

## MIGHTY SK 51

### [Chapter 51 Buy One Get One Free](#)

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"Oh, stop it, Peter, you naughty boy!" Shelly said in giggles. "I'll soon tell Elaine if you keep doing this!"

Her cheeks flushed. She couldn't bear Peter's flirtatious words!

Neither of them realized that disaster was coming.

"Tell Elaine?" Peter was confused. "What's with Elaine? She's not my girlfriend. Shelly, we're both single. Why can't we be open to the idea of dating?"

"Peter, you're crazy! I'm a university graduate! A pretty university graduate!" she said winking. "Besides, what about Lise? She'll be heartbroken!"

She told Peter.

"No one will be heartbroken," Peter grinned. "Isn't it 'buy one, get one free'?"

Shelly and Lise hit Peter lightly with their fists, giggling uncontrollably.

Peter jokingly feigned a scream of pain.

"Hmm, Peter? Is it true, what you said? Don't you really have a girlfriend?" Shelly couldn't help asking after they all calmed down.

Both Lise and Shelly looked at Peter, eager for an answer.

While they both knew that Peter was out of their league, they still couldn't help but hope for he'd say yes.

"Yeah, it's true." Peter nodded. "Nowadays, finding a girlfriend is like finding a second-hand car. You have to be meticulous."

"What do you mean?" they asked, confused.

"Society is a big hotchpotch." Peter sighed. "Actually, buying a second-hand car is horrible. Previous owners still keep the keys and drive the car from time to time. They run the oils while you should repair from the damages they're responsible for."

Shelly and Lise couldn't understand his comparison.

When his message finally dawned on Shelly, she beat his chest gently. "Oh Peter, you're so mean. You

can't compare women to used cars. It's actually the men who are more difficult to understand."

"Who told you this?" Peter started, "I don't know about other men, but I'm loyal when it comes to love."

"You? You said you wanted us both just now, didn't you?" Shelly rolled her eyes.

"I was just kidding, but I am really faithful." Peter began to explain, "I just really like beautiful women. Is that so bad?"

"Hehehe, Peter, you douche!" Shelly and Lisa rocked with laughter poking at Peter.

Crunch.

Suddenly, the door of the room opened. Tommy entered, followed by seven people before he closed the door behind him.

"Oh, stop it, Peter, you naughty boy!" Shelly said in giggles. "I'll soon tell Elaine if you keep doing this!"

Shelly and Lisa quickly stopped their laughter, leaning towards Peter, which made them feel less afraid.

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Peter blinked. "Brother, are you lost? You seem to have entered the wrong room."

"Didn't we used to be classmates, Peter?" Tommy set down and looked at Peter with narrowed eyes.

"Don't you remember me? You seem to have lived a happy life with these two beautiful women in your arms. Who are these angels? Won't you introduce them to an old friend?"

He said as he picked up a pair of new chopsticks, behaving like at-home and ready to eat.

His men reached for their weapons and stared at Peter and the two girls. One wrong move — a scream, a cry for help — and the men would act immediately.

Peter heard his words, knowing that Tommy came here for him, obviously, so he decided to feign fear. Shrinking back he began to concede to offering the two girls. "Brother, if you like them, I can give them to you. Please just... let me go?"

"Good job! You are learning fast." Tommy paused, then laughed.

"Someone paid me 100,000 dollars for your legs, but it seems to work that you can afford to pay double. I'm sure we can work with that.

Because you're so kind as to offer these two beautiful ladies, I'll give you a 100,000-dollar discount. Now, you just need to pay me 100,000 dollars to live."

"Thank you, Tommy. I can give you the money now." Peter nodded right away, fearing that Tommy would change his mind. "Thank you for the good deal, my friend. If you don't mind me asking, can you tell me who paid you 100,000 for my legs?"

"Well, I'm under strict orders of confidentiality. But for you, I don't mind crossing the line. Have you heard of Mec Chen?" Tommy replied.

"It's that bastard!" Peter's eyes narrowed with anger. Mec hadn't learned his lesson. Peter decided to go harder on him so he'd surely learn and stop going after Elaine.

"Transfer the money right away and run. These two ladies and I need to talk about our future together, " he said before he turned to the two girls. "Beautiful ladies, what are your names?"

As usual, Lise was always afraid to speak. Shelly was more daring and gave Tommy a charming smile. "Hi Tommy, I'm Shelly."

Shelly and Lise quickly stopped their laughter, leaning towards Peter, which made them feel less afraid.

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As usual, Lisa was always afraid to speak. Shelly was more daring and gave Tommy a charming smile. "Hi Tommy, I'm Shelly."

Shelly and Lisa quickly stopped their laughter, leaning towards Patar, which made them feel a little afraid.

Patar blinked. "Brother, are you lost? You seem to have entered the wrong room."

"Didn't we used to be classmates, Patar?" Tommy sat down and looked at Patar with narrowed eyes.

"Don't you remember me? You seem to have lived a happy life with these two beautiful women in your arms. Who are these angels? Won't you introduce them to an old friend?"

He said as he picked up a pair of new chopsticks, behaving like at-home and ready to eat.

His men reached for their weapons and stared at Patar and the two girls. One wrong move — a scream, a cry for help — and the man would act immediately.

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"Shelly?" Tommy muttered unconsciously.

"Good boy! You're smert! Here, heve some boiled meet!"

Shelly leughed es he mouthed her neme. Quickly, she bent forwerd end grebbed the dish beside her thet held boiled meet end hurled it et him."

Cletter!

The scelding hot dish spilled ell over Tommy's fece. Tommy screemed hysterically es boiled chilly oil rolled down his fece.

Covering his fece with his hends, he felt like he'd go blind! The pein wes unbeereble.

Teking efter Shelly, Lise grebbed the dish neerest to her end struck the young men beside her.

Cletter!

The plete smeshed egeinst his heed end he sterted to bleed.

Compered to Tommy, the young men wes fortunete becase there wes no hot broth thet burned his fece.

"I like this!" Peter couldn't help excleiming efter seeing the two's quick wit end ection. He grebbed the gless end bowl end threw them to the other men es well.

Thump! Thump! Two young men covered their heeds end fell down.

With Peter, Lise end Shelly working together, they took four men down including Tommy.

The remeining three men chenged their look, pulling out three knives es they sterted to approech Peter.

It wasn't usual for men to touch women in these scenarios. They were only used to threaten men as leverage if he was difficult to handle.

They clearly had no clue about Peter's fighting prowess so they didn't think it was necessary to hold the ladies as hostages.

"What do you want?" Peter shouted as he tipped the table over.

The three men stepped back for fear of being soiled with the disgusting leftovers.

Peter and the two ladies stood up and lifted their stools above their heads, ready to strike should the men come nearer.

In the flesh, two of them were knocked back and one ended up with a bleeding skull.

"You guys are great!!! What fast learners! If you keep learning from me, you'll both be masters in no time!"

Peter exclaimed feeling more drawn to the two.

They weren't only naughty and sexy, they were complete bedasses too when it mattered the most. Rare gems they were, indeed.

"Shelly?" Tommy muttered unconsciously.

"Good boy! You're smart! Here, have some boiled meat!"

Shelly laughed as she mouthed her name. Quickly, she bent forward and grabbed the dish beside her that held boiled meat and hurled it at him.

Clatter!

The scolding hot dish spilled all over Tommy's face. Tommy screamed hysterically as boiled chili oil rolled down his face.

Covering his face with his hands, he felt like he'd go blind! The pain was unbearable.

Taking after Shelly, Liso grabbed the dish nearest to her and struck the young man beside her.

Clatter!

The plate smashed against his head and he started to bleed.

Compared to Tommy, the young man was fortunate because there was no hot broth that burned his face.

"I like this!" Peter couldn't help exclaiming after seeing the two's quick wit and action. He grabbed the glass and bowl and threw them to the other men as well.

Thump! Thump! Two young men covered their heads and fell down.

With Peter, Liso and Shelly working together, they took four men down including Tommy.

The remaining three men changed their look, pulling out three knives as they started to approach Peter.

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In a flash, two of them were knocked back and one ended up with a bleeding skull.

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Thay clearly had no clua about Patar's fighting prowass so thay didn't think it was nacassary to hold tha ladias as hostaga.

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Patar and tha two ladias stood up and liftad thair stools abova thair haads, raady to strika should tha man coma naarar.

In a flash, two of tham wara knockad back and ona andad up with a blaading skull.

