

"Let's drink the second round," Waylon said, startling Daniel.

"Then let's drink the second cup!" Lily also raised her glass.

She clearly felt that the second round of drinking was happening too quickly.

Did everyone just pick up their chopsticks to eat?

The food had not even reached their mouths yet.

And Lily felt even more obvious that Waylon suggested this second toast to interrupt Daniel's gaze at Doris.

Her lips twitched again, and she said to Doris, "Miss

Doris, come on, drink the second sip."

Is she targeting me?

Lily would not stop until she embarrassed Doris.

"Well, the second sip." Doris also did not hesitate and raised her glass in response.

Everyone took a second sip.

They put down the cup and hurriedly took a few bites of food, and then the third round began.

After drinking three rounds, half of the women were drunk.

Doris's face also turned red, looking like she was drunk.

But she could still drink. She just drank too quickly.

And she did not know how Lily wanted to drink next.

"I propose." Waylon suddenly said, "One cup divided into three sips is not satisfying enough. There's a saying, Deep emotions require a big gulp, so let's each drink one cup simultaneously."

"Ah, no!"

Some women expressed their refusal, "I'm already feeling dizzy now. If we drink one cup each, I'll end up unconscious!"

"I haven't finished speaking." Waylon said, "One cup for the gentlemen. Ladies can abstain."

A few men glanced over.

Daniel also glanced over.

Waylon, were you trying to provoke hostility?

Did the gentlemen present offend you?

Lily looked at the men around and smiled, "I am a lady, but I won't abstain. In Waylon's presence, I must support him."

As soon as she said this, the other men fell silent.

If Lily was willing to drink, then as men, they could not back down.

"Miss Doris." Lily smiled and asked Doris, "What about you?"

"I'm sorry." Doris smiled, "Mr. Waylon, I can't help you in this situation."

It would be three-tenth of one liter if she had another cup. Drinking it slowly was fine, but she knew she would be drunk at this speed.

At least she knew her limits.

After saying that, Doris looked at Waylon, wanting to see if he would be angry that she did not help him drink.

But he seemed not to have heard her words at all, and his eyes showed no trace of anger.

It seems that he did not care whether she helped him or not.

Doris muttered to herself. Her role as his assistant was useless today. If Waylon decided to fire her later, then so be it!

She could always return the credit card to him!

"Let's forget about Miss Doris." Lily's face showed a disdainful and triumphant smile.

Lily glanced at Waylon, who was full of affection.

As if Lily was saying how much she could have done for Waylon.

As if seeing through her thoughts, Waylon smiled slightly at her. "Miss Lily, thank you!"

"Waylon, that's very polite of you." Lily said happily, "It's my honor to help you."

"Same to you." Waylon smile.

With just one smile, Lily felt her heart skip a beat.

Once the rules were set, the servants filled the wine glasses, and Waylon was the first to pick up his glass.

He turned to Daniel, sitting on his left, and said, "Mr. Daniel, please."

"Mr. Waylon, please!" Daniel smiled faintly.

But in reality, he was already feeling nervous.

He might be a man, but his alcohol tolerance was average.

Drinking slowly and gently, he could stay sober with three cups.

But being forced to drink quickly made him feel a bit weak.

Now, Waylon took another gulp, which was quite hasty.

It was said that this was a rule among the men present, and he could not just give up like a woman.

Helpless, Daniel had no choice but to drink.

Waylon drank the wine gracefully and calmly, without any rush.

In the end, he showed the empty cup.

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