

# **The Understated Dragon Lord**

## **Read Chapter 523 - 550**

### **Chapter 523 Brewing the Drink**

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"Used for brewing liquor?" Daniel echoed in surprise.

"Of course! Liquor made from the bodies of drunkards just has that extra kick to it!" Manly said, smirking at Daniel. "So, country boy, feeling any goosebumps yet? Scared?"

"Scared? That word doesn't exist in my vocabulary!" Daniel boasted with a laugh.

"Good for you! But whether or not you're scared, you can't escape becoming one of those drunkards whose bodies end up in the brew. By stepping into Wine Palace, you've already lost your chance for any regrets."

Amidst the eerie laughter, a short, round man emerged. He was a walking contradiction—short in stature but with a belly twice the size of a pregnant woman's.

"This kid managed to best me, so I've brought him to you," Manly introduced Daniel briefly.

Finn looked Daniel up and down approvingly. "Not bad, kid! To have beaten my sister. It has been more than a decade since Wine Palace last added a new drunken soul. Today's your lucky day!"

Finn presented two large jugs of liquor. "Kid, here at Wine Palace, the rule is simple: once you're in, you've got to drink a jug with me to start off!"

Finn lifted a jug and tilted his head back.

Gulp, gulp, gulp...

He finished the jug with ease in mere minutes.

Daniel picked up the jug and gave it a sniff. He didn't rush to drink but instead, asked with a grin, "This is pretty strong stuff, isn't it? Brewed from the grains of the Spirit Realm, right?"

"You're onto something, boy! You could tell this brew's from the Spirit Realm's grains. Passing my sister's challenge, I see you're not just anybody!" Finn laughed heartily before asking, "Since you discerned it's from the Spirit Realm's grains, can you tell which kinds were used?"

"If I'm not mistaken," Daniel ventured, "this is the Five Grains Spirit from the Spirit Realm, made from five different grains: sorghum, rice, sticky rice, wheat, and corn. Each one is full of sinister energy. Even one of them would be enough to send a regular person's soul astray. But this Five Grains Spirit – made from all five – I'd say, drink a whole jug and you're knocking on hell's door, even a drop will do it!"

Finn was stunned by Daniel's knowledge.

He hadn't expected this youngster to know so much. But knowing a lot didn't change the fact that Daniel had to drink the jug—there was no escaping it.

"Well done, kid! Since you seem to know your stuff, I believe you can handle this jug of Five Grains Spirit." Finn motioned toward the filled jug, saying simply, "Please."

Daniel picked up the jug and lifted it to his lips.

Gulp, gulp, gulp...

He downed the Five Grains Spirit, leaving the jug completely empty.

Seeing that Daniel had finished the jug, Finn immediately started counting loudly.

"One!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

"Down!"

Even the best of drinkers, those who claimed they could handle a thousand cups, would succumb to the Five Grains Spirit within three seconds, falling over drunk.

## **Chapter 524 Stone Cold Sober**

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Yet, Finn had counted to three and shouted "Down!", but Daniel didn't collapse. He was standing tall and steady.

Seeing Daniel perfectly upright with no sign of falling, Finn's eyes widened in disbelief. "How... how are you still standing?" he asked in astonishment.

"Did you think that after drinking your Five Grains Spirit, I'd just flop to the ground after three seconds?" Daniel chuckled, spinning his tale. "I grew up in a village, you know, and I've always had quite the tolerance. Even our village drunk couldn't outdrink me. One time, I challenged the old boozer—jug for jug—and we emptied the tavern's cellar. The old drunk passed out, but I walked away clear-headed."

No sooner had Daniel finished bragging than Beauty reached out and gave his waist a painful twist.

"Ouch! Why'd you twist me this time?" Daniel winced in pain and asked.

"Intending to get even a drunk ghost wasted? What exactly did you do to him after that?" Beauty demanded.

"What could I possibly do to him? It's just a drunken spirit, not the beautiful you. But if you gave me a chance to get you drunk, who knows? Maybe there might be something I could do."

"Something you could do? What exactly do you have in mind, you no-good jerk?" Beauty was incensed.

"Don't get worked up! What I'd do would make you happy, real comfy. I'd bet you'd want me to keep going!" he teased her.

"Keep spouting nonsense and I'll end you, idiot!" Beauty threatened.

"And how exactly would you end me?" Daniel provoked. "Do you have a certain position in mind to take me out? Should I just lie there and let 'Beauty' have her way, or give you a little reaction?"

"Get lost!"

...

Their playful bickering was ignored by Finn, who felt that he was being slighted. He felt a great deal of humiliation in that moment.

"Country boy, you think you can drink? Then let's go another round!" Finn declared, bringing over two more jugs.

Though these two jugs of Five Grains Spirit were half the size of the first, and the quantity of alcohol was halved, the proof of these jugs was a hundred times greater than the first.

Just a whiff of this Five Grains Spirit could knock out an actual bull, not just a man.

Daniel lifted the jug Finn handed him to his nose and took a sniff, immediately grinning in satisfaction.

"Now this is the real deal! This Five Grains Spirit has got some kick! It's been ages since I've had such a potent drink."

Saying that, Daniel raised the jug and tilted his head back.

Gulp, gulp, gulp...

He chugged the entire small jug of Five Grains Spirit, not leaving a single drop.

"Finn, I'm done. Your turn," Daniel said, passing the challenge back to him.

Finn was stunned. This kid really could hold his liquor!

His second jug of Five Grains Spirit didn't lay Daniel out after all.

Finn was not the type to cheat at a drinking match. Since Daniel had finished the second jug, it was his turn to drink.

## **Chapter 525 I Like Him**

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Finn tilted his head back and dumped the second jug into himself, not a drop spared.

"Keep going!" he declared, going for more.

But this time, he didn't take one jug at a time; instead, he brought over 36 jugs in total, eighteen for each of them.

"Shall we start with these eighteen jugs? If you've got the guts, drink with me! If you chicken out, you can still surrender now!" Finn added quickly, eager to see Daniel fall, "This time, it's not just about capacity; it's about speed, too. Whoever finishes last has to drink another eighteen jugs!"

Laying down the gauntlet, Finn looked at Daniel with a taunting expression, "How about it, kid? You up for the challenge?"

Daniel smirked, responding confidently, "If I wasn't up for it, would I be calling you brother?"

Finn was briefly taken aback, not fully grasping what Daniel meant. He asked, puzzled, "Calling me brother, what's that supposed to mean?"

"Just like your sister!"

"What are you talking about?" Finn turned to Manly, seeking an explanation, "Sister, what's going on here?"

"What's going on? Don't listen to this country bumpkin's nonsense! There's nothing between him and me!" Manly quickly defended herself.

"Manly, quit playing demure! If you didn't like me, would you have let me turn a hundred bucks into four hundred billion at your place? Remember, those last two bets were made the way you told me to bet," Daniel retorted.

"Country boy, shut your mouth! Stop spreading lies and tarnishing my reputation!" Manly was livid, seemingly ready to throttle Daniel then and there.

Even though Daniel was joking, Finn furrowed his brow after hearing this. He was aware of how the bets went down at the casino, and Manly had indeed lost the last two rounds in a very strange way, especially since those big wagers were exactly how Manly had instructed Daniel to bet.

The more he thought about it, the more suspicious Finn became. He stared at Manly and asked sternly, "Sister, you haven't actually fallen for this kid, have you?"

"Me, like him? What a joke! Even if he were the last man on Earth, I wouldn't like him!"

"Then why did you lose to him? He started with just a hundred bucks and won four hundred billion from you."

