

The Understated Dragon Lord

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Chapter 171

Chapter 171 It Can't End Like This

"What? In your eyes, am I a man who can't even handle this amount of money? Jessica is easy to please; just by giving her this top-quality Imperial Green Jade, she'll be thrilled. This top-quality Imperial Green Jade is currently worth almost ten billion. But it still has potential! Maybe in a year, its value could multiply several times over. It might even reach a hundred billion!" Daniel handed over the Imperial Green Jade to Jessica with a joking suggestion, "Jessica, we've secured a treasure worth ten billion. Let's hurry home! Walking around with this treasure at this time is dangerous. After all, the safety in New York isn't as good as one might think!"

"Okay! We're going home! You'll see how I'll deal with you at home," Jessica snarled at Daniel and then stuffed the Imperial Green Jade back into his hand. "This is something you won, you should hold onto it!" Meanwhile, Andrew was still fuming as he left King's. A stray dog passed by him, and in his anger, he attempted to kick it. However, the dog nimbly dodged and retaliated by biting Andrew's calf. After the bite, the dog bolted off and disappeared.

"Ah! Dammit!" Andrew cried out in pain, clutching his foot.

Then Christopher approached quickly, "Andrew, are you okay?"

"Do I look okay to you? Even a damn stray dog dares to bite me?"

"Don't worry, Andrew, let me bandage it up for you." Christopher bought some gauze and alcohol from a nearby pharmacy and hastily dressed Andrew's wound.

The bite from the stray dog wasn't severe; it simply left two teeth marks. Andrew just needed a rabies vaccine. The wound was nothing serious.

Looking at Andrew, Christopher asked indignantly, "Are we just going to let tonight's events slide like this, Andrew?"

"What can we do?"

"Andrew, that country boy has got a piece of top-quality Imperial Green Jade worth ten billion with him! That should have been yours. And the ten billion you lost to him, you're just going to accept that? Don't you want him to pay back everything with interest?"

"Isn't that obvious? I was humiliated by that country boy; of course, I want him to repay every penny!"

"Andrew, I know a guy, one of the 72 great martial arts masters in the USA. Right now, he's in New York. With just one word from you, I can call him right away. If he's willing, he can deal with that country boy swiftly and secure that Imperial Green Jade for you!

Plus, he could even deliver Jessica to your bed, at your disposal."

Andrew looked at Christopher in disbelief, "One of the 72 martial arts masters? You know such a person?"

"Andrew, I didn't save lives and sharpen my medical skills for nothing. That martial arts master was once gravely injured, and I saved him. So, you could say I'm his life-saving benefactor."

"What's his name?"

"The white eyebrow, Ryan Walker!"

Ryan?

Andrew had heard that name before.

But still, he needed confirmation.

"You're talking about that heartless white eyebrow Ryan who never blinks an eye when killing, the one whose every move is deadly?"

Chapter 172

Chapter 172 Daniel Has to Die

Christopher nodded in confirmation, "Yes, that's the guy!"

"Then reach out to him now! I need that Imperial Green Jade snatched back from that country bumpkin, and while you're at it, make sure that bumpkin gets taken out. As for Jessica, I don't need him for that. Once the country boy is gone, I'll handle Jessica myself!"

"Andrew, although I know Ryan, and he's a good contact, asking him to take someone out comes with a hefty price, and not even I can waive that!"

Andrew's brow creased, "How much does he want?"

Christopher held up a single finger, "One hundred million!"

One hundred million?

The figure sent a chill down Andrew's spine, snapping him back to reality.

"Great Stephens, thanks to that Isaac you brought in, I've already lost billions! Now, you've got this Ryan, and he wants one hundred million? I've realized that you're treating me like a fool, Stephens. Do you really think I'm that stupid to fall for your tricks again?"

The mention of money made Andrew logical again, and he flatly rejected Christopher's proposal. "No! You're so wrong, Andrew! I honestly had no idea Isaac would pull something like that! But you can trust me on this, Ryan is reliable. Please, trust me just one more time. Ryan is not a businessman like Isaac; he doesn't play those kinds of games, and he definitely won't jack up the price last minute. One hundred million is actually a bargain for him to take out that country boy. And if that's too much for you, Andrew, feel free to find someone else! That Daniel isn't just any country bumpkin. You and I both know that not even Justin from the Black Panther Club could handle him."

Andrew frowned at Christopher's reminder.

He was well aware that Justin had taken a beating from Daniel and that Daniel had laid out the entire Black Panther Club. He also found out that even the chairman of the New York Martial United held Daniel in high regard because the "country bumpkin" had saved his life.

Initially, Andrew saw Daniel as just a country boy, merely Jessica's assistant, someone he could easily get rid of. But now, he felt that something was off. This so-called country boy seemed to be good at

everything. Moreover, the way Jessica treated Daniel tonight was way beyond the normal rapport between a boss and an assistant. It was incredibly unusual!

The more he thought about it, the more Andrew felt that there was more to Jessica and Daniel's relationship than met the eye. They probably had a deeper connection.

This thought brought a fierce glint to Andrew's eyes.

Daniel had to die. Tonight!

Having made up his mind, Andrew turned to Christopher and said, "One hundred million, okay, but he has to act first! Tell Ryan to take out that country boy. As soon as the boy's dead, I'll wire him the money immediately!"

"But Andrew, Ryan always gets paid before doing a job!"

"One hundred million for one person is not a low price! If Ryan isn't willing to act first and get paid later, then find someone who is!"

"Okay, Andrew, you can relax; I'll talk to Ryan right away. I've saved his life before, and I believe he'll

agree. I'll make sure he takes out the country boy first, then gets paid."

Chapter 173

Chapter 173 An Unwelcome Visitor

Ryan's fees for taking someone out were based on the target's skill level. He'd only quote one hundred million if the target were a master martial artist. And Daniel, that country boy, could throw a punch, sure, but Christopher figured Ryan would only charge ten million tops. The rest of the ninety million? Well, Christopher was more than happy to pocket that windfall.

Christopher loved making friends more than anything he basically knew half of New York. Only about one-tenth of his wealth came from his medical skills. The rest? It all came from being the middleman.

In the vast hundred-square-foot living room of the Matthews mansion, Jessica sat lounging on the sofa, legs crossed, while Daniel stood in front of her, grinning like an idiot.

"Cut it out! Tell me!"

"Tell you what?"

"Who's that beautiful woman?"

"She's Isabella! President of the Prospera Group and the sole heiress of Florida's top tycoon, Chris."

"Isabella? How do you know her?"

"Chris was cursed. I saved his life! But I didn't do it for free-I charged her."

To prove his innocence, Daniel showed her the fund transfer records.

"Why are there two transactions?"

"Because she was cursed, too! I helped her get rid of her curse as well."

"So you helped her with a curse, and that's why she lent you ten billion?"

"My dear, tonight's Jade Gambling event was hosted by the Evans. Which stone had jade and which didn't? Isabella definitely knew! She's a businesswoman. She was willing to lend me ten billion to make a hefty interest off of it..."

"You idiot!"

Jessica shot Daniel a scathing look, "Ten billion! You made me lose ten billion for nothing! Why didn't you tell me sooner that the stone was guaranteed to have the finest quality Imperial Green Jade worth ten billion?"

"Didn't I?"

"No, you didn't!"

Daniel:...

Just then, noises came from outside.

Rustle!

Jessica perked up her ears and asked, "Did you hear that?"

"Yeah!"

"Is it a stray cat that's gotten into the yard?"

"It's not a cat; it sounds like a person."

"A person? Could it be a thief?"

"Not a thief." Daniel shook his head, "The way it sounds, that person is more likely a hitman."

"A hitman?" Fear flickered across Jessica's face as she asked, "What for?"

"You really are clueless! If a hitman has come through the door, he's obviously here to kill me!"

"To kill you? Who have you angered? Who sent a hitman after you?"

"It must be Andrew! After I made him lose billions tonight, he must hate my guts. Plus, he sees me as a rival in love-he'd want nothing more than to see me torn to pieces!"

With that, Daniel stepped outside into the yard.

A man stood there with eyebrows white as snow, brandishing a curved blade-aloof and imposing. It was none other than White Eyebrow Ryan.

Ryan had scaled the fence to enter the premises, deliberately kicking loose a brick during his descent, causing it to clatter to the ground with a noise. It was intentional he wanted to lure Daniel outside.

Jessica followed closely behind.

Upon seeing the unfamiliar man, she asked coldly, "Who are you? What are you doing trespassing in the middle of the night?"

Chapter 174

Chapter 174 Jessica Gives a Lesson

Ryan didn't answer her question but counter-asked, "Are you Jessica?"

Of course, Jessica didn't answer either, and instead continued to question, "Who exactly are you?"

Ryan shook the curved knife in his hand, confidently announcing himself, "Ryan!"

Jessica shook her head, "Never heard of you."

Never heard of him? Ryan was taken aback by her response. He was Ryan, one of The 72 Martial Masters, recognized throughout the entire USA, ranking at thirty-eight!

This woman didn't recognize him?

"The White Eyebrow Ryan!"

He repeated his title, emphasizing every word.

"Still doesn't ring a bell," she replied.

Jessica's response left Ryan red-faced with anger. "I am The White Eyebrow Ryan, ranked thirty-eighth among the USA's The 72 Martial Masters!"

He had lived for years with respect from everyone he met, and now, this woman had snubbed him. Ryan couldn't stand it. He felt the need to show Jessica just how well-known and powerful The White Eyebrow truly was.

Jessica, perplexed, turned to Daniel and asked, "These 72 Martial Masters, are they something to fuss over?"

"I doubt it. They probably aren't as tough as Kiki back in our hometown."

"Kiki? Who's that?"

"Kiki's a dog, but not just any dog. It's one that can chase me all over the place. I never lost a fight in the village until I got on Kiki's bad side."

"How did you manage that?"

"I accidentally kicked its bowl and then, purely by accident, I kicked its meaty bone into a dung heap. That's when Kiki got mad, barking and chasing after me to bite. Kiki's owner didn't care; she watched with glee as Kiki chased me, even cheered it on. In the end, I had to climb a tree by a widow's house to escape. Kiki couldn't climb, luckily, or it would've been the end of me."

