

MIGHTY SOLDIER KING

Chapter 32 An Intense Battle

Seeing the look on Audrey's face, Peter knew that she did not have enough money. He could not help but think to himself, 'Why did she come here with no money? What a silly girl!'

Peter glanced over the bill. Suddenly, his jaw dropped open. The sight made him want to collapse right then and there.

'Holy shit! There must be something wrong! We only drank a little, but it already costed us \$830, 000! That's just too exorbitant!'

Peter wanted to tear down the restaurant. However, he could not. He had bragged to her classmates, so he had to bear the consequences.

After all, men had to reap what they had sown. This

was what he had to pay for his whole night of bragging.

At that time, the voice of the restaurant manager came, "\$830, 000 in total. Will you pay by credit card or by cash?"

The manager said that with no respect, nor patience. It appeared as though he was looking down on Peter.

'How dare you, a poor guy, fight against Mr. Gao. What a joke! If you fail to pay the bill, you will never be able to leave Alfred Club. You and the two little beauties beside will never leave this place!'

Peter glowered at the manager and shouted at him, "Are you an idiot? How is it possible to bring bills worth thousands on hand? Of course, I'll pay by card! I don't understand how an idiot like you is a manager."

Peter was furious, but he handed his card over, saying to Audrey's classmates, "Well, it isn't that expensive. It costs only \$830, 000."

Now that he had bragged so much and the bill had to be paid, he was determined to keep the facade and act like a wealthy man.

The manager didn't expect Peter's words. His mind went blank suddenly. He couldn't find the words to retort him.

Looking at the black and dirty bank card that Peter handed over, he thought to himself, 'This rascal just gave me a card to act like he has the money. If the balance is not sufficient to pay the bill, he will be doomed.'

If Peter had only known what the manager was thinking about, he would surely spit on the latter.

Several days ago, Alfred had transferred a million into Peter's bank card, so the balance of that card was for sure sufficient.

The cashier soon inserted the bank card into the credit card terminal. Then, Peter had entered his pin and confirmed the payment.

Audrey's classmates were surprised at how rich Peter was, but Audrey was worried about him. She stared at the cashier, worrying that the card would get declined.

After all, Peter was just a security guard. How could it be possible for him to be able to pay that much? If he really had that much money, there would be no need for him to work as a security guard.

The manager shouted before the cashier spoke, "Card's declined, right?"

Zzt-zzt!

Beep!

The receipt printed out from the card terminal right after the manager shouted out. Peter had received a text message alert from the bank, too.

The cashier did not know what was wrong with the manager, so she said nervously, "Sir, the payment is successful."

She handed the card over to Peter with respect, "Sir, here is your card."

"Thanks." Peter took his card and put it back in his pocket casually.

The manager was so embarrassed and angry that his face got extremely red. He didn't know what he should

do at the moment!

Audrey, who was on the other side, was relieved.

"You can't leave!" They were just about to leave when the manager roared out. The club's security team blocked their paths.

Peter sighed and then asked, "What's the matter? I've already paid the bill!"

"We suspect that you have stolen something from this establishment. I hope you would cooperate with our investigation, " the manager said insidiously.

Peter was not a fool. He immediately knew that Alfred had plotted something against him, again.

"How about letting my friends go first? I will stay and help you with your investigation, " Peter said, doing

something with his phone before putting it back to his shirt pocket.

Peter interrupted the manager's thoughts, "I was the one who paid the bill. And you're suspecting me of stealing. It will be of no help for them to stay. If you force them to stay, I will call the police and accuse you of assault."

The manager looked to Peter's friends and then nodded. "Okay. Let them leave."

Audrey and her classmates knew that something was wrong. They were just about to ask Peter about what was happening when he said, "I'm fine. Audrey, you and your friends should go first. Wait for my call later."

"Fine. I will wait for your call." Audrey nodded and then went out with her classmates.

She knew that it would do no help if they stayed. Peter would have to take care of them during the fight. Therefore, it was better to leave and let Peter deal with the situation.

Peter got a little bit relieved when he saw Audrey and her friends leave.

The manager spoke with a bleak smirk, "Man, you do know how to care for women. You acted like a real man."

Peter squinted, "It has nothing to do with you whether I act like a real man. I want to talk directly to Alfred Gao. You have bad breath, and I don't want to endure that any longer."

"Screw you!" The manager was insulted with those words, so he raised his fist, about to hit Peter...

Slap!

But Peter was fast, so he slapped the man on the face. "Cut the crap, and don't waste my time. Ask Alfred Gao to come down and see me."

The manager was hit so hard that half of his face became red and swollen. He almost lost his balance even. His face twisted with anger, and then he shouted, "You son of a bitch! How dare you summon Mr. Gao! You've already offended Mr. Gao and beaten me up! You're a dead man now!"

The manager shouted out and waved his hands to signal the club security to come over. They rushed toward Peter immediately.

At the same time, a dozen men with strong, bulky statures came out from a room with long sticks in their hands, running fiercely toward Peter.

"Motherfuckers!" Peter cursed them and squinted. Then, he suddenly seized the manager up and threw him to the dozen of henchmen.

At the same time, he suddenly kicked the abdomen of one of the security guys with his right leg. The security guy screamed out and spat out blood from his mouth, falling down to the ground.

Peter grinned, using both of his hands to grab another two security guys and crashed their heads strongly against each other's.

Bam!

Blood splattered everywhere.

The two security guys fainted to the ground with their heads bleeding heavily.

"Kill him!"

At that time, all of the henchmen with the long sticks shouted out and ran closer to Peter. They all seemed determined to kill Peter with no mercy.

Countless of sticks were waved in the air, making whooshing sounds. The scene was so frightening.

"I haven't had a good fight in so long. Today, I will fight with all my strength!" Peter felt no fear at all. He grinned, a gleam of happiness in his eyes, adrenaline rushing through his veins.

Boom!

He stomped his right foot to the ground, making a huge crack. The marble ground looked like it had been heavily hit by a huge ax.

Peter jumped up with the force he gathered from the ground, and then he suddenly pounced onto the henchmen like a fierce tiger.

Peter's fists started to punch them, like bombs dropping from the air.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

One of the henchmen was punched, and he fell down immediately to the ground. His facial bones disfigured. He was not even able to sound out the pain he had felt.

Peter grabbed the man's long stick and suddenly swept it across and toward the henchmen. The long sticks slipped out from the henchmen's hands with clashing sounds to the ground.

He showed no mercy, hitting on each of the thugs with great strength.

Bam, bam, bam, bam! Four of the henchmen were hit on the head, collapsing to the ground with their foreheads bleeding.

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