

Powerful 34

Chapter 34: Wang Wants to See You?

Siberian Husky...

That's right!

Those signature "three flames" on its head, what else could it be but a Siberian Husky?

Absolutely purebred Husky!

"Haha! Boss, are you sure? Don't cry if you lose! Then we'll have to flick your forehead again! Haha!"

The young man looked at Fatty with disdain, teasingly said.

Judging by the tone, they seemed like old acquaintances, with no real malice, just for fun.

"Tch! Do you know who Master Fatty is? Have I ever lost a bet and not admitted it? Just now, didn't you guys totally cheat? People are singing high-pitched songs like it's Himalayas or something, and you guys, those bastards, sing Calabash Brothers? I can't stand that embarrassment!"

"It's just about drinking beer through your nose, right? If I lose, we go again. Did you see? My dog is a genuine Alaskan Malamute, definitely faster than your big wolf dog. Just wait and see how Master Fatty makes you drink to your fill this time. Hmph!"

Fatty's face was bright red, grunting and squealing.

"Alaskan? Isn't that a Husky? Is it from America?"

A young guy in the audience seemed knowledgeable, couldn't help but say with a smile.

"What America? Get some education, will you? It's from Russia. That's right, it's used for sleds there in Russia."

Immediately someone else retorted.

Another young guy with red hair suddenly burst into laughter.

After his laughter successfully caught everyone's attention, he spoke earnestly:

"You're all talking nonsense! That's obviously a Siberian Sled Dog. Damn, my old man's running a dog breeding business, organized so many dog races, and I can still get it wrong!"

"This dog is energetic, I'll give you that. But it's unreliable in other aspects. Master Fatty, how about getting another one? You have no idea how many bets you've lost in these past few months. I really can't bear to watch anymore this time. Master Fatty, take my advice and swap it out!"

"Nonsense! Every single one of you is talking nonsense!"

Fatty raised his eyebrows confidently and said:

"It doesn't matter what kind of dog it is, but my Dou Dou is a purebred sled dog, how could it possibly lose to that wolf dog. Come on! Let's start the race! I can't wait to see you guys drinking beer through your noses!"

"Boss, listen to them! Dou Dou is really unreliable! The more purebred Dou Dou is, the more unreliable it is! My neighbor used to have a Husky, and that creature is like an alien, shouldn't even be on Earth. Oh! My nasal hair's still hurting from last time when you plucked it, so I'm begging you, listen to them and stop messing around!"

A sunny-looking waiter said excitedly, tears almost coming out!

The waiter next to him, whose face was also bright red, was also crying and sniffing as he said:

"Boss, listen to Yong, stop it already. Just helped you drink a few beers through the nose, really can't stand it anymore! Cough cough! Achoo!"

"Hey, Fatty, are you ready?! If you're ready, shall we start? If not, we'll give you another fifteen minutes! As long as tonight's still young."

The young man across playfully said.

Speaking, he raised his wrist and deliberately glanced at the time on his gold watch.

"Of course I'm ready, let's start!"

Fatty snorted coldly.

"If that's the case, let's begin! Rule, the two dogs run from the bar counter to the door, first one there wins. Loser has to drink these two pints of beer through the nose. If there are no objections, let's prepare to start!"

A handsome young man with gold-rimmed glasses stepped out, looking like the referee for this race.

"No objections!"

"What are we waiting for, hurry and start!"

Both sides were rubbing their fists and eager to start.

"Alright! Let's get started! Ready! Go!"

As the referee's words fell, the young man's dog, looking well-trained, took off running.

While Fatty's Husky also took off strongly.

However, it seemed to be running in the wrong direction, and in a blink of an eye, was gone.

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The crowd was speechless.

There wasn't even a need to announce the result.

"Dou Dou! Wrong way, wrong direction!"

Fatty slapped his chubby thigh, shouting desperately.

Unfortunately, he had just shouted twice when he heard the sound of glass breaking from the store room, followed by a howl from the dog, really tragic.

Everyone quickly ran over to investigate, to see what was going on.

Turns out, the Husky named Dou Dou had broken a bottle and, when licking the liquor, accidentally cut its tongue on the broken glass!

Damn!

Turned out this fella came over here for a drink.

Fatty was covered in black lines.

Hearing the laughter from the side, he immediately roared again:

"Damn it, who exactly gave Dou Dou alcohol? Now it can't do without drink, is it? Speak up, who fed it? This month's bonus is halved!"

"Boss, it was you! When Dou Dou first came to the bar, you said as a male, how could it not drink? And then you kept giving Dou Dou drinks! And it was top-grade red wine. Today you just woke up and haven't fed Dou Dou, maybe it's hungry?"

The sunny waiter about to be punished carefully said.

"Hahaha! So it was me! Look at my memory. Forget it, forget it, let it be. Alright, alright, take it out, clean up the floor. Let's go, let's go! Nothing much to see here, just a Husky."

Fatty laughed embarrassedly, dispersing the onlookers.

Heading outside, just as Fatty was about to sneak away, he suddenly saw Xiaocao nearby and stopped immediately.

Then he turned around, boldly saying:

"Watch this, Master Fatty stands by his word, let's have a drink for everyone!"

Fatty spoke, using two straws, placing them into each of the beer-filled glasses, then took a deep breath, sucking all the beer in the glasses at once.

The surroundings burst into a chorus of guttural cheers again.

"Master Fatty, mighty!"

"Boss, you're awesome."

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This time, even the weepy waiters joined in the shouting, as if to vent a sense of joy after surviving a disaster.

"You bastards have fun drinking, I've got some business, so I'm off first. By the way, remember to pay up, or the next time you come, I'll pluck out your nasal hair and make you drink beer through your nose."

Fatty said deliberately with a stern face, then burst into a peal of laughter that he himself couldn't hold back.

After a brief pause, everyone burst into roaring laughter again, starting a new round of revelry!

Arriving at the office on the second floor, Fatty put away his laid-back demeanor, seriously looking at Xiaocao and said:

"Have you met with Wang?"