"He just got lucky!"

"Lucky?" Finn shook his head, unconvinced, "I don't buy it."

"Believe it or not, I don't care," Manly was tired of trying to explain. She realized that the more she tried, the worse it seemed. Today's loss to this country boy was too peculiar, too abnormal. No one would believe it was merely good luck!

"Sister, Big Dipper has its rules; you can't fall for an outsider. If you've fallen for this kid, there's only one end for him: death."

Upon hearing Finn's words, Daniel was shocked.

"Brother, what do you mean? Your sister likes me and I have to die? What kind of rule is this at Big Dipper?"

"The rules of Big Dipper were set by our master, and everyone has to abide by them. If you dare to defy, you're a traitor and will be hunted down by our order."

"Well, if your master made the rules, then it's easy. After meeting with The Divine Star, I'll just ask him to change this ridiculous rule."

## **Chapter 526 The Thirty-Six Jugs**

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Manly blew her top as soon as she heard Daniel's rash words.

"Country boy, what did you say? You've got some nerve suggesting Master change the rules!"

"What's so audacious about that? If The Divine Star made a rule that's wrong, it's only right to change it! Why should a stunning woman like you waste away at Big Dipper? It's a crying shame! There are plenty of outstanding men out there, like me—I'm perfect for you."

Daniel's cheeky retort left Manly fuming.

"You? An outstanding man? Please! A country bumpkin like you dares to set his sights on me? You must be delusional if you think you can pass my brother's challenge!"

"Can't pass?" Daniel looked at the thirty-six jugs on the floor, turned to Finn with a smile, and asked, "Brother, although Wine Palace is your turf, after eighteen jugs, followed by another eighteen, can you really keep it down?"

Finn responded with a hearty laugh.

"So what are you trying to say, kid? That you can drink faster than me? That my drinking speed is no match for yours? Sure, I may look like I have a super-sized jug for a stomach, and yeah, I can sure hold my liquor. But even if I can, I'd still come up just a

bit short compared to you. A drinking match against me, you have zero chance of winning—null, zip, nada."

"Confident, aren't you, country boy! Since you're so eager to dash to your demise, let's begin! Even if by sheer luck you finish these eighteen jugs, I doubt you'll manage the remaining eighteen."

Finn lifted a jug and said to Daniel, "Let's get started!"

"Being the sixth brother, I'll give you a head start—drink three jugs first. Only after you're done with them will I begin."

"Give me a head start with three jugs? You're cocky for a country boy!"

Finn gave Daniel a scornful look, jokingly saying, "So what, you think I'll pass out after three jugs and you'll win by default?"

"Eighteen jugs aren't nearly enough to knock you over. I bet even after these eighteen, another eighteen would be a piece of cake for you."

"So you're admitting defeat upfront, that's why you're letting me drink three jugs first? So you can claim you lost because you let me?"

"Why are you talking so much? Scared?"

"Me? Scared? How could I possibly be afraid?"

"If you're not afraid, then start drinking!"

"Fine, I'll start! I refuse to believe that thirty-six jugs of Five Grains Spirit won't floor you."

Finn grabbed a jug in each hand and began pouring them into his mouth simultaneously, the dual streams of liquor merging into one as they cascaded down his throat without a drop missed! Finn truly had an impressive capacity for alcohol.

Swiftly, Finn had finished three rounds, six jugs in total, while Daniel hadn't even touched one. He didn't even seem like he was about to start drinking.

## **Chapter 527 The Outcome**

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Beauty was puzzled, not quite following the country boy's strategy, so she couldn't help but ask, "What are you up to?"

"Well, certainly not you!" Daniel snarked back, which irked Beauty enough to want to tear his mouth to shreds.

While they exchanged barbs, Finn guzzled down another two jugs. He had already knocked back eight of the eighteen, while Daniel hadn't even taken his first sip.

Beauty was growing anxious. Initially, she wanted to see Daniel lose, but now, she didn't want the country boy to lose. If he did, she'd never find someone so entertaining to toy with again.

"Country boy, you'd better start drinking! Finn's already down eight jugs; he's about to win."

"Don't worry, Beauty. I have a plan," Daniel assured her casually.

"A plan? You have no plan! And if you lose, just watch how I deal with you!" Beauty retorted.

No sooner than she spoke...

"Sputter..."

Finn, having gulped down his liquor too fast, spat out a mouthful, which splashed all over the floor in a wet mess. Daniel had been waiting for just this kind of slip-up—caused by the mental trick he'd played on Finn without him realizing it.

"Brother, you just threw up. That spit takes away from the eighteen jugs you're supposed to drink. Now it's mixed with the dirt on the ground. Even if you got down on all fours to lick it up like a dog, you couldn't get that back into the jug. So, this round – you lose," Daniel declared triumphantly.

"How did I lose? All I did was spray out a mouthful of liquor. Unless you can drain all eighteen jugs without wasting a single drop, you're the one who's losing!" Finn contested, believing he'd simply been too hasty.

Though it was irreversible, Finn was convinced that tiny mistake wouldn't affect the final outcome. There was no way the country boy could drink the entire eighteen jugs of Five Grains Spirit dry.

"Brother, then don't mind if I do, starting my round. If I finish these eighteen jugs, you lose. Then there'll be another eighteen waiting for you," Daniel stated, as he lifted a jug with relish.

"You can't finish them all!" Finn didn't believe Daniel had the capacity.

Daniel began to drink, leisurely savoring each sip.



"Good stuff! What a fine drink! Such a quality beverage shouldn't be guzzled—it should be savored slowly."

Although Daniel drank more slowly than Finn, he drank steadily. Jug after jug, he didn't spill a drop.

After the last of the eighteen jugs were empty, Daniel asked with a smile, "Brother, do you concede? If you give up, you don't have to drink those remaining eighteen jugs."

Having already spilled a mouthful and eighteen jugs of liquor weighing heavily in his belly, Finn could feel his endurance waning. Another eighteen might leave him drunk out of his mind.

Finn was a man who could accept defeat gracefully. Despite Daniel's lucky win and his own misstep, Finn wasn't one to cheat.

Big Dipper had seven challenges in total, and the country boy had only passed the second. There were still five more waiting for him, and Finn thought:

"Even if I let him through, there's no harm. The other five brothers won't let him pass so easily."

## **Chapter 528 Playing Chess**

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"You've passed this round! Head on to the next one," Finn said after conceding visibly.

The fact that even the sixth brother's challenge was overcome by the country boy made Manly grit her teeth in frustration.

"Country boy, just count yourself lucky!" she snapped irritably.

"I'm lucky every day, and it seems my luck's even better when I run into stunning beauties like Manly!"

Manly glared at Daniel, warning him, "You better not be a smart aleck, or you'll die a very ugly death!"

Under Manly's guidance, Daniel moved on to the third challenge.

"Manly, what's the third challenge about?" Daniel inquired.

"Why the rush? You'll find out soon enough, won't you?" Manly replied curtly.

"If I'm not wrong, each challenge must be more dangerous than the last. The third one's bound to be far more perilous. One slip-up and I could end up dead. So, before we arrive at the third challenge, shouldn't you tell me what it is, Manly? After all, even if you plan to kill me, I should at least know what's coming, right?"

"Stop with all the babble!" Manly retorted, annoyed. "My brother, known as Black White, is a chess fanatic. Beating him is quite simple, really. Just win one game of chess against him."

"Just one game of chess? That seems easy."

"Yes! Very simple!" she replied, the corners of her mouth lifting ever so slightly.

