

MIGHTY SK 231

Chapter 231 Infertility

"Men, let us gather our energy tonight. The enemy will be coming for us soon." "He's already killed over two hundred people including the elderly and children."

"He's even raped and pillaged the women of their village."

"Even the dead were not able to escape his cruelty."

"What a jerk! He's such a scumbag! He should be executed the minute he steps in here!"

The eight prison officers discussed in hushed whispers as they observed Peter.

They all started to question his intentions. 'He doesn't look like an ordinary man! He sure looks handsome. Why'd he do that? He doesn't look like a pervert at all.'

Suddenly, a sound of chains shackling resonated in the room.

They looked at Peter immediately.

Peter walked to the door of the jail room and beamed at them. "Man, I'm a little hungry. Can I have some food around here?"

"Food? No! Stay hungry!" one of the officers screamed at Peter.

'You're a jackass! You don't even deserve to be fed!' He had every intention to make Peter feel like he was in hell. 'He better rot to death in there, ' they all thought in unison.

"Come on, I'm really hungry. I can smell the pot-roast you're having over there! Can't I have some of that?" Peter tried to plead, but his sinister tone betrayed him. He looked at the officers with an evil smile. "Just a tiny bite? I'll pay all of you back when I get out. You should know: I'm a rich man!"

"Get out?" The officer sneered at Peter's audacity, wondering where he found the guts to even bribe them. 'Are you fucking kidding me? You've killed so many people! You are a murderer and rapist! I'll make sure you won't get out of jail.'

"Man, are you sweating? You don't look too good! I can see that you're starting to get a little sallow there. Your cheeks look a little sunken too. You are feeling tired all the time? Go see a doctor! If you don't go to hospital, your cock wouldn't be able to function like it normally does. That's pretty big trouble!"

Peter teased.

The officer was speechless after his little tirade, his mouth hanging open from shock.

It was his largest secret! Even his best friend didn't know anything about that. How could someone like Peter

were. Peter looked at the other officers.

"Hey, all of you. Come over. Let's have dinner together. Settle down. I'm handcuffed, remember? I wouldn't be able to escape even if I wanted to. Come!"

Peter said as he started biting the chicken leg.

They were speechless from his obnoxious attitude. 'What a damn bastard! You're stuck in jail! 'Why does he keep acting like he's on a damn vacation?' they thought.

The second officer asked, "Hey. You told me I am infertile. Were you telling the truth?" Peter scoffed.

He took the other chicken leg and bit from it calmly. The officers refused to lower their guns.

"You've already had children. You don't need to ask that," Peter replied with a smile.

"I... I was lying. My wife couldn't get pregnant," the officer replied, embarrassed. He looked down at his feet, afraid of his colleagues' judging glances.

"She's not pregnant?" Peter beamed. "Then you should be happy. At least you know she didn't cheat on you."

The officer balled his hand into a fist, but said nothing.

Jerome Zhang came back with a handful of needles and splayed them on the table where Peter sat.

Peter slowly picked one of the needles as he chewed his food. He looked at Jerome Zhang with a grin, before stabbing the needle into his body.

The other officers was all shocked. After they came to their senses, they started to panic.

'This son of a bitch! What is he doing?' 'Is he trying to kill him?'

Chapter 232 The First Night

Jerome was completely stunned from Peter's abrupt action.

He thought Peter would have had to make some preparations at first, but on the contrary, Peter acted without even the slightest hesitation.

Peter's move was so fast that Jerome didn't even realize that there was already a needle right under his belly.

Shock came first, then a twinge of pain, followed by a surge of heat. However, once Jerome started to get used to the intrusion, he suddenly felt a surprising comfort.

But just as he was getting used to it, Peter quickly pulled the needle back out of him.

"Hey! What are you doing!

Don't move!

We will shoot you!"

the policemen exclaimed anxiously. They were simply in awe of Peter's quick hands that they started to scramble. They didn't know what to do to contain Peter, and he was simply just moving out of his own volition.

