

MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

Chapter 2 The Girl He Met In The Bar

On reflex, Peter managed to grab the attacker's weapon hand and slap him with his free hand.

The man failed to dodge, getting his face bloody and teeth knocked out.

In his rage, Peter charged and started to throw the man punch after punch until his face was red and swollen all over.

PA PA PA PA PA!

Peter punched and kicked with all his strength.

He thought about everything that happened today — his breakup, his failure to find a job —and put them all in his fists. He felt no remorse for the troublemaker.

"You're lucky this time. The next time you cause trouble again, I swear I'll kill you. Go!" Peter said, dismissing the young man.

Realizing his defeat, the man retreated holding on to his battered face. He didn't even dare grab his motorcycle as he ran away. He shot Peter a vengeful look. 'You'll pay for this, ' he thought.

Peter ignored him. If he had the balls to come take revenge, Peter would show no mercy!

Peter felt good about the skirmish. It was a much-needed release of all the tension he felt for the day. As he was about to leave, he heard Elaine falling down from behind him.

Peter quickly turned to keep her from falling.

"Are you OK?" Peter asked as he held her. He felt his

heart beat faster when he felt her skin against his. Her beauty was tempting.

"My foot is sprained." Elaine replied, feeling embarrassed. Her face turned hot as she felt his touch.

In slow, careful steps, Peter held Elaine as they walked to a nearby restaurant.

Peter couldn't help but feel a little lighter with Elaine's gentle touch and sweet scent.

Meanwhile, Elaine's face grew hotter and redder with their proximity.

The people in the restaurant shot curious glances at the sight of the couple entering, especially with Elaine's uniform. Their eyes followed the new guests as they walked to find a table.

Peter helped Elaine to her seat, took his own, and breathed a big sigh of relief.

He surely enjoyed the fight, but inside, he knew that it did get a little out of hand. The adrenaline felt good, but it wasn't enough to erase the pain and frustration inside him.

"Please give me a bowl of your most expensive noodles, with additional meat." Peter said to the waiter.

HAHA.

The people around them started exchanging smirks and mocking glances.

They felt bad for Elaine thinking that her cheapskate boyfriend took her on a date to this low-end

restaurant, while she was clearly a woman of class.

"Sorry I couldn't take you somewhere nicer. I've been having trouble finding a job. I'm kind of running out of money." Peter confessed, ignoring the murmurs. He really had no money and he didn't pretend to be a rich man.

"It's OK. I'll pay," Elaine said, growing more and more curious about Peter.

He could have taken advantage of her while they were walking if he wanted to. She would have been too weak to fight back. Still, he didn't. Also, he was genuine and honest about his situation.

She preferred this kind of man over rich hypocrites.

Suddenly, she had an idea. [L] [SEP] "You mentioned you were having trouble finding a job? You're fast and

strong, and our company needs a bodyguard. Why don't you try applying in our company?"

"What? Really? Sure, of course!" Peter replied excitedly.

Peter had been trying to find a job the whole week. He never knew how difficult it was to find one until he experienced it himself. He even considered taking a job in the construction site —moving bricks and carrying cement —just because it was the only job he could find where they didn't need an extensive educational background.

Naturally, it was impossible for him to not be excited about th

e opportunity Elaine mentioned. He would choose security work over construction, any day, except that even security guards were required to have college

degrees. This immediately disqualified Peter, to his disappointment.

"Alright, then. Find me at the Personal Section of Silverland Group on the tenth floor, at ten o'clock, sharp. Tell the receptionist you have an appointment with me. I'll be the one to make arrangements. Don't be late."

Elaine was afraid he would refuse her again the way he did when she invited him to get dinner. Now that he agreed, Elaine made sure he wouldn't back out.

"Okay, I won't. Thank you! Thank you so much!" Peter became even more excited as the idea sunk in. He knew that this was a really great opportunity.

Although Peter has only been back to A city for a week, he has already heard of the reputation of Silverland Group.

They were one of the ten biggest companies and best employers in the city; even security guards were well-paid.

It was difficult to land a security job, though. Apart from having a college degree, a recommendation from company management was a requirement. It would be a true honor to be part of Silverland Group's security roster.

They exchanged contact information after the meal before going their separate ways. [L] [SEP] "Don't be late, okay?", Elaine reminded. [L] [SEP] "I won't!" he promised.

Peter looked for a place to celebrate the highlight of his job hunt.

He decided to go to a bar called Sunny. Guests flowed in as the crowd of young people danced to the

heavy metal music in the background.

The women in the bar wore clothes that revealed long legs, ample bosoms, sexy backs, and shapely bodies. The air was steamy, in more ways than one.

College students and corporate employees frequented the place.

The carefree youngsters, sophisticated professionals, and enchanting women made Sunny a great go-to whether you're looking for a place to chill, or to let loose.

Beer in hand, Peter watched the attractive girls on the dance floor, from a seat at the corner. He felt good. This was the first time he got to relax since he arrived at the city.

"Hey, is this seat taken?" He heard a cool voice ask.

Turning to ask the speaker to find a seat somewhere else, he froze as he found an exceptionally beautiful girl looking back at him.

She's probably around twenty-three or twenty-four. She didn't look like she was wearing makeup, but she still looked extremely beautiful

with her clean, sharp eyebrows, full lips and pretty nose.

Her black mesh dress was modest, compared to all the other girls in the bar.

It didn't show much skin, but it didn't fail to show off her perfect figure, Small waist, and long legs, either.

Elaine, to Peter, was a goddess. While her beauty was definitely breathtaking, it would still be possible to get her attention with enough effort. This girl, though,

was a fairy: completely and surely unattainable.

It made him wonder what she's doing in this stuffy bar.

Without waiting for him to respond, the girl took the empty seat from across the table, grabbed the nearest beer, and began to drink. She paid no notice of Peter's shock.

He found it difficult to reconcile the sight of the drunkard in front of him, with the dainty fairy he imagined her to be.

Also, the price of the beer was thirty-eight dollars!

He felt extremely distressed.

One bottle...

Two bottles...

Three bottles...

Four bottles... 'When is this girl gonna stop?!'

As if on cue, the girl carelessly put down her last bottle of beer, dropped her head on her arms, rested them on the table, and began to cry. [L] [SEP] Peter sat, dumbstruck.

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