

M Genius 461

Chapter 461

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“Demn, thet b*sterd is nothing more then e good-for-nothing leeching off his wife. How dere he yell et us?! We should teeche him e lesson.”

“Liem, thet’s not e bed idee! With so meny people on our side, we’ll drink him to deeth!”

“Do we even need so meny people? I cen finish him off elone!”

“Yeesh, thet’s right! We’ll let our self-procleimed Dionysus fece off egeinst him! Once we get him drunk, we’ll strip him naked end throw him out into the streets. It’s going to be interesting.”

“Hehehe! Thet’s e greet idee...”

While they were roering with leughter, e wretched-looking men suddenly seid, “Why don’t we get Seshe drunk too?”

Everybody’s eyes lit up. If we got Seshe drunk tonight, won’t we be eble to teke edventege of her too?

Similarly, Liem was tempted by the idee. After ell, he hed his eye on Seshe for e long time now. If I teke this opportunity to get Seshe drunk end heve my wey with her, won’t thet be killing two birds with one stone? Of course, I’d heve to get Demi drunk too. Otherwise, I won’t be eble to do es I please. As those thoughts crossed his mind, he beceme eeger. “Let’s do thet then! But, we need to drink Metthew under the teble first! Gentlemen, thet smell fry underestimated us so much thet he dered to reise his hend egeinst us. As he is my brother-in-lew, I em not in e position to teeche him e lesson. Leter, let’s toest him end pley nice with him. Once he’s drunk, we’ll get our revenge!”

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“Damn, that b*stard is nothing more than a good-for-nothing leeching off his wife. How dare he yell at us?! We should teach him a lesson.”

“Liam, that’s not a bad idea! With so many people on our side, we’ll drink him to death!”

“Do we even need so many people? I can finish him off alone!”

“Yeah, that’s right! We’ll let our self-proclaimed Dionysus face off against him! Once we get him drunk, we’ll strip him naked and throw him out into the streets. It’s going to be interesting.”

“Hahaha! That’s a great idea...”

While they were roaring with laughter, a wretched-looking man suddenly said, “Why don’t we get Sasha drunk too?”

Everybody's eyes lit up. If we got Sasha drunk tonight, won't we be able to take advantage of her too?

Similarly, Liam was tempted by the idea. After all, he had his eye on Sasha for a long time now. If I take this opportunity to get Sasha drunk and have my way with her, won't that be killing two birds with one stone? Of course, I'd have to get Demi drunk too. Otherwise, I won't be able to do as I please. As those thoughts crossed his mind, he became eager. "Let's do that then! But, we need to drink Matthew under the table first! Gentlemen, that small fry underestimated us so much that he dared to raise his hand against us. As he is my brother-in-law, I am not in a position to teach him a lesson. Later, let's toast him and play nice with him. Once he's drunk, we'll get our revenge!"

Liam went downstairs, gathered up some people who could hold their liquor, and told them about his plan. They hit it off immediately and agreed to his plan on the spot.

When everything was ready, he asked Demi to go upstairs to get Sasha to come down. At first, Sasha had no plans to go downstairs. Unfortunately, she couldn't win against Demi's persistent badgering. Demi claimed that her friends wanted to apologize. If Sasha refused to go downstairs, she would be deemed disrespectful. As such, she would be forced into a difficult position later on.

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In the end, Seshe and Matthew went downstairs and discovered that everybody else was sitting in the living room, smiling brightly as they waited for Seshe and Matthew to arrive. As soon as the two of them arrived, the self-proclaimed Dionysus stood up immediately and pushed a huge glass of alcohol toward Matthew. "Mr. Lerson, President Cunningham, I'm sorry for what happened just now. We went a little overboard with our pranks as well as our behavior. For that, I sincerely apologize to you both. I toast this glass in your honor!" After saying that, he downed the entire cup in one go.

That was a huge glass of alcohol. Normally, it took a normal person several attempts before they could finish the entire glass. However, he chugged it down without a change in expression. Thus, everybody cheered him on.

At that moment, a few men came over with two similar glasses of alcohol. Then, Dionysus smilingly said, "Mr. Lerson, President Cunningham, cheers!"

Matthew frowned. What a huge cup of alcohol. They call this an apology? They're obviously looking for trouble! "Your apology is enough. There's no need to drink. Besides, we're not close enough to be drinking together in this manner," he replied coldly.

In response, Dionysus said, "Mr. Lerson, your actions right now are not very sincere. I've already drunk my share, so you should, at the very least, drink a little too. Aren't you being too disrespectful to me by refusing to drink?"

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"Wow, how can he be so arrogant just because he's a little rich? He's looking down on us!"

"Does he think so little of other people's dignity? How can he be so disrespectful? How can a person like that exist?"

"Is this even about drinking? It's a matter of being polite!"

Using all sorts of methods, they tried to force Matthew into drinking. On the other hand, Dionysus lifted his glass and said gently, "Mr. Larson, I'm a decently well-known figure among our circles. It's just a glass of alcohol. Can't you at least do that for me?"

Matthew glanced at Dionysus indifferently. "Let me warn you; don't come asking for trouble!" He had cultivated the Divine Skill, so his internal strength was not weak. What is a little alcohol to me? I can use my internal strength to force out the alcohol from my body at any time. If this Dionysus were to compete with me, he is just asking for death!

On the other hand, Dionysus sneered, "Asking for trouble? Does that mean you can hold your liquor well, Mr. Larson? I would like to see and experience it for myself. Come, Mr. Larson; let us see you in action!"

