

MIGHTY SK 271

Chapter 271 I Will Kill You All

"Sir, I'm sorry, but this is the Silverland Group. We don't accept walk-ins." Thomas was blocked by a security as he neared the entrance.

"I'm looking for Peter, director of the Security Department. Is he here?" Thomas asked coldly.

"Sorry, sir but he's not available right now," the security guard answered politely.

"Well, what about Bella, Shelly, Lisa, Elaine and Clair? Are they here?" Thomas asked.

For some reason, the security could tell that something wasn't right, "I'm sorry, sir but I can't help you with that. If you want, you can give them a call yourself, sir."

"Wow, isn't that just great?" Thomas commented sarcastically and without missing a beat, he raised his fist and slammed it across the security guard's face.

It was so quick that the security guard wasn't able to respond. The next thing he knew he was on the floor, spitting blood out of his mouth.

They had already caught the attention of passers-by including several other security guards. They circled on them right away.

Harvey Xie, the lead of the security guards, didn't expect this at all.

"Who are you? And what do you want with the Silverland Group?" Harvey Xie shouted at Thomas as he gestured for his other men to call for an ambulance.

"I could tell you but then I'd have to kill you first," Thomas said slyly as he charged towards him.

"Not if I kill you first!" Harvey Xie roared as he dashed toward Thomas too.

Harvey Xie was strong and had been trained by the best, Liam.

However, he was still no match for Thomas.

Thomas swung his leg and aimed it right at his chest.

Harvey Xie flew into the air as speckles of blood came spewing out of his mouth.

'This man is strong! Even stronger than Liam!'

Harvey Xie couldn't believe it.

Thomas ruthlessly charged towards the rest of the security guards.

Within seconds, all of the security guards were on the ground, flailing and groaning; arms and legs broken. It was like a massacre.

'He's strong and merciless!' Harvey Xie thought to himself.

He was fuming but he

r two employees, that puzzled Bella to some extent.

They were so new here! They'd only been working here for two days! Not even a week!

'I don't understand what's going on. Why are they doing this? How could they be so loyal already? Were they sent by the Song family?'

Bella slightly shivered at the thought of that. She looked so sullen and exhausted from all the worrying she'd been doing.

'The Song family's so powerful! Why are they doing this? What do they have against me? What did I do to them?'

Bella's mind buzzed with these questions because she didn't have any answers to them. Suddenly, the door to her office flew open followed by Thomas stepping inside.

On the street in Golden City

A Hummer was speeding through the road.

Pedestrians jumped to the side, scared for their lives.

The Hummer was practically just flying by making the drivers nervous too—it was going way too fast.

The sound of the tires screeching on the streets was a loud sound that rung into everyone's hears. It was going so fast that it left black trail marks everywhere it passed through.

Peter, who was driving the car, was seeing red—he was seething.

"The Song family and Robin Song, this is between me and you. If something bad happened to Bella, I will never let you go! I will kill you all!" Peter roared as he slammed his feet on the gas pedal.

Chapter 272 An Old Thug

At the Silverland Group

Bella's heart skipped a beat when she saw Thomas coming over.

She was watching him in the CCTV as he made his way up here. He even beat up a couple of guards because they wouldn't let him in. Thomas was so strong that she could never put up a fight against him. Even Liam was no match for him.

"Wow! What a sight to behold! Beautiful girls left and right, what a lovely surprise!" His spiny eyes gleaming as he sized them up, an evil smile breaking into his face.

"You're perfect! Women really are lovely. Now, take off your clothes," he demanded.

"What did you just say?" Bella couldn't believe her ears. Her expression turned stoney at once. "I'd much rather be dead. You make us sick. Don't you ever talk about us that way again," she spat back.

She hadn't expected Thomas to be this deranged to even ask them to take their clothes off. What a disgusting dog!

Clair's face paled; she was appalled at Thomas.

Only the two new staff had remained calm by this point.

"I make you sick, you said? You don't want to take your clothes off? Then let me help you!" Thomas started to walk towards them, an evil smile on his face.

He was going towards Clair, not Bella.

"Don't you dare!" Clair muttered, panicked. She didn't expect that she'd be his target.

That was his plan all along, Clair realized. He made it seem like he was going for Bella so Clair would relax a bit and just when she was getting complacent, he would catch her off guard. A disgusting pig indeed!

