peter. His eyes became colder.

Peter continued to sit in the chair, even stretching his legs to get more comfortable. He poked a finger by his ear and picked at it before asking, "Oh, did you just hear two dogs bark? Should they bark when their owner's talking?"

Peter turned to look at Diego and smiled. He then continued, saying, "Look, Diego. They're disrespecting you. I wonder if they're challenging you? Disobedient dogs are bad dogs. Maybe you need to retrain them and teach them how to fetch sticks. It's such an effective disciplining tool, too!"

Peter's words resonated throughout the entire gym.

The two men behind Diego shook with anger.

They couldn't help themselves to stay quiet, so they started to shout.

"You think we're dogs? What does that say about your bitch ass then?"

Say that again, and I swear to God I will kill you."

They both turned red with anger, getting hot under the collar. They wanted to skin him alive.

"Ooh, scary!" Peter exclaimed sarcastically. He laughed and looked at Diego.

"Diego, your dogs are barking again. What dishonorable pets you have! Although, it is actually better if they just keep barking. It's when they'll start biting, then you'd really have a problem. Rabies is such an awful disease, you know. You could lose an arm or a leg!"

Peter riled Diego and his men, smiling smugly. He knew that the best way to piss someone off was to ignore him.

Peter yawned and continued to look straight at Diego, his eyes piercing and void of fear.

[Chapter 134 Dog Beating Kung Fu](#)

"Fuck! Do you really want to die?" The two young men became furious and they were to teach Peter a lesson. However, Diego stopped them.

He looked coldly in Peter's eyes and said "You are still very young. Tuck your tail between your legs and behave modestly. This is the best decision for you to move forward."

"Hahaha!" Peter's laughter filled the room. Suddenly, it stopped as fast as it started and his gaze darted towards Diego. "Yes I am young. And I am extremely frivolous.

Tuck my tail between my legs and behave modestly? Huh. No. That is out of the question for me. Again, I am very frivolous. What would you do about it? Are you really fucking kidding me? You are a nobody to me. You can't really be serious in even attempting to say that to me.

You invited me here and I can't even take a seat? This is too ridiculous! Diego, don't even attempt to show off your power in front me. I am not even slightly impressed because you are nothing to me.

Do not give me this bullshit and waste my time! Tell me, what are you going to do? I am really busy and if you are not going to be useful, I'll be leaving immediately."

Peter shouted at Diego but his eyes showed no emotion which made them even frightening.

He did not show any patience and made rash decisions to try and solve the problems quickly.

It was obvious that Diego had ulterior motives which was why he invited Peter here now. So, Peter could not show any respect towards Diego. He simply wanted to solve the problems here as fast as possible.

"Peter, you really are very arrogant indeed," said Diego as a cold smile slowly crept on his face. "You brought this upon yourself, you know. Do not blame your mistakes on me!

All of you, beat him up!" Diego ordered his men bashfully, still trying to show his power.

Without any hesitation, Diego's men rushed towards Peter, intend to do their boss' command.

"Are you kidding me? These nobodies and weaklings? They are a waste of time! Show me your real power!

If this is all you have, then you've definitely screwed up! You are not a match for Wolf King! You've overestimated your own strength. Challenging Wolf King with nothing? This is like inviting death to your own door!" said Peter.

He coldly laughed at the situation and took one step towards Diego's men. Suddenly, he launched himself towards them!

He was very fast!

Diego was already fuming with anger at Peter. But when he heard the name of Wolf King from him, his blood boiled even more.

'This son of a bitch! If it weren't for you, I would have never even offended Wolf King in the first place! And you dare to sneer at me? You court death!'

Deep down inside though, Diego knew that he was no match for Wolf King. He simply refused to admit it completely because of his pride.

But Peter had made him lose face with the actions he did so far.

In just a second, Peter was already toe to toe with Diego's men.

"You are all wastes of air! And you dare to fight with me? ME!? I will show you the real strength of my Kung Fu!"

Peter chuckled grimly as his right fist clenched. He stepped back and with a twist of his entire body, delivered a strong blow to the man right in front of him!

It was so strong that the air moved violently around his fist.

Bang!

His deadly blow landed on them!

One of the young men screamed as he was kicked so hard. He flew across the room followed by a trail of blood.

Bang! Bang! Bang! One by one they fell to the mighty blows from Peter!

In a matter of seconds, a handful of them were already badly hurt and some were knocked out. Others even passed out from fear!

"What a waste! All of you just made a fool of yourselves!" Peter snarled at them as he continued to hit the guys who still moved.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In just a few seconds, the entire group was hit with some of the hardest punches and kicks ever laid on them.

Each and every one of them flew through the air and were now covered in blood.

It was an unbelievable scene! It was something from an action movie.

Most of the men now laid across the room. Some of them screamed and groaned in pain while some had passed out.

The rest looked at Peter with fear in their eyes and refused to fight any longer.

'He is so strong!' they thought.

They heard of Peter's prowess before and knew he was strong. But they never expected to fail when the odds were twenty men against one!

They might not be the most skilled fighters but they had a huge numbers advantage!

This was their mistake. Peter was not a normal person. He had the strength of a bull and speed of a cobra. That was why he was able to beat them in just two minutes!

Diego did not seem surprised by what happened in front of him. His face never changed. It was as if he knew his men would not be able to get the job done.

The two men who were standing beside Diego as his bodyguards felt differently though. They could not just stand there and do nothing.

"Diego, we want to teach the boy a lesson!

We will put him on his knees in front of you and beg for forgiveness!"

they both said full of confidence.

These two must have been very good! They didn't appear afraid of Peter in any way even after seeing what he just did.

Or else they would not seem to be so confident to have offered their help and dared to go against Peter.

"Go ahead." Diego calmly nodded and agreed.

Both of them appeared to be really happy when given the permission. Without missing a beat, they both looked at Peter angrily and rushed towards him.

Remembering that Peter called them dogs, they were desperate to settle a score and humiliate him.

This was why they were very determined to take this chance to beat up Peter.

"Are you serious?" With a surprised expression on his face, Peter shouted at the two. "You dogs are going to bite me? Really? Hang on a minute."

"What? What are you going to do? Are you begging for mercy?" The two men stopped suddenly and looked at Peter with disdain when they heard him.

'He must be really scared of us now!' they thought.

Because of this, they changed their plans and wanted to humiliate Peter first before giving him a good beating.

"You know, it's not too late to beg for mercy. Get down on your knees and kowtow to us. Then, we will only give you a few slaps and let you go,"

one man said to Peter as he laughed.

"Oh please, don't get me wrong now." Peter continued, "I'm not about to beg for mercy from you two! I'm just looking for a stick.

Since you are just dogs, I don't want to stain my fists on you! A stick should be just fine."

Peter said as he looked around the room. He suddenly bent over to pick up something. "Hey great! I found one! This should do well to beat dogs.

Come, dogs! I will demonstrate my dog beating Kung Fu on both of you!" Peter confidently said.

"You son of a bitch!"

Both guys became completely furious when they heard what Peter said.

"Fuck you! Bastard! You're the dog around here! You belong to a family of dogs!"

They became more irritated and started to look like demons. They wildly charged at Peter without any hesitation.

Both of them were very determined to teach him a lesson. They felt very humiliated with what he said.

"Great! Come on!" Peter exclaimed. He then took a step back before he swung his stick around and unveiled his first attack. "I'm going to show you my first attack! I call this, beat the dog's head!"

He then proceeded to hit both men's asses with the stick.

[Chapter 135 Ten Strikes To The Face](#)

Having their asses hit by the stick, the two men writhed in pain. This infuriated them more.

'This is insulting!

This smart-ass said he'd hit our faces, then he struck our asses instead. He thinks our asses are our faces. Damn bastard!

"Haha!" Peter shook with laughter and said, "My kung fu isn't bad, right? I didn't miss the targets at all! If you appreciate my fighting style, please give me a thumbs up!"

Some of Diego's subordinates couldn't help but snort and snicker at his revelation, but they tried extremely hard to suppress it, given the serious situation.

"Damn you! You're dead!"

The two men screamed furiously and rushed at Peter.

As two of Diego's best boxers, they were infamous for their agility and ferocity.

The two came to Peter. One tried to attack him from the left while the other from the right. They rose their fists at the same time, getting ready to throw a deadly blow.

Their eyes blazed with fury. They prepared to pummel this ludicrous man.

"Bad dogs!" Peter shouted as he raised his left arm and hit the man on the left with his elbow.

At the same time, he waved the stick with his right hand and struck the other man on his right side.

Peter grumbled, "It seems that you love barking. Then let me discipline you!"

Bang!

Peter's left elbow collided with the young man's punch.

The man on the left recoiled from the impact of the blow. His face began to turn pale.

Zap!

At the same time, the stick held in Peter's hand hit the right arm of the man on the right.

The man raised his right arm to defend himself quickly.

He knew that if he was hit once again, his credibility as one of Diego's best boxers would ultimately be shattered.

This humiliation would not end even if he were to kill Peter — the fact that he allowed himself to be hit would be a shameful reality.

That humiliation would follow him like a dark shadow for the rest of his life.

That moment, as the stick struck the man, both the weapon and his arm cracked from the force.

Peter focused his strength on attacking him.

The stick was not strong enough to hold Peter's brute strength.

The man trembled from the pain of his broken arm, but refused to let out a scream.

Before the man came to his senses and took further reaction, Peter grabbed the remaining half of the stick from the floor, and shoved it into the man's mouth.

The stick settled down in the man's mouth in a flash, and splinters hurt the sides of his lips and cheek.

The man wasn't able to see it coming.

Peter spun the stick around the man's mouth and jerked it back to him. Several of the man's teeth got

caught and pulled within the stick.

Overwhelmed by the pain, he knelt as tears started to well under his eyes.

"Haha! What happened to the big, scary man from before? You're weak and pathetic. Keep dodging, if you can keep up with me. You naughty dog. You really deserve a good beating!"