Jessica kicked Daniel in annoyance and tugged at his ear, interrogating him, "You messed with Kiki just to hang around that widow's tree?"

"Darling, you don't understand, that widow was the prettiest in town. She was married for only half a year before her husband died tragically. After that, she lived alone, weeping every night. When something broke in her house, I'd fix it since she had no one else. She was so grateful, often inviting me over for dinner."

"You..."

Jessica was fuming, and without realizing, her grip on his ear tightened further, causing him to yelp in pain.

"Sweetie, I was joking! Please, I made a mistake! That widow's over fifty anyway. How about we visit my hometown someday, and I'll introduce you?"

Hearing this, Jessica couldn't help but chuckle, releasing him.

"If you dare to have designs on that widow, I'll twist those dog ears off for good!"

Chapter 175

Chapter 175 I Don't Want to Die

"Were you just jealous?" Daniel teased.

"Jealous of your ass!" Jessica retorted with a roll of her eyes. Suddenly remembering something, she quickly scolded, "Stop calling me 'darling!' If you don't cut it out, I'll sew your mouth shut."

"Do it! Do it now!" Daniel dared, puckering up closer to her.

"Get lost!" Jessica reached out to slap him away, but instead, Daniel captured her lips with his own.

Jessica was stunned. This was her first kiss, and Daniel had casually claimed it, yet strangely, she wasn't angry at all.

Flush with the success of his ambush, Daniel quickly retreated several steps to maintain distance from Jessica, mostly because he feared she might hit him for being so bold.

He ran that far after a kiss? Jessica was starting to feel like Daniel had been disrespecting her lately.

Hands on her hips, she ordered sternly, "You, come here."

"You're not allowed to pull my ears."

Daniel was not afraid of being hit; it was getting his sensitive ears pulled that he truly feared.

"How dare you negotiate with me? Get over here, now!" Jessica's ferocity left no room for disobedience.

Risking ear-torture, Daniel tiptoed cautiously closer to her.

Jessica reached out and snatched his ear, demanding, "What did you just do?"

"L... I was expressing my love for darling you."

"Nice try! Next time you take liberties without permission, I swear I'll twist your ears off!"

Jessica wasn't mad that Daniel had kissed her; she was mad because he had pulled away so quickly afterward. It was her first kiss - too rushed, too brief, and utterly unsatisfying.

Here to murder, but this couple was flirting right in front of him? Ryan felt insulted-deeply insulted.

Recalling Daniel's words, Ryan pointed the shining blade of his curved knife at Daniel's nose, bellowing, "Did you just say I'm worse than a dog?"

"Uh..."

Daniel scratched his head, pondering.

"I don't remember. But if you think I said it, then I guess I must have!"

Ryan, done with idle talk, got straight to the point, "Are you Daniel?" "Yes!"

"Good! You're the one I've come to kill tonight!"

Swinging his knife, Ryan queried, "Do you want a quick death, or should I slice the flesh from your body piece by piece?"

His knife was thin as a cicada's wing, yet exceedingly sharp. Ryan had used it to kill hundreds. His profession: a hitman. With money on the line, he could take out anyone. In over twenty years, Ryan had never failed a mission.

"I don't want a quick death, nor do I want you to slice me piece by piece, because I don't want to die."

"You don't want to die? Everyone who meets me faces the same wish. Sadly, they all die in the end; no one escapes."

Chapter 176

Chapter 176 The Countdown

Ryan glared at Daniel, offering one final warning. "I'll give you three seconds to decide. If you don't

choose, I'll make the choice for you. If I pick, I'm going to slice your flesh off piece by piece right in front of your darling. But don't worry, by the time I get to the four-hundredth cut, if you're still alive, I'll make sure you die quickly."

"You don't get it; it's not up to anyone to choose! I don't even know you! Why would you want to kill someone you don't know?"

"Someone's offering ten million to have you killed!"

"Ten million? Who's that?"

"You're about to die, so I might as well tell you. The one paying is the president of The Armstrongs, Andrew!"

"Andrew! I didn't realize he was so cheap. He asked you to kill me, and he's only willing to pay ten million? Does he really think I'm worth so little?"

"You're just a country bumpkin, a fucking nobody. Andrew thought it generous to spend ten million on you. Someone like you, I could've found any hitman to do the job for a fraction of that. I don't even

understand why Andrew bothered with me!"

"You don't understand?"

"Of course not, you're just a punk from the sticks! Enough talk. I'm going to count down from three. Either kneel and let me kill you with one stroke, or refuse, and I'll slice off your flesh piece by piece, cutting off your head at the four hundredth."

Ryan swiftly began the countdown.

"Three!"

"Two!"

"One!"

Ryan's countdown finished, but Daniel didn't kneel.

"It seems you've made your choice. Good, I'll take great pleasure in your suffering."

With that, Ryan sprang forward like a mantis, blade swinging, lunging at Daniel. The maneuver was inspired by a mantis hunting its prey. As Ryan neared him, Daniel landed a kick right in Ryan's gut. Boom!

Ryan was sent flying like a cannonball, crashing into a large pine tree with a thud.

Wham!

Pine cones fell like raindrops, pummeling Ryan's head. Ryan shielded himself, but the pain of the impact drew a scream from his lips.

"Ryan, right? Weren't you going to slice off my flesh, piece by piece? Come on with your curved knife, and start slicing!" Daniel taunted, hands in his pockets and a grin on his face.

"Damn you!"

Ryan sprang from the ground, pouncing like a ferocious tiger toward Daniel, using all his might. He raised his blade toward Daniel's neck, aiming to sever his throat.

But before his knife could connect, Daniel's leg shot out again with another punishing kick to his gut. Boom!

Ryan was sent flying for a second time, not hitting the pine tree but a fake mountain beside it. The mountain, constructed from large stones, shattered into gravel upon Ryan's collision, stones tumbling down with a crash.

Chapter 177

Chapter 177 The Martial Master

Ryan's body came to rest in front of the artificial mountain. The small stones that fell like rain were much heavier than the pinecones before, and they were also much harder. As they pelted his body, Ryan let out cries of pain.

Daniel approached, a grin on his face as he looked down at Ryan. "How does it feel, Ryan? Is the massage from these stones any better than the pinecones?"

After being kicked away twice, Ryan's face felt swollen. He was one of The 72 Martial Masters! Yet he couldn't get close to this country bumpkin, let alone kill him. Enraged beyond measure, he secretly grabbed a stone and hurled it at Daniel's face.

Daniel skillfully kicked the stone back. It shot straight at Ryan's face.

Bang!

A dull sound was followed by a spurt of blood.

"Ah... Ahhh..."

Ryan clutched his face, where the stone had left a gaping hole, and screamed in agony.

"I'm in a good mood today; I don't want to kill you! Get out of here!"

Facing Daniel's warning and knowing he couldn't complete his mission, Ryan didn't hesitate and took off running.

Jessica moved in to inspect Daniel, checking him from head to toe. Then she asked, "Are you hurt?"

"I'm injured. It's pretty bad. I need a kiss from you to heal!"

"Get lost!!"

Jessica gave Daniel a pointed glare and then walked away, her heels clicking solemnly.

In another villa, Joseph was enjoying his music and drink when Jessica rushed in, a concerned look directed at her grandfather. "Grandpa, are you all right?"

"What could possibly happen to me?"

"There was a hitman here to kill Daniel. Luckily, he was more ruthless than the hitman and chased him away."

Joseph looked at his granddaughter with curiosity. "Daniel? Who would want to kill him?"

"How would I know!"

"Speaking of which, why didn't you come to me right away when you met the hitman? Is there something going on between you and Daniel?"

"Grandpa, what are you talking about?"

"I mean, do you have some special feelings for him?"

"Grandpa! What are you thinking? I don't like him at all! At most, I just don't hate him as much!"

"You used to hate him?"

"Grandpa! I'm not talking to you about this anymore!"

Jessica stomped her foot in frustration, though she didn't leave.

"Oh right, grandpa, do you know anything about The 72 Martial Masters?"

"I do. Only the strongest martial artists in the USA can be called martial masters. There are two lists of martial masters in the USA: The 36 Martial Masters and The 72 Martial Masters. Being on The 36 Martial Masters list means meeting much higher standards. But anyone ranked in The 72 Martial Masters list is among the top 108 martial artists in the USA. Even the New York Martial United here in New York has four strong fighters,

but none of them have made it as a martial master, let alone be ranked among The 72 Martial Masters."

Joseph looked at his granddaughter with curiosity. "Why the sudden interest in this?"

"The guy who got beaten up and ran away by Daniel claimed to be one of The 72 Martial Masters."

Chapter 178 Don't Let Daniel Get Away

Chapter 178 Don't Let Daniel Get Away

Jessica's reply utterly stunned Joseph. He couldn't believe it and asked his granddaughter, "What did you just say? You're saying Daniel chased away an Earth Fiend martial master?"

"Yes! That martial master was like a beginner in front of him; he couldn't even get close to Daniel. He tried to attack Daniel twice with a curved knife, but every time he approached, Daniel just kicked him away with a single blow."

"A curved knife?" Joseph pondered over a sip of wine. "Could it be The White Eyebrow Ryan?"

"Yes! That guy did mention it. He seemed to be called The White Eyebrow Ryan! He also claimed he was ranked 38th among The 72 Martial Masters!"

"Ryan couldn't defeat Daniel? That's really unexpected!" Joseph exclaimed in surprise.

"It was more than that. He was like a child in front of Daniel."

"Really? Even those ranked toward the bottom of The 36 Martial Masters, I imagine, couldn't handle Ryan that easily. If Daniel managed to take care of Ryan so easily, doesn't that mean he's stronger than at least half of The 36 Martial Masters? Jessica, you must not let Daniel get away! You have to find Daniel and you best get pregnant with his child. No matter what you have to do, you must get him to join The Matthews family!"

"Grandpa, what are you talking about? I won't go looking for that Daniel! Why should I have his child? I'm not that cheap! I won't do it!"

Jessica would never pursue Daniel proactively! At most, she'd just not resist as strongly if Daniel took advantage of her. She might allow him some leeway, but definitely not too much!

Joseph went to another room and retrieved a wooden box secured with a golden lock, passing it to Jessica. "Inside is The Grass of the Sealed Dragon, a wedding gift I've prepared for you. Take it to

Daniel and tell him that once you're married, The Grass of the Sealed Dragon will belong to him."