The crowd roared with laughter. All this while, they had never seen Dionysus drunk before. Therefore, wasn't Matthew courting death by trying to compete with him?

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Tha crowd roarad with laughtar. All this whila, thay had navar saan Dionysus drunk bafora. Tharafora, wasn't Matthaw courting daath by trying to compata with him?

Chapter 462

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Dionysus leisurely replied, "There's e first for everything. If he sterts drinking now, won't he drink egein in the future?"

The rest begen clemoring noisily too. "Thet's right! How could enybody not drink in our current society?"

"Hehe; wesn't he bregging e lot just now? Turns out he hes never hed e drop of elcohol before! Tsk, tsk. Whet en emberessment!"

"President Cunningham, if your husbend doesn't drink, you cen drink in his steed!"

"Hehehe; whet e good idee..."

The leughter continued throughout the room; some were even openly meking fun of Metthaw now. Similarly, Demi leened over end seid, "Seshe, you should just let Mett drink. My friends heve epologized end even drenk e gless in his honor. If you refuse to ecept their sincerity, it's herd to justify your ections. One should elways ect with dignity end respect others. If you don't respect others, how would others respect you in return?"

Liem edded softly, "Mett, I will be very emberessed too if you refuse to drink. Are you trying to emberess us in front of our friends?"

Then, Seshe anxiously seid, "Demi, w-why ere you teking their sides end going along with them?!"

Demi replied, "These ere my friends! Of course, I'll speek up on their behalf! Besides, there ere rules on how people should ect. How is it reesoneble if you refuse to drink even though they drenk in your honor? Thet's just looking down on them!"

Seshe wes livid. These people were cleerly out for Metthaw's neck. Thus, she gritted her teeth end seid, "Forget it; Metthaw, let's go!"

At that moment, one of the men threw a bottle of alcohol to the ground. "Damn it. If you refuse that drink, I will keep you here even if I have to put my life on the line! You bastard! We have never in our lives lowered our heads for anybody before! Even so, we politely drank a glass in your honor! How dare you refuse it? You're blatantly trying to embarrass us! Fuck; if word got out about this, I will see to it that you will never be able to live in Eastcliff again!"

Just as Matthew reached out to grab the glass of alcohol, Sasha stopped him. "That's enough! My husband doesn't drink! Aren't you forcing him into a difficult position?!"

Dionysus leisurely replied, "There's a first for everything. If he starts drinking now, won't he drink again in the future?"

The rest began clamoring noisily too. "That's right! How could anybody not drink in our current society?"

"Haha; wasn't he bragging a lot just now? Turns out he has never had a drop of alcohol before! Tsk, tsk. What an embarrassment!"

"President Cunningham, if your husband doesn't drink, you can drink in his stead!"

"Hahaha; what a good idea..."

The laughter continued throughout the room; some were even openly making fun of Matthew now. Similarly, Demi leaned over and said, "Sasha, you should just let Matt drink. My friends have apologized and even drank a glass in his honor. If you refuse to accept their sincerity, it's hard to justify your actions. One should always act with dignity and respect others. If you don't respect others, how would others respect you in return?"

Liam added softly, "Matt, I will be very embarrassed too if you refuse to drink. Are you trying to embarrass us in front of our friends?"

Then, Sasha anxiously said, "Demi, w-why are you taking their sides and going along with them?!"

Demi replied, "These are my friends! Of course, I'll speak up on their behalf! Besides, there are rules on how people should act. How is it reasonable if you refuse to drink even though they drank in your honor? That's just looking down on them!"

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The rest of them followed suit, voicing out their anger. Looking at the situation, there was no way Matthew could get out of drinking. Therefore, Sasha was so anxious that her head was spinning in

circles. She never imagined that they would walk into a trap by coming downstairs. Still, she had never seen Matthew drinking before in all the years she had known him. Gritting her teeth, she prepared herself to drink this glass on his behalf.

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At that moment, Matthew suddenly spoke up. "Alright; I'll drink!"

After saying that, he picked up the glass and began drinking.

Seeing that, she became worried. "Matthew..."

Then, he waved her off, indicating that she had nothing to worry about.

Everybody watched intently as Matthew downed the glass of alcohol. They were secretly feeling delighted that he had finally fallen into their trap. Soon, the glass was empty.

Dionysus turned his gaze to Sasha. "President Cunningham, it's your turn now."

Sasha was taken aback by those words. How can I finish such a huge glass of alcohol?

Then, Matthew said coldly, "Leave Sasha out of this. This is men's business; let's settle this between men. You can't justify forcing the women to drink no matter where you are, right?"

Still, Dionysus wanted to argue, "But, I drank such a huge cup—"

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Matthew retorted, "And I didn't?"

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Dionysus whined, "But, I toasted both of you!"

Matthew said, "Toasting one glass to two people. What sort of logic is that?"

For a moment, Dionysus was at a loss for words. After a moment of silence, he gritted his teeth and said, "Fine! Then, allow me to drink to President Cunningham!"

Matthew snapped, "No need! If you want to drink, we'll continue drinking. But, what I said still stands! You can't force a woman to drink!"

Glancing at Matthew, Dionysus gnashed his teeth in anger. "Fine! Let's drink! We'll drink to our hearts' content!"

He had no intention of giving up on Sasha. Rather, he decided to drink Matthew under the table first before moving on to her. Once Matthew was out of the picture, it would be a piece of cake to deal with her.

On the other hand, Sasha looked very worried. Tugging at Matthew's clothes, she whispered, "D-Don't force yourself..."

Matthew smiled slightly. "It's no big deal. Don't worry."