"You guys ara graat!!! What fast laarnars! If you kaap laarning from ma, you'll both ba mastars in no tima!"

Patar axclaimad faaling mora drawn to tha two.



They weren't only naughty and sexy, they were complete badasses too when it mattered the most. Rarely was that, indeed.

### [Chapter 52 You Are My Boss](#)

Despite Peter's instructions, Shelly and Lisa kicked the two men forcibly.  
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It seemed that they both had violent tendencies. Their eyes beamed with satisfaction as they delivered their attack.

The men who were both trying to stand up fell back to the ground.

"Son of a bitch! I'm gonna kill you, you assholes!" The others shouted in rage, positioning to pounce at them.

They quickly fell and fell down again as Peter quickly moved and kicked him at the belly. Two guys fell down clutching their stomachs as their faces twisted in pain.

They felt like their guts would explode.

After seeing what happened to their partners, the other guys decided to give up their plans of fighting Peter.

Seeing how strong he was, it was a bad idea to fight against him.

Tommy, who finally came to his senses, pointed at Shelly. "You ugly bitch, I'm gonna kill you!"

He shouted as he picked up a piece of the broken bowl and ran towards her.

He was infuriated.

No one dared stand up against him before, and now he was fooled and beaten by such a weak woman!

Tommy looked horrible with the blisters on his burnt face. He looked like an angry demon!

Scared, Shelly hid behind Peter.

He looked so scary that she couldn't find it in herself to do anything.

Suddenly, a chair came right at him and hit Tommy in the face.

Peter did this!

Tommy fell to the ground and screamed.

As Peter was about to kick Tommy hard, a waitress entered, stunned with what she saw.

Tables were turned over, chairs were broken, and guys groaned in pain on the ground. The room was in chaos! It was horrible to look at!

Realizing the situation, the waitress grabbed her phone and started to dial the police. Peter stopped her, smiling.

"Hi, beauty. We're friends. No need to call the police. These men are drunk. They did this. We'll make sure that the damages are paid for."

The waitress looked at Peter, clearly unconvinced.

"Yeah, we're friends," Tommy agreed with Peter. "Don't worry. We'll compensate for the cost."

They had no intention of being arrested. They only wanted to kill Peter! Despite Peter's instructions, Shelly and Lisa kicked the two men forcibly.

They had done a lot of illegal things. It would be difficult for them to get out of jail if they got caught now!

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"You may leave the room now. We'll settle the bill in a little while," Peter said. As soon as the waitress left the room, he marched right at Tommy.

"How do you want to go about this, Tommy?" he asked, raising one of the cups in threat.

Tommy went into a cold sweat as fear splashed across his face.

Realizing that he couldn't beat the men as strong and as skilled as Peter, he replied immediately, "I'll pay for all the damages."

Picking up a steel fork and bending it with his hands, Peter asked once again, "I don't understand. Come again?!"

Completely scared because of what Peter did, Tommy added immediately, "Apart from the damages, I'll give you 100,000 dollars to compensate for the hassle!"

"100,000 dollars?" Peter curled his lips. "You barged in on our lovely conversation, flirted with my girlfriends and threatened us. You should pay us for the mental damage that caused too! Since you also

got us scared, you have to pay for our hospital bills for when we have ourselves checked up, in addition to the salary for the days we'll have to miss at work."

Tommy's mouth dropped in shock.

'Son of a bitch! For shame!

We've almost been beaten to death, and we didn't ask you for anything!

Despite how he felt deep down, he dared not lose his cool. "I'll pay you 200,000 dollars!"

"200,000 dollars?" Peter frowned.

"Please take it! You're the boss. I beg you!" Tommy knelt down and cried. "200,000 dollars is all I have. I can't afford any more than that. Please take it!"

He felt so desperate because he just wiped his savings clean.

"Don't do that!" Peter becked up. "Don't kneel! I'm not your dad! You're too ugly to be my son! For god's sake, I'll take your money. Leave now!"

Tommy stood up with tears in his eyes and transferred the money to Peter at once, with a heavy heart.

"Enjoy your dinner, everybody. We're leaving now. See you all next time!" Peter said happily as he walked out of the room with the two girls. Receiving the money left him in high spirits.

They had done a lot of illegal things. It would be difficult for them to get out of jail if they got caught now!

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Tommy's mouth droppad in shock.

'Son of a bitch! For shama!

Wa'va almost baan baatan to daath, and wa didn't ask you for anything!'

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"Enjoy your dinnar, avarybody. Wa'ra laaving now. Saa you all naxt tima!" Patar said happily as ha walkad out of tha room with tha two girls. Racaiving tha monay laft him in high spirits.

When the weitress stopped them, he pointed et the room end seid, "They're peying."

Tommy elmost pessed out. 200, 000 dollers wes ell he hed, end now he hed nothing!

He pushed himself up end kicked two of the guys on the ground. "Stend up, you son of e bitch! Get Mec's ess here! He owes me 200, 000 dollers!"

"Yes, sir." The two men immedietely got up end rushed out to look for Mec.

Weiting by the door of the resteurent, Mec sew Peter welking out with his ledy friends unscethed.

"Why ere you here? Didn't anyone telk to you?" seid Mec.

"No. Who wants to talk to me?" asked Peter.

Mec's face went red from his anger. "I need to make a call. Wait here."

"Okay, I'll be here," said Peter.

Suddenly, Mec saw the two guys coming out of the restaurant

And his eyes lit up in recognition. "Stop right there! I'm calling Tommy!"

Ignoring his orders, one of the guys punched him hard on the face.

"Fuck you, son of a bitch. Put that phone away and follow me. Tommy is waiting for you inside."

The two guys grabbed Mec's arms and turned to Peter. "Sorry for the hassle. Please do take care. Goodbye," they said before leaving.

Mec's face went pale at what he saw.

He knew something was wrong. Tommy and his men would never let him go that easily.

'What a poor boy!'

Peter and the girls soon arrived at the office. Shelly and Lise made their way to the Sales Department while Peter rushed to the Logistics Department.

Logistics Department and Human Resources department were on the same floor.

He spotted Elaine as he came out of the elevator.

"Follow me," she said in a low voice as her cheeks turned red at the sight of Peter. She looked around to check if anyone was there and then they went to her office.

She looked weary about being watched.

Despite his confusion, Peter decided to follow the drill and move quietly as well.

In the CEO office, Belle burst in anger as she watched them from the CCTV cameras.

When the waitress stopped them, he pointed at the room and said, "They're spying."

Tommy almost passed out. 200,000 dollars was all he had, and now he had nothing!

He pushed himself up and kicked two of the guys on the ground. "Stand up, you son of a bitch! Get Moc's ass here! He owes me 200,000 dollars!"

"Yes, sir." The two men immediately got up and rushed out to look for Moc.

Waiting by the door of the restaurant, Moc saw Peter walking out with his lady friends unscathed.

"Why are you here? Didn't anyone talk to you?" said Moc.

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When the waitress stopped them, she pointed at the room and said, "They're paying."

Tommy almost passed out. 200,000 dollars was all he had, and now he had nothing!

He pushed himself up and kicked two of the guys on the ground. "Stand up, you son of a bitch! Get Mac's ass here! He owes me 200,000 dollars!"

"Yes, sir." The two men immediately got up and rushed out to look for Mac.

Waiting by the door of the restaurant, Mac saw Patar walking out with his lady friends unscathed.

"Why are you here? Didn't anyone talk to you?" said Mac.

"No. Who wants to talk to me?" asked Patar.

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### [Chapter 53 The Joy In Helping Others](#)

"Elaine, if you need my help — physically or mentally, just tell me. I'll surely do everything I can to help you. You won't even need to thank me. I love helping others,"

Peter assured her as he snuck into her office. He couldn't help but admire Elaine's beautiful body.

The office was a little stuffy. She wore a slim-fitting shirt with the top buttons unfastened, her coat hung on a rack beside her table.

The skirt she wore seemed a little bit too tight for her ample buttocks. On her long legs, she wore silk socks and high heels.

Elaine turned red at Peter's words.

"You're such a jerk," she retorted shyly.

"Woah, how did you get to know my nickname?" Peter replied in jest.

"Bastard!" she shouted.

"That's the name of my cousin," Peter kept joking.

"Go die," Elaine replied, losing her patience.

Immediately wanting to take it back, she bowed her head in embarrassment. "I need my stuff back."

