

MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

Chapter 31 What A Showoff

"Alfred Club? Pshh. I'm a member of the Passion Club! Let's go!" Peter couldn't help bragging in front of the students.

Even though the students weren't very convinced, they still followed his lead because of how he carried himself.

Audrey looked at him in disbelief. 'What a douchebag,' she thought.

"Sir, please show me your card." The security guard requested.

No one believed that someone who looked like Peter could afford a membership to the prestigious club.

"Here you go." Peter handed his card to the security

guard. The officer took his flashlight and inspected it carefully. His face changed when he finally deciphered what it was.

"I'm sorry, sir. This is Alfred Club, not Bayang Beauty Club." The security guard said coldly, almost losing his temper. 'What a fool! Did he think he can fool me with a beauty card?'

"Oh, sorry..." Peter was so embarrassed. He glanced at Audrey. 'Is she doing this on purpose to make me look stupid?'

Audrey was confused. When she realized what was happening, she quickly scrambled into her bag. "Oh, sorry! I made a mistake!"

She said, handing Peter another card. 'Oh, Peter, you douche. You're so full of yourself but you're nothing without my club card. You won't even be allowed in

here if it weren't for me, ' she thought in secret.

The security guard finally allowed them in after seeing the correct card.

Audrey's classmates excitedly entered. With the free-flowing drinks and beautiful lights, they danced the night away and had the time of their lives.

At the club's balcony, Alfred received a message informing him about Peter's presence in the club. He was stunned for three minutes, and then he started laughing loudly.

'Oh, Peter, I've been looking for you everywhere. Who would have thought you'd walk right into my club? I was furious when my guys failed to kill you. Now that you're here, I'll be sure to get the job done, '

Alfred thought to himself. Earlier, he was told that his men failed to kill Peter, and were even caught by the authorities.

Going rogue, he decided he'd kill Peter in his club himself.

This was his turf, and he was certain that nothing would get in his way this time.

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Peter didn't know that Alfred had discovered him. Even if he did, he didn't really care. They went to the VIP area as soon as they entered.

The room was beautifully decorated. The carpet, walls, and all the tables were made of gold, making the room look absolutely exquisite.

The space was about 100 square meters where people could sing, dance or dine. Six highly-trained and beautiful waitresses roamed the area delivering top-quality service to its likewise top-tier patrons.

They all felt like kings.

Pretty soon, Audrey's classmates started to order drinks and had a good time, even made better with the excellent service and Peter's graciousness.

Despite the festivities, Audrey couldn't help but observe Peter. His level of ease piqued her curiosity.

'He's just a security guard and yet, he blends-in really well in this high-end place, '

Audrey wondered.

Suddenly, she started to feel so much resentment that she was tempted to throw a bottle at him.

'Why the fuck does he have all those expensive drinks when I'm the one paying the bill? I can't afford all of those even though I'm the mayor's daughter!'

Blissfully unaware of Audrey's concerns, Peter drank to his heart's content with Audrey's classmates.

Peter carried himself really well and was really good at connecting with his new friends. He oozed with charisma, impressing Audrey's classmates very much.

Ada, who was more mature and sophisticated than her peers, was more than impressed —she was attracted. Laughing at his jests and making as much eye contact as possible, she was sure that she would throw herself at him if it weren't for her roommate.

Audrey, on the other hand, grew angrier by the minute. 'What a showoff! You'll regret this. Go, drink! Drink more until you die, idiot!'

She cursed, very worried about the bill. 'I can't afford all this, I don't know what to do.'

"What do you do for a living, Peter?" one of Audrey's classmates asked. "You must be so rich and powerful. Why do you wear such simple clothes?"

Sipping on a glass of wine, Peter replied, "I prefer staying low-key. I find it satisfying when I embarrass people who misjudge me because of how I look. Don't you agree? It's called—"

"Something like being a wolf in a sheep's skin. I've seen that a lot in novels," one of Audrey's classmate cut him off with admiration even before he could find

the right words.

Peter laughed, "Yes, that's correct! You're a smart boy, good for you!"

"Bro, you didn't tell us where you work!" The other classmate asked again.

"Silverland Group, " Peter replied uncomfortably knowing that he was only a security guard there.

As he was about to make something up about his official designation, the student exclaimed, "Silverland Group? I've heard of that company! You must be a senior manager or something! You must be earning around ten million dollars a year!"

"Hahahaha, how did you know? You are clever! Okay, cheers!" Peter smiled from ear to ear and took a big gulp of wine.

Audrey's mouth dropped. 'You liar! What a showoff! What a big showoff!'

She wanted to stand up and expose Peter then and there: tell her classmates about his real profession and that the club card was actually hers.

Quickly collecting herself, she decided against it because she already told her classmates that he was her boyfriend.

'Okay, relax. Just hold it in, ' she told herself.

'I have to hold it in if I don't want to be bothered by Jared again, ' she thought.

Audrey's classmates started exchanging goodbyes at 12 o'clock midnight. They would have wanted to stay longer, but they had classes early the next day.

When their bill arrived, the amount shocked Audrey to the core. She couldn't believe her eyes!

'What?!

\$830, 000? This is too expensive!

Damn it! I wanna kill Peter!'

Audrey estimated the bill to be \$20, 000-\$30, 000. That, she could afford.

But the amount in the bill was just too much! Paying the bill would put her father on the headlines the very next day.

If people found out that his daughter spent that much money in one party, he would surely lose his job!

Her classmates were just as shocked when they saw the amount. They've never spent that much money in one night, their whole lives!

Regular people would need to work for ten or twenty years to even earn as much. Still, they were at ease knowing that Peter, one of the top managers of Silverland Group, could surely afford it.

Audrey knew the truth, though. Peter wasn't a manager, he was only a security guard. She trembled and wanted to cry.

'What should I do? If I get my father into trouble, I would never forgive myself!'

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