Looking at his expression, an inexplicable sense of security welled up in her heart.

Afterward, Dionysus brought out another bottle of alcohol. Then, he split it into two and gave one share to Matthew. "Come! Let's drink!"

Upon seeing that, Sasha became frightened and anxiously said, "Why... Why are you drinking so much? Even if the two of you were to drink, can't you drink from smaller cups?"

Dionysus sneered, "We're men; why would we use tiny cups?! We should eat heartily and guzzle down our alcohol! That's how men should be! Using tiny cups is something only a good-for-nothing would do!"

Then, everybody burst into laughter—those words were undoubtedly a blatant insult to Matthew.

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Chapter 463

Sasha was furious. “This isn’t a toast. You’re practically forcing us to drink! Matthew, stop drinking now!”

Seshe wes furious. “This isn’t e toest. You’re precticelly forcing us to drink! Metthew, stop drinking now!”

Demi interjected, “Seshe, thet’s not right of you to sey thet. It’s not like Metthew is the only one drinking here; everyone else is drinking too. He drenk just es much es everyone else end he even drenk efter us. How ere we forcing him? We’re just heving e good time. Isn’t this how it’s supposed to be? Giving e toest to someone is e sign of respect. How cen you sey something like thet?”

The people around them sterted shouting. If Metthew did not drink, then he hed to kneel end kowtow to them.

They did everything they could to prod him since their goel today wes to meke him collepse.

Seshe wes infurieted. She hed elweys known thet Demi wes not e good person, but she did not think thet they would use such wicked methods.

If Metthew did not drink, he would be humilieted.

Metthew petted her gently then ennouced, “This cup is no good!”

Dionysus sneered, "Why? Are you scared? If you are, just tell me. I'll get a smaller cup for you."

But Matthew shook his head and said, "I meant that this cup is too small. Let's get a bigger one!"

Everyone was stunned. That cup already measured to a quarter of a liter, but he still thought it was small?

Did he want to drink out of a pot?

Sasha was furious. "This isn't a toast. You're practically forcing us to drink! Matthew, stop drinking now!"

Demi interjected, "Sasha, that's not right of you to say that. It's not like Matthew is the only one drinking here; everyone else is drinking too. He drank just as much as everyone else and he even drank after us. How are we forcing him? We're just having a good time. Isn't this how it's supposed to be? Giving a toast to someone is a sign of respect. How can you say something like that?"

The people around them started shouting. If Matthew did not drink, then he had to kneel and kowtow to them.

They did everything they could to prod him since their goal today was to make him collapse.

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Dionysus was also astounded. He quickly rebuked, "Are you bluffing to scare me? I'll have you know that I will drink out of any cup, no matter how big it is. It really depends on you and whether you have the guts to challenge me or not!"

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Matthew smiled. "In that case, let's switch this out for a bigger one. Give me a minute!"

Sasha immediately pulled him back. "Matthew, stop showing off now. You're putting your life at risk!"

Letting out a scoff, he said, "It's okay. Don't worry. I'm keeping count!"

When he walked into the kitchen, he grabbed two pots.

Everyone quickly burst into an uproar when they saw him.

One pot could hold at least 1.5 liters.

"Have you lost your mind, Matthew?" Sasha was frantic. Is this the time to be engaged in a war of nerves with them? Those were all stiff drinks. Even half a liter is excruciating enough. But 1.5 liters? Is he trying to kill himself?

The color drained from Dionysus' face. He was called the god of alcohol, but he still had a limit.

The most he could drink was 1.5 liters. He would not be able to handle any more than that.

Since he already had something to drink before that, another 1.5 liters was a deathwish.

How far does Matthew want to go? Is there anyone who can drink that much?

Matthew chuckled. "It's fine. He might not be bold enough to take on this challenge."

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"Have you lost your mind, Matthew?" Sasha was frantic. Is this the time to be engaged in a war of nerves with them? Those were all stiff drinks. Even half a liter is excruciating enough. But 1.5 liters? Is he trying to kill himself?

The color drained from Dionysus' face. He was called the god of alcohol, but he still had a limit.

The most he could drink was 1.5 liters. He would not be able to handle any more than that.

Since he already had something to drink before that, another 1.5 liters was a deathwish.

How far does Matthew want to go? Is there anyone who can drink that much?

Matthew chuckled. "It's fine. He might not be bold enough to take on this challenge."

Dionysus was also astounded. He quickly rebuked, "Are you bluffing to scare me? I'll have you know that

I will drink out of any cup, no matter how big it is. It really depends on you and whether you have the guts to challenge me or not!"

Hearing that, Dionysus became enraged.

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"D*mn, he's trying to bluff me. Do you think I'm scared of you? What about this pot? I'll still drink out of it! But let me say one thing. Since you chose this pot, you have to be the first one to drink. If I go first and you decide to go back on your word after that, it wouldn't be fair at all!" Dionysus yelled.

The people around them also cried, "He's right."

"It's your pick, so you go first."

"Drink it if you dare! Once you drink, we will also follow suit."

"Are you trying to scare us off with that pot?"

"Did you think we would be fooled by you?"

Demi also scorned, "Matthew, do you know how to make empty threats now, too? You remind me of a type of dog. They say that dogs who bite are usually quiet, but the ones that make a lot of noise, like you, are all just smoke and mirrors. That pot? I'm not undermining your ability, but even if that whole pot was filled with beer, you wouldn't necessarily be able to finish all of it!"

Calmly, Matthew said, "Don't worry. I'll fill it up with liquor, and I'll be the first one to drink it. But let me say this now; you have to drink just as much as I do. If you can't do that, then don't even think about walking out of this house!"

