

MIGHTY SK 37

[Chapter 37 Seeing An Old Classmate](#)

Peter happily went to the basement parking when his shift ended.

The moment he saw Bella, Peter removed his jacket excitedly. "Bella, boss, I'm coming."

He couldn't wait to see his beautiful boss sitting alone in her red Hummer in the dark garage.

Upon seeing him, Bella flipped her smooth hair and gestured her finger seductively. "Come on, I can't wait for it any longer."

Peter stopped abruptly. "What can I do for you?"

Bella curled up her lips. "You're not a beast..."

You're a coward!"

Peter couldn't take it. With gusto, he banged at the car door and tried to enter forcibly.

If he had a weakness, it would be seduction from an extremely beautiful goddess. He would show her how big of a man he was.

Bang!

Something hit Peter forcibly.

Aghh!

Ahhhhhhh!

"Why did you do that?!" Peter said angrily, clutching at his stomach.

"Get in the car. We're going to a party," Bella said, suddenly in a serious and authoritative tone once again.

Peter looked at her ambiguous expression. He thought about protesting but eventually decided to give in.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the Bluesea Hotel.

"Wait for me here while I park." Bella said, dropping him off at the hotel entrance.

He immediately noticed the attractive waitresses and their long beautiful legs.

"Peter?" He suddenly heard someone calling, which interrupted his thoughts.

He turned his head and saw a man and a woman looking back at him.

They were both young —probably around twenty-four or twenty-five years old.

While you wouldn't say that the man was handsome, he definitely looked good in a suit.

The woman wore a loose top and a fitted cotton skirt. She looked rather average, but the ensemble she wore accentuated her assets well and made heads turn.

The woman looked at Peter suspiciously as she stood close to her companion, holding his arm. She found it odd that her boyfriend would be associated with such a plain-looking man.

"I'm sorry, you are?" Although he looked familiar, Peter couldn't seem to recall who the man was.

"Oh, Peter, it's really you!" The man replied, amused. "It's me, Beck! We were classmates in high school. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, Beck!" Peter finally realized.

He had known this man since first grade! Peter dropped out of school on their second year in high school, but he could still remember how Beck was always bullied by their other classmates. Back then, he was thin and wimpy, but after several years, he seemed to have grown into this strong and confident guy.

It was nice to see him again. After he had experienced many difficult years in his life, his early memories in school were truly ones that he treasured.

"It's probably been ten years since we last saw each other! How are you? What are you doing here? Do you work here at Bluesea Hotel?"

Beck asked, observing Peter's getup which looked very plain and simple compared to his.

This didn't come as a surprise especially because he accompanied Bella but wasn't able to change out of his work clothes. Anyone would be able to tell that he was a blue-collar worker based on what he was wearing.

Peter sighed and shook his head. "No, I don't work here."

"Oh, where do you work?" Beck asked.

"I work as a security guard in Silverland Group," Peter replied. It slipped his mind that he was recently

transferred to the logistics department and was now a driver.

"Security guard?" Beck exclaimed in surprise. "How can you be a security guard?" he wondered aloud. "Come to think of it, you did pretty bad at school, and you seemed to prefer playing with knives and guns. I guess it makes sense for you to work as a security guard."

Growing impatient, Beck's girlfriend started pulling at his arm. "Dear, let's go. We're wasting time chatting with a security guard. I'm hungry, I want to go now."

Beck glared at his girlfriend. "Phoebe, don't talk like that. This is my high school classmate. Back then, Peter was the man no one would dare provoke."

"Ugh, so what, he's a gangster, " Phoebe replied, uninterested. "So what if he was super popular in high school? Who cares if so many ignorant little girls lined up for him back then? Now he's nothing but a stinking security guard."

This time, instead of telling off his girlfriend, Beck looked at Peter and said, "Peter, I think you should quit your job as a security guard. I'll help you. I don't have a very high position, but I'm a manager. I'm pretty sure I can find a better job for you. No woman will take you seriously as a security guard, man. What do you say?"

It made sense for Beck to show off right now. Back then, Peter had been the one that people looked up to in school. At the wave of his hand, crowds of young girls would scream trying to get his attention.

Beck was a nobody that kids pushed around. Girls didn't like him either. Surely it was satisfying for him to see how poor Peter was right now.

Peter had realized that Beck was showing off. He was still caught in a haze reminiscing about the good old days.

"That's really nice of you, friend. But it's okay, I really am fine."

Beck was about to continue talking when his girlfriend cut him off. "Can you stop wasting your time with this security guard? You already offered to find him a new job but he rejected your kindness. Let's go, we're already running late, "

Phoebe complained, pulling him to the entrance.

"Sorry, my girlfriend didn't mean that, " Beck said, but it was obvious he didn't really mean his apology. He clearly looked down on Peter.

Peter wordlessly shook his head.

"You know each other?" Bella asked when she arrived right after the couple entered the restaurant.

She caught a glimpse of them talking but she had no idea what they were talking about.

Peter nodded.

"Let's go inside, " Bella said, grabbing his arm and walking close to him.

The banquet was already filled with guests when they entered.

The Grand Hall was bright and spacious. The ground was covered in a white carpet that made the room look very elegant.

The waitresses looked like fairies in a scenery as they shuttled back and forth in their red dresses.

The sight of the beautiful waitresses quickly erased the earlier conversation from Peter's memory.

Bella whispered something to Peter and left.

Celebrities and high-profile personalities didn't only serve as interesting friends, but presented a big opportunity of social network. Bella would be sure to make the most out of it.

The crowd was very diverse. Generally, the most well-known were the ones who mingled the most, being the social butterflies that they were. The ones who were less prominent were more reserved, clearly doing their best to broaden their network.

Staying at the corner and munching on what the buffet offered, Peter marveled at the sights and sounds around him. He enjoyed looking at all the people and their body language, their clothes, and how it all blended with the beautiful setting.

Peter was determined not to waste the opportunity to bask at the gourmet dishes in the buffet.

As he was enjoying his food, he suddenly heard a woman crying out, "Frank, stop!" as she hit his chest.