

MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

Chapter 16 The Dinner Incident

"Audrey, stop!" The woman scolded her daughter.

"Please don't mind my daughter. Again, she is very spoiled. But don't worry, we have some savings. We will surely pay you back for your services once you cure me."

The woman was honest about their financial situation and was polite enough to call the money as the therapy payment.

This chronic disease had troubled her for so long. She always suffered so much when she had attacks. Even medicine couldn't relieve her much.

When Peter said that he could cure her, she felt very excited and worried that he might be offended because of her daughter.

"Ma'am, you misunderstood me, " said Peter, "I'm not worried about the money. Your disease is not something that can be easily cured. Treatment takes time, and there is no way to speed it up."

The woman felt embarrassed for assuming that money was the issue right away. "I'm willing to go through treatment no matter how long it takes, young man. By the way, how long would it be?"

She asked nervously. Could it be another 3 years? 5 years? Could she handle it if it lasted for that long?

"That depends, ma'am. If things go well, it could be around a week. Otherwise, it could take as long as a month." Peter replied, a worried look across his face.

Audrey was stupefied

As she stopped herself from grabbing her drink and

throwing the bottle at Peter again.

'One week or a month? That's nothing! How is that a long time? Even a fever takes a couple of days, and it's reasonable that my mom's chronic disease would take longer!

This bastard must be bragging. He's doing it on purpose!

The longer Audrey looked at Peter, the more annoyed she became.

"Really?" the middle-aged woman asked. "Please, sir. Can you please check up on me when you are available?" The woman was on cloud nine. She almost wanted him to do the first checkup, then and there.

"I'm not available during the day because I have work.

After work is ideal for me. How about this: I'll visit you this evening, after work."

The woman had been nothing but courteous and appreciative. Peter couldn't find it in himself to refuse her.

"Okay, " she replied. Although a little disappointed with the wait, she knew that it would be futile to negotiate a sooner schedule. They exchanged private numbers and went their separate ways.

The events that morning delayed Peter's travel by half an hour, causing him to be late at work.

With Bob in the hospital, though, no one was there to reprimand him, so that was good.

Peter parked his motorcycle next to a white BMW in the basement parking lot, and hurriedly got dressed

for work.

"Hey, bro. Want a cigarette?" He was on his way to playfully tease Shelly and Lisa after arriving at the reception hall when Jack asked.

Seeing what Peter had done, Jack's admiration for Peter shot overwhelmingly high so he wanted to stay on his good side.

On his first day of work, Peter beat the security manager and sent him to the hospital. A regular employee would have been fired had he done the same thing, but Peter still worked freely with no consequence whatsoever. He could bet his life that Peter had a really strong connection with someone powerful in Silverland Group. So today, he bought a pack of premium cigarettes specifically to please Peter.

"Hey, Jack. I don't think we're allowed to smoke during work hours. Besides, aren't you supposed to be working, lazybones? Good luck getting your salary if we fail Miss Song and Silverland Group."

Peter said, offended with Jack's offer.

Jack was stunned.

'Me? How am I the lazy one when you're already half an hour late? How am I the one neglecting my duty? Besides, why did you take my cigarette pack and put it in your pocket if you didn't want to smoke?'

"Smoking is bad for you, don't you know? I'm confiscating it to keep you safe because we're colleagues and good friends. You're welcome, "

Peter preached, making him look like such a good guy in contrast to Jack. What a cheeky fellow who

hustled Jack's cigarettes in a reasonable excuse!

Jack fumed with anger. If Peter hadn't had powerful background and if he hadn't been so strong, Jack would have punched him on the face.

Shelly and Lisa were both stifling their laughter.

'Peter is so dreamy.'

Peter didn't see neither Elaine nor Bella throughout the day. It seemed as though they had forgotten he existed.

Finally, a calm day for Peter. He spent it on work, amusing Shelly and Lisa and teaching Jack his lesson.

"Wait for us after work, Peter. We want to treat you to dinner!" Shelly told him sweetly as their shift was

about to end. Jack felt very envious.

"Sure! I'd also say yes for other invitations. If you know what I mean, " Peter said slyly. He'd never refuse such a good offer.

"Mm, naughty." Shelly blushed and looked at Peter shyly. As for Lisa, she almost hid under the table.

As Peter was entering the parking lot, he noticed that the BMW parked beside his motorcycle was struggling to get out of the parking space.