Clair felt like vomiting when she looked at his old, ugly face. Was he really going to strip her naked? Was he really going to touch her? She'd rather die than feel his slimy fingers on her skin.

Soon, Thomas had closed in on Clair. His grimy hands were tugging at her dress.

Clair was frozen in anger and shock.

Thomas actually meant what he said—he really was going to strip her naked and Clair knew she couldn't do anything about it. What a pig! What could she do?

She wanted nothing to do with him. She didn't want to see him, touch him, or be near him. But he was too fast for her.

Clair just watched in fear as he reached for her dress but he paused just as his finger was about to touch her dress.

Before Clair even knew what was happening, someone had kicked Thomas in the gut.

Bang!

"Ouch!"

Thomas was nowhere near Clair now and one of the new staff had screamed and stepped backwards.

"Thea, are you okay?" Clair was concerned so she rushed to her.

Thomas' cocky demeanor vanished. He licked hi

e and protected.

This disgusting pig had broken into their office and caused a ruckus. He assaulted the Silverland Group employees and it had to be put to a stop right away! Liam, in fact, felt responsible for all of this because this was his job. He also felt like he betrayed Peter's trust for allowing all of this to happen under his watch.

Seething, Liam didn't hold back at all as he attacked Thomas.

Who the hell was this grimy, old pig threatening him and Silverland group? He was going to put this pig in his place.

His fists were clenched so tightly that the knuckles had turned white. Nonetheless, it showed how powerful and strong he was.

But they were both strong and quick.

Thomas was provoked when he sensed the attack coming from behind him.

Without missing a beat, Thomas landed a fist of his own on Liam.

As far as Thomas was concerned, no one in the Silverland Group or even the entire Golden City stood a chance against him, except for Peter. Who the hell was this guy? Liam was a nobody to him.

Boom!

Grunts and bangs could be heard as they fought one another.

Liam was sent three steps backward.

While Thomas was knocked down and it took a while for him to find his footing.

He scowled at Liam, his eyes beady and evil, his mouth twisted into a sly smile.

Suddenly, it was like a wave of anger had surged over him.

Never had he dreamed that he would ever get to taste someone else's fist in his own mouth. All because he was just a bit careless.

He was fuming.

He was going to avenge himself soon.

"I'm going to kill you!" he bellowed. It was like he had just bared his fangs as he pounced on Liam showing no signs of holding back.

Chapter 273 I Am Peter

It wasn't difficult to conclude that Thomas was a dangerous man. In fact, they were absolutely scared now.

'My god! That man is too strong! He's like a demon!' Bella thought to herself.

Liam had to be more careful and take him seriously. He had checked the monitoring video earlier when Thomas attacked the security guards. He was violent and cruel!

Even though Thomas was on another level of skill, Liam was very determined to fight him. He couldn't back out now because then, so many other people would be in danger.

Liam charged at Thomas with his fists clenched tightly.

In Liam's mind, he saw this as a battle field and Thomas would be his opponent.

'One of us isn't coming out alive here and it won't be me, ' Liam thought to himself.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The fight began!

Although Thomas was much older, he was still stronger! People couldn't believe their eyes.

It became evident just a few moments later that Liam was no match for him. Thomas found an opening and sent Liam flying through the air with a strong kick.

Liam had already been hurt before but this hard kick that he just took from Thomas might send back into injury.

The desk was completely destroyed. As he flew into the air, he spat out blood from his mouth. He landed on Bella's desk.

"I have to admit, you have some talent but I don't care. I'm going to kill you!" said Thomas. This didn't intimidate Thomas one bit. Instead, he just kept walking towards where Liam had landed—Bella's desk.

Liam sent him into a somersault earlier and that was way too much humiliation for Thomas to take, so nothing could stop him from going full-on beast on Liam today. He didn't have an ounce of mercy in his body and he was very determined to kill Liam.

"Stop!"

Suddenly, a group of security guards barged into the room. They charged at Thomas with a silicone roller.

They had been with Liam earlier. But since Liam was the strongest of them all, they decided to send Liam in first to face Thomas.

Thomas just slapped the roller away and scowled at them.

He grimaced as he eyed the security guards.

"The security guards of Silverland Group? I was planned to head for your department next but now that you're here, I guess I have to just kill you here!"