"Grandpa, what are you saying?"

"Since you don't want to be proactive, you can offer Daniel a little temptation to encourage him!"

"Temptation? Grandpa, are you saying that your granddaughter's charm is less than The Grass of the Sealed Dragon?"

"Uh..."

Joseph was taken aback, hurriedly explaining, "That's not what I meant."

"If that's not what you mean, then why are you telling me to use The Grass of the Sealed Dragon to tempt him? Are you saying if my wedding gift wasn't The Grass of the Sealed Dragon, he wouldn't marry me?"

"No, you've misunderstood. The Grass of the Sealed Dragon was something I promised as a gift when I made a marriage pact with his master. I want you to show it to Daniel to make clear that we The Matthews keep our promises and honor our commitments. According to our agreement, this Grass of the Sealed Dragon has been well preserved. You can have Daniel check it, just to ensure he doesn't accuse us of breaking our word."

"Hmph!"

Jessica pouted and took the wooden box.

"I don't want to show that to Daniel!"

Leaving Joseph's place, Jessica ran towards Daniel's holding the box, not to let him check it. She was just curious; what did The Grass of the Sealed Dragon look like? She wanted Daniel to open

the box to show her what it looked like—nothing more.

The villa's gate was open, as was the front door. Holding the box, Jessica entered the villa.

Chapter 179 Dragon Realm

Chapter 179 Dragon Realm

In the living room, Daniel was focused on carving something with a small knife. Jessica moved closer and was shocked to find that what Daniel had in his hands was actually the piece of top-quality Imperial Green Jade. Already, the Jade had been carved into an unrecognizable mess by Daniel's handiwork.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm crafting the Dragon Realm. It has to be made with the finest Imperial Green Jade. Nothing else would work."

"Dragon Realm? Ha!" Jessica scoffed, annoyed. "Your mind must have been devoured by dragons. A piece of Imperial Green Jade worth a billion, and you've just destroyed it!"

"Destroyed the billion-dollar Imperial Green Jade? Then why don't you seem bothered at all?"

"What's there for me to be bothered about? Since I met you, why would I care about a piece of jade?"

Jessica gave Daniel a pointed look and asked, "What's the point of this Dragon Realm anyway?"

"It's to nurture the Grass of Seven Dragons."

"The Grass of Seven Dragons?"

"Isn't your wedding gift called the Grass of the Sealed Dragon? That's just one of the Seven. And me, I need to collect all seven pieces."

"And what happens if you don't gather all the grass?"

"I don't know! But my master warned me, if I fail to collect all the Grass of Seven Dragons, I could be struck down by divine punishment at any moment, like lightning. Maybe one day I'll be walking down the street, and zap, a bolt from the blue could strike me dead!"

"Tsk tsk tsk! Don't say that! You're still in your trial period. If you let lightning strike you dead, I'll crush you to ashes myself!"

After completing the last incision, Daniel beamed, "Done! The Dragon Realm is finished. Now, just the final step—we need to give it a bath."

"A bath? With what?"

"Vodka, of course! And it has to be vodka aged over fifty years!"

Daniel looked at Jessica with a teasing smile and said, "Darling, could you grab a bottle for me, please?"

"What do you mean? Daniel, are you asking me to run errands?"

"Brittany isn't here, so I can only ask my dear you to make a trip."

"Don't call me darling! I won't be running errands for you, Daniel!"

Despite her protest, Jessica put down the wooden box on the coffee table and then walked out the door, heels clacking firmly.

Though her words disagreed, her actions told another story. It seems women can be contrary creatures.

Soon enough, Jessica returned, holding a bottle of vintage vodka in her hand, each one worth over five million, carefully aged for over fifty years or more. These were treasures Joseph had collected

over a long time, too precious for him to even consider drinking. Yet today, Jessica had brought them all for Daniel.

Taking the vodka, Daniel opened it and took a whiff. "This is indeed vodka aged over fifty years. No wonder they say you're the preeminent family in New York—you really do have all sorts of treasures!"

"This is from my grandfather's personal collection! I brought all of it to you! You have to understand, even my grandfather couldn't bring himself to drink these two bottles!"

"Then thank your grandfather for me! No, I'll thank him myself tomorrow!"

"Hurry up and do it. I want to see what this so-called Dragon Realm will look like after a bath in fifty- year-old vodka. If, after you waste these two bottles, nothing happens, I'm going to have to teach you a lesson."

Chapter 180 How Did You Do That

Chapter 180 How Did You Do That

"Darling, you can discipline me any time you want. I'm your man, after all. You have every right."

"Get lost!"

...

Amidst their flirtatious banter, Daniel began to wash the Dragon Realm with vodka. Suddenly a burst of green light shone brighter than the aurora, dazzling Jessica's eyes so much that she couldn't keep them open.

"What was that?" she exclaimed.

Once her vision cleared, Jessica found the Dragon Realm was extraordinarily beautiful. It was the most stunning art piece she had ever seen in her life.

"It's so beautiful! The green, it's magnificent!" she marveled, then she took the Dragon Realm in her hands to observe. To her surprise, it felt cool and emitted a refreshing chill from its hollow spaces.

Only then did Jessica realize there was flowing air within the Dragon Realm. She looked at Daniel in disbelief and asked, "How did you do it?"

Daniel seemed confused by her question. "Do what?"

"This Dragon Realm! I can feel there's like a breath flowing inside, as if it were alive."

"Of course, the Dragon Realm is alive. If it were dead, it wouldn't be called the Dragon Realm. After all, it is meant to nurture The Grass of Seven Dragons."

Suddenly, Jessica playfully placed the Dragon Realm on top of Daniel's head, chuckling, "It looks really good."

"Do you want me to have a green glow on top of my head?"

"Why not? It looks so good!"

Daniel quickly removed the Dragon Realm, attempting to place it on Jessica's head.

"I should give you a green hairstyle, too."

Jessica dodged away, then she grabbed Daniel's ear and scolded sternly, "If you dare do that again, I'll tear your ear off!"

"Get lost! I crack a joke and you curse at me? It seems like this dog ear of yours is asking to be torn off."

Jessica squeezed a little harder, twisting Daniel's ear.

"Ow! Ow ow! Darling, I was wrong! Whatever you want me to do, I'll do it! Just don't pull my ear! If you damage it, it won't listen to you anymore."

"As if it listens to me when it's fine!"

Jessica retorted and then, with a smile, released his ear.

"I wouldn't really hurt you! You fool!"

Finished, Jessica suddenly remembered something. She quickly picked up the wooden box and handed it to Daniel.

"This is The Grass of the Sealed Dragon."

Daniel was stunned, looking at Jessica with disbelief and excitement, "You're giving this to me now?"

Seeing his enthusiastic reaction, Jessica became annoyed.

"Why are you so excited? You get more excited over a plant than seeing me?"

"This Grass of the Sealed Dragon, isn't it your wedding gift? By giving it to me, are you implying that you want to marry me tonight?"

"Get lost! You're thinking way too much!"

Jessica gave Daniel a glare, huffing, "What on earth goes through that head of yours?"

"Then why are you giving it to me?"

"To let you take a look! To prove that we The Matthews keep our promises, and The Grass of the Sealed Dragon is still here."

"Oh!"

Chapter 181 All Safe With Me

Chapter 181 All Safe With Me

Daniel didn't expect the Sealed Dragon Grass wasn't meant for him, leaving him a bit bummed. But Jessica didn't mind his mood and just carried on with her suggestion.

"Right, wasn't the Dragon Pod meant to nurture the Seven Dragon Grass? Why not just put the Sealed Dragon Grass in there to grow?"

Her words sent a new wave of excitement through Daniel.

His eyes gleamed in anticipation as he asked, "Sweetheart, are you saying I should take care of the Sealed Dragon Grass?"

"You wish! Both the Sealed Dragon Grass and the Dragon Pod are under my watch."

"But what if I just want to take a peek, catch a whiff of the Sealed Dragon Grass? Could you hand it over then, honey?"

"We'll see!"

"See what? Whether I perform well in bed?"

"Get lost! In your dreams!"

Although Jessica retorted sharply, deep down, a tiny spark of hope flickered. If Daniel really did make a move on her, even if he tried to take advantage now, she knew she wouldn't resist much.

After spending some time with him, she realized Daniel's talents were as vast as the ocean. Daniel was amazing, good at everything he did.

He was a fantastic doctor, had a keen eye for antiques, was a master at Jade Gambling, and even excelled in combat!

Was there anything in this world he couldn't do?

Jessica unlocked the tiny golden padlock on the wooden box and lifted the lid with a snap. She half- expected the Sealed Dragon Grass inside to be a marvel to behold.

But what did she see? A shriveled, wilted little plant, pale and yellowish, looking very ordinary – no different than the weeds in a lawn.

As Jessica stared at the Sealed Dragon Grass, a bit of unease washed over her.

"Is this really the Sealed Dragon Grass?" she asked Daniel, uncertainty in her voice.
"Could someone have swapped it?"

"That's the Sealed Dragon Grass, alright!"

"Then why does it look like this? Has it always been like this, or is there something off about the Sealed Dragon Grass?"

"The Sealed Dragon Grass isn't any ordinary plant. It's one of the Seven Dragon Grasses, a divine herb with a spirit of its own. So, this isn't how it's supposed to look. It's like this because you haven't taken proper care of it; you almost killed it!"

Daniel took the Sealed Dragon Grass and placed it into the Dragon Pod. Almost instantly, it perked up, sprouting roots and coming back to life.

"The Sealed Dragon Grass is alive?"

Jessica was in disbelief.

Before her eyes, the pale exterior of the Sealed Dragon Grass began to shine a vibrant red, stunningly beautiful.

"How gorgeous! The Sealed Dragon Grass is so beautiful!"

After sharing her awe, Jessica, now perplexed, turned to Daniel, "Why is the Sealed Dragon Grass red?"

"It's not just red; it's crimson. The Seven Dragon Grass comes in seven colors: crimson, orange, yellow, green, cyan, blue, and violet. Sealed Dragon Grass comes first: it's crimson!"