"Why are you being so damn noisy? Can't you see I'm curing him? Jeez!" Peter barked, annoyed. He reached for the liquor bottle on the table, gulped one down, and turned to look at Jerome.

"You're all cured now, but remember to practice moderation. Less masturbation, and less Viagra. Eat more nutritious meals. You don't want the trouble to come back, do you?"

Jerome, after a few minutes of silence and shock, started to grin. "T-Thank you! You're a lifesaver!"

He was sure to find some time to watch a "movie" later that night. He wanted to see if he could get an erection again.

The other policemen were all genuinely surprised to see how excited Jerome was.

Peter merely stabbed him with a pin. Without an actual consummation, how could he be so sure that he had recovered already? What a sight to behold!

The two of them looked like they ran a two-man stand-up comedy show. If only they hadn't known Jerome for years.

"C-Could you help me, too?" Doug Zhang, who was infertile, realized that Peter could also cure his disease. He lowered his weapon and looked at Peter beseechingly.

Having problems on his cock and being infertile spelt great humiliation for men.

"Get me some more food, then I can help you later! I'm not even asking for too much. Just ten hamburgers, ten chicken rolls, and an iced cola would be good enough."

Peter said monotonously.

"O-Okay. No problem. I'll get them for you right now." Doug Zhang left without hesitating. He had completely forgot he was still on duty.

Thirty minutes later, Peter was surrounded by the policemen, all guns lowered, all listening intently.

"Bro, could you tell if there's any problem with me?"

"I always want to sleep more these days. Is there any problem with that?"

"Could you help me? I feel like I'm

ng at Bright sullenly.

Robin saw Peter as a thorn in his flesh. He would never give up until he pulled him all the way out. He would try just about anything to stop Peter's release, or to have him killed in the prison.

He was quite confident of his arrangements. Peter was sure to die in his hands. Bright Yi was supposed to be there to ensure that Peter remained dead.

Bright Yi, one of the local tyrants of Golden City, wasn't someone to underestimate, after all.

"Okay. Don't worry, Mr. Song. I have everything under control. Peter wouldn't be able to see tomorrow's sunrise!" Bright Yi said energetically.

He never took Peter seriously. Peter was something so insignificant to him that he resembled a small ant that could easily be trampled if Bright Yi felt like it.

This was a win-win situation. Killing Peter would also be a good chance to ride on Robin's coattails. He could make sure that his contribution now could fruit into a good investment the next time around.

Robin laughed. "Good. Great! Let's drink a toast for the coming good news. Cheers!"

"Cheers!"

At the North City Prison

Peter was absolutely oblivious to all the persons that mentioned his name that night. He was sleeping so deeply.

Outside his cell, only four policemen remained watching at night, while the other four were bent over the table, sound asleep.

Suddenly, a wisp of smoke flowed in. The four that were awake suddenly started to feel sleepy and groggy. They yawned as they shook their heads, eyes slowly closing. Eventually they collapsed onto the cold cement floor.

Afterwards, a shadow wrapped in a black robe ran past them.

He didn't spare a glance at the eight unconscious policemen, but darted until he was right in front of Peter's cell door.

Chapter 233 Exercise Outside

The man in black didn't enter the room right away. Instead, he stood by the door and blew smoke into the cell. The smoke was drugged. Anyone who inhaled it was sure to fall asleep immediately.

He waited. Seeing that Peter did not seem to budge, he decided it was safe to come in.

Creak.

He opened the door and went to Peter quietly.

ZZZZ...

ZZZZ...

Peter snored, oblivious to the impending danger.

The man grinned.

He didn't expect to finish the task so easily.

'People say that he is a skilled fighter. I beg to disagree. This is easier than I thought. This man isn't as strong as they say he is.'

The man took out a sharp knife and immediately drove it into Peter's chest.

It was a sharp shove.

However, in a few seconds, his expression changed.

Fingers clamped his knife, stopping his attack.