He charged towards the security guards as soon as he finished speaking.

He thought he could

Peter glared at Thomas as if he was just seeing him as raw, dead meat.

Peter stretched out his right leg as he neared Thomas. In an instant, Peter was full on attacking him.

Thomas defended himself rightfully so with his own set of attacks.

Even though he was a bit taken aback by Peter, he was still not the least bit scared.

Peter kept his optimum focus as he fought Thomas but inside, he was snickering. 'He is skilled! But he's

nothing compared to that young man with the sword!

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

In a split second, they were fighting one another vehemently.

Crack!

That was the sound of Thomas's leg breaking! But Peter still wasn't done. He kicked Thomas square in the chest and sent him flying into the air.

The look on Thomas' face transformed—he couldn't believe what was happening..

He was actually beaten to a pulp in just a few seconds! And not only that, Peter also broke his leg!

And still, Peter wasn't done! When Thomas was flying into the air, Peter pounced at him.

Peter beat him up and by the time Thomas landed on the floor; he sent a kick in his crotch as his grand finale.

Bang!

As Thomas lay on the floor, he spat blood out of his mouth and groaned in pain.

"Are you gonna for it? Kill me? For good? How dare you!" Thomas shouted. His eyes were almost red from anger as he threatened Peter, "I'm never going to forget this! I'm going to kill everyone you know! Your family, friends, everyone!"

"Kill you? No, I'm not going to kill you. It's over, you bastard. You can't hurt anyone from now on."

Chapter 274 Blood For Blood

As Peter was talking, he rushed towards Thomas, trampling on his broken limbs and puncturing him with his needles.

"Ouch! What are you doing to me?" Thomas' face contorted due to the unbearable pain, with so much sweat running down.

It was just so painful!

There was no way he would be able to endure this!

The excruciating pain made him feel like death would be a much better option, an easier escape.

Paying him no heed, Peter was in such a hurry to get to the injured security guards in order to begin

applying acupuncture for them as soon as possible.

The security guards, hired by Silverland Group, were hurt while they were doing their job in order to protect their company. Leaving any one of them alone was never an option.

It took quite some time, but thanks to the acupuncture, most of them were able to slowly come to their feet.

Even though they were still too weak to fight, they, at the very least, had the strength to walk on their own.

They all couldn't help but stare at Peter with great awe and respect.

In the past, all they knew was that Peter was a strong fighter. Nobody had a clue that he was also such a skillful doctor.

With their limbs in agonizing pain from being broken, all of them were crippled during the fight. Even the best of doctors might say there was no hope left for them if they had been sent to the hospital instead.

However, after receiving the meticulous acupuncture, their broken limbs were suddenly healed and they could move again. What happened? Was it some sort of magic?

Thomas was also left dumbfounded. It was as if his eyes were playing tricks on him. There was no way to surely tell if all of it was really happening.

Being the one who injured all of those security guards, he had a very clear idea how critical of a condition they were supposed to be in, but now, it almost seemed like they were left unscathed! It was simply not possible at all!

A sudden chill went running down his spine.

The realization suddenly came to him that he severely underestimated Peter, and so did the Song family.

"Sorry, guys. All of you were injured because of the Silverland Group. But I want you to know that the blood you had shed will not be in vain. Everyone who got involved today will be rewarded and compensated with a hundred thousand.

From this day forward, the salary of the Security Department employees will get doubled. What's more, you need to know that I can heal you no matter how badly you are injured for as long as you don't actually die. All you have to do is persevere. You can rest assured that I'd be there to save you.

In the future, if any assholes or bastards like him dare to challenge us, there's no need to think twice. You can just beat them! Beat them as hard as you can! There would be no reason to have any concern

because I will be the one to take all the responsibilities!"

Peter's words excited everyone, and this seemed to have lifted everyone's spirit.

Doubled salary and 100,000 as compensation? It was something unthinkable! They were even so willing to die for it!

Of course, it was not just the money that seemed most enticing to them. What was so compelling was that Peter could save their lives for as long as they were still breathing. Now they were fearless! There was nothing that could stop them!

They were ga

r her to feel a bit better, he then proceeded to massage her thighs.

However, due to this, his embarrassment returned again. It was a bit difficult for him to focus.

And to make matters even worse for him, because of the fact that he got rid of the blood covering the skin, her body could be closely seen. It was now in plain view.