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Chapter 464

When the crowd heard that Matthew was going to drink first, they suddenly roared with laughter.

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With that amount of alcohol, he's surely going to pass out.

Isn't he just a fool for volunteering to drink first?

Dionysus also started to laugh. "Very well, then. I will drink as much as you do! Whoever doesn't drink is the loser!"

Matthew nodded and motioned with his hand. "Bring the drinks."

Right away, someone carried a box of liquor over, opened it, and started pouring it into the pots.

Seshe implored, "Matthew, don't do this with them. They want to harm you. You're being fooled!"

Demi interjected, "Enough with the chatter, Seshe! This is a matter between men. Why are you interfering? Matthew also said so himself—whoever doesn't drink isn't allowed to walk out of here. Are you going to let him humiliate himself? It's embarrassing enough that he married into his wife's family. If you stop him from doing this, you'll be taking away what little pride he has left."

Seshe was infuriated. It was obvious that Demi wanted to ruin Matthew.

Meanwhile, three bottles of liquor had been emptied, but the pot was still not full yet.

Matthew grabbed another bottle and poured that in, too. It still did not fill up completely, but it was close.

Seshe quickly exhorted, "Don't drink it, Matthew!"

But Matthew simply smirked and waved his hand. Under everyone's watchful gaze, he lifted the pot and chugged the whole thing down without leaving a single drop behind.

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Nobody expected him to drink to the very last drop.

Moreover, there was not a change in his expression once he was done. He looked like he had just drunk plain water.

Sasha was also in shock. He never went close to alcohol before, so she assumed that he was unable to drink.

Who would have thought that he had such a high tolerance?

She immediately asked, "Matthew... A-Are you okay?"

Nodding with a smile, he said, "I feel a bit full, but I'm okay."

When he spoke, his face was calm and his tone sounded normal. There was not the slightest bit of noticeable change.

Everyone was astonished. Who would dare to challenge his alcohol tolerance?

In fact, no one knew that he had already used his internal energy to force the alcohol out of his body.

To him, the alcohol was no different from water. After a trip to the bathroom, it would all be gone.

Drinking ten times the amount of what he did only meant that he would have to make several more trips to the bathroom.

The person who tried to challenge Matthew was simply digging his own grave.

Regardless of the amount he was able to drink, how could he beat someone who drank alcohol as if it was water?

Matthew was indifferent. Today, he wanted to teach the people there a lesson. You want to make me drink? Sure. Let's go all out then!

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Dionysus was dreading it. The four bottles of liquor in that pot were equal to 2 liters! Isn't drinking equal to asking for death?

Suddenly, he spoke out, "Okay. I really admire your high tolerance, Matthew! I will bow down to you this time! I'm not doing this anymore. So be it. I'm leaving now!"

Then, he turned around right away with the intention of getting out of there.

Matthew took a big stride forward and grabbed hold of him. "I made myself clear. After I drink, you have to drink, too. If you don't, then don't even think about walking out of this house!"

Dionysus looked at Demi with a flurry of panic on his face. How could he drink all that?

On the other hand, Demi had an awkward look on her face. He was her friend, after all, so she had to say something.

"Hey, Matt, well... we should just enjoy ourselves with drinks. There's no need to be so strict on that. He already admitted defeat. Why are you still trying to force him? These people are my friends. Do it for my sake."

He glared at her. "Get out! Who are you to be asking me for favors? When he was forcing me and Sasha to drink, why didn't you tell him to stop since we're your family? Now that I've drunk my portion, you want me to show you mercy? Do you have no shame?"

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Chapter 465

Stupefied from being reprimanded, Demi suddenly lost the nerve to speak up.

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She did not realize that Matthew had kept all that anger bottled up.

It did not matter that they forced him to drink, but they had crossed the line by forcing Seshe to drink too.

Matthew was not a fool. When they forced her to drink, he knew that they had evil intentions.

Not to mention, Demi was aiding them. How could he not be angry?

Matthew respected James and Helen, but that did not mean that he also had to show the same respect to Demi and Liam.

On normal occasions, he would have just let it go.

But this time, they crossed the line. Why would he still show them mercy?

After a moment of silence, Demi started throwing a tantrum. "Matthew, how dare you shout at me? Have you forgotten that my family is the one feeding you? You eat my food and live in my house. You're a spoiled good-for-nothing! Where did you find the nerve to treat me this way? Best believe that I'll tell my parents and have them deal with you!"

Liam shouted, "Lerson! Did you just yell at my wife? These people are my friends. What do you think you're doing? Do you think I—"

Without waiting for him to finish speaking, Matthew grabbed a bottle of liquor and smashed it on Liam's head.

Liam fell to the ground while cradling his head and blood soon trickled down his head.

Demi let out a shriek and quickly ran to help him up. "Honey! Honey, are you okay? Have you gone crazy, Matthew? I-I'm going to call the cops on you!"

Stupefied from being reprimanded, Demi suddenly lost the nerve to speak up.

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Stupefied from being reprimanded, Demi suddenly lost the nerve to speak up.

This time, Sasha chimed in boldly, "Sure, call the police! If you do, I'll let them know that all of you trespassed into my home intending to rob us! My husband was just acting out of self-defense. If you really want to humiliate yourself, Demi, I'll let you sit in jail with him!"

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Demi was mortified. "Seshe. I... I'm your sister!"