The man couldn't help but open his mouth, trying to minimize the pain whenever his bottom teeth would graze his swollen gums above. Peter sneered before striking his mouth again.

Peter spun the stick another time. The stick painfully hooked itself against the man's tongue, drawing a significant pool of blood within his mouth. When he jerked it back, several of his bottom teeth were pulled out.

"Stop!"

The other man stood with his remaining strength and rushed at Peter.

He mustered up all his remaining energy with his leg.

He ran to Peter and started kicking him frantically.

His kick seemed strong, but it wasn't enough to make Peter flinch.

"Wow, you dog sure kick hard," Peter quipped. He twisted his hold on the stick and bashed it on the other man's head from behind him.

The sound of the stick and his head contacting resonated around the room, like a loud gust of wind.

The boxer alertly swung his head, raised his left arm to block it with equal strength, and continued to kick Peter.

The boxer remained strong and vicious, despite his waning health.

"Such a good dog you turned out to be," Peter said as he turned, analyzing the boxer's movements.

Without hesitating, Peter balled his fingers in a fist, perceived where his opponent's kick would land, and struck a heavy blow towards his leg.

Bang!

After a loud crack, the whole world fell into silence.

People on the scene had their eyes wide open. They looked at the boxers nervously with their breath hitching up in their throats.

They were anxious to see who would win in the battle. 'Could it be the boxer? Or Peter?'

They were all terrified of the man's heavy kick. 'Could it even be possible for Peter to disrupt such a powerful attack?'

They waited anxiously with bated breath.

"Ah!" A piercing scream burst out and broke the silence. Most of the spectators winced at the sharpness of the scream.

They watched as the boxer was flung to the wall by the strong impact.

'What monstrous power is this?'

It is downright unbelievable.

The man is one of Diego's best boxers and henchmen. How could he be defeated so easily?'

People were all awed by Peter's strength. They couldn't believe that Peter was that powerful, despite looking so average.

The boxer slid down onto the floor, gravel and debris falling on his head and shoulders. He too was shocked by Peter's strength that it took him a moment to notice his bone sticking out his leg.

He howled, cautiously flinching as he tried to hold his leg down. Tears welled in his eyes and fell. The other men froze, horrified at the mere thought of having such pain inflicted upon them.

"Remember this: you're nothing but a sad, dirty dog. Don't bite off more than you can chew, you hear me? You'll only humiliate yourself," Peter said scornfully, reaching for the broken stick with his leg. He

kicked it upward and held it, before charging toward the other man.

"I've broken the leg of your little friend, let me play with you. As I can recall, you wanted me to kneel down and beg for mercy, right? Come on!"

Peter challenged, rushing at him.

As he ran closer, the already-defeated boxer's face turned pale.

His eyes widened, as he tried to back away.

He knew there was no possible scenario that he could still fight Peter, especially with the power that he showed.

But could he beg for mercy? He didn't have the courage to do so.

He knew if he begged for mercy, his dignity would be obliterated.

He knew that he had to fight and he had to brave the pain — better to fail than to run away.

He wasn't only saving his reputation. It was Diego's, too.

"Just you wait!" the man roared, gritted his remaining teeth and charged toward Peter.

He knew he would lose. He'd already accepted it. His teeth were gone, and his arm was broken. He knew he was no match for Peter.

Still, he kept his face rigid, determination and courage emanating from him.

"You want me to wait? Aren't dogs trained to do just that?" Peter laughed, before smiting the man's uninjured arm with his stick.

Bang!

As the remaining stick hit his arm, both the former and the latter cracked and broke.

Both his arms were broken, and he was in far too much pain to fight.

"You asked me to kneel down, right? Then kneel down, now! If you don't want to, I can make it easier for you. I could beat you senseless until you won't have to beg for mercy at all,"

Peter taunted. Before the boxer could say anything, Peter struck the boxer's legs with his own.

The man knelt and winced in pain from the force of Peter's attacks. He howled out.

He couldn't use his legs or arms to fight anymore. He was broken.

Peter threw the stick to the side and gripped the man's hair to keep him kneeling. He started to slap the man relentlessly.

He continued to beat him senseless until the boxer's face started to bleed. He finally endowed him with ten strikes.

The beatings rang loud. Diego watched with his face clouding. No one could comprehend what he was truly feeling.

Diego could feel each punch and each slap, as if he were the poor boxer himself.

Peter wasn't only hurting the poor man. He was also hurting Diego. It was the utter definition of humiliation.

[Chapter 136 Liam, The Boxing Champion](#)

Peter's slaps were painful. The pain stung and hummed on his cheek, leaving him dizzy and near numbness.

Patar's slaps wara painful. Tha pain stung and hummad on his chaak, laaving him dizzy and naar numbnass.

In all honasty, ha wantad to bag for Patar's marcy. Ha wantad tha pain to stop. But ha couldn't dara to surrandar, bacausa Diago and othar man wara watching him. Ha was halplass. Daap insida, ha wishad that tha tortura would and soon.

"Stop!" Diago callad. His ayas lit with raga.

Patar grinnad at saaing tha undarground king flustarad. "So much for a Goldan City King. You can't stop ma."

Patar laughad and slappad tha poor man another tima.

Tha man's chaak was rad from blaading. Whan Patar lat go of his hair, tha man laid flat on tha floor and passad out.

"Excallant! Good for you!" Diago shoutad. "You arrogant son of a bitch. You'ra daad! You haar ma? You'ra not laaving this placa aliva!"

"Yaah, sura I am!" Patar laughad, bafora flipping Diago off. "Practica what you praach, man. So far, I havan't baan imprassad. A lot of paopla hava triad to kill ma ovar tha yaars, but look whara I am now.

You think this is brutal? You think this is avil? You don't know what I've baan through. You wanna know why I havan't kickad your ass yat? Your tirad, old ass wouldn't ba abla to handla ma,"

Patar smirkad and cockad his ayabrow, waiting for an angry ratort.

Patar was good at daaling with man lika Diago. Tha bast way to discard man lika him was through faar and intimidation.

This was why Patar chosa to baat up his man first, to instill faar.

Than, ha'd intimidata Diago to bring out his racklass and tactlass behavior, to dafaat him aasiar.

"Liam!" Diago shoutad, ayas not onca laaving Patar's faca as a man startad to walk from bahind him.

"Yas sir." Liam passad Diago, and haadad towards Patar.

Liam walkad cooly, footstaps baraly baing haard.

Liam was tha haad of Strongway Boxing Gym. Ha was Diago's bast fightar.

Throughout these years, Liam had enjoyed his reputation in the dark world. He was the boxing champion.

Throughout these yeers, Liem hed enjoyed his reputetion in the derk world. He wes the boxing chempion.

Nobody knew why Liem beceme Diego's leckey.

Peter looked et Liem es he welked.

Peter clicked his tongue. Men like Diego just didn't leern.

'Wow, Liem's his lest hope? This is getting pethetic.

Diego is week. How cen he be the true ruler of Golden City?' thought Peter.

"A pleasure to meet you,"

Liem greeted Peter.

Liem wes known to be very humble to his opponents, even though he wes going to obliterate them.

"You, too." Peter stood still, not once feltering. He wetchad Liem's every move.

Peter was cautious — he knew that Liam wasn't the evil and wicked man that everybody claimed he was. Liam was skilled and highly talented, but he wasn't a madman.

Liam quietly hummed in reply. Then just as quickly, he charged at Peter.

Liam raised his foot and kicked Peter. The floor cracked under the force of his attack.

Liam kicked without hesitation, in a quick, sharp motion.

Liam aimed at Peter's head and was about to strike it.

Peter took a step back immediately, before raising his hand to his neck.

Peter's hand caught Liam's quick kick, gripping it with his hand.

Peter knew that if he was hit by the kick, it would have broken his neck and killed him.

Peter shoved Liam's hand away from him.

Liam lost his balance from the force, stumbling.

As he tried to regain balance, Peter moved quickly.

Peter kicked Liam's chest with the same force that Liam used to kick him.

Liam fell to the floor and felt his chest burn from the pain. He spat out the blood that rose up from his torso.

Liam got up slowly, clenching his chest while limping toward Peter.

Things were getting dangerous, and Liam knew instantly what to do.

Things were getting dangerous, and Liam knew instantly what to do.

"I give up," Liam blurted out calmly, not once looking away from Peter.

He knew at the beginning that he had no chance to defeat Peter. Liam surrendered.

He was a true man!

"What? You're giving up? Are you fucking insane? Fight him! Kill him! Who the fuck do you think you are! You can't just give up just like that?"

Diego shouted at the sidelines before Peter could say something.

Diego couldn't accept the sudden surrender.

Liam was one of his best-paid men, and it was utterly insulting to see him bail on the fight that easily!

Right at the time when Peter had been challenging Diego, too! This was humiliating.

"Sorry, Diego. I just know I'm not a match for him!" Liam replied guiltily, head down as he turned to Diego. "Don't worry, I'll return your payment and I'll leave Golden City tomorrow."

"You're leaving Golden City?" Diego laughed coldly. "You think I'll let you leave? I'd kill you before you step out of the city, and I'd kill your sister, too! How dare you defy me!"

Diego exclaimed, inconceivably irate.

"You're just threatening me, aren't you?" Liam retorted, feeling the panic rise within his chest. "You promised, Diego."

"I promised?" Diego laughed. "That promise means nothing. And that will continue to mean nothing, especially with your defiance," Diego said, chuckling at the sheer audacity that Liam had displayed.

"I'll tell you what, Liam. Kill Peter, or I'll kill your sister."

Liam's eyes grew cold as he glared at Diego. He was restricting himself from running down to Diego to strangle the damn bastard.

He didn't expect Diego would become so shameless! He used to be very nice and respectful to Liam before!

Things were getting dangerous, and Liam knew instantly what to do.

"I give up," Liam blurted out calmly, not once looking away from Peter.

He knew at the beginning that he had no chance to defeat Peter. Liam surrendered.

He was a true man!