While Peter was massaging her, Dolly felt like there was an unfamiliar feeling coming into her, which almost made her let out a soft moan. Luckily though, she was able to hold it in.

Her face was so hot as if she was on fire. Who knew how she would be able to face Peter after all of this.

Peter tried his best to put his other feelings aside and massaged her as efficiently as he could. After being done with the massage, he simply patted her and left.

"You are fine now,"

Peter softly said. From Dolly's perspective, the gentle voice made her feel like it came from a beautiful dream.

'Done so soon?' She felt at a loss somehow.

'Shit! What are you thinking? Do you want him to massage you a bit longer?' she thought to herself, embarrassed.

Carefully trying to move her legs, she realized they were not hurting any more. And upon looking up to check on Peter, she found out that he had already left. She sat up and slowly brought herself to her feet.

"Did the Song family send you here? They are not likely to end this now, right? Now I ask you, where can I find Robin Song?" Peter questioned Thomas as he stomped on his chest.

Thomas was already in so much pain at this point. The stomp caused him to let out an ear-piercing scream. He cried, "Why won't you just kill me? I beg you! Please just let me die! Give me a quick death!"

"Kill you? In your dreams! Still not willing to tell me where Robin is? That's fine with me. I have enough time to play with you!" Peter sneered as he put a bit more strength on his foot. There would be no end to this torture until he decided to talk or until his body gave in.

The Song family had already provoked Peter the moment they decided to come to Silverland Group.

He made up his mind to deal with the Song family, starting from Robin. Blood for Blood! There was no way he would just easily let something like this go.

Chapter 275 Flee In Disarray

In a luxuriously furnished room of the Prosperity Manor, Robin was lying in the bed, who still remained gloomy. An attractive young girl in a nurse's suit was serving him.

His position and stature among the society did not let him to stay in an ordinary hospital. After having received considerable medical treatment from the hospital, he had retreated to this place for rest.

An astounding number of esteemed doctors and nurses had been employed to treat him here. The treatment and care he received was no less than the one he got from the hospital.

"Peter, if you intend to meet Thomas, I don't think you will be alive when the sun rises tomorrow! After all the humiliation you inflicted upon me, it is only natural that you should expect me to return it a hundredfold. Not only will I kill you, I won't even let the people around you unhurt!"

Robin murmured coldly in a shivering voice with his hands pressing the nurse's head against his crotch.

The door bell rang abruptly.

A piercing noise of the doorbell affected the flow of his thoughts. He shifted the focus of his attention. The nurse, who had been absorbed into the nonstop threats she was hearing, looked up immediately.

Robin frowned as he looked at the door and noticed a subordinate walking in hastily.

"What's going on?" Robin was annoyed because he was being interrupted when the girl was giving him a blowjob.

"Robin, Mr. Gong was taken away by the police!" he blurted out hastily.

"What? What are you talking about? How can Mr. Gong be taken away by police just like that?" Robin gaped, as if he had swallowed an egg. He could not believe what he just heard.

What kind of person was Thomas? Considering his power and position, he was not someone who the

normal police could deal with. How could he be taken away by the police? It sounded as ridiculous as a pirate being taken away by a three-year-old child.

"Yes, according to the spy's letter, Mr. Gong was taken away by being accused of murder. His limbs seemed to have fractured."

Everyone around him listening to his briefing stood in utter silence. They were all stunned to their very cores. Thomas, as a vassal of Song family, was an influential and powerful figure. It appeared to be impossible that he failed in the Golden City. How powerful was Peter, indeed!

"His limbs were fractured?" Robin's lips twitched as he regained his composure.

"Has it alarmed the media? Have they begun raising questions regarding this unprecedented move? Take your men and split them into two groups. One group is to prevent the media from disclosing the matter

d straight ahead.

An ordinary white car was seen standing in the middle of the road, blocking his way. The scene was frightening as any. There was no one on either side of the street and the car seemed to be unoccupied. It was extremely strange considering the circumstances.

Robin raised his eyebrows into a perfect furrow. He wiped off a few drops of cold sweat. His heart rate began to rise.

He did not dare get out of the car. He ordered his subordinates to check on the car. "People in the cars of number 1 and 2, get out right now. Move this car away for me."