At that moment, a wisp of crimson mist floated from the tip of the revived Sealed Dragon Grass. Daniel hurriedly brought his nose close and inhaled deeply.

The crimson scent entered his nostrils and calmed the dragon spirit within him, no longer so restless. Just one breath promised him three more days of life.

"What are you doing?" Jessica asked, curious.

"Smelling it! The scent is incredible."

Daniel chuckled and then held the Sealed Dragon Grass up to Jessica's nose.

Chapter 182 Another One

Chapter 182 Another One

Jessica hadn't even started to breathe in when a gentle fragrance made its way into her nostrils. The scent was indescribably delightful, almost heavenly. Just a quick whiff made her feel like she was floating. When she looked again, the Sealed Dragon Grass's crimson seemed to have faded a bit.

Daniel noticed and quickly put the plant away.

"What are you doing? Why won't you let me smell it anymore?"

"The color's fading; you smell it too much, and it'll die. You can only indulge in the fragrance of the Sealed Dragon Grass every hundred days. It's fragile."

"Is it that delicate?"

"It's magical because it's not easy to keep alive. If it were, it'd be everywhere."

"It's that hard to keep alive? Well, then you take care of it!"

"Uhh..."

Daniel chuckled. "I can't do that; it needs you!"

"Why?"

"The Sealed Dragon Grass likes you! It leaned towards you just now."

He handed the plant back to her, and sure enough, as it neared Jessica, it leaned her way.

"Just watch how it behaves around me."

When he took the Sealed Dragon Grass back, it tilted away the moment it was near him.

Jessica couldn't help but laugh. "Even the Sealed Dragon Grass doesn't like you!"

"Can't blame it! You're breathtaking, a true beauty! It's normal for the Sealed Dragon Grass to fancy a pretty lady."

"Shut up!"

...

The next day, in the morning.

After sleeping in, Daniel drove his Palmera to the Matthews Organization. Skipping breakfast, he picked up a beef noodle takeout on his way to the office. As he slurped down his noodles:

Click, click, click!

The sound of high heels striking the floor, a heavy rhythm, approached. The owner of these heels was walking with fury.

Daniel looked up to see a striking woman in a business suit.

Brittany!

Why was she here again in Daniel's office?

Was she looking for trouble, once more?

Before Daniel could even greet her, Brittany was already on the attack. Pointing a finger at Daniel's nose, she barked, "You're late again?"

"Brittany, just to be clear, Jessica has given me a pass from clocking in. So, the word 'late' is not applicable to me."

"Not only are you late, but you're also eating noodles in the office, filling the place with the smell. You are disturbing everyone else."

"Everyone else? Who? This is my private office. I'm alone here. Whether I eat beef noodles or gorgonzola with anchovies, it's my business. It doesn't affect anyone."

"You... you're grasping at straws!"

"Brittany, shouldn't you be working at your desk? What are you doing here? Don't tell me you've fallen for me?"

"Hah! Fall for you? Why don't you take a long look at yourself?"

"If it's not that you've fallen for me, why do you keep creating troubles for me? No matter what I do, you always come after me. Isn't that exactly how a woman behaves when she falls for a man? So, Brittany, you must have a crush on me, and you don't even realize it!"

Of course, Daniel was just making things up, trying to tease her.

Chapter 183 Justin's Confidence

Chapter 183 Justin's Confidence

Brittany stomped her foot in anger and shouted, "Like you?! There's no way a country bumpkin like you could get my affection! Even if I were blind, even if you were the last man on Earth, I'd never fall for you!"

She had come here intending to give Daniel a hard time, but now, the tables had turned. She hadn't managed to bully this newbie, and he'd even gotten on her nerves.

Brittany thought this country boy was way too confident for his own good. Him implying that she had a crush on him? Absurd!

"Since you don't fancy me, Brittany, then what brings you to my office today?"

"I'm here to make sure you're working!"

"Keeping tabs on my work?" Daniel grinned at her, aggravating her further. "Exactly what work are you monitoring?"

"You said you'd get the Black Panther Club out of Windows Street within three days and that you'd have Justin pay the company a billion dollars. It's been three days, so shouldn't you march down to Windows Street, make Justin pack up and collect the billion he owes us?"

"Thanks for the reminder, Brittany. I'd almost forgotten all about it!"

"Forgotten? Looks like you just want to welch on your promises. But I'm here, and I won't let you. Come on, let's head to Windows Street right now!"

"Sure, why not!"

With Brittany in tow, Daniel drove his Palmera to Windows Street. The Black Panther Club was still there; Justin had made no move to leave.

They stepped into the dojo, and Justin came out to meet them.

"Justin, long time, no see," Daniel greeted with a cheerful smile.

Justin's expression darkened at Daniel's arrival. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm obviously here to tell you it's time to move out, Justin. We had a deal. Three days, and the Black Panther Club was supposed to clear out of Windows Street. The time's

up, and here you still are. So, now I have to personally ask you to leave. But, my time isn't cheap, you know. You owe me for the gas and even an appearance fee. Since we're friends, I'll give you a discount—let's say five hundred million! You owe the Matthews Organization a billion, and since you overstayed, that adds up to one and a half billion now."

Once Daniel finished speaking, Justin let out a roaring laughter that echoed with confidence.

"Who do you think you are? You're just a countryside nobody. Sure, you've got some moves, and you beat me once. But do you think that scares me? I was going to come find you today anyway, but since you're here, I might as well take care of you now."

"Justin, what's gotten into you? Hit your head? Last I checked, I knocked you flat."

"I never said I'd fight you myself. If you're so tough, then don't run. I'm going to call someone right now, someone who can really make you squirm. After he beats the stuffing out of you, I'll ring Jessica so she can bring the cash to bail you out. The Matthews Organization will have to hand over Windows Street to me for nothing—plus, you'll owe me another two billion for my trauma."

Chapter 184 A Single Slap

Chapter 184 A Single Slap

With those words, Justin made a phone call to Joey. Soon, Joey arrived with not just members of the Tiger Club, but also a young man brimming with extraordinary aura and rippling muscles – a sure sign of his proficiency in martial arts.

This young man was his nephew, the only son of Woods Tiger – Tyler Tiger. Tyler had become a martial arts master at a very young age, one of the rare young martial arts masters in the USA!

Upon seeing Joey, Justin hurriedly asked him, "Joey, is this your younger brother, Woods Tiger?"

"He's my nephew. My brother is in training. But dealing with this country boy? My nephew can handle it easily. Despite his youth, he's already a martial arts master, one of the few in the USA. Last year, he made it to the quarterfinals in the young martial arts masters tournament."

"There's no need for all this talk, Uncle. I'm busy. I've got places to be. Just point out who you want me to beat and let's make this quick!" Tyler stepped forward exuding confidence.

"Hit him!"

Justin pointed at Daniel, saying, "That's the country boy. I'm sure with your skills, one punch would be all it takes."

Tyler looked at Daniel with a sneer and arrogantly commanded, "Country boy, come here and let me slap you dead!"

"Alright! I'll come. I really want to see if you can kill me with a single slap."

Daniel responded and walked over to Tyler with a smile.

"I'm right here. Don't hold back, come on!"

"Fool!"

The word left Tyler's mouth, cold and disdainful.

Then he swung his hand, his palm striking towards Daniel's chest as fast as lightning. Even though it was just a palm strike, it packed the force of five hundred kilograms. If his palm landed on Daniel's chest, his internal organs would be shattered, and his heart would turn to mush.

Daniel didn't even treat the slap seriously. He waved his hand, sending out a slap of his own.

Clap!

An ear-piercing crisp sound echoed as their palms collided. The next moment, Tyler was flung backward, landing squarely on his behind. His right hand immediately swelled up, looking as big as a pig's trotter.

"Ah! Aaah!"

After being thrown back, the intense pain shooting through his palm made Tyler scream.

"Weren't you going to kill me with one slap? I'm still alive, without even a scratch. So why are you sitting there screaming?"

Daniel, hands in his pockets, beckoned Tyler with his right hand, taunting him with a warm chuckle.

"You were going to slap me dead, right? Be my guest, keep going! I promise I won't dodge!"

"I came here today to wrap things up about Windows Street. Black Panther Club must move out today, and Justin, you owe our company fifteen million for emotional damages."

So, Daniel wouldn't hold back. He was ready to turn the tables even more.

Chapter 185 Nobody

Chapter 185 Nobody

Tyler, a US Young Martial Arts Masters Tournament quarter-finalist, had his hand swollen from a single clash with a country boy and was now being taunted so blatantly. How could he, with his reputation, stomach such an insult? He had to wipe this smear off his name!

Not only did he want to break Daniel's hand, but he also aimed to puff up Daniel's face, to make this country boy learn the consequences of provoking him.

"You're asking for it!" Tyler bellowed, launching a punch at Daniel's face.

Faced with such a fierce attack, Daniel didn't flinch. He met Tyler's fist with one of his own!

Boom!

Their fists collided.

"Thud!"

Following a dull, earth-shaking sound, Tyler's arm snapped with a gruesome crack, twisting into a horrifyingly unnatural angle. Bone pierced through muscle and skin, showing pale and bloodied.

"Ah! Aaah!" Tyler screamed in agony from his broken arm.

"Are you okay?" Daniel asked with a chuckle.

"Ah! Aaah! You're dead meat! How dare you break my arm! My dad will kill you; he's going to destroy you!" Tyler was down, unable to get up, flinging weak threats at Daniel from the ground.

Woods was stunned and quickly called out to the others, "Quick! Get Tyler to the hospital!" Frantically, he took Tyler away.

Justin couldn't believe his eyes. His hero had been defeated so easily?

"Justin, got any more friends to call on? If not, you better transfer the fifteen million right now and get your club out of here. Otherwise, things might get unpleasant for you."

Daniel advanced step by step towards Justin, who was trembling as Daniel got closer.

"What... what do you want?"

"Me? Nothing, just hanging around. Don't worry, I won't let you end up like him."

With that, Daniel had reached Justin. He swung his hand and slapped Justin across the face.

"Smack!"

Daniel's slap spun Justin around in circles. Justin's dark face immediately reddened and swelled, with blood oozing from the corner of his mouth.

"Justin, are you going to move, or not?"

"Everybody, attack! Kill this country nobody!" Upon Justin's command, Black Panther Club members charged at Daniel, weapons in hand.