Somehow, Peter managed to turn back and react.

The man panicked as he tried to drive the knife down harder. To his surprise, he could not budge. It felt

impossible to push his knife down.

It felt immovable despite his best efforts.

He poured in all his strength but the feat remained impossible.

"What are you doing? You're having trouble wounding me, aren't you? Are you surprised?" Peter asked, grinning.

The man's expression changed dramatically when he heard Peter's voice.

He threw a punch at him reflexively.

He was determined to kill Peter and he knew that he had a clear advantage because Peter was cuffed.

"Why didn't you answer my question? Are you mad?" Peter said calmly as he threw the knife up.

As soon as it flew up, Peter grabbed it and threw it at the man.

Swoosh!

The knife tore through the air and wounded the man's fist.

He screamed as his hand bled.

"Go to hell!" he yelled in pain. Then, he jumped up and raised his right leg, ready to give Peter a hard kick.

Peter sneered. He took the knife back and with all his strength, threw it towards the man's body.

As soon as the man saw the weapon, he redirected his kick towards it, forcing it away.

Peter turned over and jumped off the bed to avoid the man's impending attack. Then he looked at him with disdain and laughed.

"Do you work for Robin? Did he tell you how skilled I am? Even Ronald is no match for m

ere about to teach you a lesson. If you get into trouble, you can run towards the officers. No one would dare beat you up in front of the officers.

Here're the keys for your handcuffs and shackles. Open them if you need to. Also, here's a knife. Be careful and protect yourself."

Then, he returned to his regular monitoring, quickly turning his back against Peter.

"No, thank you. I don't need that," Peter said.

He was deeply moved by Jerome's concern. He was aware that if anyone found out, Jerome would be punished.

He returned the keys and the knife. He felt like he didn't need them. Peter was confident that he could handle himself. He also didn't want to risk getting Jerome in trouble.

"Peter, we will escort you out, but we will have to leave you after since we'll be given orders,"

said the other officers as they went up to Peter.

Although they knew that there was a trap outside, they could do nothing to help Peter.

"Thank you very much. Don't worry. I'll be fine. Let's go." Peter smiled at them reassuringly as he followed them out.

Outside prison was a spacious place. A platform stood in the middle where leaders stayed. There was also a small stage where prisoners would do their performances.

Shows were sometimes arranged here to entertain the prisoners.

Prison officers stood at the area's perimeter holding guns. They were tasked to maintain order.

When Peter showed up followed by the eight prison officers, a large number of prisoners gathered.

Chapter 234 Black Bear and Blaze Ji In The Prison

Heads turned as soon as Peter showed up.

The prisoners looked at Peter

like a pack of hungry wild animals staring at their prey.

Their fearsome glance was enough to intimidate an ordinary guy.

The eight prison guards grasped their weapons firmly as sweat ran down their foreheads. They glanced around in an attempt to look threatening to the criminals.

The last thing they wanted was for the prisoners to charge at Peter and come at him at all costs. That would spell a lot of trouble.

Peter continued to walk solemnly and at a leisurely pace. His face showed no signs of distress.

His gaze candidly swept through his surroundings, casually glancing both sides.

There were more than a hundred prisoners to the left, but an air of superiority radiated from a seemingly ordinary middle-aged man. He was Blaze Ji, a gay man that dominated the cells on the south side of the prison.

About the same number of prisoners stood at the other side. They were led by a vicious bald man, Black Bear. He reigned over the cells on the north side.

When he met his gaze, Blaze Ji gave Peter a seemingly demure smile. His eyes, though, blazed with a fire that was impossible to ignore.

Black Bear just raised his middle finger as he grinned when Peter's eyes landed on him.

Peter made his way through the groups of prisoners with a serious expression on his face.

Neither Black Bear nor Blaze Ji scared him. What concerned him more were the men behind them blending in with the prisoners.

Despite their flawless disguise, Peter felt their unusual strength.

