

MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

Chapter 18 Someone Is Killing

Peter had actually been paying attention to these guys for a long time. Ever since they showed up, they kept on peeking sideways at him every now and then. Obviously, they weren't here to eat; instead, they were here for him.

On top of all that, although they had disguised themselves as ordinary hooligans, Peter could easily tell that they were not just some street gangsters. He could sense that these guys were far more dangerous than they looked. Most likely, they were guys that had killed before.

"Hey sexy lady, how much for a night?" A young man, who looked like the leader of the group, drunkenly asked. His attention had been locked on Shelly and Lisa this whole time as if he was going to swallow them up.

The guys behind him were laughing loudly, all of them surrounding Peter and the two girls, whether intentionally or unintentionally.

Lisa was a well-behaved girl. She had never been in such a tricky situation before. She was so scared that her face turned pale; she hid behind Peter immediately.

Shelly was much braver than Lisa. It was probably because Peter was with them. She didn't show any signs of being frightened at all.

"You asshole, take your money and go the fuck home to your mommy!" With dauntless courage and Peter's presence, Shelly screamed, grabbed an empty bottle from the table, and slammed it on the young man's head.

They had only wanted to have a nice, quiet dinner with Peter, but things had just been going awry. They had already drawn two bunches of thugs in one night.

Unfortunately, Shelly looked stronger than she actually was. Indeed, she was very fast but not fast enough to hit the young man's head.

Blocking the hit from Shelly, the young man whipped his hand through the air and flicked Shelly's soft and fair hand aside. The bottle flew away from them and dropped on the ground, shattering to pieces.

"What a hot chick! I love hot chicks. This should be fun, " The young man said as he licked his lips in thirst. Instead of getting mad at Shelly, he became more impudent.

Shelly ground her teeth and pouted. She could feel her cheeks flush with anger. However, she could not

do anything but to turn to Peter.

With a scornful face, the young man suddenly laughed when he saw Shelly turn to Peter for help. He yelled at Peter, "Hey, little boy. I'm interested in these two girls, so you'd better get out of here right now, or I'll kick your ass."

Peter hesitated for a second, and then he turned away without saying a word.

His reaction made the young man's jaw drop. That wasn't what he had expected. In an ideal situation, Peter should have been mad at him, therefore giving him a chance to hit Peter. After all, he had disrespected the girls in public.

To walk away from the circle, Peter told the guys blocking his way, "Excuse me, bro."

"Excuse me?" The young guys were dazed at first, but then they broke into a laugh. They were here for Peter. How could they let him go?

The group of thugs didn't expect that the man that Mr. Gao had asked them to deal with was a coward. Since they found out that he was a wimp, they came up with a plan to humiliate him, instead.

One of the young guys smirked, lifted one of his legs, and rested it on the stool next to him. He, then, pointed at the gap between his legs and said, "Go under and crawl through like a dog. Then, I'll let you leave."

"Yeah, yeah, go under, or we won't allow you to leave!"

"Damn it, why hadn't I thought of that? I have to record it with my phone. Who knows? It might go

viral."

The rest of the men were laughing hysterically. One of them even spat on the floor, pointed at the glob of saliva, and said, "In addition to crawling through, you have to lick that and clean it like a dog!"

"Yes! Lick the floor clean!"

"Hahaha!"

The laughs and noises these young guys made had attracted many people's attention. Some of them observed from far away, waiting to see what was going to happen next.

Looking at Peter and his friends who were surrounded by the hoodlums, they felt very sorry for the girls.

However, the spectators didn't feel sorry for Peter.

They thought that he was so cheeky and ostentatious to have brought two hot girls to dinner. He deserved this bad luck.

The owner of the barbecue stall was scared, so he hid himself, avoiding the situation. He had no guts to stop the farce. All he could do was pick up his mobile phone and call the police.

"Bo.. boss. This is not right. Please let me off, okay?" Peter bit his teeth and begged. He looked extremely frightened.