"People in car number 3 and 4, remain on standby. If any enemies appear, all of you need to confront them and keep the path open for us at all cost!"

Robin turned to the driver in his car as soon as he finished. "Once a clear path opens up for us, rush out at full speed. Don't get us killed!"

"Yes, Sir!" His subordinates followed his orders and began acting accordingly.

The eight sturdy men got out of the cars and ran to the white car parked in the middle of the street.

Simultaneously, Amelia, who was now at the police station of Golden City, also received a piece of news.

Thomas had died in the interrogation room.

His throat was slashed open, exactly the way the two killers had died last time.

Amelia shook her head in disbelief. She turned on the surveillance video. It was destroyed beforehand, yet again and there was nothing she could rely upon as an evidence.

Amelia felt her forehead develop wrinkles. What kind of person was he? He had such an incredible skill to kill people one after another in a police station.

This was the second time. It was unbelievable!

Suddenly, she noticed a pool of blood on Thomas' back.

Chapter 276 Robin's Death

In the black car, as Robin held the pistol in his hand, he eyed the people who were running towards the white car.

He was going to start firing once things went crazy—that would be the only way to ensure his safety.

His two other companions in the car also took out their guns in response.

These people were hired by the Song family to protect Robin so all of them had a license to use guns.

The people outside rushed right away to the white car.

They cautiously looked inside the car through the window and was a bit flummoxed when they found no one was inside.

Right on time, something happened.

Bang!

An explosive sound filled their ears!

The sky had reddened along with the fire spreading.

The white car exploded!

It all happened so quickly that they had no time to react. Before they knew it, they were being flung through the air.

Robin's eyes twitched as he watched everything unfold before him.

It was all so horrible!

How could Peter have predicted that he would choose this road and that he would send people out to watch the car? Not only that but Peter was also so exact and precise in his timing.

After all, he chose this expressway instead of the Capital-Golden City Expressway.

"Turn around now! Run!"

Robin yelled at the driver, panicked.

He wasn't stupid. He knew that Peter was behind all of this. He wasn't going to let himself be a victim of Peter's tactics.

But just a few moments after this, his face suddenly paled.

Suddenly, there was a figure holding a bag running towards Robin.

Even though the figure was well-disguised in black clothing, Robin knew very well that this figure was Peter and no one else.

Robin felt a chill run down his spine. His hands were shaking and his legs were wobbly—he was very frightened. He was going to let his driver run over Peter.

In one swift movement, Peter moved his hand as tons of nails littered the road.

Robin felt the blood drain from his face when he heard the clinking sound of the nails scattering on the road.

There was no turning back for him.

With a look of horror on his face, he picked up his gun and aimed at Peter. He commanded his men, "Guys, get out of the car and stop him! No matter what it t

his security guards died.

So he wasn't going to let Robin off that easily. He wanted to make sure Robin would be tortured before his death.

After Peter killed Robin, he didn't leave right away. Instead, he tried to kick some of the people who had passed out awake.

They almost fainted when they saw the dead body of Robin just laying on the ground.

It was difficult to look at how dismantled Robin's body was—Peter didn't leave room for even an ounce of mercy as he stabbed Robin to death. He might as well have gutted him.

Peter must have killed so many others before. A chill ran down the spine of one of these young men

when he thought of that.

"Do you know why I didn't kill you? I'm giving you a chance to save your life but it depends on you." Peter gazed at him emotionless as he spoke.

Without a second to waste, the young man dropped to his knees

and said, "I'll do anything you want. Just don't kill me."

He knew trying to attack Peter would be a fruitless cause. He didn't stand a chance against Peter and he certainly didn't want to risk running away either.

He wanted to live and that was it. He wasn't going to let anything get in the way of that.

"I'll let you go if you kill your companions yourself. Then after, stab Robin with this knife," Peter said coldly as he dropped the bayonet in front of the young man.

The young man's face turned white as a sheet.

Peter was going to make him his scapegoat!

He wanted to pin everything on him!

Chapter 277 Peter Had Guts

The man still couldn't do anything, though he knew that Peter was trying to make him his scapegoat.

Peter was far too strong and intimidating. He had no other choice but to agree to Peter's demands.

What was worse, Robin had been killed. Without Robin's protection, the fate of the rest of them weren't going to be anything spectacular.