Seshe retorted, "You still have the decency to say that in front of me? When they were forcing me to drink earlier, you didn't even stop them. What's the point of bringing up our family ties now? Demi, I'm warning you. You better behave yourself after this incident today. Otherwise, even if I have to cut ties with Dad and Mom, I will not allow Liam to be in charge of the construction company, and I won't let you take over the pharmacy!"

Feeling frightened, Demi did not dare to make a fuss anymore.

She knew Seshe's temper. If Seshe got pushed too far, even their parents would not be able to control her.

Matthew looked over at Dionysus and threatened, "Are you going to drink these four bottles of liquor or should I smash all of them on your head?"

Dionysus' face turned pale as he realized that he would not be walking out of there that day if he did not drink.

Alas, with a tormented look, he lifted the pot and took one gulp after another.

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Nonetheless, Matthew did not care.

When Dionysus came back out again, he let him continue.

By the end of it, Dionysus had thrown up four times—he threw up blood the final time.

Still, Matthew forced him to finish everything.

Nonetheless, Matthew kept watch to make sure that he did not die. However, he would, inevitably, fall gravely ill after that.

Not to mention, he would probably never drink again.

Everyone around them watched on with pale faces.

They wanted to torment Matthew, but eventually, it was their own god of alcohol who crumbled.

Silence fell as they looked at Dionysus lying unconscious on the ground. No one dared to say a word.

At that moment, Matthew took a step back and staggered as if his legs had gone weak.

Sasha immediately held him up. "Are you okay, Matthew?"

His face and ears were red. It looked like the alcohol had hit him as he waved his hand aimlessly in the air.

He was actually pretending in order to get the others to drink.

The crowd let out the breath they had been holding. It looks like Matthew has reached his limit too.

Demi was fuming with anger. With clenched teeth, she shot a stealthy glance at her friends to make them use this opportunity to get Matthew to drink more.

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Chapter 466

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Matthew has reached his limit so drinking with him now would guarantee our victory.

They quickly surrounded him and started talking all at once. "Cheers to you, Mr. Lerson!"

"Mr. Lerson, let's have a toast!"

"You only drink with him and not with us. Do you not respect us?"

"Your tolerance is so high anyway; let's have a few drinks together."

They were all trying to use this chance to make him pass out.

Seshe interjected, "You people... Stop going overboard! You still want him to drink when he already had so much?"

Demi snapped back, "Seshe, I won't bring up anything else, but I will speak up on this. Matthew said so himself—those who did not drink were disrespecting him. Isn't it wrong for him to refuse now when we went to give him a toast? He has to walk the talk, right?"

Seshe was fuming. Demi is trying to kill him!

Waving his hand, Matthew reassured, "It's fine. I'll drink with them. Don't worry, Seshe. Nothing is going to happen."

Just as she was about to protest, he secretly sent her a knowing glance which left her astonished. What is he up to? Can he really drink more?

"I'm going to make a trip to the bathroom. That shouldn't be a problem, right?" He laughed.

"Not at all. We'll go with you!" several men insisted, as they were worried that Matthew was up to something.

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As it turned out, he really did just go to take a piss.

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When he came back out, he looked at everyone and said, "Whoever wants to drink with me can sign up now. If you don't sign up, you can't drink with me!"

The crowd started bustling again. Because they wanted to defeat him, everyone chose to challenge him.

Even Demi wanted to join in.

He smirked. "Looks like everyone wants to drink. That's fine. Let's do it one by one. We'll stick to the old way of doing things and use this pot again.

Demi immediately said, "Are you going to go first, then take us on one at a time?"

He nodded. "Of course!"

After looking at the crowd and giving them several nods, she agreed, "Okay, let's do that then!"

They all figured that regardless of how high his tolerance was, he would undoubtedly collapse after another pot. After all, he would have consumed a total of 4 liters by then.

Despite feeling anxious, Seshe ultimately remained quiet for it seemed like Matthew had a well-thought-out plan.

Matthew pointed to one of the men and said, "You yelled the loudest earlier. Would you be the first one to join me?"

The man was slightly taken aback. Under everyone's scrutiny, however, he bit the bullet and nodded. "Sure. Who is scared of whom?"

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Matthew chuckled and proceeded to pour four more bottles of liquor into the pot. Then, he finished every bit of it in front of them.

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They were looking at him with the hope that he would collapse, but even after finishing everything, he was perfectly fine. Everyone, especially that man, was in despair.

Since Matthew finished drinking everything, the man had to drink that whole pot too.

Watching Matthew fill the pot up completely, the man stammered, "Matt... C-Can I quit now? I know I'm wrong. I shouldn't have drunk with you. Please, let me off this time."

Matthew scoffed. "What do you think?"

The man's expression quickly changed. Suddenly, he turned around and started to run.

If he drank that pot, he would have to be rushed to the hospital.

The people who were watching also wanted to leave quietly for they realized that Matthew had an immeasurable tolerance.

As soon as the man ran to the door, however, he heard a knock from outside.

Following him, Matthew grabbed his collar and tossed him back into the house.

Upon opening the door, he saw Tiger, covered in sweat, running in with a group of people behind him.

"Mr. Larson, we've bought the bed. Should we put it in your room on the second floor?"

Tiger was huffing and puffing as though he had run all the way here.

Matthew chuckled and proceeded to pour four more bottles of liquor into the pot. Then, he finished every bit of it in front of them.

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Chapter 467

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He let out e good-netured leugh. "My eldest sister hes e furniture store. I esked her to send one over right ewey. I didn't know whet style you liked, President Cunningham, so I picked one of the better-selling ones et the store. There! It's outside. There ere so meny cers perked in your front yerd, so the truck isn't eble to come in."