What she didn't tell Daniel was that no one who had played chess with Black in the last twenty years had left alive. Games with Black had only two outcomes: win and live; lose and die. Not even The Divine Star, their master, could best Black at chess.

They approached an ancient-looking pavilion, with its delicate carvings wreathed in a light mist, giving it an almost ethereal ambiance. A plaque hung at the pavilion displaying its name.

Inside was a man in a white garment holding a feather fan, exuding the aura of a sage. This was Manly's fifth brother, Black.

Black flicked his feather fan while muttering to himself phrases from the "Classics of Go."

Daniel wasn't someone to be outdone culturally. From the age of three, the Old Man had made him memorize various classics, so he was ready with a quote of his own.

"The board represents the land, the stones the heavens; aligned by yin and yang, the universe they span. When moves reach subtle changes, laugh at those ancients who hermits became."

As Daniel finished, Black stood up, shook his feather fan in acknowledgment, and greeted Daniel with a smile of a humble gentleman before asking, "Are you here to play chess with me?"

"I've already gambled and I've drunk. Now that I'm here with you, brother, of course, it's time to engage in a game and test our skills," Daniel responded with conviction.

"How is your skill at chess?" Black inquired.

"Well, I can't say I'm great, but I'm not terrible either. I once played ten games with the smartest dog in the village, and I barely won one game."

"Smartest dog? Who is this 'Da Huang' you speak of?" Black questioned.

"Da Huang? That's just Da Huang, the cleverest dog in our village. He's brilliant, not only at playing chess but he's also excellent at filching meat."

## **Chapter 529 No Chance of Winning**

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Daniel's comments instantly transformed Black's gentlemanly smile into a dark scowl.

"You play chess with a dog and lose nine out of ten games, and now you dare to play against me?"

"That's right! I may lose nine out of ten against it, but against you, brother, I'm sure I can win all ten games without losing a single one," Daniel boasted.

This provoked Black to anger immediately. "What do you mean by that? Are you saying I'm inferior to a dog?"

"You might beat any other dog, but not Da Huang. I can't even beat him, let alone you."

Manly couldn't stand it anymore and lashed out at Daniel, "Country boy, how dare you disrespect my brother!"

"Manly, we should always speak the truth! How have I disrespected him? Every word I say comes straight from the heart and is the absolute truth."

"The truth? You claim you can't beat a dog at chess but can beat my brother? What you're saying is nothing but nonsense!"

"Why not play a game and see whether it's nonsense?" Daniel chuckled.

Black joined in, his voice cold, "Country boy, do you know the rules of playing chess here?"

"Rules?" Daniel shook his head. "No, I don't."

"You dare to come play chess without knowing the rules?"

"What rules govern chess here, brother?"

"The rules here are quite simple. For every piece of yours I capture, a dagger will be shot at you. If you can dodge it, then dodge. If not, whether you get injured or die is up to your fate."

"A dagger attacks me each time you capture one of my pieces? What if I capture one of yours? Are daggers shot at you too?" Daniel inquired.

"No! Capturing my piece is just that—a capture. If you manage to dodge all the hidden weapons and still win the game, you will pass my challenge. I've been here for over thirty years, and in all that time, no one has beaten me. Most who failed didn't even survive beyond losing ten pieces."

"Brother, don't you think this is a little shameful? You attack me with a dagger every time you capture one of my pieces, but I get nothing when I capture yours?"

"If you can't handle the game, you're free to concede. I'm not forcing you to play."

"Can't handle it? There's no such phrase in my dictionary," Daniel smirked, then warned playfully, "Just so you know, if a dagger that was meant for me ends up hitting you instead, you can't blame me, brother."

"Rest easy, country boy. The daggers I've designed have eyes of their own. They will hit only you, never me."

"Let's begin then! You're the host, I'm the guest – I'll follow your lead. So you play black, and I'll play white; black goes first."

"Fine! Let's start! I want to see if you, a country bumpkin, can even make it to the tenth move."

## **Chapter 530 Daggers**

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Black immediately launched the chess game with no courtesy for Daniel, placing the first black stone squarely in the middle of the board. They went back and forth, placing over a dozen stones each without capturing any.

Black was surprised, glancing at Daniel with disbelief. "I must say, I didn't expect this; you might be a country boy, but your skills are decent. You're the first person in thirty years to avoid losing a single stone to me in the first ten moves. Not bad! Not bad at all!"

The game proceeded, and soon a third of the large board was covered. Yet the match was stalemated, with neither player able to capture any of the opponent's stones. Just then, Daniel made a move that seemed to be an error. As soon as the stone hit the board, Black's face lit up with excitement.

The country bumpkin has made a mistake!

While Black believed he had outplayed Daniel, Daniel seemed entirely unfazed, "Brother, it seems I'm the first to capture! With this move, I've taken three of your stones."

Black couldn't contain his laughter, "What are you laughing at, Brother Black?" asked Daniel.

"Laughing? Of course, it's because you're too inexperienced, too impatient! Did you think I'd overlook those three stones? I let you capture them on purpose. You seize three of mine – I'll take thirty of yours."

With that, Black captured a significant formation of Daniel's, a complete dragon, snatching away thirty of his stones in one fell swoop.

Whoosh! Whoosh, whoosh!...

A flurry of daggers darted out, all targeting Daniel. However, he remained seated on the bench, motionless. As the daggers approached, he casually reached out, effortlessly catching each one in midair.

After collecting them, Daniel counted, "The numbers don't add up, Brother Black. You captured thirty of my pieces; there should be thirty daggers. But no matter how I count, there are only twenty- nine. Where's the last one?"

As Daniel pondered, a sudden snap resounded from underneath him.

"Damn it! The last dagger was under me? That's a bit much, isn't it?" He yelped, then with reflexes like a monkey's, he leaped from the bench.

Lucky for him, he moved quickly and jumped high enough to evade. Otherwise, the dagger shooting upwards from the seat could have been a disaster.

Resting his shaken nerves, Daniel looked at Black with speechlessness, "Brother, don't you think the placement of that dagger was a bit too sneaky?"

"Daggers by nature are meant to surprise. But I must admit, you surprised me, country boy – you managed to avoid all thirty daggers? Impressive!"

Black waved his fan, smiling as he warned, "Just remember, those thirty daggers were only the beginning, with less lethal force."

## Chapter 531 Lost

### Chapter 531 Lost

Black's words left Daniel speechless.

"Even shot from within the bench, had I not reacted quickly, my rear would have been speared. And you say the damage is minor? Sure, the dagger's damage is minor, but it's incredibly insulting!"

"That was just an appetizer," Black maintained shamelessly. "Too bad you managed to dodge it, but no worries, there's always a second time!"

"Brother, you just captured thirty of my stones, but I'll return the favor double-fold. My next move will take sixty of yours, leaving you with no more counterplay and losing the game straight away."

"Hm," Black chuckled coldly.

After a thorough survey of the board, he was certain.

The country boy was bluffing.

Given the current layout, no matter where Daniel placed his next stone, there was no way he could capture sixty of Black's pieces. Moreover, the board visibly foreshadowed Daniel's defeat – Black only needed to avoid any major mistakes to secure a comfortable win.

Convinced that Daniel couldn't take sixty stones and considering the visible advantage, Black said dismissively, "Country boy, there's no use bluffing with me; you've reached a dead end. Just concede and give up. If you concede now, you'll only need to dodge one last dagger to retreat safely. However, if you refuse and the game continues, your life could end very soon."

"I've never conceded in my life, and I'm not about to start. I'd rather lose standing than concede."