"It looks like Robin really put in a lot of money to kill me. This is getting interesting," Peter murmured. Escorted by the eight prison guards, Peter sat on a corner, closed his eyes, and started to rest.

The eight prison guards stood like iron towers. They watched over Peter and glanced sharply at their surroundings.

It would look like they were making sure that he did not escape but in reality, they were protecting him.

In their presence, neither Black Bear nor Blaze Ji would dare attack him.

They played with ideas on how to go about their end goal but eventually backed down for the time being.

There was no need to hurry. The timing was not yet right.

Prisoners continued to flock in until the square was almost full.

Crowds of prisoners gathered together.

Thud!

A loud voice from the sound system got everyo

As he saw the two criminals approaching, Peter beat at his handcuffs and did everything he could to remove them.

He succeeded and turned it into a weapon.

As if he were wielding a nunchaku, he waved the shackles above his head in anticipation of his approaching opponents.

Clank! Clank!

In two strokes, the two criminals were sent

flying back towards the other prisoners, as if they were hit by massive sports cars.

This shocked Black Bear and Blaze Ji.

Peter's easy escape from the handcuffs was something that they did not expect!

Moreover, he just threw out two men that weighed about two hundred kilos as if they were ragdolls. What incredible strength did this man possess?

"Everone! Kill him!" Black Bear boomed.

"Kill him!" Blaze Ji's instruction followed.

Both leaders did not hesitate to give the order anymore.

They only had ten minutes to accomplish their mission. Else, they would fail.

They initially thought that with Peter's hands tied, the mission was a piece of cake.

With the odds changing, they could not afford to waste time anymore.

The prisoners set their sights on killing Peter as their leaders said the words.

One by one, they rushed at him madly like rabid animals.

The murderous looks on their faces were terrifying!

Their grunts made it easy to imagine hell.

Over two hundred criminals came charging at Peter. What an unspeakably terrifying sight!

The other prisoners in the vicinity watched in horror.

There was going to be a riot. A real one!

Possibly even the biggest riot in the history of North City Prison!

Chapter 235 A Solo Fight With A Group Of Felons

Peter felt overwhelmed.

He was faced with more than two hundred prisoners who were once prominent fighters in the world of crime.

Peter had to back off a little when they started to come together.

"Fuck you!"

Peter shouted as he fled from the shackles delivering a nasty kick.

He hit a man squarely on the chest and sent him flying back like a sandbag, knocking down dozens of men behind him.

Then, Peter hit another man's head which made him fall unconscious before jolting away as fast as he could.

Blocking his escape, though, a huge number of prisoners were running right at him.

Peter took a weapon from his waist. It was the weapon of the man that tried to assassinate him the night before! Peter held it and started stabbing at the prisoners who were unfortunate enough to be at close proximity.

Nobody expected Peter to have a weapon.

Blood splashed and screams of pain filled the air as three men felt their chests cut open.

The group behind him kept approaching wielding large wooden sticks as their weapons.

Peter did not plan to waste more time. He charged and incapacitated two prisoners at the front lines and proceeded to run away.

He left a bloody path behind him but he had no choice.

This was the most dangerous situation he had ever been in, even when he was still the Soldier King.

"Kill him! Don't let him escape! Whoever gets to hurt him will get a carton of cigarettes! Whoever gets to kill him will have cigarettes and wine every day!"

Black Bear and Blaze shouted madly as they saw Peter running away. They didn't expect Peter to be able to escape!

In prison, wine and cigarettes were difficult to get. Access to those every day was considered a luxury.

Hearing about the reward, the prisoners became even more determined to catch Peter.

After committing unpardonable crimes, they knew that they had no chance of ever getting out of prison. Killing did not daunt them.

"Fuck you! Son of a bitch! Wine and cigarettes? Why don't you just give them women? You want to kill me? In you

They stood still, unsure of what to do.

After five minutes, Black Bear and Blaze started to get anxious.

If they failed to kill Peter in the next five minutes, they would fail the mission completely.