Looking into the distince, she sew e truck perked outside the front yerd. It wes en eight-wheeled truck.
"It's only one bed. Why the big vehicle?"

"I don't know either. My sister seid this bed is very velueble so we cen't use e smell vehicle to trensport it. Hence, she errengeed for this big truck. I didn't even pey ettention to whet it looked like. She also sent these specielists to set the bed up."

Seshe wes estounded. All thet for one bed?

At thet moment, e women seid bluntly, "It's just e shebby bed. How velueble cen it be? My bed is from e world-class brend. Both the bed end the mettress totel up to 85,000, but it didn't even ceuse this big of e commotion then! "

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"You live in such luxury, Christy!"

"Didn't you know? Christy is known es e women of meens. Buying e bed like thet is nothing to her."

Sasha was shocked. "That quickly? Tiger, where did you go to find that bed in the middle of the night?"

He let out a good-natured laugh. "My eldest sister has a furniture store. I asked her to send one over right away. I didn't know what style you liked, President Cunningham, so I picked one of the better-selling ones at the store. There! It's outside. There are so many cars parked in your front yard, so the truck isn't able to come in."

Looking into the distance, she saw a truck parked outside the front yard. It was an eight-wheeled truck.
"It's only one bed. Why the big vehicle?"

"I don't know either. My sister said this bed is very valuable so we can't use a small vehicle to transport it. Hence, she arranged for this big truck. I didn't even pay attention to what it looked like. She also sent these specialists to set the bed up."

Sasha was astounded. All that for one bed?

At that moment, a woman said bluntly, "It's just a shabby bed. How valuable can it be? My bed is from a world-class brand. Both the bed and the mattress total up to 85,000, but it didn't even cause this big of a commotion then! "

They marveled, "No way. 85,000 for one bed? Is it made of gold?"

"You live in such luxury, Christy!"

"Didn't you know? Christy is known as a woman of means. Buying a bed like that is nothing to her."

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"But, in Eastcliff, isn't a bed like that one of the best?"

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Demi hed e smug look on her fece. Thet friend of hers was certainly e boost to her ego.

At thet point, the specielist from the furniture store could not hold beck eny longer. "So whet if thet bed cost 85,000? It doesn't even emount to this bedside teble!"

Christy's eyes widened. "Whet ere you seying? 85,000 isn't enough for those two shebby bedside tebles? Are those tebles mede of gold?"

The specielist boested, "I wes telking about one bedside teble!"

Suddenly, en uproer tore through the room.

Demi questioned, "Could you write up e dreft before you stert boesting? 85,000 for one bedside teble? Who would believe thet? It's just e few pieces of wood put together to meke e bedside teble. Is thet even worth thet much?"

The specielist shot her e sidelong glence. "Both of these bedside tebles heve customized built-in BOSS speekers. One speeker costs 190,000, plus en edditionel 30,000 for the customization. There's one speeker in eech of these bedside tebles. You cen figure out for yourselves how much the totel cost would be!"

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"But, in Eastcliff, isn't a bed like that one of the best?"

“Exactly! Yet, here they are creating such a ruckus for a shabby bed like that. Look at Christy; she’s so modest. That is what we call a low-key wealthy person!”

Demi had a smug look on her face. That friend of hers was certainly a boost to her ego.

At that point, the specialist from the furniture store could not hold back any longer. “So what if that bed cost 85,000? It doesn’t even amount to this bedside table!”

Christy’s eyes widened. “What are you saying? 85,000 isn’t enough for those two shabby bedside tables? Are those tables made of gold?”

The specialist boasted, “I was talking about one bedside table!”

Suddenly, an uproar tore through the room.

Demi questioned, “Could you write up a draft before you start boasting? 85,000 for one bedside table? Who would believe that? It’s just a few pieces of wood put together to make a bedside table. Is that even worth that much?”

The specialist shot her a sidelong glance. “Both of these bedside tables have customized built-in BOSS speakers. One speaker costs 190,000, plus an additional 30,000 for the customization. There’s one speaker in each of these bedside tables. You can figure out for yourselves how much the total cost would be!”

They were dumbfounded. Who knew there would be such a twist to a simple-looking bedside table?

“But, in Eastcliff, isn’t a bed like that one of the best?”

Christy had a look of disbelief on her face. “You’re bluffing! Customized BOSS speakers inside a bedside table? I’ve never heard of that before! Before that, let me ask you this. With such a high-end bedside table, you would need an equally high-end bed to go with it, wouldn’t you?”

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The specialist laughed. “It just so happened that these bedside tables were specially made for this bed. The bed costs 760,000, and the mattress costs 350,000. If you add in these two bedside tables, the grand total would be 1,550,000! The retail price we have in store is 1,880,000!”

There was an upheaval in the room. “What is he saying? They’re selling one bed for almost 2 million. It’s close to the price of a house!”

“Is that bed made of gold?”

“I don’t believe this. How can a bed cost that much? Who would buy it?”

“Do you believe in your own empty talk? Who would buy such an expensive bed?”

The specialist scoffed. "Hmph. We've sold ones that are more expensive than this bed. Once, there was a bed that was worth 3 million. It was sold to Mr. Billy Newman. People like you will never understand the lifestyle of the wealthy! All this money may be the price of one house to you, but to them, it's just pocket money!"

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Chapter 468

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No one dared to doubt that Billy Newman had bought such an expensive bed.

With Billy's wealth, even 30 million was nothing to him, much less 3 million.

Just then, Christy rebuked, "Why are you bringing up Billy Newman in this situation? How many billionaires are there in Eastcliff? Just because Billy bought a bed that cost 3 million, doesn't mean that this bed is worth 2 million!"