These thoughts went through the young man's mind. He didn't hesitate any longer. He realized that he had to act now. He took a firm grip on the handle of the knife and turned to his unconscious companions.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Within a minute, the young man stabbed each of them several times. He confirmed their deaths repeatedly as though he was worried whether their ghosts would haunt him later.

Robin's body had also been discovered with three stab wounds. His death had been a disastrous tragedy by itself. If his ghost were still hovering around the area and saw what his man had done to him, he would probably revive in fury.

"Good. I was thinking of giving this opportunity to another person if you hadn't agreed. I'm glad you've seized the chance.

Clean up this mess as soon as possible if you don't want to be found by the Song family so soon. I'm leaving now. Oh, you know the consequence if the word goes out,"

Peter said casually, and left.

The young man also wished to leave this place as soon as possible, but he stood frozen, devoid of any emotions, after hearing Peter's words.

Now he realized that Peter not only had him framed, but also that he had cunningly used him to clean up this mess and run a risk of being wanted by the influential Song family.

If he did not dispose of the bodies as soon as possible, the Song family's able men would know at once that he was the only survivor.

Then, he would be hunted down and taken into custody regardless of their knowledge regarding who the murderer was.

If he didn't wish to die right now, he was bound to dispose off the bodies right now, so that the Song family remained ignorant about his existence.

This way, he could buy more time to plot an effective escape.

Peter was indeed a meticulous man!

He felt ashamed to be used up as cannon fodder by Peter, but what else could he do?

Everyone would get to know eventually that Peter was the real murderer who killed Robin. In fact, Peter didn't have to find a scapegoat for himself. He was using the young man merely to shame the Song family.

Thinking of this, the young man felt his blood freeze.

He had no idea what had made Peter an arch enemy of the Song family, but he did know that Peter had the capability to inflict great harm on them.

The young man gave a pause to the endless thoughts that seemed to run through his he

nce in one piece.

She knew the thing had spiraled beyond her control. Even if Thomas hadn't been killed in the police office, the Song family would not let Peter walk freely after Robbin's cold blooded murder.

It was absolutely impossible for Amelia to remain contend amidst the Song family alone.

In the Song family house, Max, the master of the Song family, also heard about the death of Robin. He dashed the teacup to the floor, fuming with rage.

He had immediately reckoned that it wasn't any car accident at all. It seemed too obvious to him that Peter had worked behind the curtains for it.

What a brutal murder he was!

How dare Peter kill a member of his Song family?

"You killed Thomas. Now you've killed my son. Do you think you can do whatever you want to the Song family? Peter Wang, I don't care about who you are or what your background is. I, Max Song, will not be the master of the Song family if I cannot murder you in retribution!"

Max roared. The hatred he gave rise to towards Peter spread to every member of the Song family.

Now that the police couldn't gather ample evidence to prove Peter was the killer, he would have to turn to the mafias.

He wanted Peter to understand that not everyone could afford to offend the Song family, and he who killed a member of the Song family would face serious adverse consequences.

On the other hand, Peter never cared about a possible reaction from the Song family. He had been well prepared to handle every situation after killing Robin.

If the Song family didn't trouble him, he would not trouble them as well. But if they did, he had made a very simple plan. Massacre them all and eliminate them from this world.

Now he had returned to the Golden City to go to the Silverland Group, but an unexpected phone call changed his mind.

Chapter 278 Open Challenges To Fight

"Audrey, what's going on?" Peter asked while attending the call, surprised.

"Peter, could you come to my school right now? There's something that I'd want you to do for me, if you will. Just come over here and I will tell you in detail." Her voice sounded anxious. He even detected a bit of rage somewhere in there.

"Ok, I will be right there. Just a minute." Peter agreed without hesitation.

She seldom called him. It was clear that something awful had happened to her which made her call him

in this anxious tone. If she were indeed in trouble, Peter didn't mind helping her out.

At the gate of Golden City University, Audrey stood and gazed around eagerly. She seemed visibly anxious as though she was waiting for someone.

Brimming with youth and enthusiasm, she wore an orange short-sleeved shirt as top, and denim shorts as bottoms.

Two good-looking girls who seemed to be Audrey's friends were standing along side her. Pretty as they were, it faded next to Audrey. They never stood a chance before a beauty like Audrey.