The hitmen who hid among the prisoners were disappointed.

They intended to stay hidden, but it looked like the two prison leaders were not capable of killing Peter themselves.

The hitmen came out of hiding and sprang after Peter.

They surpassed the crowds of prisoners as they ran.

Peter grinned.

They finally took action.

He avoided being surrounded to avoid the hidden hitmen's expert attacks. Now that he could see them out in the open, it would be easier for him to finish them together.

Peter slowed as he formulated his plan.

In a few seconds, he was surrounded by the six men.

They stared at Peter and watched his every move. Their eyes blazed with fury.

Peter was strong and they did not make the mistake of underestimating him. They were ready to go all out.

Peter felt their anger and it invigorated him.

For the longest time, he had not been able to face opponents as reputable as them. It sent his heart racing.

In arrogance, Peter pointed two fingers at them.

"Come on. Losers!

Fight me together! Don't disappoint me!" he said.

Boom!

Peter's words were explosive. It felt like a bomb just went off.

Chapter 236 A Riot On The Ground

Six men attacked Peter without thinking twice.

They were all known to be dangerous killers in the crime world.

Peter was ready. He responded with his own attack as soon as he was surrounded.

He could tell that the men had been working together for a long time.

Quickly, the battle ensued.

The six men were very coordinated and they worked effectively as a team.

'Clearly, they know what they are doing, ' Peter realized.

He gravely underestimated them.

Their performance shocked him.

'I have to do something!

If they retreat, the two hundred prisoners will surround me and put me in danger!' he thought to himself.

This was a risk that he could not afford.

He wanted so badly to teach these men a lesson.

Distress turned to rage when Peter caught himself having thoughts of cowardice.

"Son of a bitch! Go to hell!" he screamed.

A man at the front attacked, but Peter quickly deflected and returned an attack of his own.

Grinning, the man moved aside as his companion, right on queue, proceeded to throw a subsequent attack at Peter.

Then, all at the same time, the six men started to close in on him.

They wanted Peter to surrender

but he did just the opposite.

He thrashed and resisted even harder.

This stunned the men. They did not expect Peter to react that way.

'What is this guy doing? Is he crazy? Does he want to die?' one of the men thought.

This made him feel scared. Ignoring the hesitation, he felt from his gut. The young man charged at Peter as his companions, likewise, fought with even more intensity.

They were determined to kill Peter. Frankly, they could not care less about their partners. Fulfilling the mission was paramount.

A few minutes into the skirmish, Peter grinned as everything came together in his his anger, Peter kicked them hard, knocking them out one after the other.

As for Black Bear and Blaze, it was a nightmare. Unable to move, the other prisoners' bodies piled on top of them.

Their weight pressed down on the two incapacitated prison leaders as they lay helplessly on the ground.

They screamed but there was nothing else that they could do. Chaos was everywhere.

Peter took it all in with satisfaction. Then, he grabbed the sticks that the other prisoners used as weapons and charged at his remaining foes.

In panic, the prisoners struggled to stand up

but to no avail. They screamed in pain as Peter's blows were thrown at them.

Black Bear and Blaze lay under the pile of their fallen comrades. No one knew if they were still alive or not.

Finally, Peter smiled admiring his work. He then turned back and walked towards the two skilled men.

They both knew what Peter was about to do. Instead of begging for mercy, they attacked.

Peter grinned.

He picked up one of the heavy sticks around him and proceeded to charge at them as well.

Suddenly, a loud cracking sound boomed from the skies.

They were guns. And then, silence. Everyone was stunned.

Chapter 237 Frantic Gunfire

"Kill him! Kill him, I say!"

"Go on!"

"He's trying to make a fool out of us. We have to kill him!"

The warning sounds of gunshots did not frighten the criminals, but instead it only fueled their anger more.

Some of them ran over to where Peter was, eyes flashing red from fury.

They couldn't stand the thought that they were under Peter's control.