"Unwilling to concede? Then proceed. I'm curious to see where you'll place your next stone. The board is ample, but it's no longer a place where your stones can survive."

"Is that so?" Daniel countered softly, then placed his next stone with the same light touch.

That move instantly revived what had been a sure loss into a living game.

Stunned, Black shook his head in disbelief, mumbling to himself, caught up in the throes of self-doubt.

Rubbing his eyes, he examined the board once more. The more he looked, the more speechless he became.

"Slap!"

Almost involuntarily, he smacked his own face with a loud slap. How had he not seen such an obvious move? Was he blind?

It was over; after Daniel's maneuver, no matter Black's next play, a single follow-up move by Daniel would slaughter Black's major group, capturing sixty stones at once.

Should Black lose sixty stones in one move, how could the game possibly continue?

The game could no longer go on because no matter the play, the outcome was sealed – Black would lose.

No! He couldn't lose! Black refused to accept defeat to this country boy. The humiliation would be unbearable.

His brain raced, desperately searching for a way to salvage the dire situation.

## **Chapter 532 Noah's Disciple**

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No matter what, Black couldn't afford to lose. He'd even play dirty rather than face defeat. After a long pause with no move made, Daniel looked at him and cheekily asked, "Brother Black, haven't figured out your next move yet?"

Suddenly clutching his stomach, Black exclaimed, "Oh no! I think I ate something bad for lunch, I need to use the restroom—excuse me!" With that, he bolted away.

Daniel watched Black flee, dumbfounded. "Holy smokes, is he for real? All over losing a game?"

"How could my brother possibly lose to you? He just has an upset stomach and went to sort it out. Stay put; I'll go check on him," Manly responded.

At her words, Daniel stared at her with agonized disbelief. "Your brother went to poop, and you're going to see? What, are you going to watch him?"

"Get lost! Disgusting, isn't it?" Manly turned on her heel and left clicking her high heels without another explanation, though she was fully aware that Black's reasons for fleeing likely had nothing to do with an upset stomach.

Inside a tea room, The Divine Star was sipping tea when suddenly Black burst in, still breathless, holding one of his shoes in his hand.

"Master! It's terrible!" he exclaimed.

Seeing his disheveled disciple, The Divine Star tried to suppress both irritated and amused laughter, almost spluttering out his tea.

"Black, what's wrong with you? You're a mess! Are ghosts chasing after you or what?"

Before Black could answer, Manly came clicking in on her high heels.

"What's the matter? Did you upset your sister? If she's after you, you probably had it coming, and I certainly can't help you with that."

"Master, you misunderstand! It's not about my sister. Why would I dare to provoke her? She's fiercer than a she-wolf, as you know."

Just as Black finished his sentence, Manly called from behind with a scolding tone, "Who are you calling a she-wolf?"

"Little sister, you misheard me! I didn't call anyone a she-wolf. I was just saying, that country boy is truly formidable. Not only did he beat you and our sixth brother, but he's also cornered me, leaving me no choice but to seek Master's help."

Black's words caused The Divine Star to raise an eyebrow. He looked at Black incredulously, asking in disbelief, "What did you say? That boy has backed you into a corner? Is he really that strong?"

"Yes, Master! I don't know where that kid comes from, but he's quite something!"

The Divine Star pointed to the chessboard and said, "Set up the chess game you played with him. I want to see his skills for myself."

"Yes, Master!" Black said as he quickly reconstructed the game.



The Divine Star examined the layout and suddenly cursed sharply. "Fuck!"

Black was taken aback. "Master, are you cursing me?"

"Do you think I'd waste my time cursing you? Do you have any idea who that boy is? He's Noah's disciple!"

"Noah?" Black wore a look of complete confusion. "Who is Noah?"

"He's my younger brother—your Martial Uncle!" The Divine Star revealed.

## **Chapter 533 Junior Brother**

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The Divine Star's revelation shocked both Manly and Black.

"Master, are you saying we should welcome that boy like long lost family?" Black asked puzzledly.

"What are you talking about? I've taken on seven disciples, and you're telling me you can't handle a single student of Noah? You're all useless! Don't let him know that I am his Martial Uncle, and don't you dare let him find out that you incompetent lot were taught by me," The Divine Star fumed, his frustration mounting as he continued to rant. "Back in my day in the sect, I was always ahead of Noah. And now? Seven disciples later, and you're all outclassed by just one of his? It's a disgrace!"

Initially there to seek help, Black now felt deflated after being censured by The Divine Star. However, his mind worked quickly, and he seized upon an idea.

With a smile plastered on his face, he turned to The Divine Star, "Master, if you don't want your disciple to lose to your brother's disciple, it's simple. Just teach me how to counter this game, and I will go defeat him."

"Teach you? That would be cheating, wouldn't it? You worthless thing, you can't beat the kid, and now you want me to help you cheat? Are you trying to say that I haven't been humiliated enough?"

"Master, that's not what I meant!"

"What then? Solve it yourself! I have only one requirement: you are not allowed to lose! If you dare lose, I'll break your legs!"

The Divine Star pointed towards the door, bellowing, "Get out of here! You lot just irritate me, such an embarrassment!"

Stepping out of the tea house, Black wore a morose expression. Manly, however, seemed slightly delighted.

"I knew there was something unusual about that boy; so, he's the junior brother, huh?"

"What junior brother? He's here to humiliate us!"

"He's the disciple of our Martial Uncle, which makes him our junior. Losing to an outsider is a disgrace, but losing to a junior? That's not as embarrassing."

"You're not embarrassed, you don't care! But didn't you hear what Master said? If I lose to him, Master will break my legs!"

"Don't worry, brother. Just stay out of sight, and I'll handle getting rid of that boy."

"Get rid of him? How exactly?"

"Just make him leave! Since he's our junior, I surely can't kill him. Didn't Master make it pretty clear? We should not let him know he's our junior. So the best approach is to make him leave Big Dipper straight away and stop causing trouble."

"Okay! I'll leave it to you," Black agreed, his mind easing a little.

Meanwhile, Daniel had finished the fruit plate while waiting for Black to return. The tea had gone cold, and Black was still nowhere in sight. As Daniel stood up to look for him himself, the sound of clicking heels approached.

Manly returned, her figure swaying with each step. Daniel tilted his head to look past her, but Black was not there.

Could it be that Black was admitting defeat and playing dirty?

## **Chapter 534 Not Satisfied?**

### **Chapter 534 Not Satisfied?**

Manly knew Daniel was looking for Black, but she feigned ignorance and asked, "Country boy, what are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for your brother, not you. You're not that interesting to look at!" Daniel replied with a look of distaste.

"What did you say? You dare to say I'm not attractive?"

"Stop wasting time! Where's your brother? We were only halfway through the game when he left. Is he quitting because he knows he can't beat me?"

"He's not quitting. My brother had urgent matters to attend to. Now, I'll play with you for the rest of the game."

With that, Manly picked up a black stone and placed it carelessly on the board.

"You're going to play me?"

"Yes! Why, are you scared?"

"Fine by me."

Daniel made his move and took sixty of the black pieces. But Manly remained unfazed and continued to play the black stones.

"Manly, you've lost," Daniel declared after making his move.

"Lost? I won!" Manly countered, placing another stone and pointing to five black stones in a row. "It's my win—look, I've connected five."

Daniel was baffled by her bold play. "Manly, what are you trying to pull here? Are you playing dumb because you can't beat me?"

"Who's playing dumb? Aren't we playing connect five?"

"We're playing Go, not connect five."