"What? You're giving up? Are you fucking insane? Fight him! Kill him! Who the fuck do you think you are! You can't just give up just like that?"

Diego shouted at the sidelines before Peter could say something.

Diego couldn't accept the sudden surrender.

Liam was one of his best-paid men, and it was utterly insulting to see him bail on the fight that easily!

Right at the time when Peter had been challenging Diego, too! This was humiliating.

"Sorry, Diego. I just know I'm not a match for him!" Liam replied guiltily, head down as he turned to Diego. "Don't worry, I'll return your payment and I'll leave Golden City tomorrow."

"You're leaving Golden City?" Diego laughed coldly. "You think I'll let you leave? I'd kill you before you step out of the city, and I'd kill your sister, too! How dare you defy me!"

Diego exclaimed, inconceivably irate.

"You're just threatening me, aren't you?" Liam retorted, feeling the ironic rise within his chest. "You promised, Diego."

"I promised?" Diego laughed. "That promise means nothing. And that will continue to mean nothing, especially with your defiance," Diego said, cocking an eye at the sheer audacity that Liam had displayed.

"I'll tell you what, Liam. Kill Peter, or I'll kill your sister."

Liam's eyes grew cold as he glared at Diego. He was restricting himself from running down to Diego to strangle the damn bastard.

He didn't expect Diego would become so shameless! He used to be very nice and respectful to Liam before!

Things were getting dangerous, and Liam knew instantly what to do.

"I give up," Liam blurted out calmly, not once looking away from Peter.

He knew at the beginning that he had no chance to defeat Peter. Liam surrendered.

He was a true man!

"What? You're giving up? Are you fucking insane? Fight him! Kill him! Who the fuck do you think you are! You can't just give up just like that?"

Diego shouted at the sidelines before Peter could say something.

Diego couldn't accept the sudden surrender.

Liam was one of his best-paid men, and it was utterly insulting to see him bail on the fight that easily!

Right at the time when Peter had been challenging Diego, too! This was humiliating.

"Sorry, Diego. I just know I'm not a match for him!" Liam replied guiltily, head down as he turned to Diego. "Don't worry, I'll return your payment and I'll leave Golden City tomorrow."

"You're leaving Golden City?" Diego laughed coldly. "You think I'll let you leave? I'd kill you before you step out of the city, and I'd kill your sister, too! How dare you defy me!"

Diego exclaimed, inconceivably irate.

"You're just threatening me, aren't you?" Liam retorted, feeling the panic rise within his chest. "You promised, Diego."

"I promised?" Diego laughed. "That promise means nothing. And that will continue to mean nothing, especially with your defiance," Diego said, cackling at the sheer audacity that Liam had displayed.

"I'll tell you what, Liam. Kill Peter, or I'll kill your sister."

Liam's eyes grew cold as he glared at Diego. He was restricting himself from running down to Diego to strangle the damn bastard.

He didn't expect Diego would become so shameless! He used to be very nice and respectful to Liam before!

Things were getting dangerous, and Liam knew instantly what to do.

"I give up," Liam blurted out calmly, not once looking away from Peter.

He knew at the beginning that he had no chance to defeat Peter. Liam surrendered.

He was a true man!

"What? You're giving up? Are you fucking insane? Fight him! Kill him! Who the fuck do you think you are! You can't just give up just like that?"

Diego shouted at the sidelines before Peter could say something.

Diego couldn't accept the sudden surrender.

Liam was one of his best-paid men, and it was utterly insulting to see him bail on the fight that easily!

Right at the time when Peter had been challenging Diego, too! This was humiliating.

"Sorry, Diago. I just know I'm not a match for him!" Liam rapliad guiltily, haad down as ha turned to Diago. "Don't worry, I'll raturrn your paymant and I'll laava Goldan City tomorrow."

"You'ra laaving Goldan City?" Diago laughad coldly. "You think I'll lat you laava? I'd kill you bafora you stap out of tha city, and I'd kill your sistar, too! How dara you dafy ma!"

Diago axclaimad, inconcaivably irata.

"You'ra just thraataning ma, aran't you?" Liam ratortad, faaling tha panic raisa within his chast. "You promisad, Diago."

"I promisad?" Diago laughad. "That promisa maans nothing. And that will continua to maan nothing, aspacially with your dafianca," Diago said, cackling at tha shaar audacity that Liam had displayad.

"I'll tall you what, Liam. Kill Patar, or I'll kill your sistar."

Liam's ayas graw cold as ha glarad at Diago. Ha was rastricting himself from running down to Diago to strangla tha damn bastard.

Ha didn't axpact Diago would bacoma so shamalass! Ha usad to ba vary nica and raspectful to Liam bafora!

[Chapter 137 Fighting With Diego](#)

Diego was unfazed with Liam's glare. "Bring his sister here," Diego commanded one of his men. Diago was unfazad with Liam's glara. "Bring his sistar hara," Diago commandad ona of his man.

"Yas, Sir!" tha man raspondad. Than, a lovaly twanty-yaar-old girl was brought bafora Diago.

On har wara a whita drass and innocant ayas. Sha was lika an atharaal fairy.

Sha was ascortad by two young man, panic apparant on har dalicata faca.

"Sistar!" Liam flaw into a raga at tha sight of har. Ha wantad to rush ovar and sava har, but ona of tha man ascorting har took out a daggar and prassad it against har nack.

"Dara to taka ona mora stap forward and I will kill har!" Ha smilad grimly. "Just ona slicha on har nack and sha dias," ha addad.

It was so horribla!

Tha girl's faca turned pala. Evan with panic in har ayas, sha was too frightanad to cry.

Liam clanchad his fists to rastrain his angar.

Ha fought tha urga to taar Diago and tha two man apart, and ha would hava already dona so if only thay did not hold his sistar hostaga.

"Brothar, brothar!" sha criad as taars startad to straam down har pratty faca.

"Don't worry, sistar. Just stay whara you ara, I will gat you out of hara, soon," ha assurad har. Than, ha turnad to Diago, "If I dia, can you plaasa promisa not to hurt my sistar?"

Ha know ha was no match for Patar, but ha also know ha had to fight. Ha would dia, ha was sura of it. But at this point, this was tha laast of his concarns. Ha just wantad his sistar to liva.

"Of coursa. As long as you do your bast, I promisa I won't hurt your sistar." Diago mada a promisa that ha had no plan of kaaping.

Laft with no othar choica, Liam turnad to Patar. "Sorry, Patar. I will fight you again,"

ha said with full rasignation to his fata.

Ha would risk his lifa to kaap his sistar safa.

"Wait!" Patar know ha had to dissuada him. "Do you sariously baliava him?" ha said as ha pointad a fingar at Diago. "Tha momant you dia, sha will ba naxt and thara will ba no ona to protact har! Do you raally baliava ha will do as ha says?"

Ha capturad your sistar now that you ara aliva. Onca you dia, ha can do whatavar ha wants with har! Ha probably won't kill har, but you know thara ara worsa things than daath in this world," ha raasonad.

Than, Patar turnad to Diago with scorn. "As a faarad parson in Goldan City, you ara not as tough as I thought you wara.

If you raally wara as powerful as thay say you ara, why don't you gat off your chair and fight ma for a faw rounds? Isn't it a littla pathatic to thraatan a young girl?" ha said.

At that momant, Patar raally wantad to kill Diago. Ha had gona too far and this was tha last straw for Patar.

"Pathatic?" Diago said as ha burst out laughing lika a madman. "Doas dignity still mattar, thasa days?"

A win is a win. Who cares how I did it? Those things don't matter."

A win is e win. Who ceres how I did it? Those things don't metter."

Despite his fearsome reputation, Diego turned out to be a loser who refused to fight Peter fair and square. It was unbelievable.

"What are you doing still standing there? Go on, attack and kill him now! Even if he defeats you, I would still be satisfied, as long as you convince me that you've done your best. Otherwise, your sister will have to die!"

Diego roared at Liem.

"You bastard!" Peter said angrily. He couldn't take it anymore.

Before Liem could do anything, Peter swung his arm. In a flash, two silver needles shot at the two young men beside Liem's sister.

At that same moment, Peter rushed at Diego like a whirlwind.

Peter knew that to defeat the men, he had to first defeat their leader. His patience had run out and he wanted nothing more than to end it once and for all, which was why he attacked the two young men with incredible speed.

The two needles made a sharp sound as they landed on the bodies of the two young men, and they immediately collapsed and fell into a coma.

Liem took this opportunity to rush over and hold his sister, as Peter, on the other hand, charged at Diego.

Diego did not expect this, but he was also not an idiot. He had dominated Golden City for many years, after all. Reacting quickly, he kicked her down on the ground

and sent his armchair moving backward. Then, he pressed one of the buttons at the side of his chair and, whoosh!

Hidden weapons shot at Peter, fast as lightning.

With a sneer, Peter dodged sideways. Flying closely past Peter's coat, the weapons hit Diego's two subordinates behind him, instead.

The men fell on the ground before they could react and their skin began to darken at an alarming rate.

Apparently, the hidden weapons were covered with deadly poison!

Diego really was a vicious snake!

More determined than ever to kill Diego, Peter rushed at him with even more momentum. In a split

second, he came close and delivered a sharp blow, stirring up a gust of wind.

This caught Diego in a panic. Quickly getting a hold of himself, he grinned and looked at Peter menacingly. Instead of flinching, he dashed forward with his right hand clenched into a fist, running straight at Peter.

The look on his face gave Peter an impression that something was wrong. Peter dodged his attack and gave him a sudden kick.

Diego quickly dodged Peter's kick and continued charging forward.

He was very aggressive!

'Woah, I did not expect this guy to be a seasoned fighter!' Peter thought, shocked. He realized that he gravely underestimated Diego's strength.

"You're a crafty son of a bitch. Since you're so strong, why don't you fight me, man-to-man, instead of treating your men like expendable objects?"

"You're a crafty son of a bitch. Since you're so strong, why don't you fight me, man-to-man, instead of treating your men like expendable objects?"