Her words were hardly audible.

Elaine couldn't explain how she felt when she saw Peter. The idea that Peter held her underwear still bothered her a lot.

She was actually trying to figure out a way to ask for it back when Peter suddenly appeared.

Feigning ignorance, Peter asked, "What are you talking about?"

After everything they've been through — helping her get rid of Mac and touching her body when he caught her from an accidental fall, Peter felt comfortable showing Elaine his true colors.

Elaine stamped her foot in frustration, not knowing whether Peter was telling the truth or still goofing around. "Give the thing back to me!"

"Oh, dear!" Peter shouted out, "Why did you stamp your foot so heavily while you're wearing such high heels! You worry me! Will you pay for the tiles if you accidentally break them because of that?"

Elaine was starting to feel warm with the concern he showed but quickly turned angry when she realized that Peter was still goofing around. "You're such a jerk! Give me back the thing! ASAP!"

"What?" Peter asked pretending to be confused. It was an unusual sight for him to see this gentle woman raise her voice. "What did you lend me? I'm sorry, I can't seem to remember."

'Stupid Peter pretending not to know! He's just waiting for me to say it out loud in front of him!'

She felt so frustrated and desperate to convey her message.

What she did next was a proof that even the gentlest person can transform, given the right triggers.

In her anger and embarrassment, she took off one of her heels and threw it at Peter.

"Oh Elaine, you were always so gentle! Don't be violent! You're the goddess of Silverland Group — always so calm and composed. How could you do that? Are you trying to abuse me?"

Peter caught her shoe with one hand, while the other reached into his pocket, where he took out

A female undergarment wrapped in a plastic bag!

"I was planning to keep this as a souvenir. But now I guess my plan has to change.

Here you go, Elaine. I washed it for you, so you can wear it whenever you want, "

He said as he gently put it and the shoe on the table.

"I need to go back to work now. Take it easy. I'll close the door as soon as I leave so that no one will see you changing your underwear, "

Peter finished and dashed away.

Elaine was fuming.

She was totally embarrassed!

Peter had a really special gift of infuriating even the gentlest people.

He then proceeded to the drivers' office. He hadn't had the chance to introduce himself to his new colleagues, so he needed to meet them finally.

On his way there, he noticed Clair standing at the corridor.

First, shock, then anger.

The memory of her setting him was still clear as day.

"Miss Yang! It's you! What are you doing here? Ohh I'm really scared now, " Peter said sarcastically.

"The last time you gave me a task, I felt totally exhausted. Are you going to continue asking me to do such things? Do you want me to die?"

Some staff that were passing by the same corridor overheard him talk.

They turned eyes at Clair, shocked.

'Who is this employee and why does he seem to have a special relationship with Clair?

Clair is the senior secretary in our company. Yet from the way she blushed with his words, it's easy to tell there's something going on between them!'

Clair's mouth fell at Peter's words. She almost freaked out.

'I didn't know he felt that way about climbing stairs.'

Coming to her senses, she glowered at Peter. "Don't you dare imply confusing innuendos! I just asked you to climb the stairs to get to the 38th floor. Stop confusing people. I apologize for that, okay?"

Clair clarified calmly.

She played tricks on Peter last time but he didn't tell Bella about it. She got a good impression of him because of that.

'Shit!'

Disappointed that there wasn't new interesting gossip, the staff around them rolled their eyes.

"Confusing innuendos?" "I mind my own business but you play tricks on me!" Peter shouted.

Clair did not know what to do. She realized it was impossible to argue with him in a reasonable way. She stamped her foot to let her anger out. "Peter, Miss Song needs you in her office."

"Me again? What for?" Peter was confused.

Clair put her lips near Peter's ears. "I don't know either, but she doesn't seem to be in a good mood. I'd be scared if I were you."

Peter was surprised, Not because of the thought that Bella would be hard on him, but because of Clair actually warning him.

He shot her a confused look trying to figure out why she had to say that.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Clair said angrily. "I'm trying to be nice here!"

Peter showed up at Bella's office a little while later. Clair didn't put any obstacle in his way this time.

"Peter, why can't you just behave as a good employee of our company? Why didn't you show up to your duty morning? Where have you been?"

Bella asked as Peter stepped into the office.

"Miss Song, don't misunderstand, I did all that for you!" Peter shouted.

"Last time you told me that you're upset that Jaden had control of the security department, so I wanted to help you with that.

This morning I found out that Bob would be back on duty. I deliberately came two hours late to give him an excuse to scold me.

Now, he's fired for fighting. Isn't it great news for us? Miss Song, I'm working so hard for you, putting all my hours on the job. Perhaps you could give me some encouragement... something like a bonus?"

#### [Chapter 54 Beset With Suspicions](#)

Bella gazed at Peter, silent for a long time.

She had to admit that this guy really had a glib tongue.

He could make something illogical sound like it made sense, so much as if he even deserved credit for it.

A man with his talent was truly a rare find!

Bella wasn't easily swayed, though. She quickly put the topic aside knowing that this was the best way to maneuver the conversation. "Don't worry about the bonus. Do well in what I am about to ask of you and everything is negotiable."

Realizing that Bella was up to something, Peter quickly retracted his request. "No, never mind, forget it. I don't want to get into any more trouble."

As she guessed, he refused. Instead of being disappointed, she proceeded to discuss a grievance.

"The past two days, I'm afraid that Shelly and Lisa have not been performing well in the Sales Department. I would very much like to transfer them, but unfortunately, all other positions are already occupied. I no longer have anywhere to assign them.

As for Elaine, there also seems to be some problems with her lately. I'm having doubts if she's still qualified to be a Human Resource Manager."

"Hold it!" Peter interrupted, "Miss Song, are you threatening me? Why are you meddling with the lives of other innocent employees to get back at me? Isn't that unfair?"

"No, it's not." Bella looked at him innocently. "I really do think that they are underperforming."

"Stop it!" Peter said desperately. "Fine, I'll do it! Are you happy now?"

"Well, okay if you say so. Once you get this done, we'll talk about the three of them later." Bella smiled, sly as a fox.

"What do you want me to do?" Peter asked crossly.

"Well, our company is recently negotiated for a large order worth twenty million dollars. It was all settled! We were going to sign the contract tonight, but we suddenly received a call that the cooperating party is canceling their order without giving a reason at all."

"I suspect that Rowen Group is behind this, and they are threatening our business partner, as it's an open secret that the Rowen Group uses their connections with gangs for foul play."

"We're not really afraid of the Rowen Group, but the last thing I want is to be left in the dark while someone sabotages our company. Peter, the business is really important to me. I want you to do whatever you can to make sure this contract is signed."

Bella frowned as she spoke, looking distressed.

"Miss Song, are you kidding me?" Peter quickly protested, jumping to his feet. "I am an ordinary man, I don't have any business background. How do you expect me to dictate terms to a huge company with underground connections?"

"I'm just a woman, Peter. I don't know what to do. Can you help me, please?"

Bella said as she looked at Peter with her big eyes, with a voice so sweet that it was impossible to refuse.

Moved with sympathy, he finally decided to help her out.

"Fine. Give me the information and I'll see what I can do. But if I get it done, be sure to give me a bonus."

"That's so kind of you!" Bella jumped happily, and dashed to Peter's side, stood on her tiptoe and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "This is a small bonus for you in advance. If you work it out, you'll not only get a big bonus, but also... all of me, if you want."

She shook Peter's arms sheepishly like a little girl.

The affair really upset her. As she said, she wasn't afraid of the Rowan Group. Rather, she was afraid of being caught flat-footed while someone was plotting against them.

No matter how powerful and dominant she seemed to the employees of Silverland Group, she really was just a woman at heart.

No one dared to mess with her, back when Alfred Gao was on her side, even if their relationship was fake. Now, almost all of Golden City's elite knew that they were done. It was an opportune time for her enemies to make their move.

Seeing Bella's helpless expression, Peter felt an urge to hold her in his arms and comfort her with his care.

Deep down, he knew that Bella was in a very difficult situation. Underneath her strong facade was a layer of sorrow and bitterness. No one understood her.

"I will do everything I can, I promise. Now give me the information, " said Peter, resisting the impulse to embrace Bella.

"Yeah." Bella nodded, her eyes filled with grateful tears.

She knew she was taking advantage of Peter's incredible strength and previous background, and she was aware that Peter also knew he was being used by her as well. On the other hand, Peter couldn't really

blame her for doing what she could to keep her company afloat. He also appreciated her gratefulness.