The driver seemed to be having a hard time manoeuvring with his motorcycle there.

Through the slightly tinted windows, Peter realized that inside it was Clair, Bella's secretary. Peter smirked. Instead of removing his motorcycle, he stood back, crossed his arms, and watched her struggle to

get out of the parking space.

Clair was losing her patience. 'Whose damn motorcycle is this? It occupies half of the space and it's parked too close to my car!'

Other drivers may find the feat pretty simple to do, but as a new driver, it was an unwelcome obstacle for Clair.

She went forward and backward several times, each attempt failing. 'AGGGH!' she said in her frustration. As she was about to get off the car to remove the motorcycle out of the way herself, she saw a guy walking towards her from the corner of her eye.

When she realized who he was, she got even more furious.

"What are you laughing at? Piss off or I swear I'll run

you over!" Clair yelled at Peter, rolling her eyes angrily.

Peter called her bluff. Instead of standing aside, he walked right behind her car. "Really, now? Here, I'm standing still. Do you think you can hit me?"

Clair was infuriated. How dare this bastard mock her and her driving skills!

"Asshole!" Out of anger Clair got off her car and kicked over Peter's old motorcycle. Then she backed her car and cursed, "Wait there if you have guts! I'll kill you!"

"What the fuck?" Peter jumped back, dismayed. "Why did you do that? My motorcycle was parked correctly! You need to pay for that or whatever. This isn't over!"

He shouted as he ran to his motorcycle to inspect if

there was significant damage.

"I wondered who the asshole owner of the motorcycle was. Had I known it was you, I would have given it more kicks!" Clair replied.

Clair smirked, gloating. Snorting condescendingly, she zoomed away with her BMW, leaving Peter behind.

"Hey! Stop!" Peter jumped on his motorcycle and started to go after her.

Nobody knew how many times his vehicle had been resold. There was no way he'd be able to catch up to a BMW. Clair was already gone by the time he got out of the parking lot.

"This isn't over, I swear, " Peter murmured, disappointed.

"You're crazy, Peter!" Shelly and Lisa said in disbelief. "You said you were driving, but we didn't expect you meant this... thing." They remarked, looking at his shabby motorcycle.

"Yeah, isn't it cool? It cost me 250! It's energy saving and congestion-free!" Peter spoke as if he didn't have an old motorcycle, but a Lamborghini. He was very proud.

"Uhh..."

Shelly and Lisa exchanged glances, unable to comment anything.

"Well if you don't want to ride my motorcycle, then fine. I guess I'll go now." he said losing his patience. He felt disappointed that they looked down on his motorcycle.

"No, wait, of course, we'll ride."

Shelly immediately said, climbing behind Peter. Lisa hesitated but decided to sit behind Shelly as well.

The vehicle felt like it was only meant for two riders. Three made it feel very crowded. Even though the two girls were slim, they struggled to fit.

Shelly already had almost her full upper body resting on Peter's back, which made her blush despite her usual sass.

"Hold tight." Peter smiled, feeling her body heat on his back.

"Ouch!" Shelly cried, holding on to Peter tightly.

The sight of Peter carrying two girls in his motorcycle

sparked envy in every person they passed, Especially the ones who drove cars. They would have wanted to run him over and invite the two beautiful girls into their cars.

With Shelly navigating, Peter sped through the highway and smoothly maneuvered around the cars in traffic. They arrived at a posh and expensive-looking restaurant.

"Woah. You don't have to treat me to somewhere that expensive, Shelly. I'd be happy with some grilled food at the side of the road." Peter frowned, intimidated at the sight.

The girls were very young. Peter was sure they didn't have too much money on them yet.

If they dined here, he was sure they'd spend 1, 000 at a minimum. If they went to the sidewalk vendors,

instead, 100 would already be more than enough for the three of them.

Shelly appreciated Peter's concern for their money. As she was about to say something in response, she was cut off by an offensive remark.

"Stop pretending to be rich, beggar. You don't belong here! Shame on you! I hate people like you!"

A beer-bellied, middle-aged man with a face too wrinkled for his age, appeared in front of them. Following him was an overdressed, but plain-looking woman.

He sneered at Peter and diverted his gaze to Shelly and Lisa, smiling. "Hello, pretty ladies. May I have the honor of joining you for dinner? Feel free to order anything you like. I can surely afford it."

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