But in less than three minutes, Daniel had knocked all his attackers to the ground.

"Ah! It hurts so much!"

"Ah! Is this country guy some sort of freak? How can he be so strong?"

"Aaaah! He's not a freak; he's a devil! A devil!"

The defeated opponents writhed in pain on the ground, none daring to stand and challenge Daniel again. While many could still get up and had some fight left, they all chose to stay down. They weren't fools; it wasn't the time to play hero.

Daniel, the country nobody, was just too formidable. Anyone who dared to rise would only face his wrath.

The cowardice of his downed men infuriated Justin.

Chapter 186 Fight? No, Thanks

Chapter 186 Fight? No, Thanks

"You all stand up right now! Stand up! Are you all useless?" Justin was practically hysterical as he yelled. However, no matter how loudly he shouted, none of the members sprawled on the ground showed the slightest inclination to stand up and face Daniel again.

"Stand up, you good-for-nothings, get up!" Justin made one last attempt, but it was futile.

Daniel, hands casually in his pockets, watched with an amused expression and asked, "So, Justin, what's it gonna be? If you still don't want to move, I might have to hit you again. I've made up my mind today—to fully settle this issue. If you continue to resist moving out, then I'll just have to keep hitting you."

"I... I'll move! I'll move out!"

"That's a start, but that's not all. You also need to hand over the fifteen million in damages. Your club moves out, you pay me fifteen million, and we're even. After that, I promise I won't bother you anymore."

"Where would I get fifteen million from?"

"That's easy! If I keep hitting you, eventually you'll find that you have the fifteen million."

With that said, Daniel pulled out his hand and slapped Justin across the face.

"Smack!"

The sound of the slap sent Justin flying into a wall, making a crack as wide as a finger.

"Ouch, you country nobody!"

Justin howled in pain. Daniel walked over to him as he lay there.

"What... what are you going to do?"

Justin was panicked, the sting of the slap still fresh on his face. And the pain had him grimacing.

"Don't be scared, Justin, stop trembling. I'm just here to ask, move or not? If your answer is still that you won't move out, still won't pay the fifteen million, then I just have to continue."

"Continue? Continue with what?"

"Continue with the slaps! It seems you are quite sturdy. I'm sure you can take a few more smacks. So, I decided to give you a few more, consider it a massage. When the massage is over and you're feeling better, you'll know what to do."

"How dare you..."

Before Justin could finish his sentence, Daniel's hand smacked his face again.

"Smack!"

That crisp sound was followed by Justin, who was slumped on the ground, flying through the air. He drew a neat parabola and crashed heavily against another wall.

"Thud!"

Another crack formed on this wall, this time as wide as two fingers.

Daniel, with his hands tucked in again, strolled over to Justin, smiling warmly. "Justin, move or not?"

That country nobody's smile was more terrifying than that of any devil. Justin couldn't fathom how a country nobody could have such strength in battle. If he still refused to relocate the club, he would suffer even more.

Although Justin was furious, he knew there was no point in enduring needless pain. He was at a disadvantage and it was best to accept Daniel's terms—for now. And he would not forget today's humiliation. This country nobody, Daniel, he'd make sure to settle the score. Justin would retrieve Windows Street one way or another. Even the fifteen million he'd have to pay out, he planned to claim back from The Matthews Organization—and when he did, he would make it fivefold.

Chapter 187 Bad News

Chapter 187 Bad News

After weighing the consequences of his various options, Justin made a decision.

"I'll move! I'll get out today! I can give you the fifteen billion in compensation right away. And I also promise I won't trouble The Matthews Organization ever again."

To avoid further beatings, Justin made a heap of humiliating promises.

Once the money was transferred, Daniel reminded Justin with a smile, "I won't supervise your move, but I'll give you three days. If your club is still here after that, I'll come and beat you up again! Plus, you'll owe me another fifteen billion for lost wages. After all, it took a lot of effort to beat you, and I was supposed to be working seriously—I wasted half a day."

"Daniel, don't worry, I'll move out immediately! I won't delay a single minute!" Justin promised, and Daniel left with Brittany.

As soon as they were gone, Justin rushed straight to the hospital. Tyler was in the operating room with Joey waiting anxiously in the hallway.

"Joey, after you sent your nephew to the hospital, that country nobody came back and beat me up again. He beat me and all my disciples down. He extorted fifteen billion from me and insisted that I move out of Windows Street within three days. Otherwise, he said he would come back to beat me again and extort another fifteen billion!"

"Justin, my brother is in closed training right now, and I can't contact him. But after that country nobody injured his son, he won't let him off easily. What we need to focus on now is securing the chairmanship of the New York Martial United. So for the time being, don't provoke that country nobody. Do what he tells you to do! Once my brother becomes the chairman of New York Martial United, I'll lead the organization to retrieve—double—what that country nobody has taken from you!"

"Alright! I'll listen to you! Joey..."

Meanwhile, Daniel happily drove Brittany back to The Matthews Organization in his Palmera, singing to the top of his lungs in the elevator.

"America, fuck yeah! Comin' again to save the motherfuckin' day, yeah....."

Brittany was at a loss for words and scolded him, "What are you even singing? Can you act civilized?"

"I'm a patriot, and I'm proud of it. If you can't handle patriotism, you can drop dead!" Daniel retorted.

"Country nobody, you dare talk back to me?"

"Why wouldn't I? Even my honey doesn't forbid me from talking back. Who the hell do you think you are to tell me to shut up?"

"Country nobody, let me tell you something. You think you handled things well today? You've stirred up a huge mess, and you don't even realize what you got us into!"

"What's wrong? Did I do something incorrect? I took back the land on Windows Street for us, is that wrong? I got back fifteen billion in compensation for Jessica, is that incorrect? You must be joking! Jessica will definitely reward me handsomely. Maybe she'll even take me out for a candlelit dinner, then a movie."

"You country nobody, she's way out of your league! Jessica taking you out for a candlelit dinner? Taking you to a movie? Why don't you just say Jessica has invited you to book a room?"

"No, that's on me. After all, she's a woman. I'm a man, so I should be the one to make a move."

Chapter 188 Two Irreconcilable People

Chapter 188 Two Irreconcilable People

Daniel's provoking words shocked Brittany.

"You... you idiot! How dare you fantasize about Jessica like that? I'm going to report you! If Jessica finds out how you've been fantasizing about her, she'll definitely fire you on the spot! You'll be out of The Matthews Organization today! And if you ever dare set foot in The Matthews Organization again, I'll have security throw you out!"

Brittany had been dreaming of getting this country boy fired. Ever since he arrived from the farm, somehow gaining Jessica's favor, Brittany felt her own importance in Jessica's eyes diminish substantially.

Daniel, seeing Brittany's serious demeanor, asked with a chuckle, "You're off to report me to Jessica again?"

"Of course!"

Brittany replied decisively, then looked at Daniel with a smug expression, thinking she had caught him in a trap.

"You're scared, aren't you? You're afraid I'll report you to Jessica!"

"Scared? The word 'scared' doesn't even exist in my dictionary!"

"Yeah, sure you are! When I tell Jessica what you said, fantasizing about her, she'll dump you straight away. She'll fire you and make you leave The Matthews Organization

immediately! You country nobody, you belong back in the farm fields, so you might as well go back and hang out with the cows. I don't even know how you survive in New York without feeling ashamed!"

Brittany, although born in the countryside herself, had strived hard to get into an Ivy League college. While she hadn't purchased a home in New York yet, she had met many high society figures by

Jessica's side and felt she had become one of New York's elite. And as a supposed socialite of such a big city like New York, Brittany could hardly have more disdain for someone like Daniel, who came from the countryside.

The two entered the CEO's office.

Jessica looked at them, puzzled, and asked, "What are you two doing together?"

Before Daniel could say anything, Brittany blurted out, "Jessica, this country nobody's been having lewd fantasies about you!"

"What? What are you talking about?"

"This country nobody said you were going to invite him to a candlelit dinner, take him to a movie, and even that you'd beg him to go to a hotel with you.! Can you believe it? Listen to how he talks; he's like a madman now, spouting nonsense. You need to fire him!"

Brittany and Daniel clearly did not get along, so Jessica knew to take Brittany's accusations with a grain of salt. Besides, even if everything Brittany said was true and there was no exaggeration, Jessica wouldn't mind. However, she still turned to Daniel and asked, "Is what Brittany saying true?"

Daniel let out a sly chuckle, his face carefree as he replied, "If you think it is, then it is!"

"Look at your attitude, Daniel!"

Jessica picked up a folder from the desk and playfully tapped Daniel with it.

"My dear Jessica, I don't even have an attitude in front of you. I just said one sentence and you've already hit me. If I dared to have an attitude, I probably would be beaten to death by you!"

"Be serious. You two came to my office just over this trifle?"

Chapter 189 A Punch That Kills

Chapter 189 A Punch That Kills

Brittany was astounded by Jessica's seeming indifference to Daniel's remarks. She thought Jessica was far too fond of this country boy. Brittany felt that Jessica couldn't let Daniel off this easily; he couldn't be allowed to get over it so smoothly. So, Brittany decided to play her trump card.

"Jessica, this country nobody has caused a huge disaster. You have no idea what trouble he's made! If you don't fire him immediately and clarify his relationship with The Matthews Organization, we could be ruined!"

Jessica responded, slightly amused by the exaggeration, "According to you, The Matthews Organization has been ruined many times over because of Daniel, but aren't we still doing pretty well? Just tell me what happened."

To achieve her goal, Brittany didn't immediately reveal her news. Instead, she prodded Jessica. "Jessica, do you remember this country nobody's big talk?"

"There's so much of it I can't even keep track—which one?"

"Which one could it be? Of course, it's the one about Justin! Didn't he promise to get Justin to move out of Windows Street within three days and have him pay The Matthews Organization a billion dollars?"

"So, you're trying to say that the three days are up and Justin hasn't moved out and he hasn't paid us a billion?"

"No, that's not it! Justin agreed to move, and he paid. He gave us fifteen billion!"

Brittany's words shocked Jessica. She quickly turned to Daniel, "Is what Brittany is saying true?"

Daniel pulled out his phone, tapped the screen a few times, and then Jessica's phone beeped—a transfer of fifteen billion dollars had just landed in her account.

