

## MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

### Chapter 27 Lady Killers

Elaine's mind went blank.

Peter ran to catch her the moment he saw her accidentally falling backward.

Elaine tried to move as she was tangled in Peter's arms, but he was too strong.

"Shouldn't you loosen your grip now?" She said, annoyed.

Peter loosened his grip at once. It was hard to tell if he was willing to let her go. He felt her soft body as she stood up.

Elaine glared at Peter. She couldn't decide whether she wanted to thank him or scold him, But she also knew it wasn't his fault. He was only trying to help.

She couldn't find it in herself to thank him either because she felt like he touched her inappropriately. She was not an easy woman.

"Uh, Elaine, I think I'd better go. Sorry I can't stay for dinner." Peter stood up quickly and left in a flash.

As he was about to go out of the door, he looked back and said, "Don't worry, I'm not upset. I fully understand where you're coming from."

Elaine felt embarrassed by what she heard. Thinking on her feet, she grabbed the first thing she could from the sofa and threw it at Peter.

Peter caught immediately with his quick reflexes. "Elaine, if I failed to catch this, it would have been broken and you'd have had to buy another one. I will bring this with me and return it tomorrow to make sure it's safe."

He wasn't done talking when he realized what he was holding — a pink piece of lingerie.

Elaine realized that too. She couldn't believe she just threw him a piece of her underwear! This couldn't get more embarrassing! He was actually holding her dirty underwear and was going to return it at work!

Elaine was totally blushed for what just happened.

On the other side, Peter felt weird holding such a sensitive piece of garment, especially Elaine's. He couldn't help looking at the small piece of garment once in a while as he went on his way home.

After grabbing a bite, Peter went to the barbecue store to get his scooter.

"Help!"

Peter suddenly heard a cry as he was passing through a small lane.

'Someone needs my help, ' Peter thought as he tried to follow where the voice came from without hesitation.

"Let go of those girls, or you'll answer to me!" Peter shouted as he rounded up the corner.

He hasn't finished when he froze.

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"Shout as much as you can, no one will hear you here."

"Stupid fucker! Who do you think you are, trying to molest me! We'll beat the crap out of you! You'll pay

for this!"

"Slap, slap, slap, slap."

Gathered around a man were three women with short skirts and heavy makeup. They were throwing him one slap after another.

The man was only wearing his underwear and was kneeling down, screaming, and calling for help. He was clearly the underdog in this situation.

Peter couldn't believe his eyes.

The three women turned to Peter when they heard him speak.

"I... I saw nothing. You can continue what you're doing now. I'm gonna go." Peter said, forcing a smile and quickly running away.

"Hey! Stop!" The woman in the middle called out, while Peter kept running.

"I'm not stupid! I'm not doing as you say, you three bitches are crazy! I don't wanna end up like that man!"

With that, Peter disappeared into the clearing. To his surprise, another set of scantily clad women appeared.

They almost looked naked with what they were wearing. They stood in a line, forming a wall as they moved closer.

Peter was in despair. "Ladies, I was just passing by. Please let me go. I'm a breadwinner in the family. I have elderly parents who need me, and I have a baby to raise."

"Is that so? How about I give you a chance to earn money, then?" The woman in the middle said provocatively, Licking her lips and pulling her collar down. Peter's mouth almost dropped seeing her majestic breasts.

"What do you mean?" Her body was truly distracting, so Peter tried hard to stay calm. "I'm not going to sell my body."

The woman laughed. "Relax. I'm not asking you to have sex with me, or to sell your body."

"Are you sure?" Peter asked, skeptic.

"Of course, " she said as she drew nearer. "All I want is..." Pak! In a flash, she lifted her leg towards Peter's groin.

She knew how to fight! She must know! She's

probably even an expert!

There was absolutely no way to anticipate her attack. It was so fast and so strong!

Even an expert wouldn't be able to block that, let alone common people.

No one would have expected that a creature as beautiful as she was capable of such.

Had Peter been hit on the groin, it would have made his capability to procreate close to none.

"Ohhh!" Peter screamed, dodging the attack quickly. He drew his body back and grabbed on to her legs.

He caught it and held it tightly. With his other hand, he made a fist and punched.



"Bang!"

It hit her groin.

"Ouch!" The woman screamed. Her face twisted in pain.

"Aghhh!" Peter also screamed and drew back quickly.  
"I'm sorry, I didn't intend to hurt you! It was an accident!"

The other five women ignored him and charged.

They turned from sexy to fierce as they all drew knives.

Crash!

Five blades were brought down, stabbing at Peter.

One was to his chest, the other four, to his legs.

He was in big danger! They were all around him.

They must be used to fighting together; their synergy was amazing.

Peter knew he needed to be careful.

He had a feeling they'd be violent, but he didn't expect them to be skilled.

Peter tried to twist his body to set himself free. He made it with a spin kick though it seemed impossible.

After landing on the ground, he gathered all his might and threw a heavy slap at the three women in front of him.

Slap, slap, slap!

The three women fell to the ground and screamed from the pain.

It was unbearable.

Slap, slap!

He did the same thing to the other two and they ended up in the same way as their companions.

In an instant, all six women were beaten up — one leaning against the wall, and the other five lying on the ground. They were furious and embarrassed.

"You're lucky I'm rusty. If you met me a few years ago, you'd be dead by now."

"I don't care about what happened and who hired you. I just want you all to leave and I never want to see

you again.

I'll let you go now, but if you dare attack me again, you'll get no mercy!"

Peter swore.

He sounded like a king with his authority.

The women trembled in fear.

Peter was gone the moment they were able to gather their senses.

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'This is the third time you tried to kill me, Alfred, ' Peter muttered to himself, 'No more Mr. Nice Guy. It's time for me to fight back'. Peter rode his scooter, planning his revenge.

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