Suddenly, the square was filled with the sound of shouting. There was a loud barrage of gunshots and heavy footsteps resonating in the area.

The square was in utter chaos!

Everything was in shambles.

Peter looked on coldly, ignoring the incoming criminals, as he grabbed the barstool beside him with one hand and hurled it towards two young men with all his might.

Bang! Bang!

The two men flew from his sheer force. He grabbed one of them mid-air, shifted his grip on his collar and undershirt, and threw him towards a group of criminals.

The two men weighed well over four hundred pounds! The men nearly broke their bones from the contact.

"Kill me, you say? I will show you guys how weak you really are!" Peter laughed. He refused to back down. He coolly walked to the side, picking up two parts of the broken stool from the ground. He turned to face the criminals ahead of him.

He was growing tired of this routine.

If these people were intent on killing him, he was going to kill them first.

The prison guards and civilians were all dumbfounded by the events unfolding in front of them.

Was he out of his mind to just rush towards two hundred people?

There was no time left to think. Peter gripped onto the metal rods from the stool and rushed towards the criminals in an instant.

Blood splattered all over the concrete floor.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Several clashing sounds resonated inside the prison as the criminals flew from the blast, blood spurting out from their mouths and noses. What followed afterwards was the gruelling sounds of pain.

Peter turned his head to dodge the attacks of the prisoners. He swung the chair leg with his right hand. When he turned his wrist, several prisoners were sent flying. The rod broke itself into two from the impact.

"He's unarmed now. Let's go and kill him!!!"

The prisoners had been frightened of Peter's valiant

ckly. He roared from frustration and pulled the trigger once more. "Fuck, you're still running, huh? I'll kill you!"

Ping!

Shots were fired consecutively; all targeted at Peter.

Peter dodged the attack. He was boiling from sheer anger. The flames of his anger in his heart soared.

He could have never imagined that this prisoner would be so crazy to even kill a prison guard and steal his gun?

No matter how angry he was, he had no other choice but to hide.

The prisoner was out of his mind. The bullets sounded like a loud clap of thunder, pressuring him so hard that he wasn't able to fight back.

A couple of prison guards tried to subdue him. He slid his hands by their waists and gripped their weapons from their sides. He used this momentum to kick the guards away from him.

Everything was in utter chaos.

Countless prisoners were starting to run away.

Then came five fierce men from the shadows, with spears equipped in their hands. As they ran after Peter, they took their guns and fired at him as well.

It was clear that they were all Robin's men, who were under orders to kill Peter.

As Peter looked at the fallen prisoners and prison guards, with all their blood spread out surrounding him, his rage seemed to boil even more.

These people were too arrogant and lawless for this world.

He ran in zigzag, dodging the bullets quickly while thinking of a countermeasure.

He had to have a plan soon. He wouldn't be able to survive if he didn't think of one quickly.

Chapter 238 A Dilemma

Sounds of screams and gunshots filled the air as several prisoners met their doom in the midst of the chaos.

Peter stayed calm, dodging bullets left and right.

"Son of a bitch! Do you think you can escape? Let's see how many bullets you can dodge!"

the men with the guns shouted angrily as they continued shooting and accelerated their pace to catch

him.

The commotion took too much attention already. The authorities must be on their way. Once they arrived, killing Peter would be close to impossible.

As expected, an orderly sound of footsteps introduced a large group of prison guards. They stared at the five shooters grimly and pointed their guns at them.

Their leader, the warden, shouted furiously, "Stop! All of you! What is going on there? Are you planning a rebellion?"

He looked around at the mess of blood and bodies. He trembled with rage.

The five men stood frozen when the prison guards arrived. But in a few seconds, they made a decision that made all hell break loose.

"Kill them!" the leader among the shooters shouted at his men.

In a split second, two of the shooters had their guns held against the prison guards as the other three resumed shooting at Peter.

They were determined to kill Peter even at the expense of risking their own lives.