Even with the money in the account, Jessica was still in disbelief, "You really got fifteen billion from Justin?"

Daniel nodded, "Yep."

"Holy hell. You country boy, do you have any idea how much trouble you've caused me?"

Brittany quickly chimed in, "Jessica, you have no idea. This country boy went to the Black Panther Club today, beat up Justin again, and even took out his club members."

"So what! Justin and his club members aren't exactly model citizens."

"Jessica, you don't realize, aside from hitting Justin and his members, he hit someone he shouldn't have—his name is Tyler. He didn't just hit Tyler; he severely injured him. Tyler's arm was broken, bones sticking out through the flesh. Just imagining that scene scares me."

"Tyler?"

Jessica searched her memory but couldn't recall anything about that name. So, she asked Brittany, "Who is Tyler?"

"Woods' son, his only child!"

"And who is Woods?"

"Woods is a martial arts master, one of 'The 72 Masters' on the US martial arts masters ranking! This country boy has angered Woods, and he surely won't survive now. If you don't sever ties with him fast enough, Jessica, you might get caught in the crossfire, and even The Matthews Organization could be impacted. 'The 72 Masters,' each is a top martial arts expert, and they can kill a man with just one punch. Each one of them is an extremely terrifying demon!"

Chapter 190 Daniel Can Handle it

Chapter 190 Daniel Can Handle it

Upon hearing Brittany's words, Jessica chuckled. "The 72 martial arts masters? It's no big deal. Don't worry; Daniel can handle it."

Jessica's attitude and answer made Brittany feel as if Jessica was completely unaware of the gravity of the situation. Brittany seriously warned her, "Jessica, the man Daniel has provoked, Woods, is not an easy target. Masters like him don't care about killing. I've heard each of them has killed many. Neither you, Jessica, nor The Matthews Organization had any previous dealings with such people. But now, because of this country nobody, we might have a conflict. Woods's son had his arm broken. If Woods feels just killing Daniel won't quell his anger, he might take it out on you or even The Matthews Organization. The worst-case scenario is he could kill you, even eliminate everyone from The Matthews Organization."

"Brittany, relax. He's just a martial arts master; he can't beat Daniel," Jessica replied nonchalantly.

She turned to Daniel and said, "You did well today, bringing in fifteen billion dollars for the company. Therefore, I've decided to take you out for a candlelit dinner and then a movie."

"So..." Daniel started with a sly grin, then cheekily asked, "What about the hotel?"

"Hotel, my ass! Keep talking like that, and I'll let Brittany sew your mouth shut with a thread and needle!"

A baffled Brittany chimed in right away, "Jessica, just a moment, I'll go get the needle and thread!"

"No need, you get out. Daniel, stay. I want to talk to him."

"Jessica, this country nobody is not trustworthy. If you leave him alone in the office, I'm afraid he might harass you."

"Enough, get out now!"

"Oh."

Reluctantly, but unable to disobey Jessica's command, Brittany left Jessica's office with a heavy heart.

"Close the door behind you!" Jessica reminded her as Brittany reached the door.

"Oh."

Brittany closed the door, and now Jessica and Daniel were left alone in the office. With no third person present, Daniel no longer had to pretend to be her assistant. He sat in a rolling chair, kicked off the floor, and swiftly brought himself to Jessica's side.

Thump!

His chair made a close encounter with Jessica's executive chair, knocking hers skewed.

"Could you please behave?"

Jessica scolded Daniel and gave him a light slap.

"It's fun."

"Fun, my ass!"

"Darling, what did you want to talk about keeping me here?" Daniel asked.

"That Woods Brittany was talking about; can you handle him?"

"I could definitely take him!"

"Even if you can take him, I don't think you should always resort to violence. It's one thing if you injure someone else, but it would be problematic if you get hurt!"

"Darling, are you worried about me?"

"Stop calling me that! I've already told you so many times! And who's worried about you? It wouldn't be my concern even if you died out there!"

"Women! The epitome of hypocrisy! You're clearly worried about me yet act like you don't care. You obviously enjoy me calling you darling, but you insist I can't."

Chapter 191 Brittany's Arrangement

Chapter 191 Brittany's Arrangement

Jessica's face flushed red with Daniel's words, and a hint of shyness emerged. Finding herself unable to retort, she could only scold, "Get out!"

"I won't!" Daniel refused.

But as he finished speaking, Jessica kicked the chair gently, sending it rolling toward the door. This comedic scene made Jessica chuckle.

Just then, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" Jessica called, and the door opened. It was Brittany, once again.

Jessica's expression turned serious. "What is it now?"

Jessica, I forgot to mention, I need to discuss something with you."

"What is it?"

"Daniel's been with our company for a while now, and many colleagues still don't know him. So, I was thinking of organizing a small welcoming dinner tonight to formally introduce this country nobody to The Matthews Organization."

"A welcome dinner? Fine, I'll be there."

"Jessica, maybe you shouldn't come."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"If you're there, it might make the colleagues uncomfortable. It's enough for this country nobody to attend. Don't worry, Jessica, I'll be there. No one will dare to bully him."

"Really? Why do I feel like you're the one who wants to bully him?" Jessica knew very well what Brittany was up to.

"How can you say that, Jessica. Anyway, do you agree?"

"Whatever, it's good for Daniel to get to know the colleagues. Go ahead and arrange it."

"Will do!"

Brittany left the office quite satisfied with herself.

Turning to Daniel, Jessica said, "You can get out too. Be careful tonight, Brittany will definitely try to get you."

"You know she's out to get me, so why give her the chance?"

"If you can't handle a woman, then you don't deserve to be my assistant."

"Don't you realize she specifically chose tonight for the dinner to prevent me from having a candlelit dinner with you?"

"So what! I changed my mind. No more candlelit dinner, baby."

Pretending to be disdainful, Jessica dismissed Daniel from her office. Daniel left, but Brittany didn't go far; she waited for him around the corner.

"Country nobody, you still want to have a candlelit dinner with Jessica? Don't even think about it!"

"Relax. I have plenty of opportunities to have a candlelit dinner with Jessica. Let's see how many times you can mess up my plans. I tell you, Jessica will definitely have dinner with me. After dinner, we'll watch a movie together, and then, we'll end up at the hotel! When Jessica becomes my woman, I'll make sure she fires you, the secretary who always troubles me!"

"How dare you? How could you aim for Jessica? Have you looked in the mirror to see what you're worth? How could Jessica possibly fall for you?"

"How do you know Jessica doesn't like me? What if she likes a country guy like me? After all, I'm filled with the fresh fragrance of the earth. It's a natural gift, the scent of first love!"

"I'm going to be sick. You reek of cow dung! I feel nauseated just looking at you. You really think Jessica could fall for you? Even if she were blind, she wouldn't go for you. Stop dreaming about making Jessica fall for you, country bumpkin!"

Chapter 192 Seduction

Chapter 192 Seduction

After speaking, Brittany left in her high heels, already carrying a complete plan in mind. Tonight, she intended not only to make Daniel look foolish but also to gather evidence to convince Jessica to fire him once and for all.

At eight in the evening, the Night Rose Bar, one of New York's most upscale bars owned by Justin, was the chosen venue for the welcome dinner. Brittany had deliberately picked this location to set a trap for Daniel.

Approaching the entrance, Daniel saw Brittany dressed in a form-fitting dress that was both sexy and lovely, enough to cause any man's imagination to run wild. Noticing Daniel's tardiness, Brittany scolded him loudly.

"Country nobody, you're late!"

"Am I late?"

"Yes, you're late! I told you to be here at eight o'clock, and now it's two minutes past."

"I did it on purpose."

"You..."

Frustrated by his response, Brittany stomped her foot.

Daniel looked her up and down with a picky gaze and then cheekily asked, "You dressed up so sexy and brought me here, have you fallen for me? But let me tell you, I'm a decent man, a gentleman. But if you're really dressed like this because you want to sleep with me, I might not be able to refuse."

"You... in your dreams! Even if every man in the world were dead, I wouldn't be interested in you!"

"So dressing up sexy isn't for me?"

"For you? Wishful thinking! I got all dolled up to please myself; it has nothing to do with you!"

Of course, Brittany was lying. She had dressed that way for Daniel—not out of affection for him but rather to trap him. All she needed was evidence to report to Jessica and play the victim, ensuring Daniel's dismissal from The Matthews Organization.

Although nothing had started yet, Daniel had already guessed her plan from her attire. Tonight, Brittany planned to seduce him.

Following behind Brittany as she walked ahead in her high heels, Daniel realized her waist was rather enchanting. With the body-hugging skirt accentuating her figure, her swaying movements were quite mesmerizing.

Feeling Daniel's gaze on her, Brittany snapped around and fiercely asked, "Country nobody, what are you looking at?"

"You! Your butt sways so nicely, you must be doing it on purpose for me to watch. If I didn't admire it, wouldn't that just waste all the effort you put into Brittany's kind intention?"

"You... shameless! If you keep staring at my butt, I'm gonna gouge your eyes out!"

Brittany gestured with her index and middle fingers, imitating the act of gouging out an eyeball, as a warning to Daniel to behave himself.

Daniel was ushered into a room where a mix of men and women from the bar's PR department awaited, all of whom were stunning beauties. The men, all sporting beer bellies, looked like they could hold their liquor.

Daniel had been at The Matthews Organization for a while, and some of these colleagues looked somewhat familiar. He instantly understood Brittany's plan for the night—she wanted to get him drunk and then let these beautiful women tempt him.

Chapter 193 Not Good News

Chapter 193 Not Good News

Daniel laughed. Brittany really seemed to be delivering everything needed for a good time—plenty of liquor and beautiful women. He could already imagine how wild the night would be.

Entering the private room, Daniel saw tables laden with bottles of vodka. Impressed, he said to Brittany, "You surely know what I like!"

"Daniel, don't you love vodka? I made sure to buy plenty for tonight! Since this is a welcome party for you, all costs will be reimbursed by Jessica. Everyone, feel free to

drink as much as you like tonight. You should all thank Daniel, because there would be no vodka without him."

Brittany waved her hand and shouted to the crowd, "Daniel's here, let's get the party started! Tonight we're going to show him just how welcoming we can be."