"I don't know how to play Go; I only know connect five."

"You..."

"What about me? You've lost anyway! So forget about the four hundred billion and just leave!"

"This is how you play at Big Dipper?"

"What does Big Dipper have to do with anything? If I'm the one playing the fool, what's it to you? Are you not satisfied?"

Daniel had no words...

Frustrated by Manly's antics, Daniel couldn't be bothered to argue. He followed her and left Big Dipper.

"Not bad, country boy, getting out of Big Dipper in one piece," Beauty remarked with a smile.

"I've spent all this time in Big Dipper, lost a hundred bucks, and came away with nothing."

"You're lucky to have gotten out alive."

After saying that, Beauty frowned, her face full of confusion. "Something's off with Big Dipper today."

"Off? How so?" Daniel inquired.

"The fuss you caused at Big Dipper today was a big embarrassment for them. Typically, Big Dipper would ensure you didn't leave alive, especially after making it through three challenges with four more to go. Plus, The Divine Star hasn't even shown up. It's strange that they just let you go... Could it be there's some internal issue at Big Dipper, and that's why they didn't deal with you?"

As Beauty mulled over her thoughts, she didn't realize the true nature of Daniel's relationship with Big Dipper. Daniel, on the other hand, knew exactly why he left the way he did because the Old Man had told him about The Divine Star being his uncle. Otherwise, he wouldn't have left so easily. If it weren't for Old Man's sake, he wouldn't have let Manly off the hook with four hundred billion.

## **Chapter 535 Her Bottom Line**

### **Chapter 535 Her Bottom Line**

Beauty's intent in bringing Daniel to Big Dipper was unknown to him, but he had his own agenda—it was, simply, to let his Martial Uncle know he'd been there. Unfortunately, it seemed that his uncle didn't want to acknowledge him, probably because Daniel had beaten three of his disciples, causing some embarrassment. Daniel could understand; the Old Man had mentioned his uncle's obsession with his reputation.

Back at the hotel, Daniel took a shower and then sprawled out on the spacious two-meter bed, quickly falling into a deep slumber. The challenges at Big Dipper, although victorious, had drained him of energy, so he slept soundly until morning rays pierced

through the windows. Fast asleep like a dead pig, oblivious to the world, he was startled awake only by the beep of the door being opened.

Jessica, dressed in a form-fitting dress and clicking high heels, stepped into the room. Upon seeing Daniel lying on the bed like a lifeless lump, she couldn't resist indulging in a mischievous impulse. Lifting her hand, she delivered a crisp smack to Daniel's buttocks.

"Ouch!" Daniel yelped after a delay of several seconds, finally waking from his dream. Rubbing his bleary eyes, he realized with shock that it was Jessica who had hit him.

"Why are you here?"

His question prompted Jessica to raise her eyebrows questioningly, her response tinged with irritation. "Idiot, what do you mean? Were you hoping for someone else?"

"I wish it were someone else! But no one else could enter my room. Besides, even if they could, they wouldn't be as rude as you!"

"You dare say I'm rude? Then I'll show you how rude I can be!"

Indeed, Jessica was itching to unleash her pent-up energy—not merely with slaps, but with pinches and squeezes too. Without further ado, she began to wreak havoc on Daniel as he lay beneath her.

As he was tossed and turned under Jessica's assault, Daniel teased with a sly grin, "Honey, you seem to be longing for a man. I just happen to be one, and I'm available for you to use."

"Get lost! Insolent fool!"

"Honey, what's the meaning of this? I've already saved your grandfather; are there more trials to face?"

"Saving Grandpa is your duty. To win me over, you need to pass my mother's test."

"Your mother is so difficult to deal with; how am I supposed to manage that?"

"You have to! You useless thing!"

Jessica's frustration grew as she spoke, leading to a spiteful punch. Normal women had normal desires; they were married, she had grown to like him, but she couldn't have him. The more she thought about it, the more stifled she felt, and all the more irate.

She had her principles; Daniel had to win over her mother and secure her approval for their marriage before she would wholeheartedly give herself to him.

Jessica's reactions left Daniel rather perplexed. Despite clearly yearning for intimacy, she was taking her frustrations out on him.

## Chapter 536 Class Reunion

### Chapter 536 Class Reunion

Daniel could understand Jessica's perspective. After all, everyone wished for their parents' blessing in their marriage, so her determination to get his mother-in-law's approval was quite clear.

Win over her mom? That seemed like a Herculean task. How, in what manner, was he supposed to win her over?

"Smack!"

Another sharp slap to Daniel, followed by Jessica's stern command, "Get up, you lazy pig!"

"What do you need me up so early for?"

"To accompany me to a class reunion!"

"Class reunion?"

"That's right," Jessica said, shooting Daniel a look as she added, "Are you coming or not?"

"If I don't go, won't your male classmates get their chance?"

"Get lost! Do you think I have such poor taste? And how are any of them like you, idiot?"

Daniel changed into a cheap T-shirt, pink shorts, and yellowing white sneakers. Jessica looked him over, her face expressing utter speechlessness.

"Idiot, are you really going like that?"

"Yeah, what's wrong?"

"Do you deliberately want to embarrass me?"

"If you think I'll embarrass you, then don't take me! That way, you won't have any trouble meeting up with your male classmates without me being the third wheel, right?"

"If you keep spouting nonsense, believe it or not, I'll cheat on you!"

"If you dare, I'll break your legs!"

"Idiot, you dare to hit me?"

"If you dare to cheat on me, I'll break your legs for sure! I have my limits. I may not care about anything else, but cheating, I can't stand!"

"Idiot, I won't betray you! I'm yours, only yours. But you also have to be only mine. If you dare flirt or betray me with another woman, I swear I'll break all three of your legs!"

As she spoke, Jessica spied a pair of scissors on the coffee table and grabbed them.

"Snip, snip!"

The sound made Daniel shudder involuntarily.

"Honey, what are you doing?"

"Nothing much! I'm just testing it to see if it's handy enough."

"Isn't that scissors a little too small?"

"Small? I think it's big enough!"

Jessica then measured the scissors between Daniel's legs mockingly.

After comparing, she mused, "Seems a bit small indeed! But no worries, if it's too small, I'll just make a few more cuts."

Daniel felt a chill run down his spine...

For the class reunion, Jessica didn't want to show off too much, opting for a low-profile approach, so she chose a pink Beetle. They drove out of the city and stopped at a golf club.

Curious, Daniel asked, "We're here for golf at a class reunion?"

"Yes," Jessica nodded. "Do you play?"

"When I was a kid, I used rocks to shoot birds."

"Really?" Jessica inquired with a playful smile before her hand suddenly seized Daniel's crotch.

## Chapter 537 Rival in Love

### Chapter 537 Rival in Love

Daniel was taken aback by Jessica's bold grab and couldn't help but ask, "Honey, what are you doing?"

"Why should I tell you what I'm doing? I'm just checking to see if it's still there," Jessica replied with a mischievous smile, retracting her hand.

"Just checking with your hand doesn't prove anything. At least use your mouth if you really want to check," Daniel retorted playfully.

"Get lost!" Jessica snapped back at him, still in no mood for jokes.

Their banter was interrupted by the roaring engine of a green Porsche 911, zipping towards them like a bolt of green lightning. The man driving was wearing Givenchy, flaunting a gold chain around his neck. His name was Wyatt Money, a real estate mogul, one of Jessica's college classmates, and the young owner of the Harmony Group.