These three girls who were standing in front of the school gate attracted many young men's gaze and attention.

"Audrey, is the guy you called reliable? It would be a great dishonor for our school if he is defeated. On that occasion, even the people of H Country would be ridiculed."

"I don't know whether he can defeat them or not. But I am fairly sure that he is a good fighter. If there's anyone who will teach those guys a lesson they'll never forget, it's him." She paused and then continued, "It was unethical and nasty of them to challenge the martial arts club of our university in such a ridiculing and obscene manner. The most intolerable part is they even claimed that the martial arts had all originated from their country. How foolish and shameless!"

Hearing this, the other two girls gnashed their teeth in anger with a stern face.

Although they had heard about their brazenness and demeaning attitude earlier, it was the first time they were experiencing it in first person.

Recently a martial arts club from D Country had popped up and begun challenging every university in Golden City crazily. Spreading the false rumor that all martial arts had originally stemmed from their country, they claimed that their fighting technique was the best among the world and far superior to the ones being taught at the universities.

In fact, they could just beat them up swiftly and teach them a lesson helping them t
with everything.

He was a little bit irritated after he heard it.

'Those guys really need to have their butts kicked! I will have to show these idiots who the real creator of martial arts is!' he thought angrily.

At the center of the playground where those provocateurs set the arena was already full of people as they arrived there.

In fact people of all age groups and gender were flocked together here. It was so crowded that it was impossible to even stand without having someone push them.

There was a high arena setting in the center of the playground where two people were fighting with each other furiously.

One of them was wearing an ordinary dress whereas the other one wore a white sports suit. The latter seemed like a troublemaker.

There was an intense atmosphere in this place. The spectators cheered and gave their full support to their compatriot. Some were so invested in the match that their faces turned red with anger.

Although the compatriot was giving his best, Peter could easily make out that he was no match for the other guy.

Peter wanted him to win, but the truth was right in front of him. And he knew there was nothing he could do to help him.

Bang!

Just when he was lost in his thoughts, the compatriot was kicked right in the breast. His bones were broken with an audible cracking sound. The poor man fell down from the arena and vomited blood. It was a depressing scene to watch.

"Shit! We lose again!"

"Fuck them! I am so mad right now. I can't bear it anymore."

"I really wish to shoot them!"

After seeing the awful fall, the spectators broke into rage filled conversations.

Chapter 279 Lance and Wesley

"In my opinion, the martial arts techniques of H Country are rubbish. I'm invincible, losers.

Martial arts originated from D Country. Yours look so much like cheap knockoffs. Trust me, you do not want to fight me,"

Wesley Han said, mocking his opponents when he got the upper hand.

He then raised his middle finger to couple his trash talk, addressing the whole people of H Country.

"You fucking idiot! What are you talking about?"

Shut up, or we will kill you!

"Who do you think you are? How dare you!" people around Wesley Han shouted loudly.

His words infuriated them. They wanted so badly to beat him up.

Even the policemen had to control their temper as they were from H Country as well.

The last thing they wanted was for this little conflict to escalate into a diplomatic issue.

This kind of thing could definitely affect the relationship between the two countries.

"Hahaha! Your anger will not do anything. Only action can. If you feel angry, come at me. I'm waiting for you," Wesley Han continued, further provoking the crowd.

He looked around with testing eyes. "You are all weak! Cowards!

Is there anyone here brave enough to fight me? Anyone? Someone? No one? Weak shits! You're all pussies! Hahaha!" he boomed.

Anger boiled up in the people around the boxing ring.

They wanted to kill Wesley Han, but they knew they were no match for him.

It was an awful feeling that churned inside them. Despite being degraded and provoked, there was nothing they could do.

"Why is he so arrogant? I must do something," Peter said thoughtfully.

"What? Are you sure? Wesley Han is a very good martial artist. I heard a lot of things about him. In fact, I recorded his fights here on my phone. Would you need these?" Audrey asked Peter.

"As the saying goes, 'Know yourself and know the enemy.' I suggest you watch these to educate yourself about who yo

ey saw from Wesley Han stunned them.

Lance was shocked too.

Luckily, he managed to immediately move out of the way and landed a punch on Wesley Han's legs.

Boom! Pak! Swoosh!

The sound of skin against skin was the only noise that could be heard throughout the whole stadium. Lance was in pain. His chest was broken, and now, apparently also his fists.