The warden was infuriated. He lowered his body and dodged as he commanded the guards to shoot them.

'Are they insane?

They are severely outnumbered! These troublemakers have a death wish!' thought the warden.

The shooting was brutal. Several guards died as their skulls and heads were shot open. Some were shot so badly they were hardly recognizable.

The five shooters also found themselves in a precarious situation. While two were able to find a safe place to hide, the three were not as lucky. They were taken down only a few minutes into the skirmish.

"Stay back! Don't come any closer! Otherwise, I'll shoot!" one man threatened to the warden.

"You're in trouble too. I know you will be punished if more people die on your watch. If you don't want this to get worse, have your

Peter is not a criminal,"

said one man. "Yes, he was set up. He is an innocent man!" another man added.

They knew that helping Peter would offend the warden but they could not find it in themselves to do otherwise.

Even though they were prison guards, they were also public servants. True to their police badges, it was their responsibility to speak up for the truth.

Peter's demeanor, in addition to Jerome and his men's good words, was something that the warden did not expect.

He was too angry to say a word. What were they doing? They were challenging his authority!

He glared at Peter hatefully. "Listen up! I don't care why you are here or whether or not you are innocent! As long as you are jailed in this prison, you must behave yourself and obey me!

I will spare you now. But if you dare to do it again, I will shoot you myself! I promise!"

the warden said as he pointed his gun at Peter's head.

He couldn't permit anyone to challenge his authority. What was even more troublesome with the chaos was that he would need to have everything cleaned up. All because of this guy, Peter! This was why he hated him so much.

Peter's face turned cold as he faced the cold metal gun.

Slowly, he grabbed the barrel and brought it up to his temple. "Go, do it," Peter said.

The warden was stunned and his expression turned sullen. He found himself in a dilemma.

Chapter 239 A Trap

"Peter, relax! What are you doing? The warden won't shoot you," one of the men said.

"Yeah, he's kidding. Don't take it too seriously," another confirmed.

Jerome and his companions hurriedly calmed Peter down and removed his hand from the gun.

What he did was not safe. A small accident could have ended his life.

"Hmmm," the warden sighed with relief when Peter put his hand down. He groaned and then took his weapon away

before taking his leave. 'This guy is crazy. I might be disgraced if I stay here any longer, ' he thought.

"Son of a bitch!" Peter muttered with disdain as he followed Jerome and the others to his cell.

The turbulence ended for now.

Soon, it was breakfast time. Peter followed Jerome and the others to the cafeteria.

Upon seeing Peter, the prisoners backed up. They did not stand on his way.

Even the prisoners on queue stepped aside as they feigned a smile.

"Peter, you first, you first," they offered.

Peter looked at them, embarrassed. 'Do I look like a bad guy? I don't intend to cut in front of anyone in line, ' Peter thought.

The prisoners insisted, though. They refused to eat until Peter had taken his meal. Peter scratched his head. Despite his apprehension, he conceded.

He then found a table and sat down after getting his meal. Immediately, the people around it dispersed. It seemed that no one wanted to take up space in his close proximity.

'Am I that horrible? Why do people seem to hate me so much?' Peter thought but said nothing. He wanted badly to look at himself in the mirror. 'What the hell have I become?'

After dinner, Peter left with Jerome.

Then, three prison guards arrived and approached.

"We need to talk to Peter alone. Do you mind?" One of the prison guards stepped forward and said to Jerome.

"Uh," Jerome opened his mouth awkwardly. He did not know what to say. What the guards asked for was obviously against the rules but he also feared that declining would be suspicious. Besides, who knew what they would do to Peter?

Just as Jerome was about to respond, Peter replied for him. "Sure, let's go," he said.

Peter was tired of the suspense. He wanted to see what these men wanted to do to him and get it over with.

"Be careful," Jerome said behind gritted teeth when

'I'll go,' Peter said. As he said this, he quietly took a needle out with his left hand and pricked the prison guard.

He let out a soft cry and immediately, the gun fell out from his hand.