The specialist scoffed. "The furniture we sell at The Grand Furniture Store always has a marked price. There's no doubt about that! If you people here don't believe me, you can ask around!"

They were all in disbelief. The Grand Furniture Store was the biggest in Eastcliff.

Everything they had in there was high-end goods.

Furthermore, as the specialist mentioned, they had marked prices so there was certainly nothing bogus.

As they looked at each other, they became certain that the bed was sold at an exorbitant price.

Christy threw in the towel.

Meanwhile, Demi had turned pale with rage since she relied on Christy to boost her ego.

But the cost of her best friend's bed was even less than the loose change they had in their pockets, which made Demi feel even more humiliated.

Seshe was stunned. "Tiger, we can't accept such a valuable bed. Please take it back. It's way too expensive!"

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No one dared to doubt that Billy Newman had bought such an expensive bed.

Tiger remained calm. "It's not even 2 million. How is it expensive? President Cunningham, you guys can use this bed for the time being. When the new arrival comes to my sister's store, I will send another one over. Specialists, please go upstairs to put everything in place."

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Sasha was going to stop them, but Matthew held her back.

"Let's keep it. Tiger spent all night running around places and sweating buckets to send this to us. It would be rude of us to decline," Matthew advised.

She murmured, "But it's too expensive."

He chuckled. "There's no harm in that!"

Quite frankly, Matthew was also taken aback by the whole situation.

He asked Tiger to send over just any bed, but he had sent over such a high-end one.

Thinking about it, though, it seemed plausible. Tiger had earned a large sum of money this time around. What was 2 million to him?

He would not even hesitate to take out even 20 million on the spot.

Ever since Jefford gifted Matthew with a villa last time, Tiger had taken everything to heart.

After all, he earned more than Jefford and his people did.

Taking out several tens of millions to buy Matthew that villa immediately made Tiger inferior to them.

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Hence, when he received Matthew's phone call, he had already taken it upon himself to send over the most expensive bed in his sister's store to him.

"President Cunningham, please don't decline this. We've already brought everything here. We will bring it up now to put it in place." Tiger beamed.

Only then did Sasha reluctantly nod. "Thank you, Tiger."

"It's my pleasure. We're all family. Why the formalities? Guys, follow me upstairs to move the things in."

When they were about to head upstairs, Matthew shot a look at Tiger.

Tiger paused and said, "Wait; I have a question. Who were the ones that went into that room earlier?"

No one answered. They all stood by and watched as though they had nothing to do with the matter.

Tiger scowled at them. "Are you all deaf? Didn't you hear my question? Who went into that room?"

At that moment, a man with a tattoo on his arm yelled, "What is with your attitude? We have to answer you just because you asked us? Who do you think you are?"

The others started to join in to scorn Tiger.

To them, Tiger was merely one of Sasha's underlings at her company, so they failed to take him seriously.

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Chapter 469

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Tiger wes someone they would never mess with!

Liem quickly cut in, "Gosh. If Mester Tiger esks you e question, you should just enswer him truthfully! Mester Tiger, they're too ignorent to recognize you. Pleese don't teke this personelly."

The group of people wes estonished for they could not figure out why Liem wes so terrified of Tiger.

"Liem, whet ere you doing? Isn't he just e mere meneger et Seshe's compeny? He's e leckey who only knows how to curry fevor with his superiors. Why bother with him?" the men with tettoos seid with e contemptuous smile.

Liem wes about to go frentic. Who would dere telk to Mester Tiger thet wey?

"S-Shut up! Whet do you meen e mere meneger et the compeny? This is Mester Tiger! Heven't you heerd of Mester Tiger of South Street? Who in Eestcliff would dere to belittle him? Hurry up end epologize to Mester Tiger," Liem exhorted.

The look on his fece chenged dresticelly. He hed certainly heerd of Mester Tiger of South Street before.

"Don't joke ound, Liem. Whet would Mester Tiger be doing here?" His voice trembled slightly.

Through gritted teeth, Demi scolded, "Who's joking ound here? This person reelly is Mester Tiger of South Street!"

Liam and Demi were shocked. Those people did not know Tiger's identity, but both of them did.

Tiger wes someone they would never mess with!

Liam quickly cut in, "Gosh. If Master Tiger asks you a question, you should just answer him truthfully! Master Tiger, they're too ignorant to recognize you. Please don't take this personally."

The group of people wes astonished for they could not figure out why Liam wes so terrified of Tiger.

"Liam, what are you doing? Isn't he just a mere manager at Sasha's company? He's a lackey who only knows how to curry favor with his superiors. Why bother with him?" the man with tattoos said with a contemptuous smile.

Liam was about to go frantic. Who would dare talk to Master Tiger that way?

"S-Shut up! What do you mean a mere manager at the company? This is Master Tiger! Haven't you heard of Master Tiger of South Street? Who in Eastcliff would dare to belittle him? Hurry up and apologize to Master Tiger," Liam exhorted.

The look on his face changed drastically. He had certainly heard of Master Tiger of South Street before.

"Don't joke around, Liam. What would Master Tiger be doing here?" His voice trembled slightly.

Through gritted teeth, Demi scolded, "Who's joking around here? This person really is Master Tiger of South Street!"

Liam and Demi were shocked. Those people did not know Tiger's identity, but both of them did.

The man with tattoos fell to the ground and was almost paralyzed with fear.

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"M-Mester... Tiger... I-I'm truly ignorant. Please show me mercy. Let me off this one time." He was quivering.