He flew backward into the air, badly injured.

The moment he fell to the floor, Wesley Han kicked him hard.

PAK!

Lance started to bleed. Several broken bones followed his already-broken rib cage.

He screamed in pain as he lay on the floor. His face was grey and his eyes looked empty.

Lance cried. He was confused.

He could not understand what happened. Had he known that this would happen, he would not have volunteered to fight in the first place.

Lance shakily got to his feet and poured all his strength to stand up. Before he could, though, Wesley Han kicked him once again and stepped on his face.

"Crap! Loser! I've fought a lot of better fighters. At least they lasted two or three rounds. But you? A silver medalist? Hahahaha! Weakling! You make me laugh. Is this the real martial arts you wanted to show me?" Wesley Han mocked as his laugh echoed through the stadium.

Chapter 280 Peter Takes Up The Challenge

Lance originally intended to trample Wesley in front of thousands of students and compatriots, but he never thought he himself would be trampled instead.

He was angry that Wesley was able to embarrass him in front of so many people. Lance felt like he was wronged, but he couldn't say a word to defend himself.

What happened just now shocked the onlookers. All of them suddenly sank into deep, unrelenting silence.

Not more than a minute later, the crowd was in uproar.

"Lance, I've overestimated you. You're good-for-nothing!"

"And all this time we thought you were tough! Yuck! All this time we thought you were some scary goon. Turns out you're worth nothing!"

"It's a shame you're that easily defeated. You're not worthy to be our senior any longer."

Many students began to berate Lance severely. It was as if they forgot that they were his admirers first.

Hearing their insulting words, Peter was speechless. He decided to walk to the arena calmly to avoid making a scene.

Feeling worried, Audrey took Peter by the hand immediately and said, "I don't want you to accept the challenge. That guy is strong enough to cripple his opponents easily. In case you don't know..."

Audrey trailed off upon seeing that Peter seemed to look distracted. She honestly wanted Peter to teach the damn guy a lesson, but it wasn't worth risking him to get injured.

It wouldn't be so bad if Peter won the fight. If Peter lost, however, he would definitely be crippled under that man. She didn't want to see that happen.

"Handsome, Audrey's making some sense, you know. It's reasonable. I think it'd be better if you just look this one over. This isn't the time to play hero. This man is crude and hateful. You should know that we all want him dead, but you should remember who you're going up against."

"That's right. You'd better not bite off more than you can chew. There'll always be someone who can deal with those bastards in time."

Audrey's two classmates also began to persuade Peter to let it slide. After all, they had witnessed what this man was capable of. Even if they were furious, they didn't want Peter to risk his life.

Hearing what Audrey and her classmates said, Peter looked at them, eyes gentle and kind. Regardless of their concern, he calmly replied, "This guy can never match me. People like him should just lie down and die. Wait for me, I'll get this over with quickly. I'll treat him the same way he treated his victims.

If any name you want. You don't have to be called Wesley, you know.

Whatever your name is, you're still a shameless person. Ah, your grandfather's not good at naming people. He's given such a disgraceful name to you when it should have been for your mother. It seems that your dumb old grandfather wasn't wise enough."

Staying calm, Peter kept humiliating him abusively.

"Shut the fuck up!" Wesley became even more furious. It was the first time he had met an opponent like Peter.

Other opponents began a fight with him directly, but Peter insulted him so eloquently that he couldn't figure out how to deal with him.

Ignoring Wesley, Peter continued to hurl insults at him. "You're such a shameless bastard. You've got no right to interrupt me—no right until you find out who the fuck you are."

'For men such as Wesley, they don't just deserve to be beaten up. People like Wesley deserve to be humiliated first,' Peter thought.

"I'll fucking kill you!" Wesley could no longer suppress his anger. He charged at Peter at once.

He knew that he was no match for Peter if it ever came to a battle of words. If Peter continued to insult him, he would be extremely annoyed. He decided to prove himself by beating him up.

He intended to give Peter a hard kick and force him kneel down to beg for mercy, and then afterwards, to knock his teeth out one by one in order to stifle his arrogance.

This time, Wesley planned to kick more quickly and fiercely than he did with Lance earlier.

With his leg sweeping through the air, a trail of shadows formed and there was a strong, swishing sound. He was going to make Peter pay.