Peter left Silverland Group after going over the pieces of information handed to him.

The big customer was a Southerner named Carey Wang, a hotshot worth hundreds of millions of dollars. He was currently staying at the Harvey Grand Hotel.

The president of Rowen Group, Rowen Bian, 53 years old, was a native of the Golden City with a complicated background. It was said that even James Xie, the mayor, consulted him for major decisions. Rowen Bian was a real guy who ran the city.

Just as Peter headed out, an unknown number started calling his mobile phone.

"Hello! Who is this?" Peter answered.

"This is Amelia Mo, " said Amelia from the other end of the line. "The two men we caught at noon are killers under the gang Dark Hand. They came to Golden City to kill Bella Song, for a reward of ten million dollars. I know you have a good relationship with Bella Song, so I called to inform you."

Amelia said, her voice indifferent as always.

"What? Someone offered a reward of ten million dollars to kill Bella?" Peter was confused.

He expected Bella's head to be worth a lot, but ten million dollars was too much! She was only a president of a company. Sure, Silverland Group was big, but she didn't even come from a prominent background. It didn't seem to make sense.

Not to underestimate her, but Peter knew how these things usually went.

Something that bothered him more than the bounty, though, was Dark Hand.

They weren't the most powerful organization, but they were still very difficult to deal with.

They would stop at nothing until their job was done when they had a target. This meant that even after getting rid of two killers, Bella would still be in danger. The organization would send as many assassins as needed just to make sure she went down.

Moreover, revenge would surely be delivered if even one of their men was killed. They also didn't take deals lightly. Even employers could still be killed should they failed to fulfill their end of the bargain.

Dark Hand would not stop until their target was killed.

This was why people who were in their circle dare not offend them or their members. They usually worked so cleanly that it could not be traced back to them.

"Where are the two killers?" Peter asked.

"Dead, " Amelia replied.

"Dead?" His head ached. Peter had a terrible feeling about this. "Wait for me at the police station. I'll be right there."

He arrived half an hour later.

Dread flashed across his face the moment he saw the two bodies sprawled on the ground. His worst fear was realized.

### [Chapter 55 The Mysterious Murderer](#)

The throats of both two killers were slit and they were killed to death without any pains.

Peter was flabbergasted, looking at the two dead bodies. He was wondering who could have dared to do such a heinous crime inside a police station.

"Who had the guts to kill them?" Peter said with a frown.

Amelia stood there, silent and embarrassed. "I feel terrible, but even I don't know who did this."

After a long pause, she continued, "As a matter of fact, we know nothing about the murder. Nothing at all!"

Peter was taken aback after hearing this. "Are you fucking kidding me? It's a damn police station! People got murdered here. I totally understand that you missed out on the murderer, maybe because he was highly skilled, but how can you not know anything about the whole scene?"

"I'm only stating the facts here. We really do not know anything about the murderer. The murderer seems to be extremely skilled; he didn't leave any clues behind. Hence, we can't backtrace him. Also, I think a hacker was involved. As our security system has been hacked into and thus, we can't check the monitoring records."

Peter felt as if he might have been involved in a conspiracy, somehow.

About one thing they were pretty sure: the two killers had not been murdered by Dark Hand. They might be strong and powerful, but they wouldn't dare to meddle in the affairs of the H country. Moreover, Golden City was a very small place, which didn't deserve their attention or power.

If the murderer was among the policemen, it would be tricky and scary. Maybe spies were present



everywhere.

Alternatively, if the murder was not hiding in the police station, it might come from some powerful association.

As it was way too difficult to murder someone in the police station even if one could follow the guidance offered by the hacker appropriately.

In a nutshell, all assumptions pointed towards the murderer coming from an extremely powerful and strong background.

Peter couldn't really figure out who had done this. 'Could it be possible that anyone knew I am here? Or maybe I'm not their target. I'm just thinking too much!'

"Well, you take your time. I have to leave, if you don't have any issues with that." Peter didn't waste anymore time there and left as quickly as possible.

He'd decided to act according to the situation. Although, Peter would prefer living a normal life, he would demonstrate his courage and power in an event where someone would threaten his life.

After leaving the police station, Peter went straight to Harvey Grand Hotel.

After reaching the hotel, he went straight to Carey. If Carey had been threatened by Rowen Group, he'd have to act violently.

This was the second time in a day that Peter had come to the hotel.

On entering hotel, he saw a familiar image.

It was a sexy woman! Men could melt on seeing how attractive and tempting she looked.

This woman hadn't spotted Peter yet and soon entered the elevator.

Peter kept staring at her until she disappeared.

"Hello, nice to see you again, sir. How can I help you?" A melodious voice hit Peter's ears.

The receptionist couldn't stop thinking about that morning, as she saw Peter.

Amelia had checked into a honeymoon suite with Peter that morning, while he looked all petrified. Therefore, she thought he was a toy boy.

However, many cops had been coming and going in order to catch the killers, therefore, the receptionist assumed that Peter was a cop too.

She felt embarrassed because of all that she had been thinking about Peter.

"Sir?" Peter was utterly surprised and wondered why would she address him as "Sir".

"Well, I apologize, I shouldn't be addressing you like that." She winked at Peter as she said this, thinking Peter wouldn't want others to know who he was. She further believed that Peter was visiting the hotel for some investigation and she had an obligation to keep that a secret.

Eventually, Peter understood what she was doing and decided not to clarify it to her.

In the meantime he was wondering how could he get to know in which room as Carey stayed. It'd be pretty difficult to persuade the receptionist to leak that kind of information and to let him go to the room.

Well, now that she thought he was a cop, it should be very easy!

"Hi, can you please tell me the room number in which that woman, who just went inside the elevator, is staying?" Peter asked her very professionally.

"Room number 809, " she replied. As the receptionist thought Peter was a cop, she gave him the information without thinking twice about it.

"Okay, thank you. Also, there's a guy named Carey Wang who is staying here. Can you please tell me his room number as well?" Peter continued to question her.

"Mr. Wang is staying in room number 806, " she replied almost instantly.

"All right. Thanks. That'd be all. So, since you've helped me with these room numbers, I will forgive you for what you've said earlier!"

Peter looked at her and smirked. He checked her out from top to bottom and then went to the elevator.

The receptionist couldn't get what had just happened. Her jaw dropped as soon as she realized.

"Oh, my god! He heard what I said in the morning! That's pretty embarrassing. Looking at his dirty smile, he must have thought I am a slut!"

Finally when he arrived at the 8th floor, he figured out who the woman was.

He was met with disappointment. He then walked to Carey's room, directly.

Peter didn't knock at the door or broke inside. He just stood outside the room door and tried to listen what was going on inside.

He tried to figure out if he could hear any sex noises. Also, he didn't want to barge in while Carey was having sex.

Suddenly, the door of the room next door opened up, just when Peter was about to hear what was happening inside Carey's room. Peter was terrified and was just about to walk away, When suddenly someone called him from behind. "Hey, bro! What are you doing here? Well, didn't you have work? Good for you! I would have called you if I knew you were free!"

Regardless of how Peter felt about this situation, Brandon dragged him to his room.

"Fuck off, will you! I'm not gay!" Peter shouted on him and quickly got rid of his hold.

He didn't understand how and why did he met Brandon here!

On entering the room which Brandon had dragged him to, Peter got shell shocked.

He couldn't believe what he saw. Two sexy women were laying on the bed, half naked! To add cherry on the cake, one of them dressed up as a nurse while the other as a stewardess.

'What a playboy!' Peter thought to himself.

Now, it was clear as to what was Brandon doing there.

"This is my elder brother, Peter Wang. He's also my best friend. We can share anything and everything with each other except our wives! So, my brother, would you like to share these two beautiful women with me?"

Brandon asked Peter, while giving him a dirty look.

"Well, you continue to play by yourself! It's not a really good time for me." Peter was stunned.

"Change your clothes and meet me in the bathroom, I'll wait there. Brandon, I really need your help." After saying this, Peter went inside the bathroom.

"Don't be a mood-killer! Didn't you hear what my brother said? Go and change your clothes, " He instructed the two girls.

Peter stepped outside the bathroom, ten minutes later.

The two girls were fully dressed by this time.

However, Peter admitted to himself that Brandon had a good taste in terms of girls.

The two girls were extremely pretty with perfect bodies. They looked young, and they must be in school still.