With that, she gave a signal to a woman dressed in a plunging V-neck dress, her cleavage nearly escaping the confines of her outfit. This was Elizabeth White, the PR department manager.

Elizabeth filled two highball glasses with vodka—an unusually strong choice for a toast. She handed one to Daniel, "To you, Daniel!"

After her toast, she tipped her head back and downed her glass in one gulp. As the PR manager, Elizabeth's tolerance surpassed many men; she could outdrink a table full of men and still not be taken advantage of.

Since Elizabeth had drunk her share, Daniel had no choice but to follow suit. Barely setting his empty glass down, Brittany refilled it promptly.

"Keep going, Daniel!" Instead of her usual jab calling him 'country nobody,' she switched to 'Daniel' to keep the alcohol coming.

"I've just had a drink, haven't I?" Daniel grinned at Brittany and asked cheekily, "Is it your turn now, Brittany?"

"There's a company rule," Brittany switched back to a less friendly tone. "If a woman toasts a man, the man must drink three times as much. So, you owe two more glasses, country nobody."

"Alright, if it's three, it's three."

Daniel reached out with both hands, taking two glasses and downing the strong liquor quickly without batting an eyelid.

Six shots of vodka down and Daniel was as steady as if nothing had happened. His face hadn't changed color either. After all, with seven dragon spirits within him, nobody could match him in drinking. Not three glasses, not even three thousand would faze him.

Elizabeth, noticing Daniel's unchanged demeanor after six shots, raised her glass another time. "You sure can drink, Daniel! This one, I toast in honor of our girls in the PR department!"

She downed another vodka shot, and Daniel followed with three more.

Daniel had nearly finished two bottles on his own, but still, he showed no signs of inebriation.

Elizabeth took her seat, and a burly middle-aged, balding man stood up. This was William Johnson, the business manager and the person with the highest alcohol tolerance present. He could drink ten bottles of vodka in one go without needing to have his stomach pumped at the hospital.

Chapter 194 A Real Man

Chapter 194 A Real Man

William glanced dismissively at the highball glasses on the table. "How can a man drink from glasses? A real man drinks from a basin."

He waved his hand and shouted, "Waiter, bring some basins over here!"

Waitstaff promptly arrived with several stainless steel basins, each large enough for a whale to swim in.

"Fill them up!" William commanded, and his subordinates got to work, pouring bottle after bottle of vodka until two basins were full, each containing five bottles of vodka. Given William's usual capacity, if he used basins like these, he could potentially drink two full basins. Since he was in top form that evening and had taken some sobriety medicine in advance, he might manage to drink three or even four basins.

Seeing the basins full of vodka on the table, Daniel teased William, "William, it's just a casual gathering tonight, not business. Do we really have to drink like this? It's a bit of a waste, and if someone drinks too much and has to go to the hospital to get their stomach pumped, that would be quite uncomfortable!"

"Scared, Daniel? You can always drink milk if you're scared. You drink a basin of milk, and I'll drink a basin of vodka. After all, at these gatherings, it's a rule that men must drink, and women can have a soft drink if they prefer."

William picked up an empty basin and filled it with milk. "I have to toast to you, Daniel. It's your choice whether to act like a man and drink this basin of vodka or to be a woman and choose the basin of milk."

It was William's tried-and-true method, which always worked.

Brittany's goal that night was to get Daniel drunk, so she certainly didn't want Daniel opting for milk. While other men knew the shame of drinking milk over alcohol at such parties, this country nobody was unpredictable.

Brittany quickly intervened, "Country nobody, you can't choose milk! If you do, I'll announce in the company group that you're a coward. From then on, you won't be permitted in the men's restroom."

"You won't let me in the men's restroom? So, are you going to let me into the women's?"

"You can go to the women's restroom, but I'll record it and show Jessica. Plus, I'll tell her that you, country nobody, sneak into the women's restroom every day to peep!"

"Brittany, to make me drink this vodka, are you stripping me of my right to use the restroom?"

"I am not stripping you of any rights; it's your decision to act like a coward. Since you want to be that way, you should use the women's restroom. It's your own choice."

"Brittany, are you trying to get me drunk so you can create an opportunity for yourself?"

"You... stop talking nonsense! I would never be interested in a loser like you! You country idiot, you could only be a slave in your dreams!"

Brittany cursed at Daniel, pointing at the basin of vodka. "Country nobody, if you're brave enough, drink it all in one go. If you're not, then resign voluntarily! Because The Matthews Organization doesn't need a spineless employee like you!"

Chapter 195 The Rule

Chapter 195 The Rule

"You have your rules, I have mine. Whomever toasts to me, they have to make it three times over. Doesn't matter if it's a cup or a basin," Daniel declared, looking towards William with a chuckle.

"William, I'll give you one more chance to choose—do you still want to use this basin? If you want to drink to me, you'll have to gulp down not one basin, but three!"

Daniel always provided people with two chances; it was one of his principles.

"Heh," William let out a cold laugh, looking at Daniel as if seeing through his bluff. "Are you trying to intimidate me? You think I'd be scared of drinking three basins of vodka? That I'd change my mind about drinking from a basin with you?"

Let me tell you, Daniel, there's nothing about drinking that scares me, I've never been afraid. Not just three basins—even thirty wouldn't stop me today! In the worst-case scenario, we can go straight to the hospital for a stomach pump after we're done."

William seemed unafraid of drinking himself to death—he was determined to get Daniel drunk. If he couldn't outdrink a country nobody, he could no longer claim to be the best drinker at The Matthews Organization.

No one at The Matthews Organization could outdrink William. Men or women, he had never lost a drinking contest. His position as a business supervisor was thanks in large part to his drinking prowess. No customer he drank with could outlast him, and there were no contracts he couldn't seal. If one drinking session wasn't enough, he'd go for a second, and if that failed, he'd go for a third.

William's performance impressed the crowd:

"William's a madman; five bottles of vodka and he's still standing!"

"With William's tolerance, another five wouldn't even make him sway."

"William is The Matthews Organization's champion drinker. I've never seen anyone challenge him."

The room praised William, elevating him to near-celestial heights.

Brittany didn't join in the hero-worship—she looked down on a drunkard. She wouldn't have involved William if it wasn't for ensuring Daniel got drunk. In her eyes, William was just some low-level business supervisor, not someone who should converse with Brittany herself. On regular days, it was the business directors who reported their work to Brittany, not someone of William's rank.

The colleagues Brittany invited tonight were not executives; the highest-ranking among them were middle management. She called those who could drink well. The senior executives of The Matthews Organization, including Brittany herself, had average drinking capabilities—a leader's work required brainpower. Drinking and accompanying clients was a job for the middle-ranks.

Chapter 196 Brittany's Plan

Chapter 196 Brittany's Plan

With eyes fixed on Daniel, Brittany reminded him in an icy voice, "Country nobody, William finished his basin. It's your turn now! If you don't drink up, you're nothing but a wuss!"

"Why does it matter to you whether I'm a man or not? You have no use for my 'thing' anyway!" Daniel retorted, leaving Brittany fuming.

"Don't think you can talk to me like that just because you've had a few drinks!"

"You were the one who told me to drink. If I don't get drunk, Brittany, how will you ever get your chance?"

"You..."

Stomping her foot in frustration, Brittany quickly devised another plan. Tonight, she was determined to not only leave evidence of Daniel being humiliated but also to make him look so foolish that he would resign from The Matthews Organization in disgrace.

"Country nobody, are you giving up?" Brittany asked.

"Why would I give up? I don't intend to lose! I may not be a regular drinker, but in my neck of the woods, besides the old man, nobody else can drink me under the table."

"So, you think you can beat William?"

Brittany was ready to trap Daniel. Though Daniel wasn't a fool and understood her motives clearly, it didn't bother him. No matter what trap Brittany set for him, he was confident he could handle it with ease. He nodded, answering confidently, "Of course!"

His response delighted Brittany. Her face twisted into a smug smile, and she thought to herself, "Country nobody, just wait and see how I'll take you down tonight!"

She then turned towards William, intending to instigate further rivalry between the two. "William, this country nobody is provoking you. He says you can't drink him under the table."

Upon hearing this, William grew furious. Being told that he couldn't drink someone else under the table was the ultimate insult to him—worse than a woman criticizing his performance in bed. He pointed a finger at Daniel and demanded, "Daniel, you're saying I can't drink you under the table?"

"Yep, indeed!" Daniel replied, nodding and advising with good intentions, "After this basin, let's call it quits. Better not toast to me again. Otherwise, I might end up getting you to crawl under the table later, which wouldn't look too good."

"Stop bragging and drink up!" William, seeing Daniel still had not consumed his basin of vodka, thought the country newcomer was trying to weasel out and reminded him of his obligation.

"Alright, I'll drink!"

Lifting the stainless steel basin, Daniel tilted his head back and gulped down the vodka in one go. After finishing, he mimicked William's gesture, holding the empty basin upside down, not a drop spilling out. He then asked William with a grin, "I've finished. Can we end this now?"

"We agreed on three basins, and you've only had one. That's not enough," William rejected the idea of ending their drinking contest.

At this moment, Brittany quickly interjected with a suggestion: "Why don't you two place a bet?"

"How so?" asked William.

"You two both claim to be able to outdrink the other. The person who ends up passed out on the floor has to lie down and bark like a dog. Then, we'll record it and send the video to the company group, so our colleagues who couldn't come tonight can get a good laugh!"

Chapter 197 The Showdown

Chapter 197 The Showdown

Brittany's suggestion was clearly designed to embarrass Daniel. Although William was known for his alcohol consumption, he was no fool; otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to climb to the position of business supervisor, leading dozens of salespeople.

Realizing Brittany's intentions and wanting to show off in front of her, William agreed without hesitation. "Alright! We'll do as Brittany says! With Jessica away, Brittany's the boss here. Her word is law."

Turning to Daniel, William added, "Daniel, since Brittany put it this way, I trust you wouldn't dare to contradict her, right? If you disobey, just a few words from her to Jessica might get you fired!"

"If William has no objections, neither do I! Anyway, the one barking on the floor later won't be me; it'll be you, William! Of course, there's still time to back out. Don't let Brittany trick you!"

"Since Daniel is being so cocky, let's lay it all out tonight and settle who's the better drinker once and for all!"