Peter said as he moved backward to avoid his attack

and caught a glimpse of the silver needle hidden under Diego's right middle finger.

Peter would have been dead or seriously injured had he agreed to fight with Diego, given that he had tricks up his sleeve. For all he knew, the needle could be poisoned.

"Hehe, we do not need to discuss this matter. Who cares if I order them to die? Will they dare disobey?"

Diego said, laughing loudly. He did not care about his subordinates at all. Even the possibility of them turning against him did not scare him.

His indifference scared Peter. It was suddenly understandable why men like him were difficult to deal with.

There was something about the scenario that perplexed Peter: If Diego were sure that his subordinates were no match for him, then why did he even hire them to deal with him, and even provoke him, in the first place?

Why were they the ones who ambushed him when Diego was the real master fighter? Peter then realized that Diego did this to exhaust his strength.

This guy knew what he was doing. He was playing it safe.

Peter launched one attack after another. The two fought for several rounds.

Thunderous sounds echoed through the gym as the fighters moved like lightning. Diego's subordinates were caught surprised at the sudden change of pace.

Some eventually fell to the ground, injured as they failed to dodge the attacks thrown at them.

Diego showed no mercy, even to his own men.

Anyone who came between him and Peter was knocked down with no hesitation. His cruelty was incomprehensible.

Bang!

After an intense exchange of attacks, Peter found a clean opening and managed to land a heavy blow on Diego's chest.

Pain filled Diego from the force of the impact. He felt blood shoot up towards his throat, but he swallowed it hard to keep it in.

With only the seasoned fighters left standing, the next few minutes that transpired were spent in a gelling skirmish.

The blow Peter managed to land gave him a huge advantage over Diego.

Before Diego could react, Peter gave another kick and sent him falling to the ground.

Just as Peter was about to trample him under his foot, Diego roared, "What are you all doing standing there like puppets? Take out your guns and shoot him!"

"Do they have guns?" Hearing what Diego said, Peter was shocked.

"You're a crafty son of a bitch. Since you're so strong, why don't you fight me, man-to-man, instead of treating your men like expendable objects?"

Peter said as he moved backward to avoid his attack

and caught a glimpse of the silver needle hidden under Diego's right middle finger.

Peter would have been dead or seriously injured had he agreed to fight with Diego, given that he had tricks up his sleeve. For all he knew, the needle could be poisoned.

"Hoho, we do not need to discuss this matter. Who cares if I order them to die? Will they dare disobey?"

Diego said, laughing loudly. He did not care about his subordinates at all. Even the possibility of them turning against him did not scare him.

His indifference scared Peter. It was suddenly understandable why men like him were difficult to deal with.

There was something about the scenario that perplexed Peter: If Diego were sure that his subordinates were no match for him, then why did he even hire them to deal with him, and even provoke him, in the first place?

Why were they the ones who ambushed him when Diego was the real master fighter? Peter then realized that Diego did this to exhaust his strength.

This guy knew what he was doing. He was playing it safe.

Peter launched one attack after another. The two fought for several rounds.

Thunderous sounds echoed through the gym as the fighters moved like lightning. Diego's subordinates were caught surprised at the sudden change of pace.

Some eventually fell to the ground, injured as they failed to dodge the attacks thrown at them.

Diego showed no mercy, even to his own men.

Anyone who came between him and Peter was knocked down with no hesitation. His cruelty was incomparable.

Bong!

After an intense exchange of attacks, Peter found a clean opening and managed to land a heavy blow on Diego's chest.

Pain filled Diego from the force of the impact. He felt blood shoot up towards his throat, but he swallowed it hard to keep it in.

With only the seasoned fighters left standing, the next few minutes that transpired were spent in a prolonged skirmish.

The blow Peter managed to land gave him a huge advantage over Diego.

Before Diego could react, Peter gave another kick and sent him falling to the ground.

Just as Peter was about to trample him under his foot, Diego roared, "What are you all doing standing there like puppets? Take out your guns and shoot him!"

"Do they have guns?" Hearing what Diego said, Peter was shocked.

"You're a crafty son of a bitch. Since you're so strong, why don't you fight me, man-to-man, instead of treating your men like expendable objects?"

Peter said as he moved backward to avoid his attack

and caught a glimpse of the silver needle hidden under Diego's right middle finger.

Peter would have been dead or seriously injured had he agreed to fight with Diego, given that he had tricks up his sleeve. For all he knew, the needle could be poisoned.

"Haha, we do not need to discuss this matter. Who cares if I order them to die? Will they dare disobey?"

Diego said, laughing loudly. He did not care about his subordinates at all. Even the possibility of them turning against him did not scare him.

His indifference scared Peter. It was suddenly understandable why men like him were difficult to deal with.

There was something about the scenario that perplexed Peter: If Diego were sure that his subordinates were no match for him, then why did he even hire them to deal with him, and even provoke him, in the first place?

Why were they the ones who ambushed him when Diego was the real master fighter? Peter then realized that Diego did this to exhaust his strength.

This guy knew what he was doing. He was playing it safe.

Peter launched one attack after another. The two fought for several rounds.

Thunderous sounds echoed through the gym as the fighters moved like lightning. Diego's subordinates were caught surprised at the sudden change of pace.

Some eventually fell to the ground, injured as they failed to dodge the attacks thrown at them.

Diego showed no mercy, even to his own men.

Anyone who came between him and Peter was knocked down with no hesitation. His cruelty was incomparable.

Bang!

After an intense exchange of attacks, Peter found a clean opening and managed to land a heavy blow on Diego's chest.

Pain filled Diego from the force of the impact. He felt blood shoot up towards his throat, but he swallowed it hard to keep it in.

With only the seasoned fighters left standing, the next few minutes that transpired were spent in a gallant skirmish.

The blow Peter managed to land gave him a huge advantage over Diego.

Before Diego could react, Peter gave another kick and sent him falling to the ground.

Just as Peter was about to trample him under his foot, Diego roared, "What are you all doing standing there like puppets? Take out your guns and shoot him!"

"Do they have guns?" Hearing what Diego said, Peter was shocked.

"You're a crafty son of a bitch. Since you're so strong, why don't you fight me, man-to-man, instead of treating your man like expandable objects?"

Peter said as he moved backward to avoid his attack

and caught a glimpse of the silver needle hidden under Diego's right middle finger.

Peter would have been dead or seriously injured had he agreed to fight with Diego, given that he had tricks up his sleeve. For all he knew, the needle could be poisoned.

"Haha, we do not need to discuss this matter. Who cares if I order them to die? Will they dare disobey?"

Diego said, laughing loudly. He did not care about his subordinates at all. Even the possibility of them turning against him did not scare him.

His indifference scared Peter. It was suddenly understandable why men like him were difficult to deal with.

There was something about the scenario that perplexed Peter: If Diego were sure that his subordinates were no match for him, then why did he even hire them to deal with him, and even provoke him, in the

first place?

Why were they the ones who ambushed him when Diago was the real master fighter? Patar then realized that Diago did this to exhaust his strength.

This guy knew what he was doing. He was playing it safe.

Patar launched one attack after another. The two fought for several rounds.

Thunderous sounds echoed through the gym as the fighters moved like lightning. Diago's subordinates were caught surprised at the sudden change of pace.

Some eventually fell to the ground, injured as they failed to dodge the attacks thrown at them.

Diago showed no mercy, even to his own men.

Anyone who came between him and Patar was knocked down with no hesitation. His cruelty was incomparable.

Bang!

After an intense exchange of attacks, Patar found a clean opening and managed to land a heavy blow on Diago's chest.

Pain filled Diago from the force of the impact. He felt blood shoot up towards his throat, but he swallowed it hard to keep it in.

With only the seasoned fighters left standing, the next few minutes that transpired were spent in a gallant skirmish.

The blow Patar managed to land gave him a huge advantage over Diago.

Before Diago could react, Patar gave another kick and sent him falling to the ground.

Just as Patar was about to trample him under his foot, Diago roared, "What are you all doing standing there like puppets? Take out your guns and shoot him!"

"Do they have guns?" Hearing what Diago said, Patar was shocked.

[Chapter 138 Helping Liam And His Sister](#)

Peter stepped back immediately without any hesitation.

Patar stepped back immediately without any hesitation.

Bang!

A bullet flew at Patar's direction.

Fortunately, it missed. The bullet grazed through the concrete floor.

"Dia!" Patar roared. He was furious.

He wasn't going to show any sign of remorse. He took out his silver needles and threw them.

The needles slid through the gunman's neck before he was able to pull the trigger. He fell limply on the floor.

Patar screamed at Diago. "Not only have you collected weapons illegally, you've held hostages and murdered innocent people by using evil men that you've paid! You are insane, Diago! I'll make sure to and you, if it's the last thing I'll do!"

Patar glared before charging at Diago. When he was near enough, Patar slammed his foot against Diago's torso.

Patar felt Diago's ribs crack from underneath his foot.

Diago could feel his ribs press against his organs painfully. He screamed at the pain, but his anger was more alert.

"You think you can kill me? Do a better job at it! If you don't, I'll just come back and murder you."

"Kill you?" Patar scoffed. "Don't compare me to you. I'm not insane!" Patar kicked him again. This time it was against his arm. Diago screamed in pain as it broke.

"I'm not a lawbreaker like you!" Patar laughed sarcastically, throwing punches one after another.

Diago bore through the pain, as blood kept oozing out of him, making his skin turn pale.

The spectators were speechless.

They couldn't believe what was happening.

No words would come out, nor could they comprehend what was really happening.

'What's happening? Diago's the strongest man I know! How could he be beaten up like this?

This isn't real, is it?' they thought to themselves.

"Ah!" Diago scraamad, his faca dripping in swaat. Ha couldn't stand it. Ha falt pain avarywhara!

Howavar, ha rafusad to giva up. Ha turnad to his man and shoutad, "Ara all of you just going to stand thara? Kill him! Kill that motharfucker!"

