

MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

Chapter 29 Like A Toad Dreaming About Eating Swan Mea

Peter soon arrived at his destination, but continued to provoke the men running after him. "You idiots! I am home, come in if you dare to. Come! Come!"

Their loud breaths and heavy steps echoed through the night air.

Their struggle was very visible.

They were so mad at Peter that they had no time to notice where they were.

"Kill him!" Twenty people with their knives and guns, charged at the command of their leader.

They were about to finally catch up to him when a loud sound stupefied them all.

Suddenly, dozens of policemen appeared, the black muzzles of their guns pointed at them. There were so many of them that there was no way to flee.

The twenty men looked at each other realizing the amount of trouble they were in. All this time, they've been chasing Peter on his way to the police station!

The policemen were fuming with anger. How dare these troublemakers chase this man down with illegal weapons right to their station! Was this a joke?

This was absolutely insulting!

They would not tolerate this mockery!

Peter laughed loudly.

"You... you tricked us!" The gang leader yelled in rage.

"Shut up!" The policemen were red with anger. "Arrest these troublemakers and put them behind bars! Arrest all of them!"

"Yes, sir!" The officers rushed at the hoodlums at their chief's direct orders.

"Hey, buddy, I'm a victim! I'm innocent! I came here so I could seek your help." Peter pleaded at the two policemen who proceeded to arrest him.

"Bros?"

The two police officers were offended. 'How dare he call us in such a casual way? He should call us Sir,' the policemen thought.

The head of the police force glared at Peter. "Get him too! He might be one of them. We'll investigate them

together!"

"Wait!" Peter quickly took out his phone. "I'm calling Richard Xing! I'll report what you're doing to me!"

Richard Xing?

The two young policemen froze at the mention of their Director.

"You know our director?"

One of the police officers recognized Peter before he could answer.

How could it be him?'

He couldn't help shuddering and rushing to his superior.

The head of the force felt cold when his subordinate finished whispering something to his ear. He rushed to Peter's side with a smile.

"Mr. Wang, it's you! Sorry for talking to you like that! I'm sure you understand, it's been a rough day. I wouldn't have done that if I knew it was you, "

He said, putting his hand on his chest to show sincerity.

'Ah, Peter Wang! He has a strong connection with Mayor Xie and almost had Director Xing lose his job. Be sure to remember his face! Don't squint in the future!' he reminded himself.

When Peter was brought to the South Branch police station, it angered Director Xie, causing troubles, not just to the South Branch, but to the Golden City Bureau as a whole. It was fortunate that Mayor Xie

decided not to press charges, otherwise Director Xing could have lost his job.

"It's okay, it's okay," Peter said, putting his phone back in his pocket. He didn't really have Richard's number. He was actually just bluffing.

"Please investigate this matter well. I have children and parents to care for, I can't afford to be killed and mugged in the streets.

I could've died if I weren't a fast runner. These people look seasoned. I'm pretty sure it's not the first time they tried to do this. I won't be surprised if they've already killed some people."

Peter began to accuse.

The arrested men looked at him angrily when they heard this, but they couldn't do anything to retaliate.

Dammit. This was so ironic. It was as if they stole a chicken only to find out that the rice is stale, or kicking a stone away while skinning their ankles.

It was already past ten o'clock when Peter left the police station, taking a cab to the Alfred Club.

He remembered a saying, "Don't let the same thing happen thrice." This was the fourth time; he'd look like a shrinking turtle if he didn't fight back.

Alfred Club, despite not being the top club, was still one of the most high-end ones in the city.

Several luxury cars lined its gates. Mercedes-Benz, BMW, Ferrari, Porsche, and even a Rolls-Royce Phantom were part of the entourage.

Peter got off a cab at the side of the road.

"Shit. Of all the places rich men blow their cash at, they just have to give it to Alfred." Peter mumbled, determined to break into the door unceremoniously.

"Peter, Peter! Come here!" A voice suddenly called after him. Not far from where he was standing, a beautiful woman in a red shirt and tight-fitting short shorts waved at him.

Her jet black hair fell behind her exposed back. Her pretty face was smooth. She had full breasts and two long white legs that were impossible not to notice in this dark night.

'Who's that?' Peter wondered. 'I'm here to fight, not to go on a date.'

When Peter turned to look, his eyes widened.

What a beauty!

His eyes scanned her beautiful legs and luscious breasts. His mouth dropped.

His eyes climbed up to her face and his mood changed abruptly.

Audrey?

Peter covered his face and turned away.

He couldn't destroy this club in front of the mayor's daughter! He wasn't an idiot!

"Where are you going? Come here, come with me!" Audrey cried running after him and reaching for his arm gently. Her touch sent shivers up Peter's spine.

"Audrey, what's wrong with you?" Peter was puzzled since Audrey always hated him. What was with her

today?

Audrey stretched out her hand and covered his mouth. She smelled so good but her tone was firm. "Shut up! Go to the club with me and pretend you're my boyfriend."

"What? Why would I do that? I don't want to be your fake boyfriend, and I don't want to be your option."

'Why am I always the fake boyfriend? First, Bella's, and now Audrey's? When would I be anyone's real boyfriend?' he thought.

"You're like a toad dreaming about eating meat." Audrey said to him in disgust.

"Mwah!"

Peter suddenly pulled her in and kissed her

ferociously.

"You!" Audrey was furious and was about to attack when Peter held a hand up against her. "People are watching. You don't wanna be seen hitting your fake boyfriend, now do you?"

Audrey stopped struggling, holding her anger in.

'A toad dreaming to eat swan meat, eh? Well, I'm sorry but I already ate. You have no right to be mad at me', Peter thought.

As they entered, Peter couldn't help but notice that the women were dressed more conservatively than most bars. Their figures were visible, but they were only mildly exposed. They also seemed to be very young, he assumed they were Audrey's classmates.

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