Win or lose?

Hearing this phrase, Brittany's eyes lit up with a new idea. She interjected quickly, "Since you want to decide who wins and who loses, why not raise the stakes? The loser is a sissy. They'll have to put on women's clothing for everyone to see.

How about this? If either of you loses, in addition to lying on the floor barking like a dog, I'll have someone bring in a dress, and the loser has to wear it while barking."

"Sounds good! Let's go along with what Brittany says! Whoever loses will put on a dress and bark like a dog!" William was the first to agree.

He was confident in his drinking abilities and believed he could outdrink Daniel the country boy. The thought of this country nobody barking like a dog in a dress made William quite excited. The image of it being shared in the company group chat would surely mean Daniel wouldn't be able to show his face at the company again. Thus, the night's work would be accomplished, and William would have significantly supported Brittany's plan.

Brittany had promised promotions to those who contributed tonight, and William was aware he couldn't claim a business manager's position. However, he believed he could make the leap from supervisor to deputy manager! Though only a step up, it meant a significant difference in salary and year-end bonus. Most importantly, he could introduce himself as 'manager'.

Daniel just laughed. Instead of immediately agreeing, he decided to give William another chance. "Are you sure you want to go that far, William? You're almost 40, right? You on the floor in a dress, barking... that's not going to look too good."

"Daniel, are you scared now? Don't dare to play? If you're scared, just give up! Half a defeat—you don't have to wear a dress, just lie on the floor and bark like a dog!"

Chapter 198 The Gambling Begins

Chapter 198 The Gambling Begins

Left with no choice by William's demeanor, Daniel responded, "Since you've decided, William, let's play along! But just for the record, since you've set this wager, you'll have to honor it in the end—no cheating!"

"Whoever cheats resigns voluntarily!" William declared, concluding his statement.

Brittany immediately stood out and endorsed the idea, "Good! William, I like your initiative, I approve. I'll be the judge here! Whoever tries to wriggle out of this after losing, resigns!"

Eager to make a contribution in front of Brittany and to get Daniel drunk as quickly as possible, William grabbed the second basin of vodka, "I'll start then!"

He tilted his head back and rapidly drained all the vodka from the basin. After downing the second basin, William swayed slightly, and his head began to feel woozy. Ten bottles were usually his limit, enough to make him pass out under normal circumstances.

But not today. He had taken an antidote to alcohol beforehand, and he was feeling exceptionally good. So, even after ten bottles of vodka, William was tipsy but not close to collapsing. He could certainly handle one more basin.

"Good for you, William! Ten bottles of vodka down, and you're still standing—you're a real man!"

Brittany rarely complimented William, but she did now, then turned to Daniel, "Country nobody, William has finished his second basin. What are you waiting for? Are you not a man? Can't you handle the drink?"

"Brittany, why do you care so much whether I'm a man? It's not like you'd stand a chance even if I did get drunk! After all, I am the man you can never have."

Daniel joked with Brittany, who shot back, "Country nobody, how dare you speak to me like that? You better watch your mouth."

Pointing to the basin filled to the brim with vodka, she coldly demanded, "If you're man enough, drink up! I guarantee, after you've finished, you'll be crawling under the table. BTW, don't forget to bark like a dog while you're down there!"

"Do you really hope that I'll get drunk so bad? Well, don't forget that you arranged everything tonight, and Jessica knows everything. So, if I do get wasted, you'll have to see me home, or Jessica will definitely punish you!"

"Send you home? I'll dump you next to a trash can to feed the stray dogs! You're trash and belong with the trash. Just drink!"

Meanwhile, someone had brought in the promised skirt—it was a miniskirt that would look extremely sexy on anyone. Brittany took the skirt and taunted Daniel, "If you can't handle it, just give up. You can wear this skirt and bark like a dog."

Taking the skirt in his hand, Daniel replied to Brittany, "This sexy skirt should be worn by you, Brittany, to look good! It would be a waste on me."

"No matter, I can handle that kind of waste. As long as it's embarrassing enough for you! Soon, I'll post the video of you in this skirt, barking like a dog, to the company

group chat. I believe that once Jessica sees your disgusting display, she'll feel sick whenever she remembers your face. And she'll definitely fire you on the spot!"

Chapter 199 The God of Wine

Chapter 199 The God of Wine

"Just a basin of liquor? Since I agreed to the wager, I'll honor it," Daniel said, deciding not to waste any more words. He lifted the second basin, tilted his head back, and drained the stainless steel basin of its contents without leaving a drop behind. Downing the second basin of vodka, Daniel's expression didn't change, and his body stood unfazed.

His state of sobriety was astonishing to William. No stranger to drinking, William had spent many years building his tolerance and had never encountered someone who matched his abilities. Even a single bottle was enough to inebriate most people, and before Daniel, the toughest person William had faced passed out after five or six bottles.

Seeing that William seemed shaken by Daniel's performance, Brittany quickly stepped in to remind him, "William, you surely aren't finished yet, are you? If you lose, remember you'll have to wear that dress and bark like a dog on the floor! You're a man, can you endure such humiliation? If I were you, even if it caused my stomach to bleed, I'd still drink that country nobody under the table! Remember, you're the best drinker in The Matthews Organization, the God of Wine! If you can't outdrink this country nobody, then Daniel's going to snatch your title!"

Brittany knew how to manipulate people, keenly aware that William's title as the God of Wine was his greatest pride. His biggest fear was losing it.

Unable to accept defeat, William suddenly came up with a plan. Grabbing the large bottle of vodka, he filled four basins, placing two in front of Daniel. "Daniel, let's not drink one basin at a time anymore. Let's go for two basins at once. I drank first before, so it's your turn. You finish these two, then I'll take my turn!"

Anyone with half a brain knew what William was trying to do, Brittany included. But she wasn't interested in William humiliating himself; she was focused on Daniel looking foolish. So, she quickly

concluded, "William's suggestion is fair and just. Let's do it! Country nobody, you drink those two basins first, then William will go!"

Daniel, knowing he was being set up, didn't mind. He nodded and agreed, "Alright."

Once again, he picked up the stainless steel basin.

Glug, glug...

In less than two minutes, two more basins of vodka disappeared down his throat. Afterward, he was still as sober as ever.

Everyone was shocked.

Incredulity filled their faces as they gazed at this anomaly, this non-human who had just consumed an astronomical amount of liquor. Daniel had downed not just four basins, totaling twenty bottles, but including his previous drinks, twenty-one bottles of vodka. Most people couldn't even finish twenty-one bottles of beer.

Now, the pressure was on William. He had thought himself smart, believing a simple trick would suffice to intoxicate Daniel. Only then did he realize that his plan had failed spectacularly.

Chapter 200 No Surrender

Chapter 200 No Surrender

With William's firm stance, Daniel had nothing more to add.

"If that's how you put it, William, then I'll play your game! But let's make it clear—once you place a bet, you'll have to stick to it without cheating!"

"If anyone cheats, they'll resign voluntarily!" William proclaimed, finishing his declaration.

Brittany immediately stepped up, endorsing the idea enthusiastically, "Perfect! William, I like your proposal, and I approve. I'll be the witness then. If either of you tries to dodge the consequences after losing, you will resign!"

Eager to prove himself in front of Brittany and to hasten Daniel's defeat, William didn't hesitate to lift his second basin of vodka, "My turn again!"

He tilted his head back and quickly finished off the vodka from the basin. Consuming the second basin of vodka made William wobble, and he started to feel dizzy. Ten bottles were his usual maximum, enough to make him fall unconscious on a normal day.

But this evening was different. Thanks to the sobriety medicine he had taken, and being in excellent condition, William felt the effects of the alcohol but wasn't close to passing out—he thought he could handle another basin, at least.

Seeing that William was struggling a bit, Daniel decided to give him an out, patting him on the shoulder with a chuckle, "William, if you can't drink anymore, there's no need to force yourself. You can just admit defeat."

"I..."

William hesitated for a moment, then made his choice: "I surrender!"

Brittany snorted with disdain, "What a waste!"

After Daniel downed those two basins, she had already surmised William wouldn't win. Nevertheless, William had managed to make Daniel drink a whopping four basins of vodka, a total of twenty bottles. Brittany figured this must be close to Daniel's limit.

She thought that all she needed was to rope in one more good drinker, and then this country nobody would definitely hit the floor. As for William, a loser like him should face the consequences.

Pointing to the skirt, Brittany ordered William, "Go to the washroom and put this on. Once you're dressed, lie on the floor and start barking. You lost the bet; you must face the punishment."

"Brittany, I surrendered willingly. That should lighten the penalty! How about I don't wear the dress and just bark twice? Woof! Woof, woof!"

William barked a few times dismissively, hoping to bluff his way through. He believed that Brittany wouldn't come down too hard on him.

"Lighten the punishment? What nonsense are you talking about? You gambled, you lost. You should be punished, and you should be grateful I didn't increase it. Go put on that dress and lie on the floor and bark like a dog! I'll make sure someone records it to post in the company group chat. I want everyone to see the spectacle of you dressed in that bodycon dress, looking like a defeated sissy!"

Brittany wanted to use William's humiliation as a warning to the rest. She was telling them that while they could lose to the country nobody, they were not allowed to surrender—she would not tolerate another defeatist.

It was then that Daniel stepped forward, "Brittany, we're all colleagues, so let's not go too far. This bet is between me and William, I'll let him off from the wager. As for the dress, I think you should

keep it for yourself, Brittany. If you would like to put it on for me to see, or if you want to lie down and bark, I have no objections."

"You country nobody! What are you talking about? What gives you the right to speak here? I'm telling you, William has to put on the dress tonight, and he's got to bark like a dog!"

Brittany felt her authority was being challenged, which made her infuriated, and she began yelling at Daniel. She needed to ensure William wore the dress; she couldn't stand the thought of her commands being questioned.

"If you're not taking my advice, Brittany, then I guess I'll have to call Jessica. If I tell her everything that's happening here, word for word, what do you think she'll do?"

"Are you a three-year-old, country nobody? Can't handle losing, so you're resorting to tattling to Jessica?"

"It's nothing like that. What I mean is, we're all colleagues, and we should work together for the development of The Matthews Organization. It's totally okay to have fun, but just don't go too far!"