Well, Brandon came from a rich and powerful family. He wouldn't sleep with ugly girls, ever!

"Well, tell me what can I help you with? I'd do anything for you! Also, till the time I'm in Golden City, I can solve all problems and everyone shall respect me except for Amelia Mo, "

Brandon said.

"Well, that sounds comforting!" Peter continued, "I really need your help. It's actually very simple. All you have to do is walk into the room opposite to this one, where we are standing, kick the door and come back."

Brandon was surprised on hearing what Peter said.

#### [Chapter 56 Brandon's Prestige](#)

"Brother, is the person staying in that room bothering you in any way?"

Brandon couldn't help but ask Peter, in order to understand what was happening.

"No, not really"

Peter shook his head as he replied.

"Then, do you dislike him for any reason?"

Brandon raised another question.

"Neither is true. I don't know him at all, for that matter"

Peter shook his head yet again.

"Then why do you want me to go and kick on the door of his room?" Brandon asked Peter with a lot of annoyance in his tone.

"I want to discuss business with him."

Peter replied, in a heavy voice.

"What the fuck?!"

Brandon couldn't help but swear.

'Is there anyone in this world who discusses business like this?

Is that how people are behaving in the society, or he is the only one gone bonkers?' Brandon thought.

"Ah, well, It'd be to explain the situation to you for a while.

Just answer my question, Will you help me with this or not? If not, I shall go ahead by myself."

Peter seemed to be a little impatient at that moment.

Brandon bit his lips and agreed to go. "Fine, I'll go with you!"

Soon, Brandon walked out of the room.

The two girls laying in the bed were stunned after witnessing the whole scene.

As soon as Brandon reached Carey's room, he took a deep breath, collected his forces, and kicked the door with all that he could.

A loud thud was heard.

Brandon winced with pain of his leg because of kicking the door too hard but even post this, the door only trembled, it didn't open.

Peter's eyes widened and he was speechless as he saw Brandon miserably fail at opening the door.

"Brandon, can you even do it? Any chance you are already high by the wine you had? What a shame! You can't even open a single door!?"

Brandon was agitated; he kicked the door yet again.

With a loud bang, this time.

The door shook but didn't open.

After failing for the second time, Brandon thought he'd be a loser if he wouldn't be able to open even a single door. Ignoring the pain of his leg, he kicked the door again with all the strength that was left in him.

He was shocked and couldn't believe that he was unable to even open a door.

With a loud thud!

Bang!

This time, it didn't disappoint Brandon. However, to everyone's utter surprise, the room was empty.

"Nobody? Really?"

Brandon felt stupid. All that kicking for what? To find the room empty?!

After realizing that the room was empty, Peter was stunned. He didn't know what to do. After thinking for a few minutes, he called Carey over the phone.

Initially, he was afraid that people from The Rowen Group would be all around Carey, hence he chose to break the door rather than calling him. But now he was out of options. He had to call Carey in order to find him.

A beep was heard over the phone.

"This is Carey Wang. Who's on that side, please?"

The phone rang three times and was then picked up. A man whose voice sounded like that of a middle-aged person could be heard from the other end.

"Hello. I'm Peter Wang, the manager of Silverland Group. I would like to meet you now."

Peter lied about his position and jumped straight to the important part.

"Oh okay. Well, right now, I'm at the Golden Eagle, you can come over here if you'd like to see me."

The way he spoke, sounded fishy.

"All right."

Peter frowned and then hung up.

He could figure out from the phone call that Carey had been threatened.

"Brother, are you headed to the Golden Eagle, now?"

Brandon asked Peter with concern in his tone.

"Yeah, I'm going there. You stay here and deal with the things I'm leaving behind."

Peter nodded as he pointed towards the broken door.

"Wait, I'll come with you! I haven't gone out to relax for a long time.

The door is not a big deal. I can get that sorted with one phone call, "

Said Brandon. He then turned to the two ladies in the bed and instructed them, "Get ready, you're coming with us!"

Peter agreed to everything Brandon had said, As Brandon might help him solve his problems.

Brandon then made a phone call to take care of the broken door. Later, all four of them walked towards the elevator.

While walking, Peter suddenly frowned and acted differently. He abruptly turned around and kicked the door of one of the rooms.

His sudden action shocked all the other three people walking with him.

Did this guy have a thing for kicking doors? Why didn't he kick the previous door as well?

With a loud thud, the door opened with just one kick, which formed a stark contrast with Brandon's previous three kicks.

As soon as the door opened, they could see a woman kneeling down on the ground with most of her clothes looking messy and torn. Right in front of her, sat a young man in a chair who was pulling her hair with one of his hands while slapping her with another.

The sound of slapping was very loud and clear.

"I was wrong. I was very wrong. I wouldn't dare to do it again. Please spare me."

The woman begged, with teardrops rolling out of her eyes.

She struggled and begged to be set free. The whole was very awkward to watch.

"Wrong?"

You bitch, do you have any clue how much shame did you throw my way and make me suffer?" The man looked furious.

"Even killing you wouldn't do justice to my hatred for you. I'll not only rape you, I'd make sure you'd be known to be the cheapest woman in the entire Golden City!"

The man told her, while slapping her face.

He was treating her like an animal, not a human.

Right when he was vigorously slapping her, he heard the sound of the door being opened. He was angry and agitated. He immediately turned around and shouted, "Who the fuck has the audacity to kick my room? Do you want to die?"

As he roared in anger, he gazed at the door with his red horrendous eyes, as if he'd eat whoever walked through that door. However, when he figured out who actually was at the door, his expressions changed drastically.

"Peter Wang?!"

The man gnashed his teeth, with anger and disgust filled in his eyes.

"Frank, I thought that you were just a beast yesterday, but today, after seeing what you were doing, you don't even deserve to be a beast!"

Peter said out loud, looking straight into Peter's eyes.

The man was no one else but Frank. And the woman who Frank was beating, looked familiar as well. It was Beck's girlfriend, Phoebe or maybe it was time to say, ex-girlfriend.

Initially, Peter assumed that Phoebe had no self respect, as she was there to make an appointment with Frank, so, he sighed.

He never imagined for things to be like what they were at that moment. Obviously, Phoebe would definitely had been threatened by Frank, otherwise why would she walk inside that room and face all that abuse?

"Peter One! Get one thing straight. Now, she is my woman. I can treat her however the fuck I want to, you better stay out of it. Besides, whether I am a beast or worse, is none of your business to decide."

Frank clenched his fist and resisted punching Peter in the face.

He hated Peter extremely now. If he could overpower Peter, he would have already rushed into punching him.

"You piece of shit! You are such an arrogant man! My brother will handle you!"

Brandon rushed into the room after hearing these words. "So, you think you can fight me? Come, I will give you a chance. Go on call for help before I crush you under my feet."



Brandon arrogantly bellowed at the man, which perfectly performed his essence of rascal!

Frank was really furious and screamed at Brandon saying, "Brandon Chu, I know that you are a part of the Chu family in Golden City.

Though I can't afford to provoke you, there sure are people who can, you better beware and not act cocky!"

With a bang!

As soon as Frank finished his sentence, Brandon kicked him and laughed wildly. "What can you really do even if I act aggressive? Bite me! Fuck! Even after knowing that you can't afford to provoke me, you still dared to shout at me! Do you wish to die from my hands?"

Brandon continued to laugh loudly along with stamping Frank on his body. "Do you not know who I am?

You shouldn't dare to threaten me, I can literally stamp you to death!"

Frank was screaming out of pain but couldn't speak anything as he was hurting. But on the inside he was an angry mess. If he could, he would burn down everything that lay in front of him.

#### [Chapter 57 Gregorio Lin](#)

Brandon's stupid actions not only took Peter aback but also all the three ladies, which included Phoebe.

Epecially, the two beautiful girls who came along with Brandon were too scared to move. They had no clue that this guy, who had been nothing but sweet and tender to them, had a violent side, so dangerous.

"Stop it, he'll die, if you keep hitting him. It is not worth sinning for a man like him."

Watching Brandon keep beating Frank, Peter wanted to stop, so he quickly pulled Brandon back.

"Fuck! He had the audacity to threaten me! He thought I would get scared? Never!"

Brandon kept swearing and it didn't look like his anger was fading away at all.

Peter ignored Brandon, and went straight to Phoebe. "If you don't wish to be bullied anymore, get dressed and follow me. No matter how he threatened you, I can settle it all for you, if you believe in me, I promise."