During their university days, his family was the wealthiest. Most were unaware of Jessica's illustrious background—that she belonged to New York's number one family and was part of the Matthews, ranking third among The Eight Families of Washington.

Back in school, Wyatt had tried to win Jessica's attention by flaunting his wealth, but money had never impressed her. Despite his persistent attempts, he had never succeeded, which remained his biggest regret from college.

This reunion was organized by Wyatt, and his motives were as clear as ever—to finally win over the woman of his dreams. Undeterred by his past failures, he was determined to use this gathering to make Jessica his.

The screech of tires marked the arrival of Wyatt's Porsche 911, performing a stylish drift to a halt next to the pink Beetle. It was intentional; spotting Jessica inside the Beetle, Wyatt wanted to make an entrance and catch her attention. But at the moment, Jessica was too absorbed in sparring with Daniel to notice.

Jessica continued her playful assaults on Daniel, who, in return, kept dodging her attempts to grab him. As her actions became more aggressive and boundaries blurred, Daniel quickly alerted her, "Someone is coming!"



As Jessica turned and saw Wyatt stepping out of his car, she drew her hand back, chiding Daniel, "Shameless!"

"I'm shameless? Who was the one crossing the line just now?"

"It's all on you! Do you want to argue about it?"

"You're right; I'm the shameless one."

Daniel conceded, knowing there was no use arguing with her. As far as he knew, reasoning with a woman was a lost cause because women, in his mind, were always right no matter what they said.

Exiting the car, Wyatt eagerly approached with his beer belly leading the way. "Jessica, long time no see!"

He reached out to shake hands with Jessica, likely hoping to get a little extra contact in the process. But before his hand could reach her, Daniel intercepted it with a handshake of his own.

Pleasantly, Daniel greeted him, even though his enthusiastic handshake astonished Wyatt. Wyatt scrutinized Daniel, searching his memories, but was unable to place him among the many college classmates. Considering the time since they'd last seen each other, it was understandable that Wyatt wouldn't recognize Daniel right away.

## **Chapter 538 He Is My Boyfriend**

### **Chapter 538 He Is My Boyfriend**

Given Wyatt frequently skipped classes in college, there were many classmates he did not recognize, so it was not a surprise that he couldn't place Daniel.

"Which classmate are you, please?" Wyatt directly inquired upon failing to remember him.

"I'm Daniel!" Daniel answered with a grin.

"Daniel?" Wyatt scratched his head, wracking his brain to remember, but he came up empty. Daniel's face and name were unfamiliar to him.

Wyatt turned to Jessica, bewildered, "Jessica, I never saw you this close with any male classmate. Was Daniel in our class?"

"He wasn't in our class; he's my boyfriend," Jessica introduced, opting to describe Daniel as her boyfriend rather than husband to avoid complications. If their classmates learned she was married without having invited them to the wedding, it wouldn't sound good. Labeling Daniel as her boyfriend would make things simpler.

Jessica's main reason for bringing Daniel was to signal to her male classmates that she was taken and to back off.

Jessica's revelation caught Wyatt completely off guard. He sized up Daniel and noticed his rural appearance; his entire outfit didn't even look worth a hundred bucks. How could such a guy be Jessica's boyfriend?

As a shrewd individual, Wyatt refused to believe it. He figured Jessica claimed Daniel was her boyfriend as a ruse to deflect other classmates' advances.

To confirm his speculation, Wyatt asked Daniel, "Where do you work, brother?"

"I'm an assistant for a boss."

"An assistant? What kind of assistant?"

"Just driving her around and stuff."

"Oh, you're a driver?"

Understanding Daniel's job, Wyatt felt more certain about his judgment.

"How much do you earn a month as a driver?" Wyatt probed.

"After insurance deductions, I take home about three thousand."

"That's pretty official work, even paying insurance. But brother, isn't three thousand a month a bit too little? Here's an offer: come drive for Harmony Group. For Jessica's sake, I'll pay you ten thousand a month. After taxes and insurance, you'd take home six or seven thousand."

"Ten thousand a month? That's a lot!" Daniel feigned amazement.

"So, are you interested?"

"Thanks for the offer, but I drive for the boss because I enjoy it, not for the money. So, it doesn't matter if it's ten thousand or a million a month; I wouldn't switch jobs."

Daniel spoke truthfully, but Wyatt heard it as boastful bluster. A million a month and still wouldn't change jobs?

## Chapter 539 Jealousy

### Chapter 539 Jealousy

Even the brightest graduates from the world's most prestigious universities couldn't command a salary of a million a month!

"Heh," Wyatt chuckled sarcastically, dropping all pretense. "Country boy, what did you say just now? You think you wouldn't switch jobs for a million a month? Do you even see what you're all about? With that bumpkin appearance, do you really think you're worth a million a month?"

"A million isn't that big a deal! Back in the village, I picked up a few medical tips from a doctor nearby and sometimes treat people's ailments," Daniel casually dropped.

Wyatt couldn't hold back his laughter at Daniel's claim. After he finished laughing, he said with disdain, "You learned a bit from a doctor and think you can treat people? The medical skills of village doctors are so poor; who would come to you? To say it plainly, perhaps the uneducated farmers in your village would come to you because their lives are cheap. If you ended up killing them with your treatments, it wouldn't matter. After all, they're just peasants whose deaths would be no big loss!"

Wyatt's continuous slights infuriated Jessica, who immediately spoke out sternly, "Wyatt, Daniel is my boyfriend, please show him some respect. If you can't do that, it's as good as disrespecting me, and I see no purpose in staying at this reunion!"

Jessica had little interest in the class reunion to begin with. If it weren't for the sake of face, she wouldn't have come at all.

The thought of Jessica leaving panicked Wyatt, and he approached with a laugh, "Jessica, I was only joking, don't take it to heart. Since this country boy is your boyfriend, of course, I welcome him as an old classmate!"

"Anyone who's sick will say anything, and I take no offense," Daniel retorted with a grin.

Wyatt's fury flared up at Daniel's words. He stared at Daniel accusingly, "Who are you calling sick?"

"Of course, I meant you! Who else could it be?" Daniel replied.

Wyatt snapped, "Of course, it's you! You're just a country boy jealous of my wealth!"

In truth, it was Wyatt who was drowning in jealousy. He couldn't fathom how a goddess, unattainable even to him, ended up being a bumpkin's girlfriend. Even if it was all pretend, that didn't sit well with him. He felt as though his goddess was being defiled, particularly by some country rube!

At that moment, a BMW 530 rolled up. A man decked out in a business suit with gold-rimmed glasses stepped out. His name was Sebastian Brown, a medical practitioner who had embraced indigenous medicine after completing his undergraduate studies.

Seeing Sebastian, Wyatt's warmth overflowed, "Oh, if it isn't Washington's finest doctor, Sebastian! You are so punctual today, a rare sight indeed! Last time I was under the weather, you prescribed some medicine for me, and it worked wonders!"

"Thank you, Wyatt. Helping you was just me doing my job. My mentor, Anthony, is the truly fine physician; he's a disciple of Joshua, the number one medic in the USA."

## **Chapter 540 Next Year, On This Day, Will Be Your Memorial Day**

### **Chapter 540 Next Year, On This Day, Will Be Your Memorial Day**

Sebastian's words left Daniel utterly stunned. Holy cow! Was this guy really Anthony's apprentice? That would make him, what, my apprentice's apprentice? A grand-apprentice?

Wyatt suddenly remembered something and pointed at Daniel, then turned to Sebastian and asked, "Hey Sebastian, this country bumpkin said I'm sick? Can you take a look and tell me if I'm really sick?"