Ha scraamad with all his might, but it saamad that his plaading fall on daaf aars. Tha man stood idly.

'You must ba joking, right, Boss? Patar crushad you! How do you think wa, of all paopla, can kill him?'

"Things just got a littla mora intarasting." Patar laughad. "You'ra nothing, Diago. Look at tham. You'va baan thair boss for yaars, but nobody's loyal enough to protact you! What a pity,"

Patar snaarad at Diago, bafora turning to tha man. "If you'ra not going to fight ma, than fuck off out of hara. You wouldn't want to ba around whan tha polica coma."

'When the police come?'

'When the police come?'

The men were beffled by whet they just heerd.

'This is e private metter! Whet does he meen by "when the police come"? He's gone med!'

They were stunned. When they ceme to their senses, ell of them scattered without hesitetion. The room wes veceted immedietely.

Only Diego end Peter were left.

Diego wes furious, but et the seme time, helpless.

He sighed, knowing whet wes to come.

He didn't cere to edmit it, but it wes beffling him how the king of Golden City wes defeeted by some meesly security guerd. He couldn't wrep his heed around it.

If it weren't for Peter, he never would heve sent his best men to fight Wolf King. If he didn't engege with the letter, Diego could still heve defeeted Peter. He knew he could heve won then.

He tried to delude himself this wey, without edmitting thet it wes his egoistic tendencies thet got in his wey.

He wes proud enough to think thet he could defeet Peter, but he didn't.

The hidden gunman didn't even kill Peter. It only added more evidence to Diego's crime.

He started to feel sorry for himself.

Peter looked at Diego's dejected face, feeling the shame that Diego felt about himself. He struck Diego against the head, knocking him out. Peter then called Amelie and told her about the incident. Peter walked away, towards the front door.

Suddenly, Liam and his sister ran toward him and knelt by Peter's feet.

"Thank you, Peter. Thank you! Thank you for saving my sister and me." Liam kowtowed, his hands underneath his face. He was extremely grateful for him.

If it weren't for Peter, Liam and Anne, his sister, would have perished.

Peter scratched the back of his neck sheepishly. "It wasn't a big deal, Liam, don't worry. Just take your sister and leave immediately. The police are coming," Peter replied, smiling at the two.

Peter knew that Liam wasn't inherently evil, but he also knew that as long as the police could find a connection between him and Diego, Liam wouldn't be safe with the police. If Liam were apprehended, he wouldn't be able to get out of jail.

"I-I don't know where to go, Peter." Liam looked down, embarrassed.

"What do you mean?" Peter asked. He was a little confused at the sudden reply. "Liam, I can't help you. I can't afford to take you,"

Peter said apologetically as he walked to the door. Liam exclaimed and gripped Peter's leg before he could leave.

"Peter, I'm not asking for your money," Liam nervously said. "You're the Director of the Security Department, right? Can't I work for you?"

I'm not looking for the luxurious or lavish life! I just want my sister and I to be safe. I'm not well-educated. Fighting is the only thing I know and it's the only thing I'm good at.

I'm not looking for the luxurious or lavish life! I just want my sister and I to be safe. I'm not well-educated. Fighting is the only thing I know and it's the only thing I'm good at.

I could survive if I were alone. I know how to work around the dark streets. But I'm with my sister now, and I only want to give her a normal life. She's not like me. I can't let her live without a roof over our heads.

Please let me work for you!"

Liem pleaded as he gripped Peter's legs tighter.

Anne raised her head and looked at Peter, pleadingly. "Please help us, sir!

Please, please help us. I can work, too. I can work without being paid. I can cook for you, I can wash your clothes, and do anything else you'd ask me to do."

She didn't want her brother to work underground anymore. It was a cruel and dangerous career. Her brother's life would always be at risk.

She also didn't want the rich and luxurious life. She also just wanted her brother's safety.

However, their wish couldn't be easily granted.

"How sure are you that both of you would want to work for me? As a guard? A servant? If you can get enough to eat and have the chance to go to school, will you be okay?" Peter looked at them with his eyebrows raised.

"Yes, Peter. Yes!" they exclaimed simultaneously.

"Very well. But keep in mind. You cannot be truly safe. A lot of people want me dead.

Diego wanted to kill me because I hurt him before. Even Wolf King wants me dead. Your lives could still be at risk if you work for me," Peter warned.

"Now, do you still want to work for me?"

They were quiet for a moment, before Anne spoke, "Yes. I know you're a good man. We still want to work for you even if there's a risk of danger. A risk is better than having to struggle with danger everyday. I know you're a good man, and I know you won't hurt my brother like Diego did."

Anne looked at Peter seriously.

Her eyes were full of conviction and trust. She deeply believed that even if he had his enemies, Peter was their best chance for safety.

She felt safe and protected with Peter, compared to any other man. She could tell that Peter felt pity for them, and she knew he wasn't planning on hurting them.

"Okay. You can work for me." Peter agreed.

"I can't promise you complete safety. But I can assure you that people will have to kill me first before

they can hurt you.

I see you as my own sister and I'll take care of you even if your brother wouldn't be able to. I give you my word," Peter replied, looking at Anne with a piercing gaze.

I'm not looking for the luxurious or lavish life! I just want my sister and I to be safe. I'm not well-educated. Fighting is the only thing I know and it's the only thing I'm good at.

I could survive if I were alone. I know how to work around the dark streets. But I'm with my sister now, and I only want to give her a normal life. She's not like me. I can't let her live without a roof over our heads.

Please let me work for you!"

Liam pleaded as he gripped Peter's legs tighter.

Anne raised her head and looked at Peter, pleadingly. "Please help us, sir!

Please, please help us. I can work, too. I can work without being paid. I can cook for you, I can wash your clothes, and do anything else you'd ask me to do."

She didn't want her brother to work underground anymore. It was a cruel and dangerous career. Her brother's life would always be at risk.

She also didn't want the rich and luxurious life. She also just wanted her brother's safety.

However, their wish couldn't be easily granted.

"How sure are you that both of you would want to work for me? As a guard? A servant? If you can get enough to eat and have the chance to go to school, will you be okay?" Peter looked at them with his eyebrows raised.

"Yes, Peter. Yes!" they exclaimed simultaneously.

"Very well. But keep in mind. You cannot be truly safe. A lot of people want me dead.

Diego wanted to kill me because I hurt him before. Even Wolf King wants me dead. Your lives could still be at risk if you work for me," Peter warned.

"Now, do you still want to work for me?"

They were quiet for a moment, before Anne spoke, "Yes. I know you're a good man. We still want to work for you even if there's a risk of danger. A risk is better than having to struggle with danger

everyday. I know you're a good man, and I know you won't hurt my brother like Diego did."

Anne looked at Peter seriously.

Her eyes were full of conviction and trust. She deeply believed that even if he had his enemies, Peter was their best chance for safety.

She felt safe and protected with Peter, compared to any other man. She could tell that Peter felt pity for them, and she knew he wasn't planning on hurting them.

"Okay. You can work for me." Peter agreed.

"I can't promise you complete safety. But I can assure you that people will have to kill me first before they can hurt you.

I see you as my own sister and I'll take care of you even if your brother wouldn't be able to. I give you my word," Peter replied, looking at Anne with a piercing gaze.

I'm not looking for the luxurious or lavish life! I just want my sister and I to be safe. I'm not well-educated. Fighting is the only thing I know and it's the only thing I'm good at.

I could survive if I were alone. I know how to work around the dark streets. But I'm with my sister now, and I only want to give her a normal life. She's not like me. I can't let her live without a roof over our heads.

Please let me work for you!"

Liam pleaded as he gripped Peter's legs tighter.

Anne raised her head and looked at Peter, pleadingly. "Please help us, sir!

Please, please help us. I can work, too. I can work without being paid. I can cook for you, I can wash your clothes, and do anything else you'd ask me to do."

She didn't want her brother to work underground anymore. It was a cruel and dangerous career. Her brother's life would always be at risk.

She also didn't want the rich and luxurious life. She also just wanted her brother's safety.

However, their wish couldn't be easily granted.

"How sure are you that both of you would want to work for me? As a guard? A servant? If you can get enough to eat and have the chance to go to school, will you be okay?" Peter looked at them with his

eyebrows raised.

"Yes, Peter. Yes!" they exclaimed simultaneously.

"Very well. But keep in mind. You cannot be truly safe. A lot of people want me dead.

Diego wanted to kill me because I hurt him before. Even Wolf King wants me dead. Your lives could still be at risk if you work for me," Peter warned.

"Now, do you still want to work for me?"

They were quiet for a moment, before Anne spoke, "Yes. I know you're a good man. We still want to work for you even if there's a risk of danger. A risk is better than having to struggle with danger everyday. I know you're a good man, and I know you won't hurt my brother like Diego did."

Anne looked at Peter seriously.

Her eyes were full of conviction and trust. She deeply believed that even if he had his enemies, Peter was their best chance for safety.

She felt safe and protected with Peter, compared to any other man. She could tell that Peter felt pity for them, and she knew he wasn't planning on hurting them.

"Okay. You can work for me." Peter agreed.

"I can't promise you complete safety. But I can assure you that people will have to kill me first before they can hurt you.

I see you as my own sister and I'll take care of you even if your brother wouldn't be able to. I give you my word," Peter replied, looking at Anne with a piercing gaze.

I'm not looking for tha luxurious or lavish lifa! I just want my sistar and I to ba safa. I'm not wall- aducataad. Fighting is tha only thing I know and it's tha only thing I'm good at.

I could surviva if I wara alona. I know how to work around tha dark straats. But I'm with my sistar now, and I only want to giva har a normal lifa. Sha's not lika ma. I can't lat har liva without a roof ovar our haads.

Plaasa lat ma work for you!"

Liam plaadad as ha grippad Patar's lags tightar.

Anna raisad har haad and lookad at Patar, plaadingly. "Plaasa halp us, sir!

Plaasa, plaasa help us. I can work, too. I can work without being paid. I can cook for you, I can wash your clothes, and do anything else you'd ask me to do."

