

MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

Chapter 33 See Alfred Again

In seven or eight seconds, about six or seven young people were knocked down, shocking everyone in the room.

They were totally stunned. It seemed that they did not expect Peter to be so fierce.

But after a short period of stupor, instead of fear, anger arose.

Alfred was looking at all thirty of his hired thugs. If they could not beat Peter up, how could they follow Alfred's instructions? How could they ask him for money?

"Brothers, get up and beat the shit out of him! The one who would succeed will be rewarded with a million bucks in cash!"

The young men all howled and screamed like wolves excited to get down on their prey, and once again, their eyes turned red, blood rushing to their faces.

"Come on, squirts, let me see what you guys have!" Peter shouted at these young people with scorn, and all of them rushed toward him even more crazily.

In an instant, he darted toward one of the young men, gritted his teeth, screamed, and smashed the stick in the young man's hand.

The young man looked at the broken stick in front of him, and his head overflowed with cold sweat. He was about to dodge the hit, but Peter's speed was too fast that he had no chance at all.

With a loud bang, the young man's head was directly hit, and a shower of blood splashed out of his

forehead. Then, he fell down to the ground with a soft plop.

"Weren't you just so confident? That's all it takes?" Peter sneered and stretched out his leg.

The young man was kicked away like a sandbag and fell to the front desk, crushing it in half.

Peter no longer paid attention to the young man, but he waved the stick and rushed to the other people, instead.

Bam! One of young men was kicked.

Boom! Another young man was knocked down.

In a few seconds, the young men scrambled toward Peter like packs of wolves, but they all ended up falling to the ground like dead flies.

So far, nearly thirty thugs had been beaten to the ground.

The manager looked at the scene from afar. His legs were like jelly, his face was getting redder and redder, and his eyes were full of rage.

Peter flashed his brilliant white teeth. "These shrimps have been taken care of. Now, can you call Alfred Gao down?"

"No way! If you dare, go to the third floor and look for him yourself." The manager stomped out and sneaked out using the back door, disappearing without a trace.

"Fuck." Peter was a little upset. Alfred was such an arrogant bastard. Without hesitation, he went straight to the third floor.

Since Alfred dared not come down, Peter decided to go up and confront him, instead.

Peter went to the third floor, but it wasn't easy. Everywhere he passed, it seemed like trouble was waiting for him.

The whole hall on the first floor had become a mess of murmurs — unconscious bodies, and broken furniture. It was a horrible sight to see.

Peter soon got to the second floor, but at the stairs on the second floor there stood more than twenty strong, young men waiting for him.

More than twenty people, actually. Obviously, the amount of men here seemed more than those guys on the first floor, and each of them had a sharp machete in his hand.

It seemed that Alfred was not a fool. He had this all planned, sorted, and calculated. And it was smart of him to do so.

"Who are you? Tell me your name."

Just as Peter cursed under his breath, a young man asked aloud.

Peter laughed. Was he stupid? Peter had been fighting for a few hours on the first floor, and they still didn't know who he was.

Peter didn't mean to answer it at all. He raised his stick and smashed it down to the ground, creating a loud sound that echoed through the hall.

"Bring it on!"

The young man only had the time to say three words because his head had already been smashed by Peter's stick.

Another group of young men pretended not to care about Peter's immense strength. They all waved their machetes, whined loudly, and rushed toward Peter.

Peter was infuriated by all of these stubborn people who only had anger and greed in their hearts, even though they knew that they couldn't beat him.

A minute later, all of the young men fell to the ground, unable to get up.

The first floor's done, the second floor's destroyed...
Finally, I can get to the third floor, " Peter continued to move up the staircase.

When Peter got to the third floor, the first thing he saw

was a spacious hall, which was so much brighter than the one on the first floor.

In the middle of the hall, Alfred sat on a chair that looked like a throne as if he had been expecting Peter.

Behind him, on both sides, were two attractive, young women massaging his shoulders for her, and on both sides of his legs were two equally sexy creatures rubbing his legs for him, seemingly enjoying themselves indescribably.

Peter watched the scene, and he was furious.

He was in a fatal fight downstairs, beating people up, While Alfred was enjoying all along. If this was acceptable, then nothing was not.

"I didn't expect you to climb all three floors. But now

that you're here, you might as well drink, "

Said Alfred as he looked at Peter with a gentle smile.

This fellow really loved pretending that he was better than others, and clearly, he was dying to kill Peter, even though he had a smiling face.

"Fuck you.

I'm here to beat you up, not drink. Alfred, you've caused me trouble five times now. If I don't show the same courtesy, then what good am I."

When Peter finished saying that, he jumped and flew to Alfred like a whirlwind. His fists were curled like shells, about to hit Alfred's disgusting face.

'Wait for me to smash your face. Let's see you show off, then, '

Peter thought proudly.

But before his fist hit the high-profile man's face, the look in Alfred's eyes changed suddenly.

The two enchanting girls, who had been rubbing Alfred's legs, suddenly jumped up. Each of them had a sharp blade in her hand, stabbing Peter in the abdomen.

Femme Fatale!

Peter smiled faintly, took back his fist, turned his paws into palms, and suddenly stepped back.

The two girls were about to change their tactics, but Peter's speed had accelerated. Before the girls could make another move, Peter grabbed their wrists and gently pinched them. The sharp blades clanged to the

ground.

In an instant, the two girls suddenly fell into Peter's arms like beautiful mermaids.

"Haha, thank you for your hugs. Although I know that I'm a handsome hero, now's not really a good time. When I'm done with this, I will fight with you for three days and three nights."

Peter laughed and pinched the two women. Then, they fell to the ground softly, unable to get up.

At last, Alfred could not control his anger. His face became cloudy and cold.

Those hooligans and swordsmen were all defeated by Peter. He was shocked, but he was not worried. But seeing these two girls fall made him panic.

These four girls were his most precious assistants. Whether in handwriting or in gun-shooting, their skills were top-notch.

Each one of the four women was able to sink a gang of fifty to sixty members in blood easily.

Alfred was able to live so well in Golden City because of these four women. One could say that without these four women, Alfred would not be the man he was today.

But now, two of the four girls had been overthrown by Peter in only a few seconds. How could he not panic?

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