"Come on, Wyatt, with that glow in your cheeks, how could you be sick? You're stronger than an ox!" Sebastian's words boosted Wyatt's confidence sky-high.

Puffing out his chest proudly, Wyatt turned to Daniel and boasted, "You hear that, bumpkin? Sebastian just said I'm healthier and stronger than an ox!"

"What did you say? Healthier than an ox?" Daniel scoffed with a cold laugh. "Believing the nonsense of a quack? With your condition, if you're not careful, next year, on this day, could be the day we remember you by!"

Daniel never joked when it came to medical matters. If he said Wyatt was sick, Wyatt was definitely sick. And if he said Wyatt might die today, then there was a good chance it could happen!

Naturally, Daniel's words didn't sit well with Wyatt, who glared at him and asked icily, "You're saying next year, on this day, will be my memorial? Are you saying I'm going to die today?"

"Wyatt, are you hard of hearing or is your brain just not working right? Did you not understand what I said? I said next year, on this day could be your memorial if things aren't handled correctly. There's a condition that needs to be met for you to die!"

"A condition? What condition?"

"If you want to stay alive, Wyatt, you can't touch a drop of alcohol today. If you so much as sip a drop, you could kiss your life goodbye."

As soon as Daniel finished talking, Wyatt burst into raucous laughter.

"Hahaha..."

After his laugh, he shot back, "What's that now, bumpkin? One drink and I'll die? Do you have any idea? I've sealed business deals over drinks for years. No one can beat me at the drinking table. I drink every day like it's water, and you're telling me one drop will kill me? Hahaha... That's the biggest joke I've ever heard!"

"Wyatt, I'm just looking out for you because you're an old classmate of Jessica. Whether you take my advice or not is up to you. After all, it's your life on the line, not mine. If you want to drink, go ahead—but remember, if something happens, you're the one who'll pay, not me!"

Before Daniel could finish, Sebastian cut him off, "Wyatt, don't waste your time with this hick. You're in tip-top shape, strong as an ox. Drink as much as you want. Besides, I'm here, nothing to worry about!"

Right then, a red Porsche 718 pulled up, and out stepped a flamboyant woman named Maya Stone. She was considered the most gorgeous woman around, but that was only because Jessica had stopped caring about those silly contests. Maya, though young, had made a name for herself as the Public Relations Manager for The Perkins Organization.

The Perkins Organization, naturally, belonged to Washington's foremost family, The Perkins. And the chairman of The Perkins Organization? That was Logan, the family's own steward.

## **Chapter 541 Where Do You Work?**

### **Chapter 541 Where Do You Work?**

To be the Public Relations Manager at The Perkins Organization, one of USA's top companies, definitely meant that Maya was a successful person.

Wyatt welcomed Maya with open arms as soon as he saw her. He knew how important it was to establish a good relationship with Maya, who managed public relations for The Perkins Organization. His own company, Harmony Group, had been eager to collaborate with The Perkins Organization and to build a connection with the prominent Perkins family.

"Hey, if it isn't Maya! Word is you're making waves at The Perkins Organization, pretty much second-in-command now, huh?" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

"Please, Wyatt, you're exaggerating. I just have a regular old job at The Perkins Organization; I'm merely the PR Manager," she said, downplaying her success.

"PR Manager! That's a key position at The Perkins Organization! Maya, you must be a pretty big deal there now, right? Have a say in everything? We go way back, don't forget I voted for you back in the day. Don't forget that favor, okay? Maybe you could introduce me to your CEO sometime?"

"The CEO is really busy; I hardly get to see him myself. But I'll definitely introduce you to him if I get the chance," Maya responded, being clever enough to neither commit nor reject his request outright.

Did Wyatt honestly think it would be so easy to meet Logan? If this guy wanted an introduction, he'd have to show some real initiative. Without enough dedication, Maya wasn't likely to make any introductions.

Her sharp eyes quickly took stock of Jessica's appearance, including her outfit and the bag she carried. After a thorough once-over, Maya felt sure of the conclusion she'd drawn: Jessica was

living very ordinarily. Her dress was a run-of-the-mill brand, and her bag, neither LV nor Chanel, was just a regular bag, probably not over a few hundred bucks.

Jessica, not one to worship money or use designer brands to define her, chose clothes and accessories simply based on what she liked, not the label attached to them.

"Well, well, if it isn't our class beauty who swept off so many guys' feet, Jessica! Long time no see, where are you working now?"

Maya was convinced Jessica wasn't doing well and was looking for an opportunity to put her down just a bit.

"I've started a small business," Jessica replied modestly.

"A small business? How small are we talking? Does it bring in a million a year?" Maya probed.

"Yes, it does," Jessica answered.

"Not bad at all, Jessica! You've started your own business and it's pulling in a million a year. Assuming a 10% net profit, you're making a hundred thousand a year!" she said, almost mocking.

Jessica couldn't be bothered to correct her or to argue. She just nodded and said, "Pretty much."

"Our lovely Jessica, is that the best you can do? Running a small business that barely scrapes together a hundred thousand a year," Maya chided.

Then she turned to Wyatt and suggested, "Wyatt, you've been smitten with our Jessica since school. Now she's having such a rough time, aren't you going to lend her a hand? Why don't you offer her a job at your company? Make her your secretary with a tidy annual salary of two hundred grand?"

## **Chapter 542 True to Wyatt's Form**

### **Chapter 542 True to Wyatt's Form**

"An annual salary of two hundred thousand? Isn't that a bit low to be offering our Jessica?" quipped Wyatt.

"Low? For a 'trophy' like her, it's not low at all. Even someone as capable as I am, as the PR Manager at The Perkins Organization, I barely make three million a year," Maya stated, flaunting her own success.

She pointed at her Louis Vuitton bag and bragged, "With this measly salary of three million a year, I'm practically broke. This LV bag, the latest model, set me back 1.38 million. But the most expensive one in the new collection costs 5.88 million—I couldn't even afford it. And my dress, it's a mere 880,000. The top-priced one from the same brand runs 1.88 million.

Plus, with my earnings, I can only use budget makeup. My lipstick costs less than 30 grand, only 28,000 to be precise. The priciest brand goes for over a million a piece. Not to mention, this Rolex I'm wearing is worth a mere 3 million, nothing compared to those valued over a hundred million."

Maya's shameless display of wealth was so awkward that everyone else felt their toes curl in secondhand embarrassment.

Then Maya turned to Wyatt, "You're the man with deep pockets! If I get you an introduction to our CEO, I'm sure you won't let me down, right?"

"Don't worry, Maya. As long as you can spearhead a deal between Harmony Group and The Perkins Organization, I won't forget an old classmate. I always share the wealth with friends," Wyatt smoothly replied. He was an old fox himself, not willing to give out money for nothing. Maya would have to work for any perks by facilitating the collaboration between Harmony Group and The Perkins Organization.

As long as Maya helped Harmony Group secure a project with The Perkins Organization, Wyatt was ready to pay without reservation. He would give the agreed reward to the last cent.

In Maya's eyes, Wyatt was a plump sheep ripe for shearing. Having met him at the reunion, she'd be remiss if she didn't take a hefty cut.

With a sly smile, she said, "Wyatt, I've heard you're a whiz at golf, even an amateur champion. You've even placed in the pros, haven't you?"

"Well, I still have my fair share of shortcomings compared to the pros. But among amateurs, I'd say no one can beat my golf skills."

"Hey, I'm an amateur as well! How about we play a round at the course later? Anyone can join, but it'll cost half a million to enter for the prize pot. Whoever takes first place gets the cash," she challenged.