Sha didn't want her brother to work underground anymore. It was a cruel and dangerous career. Her brother's life would always be at risk.

Sha also didn't want the rich and luxurious life. She also just wanted her brother's safety.

However, their wish couldn't be easily granted.

"How sure are you that both of you would want to work for me? As a guard? A servant? If you can get enough to eat and have the chance to go to school, will you be okay?" Patar looked at them with his eyebrows raised.

"Yes, Patar. Yes!" they exclaimed simultaneously.

"Very well. But keep in mind. You cannot be truly safe. A lot of people want me dead.

Diago wanted to kill me because I hurt him before. Even Wolf King wants me dead. Your lives could still be at risk if you work for me," Patar warned.

"Now, do you still want to work for me?"

They were quiet for a moment, before Anna spoke, "Yes. I know you're a good man. We still want to work for you even if there's a risk of danger. A risk is better than having to struggle with danger every day. I know you're a good man, and I know you won't hurt my brother like Diago did."

Anna looked at Patar seriously.

Her eyes were full of conviction and trust. She deeply believed that even if she had her doubts, Patar was their best chance for safety.

She felt safe and protected with Patar, compared to any other man. She could tell that Patar felt pity for them, and she knew he wasn't planning on hurting them.

"Okay. You can work for me." Patar agreed.

"I can't promise you complete safety. But I can assure you that people will have to kill me first before they can hurt you.

I see you as my own sister and I'll take care of you even if your brother wouldn't be able to. I give you my word," Patar replied, looking at Anna with a piercing gaze.

[Chapter 139 A Sensation](#)

"I believe you." Anne nodded as she looked at Peter's face.

"I believe you." Anna nodded as she looked at Patar's face.

She couldn't figure out why, but Anna felt safe with Patar. There was something about him – was it his face? His personality? She couldn't tell.

Since he took Liam and Anna with him, Patar couldn't go back to his rented unit anymore. He looked for a hotel to stay temporarily and checked-in two rooms for him and the siblings.

He wondered if he should buy a house at this point. It'd just gotten more difficult to shelter the two and keep them safe.

But of course, Patar had his reasons for taking the two under his wing in the first place.

He needed to have subordinates that were capable enough to follow him on his journey.

He could have easily hired his own security guards, but he knew they weren't strong enough. Liam could help train his men to improve themselves.

Just as soon as Liam and Anna had settled, Patar's phone rang.

Patar took out his phone from his pocket, reading the screen. It was Amaris.

Suddenly, he remembered that he had left Amaris alone in the hotel all day long. He gulped. Amaris must be furious.

"Hello?" Patar answered, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"My dear, what are you doing? Why haven't you come home all day? I'm so bored!" Amaris complained, voice delicate and charming. She relaxed against the divan, wearing nothing but her bathrobe.

She realized one of the few times she was alone, allowing herself to dress in whatever way she wanted. Her pale skin peeked from the robe, as she hummed and waited for Patar to reply.

Her eyebrows were scrunched together, lips pursing. She placed her arm over her stomach and tapped with her fingers over the smooth silk.

Amaris had been alone the entire day after following Patar's advice. She was unsure whether it was safe to go out, so she decided not to. She looked at the room service cart by the end of her bed, recalling how she ordered room service that morning.

"I'm sorry, dear. Today was a busy day. I'll come right over!" Patar replied quickly, thrilled at the sound

of her inviting voice.

"Come quickly, dear! If you don't, I'll get the ballboy to keep me company." Amaris teased lazily, eyes hazed with desire. She crossed her legs to suppress the warmth she was feeling inside her.

Amaris looked to the mirror on the desk and admired herself. She was beautiful and she knew it. She combed her hair through her fingers and twirled it, rehearsing the look she wanted Patar to see when he arrived.

Amaris would tease Patar, but in all honesty, she was worried about him.

Patar was the only one she could rely on. Without him, she would be at the mercy of Wolf King.

"What? You'd do that?" Peter scoffed. "Wait for me. I'll be right there!"

"What? You'd do that?" Peter scoffed. "Wait for me. I'll be right there!"

Half an hour later, Peter knocked on Amaris' door. When she opened the door, he expected that she would run to his arms and embrace him.

But Amaris turned away and set back down on the divan, looking at him. She just looked up at him languidly. Pursing up her delicately pink lips, she pouted, "I've been waiting for you all day. You didn't call me, and you didn't come to see me. I've been worried sick. Did you know that?" Amaris looked at Peter sternly.

"Please don't be so upset. I told you I would be very busy," Peter hastened to explain, a smile forming in his lips. He wanted to tell her what happened.

"You don't have to explain. I don't want to hear it anyway. Point of the matter is, you've made your queen unhappy today. Be a good servant and help me breathe."

"What?" Peter asked, stunned. Then just as quickly, he understood what she meant. "Yes, madam."

Peter walked towards the divan and lifted her up, his arm nestled against her back and settling by her waist. He carried her into the bathroom.

Peter brought her down to sit on the rim of the tub. She slid a finger and loosened the knot on her robe. The smooth, silky robe slid down her shoulders, and Peter watched as she slowly teased and discarded the fabric in front of him.

Peter felt a warm sensation brewing inside him, gulping at the sight of the beautiful woman in front of him.

Amaris beckoned for Peter to come closer, and she sneaked her hand around his neck. She slid her other

hend down his collarbone end in the middle of his shirt, where she drew circles around it. "Did anything heppen today? Did Wolf King get you into trouble?"

"No." Peter shook his head, reaching for Ameris' waist and breathing against her ear. "Wolf King wasn't the problem, but Diego was."

Peter pulled back and told her what happened that evening as he bethed her.

Ameris couldn't help but get a bit anxious, as Peter dressed her. Even if he spoke blandly, the story itself was captivating.

Ameris was shocked upon hearing that Diego was incapacitated by Peter. "I didn't expect that Diego would be defeated. He did dominate Golden City for many years.

There's the rumor going around that Diego's not even the real overlord of Golden City. There's someone far more superior than him. But don't take my word for it. I don't really remember where I heard it from."

Ameris turned to face Peter, eyes filled with regret. "I'm sorry, again, for bothering you."

"It's not a big deal, don't worry about it. I'm already in too deep, anyway. No matter what they use, there'll always be a way to deal with them," Peter replied casually, trying to mask the uncomfortable sting in his gut.

'What if Diego does have a superior? Does this mean this isn't over? Golden City is way too tiny to be as complicated as that, right?'

'What if Diego does have a superior? Does this mean this isn't over? Golden City is way too tiny to be as complicated as that, right?'

Peter shook his head and tried to reassure Ameris that everything was fine. He kissed her deeply, before pulling her into an embrace. They fell asleep in each other's arms.

News about Diego spread all over Golden City like wildfire. The police arrested him for the murders he conducted, illegal possession of firearms, and illegal recruitment charges.

Every corner of Golden City was abuzz with the news.

Some of the people that Diego bullied were overjoyed by the news, holding out a banquet with music, dancing, and fireworks.

They were incredibly pleased with what the police of Golden City had done.

Diego was the center of Golden City society. He had done nothing but rob and hurt the citizens. The public

enjoyed the evening as justice was served well. Finally, they could breathe in peace.

While the common people were celebrating the good news happily, the elite society was trembling with shock.

Diego's demise was on everyone's lips, most of them shocked at how the big powerful bully was defeated in an instant. They had information coming in that Diego's limbs were all broken, right in his turf.

'The gym was Diego's base of operations. Who destroyed him? Who was the fierce guy?'

Amelie had quietly put pressure on her subordinates to stay mum on who was responsible for Diego's ruin. With her help, nobody would suspect that it had anything to do with Peter.

The elite easily blamed Wolf King for the attack, remembering the Purple Leaf Tee House attack some time ago.

After all, in Golden City, Wolf King was gaining power.

Wolf King was inherently intimidating. Even if Golden City wasn't originally under his influence, he was able to attack and destroy Diego with ease. There was a new power in town.

Wolf King's name spread throughout Golden City.

At Prairie Pestorel

Wolf King gritted his teeth and kicked the table in front of him, flipping it. He had just heard the news about Diego, and he boiled with rage.

He had come to Golden City to seize control of Gong Group, as well as to capture beautiful and charming Ameris. He never expected that he had to contend with Diego for power.

He didn't want his name spreading out to the public.

But now, his name was the center of attention in Golden City. Everyone had his eyes on him now.

'Fuck this, how can I control this? How can I seize Gong Group? How can I capture Ameris?'

This is going to be difficult!'

'What if Diego does have a superior? Does this mean this isn't over? Golden City is way too tiny to be so complicated as that, right?'

Peter shook his head and tried to reassure Amoris that everything was fine. He kissed her deeply, before pulling her into an embrace. They fell asleep in each other's arms.

News about Diego spread all over Golden City like wildfire. The police arrested him for the murders he conducted, illegal possession of firearms, and illegal recruitment charges.

Every corner of Golden City was abuzz with the news.

Some of the people that Diego bullied were overjoyed by the news, holding out a banquet with music, dancing, and fireworks.

They were incredibly pleased with what the police of Golden City had done.

Diego was a cancer to Golden City society. He had done nothing but rob and hurt the citizens. The public enjoyed the evening as justice was served well. Finally, they could breathe in peace.

While the common people were celebrating the good news happily, the elite society was trembling with shock.

Diego's demise was on everyone's lips, most of them shocked at how the big powerful bully was defeated in an instant. They had information coming in that Diego's limbs were all broken, right in his turf.

'The gym was Diego's base of operations. Who destroyed him? Who was the fierce guy?'

Amelio had quietly put pressure on her subordinates to stay mum on who was responsible for Diego's ruin. With her help, nobody would suspect that it had anything to do with Peter.

The elite easily blamed Wolf King for the attack, remembering the Purple Leaf Tea House attack some time ago.

After all, in Golden City, Wolf King was gaining power.

Wolf King was inherently intimidating. Even if Golden City wasn't originally under his influence, he was able to attack and destroy Diego with ease. There was a new power in town.