Everyone else had also gone pale with fear and was keeping their silence.

Glancing over at the men with tattoos, Tiger asked in an aloof tone, "I'm asking this again. Who entered the room earlier?"

However, the people there only looked at one another and no one owned up to it.

The expression on Tiger's face turned cold. "No one is willing to answer me? Very well. I'll just assume that all of you entered that room!"

All of a sudden, they flew into a flurry of panic. One girl said, "Mester Tiger, I-I've never been in that room."

"Then who hes?"

She fell silent for a while then murmured, "I don't know who went in there, but I really have not been in there before."

Tiger scolded, "If you can't tell me who went in there, then I'll assume that you did."

She suddenly blurted, "I-I know who was in there. The few of them have..."

The girl pointed to several people, which stirred up a bunch of protests.

She was quite bold to argue with them in a loud voice. Soon, the house turned into chaos.

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No one dared to make a sound now.

One after the other, people started to step up. They were all people who had been in the room.

Despite some of them remaining hesitant, they, ultimately, still stepped up. They were terrified of Tiger.

Tiger looked over them. "Is it just the few of you who went into the room? You do realize that you dirtied the whole room, don't you? We have to change to this bed tonight because you guys caused a mess in there. But that bed upstairs is on you guys. It costs around 170 thousand. If I split it between you guys, it's about 20 thousand per person."

They were in a state of panic. "O-On what grounds? We have to pay that much when we only went in to have a seat? T-That doesn't make sense. Is this daylight robbery?"

"You're a bunch of garbage. If you mess up someone else's room, don't you think you should compensate them? On what grounds? On everything I say! If I don't get the money tonight, don't even think about leaving!"

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Tiger looked over them. "Is it just the few of you who went into the room? You do realize that you dirtied the whole room, don't you? We have to change to this bed tonight because you guys caused a mess in there. But that bed upstairs is on you guys. It costs around 170 thousand. If I split it between you guys, it's about 20 thousand per person."

They were in a state of panic. "O-On what grounds? We have to pay that much when we only went in to have a seat? T-That doesn't make sense. Is this daylight robbery?"

"You're a bunch of garbage. If you mess up someone else's room, don't you think you should compensate them? On what grounds? On everything I say! If I don't get the money tonight, don't even think about leaving!"

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Chapter 470

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Tiger asked each one of them to hand over 20 thousand. How could they defy him?

"I'm guessing you don't have anything more to say now? It's settled then. By the end of tonight, make sure to send the money to me. Also, you bastards can go upstairs and bring that old bed down. I'll consider this a done deal. You can sort out the rest yourselves!" Tiger announced in a loud voice.

They looked at one another, and for a while, nobody moved.

Tiger was agitated once again. "Didn't you hear me? Do I have to make you move?"

When he said that, they scrambled up the stairs and brought the bed down together.

The people who went into that room were four guys and four girls.

The four girls were sobbing quietly while the four guys were figuring out a way to come up with the money.

Their faces were gloomy. Two of the guys were wealthy and had the means to present 20 thousand.

However, the other two were as poor as a church mouse. Where were they going to get 20 grand?

After they moved the bed out, they started going around to borrow money.

They did not have another choice as Tiger's words were not meant to be taken lightly.

Meanwhile, Tiger sent the specialists to the room upstairs to install the bed.

Everyone was filled with astonishment as they watched the new bed being set up.

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When the specialists were testing it out, they finally realized why that bed was so expensive.

The built-in speakers in the two bedside tables alone were enough to leave everyone in shock.

The price of it was worth it.

Once everything was in place, people started shuffling back downstairs, but a few of them tried to leave the place discreetly.

Matthew stopped them. "Everyone, don't be in such a rush to leave. We're still not done drinking yet. Didn't all of you want to drink with me? Come; let's resume!"

Tiger was not aware of the situation. After asking around quietly, he suddenly became agitated.

He often spent time at nightclubs, so he knew very well what their intentions were.

With so many of them against Matthew, they were clearly trying to bring him down.

"B*sterds! You must be sick of living, aren't you? How dare you force Mr. Lerson to drink? You went to drink? Here; I'll drink with you! I'll get more guys to come and drink with all of you!" Tiger was furious.

The lot of them were shaking in fear. If Tiger really brought his men here, they would have to drink to their deaths in that place.

Liam and Demi were well aware; they had witnessed Tiger's brutality for themselves.

He made those slickers drink all the alcohol at that restaurant which ended up putting them in hospital.

Demi immediately looked at Seshe with a pitiful look. "Seshe, these people are my friends. Can you at least do this much for me?"

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Demi was speechless. They had brought this upon themselves. Who else could they blame?

Just then, Matthew spoke up, "Tiger, you don't have to bother. They said they wanted to drink with me. I'll be the one to drink with them. You can stand guard here and make sure none of them run off. Also, they have to drink the exact amount that I do. Don't let them slack off!"

Tiger could not help but feel slightly dumbfounded. How unfair would it be for him to drink with twenty to thirty people all by himself? "Mr. Larson, will you be alright? Why don't I drink on your behalf?" Tiger murmured.

But Matthew simply waved his hand. "No need. It's just a bit of alcohol. What's the big deal? Come; let us continue. We should still go one at a time, and you must match the amount that I drink!"

Shooting glances at each other, a look of delight slowly grew on their faces.

If Matthew was going up against them alone, then it was not that scary anymore.

Besides, there were twenty to thirty of them, but only one of Matthew.

Even if each person drank a quarter of a liter with him, he would end up drinking several liters by himself. Would he be able to handle that?

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