Peter was not a big fan of interfering into others' businesses, but he had to at that point because of Phoebe. It was because of him that Phoebe landed into such a terrible situation.

Although if he wouldn't have gotten involved that night, Phoebe might have fallen into the hands of

Frank as well, but alas! he did end up interfering.

After all, it was still because of him that Frank insulted Phoebe so much!

When Phoebe heard what Peter offered, her eyes started to glow, in hope. But she quickly lost that shimmer.

Frank stood leaning on bed, wiped off the blood from the corner of his mouth and started laughing hysterically.

"Wow. Look at the way you're talking! You are a mere security guard. If you didn't have Bella and Brandon for your protection, you'd be nothing but a fart!

Now please don't tell her that you can protect her! Well, even if you could, I doubt she'd ever dare to leave with you.

Peter Wang, if you are a real man, come out front. Don't hide behind others like a coward.

I dare you, if you don't kill me today, I will definitely kill you tomorrow!

Even if Brandon will protect you, I doubt he'd be around you 24/7 or like never leave the Golden City! As long as you are dead, I don't believe he will be there for you!"

Frank continued to scream and looked very angry.

"Wow! You really are an asshole! Seems like the lesson for you to soak in was not enough!"

Somehow, even on hearing this, Peter didn't lose his calm but Brandon did. He couldn't help but throw his fist at Frank in order to punch his face.

"Stop, let me handle it!"

Peter grabbed Brandon and asked him to move to a side. He then looked at Frank and asked politely, "You look down on me?"

"Hahahahaha!"

Frank flared with anger, and then said with a laugh, "Who do you think you really are? I've always despised you!

Don't forget, without Brandon and Bella, you'd just be a fart!"

Peter grinned. "Is it so Frank? Well, tell you one thing. If it were not for your parents, who would you be? Anyway, save the answer. All you need to know is, whether you have your parents or not, I, a mere

security guard, can destroy you any god-damn time I want."

And that was what Peter did for real. Peter kicked Frank so hard that Frank fell on the ground, and then he stepped on his face.

"I thought as a person, you had some morals but well you clearly don't.

Brandon kept hitting you for such a long time and you didn't utter a single word. Whereas, now you're acting like the king of the world. You really think that I am that easy to bully?"

Peter kept talking in a polite voice but on the inside, he was fuming up.

"Hasn't Alfred told you who destroyed the Alfred Club?

Also, hasn't he informed you who broke his legs?"

Initially, Frank felt insulted and got mad, but after he heard what Peter said, his heart suddenly skipped a beat.

Lost in anger, he didn't realize that despite being a security guard, Peter had a tough body and was powerful enough to take him down. He now got reminded of it by Peter himself.

"Frank Liu, I'll be honest. I don't like fighting people like you. I mean, there's no sense of challenge or accomplishment at all. I'm really lazy for some shit like that.

You really think that if you haven't done something very wrong or that if it didn't involve me, I'd be here to confront you like this?

Enough of all the jibber-jabber. Let's come to the point. If you are a real man, come straight to me and fight it out. Don't involve innocent people with us. What kind of a man you are with those threats, intimidates, and bullying women?

I won't haggle with you today, but next time, I'd make sure I do. Although I am too lazy to start a fight, but I shall, in case of such times.

Unless you really are able to kill me, I'd just end up killing you and your family. After all, I have nothing to lose. If you don't believe it, try it!"

Peter's tone was soft, but his words hit Frank like an arrow.

It is easy to defeat a person in a physical fight, but it is not very easy to destroy a person mentally.

Peter wanted Frank to suffer not only physically but psychologically too.

Frank felt humiliated. He couldn't stop himself from clenching his fists, while his nails pierced his flesh.

But this time, he did not dare utter a single word.

Peter's words hit him like a sharp knife ripping his soul. He was really scared this time.

He was afraid that Peter would just stab him to death with a knife.

"Let's get going!"

Peter told Brandon, not caring what Frank was up to.

It took a while for Phoebe to comprehend what was happening, but then she followed Peter and Brandon.

Although the entire scene was pretty loud, none of the hotel staff appeared at the sight.

But it didn't really surprise Peter or Brandon, as Brandon, somehow, had a strong background.

"Phoebe, what you had to go through because of me, I really feel bad about it and I'm here to apologize for the same. Here, this is my phone number. In case you have any problems, feel free to call me.

I understand what you had to go through in the last two days was tough and it undoubtedly tarnished your body and mind. But I also hope that you can put it behind you as soon as possible and laugh it off as something vicious life threw at you. If that doesn't work, you can always move to get a fresh start,"

said Peter.

Phoebe just hugged Peter and cried. Peter could feel the warmth of her body as she hugged him, unexpectedly.

"Thank you so much, Peter! I feel lucky to know you! You can be rest assured that I will definitely go out of my way and work even harder."

Phoebe hugged Peter even more tightly at that moment.

Peter was the first person to have actually made some sort of connection with her since she grew up. She really wanted to tell him that she loved him. But somehow she thought that she didn't deserve him.

Thinking that her body was not good enough for a man like Peter, she felt sad. Not to mention that in order to be Peter's girlfriend, she was willing to be at his service for all her life.

Peter had no clue about all this and had asked Brandon to find two bodyguards who could take care of Phoebe. As soon as she left, Peter rushed to the Golden Eagle.

— —

"Mr. Lin, they left the Harvey Hotel."

Standing in a luxurious room, Felix informed the young man sitting on the sofa with his head down.

Felix, who was a superior to Frank, was nothing but a loyal servant to the young man.

Gregorio Lin looked at Felix while the beautiful lady residing in his arms offered him some wine from her own glass.

"Call Alfred. His chance for taking the revenge is approaching."

"Yes, sir, but what about Brandon? He belongs to the Chu family."

Felix asked while dialing someone's number on the phone.

"Chu family? It means nothing to me. Let's just get rid of them together, in one go!"

His eyes filled with devil-like look and rage, as he spoke, "Well, Alfred will solve this problem, not us."

### [Chapter 58 Mad Revenge](#)

As soon as Peter rode the Hummer, his heart almost collapsed.

He had planned to sit in front, accompanying Brandon, but one of Brandon's female companions, Sunny, was already sitting there.

Peter had no choice but to sit behind with the other companion of Brandon, Tina.

No one knew why but Anna pulled unbuttoned a few buttons on her shirt and slightly lifted up her skirt, after sitting in the car.

Peter already felt seduced and it was hard to resist the temptation.

But Peter felt that it was ethically wrong to have such inappropriate thoughts about a woman that belonged to his brother, Brandon.

Though Peter kept warning himself, he couldn't stop himself from staring at Tina's exposed body parts.

Joyful and hopeful, Tina kept moving closer to Peter.

Fascinated by Peter's masculine physique, Tina got highly attracted to him.

Heroes were always attracted to beauties, and it was no wonder all these pretty ladies wanted to be with Peter.

As Tina kept getting closer, Peter started getting more and more confused. He was now at the corner of the seat, and shifting further wasn't an option.

Tina was so close to him that it was hard to ignore how good her body smelled and how attractive her body was.

He really wanted to push Tina away, but it would make her feel bad and embarrassed, wouldn't it?

If he didn't push her away, he just could hardly control his eyes, for Tina looked extremely attractive and tempting. Why would she seduce him so much? That was all Peter could think about.

From the driver's seat, Brandon saw the whole thing in the rearview mirror and just smirked.

How horny Peter was! It could be seen clearly on his face.

He saw a truck, which was stopping at a traffic signal, suddenly rushed towards their car like a crazy horse.

Sunny, who was sitting in front, screamed out of sheer fear and shock. Her face turned pale and her eyes filled with terror.

Tina started screaming too and she held Peter very tightly and ducked her head in his arms. She was trembling terribly.

Because the truck collided from their direction, Sunny and Tina could not stand the strong visual impact.

If the truck would hit them, they'd all die without a doubt.

And they were all still very young, only in the early years of their lives; there was so much they all wanted to do and accomplish.

They didn't want to die so soon and so young!

By this time even Brandon was scared to death. He started trembling and lost control of the steering wheel.

Though less than Tina and Sunny, he was quite panicked and scared.

He didn't know whether he should hit the brake or speed up, to avoid the collision. Because no matter what he chose, there was no escaping an accident. Either way, it was bound to happen.

"Speed up and drive as fast as you possibly can!" said Peter, on witnessing the crazy scenario.