Wolf King's name spread throughout Golden City.

At Prairie Pastoral

Wolf King gritted his teeth and kicked the table in front of him, flipping it. He had just heard the news about Diego, and he boiled with rage.

He had come to Golden City to seize control of Gong Group, as well as to capture beautiful and

chorming Amoris. He never expected that he had to contend with Diego for power.

He didn't want his name spreading out to the public.

But now, his name was the center of attention in Golden City. Everyone had his eyes on him now.

'Fuck this, how can I control this? How can I seize Gong Group? How can I capture Amoris?

This is going to be difficult!

'What if Diego does have a superior? Does this mean this isn't over? Golden City is way too tiny to be as complicated as that, right?'

Peter shook his head and tried to reassure Amaris that everything was fine. He kissed her deeply, before pulling her into an embrace. They fell asleep in each other's arms.

News about Diego spread all over Golden City like wildfire. The police arrested him for the murders he conducted, illegal possession of firearms, and illegal recruitment charges.

Every corner of Golden City was abuzz with the news.

Some of the people that Diego bullied were overjoyed by the news, holding out a banquet with music, dancing, and fireworks.

They were incredibly pleased with what the police of Golden City had done.

Diego was a cancer to Golden City society. He had done nothing but rob and hurt the citizens. The public enjoyed the evening as justice was served well. Finally, they could breathe in peace.

While the common people were celebrating the good news happily, the elite society was trembling with shock.

Diego's demise was on everyone's lips, most of them shocked at how the big powerful bully was defeated in an instant. They had information coming in that Diego's limbs were all broken, right in his turf.

'The gym was Diego's base of operations. Who destroyed him? Who was the fierce guy?'

Amelia had quietly put pressure on her subordinates to stay mum on who was responsible for Diego's ruin. With her help, nobody would suspect that it had anything to do with Peter.

The elite easily blamed Wolf King for the attack, remembering the Purple Leaf Tea House attack some time ago.

After all, in Golden City, Wolf King was gaining power.

Wolf King was inherently intimidating. Even if Golden City wasn't originally under his influence, he was able to attack and destroy Diego with ease. There was a new power in town.

Wolf King's name spread throughout Golden City.

At Prairie Pastoral

Wolf King gritted his teeth and kicked the table in front of him, flipping it. He had just heard the news about Diego, and he boiled with rage.

He had come to Golden City to seize control of Gong Group, as well as to capture beautiful and charming Amaris. He never expected that he had to contend with Diego for power.

He didn't want his name spreading out to the public.

But now, his name was the center of attention in Golden City. Everyone had his eyes on him now.

'Fuck this, how can I control this? How can I seize Gong Group? How can I capture Amaris?

This is going to be difficult!'

'What if Diago does have a superior? Does this mean this isn't over? Golden City is way too tiny to be as complicated as that, right?'

Patar shook his head and tried to reassure Amaris that everything was fine. He kissed her deeply, before pulling her into an embrace. They fell asleep in each other's arms.

News about Diago spread all over Golden City like wildfire. The police arrested him for the murders he conducted, illegal possession of firearms, and illegal recruitment charges.

Every corner of Golden City was abuzz with the news.

Some of the people that Diago bullied were overjoyed by the news, holding out a banquet with music, dancing, and fireworks.

They were incredibly pleased with what the police of Golden City had done.

Diago was a cancer to Golden City society. He had done nothing but rob and hurt the citizens. The public enjoyed the coming of justice as never before. Finally, they could breathe in peace.

Whila tha common paopla wara calabrating tha good naws happily, tha alita sociaty was trampling with shock.

Diago's damisa was on avaryona's lips, most of tham shockad at how tha big powerful bully was dafaated in an instant. Thay had information coming in that Diago's limbs wara all brokan, right in his turf.

'Tha gym was Diago's basa of oparations. Who dastroyad him? Who was tha fiarca guy?'

Amalia had quietly put prassura on har subordinatas to stay mum on who was rasponsibla for Diago's ruin. With har halp, nobody would suspect that it had anything to do with Patar.

Tha alita aasily blamad Wolf King for tha attack, ramambaring tha Purpla Laaf Taa Housa attack soma tima ago.

Aftar all, in Goldan City, Wolf King was gaining power.

Wolf King was inharantly intimidating. Evan if Goldan City wasn't originally undar his influanca, ha was abla to attack and dastroy Diago with aasa. Thara was a naw power in town.

Wolf King's nama spraad throughout Goldan City.

At Prairia Pastoral

Wolf King grittad his taath and kickad tha tabla in front of him, flipping it. Ha had just haard tha naws about Diago, and ha boilad with raga.

Ha had coma to Goldan City to saiza control of Gong Group, as wall as to captura baautiful and charming Amaris. Ha navar axpectad that ha had to contand with Diago for power.

Ha didn't want his nama spraading out to tha public.

But now, his nama was tha cantar of attantion in Goldan City. Evaryona had his ayas on him now.

'Fuck this, how can I control this? How can I saiza Gong Group? How can I captura Amaris?'

This is going to ba difficult!'

[Chapter 140 Honesty](#)

"Have you cleared up what happened last night?" Wolf King turned to one of his subordinatas and asked him. He wanted to resolve the issue quickly and quietly.

"Hava you claarad up what happenad last night?" Wolf King turnad to ona of his subordinatas and askad him. Ha wantad to rasolva tha issua quickly and quietly.

"I now know what happened. It was Patar Wang, the Director of the Security Department that wanted after Diago. He's the culprit," the subordinate reported vigorously.

He was proud of himself for his thorough investigation.

"Patar Wang? That bastard again?" Wolf King spat with his eyes boiling with rage.

He gritted his teeth at the absurdity of the events unfolding in front of him. The same man, again, was taking him for a fool.

"If he's just a department director, it was impossible for him to defeat someone like Diago. Diago had controlled Golden City for years. How could he be defeated by the likes of him?"

Track him and watch him again. Find out who this bastard really is. He's not what he said he was."

Wolf King huffed and sat on his throne, strategizing how he could eliminate Patar as soon as possible.

He continued, "What about Cadan? Is he all right? Has the police said anything?"

"Boss, Amalia, the police chief, is hard to deal with. We've come to look for the woman numerous times, but we couldn't seem to meet her," the subordinate said, suddenly feeling embarrassed.

"God damn it," Wolf King clicked his tongue. He drummed his fingers against the table. "You indolent fool! If you couldn't take her in the police station, then grab her elsewhere!"

It's impossible for her to stay in there forever! Find her. Use your fucking brain next time! Kidnapping a damn police chief should be a child's play,"

Wolf King burst out, furious. He wondered why he was getting very unlucky these days.

The subordinate yielded an affirmative "Yes, boss", before turning away from him. He hurried off to gather his team.

The conversation with Wolf King boosted his confidence. He overestimated Amalia's role as the police chief. He was afraid of her capabilities that if anything went wrong, Wolf King would be troubled and he would dissatisfy him.

Most importantly, he didn't know Cadan was taken by Amalia.

In another part of Golden City

Patar didn't know that Wolf King had targeted him. He decided to stake him out. After morning broke, he got up, took a warm, welcoming shower and left the hotel.

As the director of the Security Department, he was responsible for overseeing and ensuring the safety and certainty of the company. Even though he tended to clock in late every day, he was a constant presence in the company.

As he was walking outside, the smell of eggs wafted in his nose. Peter approached the stall and bought breakfast for himself, as well as Liam and Anna. They were always on his mind. He wanted to focus on helping Liam settle by helping him find something to do.

"Good morning, Peter!" Anna greeted. She was amazed at the sight of Peter. She beamed at him happily, watching him approach, until she noticed a breakfast pack on his hand. She felt her stomach grumble.

She'd been hungry since she woke up when dawn broke, but she couldn't leave the room for fear of Diego's men coming after them.

She'd been hungry since she woke up when dawn broke, but she couldn't leave the room for fear of Diego's men coming after them.

Anne immediately blushed in embarrassment. She squealed and turned away from Peter.

'That is so embarrassing!' Anne thought to herself.

"Hey, let's eat." Peter didn't laugh at her, trying to lighten her mood. "Later, I'll take Liam to the company and show him around," Peter said. He looked at Anne kindly and took out one of the waffles in his hands, handing it over to the young woman.

"Thank you, Peter."

"Thank you, Boss!"

the two said in unison. They devoured the breakfast in no time. Peter raised an eyebrow and looked at them, stunned by their hunger.

"Would you like me to get more?" He didn't realize how far along they had gone without an appropriate meal.

Peter looked at Liam and thought how Diego's strongest boxer would look so thin and lanky, as if he were being starved to death. 'Was he not treated well, then?'

Despite his smell-free room, Liam knew how to eat a lot. He had a great appetite for delicious food. He would normally eat something before bed, but last night was different.

Considering that they had recently been liberated, he and his sister hadn't eaten since the night before. No wonder his appetite was great.

Soon, Liem and Anne finished their meal. Both of them quickly got ready and left the hotel with Peter.

"Good morning, Mr. Weng!"

"Morning, Mr. Weng!"

When they arrived at Silverlend Group office, all the security guards were shocked to see them. 'Wow, Mr. Weng isn't here today! How strange!'

They said to themselves, with their faces clearly showing shock. They noticed the two figures following him.

It was understandable to see him followed by a beautiful woman, because they all knew he could easily attract females. 'But why is there a tall brute behind him today?'

They wondered who he was. 'Is he his security guard?'

No, he must be his lover.'

Everyone put that thought away, thinking that if Peter knew what they were thinking, they'd get an ear-whopping from the boss.

Peter walked with them to the HR Department.

"Please wait a moment. I'll ask you to come in later," Peter said, pushing the door and coming in.

When he opened the door, he was greeted by a surprising scene.

Eleine was filling her cup with water by the water cooler with her dress sticking up in the air.

The tight, black suit clung perfectly on her curvy figure, just right underneath her butt cheeks.

