

Powerful 128

Chapter 128: Who Else?

Yang Yan also gave her a slight smile and downed another glass of wine in one go.

When the woman saw Yang Yan finish drinking, she poured two more glasses and said:

"Great drinking ability! Let's go again!"

Yang Yan chuckled, and before the woman could react, he finished his own glass.

The woman froze for a moment, then gritted her teeth, lifted her glass, and downed it in one go.

Then, she paused, took a deep breath, poured two more glasses again, lit them, and said with a bitter smile:

"This is the last one. I can't have any more!"

"You're already doing very well! Indeed, women are not inferior to men."

After Yang Yan spoke, he raised his glass and finished it in one go again.

The woman gritted her teeth, picked up the remaining glass, and finished it in two swigs.

However, as she put down the glass, her delicate body swayed slightly, almost collapsing to the ground.

A man nearby hurried over to support her and led her to the side.

The man even gave Yang Yan a thumbs-up.

"Have you had enough fun? Shall we leave?"

Yang Yan said to the man who had invited them over to drink in the first place but hadn't touched a single glass of liquor.

Unexpectedly, the other man sneered:

"I don't believe it. Can you really drink that well?"

As he spoke, the man filled his glass, closed his eyes, and downed it in one go.

Then, he put down the glass and gave Yang Yan a challenging look.

Yang Yan, knowing his intentions, smiled without saying a word, filled his glass, lit it, and drank it with ease.

"Wow! What's going on? This drinking ability, drinking like it's water, is he trying to reach the heavens?"

"The scariest part is lighting it on fire before drinking! That's just too impressive!"

"Yeah, yeah! It's incredibly cool. If only he could be my boyfriend!"

"A man like him your boyfriend? I'd be satisfied just spending a night with him!"

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"I don't believe it; he won't get drunk! Bro, try this!"

Another person stood out, holding two bottles of beer, handed them to Yang Yan, and chugged one down himself.

Yang Yan laughed but didn't drink.

Just then, Wuyan returned.

Behind her, the owner and clerk of a 24-hour convenience store each carried a case of Luzhou Laojiao.

"Pour it all in!"

Yang Yan said directly.

Wuyan glanced at the basin, which was nearly empty, and immediately frowned:

"Are you okay?"

"What's the problem?"

Yang Yan asked with a smile.

Seeing him so calm, apart from a bit of alcohol in his speech, Wuyan seemed reassured.

So she moved aside without saying more.

"Come on, let's continue."

After Yang Yan filled a glass, lit it, and drank it.

He returned the bottle of beer handed to him earlier.

The meaning was clear; he wanted the other person to drink beer while he drank the flaming liquor.

The man was stunned, gritted his teeth, filled a glass, and gulped it down in one go.

After one glass, the man shook his head and waved, indicating he couldn't continue.

By now, the onlookers had realized that while they might each handle half a jin of regular drinking, downing two ounces at a time was too much for anyone to handle.

The spectators were totally drawn in.

They watched as Yang Yan drank glass after glass of flaming liquor, totaling at least three or four jin, without showing any signs of inebriation.

His actions deeply stirred them, and persuaded by friends, they stepped forward one by one.

Some even posted on social media or phoned others, drawing more people from nearby.

While most came for the spectacle, many were seasoned drinkers.

Yang Yan welcomed all challengers, drinking every lit glass.

Some bravely managed five glasses in one go, others gave up after just one.

The early challenger who tried to stop Yang Yan and Wuyan couldn't speak out of shock.

He wanted to leave but couldn't abandon his friends now tipsy and sprawled out.

"Anyone else?"

Standing at the center, Yang Yan scanned the crowd and asked boldly.

Not a single voice replied after a full ten seconds.

Only then did Yang Yan place the glass down and sneer:

"I hoped for a good drinking challenge, but none of you could keep up. What a disappointment!"

He walked through the crowd with Wuyan in tow.

No one dared stop him this time.

Everyone parted to let him pass, gazing at him with awe or admiration.

They couldn't fathom how one could drink so much!

Online, debates raged on.

Unbeknownst to Yang Yan, within just an hour, he'd earned the nickname "God of Wine."

"What now? You've had so much to drink, driving is definitely out of the question."

Wuyan was worried as she looked at the composed Yang Yan.

Yang Yan shot her a glance and playfully said:

"Did you forget? You drove here."

Wuyan realized and felt lost for words.

Seeing her bewilderment, Yang Yan added:

"Forget it, let's get a driver! No matter what, drinking means no driving. We must remain law-abiding citizens."

Wuyan nodded in agreement and began searching for a driver on her phone.

Modern society's quite convenient; most issues are solvable via a phone.

Before long, a man in his forties arrived, and after confirming he was their driver, asked where the car was.

He was taken aback climbing into a Bentley.

Never having driven such a car, he drove carefully, fearing damage to a car he'd likely never afford.

Yang Yan almost reassured him not to worry, given the insurance coverage.

But he realized life's tough for everyone, so he let it slide.

There was no rush; a slower pace was fine.

A half-hour journey stretched into an hour.

The cautious driver never exceeded sixty, keeping a safe distance from others.

At Prosperous Court, Yang Yan had security park the car, paid the driver twice the fare, and headed to his posh apartment.

"What's up?"

Wuyan, seeing Yang Yan silent on the sofa, couldn't help but ask.

"Nothing, just feeling a bit emotional."

Yang Yan smiled gently.

Wuyan didn't quite grasp his sentiment but didn't press further.

She sweetly went behind Yang Yan, massaging his shoulders:

"Am I really that useless?"

Yang Yan turned to her, smiling, and asked:

"Why do you say that?"

Wuyan softly shook her head:

"No reason, just feel like I can't do anything right."

"Nobody's perfect. If you focus only on your flaws, how do you expect to live? Relax, enjoy each day. As they say, the most important thing is to be happy."

Yang Yan comforted her with a smile.

"But I feel like you're perfect?"

Wuyan stopped her massage, earnestly speaking.