

## Genius 71

Chapter 71 - Fighting Over Wine\_1

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"One-on-one fight?"

To Qin Fang's surprise, he had guessed that Brother Baldhead might not let things slide, but he didn't expect the man to come straight for him.

"Looking for a one-on-one? Picking on the little guys isn't a real skill!"

Upon hearing Brother Baldhead's words, Shen Yang immediately jumped out and roared.

In terms of physique and build, only Shen Yang could match Brother Baldhead on Qin Fang's side, while the others were comparatively smaller and not in the same weight class at all.

"Step aside, what are you!"

Brother Baldhead dismissed them with a contemptuous curl of his lip, "Do I need to waste words if I want to beat someone up? I see you guys are drinking, so let's settle today's affair at the drinking table. Just the two of us, one thousand yuan per drink. If you can down twenty drinks, I won't take a single cent of the forty thousand yuan! Of course, you can choose not to drink... I won't force you, just call me 'Grandpa' three times, hahaha..."

"Haha..."

As soon as he finished speaking, Brother Baldhead laughed uncontrollably, and his followers behind him also burst into raucous laughter.

"You... you're going too far!"

Before Qin Fang could react, Shen Yang, Gao Ming, and the others had already jumped up, with Fang Dacheng moving closer as if ready to have a go at Brother Baldhead.

"Don't rush!"

As Qin Fang heard this, his brows immediately knitted together. Brother Baldhead exuded confidence, clearly convinced that Qin wouldn't be able to keep up drinking, and indeed, they were outnumbered. Although Fang Dacheng was a good fighter, one can hardly beat multiple opponents, and on average, each of them was facing more than four on the other side.

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"Fine, I accept your challenge!"

After giving it some thought, Qin Fang immediately agreed with great bravado. "As for the money, I don't want it. Just like your condition, if I win, you also call me 'Grandpa' three times..."

"Awesome, Fourth Brother!"

"Right, this is only fair!"

Hearing Qin's response, Brother Baldhead's side was momentarily taken aback, clearly puzzled whether Qin Fang really could hold his liquor or was bluffing them, falling into a brief silence.

However, Shen Yang and the others were visibly excited. While surprised by Qin's decisiveness, they couldn't help but worry a bit, as Qin had given up after drinking very little earlier.

"What's the matter? Scared?"

Looking at the hesitant Brother Baldhead across the table, Qin Fang added more fuel to the fire, intending to stoke the blaze even higher.

"Fine, I accept too!"

Brother Baldhead glanced back at one of his followers and then bit down hard, agreeing to the challenge before signaling to another, "Little Four, bring the drinks over..."

The follower responded and immediately went to fetch the drinks. In a short while, he brought over seven or eight bottles—including a variety of local spirits, rice wine, red wine, and also clear sake from the Island Country, vodka from Polar Bear, along with rum, brandy, and more.

"Mixing them?"

Seeing the array of drinks being brought over and the follower swiftly mixing them up, Qin questioned.

Don't be fooled, this guy clearly had some training. His bartending technique was also quite polished and his movements were smooth. To the uninitiated, they might have thought this was a bar, not a hotel!

It turned out these people weren't just downing one type of liquor. They were mixing several kinds together to craft cocktails.

As anyone who drinks knows, sticking to one kind of alcohol generally won't get you seriously drunk unless you've had too much. But mixed drinks are a different story; they can definitely knock you out after just one glass.

Twenty drinks were quickly prepared, two of each kind, lined up neatly to form two long dragons winding around a good half of the dining table, which indeed looked quite impressive.

"I won't say too much, whoever falls first, loses! On both sides, you pick first..."

Brother Baldhead looked confident as if the victory was already in his grasp. To show how nonchalant he was, he let Qin Fang choose first.

"It's all the same, let's start!"

The entire mixing process was done in full view of everyone, with no tricks involved, so Qin had no grounds for suspicion and immediately picked up the drink closest to him and began to drink.

Hiss~~

This drink initially tasted sweet, but once it hit the stomach, it was like a ball of fire igniting within, spreading a powerful wave of discomfort throughout Qin's body.

"This drink is really something else!"

Just the first cocktail alone made Qin realize the difficulty of this challenge. These mixed cocktails were strong, and if one could endure all twenty glasses, they truly had a huge capacity for alcohol.

"Great drink!"

Compared to Qin, Brother Baldhead's first drink also changed his complexion slightly, but he put on a tough front and even praised it loudly before quickly downing a second glass.

Qin was not one to show weakness and immediately grabbed the second glass and downed it fiercely. His stomach was already churning as if in battle, but he managed to hold it in.

After the third, fourth, and fifth drinks, Qin's face was flushed red and he looked extremely uncomfortable, with his insides seemingly about to erupt.

Looking over at Brother Baldhead, he seemed to be coping much better than Qin, with only a slight reddening of his face and not a hint of drunkenness.

"Kid, if you can't hold it, just surrender early. I'm getting a bit impatient!"

Seeing Qin's struggling face, Brother Baldhead wouldn't miss the chance to strike while the iron was hot and boasted triumphantly.

"The game isn't over yet, who gets the last laugh remains to be seen!"

Qin took a short breath and somehow managed to suppress the discomfort that had almost reached his throat. He retorted quickly, leaving Brother Baldhead at a loss for words.

Another drink went down, and Qin's expression became even more unpleasant. It took him a while to force that drink down.

It was clear to any onlooker that Qin was close to his limit. Fang Dacheng and the others wanted to speak out and advise, but considering the bet Qin had made with Baldy, they couldn't find the words and could only secretly cheer for him in their hearts, hoping he would last longer.

The seventh, eighth, ninth glasses...

Despite Brother Baldhead's eager anticipation of Qin's complete downfall, Qin still hadn't collapsed after three more drinks, his face increasingly strained, yet he still picked up the tenth glass with gritted teeth.

"Damn it, wasn't it supposed to be 'out after one glass'? How come he's had so much hard liquor and is still standing..."

Brother Baldhead knew his own struggles. The special mixed drinks were no joke, each with high potency, and now, after nine glasses, his stomach was already drumming and he even felt spasms.

Yet Qin, despite his ghastly pale face, was still seemingly fine, which led Brother Baldhead to curse inwardly. If it weren't for the tip-off that Qin was a one-drink lightweight, he would never have suggested this challenge.

Now he had dug himself into a hole; the trap missed Qin but snared himself instead. With all eyes on them and many diners now drawn to the spectacle of their drinking contest, Brother Baldhead had no way out.