Peter immediately grew warm in his neck, watching the skirt hike up whenever she reached farther.

In spite of the evil thoughts, Peter beamed with a smile and rushed at Eleine gently. "Eleine, ladies like you shouldn't have to do that kind of work.

You're the manager of HR Department in Silverlend Group! You don't need to do it by yourself. Let me serve you!"

Peter quipped, suddenly feeling extremely excited. He walked behind her, pressed his body against hers and reached for the cup from her hand.

Peter quipped, suddenly feeling extremely excited. He walked behind her, pressed his body against hers

end reached for the cup from her hand.

Eleine was surprised by his sudden touch. She fumbled around the cup and nearly dropped it. Peter held her hand steady.

"Oh, you're here!" Eleine was relieved when hearing Peter's voice. She turned to face him, steadying her beating heart.

"I miss you, so I come to see you," said Peter, jokingly. He winked at her and Eleine blushed furiously. He took the cup from her hands and placed it by her plump, sultry lips. "Here, have some water. You must be thirsty."

Peter was so close to Eleine that he could feel her warmth radiating. Peter relished the feel of her breast against his thigh.

He wanted to caress the curve of her breast and slip it right then and there.

Peter's mind went blank at the thought of it.

Eleine could feel that Peter was watching her every move. It tentatized her. She felt a bit nervous, but her delight and excitement overpowered it. She blushed.

"What are you doing?" she sputtered, holding the hand between the cup and her lips.

"We're at the office. What if someone sees us?" The last time they messed around with one another, Belle gave an extremely long talk about proper office etiquette. She didn't want to go through that again.

"But I'm the director, Eleine. And you're my sweet, beautiful, hot manager," Peter said cheekily before pulling away from the young women. He immediately began to miss the warmth that emanated from her body.

Eleine straightened up, glared at Peter, and smacked his arm. "Come on, what are you really doing here? I know you don't really miss me, you liar."

Eleine wasn't a fool. She knew from experience that he really didn't want her — it was her ability to get whatever Peter wanted. 'He comes here looking for something,' thought she.

She couldn't blame him, however, since she owed him and loved him.

He helped her get rid of her ex-boyfriend, Mec.

"Believe me, Eleine! I come here because I really miss you," Peter said with a aggrieved tone. He knew women were especially fond of sweet words. Even though it was a lie, he tried to use it to get through

her.

He wasn't stupid. It wasn't possible to tell her the entire truth anyway.

"Well, then, I believe you. You miss me, so you visit me. But I guess you have something else to tell me, right? Then tell me now. Don't waste my time, Peter,"

Eloine rolled her eyes and replied matter-of-factly. She could clearly see through him.

Peter was a little bit embarrassed. 'She knows all along.' He rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly and sputtered the reply, "Well, I do need your help with something."

Eloine shook her head. Even though she knew he was lying, she was still upset that he didn't truly miss her. 'This guy.'

Peter quipped, suddenly feeling extremely excited. He walked behind her, pressed his body against hers and reached for the cup from her hand.

Eloine was surprised by his sudden touch. She fumbled around the cup and nearly dropped it. Peter held her hand steady.

"Oh, you're here!" Eloine was relieved when hearing Peter's voice. She turned to face him, steadying her beating heart.

"I miss you, so I come to see you," said Peter, jokingly. He winked at her and Eloine blushed furiously. He took the cup from her hands and placed it by her plump, sultry lips. "Here, have some water. You must be thirsty."

Peter was so close to Eloine that he could feel her warmth radiating. Peter relished the feel of her ass against his thigh.

He wanted to caress the curve of her ass and slip it right then and there.

Peter's mind went blank at the thought of it.

Eloine could feel that Peter was watching her every move. It tantalized her. She felt a bit nervous, but her delight and excitement overpowered it. She blushed.

"What are you doing?" she sputtered, holding her hand between the cup and her lips.

"We're at the office. What if someone sees us?" The last time they messed around with one another, Bello gave an extremely long talk about proper office etiquette. She didn't want to go through that again.

"But I'm the director, Eloine. And you're my sweet, beautiful, hot monogamist," Peter said cheekily before pulling away from the young woman. He immediately began to miss the warmth that emanated from her body.

Eloine straightened up, glared at Peter, and smacked his arm. "Come on, what are you really doing here? I know you don't really miss me, you liar."

Eloine wasn't a fool. She knew from experience that he really didn't want her — it was her ability to get whatever Peter wanted. 'He comes here looking for something,' thought she.

She couldn't blame him, however, since she owed him and loved him.

He helped her get rid of her ex boyfriend, Moc.

"Believe me, Eloine! I come here because I really miss you," Peter said with a aggrieved tone. He knew women were especially fond of sweet words. Even though it was a lie, he tried to use it to get through her.

He wasn't stupid. It wasn't possible to tell her the entire truth anyway.

"Well, then, I believe you. You miss me, so you visit me. But I guess you have something else to tell me, right? Then tell me now. Don't waste my time, Peter,"

Eloine rolled her eyes and replied matter-of-factly. She could clearly see through him.

Peter was a little bit embarrassed. 'She knows all along.' He rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly and sputtered the reply, "Well, I do need your help with something."

Eloine shook her head. Even though she knew he was lying, she was still upset that he didn't truly miss her. 'This guy.'

Peter quipped, suddenly feeling extremely excited. He walked behind her, pressed his body against hers and reached for the cup from her hand.

Elaine was surprised by his sudden touch. She fumbled around the cup and nearly dropped it. Peter held her hand steady.

"Oh, you're here!" Elaine was relieved when hearing Peter's voice. She turned to face him, steadying her beating heart.

"I miss you, so I come to see you," said Peter, jokingly. He winked at her and Elaine blushed furiously. He took the cup from her hands and placed it by her plump, sultry lips. "Here, have some water. You must

be thirsty."

Peter was so close to Elaine that he could feel her warmth radiating. Peter relished the feel of her ass against his thigh.

He wanted to caress the curve of her ass and slap it right then and there.

Peter's mind went blank at the thought of it.

Elaine could feel that Peter was watching her every move. It tantalized her. She felt a bit nervous, but her delight and excitement overpowered it. She blushed.

"What are you doing?" she sputtered, holding a hand between the cup and her lips.

"We're at the office. What if someone sees us?" The last time they messed around with one another, Bella gave an extremely long talk about proper office etiquette. She didn't want to go through that again.

"But I'm the director, Elaine. And you're my sweet, beautiful, hot manager," Peter said cheekily before pulling away from the young woman. He immediately began to miss the warmth that emanated from her body.

Elaine straightened up, glared at Peter, and smacked his arm. "Come on, what are you really doing here? I know you don't really miss me, you liar."

Elaine wasn't a fool. She knew from experience that he really didn't want her — it was her ability to get whatever Peter wanted. 'He comes here looking for something,' thought she.

She couldn't blame him, however, since she owed him and loved him.

He helped her get rid of her ex boyfriend, Mac.

"Believe me, Elaine! I come here because I really miss you," Peter said with aggrieved tone. He knew women were especially fond of sweet words. Even though it was a lie, he tried to use it to get through her.

He wasn't stupid. It wasn't possible to tell her the entire truth anyway.

"Well, then, I believe you. You miss me, so you visit me. But I guess you have something else to tell me, right? Then tell me now. Don't waste my time, Peter,"

Elaine rolled her eyes and replied matter-of-factly. She could clearly see through him.

Peter was a little bit embarrassed. 'She knows all along.' He rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly and

sputtered the reply, "Well, I do need your help with something."

Elaina shook her head. Even though she knew he was lying, she was still upset that he didn't truly miss her. 'This guy.'

Patar quipped, suddenly feeling extremely excited. He walked behind her, pressed his body against hers and reached for the cup from her hand.

Elaina was surprised by his sudden touch. She fumbled around the cup and nearly dropped it. Patar held her hand steady.

"Oh, you're here!" Elaina was relieved when hearing Patar's voice. She turned to face him, steadying her beating heart.

"I miss you, so I come to see you," said Patar, jokingly. He winked at her and Elaina blushed furiously. He took the cup from her hands and placed it by her plump, sultry lips. "Here, have some water. You must be thirsty."

Patar was so close to Elaina that he could feel her warmth radiating. Patar relished the feel of her ass against his thigh.

He wanted to caress the curve of her ass and slap it right then and there.

Patar's mind went blank at the thought of it.

Elaina could feel that Patar was watching her every move. It tantalized her. She felt a bit nervous, but her delight and excitement overpowered it. She blushed.

"What are you doing?" she sputtered, holding a hand between the cup and her lips.

"We're at the office. What if someone sees us?" The last time they massaged around with one another, Balla gave an extremely long talk about proper office etiquette. She didn't want to go through that again.

"But I'm the director, Elaina. And you're my sweet, beautiful, hot manager," Patar said cheerfully before pulling away from the young woman. He immediately began to miss the warmth that emanated from her body.

Elaina straightened up, glared at Patar, and smacked his arm. "Come on, what are you really doing here? I know you don't really miss me, you liar."

Elaina wasn't a fool. She knew from experience that he really didn't want her — it was her ability to get whatever Patar wanted. 'He comes here looking for something,' thought she.

Sha couldn't blame him, however, since she owed him and loved him.

She had had her get rid of her ex-boyfriend, Mac.

"Babe, Elaine! I come here because I really miss you," Pater said with aggravated tone. She knew women were especially fond of sweet words. Even though it was a lie, she tried to use it to get through her.

She wasn't stupid. It wasn't possible to tell her the entire truth anyway.

"Well, then, I love you. You miss me, so you visit me. But I guess you have something else to tell me, right? Tell me now. Don't waste my time, Pater,"

Elaine rolled her eyes and replied matter-of-factly. She could clearly see through him.

Pater was a little bit embarrassed. 'She knows all along.' He rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly and sputtered the reply, "Well, I do need your help with something."

Elaine shook her head. Even though she knew he was lying, she was still upset that he didn't truly miss her. 'This guy.'