

Unrivalled God of War

Chapter 39

Noah Boros walked over quickly and shook hands with Joseph Myers. “La Romanee-Conti, the best red wine in the world. I’ll take this very seriously.”

May Smith had already prepared a small glass of wine using the decanter. She handed the glass over to Noah Boros.

“I’ve seen Mr. Boros’ wine tasting workshops on TV. I’m very impressed by your expertise in this field, and we would be very honored to see you in action.” She announced with a smile.

Noah Boros took the wine and smiled. “You’re being too nice.”

Joseph Myers began to get impatient. “Mr. Boros, please taste it. I want these ignorant thugs to know that they messed with the wrong crowd today!”

Noah Boros nodded as he swirled the wine around for a few moments.

After that, he closed his eyes and put the glass under his nose to get a whiff of its scent. A satisfied expression appeared on his face immediately.

He took a light sip from the glass and immediately looked enchanted by its taste.

He opened his eyes. “It’s the unmistakable taste of La Romanee-Conti from 1990!” He exclaimed excitedly.

The moment Noah Boros said that Penny Smith’s anxious expression turned to one of horror.

Miles Smith picked up the bottle, and printed on the bottle was a line in French proving that it was produced in 1990. "Wow! Mr. Boros is such a professional. This is indeed top-tier 1990 La Romanee-Conti."

May Smith grinned. "Well then, it seems that you have lost the bet, Nathan Cross."

Joseph Myers and company collectively turned their gazes towards Nathan Cross. "You've lost. Now eat the bottle, before I get my bodyguards to help you," sneered Joseph Myers.

Penny Smith panicked and was about to plead for mercy, but Nathan Cross spoke up before she could say a word, "Did I really?" He asked, grinning.

Joseph Myers's face grew darker. "I've already gotten a professional to taste this wine, and you're backing out of the deal now?"

Nathan Cross glanced at Noah Boros jeeringly. "Your so-called 'professional' took a sip, looked at you like he just cleared his bowels after days of constipation and said that it's real. You're going to believe him?"

Noah Boros flew into a rage. "You ignorant brat! How dare you insinuate that I don't know my wine!"

Joseph Myers scoffed, "Looks like you're not going to concede defeat. Can someone get here and stuff this bottle down his throat?"

Right after he uttered those words, the door to the room flew open.

A group of people, led by a plump, red-faced old man in ancient-style robes, swarmed into the room. The old man was holding on to a bottle of wine, and he started to look around the moment he entered the room. "Mr.

Cross? Is Mr. Cross here?”

“Oh my, look who’s here! It’s the billionaire of Channing, Mr. Zachary Schulz!” Joseph Myers exclaimed out of shock.

“Oh, you’re here too, Myers!” Zachary Schulz announced.

Joseph Myers may be a prominent figure in Channing, but he was nothing compared to Zachary Schulz.

“That’s right. Why are you here, Mr. Schulz?” Joseph Myers asked with a forced smile.

Before Zachary Schulz could open his mouth, a square-faced man beside him spoke up in a loud and clear voice. “I’ve been ordered to send this bottle of wine to Mr. Nathan Cross along with Mr. Schulz.”

Joseph Myers froze when he saw the square-faced man.

He was no other than Henry Jacobson, the head of the Channing City Agricultural Food and Pharmaceutical Inspection Authority.