

But before she could speak, Waylon interrupted, "I will train her!"

Lily could only swallow her words back.

However, her face showed obvious displeasure.

In an instant, her suspicion and even hostility towards Doris deepened.

After a while, the dishes were served.

The dishes were all prepared by the hotel chefs hired by the Thomas family and made in the villa's kitchen.

In line with the Struyrian-style of the villa, the dishes were also representative of the Imperial Feast.

The drinks were already placed on the table early on, including white, red, and fruit juice.

"What would you like to drink?" Lily said with a hospitable tone to Doris, "Let's fill our glasses first."

"Well..." Doris wanted to say fruit juice, but she was afraid of making a mistake by drinking alcohol on this occasion.

However, Lily had already spoken, "How about we all drink white wine?"

"I agree," Daniel said, "After all, it's Grandma's birthday, and white wine is better."

Doris did not say anything.

Doris could drink. It just depended on the occasion and the person she was drinking with.

She looked at Waylon, hoping that he could say something to her.

But Waylon lowered his eyes as if he had not heard anything.

The small hope in Doris's heart was extinguished.

D*mn, is he trying to retaliate against me?

Is he ignoring me?

It seemed that today, Doris had to rely on herself.

"Pour the wine," Lily said to the young servant beside her.

The servant quickly removed the tag on the wine bottle, opened the bottle cap, and poured wine for

each one.

It took about one-tenth liter to fill one exquisite crystal cup. After one round, more than three bottles of wine were consumed.

"Let's all raise our glasses together!" Lily made a landlord's speech, "Today is my grandmother's 80th birthday. Thank you all for coming!"

From her right-hand side to Doris's position, there were men and women of similar age.

They were probably close friends and relatives who often interacted with each other.

Everyone raised their glasses together and expressed wishes to bless Lily's grandma.

"Let's take three sips for the first toast, symbolizing

the good opening. Does anyone have any objections?" Lily said.

No one from her right-hand side to Doris expressed any objections.

It seemed that everyone agreed.

Daniel also agreed.

"Mr. Waylon, what do you think?" Lily asked Waylon with a smile.

Waylon smiled faintly, "As you wish."

"Miss Doris." Lily looked at Doris again, "How about you?"

Doris looked at the almost full glasses and felt a little nervous.

Normally, she would not be afraid of these drinks as long as she was drinking with close friends, so she would not be afraid to say the wrong things or make a fool of herself.

But today, she could not guarantee what would happen if she got drunk.

She did not mind losing face, but Waylon could not afford to.

She did not do her work well today, and if she embarrassed herself by drinking too much, Waylon would probably strangle her.

Lily saw that Doris was in a difficult situation and smiled, "Miss Doris, are you scared? You can have a drink. By the way, should I ask the kitchen to bring you some hot milk?"

It was a blatant mockery.

Hot milk? They treated Doris like a child.

"I'm fine," Doris responded with a smile, suppressing her anger, "Just three sips, I'll be fine."

"You can drink. You said that?" Lily's expression appeared affectionate, but secretly she smirked.

"Yes," Doris nodded, "I said that."

"Then let's all have a toast." Lily raised her glass.

A toast here meant to clink glasses to each other.

Everyone on her right side raised their glasses.

They began to clink glasses with Lily one after

another.

Lily first clinked glasses with Waylon, then went to find Doris.

After that, Lily clinked glasses with everyone one by one.

Doris was about to clink glasses with Waylon, but Waylon had already withdrawn his hand.

Fortunately, Daniel quickly raised his glass, resolving the momentary awkwardness for Doris.

Lily's lips twitched, and she smiled as she raised her head to drink.

Two-tenth liter in one glass. Three sips to finish it.

Each sip must be one-tenth liter!

With just one sip, several women blushed.

Doris was no exception.

Her skin was originally fair and radiant, with rosy cheeks, making her even more enchanting.

Daniel turned his head to glance at her, unable to retract his gaze.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.