"What have you done? How dare you attack a policeman?" the other two guards shouted. Their eyes widened and they took out their own guns quickly, ready to pull the trigger at Peter.

"Oh, I didn't do anything." Peter hurried to raise his hands in panic. The moment he did, the two prison guards fell down without warning.

"Someone is trying to escape! He attacked policemen!" Just then, the warden rushed in with a group of guards.

Seeing this, Peter immediately grabbed the bodies of the two prison guards. He pretended to be supporting them but he was actually hiding behind them.

"Something bad happened. These prison guards had a stroke. Send them to the hospital at once," Peter immediately said when he saw the warden.

The warden and the guards were at a loss. Peter then found that among them were Amelia and Dora.

Seeing them made him feel relieved.

The warden, however, was fuming with rage. "How dare you try to escape! How dare you attack my men! You are really provoking the police force, aren't you?"

he accused.

Peter was near the back door and had a gun on his hand. Two policemen lay at his feet and one was injured.

The evidence against him was too strong. The warden was sure that there was nothing he could do to get out of this now.

'Even Amelia would not be able to protect him!'

Chapter 240 Discharged From Prison

"Challenging police authorities? Breaking out of prison? Attacking men in uniform? Those are serious and unfounded accusations," Peter chuckled. "I have questions for you. First, when did you see me challenge police authorities? Second, when did you see me break out of prison? Last, when did you see me attack men in uniform?"

Please cut the bullshit. You obviously do not know what you're talking about. Besides, I am not a criminal, so you'd better watch your mouth!"

Peter said as he glared at him.

The warden filled with rage. He pointed at Peter with his whole body trembling.

"I don't know what I'm talking about? How dare you! Well then, tell me, why are you not in your room? What are you doing here? If you were not planning to attack my men, why do you have a gun? What are they doing lying on the ground right now?"

We all know what you were planning to do. Not even your inside backers can help you get your way!"

It was obvious that the warden was implying that Amelia was Peter's source of insider help.

Amelia said nothing but looked at them coldly.

Peter laughed. "Get my way? Are you kidding me?"

You say I have a gun with me. Are you referring to this?" Peter said as he lifted the gun and pointed it at the warden.

The warden's expression changed

and so did those of the other police officers. The surrounding officers took their guns out and pointed them at Peter. "What do you think you're doing? Drop your weapon!"

Even Amelia looked nervous. 'What is this bastard doing? He can't kill the warden right now!' she thought.

Then, Peter pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The warden fell to the ground as he covered his head with his hands. He was so scared that he almost wet himself!

'Son of a bitch! How dare he shoot at me in front of so many people!' he thought to himself.

Suddenly, he felt odd. Why didn't it hurt? He also realized that the gunshot sound was quite unusual.

Slowly looking up, he saw the stun

! What a waste!"

he roared angrily as he broke everything he could in the room.

Peter was acquitted and was able to leave North City Prison unscathed! Robin felt so humiliated.

He knew a lot of powerful men and they all helped him keep tabs on Peter, and yet, they were outsmarted again.

"Relax, Mr. Song. Peter is nothing. He comes from nothing and he is still nothing. I can kill him."

A soothing voice coming from the bed seemed to calm his nerves. A woman pulled herself up to sit.

She was naked and her porcelain skin was fully exposed.

Her red lips oozed with sensuality and her eyes were like black holes that devoured anyone's soul if you looked at them too deeply.

It was clear that she was a dangerous woman.

"Thank you, Heidi. I feel so mad and humiliated. This guy just keeps outsmarting me,"

Robin said as he embraced her. This made him feel so much better.

Heidy was one of the Song family's guests. One look would confirm that she had a reputation of being a femme fatale.

She was forty but she looked twenty years younger.

It seemed as if she never aged ever since she arrived at the Song family's manor a dozen of years ago.

It was said that Heidi was once the most well-known assassin in the city. But that was a long time ago and many had forgotten her.