

## MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

### Chapter 7 Spineless

Not waiting for a response, the woman entered the elevator and left.

Peter was stunned.

'Are security guards really treated this way? I get threatened to be fired casually!' thought Peter.

"Who was that woman? She was so arrogant!" Peter asked Shelley before she covered his mouth hurriedly to stop him.

"Shush, Peter! It's dangerous to talk about Miss Song like that. Do you even care about your career? Leave me out of it if you want to ruin yours. I happen to like my job here." Shelly looked as if she was about to cry.

Bella had a notorious reputation. As the President of

Silverland Group, she was highly objective and calculating in all her decisions. She valued results and efficiency above all, which allowed her to be highly impartial. On her bad days, she could be found reprimanding anyone who happened to cross her path, sometimes even firing them with no reason at all.

Senior company executives and general staff alike were all wise enough to be careful around her on these occasions. It was very risky to talk about her badly, even in private. The consequences could be dire.

"Just be sure to be careful, Peter. Remember to stay calm when you meet Miss Song. Don't speak unless spoken to, and never interrupt her. Be sure to not annoy her, else, that's a sure bye-bye." Shelly whispered

As Lisa nodded in agreement. "It's true. Miss Song doesn't need a reason to fire anybody."

"I'm sorry, Peter. I can't help you out here, man." Jack sighed.

Peter shifted uncomfortably. 'It's just a woman. What's the worse that could happen? You should calm down like me, rather than be nervous. Besides, so what if she fires me? This isn't a very nice place anyway. I'll just be a punching bag here if I stay. There's probably something out there better for me.' Peter tried to convince himself.

'Damn it! I've killed so many people in the battlefield and now I'm afraid of a woman in an office? What is wrong with you, Peter? Worst case scenario, we go back to the construction site. That isn't the worst!'

The elevator doors opened. Peter puffed up his chest.

straightened himself out, and started to walk as calmly as he could manage.

The 38th floor was where upper management held office, including the CEO.

Peter's eyes grew wide as he walked around.

One side of it was filled with beautiful women in uniform darting back and forth with swift but dainty steps, holding documents.

The silk black uniform made them all look so sexy!

'Well, I'm about to be fired, anyway. Might as well enjoy this while it lasts.'

The women gave him quick reproachful looks as they went about their business. It was obvious they didn't enjoy being checked out by an ordinary security

guard.

It wasn't unusual for them to be checked out by guys who happened to visit their floor, but Peter's gaze made them feel quite uncomfortable.

A secretary courteously greeted Peter as he entered the President's office.

He glanced at her name tag and greeted her. "Hey, Clair! My name is Peter Wang. Miss Song asked me to come to her office and I can't be late! Hurry, let me in!"

'Wow the nerve of this guy, giving me orders! Even the President wouldn't talk to me like that.'

Clair gave him a blank look.

'I've met so many people of different statures. This

faceless, nameless security guard is unbelievable. I wonder what stupid he did to get Miss Song's attention?'

Despite her inner thoughts, Clair mustered a courteous smile. "Good day, Mr. Wang. Please wait, I'll inform Miss Song you're here."

"Hurry up! I can't be late!"

Clair nearly fell over. 'What an annoying security bastard!'

P

eter felt satisfied.

A lot of people in the office looked at themselves from a pedestal. They seemed to feel like they were better than others, and Peter decided to give it a try in

return. It felt fantastic!

Frankly, Peter was disappointed to encounter so much hassle on his first day of work, but he felt better after standing up for himself and his friends.

Judging from Shelly's and the others' tone, it's probably a really bad thing to be called to the President's office. He's almost sure he's going to be fired. There's nothing he could possibly do to make things worse.

After what seemed like a very long time, Clair walked out of Bella's office and gestured Peter to come in. Peter ran his fingers through his hair in an attempt to make them less unruly, then started to enter.

Bella was on her big mahogany table, her black suit placed against her majestic leather chair. She gave Peter a cold look and scanned him from head to toe.

He felt very uncomfortable. 'Still asserting your dominance until now, Miss President? What do you even get out of it?' Peter thought.

Utterly tired from a whole day of being sized up, Peter decided to just speak his mind. "Miss Song, I'm still very puzzled. Why did you call me to your office?"

Peter did his best to sound respectful despite the tension.

"I heard you beat up Eric, your group leader, and got him sent to the hospital. Then, you provoked Bob, the Head of Security. All these, on your first day. You're quite bold, Mr. Wang." Bella replied coldly.

'Yeah, you bet I did. And I can do the same thing to you if I get out of control. How do you plan to deal with me?' Peter thought. He decided to shift to a more



humble tone.

"I deeply apologize for what happened, Miss Song. I promise I will not let that happen again, especially during work hours."

'Agh, Peter, you spineless pussy, ' he thought to himself. 'I shouldn't even be apologizing for having done the right thing, but this woman is heartless and probably won't listen to my reason. This is the best way to keep the job.'

"Hmm, why are you apologizing? I don't see anything you did wrong." She said calmly.

"What? No, what I did was very, very wrong!"

'Spineless pussy.'

Bang!

Bella stood up dropping her hands loudly on the table.

"Who said you did something wrong? What you did was right! Those arrogant bastards got what they deserved.

In my opinion, you were too soft. I heard Eric has just returned to work. You should have beaten him up harder so he'd be bedridden for three months or so."

Peter was speechless. Was this a test?

He couldn't believe what he was hearing! This woman was something unpredictable! What President would wish her staff were beaten down and incapacitated for three whole months?

Finally being able to recollect himself, Peter managed to reply. "I.. actually agree with you, Miss Song. Thank you. Next time, I'll do my best to make that five

months."

He thought it would be best to just keep agreeing with this woman.

Bella didn't speak, but instead, kept staring at Peter.

One minute...

Two minutes...

Three minutes...

Peter grew impatient. Did I say something wrong?' He remembered that old saying "To be in the king's company is tantamount to living with a tiger". It couldn't be truer right now. He was at the edge of his seat, and he had no idea what would happen next.

Four minutes later, Bella let out a burst of laughter.

"Hahahahahahaha! Oh god! I can't help it! This is so funny! Hahahahaha! You see, handsome? I told you you couldn't escape me. You show up in front of me on your own, see? Hahahahahahaha!"

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