Brandon did what Peter said, immediately. He accelerated and started driving as fast as he could.

The Hummer took off like a rocket, leaving behind a trail of dust.

Sunny started screaming, yet again, and this time she wasn't alone. People on the road, witnessing this also cried out, anticipating a horrible accident.

Sizzle!

The truck hit the Hummer from behind and then bumped into another car!

The car was broken into pieces, its parts flying everywhere.

The passengers in the car were dead as sure as fate.

The truck was still not slowing down, even after causing so much damage.

Brandon was scared to death and the trace of fear could be seen in his eyes, while he was riding in the hummer.

Peter's intuition was leading him to believe that it was no accident, and someone planned it.

Having escaped the accident by just a jiffy, Brandon immediately began to slow down.

Wiping off the sweat from his forehead, he felt as if he just came back from death.

He couldn't stop reliving after seeing the whole scene of the car being destroyed into pieces, and subsequent waves of fear rose in his heart.

Tina, on the other hand, had buried her head in Peter's arm and hence got lucky as she didn't have to see all that had taken place.

While Sunny, who had witnessed everything first hand, was frightened to faint.

Peter was numb, his face cold as a stone. He was sure that the accident had been planned by someone, but who was the target here? Brandon or Peter himself.

Peter was just about to step out of the car to check what happened to the people riding in the car that collided with the truck, right when another car could be seen approaching him.

The Hummer shook violently when Peter was about to step out. Fortunately, Peter and Brandon were lucky enough to not get hurt by it.

Brandon immediately got worked up as this happened. His expressions shifted from those of fear to anger.

He desperately wanted to find out who was driving the car. Just when he was about to figure it out, a minibus could be seen driving in their direction.

The minibus could be seen accelerating crazily from a distance.

Peter was outraged on seeing this.

Without wasting another second, he pushed Brandon into the back seat, as he decided to drive this time.

After getting into the driver's seat, he did something no one had expected. He started driving towards the minibus, at an alarming speed.

'Who is the crazier one here?

Let's find out!

Who is the wilder one?

Let's find out! !

Who is the one acting more berserk?

Let's find out that as well! ! !' thought Peter.

Under the driving of Peter, the Hummer was flying like a rocket. He kept accelerating and driving in the direction of the minibus.

As the Hummer got closer to the minibus, it could be seen that there were seven masked men inside, each holding a hacking knife in their hands!

Their eyes filled with deceit.

It was safe to assume from their gestures, they did get a little startled on seeing the Hummer approach



them with such great speed.

Especially, the front seat riders, they panicked.

"Quick! Just turn around quickly! This fellow driving the Hummer is going nuts." The man sitting in the co-pilot seat screamed.

These men in the minibus were no fools. They knew very well how things would end if the Hummer ran into them.

If the two cars collided, the chance of people surviving in the Hummer was infinitely higher than those in the minibus. All seven of them would end up dying if Peter ran the Hummer into their car.

Without any further hesitation or discussion, the driver, drove away from the Hummer to avoid the crash. They all took a sigh of relief after dodging the Hummer by such a small margin.

While in the Hummer, Brandon's heartbeat was still fluttering with fear. This was scarily crazy even for Brandon to bear.

Given the insane speed at which Peter was driving, even a Hummer couldn't guarantee to save their lives.

He shrugged at Peter's madness.

But he was relieved that they survived.

He felt it was the most exciting day in his life, which was ups and downs and unexpected climaxes!

"You all wait here and do not step out. I'll step out and see what's going on." Peter instructed everyone in the car and stepped out.

As soon as he stepped out, he walked directly towards the minibus.

Peter, all filled with burning rage and restlessness, wanted to find out who was behind this crazy incident.

It was a bright day in the downtown when this whole thing had taken place.

Fortunately, there were not a lot of people or vehicles in the vicinity, else, countless people would have died or met with accidents.

Before Peter could reach up to them and inquire what was happening, all the seven men got out of the car with knives in their hands.

Oh! they weren't alone. Another seven masked men jumped out of another car, which was also running behind the Hummer, who also had knives in their hands, They all formed a circle around Peter.

Peter could see they had extremely sharp knives.

And the air smelled like blood, already.

### [Chapter 59 Tremble In Fear](#)

When Peter observed and realized what all those men were doing, he understood that he was the target and not Brandon.

"Who's your boss?" Peter asked them, trying to remain adamant and strong.

"Go to hell, you son of a bitch!" said a young man. He smirked at Peter grimly and told others, "Kill him, as soon as possible!"

This young man had no intentions of reconciling with Peter at any cost. So, he didn't even let him speak.

As he'd instructed, all the fourteen men, with knives in their hands, ran towards Peter.

The fourteen knives shined in the broad daylight. It looked like they were going to chop Peter into small pieces and kill him.

Soon, Brandon stepped out of the car and what he saw left him speechless. He knew he had to help Peter even though he would die.

"As your brother, I should share your ups and downs. Bro, don't worry. Here I am." Brandon shouted, as he stepped out of the Hummer and ran towards Peter, trying to save him.

Peter was taken aback. "Brandon, what on earth do you think you are doing? Run away from me!"

Peter screamed and ran away quickly. But at that exact moment Peter was deeply touched by Brandon's gesture!

As the famous saying goes, "a friend in need is a friend indeed." Peter finally realized that Brandon truly was his friend. He hadn't considered him a friend before today.

Brandon was stumped. 'What the fuck? Are you freaking kidding me?'

As Brandon saw Peter ran away like a professional athlete, he came back to his senses and thought of going back to the car, especially after seeing those shiny knives.

"Catch them and kill them both!" The young man shouted again, instructing all the others in his gang. Now, they were chasing both of them.

Peter's plan was not to run away from the fight but to reach a certain distance and then face them one by one. Then he could fight and defeat them. He couldn't fight all the fourteen men together, of course.

After all, he couldn't beat all of them up at the same time even though he was a good fighter.

Even if he tried, he'd just end up getting killed. As a result, he thought that the only way out was to run to a distance far away and then fight them one-on-one.

But probably he was underestimating them. They were well trained and highly skilled at their job.

Peter ran as fast as a bullet train.

Even though they were all pros, they all failed at catching him.

They all got super mad! 'What a moron! He is a fucking coward! He doesn't have the courage to fight us. Why do people keep telling the anecdote that he beat down all the killers at the Alfred Club?'

'That son of a bitch is way too fast!'

They all cursed Peter, took deep breaths and made more efforts to chase him, only to kill him once he was caught.

To their surprise, Peter suddenly stopped, turned around and threw a kick at them!

In return, the two front-runners showed their knives and tried to attack him with them.

However, they were a tad bit too slow! Peter had already kicked them and moved on.

The two guys screamed loud in pain, dropping their knives and further, knocking down others with their fall.

What's more, the knives ended up being their own enemies.

Unfortunately, the knives of the guys right behind the front runners, pierced through their backs.

As a result, they both screamed at the top of their lungs and soon passed out.

"Great knives!" said Peter and grinned. He stopped and picked up the two knives with his foot!

Straight after that, Peter kicked them more.

And not much later, the two knives flew like two arrows towards the other men running.

Peter was very close to the men running behind him when he threw the knives at them.

While, they had no time or measure to defend themselves from this attack.

Soon, the knives pierced through their chests and they fell, helplessly.

They were bleeding heavily as they hit the ground. Drenched in blood and shouting out in pain, they eventually passed out.

They were knives, not swords! The two men clearly couldn't stand the pain.

"These are pretty good knives! Where did you buy them? Can you get some for me too?" Peter started teasing them.

The remaining bunch of men witnessed this and were filled with rage.

Four of them had been severely injured while Peter did not even have a scratch on his body!

"That son of a bitch!"

"You have no balls! Come here and fight with us if you can, bloody coward!"

They were furious by now and ran towards Peter to kill him.

They intended to stab him with their knives.

"Of course, I have balls!" Peter continued, "You are the ones running behind me with knives! Ten for one is not exactly the definition of bravery!"

Peter kept running. He then looked at Brandon and said, "Brandon, run! Just run!"

"Shit, shit, shit!"

"You son of a bitch!"

"Shame on you!"

"Fuck it! Kill that bastard right now!"

All the ten guys immediately threw all their knives in the direction of Peter without any thought.

All knives flew towards Peter.

They were all aimed at Peter like a one big weapon.

The ten men hoped that they would kill him.

