

## **MIGHTY SK 34**

### [Chapter 34 Trampling Him To Death](#)

"Kill him! Kill him!"

Giving up his gentlemen facade, Alfred yelled.

As soon as he barked out his command, the two girls behind him each took out a silver revolver, suddenly aiming at Peter and firing, not leaving Peter even a second to react.

It was the first time that Peter had lost his calm. He moved so fast that his figure flickered, fury burning inside him.

It was out of his expectations that Alfred's assistants had guns, and their shooting was ruthless and resolute. 'They are fucking killing me!'

"Bang-bang! Bang-bang!" Four gunshots resounded, but the bullets hit nothing.

Opening their eyes in amazement, looking around, the two girls couldn't believe that Peter had disappeared.

"Where is he?" Alfred shrieked. He wasn't a fool to believe that bullets could make a man's body vanish.

"Here I am." A voice called out over their heads. Alfred looked up, only to find Peter plunging down with his arms stretched like a hovering bird.

Alfred panicked. "Kill..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he toppled to the ground as Peter gave him a slap.

The two girls came to themselves eventually. Guns were raised again at Peter but fell off from their hands. They cried out because their wrists were hurt.

"I don't hurt women, but you two are bad, " staring at the two girls, Peter said to them bitterly. Then, he reached out his hand and gave them hard slaps.

Pak! Pak! Pak!

After a few loud sounds, the two girls laid down on the ground ashamed and angry, covering their burning buttocks with their palms, unable to stand up.

Peter kicked away the guns. He smiled at Alfred and said, "Hey, what now? Is that all you've got?"

Alfred touched his face and stood up. With his bloodthirsty eyes glaring at Peter, he said, "Peter, I'll

remember this slap. You'll pay 100 times for this."

'The boy still doesn't understand who has the upper hand here.'

Peter curled his lips and gave him another slap.

Both sides of Alfred's face were swollen as he spat out blood with a few of his teeth mixed in. The slap made him whirl three times around before falling to the ground.

Stepping forward, Peter trampled on his face and said in contempt. "You think you have any chance against me? Now, do you believe that I can kill you today if I want to?"

"Ha-ha-ha!" Alfred burst into laughter. "Could you? I dare you to kill me. I'm part of the Gao family, a renowned entrepreneur in Golden City. If you kill me, I swear you won't live to tomorrow, "

Alfred growled, full of madness and hatred in his eyes.

He was Alfred Gao, a bigwig in Golden City. He had never been insulted by having his face trampled on like that.

This was a huge humiliation, a moment that he could never forget!

"You have some character. I like it." Peter smiled. The sole of his foot crushed Alfred's face on the floor, causing shrill cries.

"You are right. I wouldn't dare kill you. But I would dare cripple you." While smiling, Peter stomped heavily on Alfred's leg, mercilessly cracking it, saying, "Remember this. Don't ever bother me any more. Or you'll not only lose a leg. By the way, I have recorded all of these, so you know what I mean."

Then, he left Alfred alone and strutted out the Alfred Club.

Before he left, he said goodbye to the four girls, "Beauties, see you next time. Next time, let's get rough in a different way. I bet you'll get some satisfaction, then. It's getting late, so I'll go first. Bye!"

Upon leaving the club, Peter took a taxi to his apartment and texted Audrey that everything was fine.

Everything that happened tonight really wore him out.

But he didn't care about being exhausted. What he was concerned about was the 830,000 he had lost. He felt heartbroken as he thought about it.

Taking advantage of a woman was really a loss outweighed the gains. A touch on the waist and a kiss on her forehead cost him 830,000. Damn it!

Screech!

The sudden break of the taxi almost threw Peter's head onto the windshield.

In front of the car stood a young man covered in blood, blocking their way. And they could see a group of people chasing after him from a distance.

"What do we do now?" The driver was frightened to death by the scene. He had never seen anything like it before.

Peter's head ached upon seeing this, too. What a lucky day! Everything was going so wrong.

"Open the door, and let him in. Then, let's lose the guys behind us." Answering rapidly, Peter opened the door and pulled the young man inside the taxi.

"Are you sure? Who knows what kind of person he is?" The driver still seemed frightened.

"We don't have a better option, so follow my lead. What's more, we witnessed them killing people, so they won't let us go. Let's leave as soon as we can before it's too late."

After he comforted the driver for a while, Peter turned to the young man to check his injuries.

He had no idea what kind of enemy this young man had gotten in a brawl with. He had six ruthless stabs, each of them deep to the bones.

Fortunately, the young man's injuries were not fatal, so his life was not urgently at risk. Well, at least, not for now. He was bleeding heavily. Without any medical attention, he would die sooner or later.

Peter took out his silver needles without hesitation. Then, he tried to stop the young man's bleeding. He would always finish what he started.

If the young man would die in the cab, he might also get involved and be in trouble.

During the treatment, the driver turned the car around, rushing to the opposite direction, leaving the chasing men far behind.

"Thank you. Thank you so much." The young man looked at Peter with gratitude and expressed his appreciation. "My name is Brandon Chu. May I have..."

"Stop!" Peter interrupted, "You are bleeding too much. If you want to save your ass, stop talking. Who you are has nothing to do with me. I'll help you stop bleeding for the moment. Later, I'll dump you into a hospital, and I'd have nothing to do with you any longer."

Peter talked to Brandon as he performed acupuncture.

'This guy is being chased to death on the street. He must be a bad guy if not a gangster.' Peter didn't want to get involved or seek trouble for himself.

Brandon was embarrassed for he had always been extremely arrogant. He would have cursed Peter upfront if he had not been his savior at this moment.

'Fuck! I'm honoring you by showing respect. How dare you ignore me? A lot of people want to associate themselves with me, not only in Golden City, but also in the whole province. And I never give them an ounce of my attention.

Today, I'm taking the initiative to show kindness, but I'm being refused!' Frustration and confusion swept Brandon at the same time.

'But he saved me, so I'll just let it go.' The only thing he could do was to remember Peter's face and look for a chance to return the favor in the future.

The acupuncture was completed soon enough. Peter looked at Brandon and asked, "Do you have any money?"

"Yes, but only a few thousand. I can transfer money through my cards." Brandon was a bit ashamed to answer because usually he didn't bring much cash. A few thousand was not enough for the favor for sure.

"Forget transferring the money. I don't want them. Give your cash to the driver. After all, he's still saving you while you're staining his cab. He might even get in trouble for doing this, " Peter said.

Upon hearing this, the driver almost shed tears of gratitude.

Brandon understood what Peter had meant. He asked the driver for his account number, transferring 50,000 to him, and then pacified him, "Don't worry, bro. I can guarantee that no one will go after you because of what you did."

Admiration to Peter arose in his mind at the same time. 'This guy saved me, but he's asking for a reward for someone else. I seldom see such a guy.'

He didn't know that Peter was already regretful upon hearing 50,000 bucks. 'Holy shit! If I had known you were so rich, I would've asked for some. But what's said is said. I can't change anything now.'