"Bullshit! Kneel down quick and lick it. Now!" One of the young men rolled his eyes and jumped up immediately. He faced Peter and patted one of his hands on poor Peter's face, wanting to slap him.

Ouch!

All of a sudden, Peter screamed and ducked to the side. As he did so, he stretched out his right leg quickly and gave the young rascal a wild kick in the ankle.

Inertia, coupled with Peter's kick, made the young rascal fall to the floor facedown. He uttered a piercing scream after his nose banged on the floor.

Coincidentally, the moment he opened his mouth to scream, the spit on the floor happened to have gotten into his mouth.

All of the onlookers were surprised at the sight of it. They couldn't help but feel sick; some of them even began vomiting.

The companions of the young rascal were all in a daze, too.

Their friend hadn't even touched Peter, yet. Why did

Peter scream? Also, how did their friend suddenly crash to the ground? It was all so weird.

Peter was evidently too fast, so they didn't see him kicking their friend's ankle.

"Hey bro, why were you so careless? This was your fault. I didn't do anything. You can't blame me for it."

Peter was still pretending to be scared. He yelled innocently and acted flustered at the same time. In a panic, he accidentally knocked down a table, which made all the leftovers fly to the other young men.

"Fuck you. You are asking for it!"

"I will kill you!"

Looking at all the greasy stains on their bodies, the young men became furious. They yelled blindly and

rushed at Peter.

"Ahhh, help! They want to kill us! Somebody, call the police!" At the sight of the angry men, Peter screamed again and again in fear. Out of self-defense, he grabbed some bamboo skewers on the table and began to throw away.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Whether it was coincidence or not, the bamboo skewers that Peter had thrown happened to pierce three of the men's faces. What's worse, each of them had several skewers on their faces.

These bamboo skewers were knife-edged, so they were very sharp. As a result, the faces of these men were violently marred by the bamboo skewers.

They put their faces into their hands and kept

screaming. However, the blood from their faces could be seen dripping through their fingers.

In the blink of an eye, four men out of six had already been attacked. The remaining two men seemed to have noticed that there was something wrong. Peter was not a wimp at all.

At this moment, Peter started shouting again, "Oh now, why are you all falling to the ground? Oh! And what's wrong with your faces? Why are there so many holes on them? Ahhh! They're bleeding, too."

The three men who had been punctured by the bamboo skewers stared at Peter's innocent expression and flew into a rage. They would rush to him and smash him into pieces if it were not for the continual bleeding on their faces.

"You do have it in you, kid. We were barking at the

wrong tree, " One of the remaining two men gloomily said with clouded faces. They suddenly turned sober and became serious.

They locked their eyes at Peter. The feelings of hate and the desire to kill him all rose to the surface.

Even though the people around didn't know that the young men had intentions of killing Peter, they still feel uncomfortable and, therefore, decided to stay away from the situation.

It looked like the two men were very dangerous and unstoppable like mad dogs.

Upon seeing that there were only two men left, Peter turned from seemingly weak boy into a strong, confident man as if he didn't know that these men wanted to kill him.

He stretched out his finger and pointed at them, shouting aggressively, "I'm telling you, I know kung fu. You'd better run right now if you are smart. Otherwise, I won't go easy on you!"

"Oh, really? Then, I will teach you a le--" Before the young man finished speaking, Peter had already lifted the stool beside him and slammed it down to the man's head. He was so fast that the man had no time to react.

With a bang, the young man rolled his eyes and flopped heavily onto the ground, passing out before he was able to scream out.

And now, there was only one man standing.

The man glared at Peter angrily, but his legs were trembling.

That son of a bitch had been pretending to be weak all this time!

The speed of Peter lifting the stool was so fast that he only saw what had happened afterward. He didn't even have time to react.

"Do you want to teach me a lesson, too?" Peter looked at the last young man and smirked.

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