

## MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

### Chapter 3 The Girl With An Angelic Body, But An Evil Hear

"What the fuck!"

Peter rarely cussed, but at this moment, he couldn't help himself.

"Hey, hey, hey. Listen to me, lady. If you're gonna cry, take it somewhere else. People here are gonna think I did something to you!"

He could already feel the suspicious glances of the people around them.

A girl this beautiful would easily be targeted by douchebags who wanted to score, as soon as she entered the bar.

Peter groaned.

"Shut up! I'm going to cry as much as I want, you stinky men. You're all BASTARDS! Good-for-nothing assholes!"

Hysterically, the girl stood, grabbed Peter's shoulders and started trying to tear at his clothes, beating his chest, shouting and crying.

Peter felt even more embarrassed with the scene the girl was causing. And yet, he couldn't simply shove her away as that would even make him look worse! He felt so helpless to do anything.

If only there was an easy, decent way to just knock her unconscious.

"Hey, STOP! You're right. All men are bad. We're all JERKS. Now, can you stop crying? Calm down. Sit, let's drink and talk about it. Maybe I can help you,"

Peter managed to say despite the annoyance he felt. 'This girl is nut. What did I ever do to her?' he thought.

"NO!" she said in defiance. "You're just like all of them! You're all assholes!" She screamed as she started to pull at his clothes more intensely; she almost tore off his jacket.

Peter was at a loss on what to do. In his attempt to scout for someone who could help, He caught sight of a bare-armed burly man covered in tattoos, followed by a band of equally-fearsome hooligans with dyed hair. It was clear that they were gangsters.

Their posture showed no fear. Clearly, they had established their dominance in this part of town.

"Hey, asshole. Get your hands off my sister! You dare touch her, huh? You DARE TOUCH HER, you son of a bitch? You're asking for DEATH!"

The bare-armed man said as he walked towards him, eyes burning with rage, fists clenched tight.

'Are you blind?!' Peter thought. 'Can't you see that your sister is the one holding me? Who the fuck is this ugly pighead? It's impossible for you and this beautiful girl to be related!'

Before Peter could say a word, the girl suddenly made a move that stunned everyone.

Abruptly, she stopped crying, grabbed hold of an empty bottle on the table, and smashed it on the bare-armed man's head.

"Sister? Who the fuck are you calling sister? I would be damned to be related to someone as ugly as you! Do you think you can just take advantage of me like that? Eat blood, motherfucker!"

She said as the bottle hit the man again. The impact was enough to cause pain, but not injury.

"You fucking bitch! How dare you hit me! You're dead meat! Skin this girl and chop this guy's balls off! You'll both be wishing you were dead once we're done with you."

The bare-armed man ordered his men while feeling at his beaten head.

"You bitch dare to insult me. You are going to DIE." In a drunken rage, the girl held the bottle in her hand tighter, ready to fight.

Peter grabbed her and pulled her behind him. He grabbed one bottle on each hand and prepared as they approached.

P

LA!

With one swift movement, he smashed the bottle in his left hand against the bare-armed man's head. The bottle broke, and the man's skull along with it.

PLA!

The bottle in his right hand hit the second man squarely on the face, blood spurting everywhere. With a thud, he fell on the ground.

Without stopping, Peter lifted his leg and delivered kicks in succession, as more men approached.

CRACK, POW, PLA! One by one, six or seven men fell to the ground, screaming with pain.

A small crowd started to gather around the scene, while some people decided to quietly leave the bar in fear of getting involved and putting themselves in danger. For a while, the bar was in chaos.

"WOW! Nice shot! Punch him in the face! Beat them to death! Give these bastards what they deserve!"

The girl didn't seem at all distressed about the situation. She even seemed rather amused and greatly entertained.

"What, are you crazy?? We have to run!" Peter cried as he pulled her in, hurriedly making their way out of the bar.

As the bar's security personnel were fast approaching them. Had they not made their exit, they would have been caught! Although Peter didn't care much about being involved in messy situations, he decided that it

was best to avoid trouble.

"Why are we going? I haven't had enough yet! Let me go!" The girl stubbornly struggled to escape his grip.

Losing his patience, Peter grabbed the girl, covered her mouth and fled, taking advantage of the chaos. 'She is really not afraid to get herself in trouble, ' Peter thought. 'This girl is giving me a headache.'

Peter kept running until he found a corner that was not visible from the bar. His frustration crept up to him. 'Why do these things have to happen just when I'm already happy and relaxed?'

He decided that he never wanted to see this girl again, and he would do his best to make sure of that.

"Gosh, I am so tired and my feet are killing me! I haven't had that much fun in ages! Oh by the way,



handsome. I'm Bella Song. What's your name WeChat number?" Bella asked Peter.

All she wanted that night was to drink away her sorrows. Who would have thought something as exciting as this would happen? Now she felt so much better.

Bella felt drawn to Peter because, despite his strong and masculine facade, he had a kind aura and gentle demeanor. Compared to all the other people in the bar, he looked like the most honest of them all.

She never would have expected that someone who seemed to be as good-natured as him could actually throw punches the way he did.

Peter proceeded to hail a cab at the sidewalk, ignoring Bella's question. As soon as he got one, he grabbed Bella and shoved her into the taxi. "Name or

phone number is not necessary. I want this to be the last time I'll see you. Clear? Bye bye."

"You bastard!" Bella said before the taxi door closed in front of her. Pissed, she stopped the cab and got off, determined to give the asshole a piece of her mind. By the time she managed to climb down, though, he was already gone.

'How dare you treat me like this. You'll be sorry the next time I see you, ' Bella thought sitting angrily as her cab drove away.

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