Peter just smiled and jumped as soon as he heard the noise of the knives approaching him.

He kicked all knives in air. Surprisingly, the knives turned round and then flew back to where they'd come from.

The whole thing happened so fast, just in a few seconds.

'What the fuck just happened?' The ten guys were shocked and frightened!

The knives flew back too fast!

Before any of the ten men could react, they were all stabbed by the knives. They all moaned in pain.

Soon there was blood everywhere!

Brandon, Sunny and Tina were flabbergasted after witnessing the whole fight.

'That was freaking awesome! How the fuck did he do that?'

Finally, all of them realized that they couldn't fight Peter. He was on a different level.

"Well, well, well. Now, can you tell me who your boss is? In case you don't want to tell me, I have enough time to play this game with you all!" Peter smiled, wickedly.

"Alfred Gao!" said a young man without any fear. "I admit that you are better than us and we shouldn't have belittled you. It was our mistake. However, you won't be allowed to leave alive!"

Suddenly, sound of multiple brakes could be heard. Several vans stopped on the road. Nearly 100 people got off and came out of their respective vans.

About ten of them wore mask just like the previous fourteen ones and all of them were dressed in black.

And the others were just a bunch of bastards.

Their hair were of variegated colors and different hairstyles. Each of them had a tool in their hands and looked very arrogant with a cigarette in their mouths.

This time, there were way too many people. It was enough to scare the common people.

It was still a frightening scene, overall.

'Fuck! Have all the thugs of the Golden City come here?' Finally, Peter looked serious this time.

### [Chapter 60 Peter's Wrath](#)

"Kill'em!"

"Kill'em!"

"Kill'em!"

The delinquent teenagers shouted as they rushed at Peter.

They were really looking for a fight.

"Brandon, hide in the car and call the police!"

Peter shouted as he braced himself for the incoming attack.

Confounded, Brandon gestured the girls in the Hummer to call the police as he rushed over to Peter, gritting his teeth.

"Bro, how do you expect me to get inside the car and leave you to fight them alone? You saved me once, the least I can do is to fight to the death by your side!"

Brandon grinned, kicked over one of the rowdy teenagers, grabbed a machete and charged through the crowd.

Caught off guard, two of the hooligans were caught straight away as six of them hurled knives and sticks at him.

Fortunately, the road wasn't wide enough for them to rush at him all at once. It was lucky that the road was narrow.

Otherwise, Brandon would have been hacked to death, unable to defend himself against so many people.

Six young men stood in front of him while the rest of them stood behind.

Brandon faced as the first six attacked. Swinging his machete, he deflected a knife and kicked one of them with his right leg.

Blood oozed as Brandon's response injured both himself and his attacker.

Despite his quick reaction, a machete managed to hit his left arm and leave it injured.

Two sticks hit him squarely and threw him to the ground.

The guy he managed to kick over was quickly replaced by another one and all six of them struck him, landing six blows all at the same time.

Things happened so fast.

Clearly outnumbered, Brandon waved his machete wildly and fiercely. "If I'm going to die, I'm taking one of you with me! I've done all that I can, Peter. This is it for me. I'll see you in the next life, brother!"

He knew that there was no way he could survive this fight. Still, he had no regrets.

Deeply moved by Brandon's courage, Peter was determined not to go down without a fight.

As the weapons were about to land on Brandon, Peter jumped as high as he could and kicked with all his might.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

In a flash, Peter hit the six boys squarely on the chest, breaking their sternums. Blood poured out of their mouths as they screamed in agony.

Peter pulled his brother up with one hand, grabbed a stick with the other, and swung it around fiercely.

He knew that despite their intimidating front, the hooligans were all just scared teenagers who didn't want to get hurt. Otherwise, he would be holding a knife, not a stick.

There was another loud noise as six hooligans fell down, screaming and knocking back their companions behind them.

"I'm not dead?" Brandon asked in disbelief after Peter's rescue. He truly expected that he'd already be hacked to death.

"What? Do you really wanna die? Do you want me to kick your ass myself?" Peter said, rolling his eyes. With his stick, he knocked down a dozen more of the hooligans as he spoke.

Brandon didn't manage to respond.

'My brother is unbelievable. How could he have knocked down nearly twenty men in just a few seconds?'

Another six men fell as Peter's stick cracked from the impact.

Blood likewise gushed out of Peter as he also received some of the hooligans' blows.

Even though he was the mighty soldier king, he wasn't indestructible. Fighting with so many people while protecting Brandon, wasn't easy.

Fifty or sixty rushed in from behind them. With less than twenty meters between them, Peter and Brandon were trapped.

"Run! Get in the car! Quick!" Peter knew that things could not go on like this. He kicked the two men in front of them out of the way, pulled Brandon up and started running to the Hummer.

"Don't let them get away!" The hooligans shouted as they rushed madly towards the Hummer.

But Peter was too fast for them. As soon as he reached the car, he threw himself and Brandon in and closed the door behind him.

"Call the police! Quick, call the police!" he shouted as he quickly started the car and drove ahead.

The teenagers fled for fear of being run over by the massive vehicle.

They were just a bunch of bullies and they didn't want to die.

A few of them weren't so lucky and were hit by the Hummer regardless, leaving them to fall to the ground in pain.

Peter made sure that the speed of the car wouldn't kill them as he had no intention to do that. Otherwise, more than half of them would have been dead.

"Hello, Mr. Zhang? This is Brandon Chu. I was almost chopped to death. Why is the useless police force not here yet?"

Brandon dialed a number and started screaming as soon as someone picked up.

"What do you mean there is a car accident? The road is blocked and the police can't get through? Are you fucking brainless? Why didn't you just ask them to get out of the car and run? Are you jammed too?"

Brandon was clearly pissed off.

Peter stayed silent while thinking to himself, 'Isn't Brandon being too arrogant with his tone?'

He was wordless as his face grew grave.



'This series of killings must have been planned a long time ago, and are very carefully coordinated. Alfred Gao is really not that simple.'

No sooner than Peter thought of it, Two cars appeared before him, stopping them in their tracks. No matter how Peter tried to maneuver, he couldn't manage to escape them as they blocked his way.

Behind the automobiles stood about thirty or forty hooligans, clearly ready for a great, big fight.

A part of Peter admired Alfred. How could he have gathered these many people to fight for him? Clearly, he was a worthy opponent.

"Brandon, wait for me in the car. Don't go down, I'm serious. It's a disadvantage to me and it won't help, "

He spoke frankly and quickly got off the car.

He was fed up and infuriated!

All this fighting had worn out all his patience!

"You assholes, why don't you look for decent jobs instead of playing with knives and guns, huh? I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget, "

Peter said as he ran straight towards them.

"Fuck your old mo..." one of the boys started to cuss but was cut off as Peter's hand swung across his face.

With a snap, a mouthful of blood came gushing out of him as he was knocked back forcibly.

"Fuck, I'll kill yo..." The young man next to him reacted, his eyes flashing with excitement as he raised his knife to stab Peter!

This was a very opportune moment. If he caught Peter, he'd be financially set for the rest of his life.

Alas, it only played so well in his head.

Before he could finish his words, Peter kicked him so hard in the stomach and sent him flying.

Crack! "This is for your ruthlessness!" Crack! "This is for messing with me!" Crack! "This is for your stupid cussing!" Crack! "This is for you being no-good delinquents!" Crack! "This is for your gruesome upbringing!"

Peter spit out curses after each and every slap.

In less than a minute, all thirty or forty of them fell to the ground, unable to get up again.

Bloody and swollen, they looked at Peter with unspeakable fear.

With sheer disbelief, they almost cried out, 'What the hell! You said that we were ruthless, fine we admit it. We're no-good delinquents? Okay! But when did we cuss at you? We didn't even manage to utter a single word! That's unfair!'

"Who wants to challenge me? Stand!" Peter shouted. "I'd be glad to teach you a lesson, assholes!" Infuriated, Peter couldn't stop kicking and scolding each and every one of them.

Desperation filled them as they screamed in pain wanting nothing but to make it stop.

By this time, about seventy or eighty people had caught up from behind and decided to fight with Peter.

Peter was in a fit of anger.

"Damn it, I don't think you'll learn anything unless I show you what I'm capable of!"

Hearing him, the escaped delinquents shivered from fear and were then filled with relief. They also felt bad for their less fortunate friends.

No matter how many they were, they were no match for Peter, the mighty soldier king!