Wyatt, with a grand sweep of his hand, replied, "Since Maya wants to play, I'll sponsor the prize. Today's get-together was organized by me, after all. To bring good luck and fortune to everyone, let's set the prize at 8.88 million."

"True to Wyatt's form, always the generous host!" Maya applauded. "Since Wyatt is hosting today, we'll all follow his lead. Let's not delay any further. Let's head to the golf course! Today, no one holds back. Let's see who's the best in a true showdown of skill!"

## **Chapter 543 The \$8.88 Million Prize**

### **Chapter 543 The \$8.88 Million Prize**

Maya was itching to get started. She had practiced her golf game tirelessly for this reunion, aiming to impress and dominate everyone on the green. That \$8.88 million prize had to be hers.



Once everyone arrived at the golf course, Wyatt geared up with a professional air and declared, "Even though most of you are amateurs, and some haven't played golf at all, let's stick to official rules. Seventy-two strokes for eighteen holes."

"Sure, I'm good with that," said Maya, confident.

"I'm in," Sebastian added.

Maya then turned to Jessica with a teasing tone, "You joining us, Jessica?"

"I'll pass," Jessica replied.

"Come on! High-end business often revolves around golf—it's an essential social skill. I think you should take this golden opportunity to broaden your horizons, join us for a round. You might not win but hey, you've nothing to lose; Wyatt's covering the massive \$8.88 million prize."

"Just go ahead without me. I'm not interested," Jessica insisted, uninterested in golf and even less so in playing with Maya.

As soon as Jessica declined, Daniel eagerly stepped forward, grinning wide, "How about I join in instead?"

This got everyone's attention fixed on Daniel.

Until now, Maya had been solely focused on Jessica and hadn't paid Daniel any mind. With Daniel volunteering, her gaze shifted to him.

Looking Daniel up and down with a puzzled air, Maya asked, "Who's this country bumpkin? I don't recall such a person in our class."

Before Daniel could introduce himself, Wyatt jumped in, "Jessica says this country boy is her boyfriend. What do you think, Maya? Does he stack up to our class's Jessica?"

The revelation shocked Maya. She looked at Jessica in disbelief and asked, "Is what Wyatt says true? This guy, a country bumpkin, your boyfriend?"

"Yes, he's my boyfriend!" Jessica admitted clearly and confidently.

Maya had expected Jessica to be evasive—a denial she could pounce on to embarrass her. But Jessica's frank admission, and the confidence with which she made it, left Maya at a loss. The words she'd primed to launch were swallowed back.

However, she couldn't let the fact that Jessica had chosen such a "country boy" as her boyfriend go unremarked upon.

Biding her time for a targeted strike, Maya turned to Daniel with malice, "So, country boy, where do you work? Hopefully not scrubbing dishes at some diner, or maybe street sweeping? Some cleaner without benefits, taxes, getting cozy with garbage all day? That's it! Repulsive! Your bumpkin aura is ruining the mood!"

## Chapter 544 Slandering

### Chapter 544 Slandering

"Sweetheart, you're pretty enough, not terribly ugly. But my goodness, why is your mouth so foul? Smells worse than a public restroom! Even with all your perfume, you can't hide that stench," Daniel said with a chuckle.

His words infuriated Maya. "What did you just say? Who are you calling stinky?"

"Whoever stinks knows it themselves. All that perfume can't mask the stench. I wonder just how rotten, how foul you really are," he taunted, glancing briefly towards her stomach.

Jessica caught his glance and, although silent, gave Daniel a subtle warning pinch on the waist.

Maya, feeling like she was stepped on, raised her voice in anger, "You lowlife, stop babbling nonsense and sully my good name!"

"Sully my good name? If you're truly 'pure,' my words won't taint you. If you're not 'pure,' you don't need me to sully you – you're already dirty, no need to pretend to be a white lotus here!"

"You... you're nothing but a filthy ruffian! A disgusting brute! You're so revolting, it's unbearable!"

At this moment, Wyatt stepped in. "Maya, let's not waste time on a country bumpkin. Let's play golf. He said he wants to join, right? Let him. Show him up on the green."

Maya was not one to let an insult from a "country bumpkin" slide by easily. After a moment's thought, she laid out her terms to Daniel, "Country boy, if you want to join our golf game, fine. But on top of Wyatt's \$8.88 million prize, each player should put in an additional \$880,000. If you can cough up the cash, you're in. If you can't, you don't deserve to play!"

Maya was clearly trying to put Daniel on the spot, to shame him. She was convinced this "country bumpkin" could never come up with \$880,000. As for Jessica, an owner of a small company with a

yearly profit of only \$100,000, how could she possibly afford \$880,000? Even if she could, she wouldn't hand it over for a "country bumpkin," would she?

"Only \$880,000?" Daniel said nonchalantly, then turned to Jessica, "Honey, give me the money!"

"Idiot," Jessica muttered under her breath.

Then she pulled out her phone, facing Maya, asking, "Whom do I give the entry fee of \$880,000 to?"

Maya was stunned, staring incredulously at Jessica and asked, "You can really come up with \$880,000?"

"Of course! Is there a problem?"

"Heh," Maya let out a scornful laugh and continued, "I never would've guessed. Jessica, our little boss, can actually pull out \$880,000? Pouring out so much money, your little company is gonna go bankrupt, isn't it? To go to such lengths for a 'country bumpkin,' aren't you something? Don't tell me, this 'country bumpkin' is your kept man?"

## **Chapter 545 Do You Dare to Play?**

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"Yes! I'm Jessica's pampered lover!" Daniel shot back at Maya, shamelessly question, "Are you jealous? Jealous that our Jessica is keeping such an amazing lover like me?"

"Wow, flaunting about being a lover, you really have no shame, don't you? Do you even know how to spell embarrassment?"

"I'm sure you're more acquainted with how to spell it than I am! After all, you're the PR Manager, aren't you? You must know quite a bit about public relations," Daniel fired back.

"How I handle public relations is none of your business! What would a country bumpkin like you know? Just shut your mouth! You're not even worthy of talking to a manager like me!"

"With that rotten fish stench coming from you, it's sickening just talking to you," Daniel said, looking utterly repulsed.

He was genuinely disgusted. As someone with a strong sense of cleanliness, he found Maya repulsive and filth personified. He'd steer as clear from her as possible with no intention of physical contact whatsoever.

"You're the one who stinks! If you dare, let's make a high-stakes bet just between us. One-on-one, for \$10 million!" Maya challenged, her intelligence pushing her to fight with money since words failed. After all, hadn't she repeatedly compromised herself in her role as PR Manager all for the sake of money? If she could win \$10 million from this 'country bumpkin' just by playing golf, she'd hit the jackpot.

Besides, Maya was convinced Daniel couldn't come up with the money, so Jessica would have to foot the bill. Jessica was just a small business owner who had just forked over \$880,000. Could she possibly find another \$10 million?

"\$10 million?" Daniel chuckled mischievously. "Just now, four of us paid an entry fee of \$880,000. Betting one-on-one for \$10 million isn't fair, right? Why not make it interesting for everyone? Each of us adds \$10 million to the pot for this match. The winner takes it all!"

Earning an extra \$30 million wasn't a big deal for Daniel, but the thought of bringing a bit of pain to these people was certainly pleasing. After all, happiness is priceless!

Sebastian had begrudgingly paid the initial \$880,000, and now Maya was suggesting they each add another \$10 million. That figure was astronomical for him.

So, Sebastian frowned and said, "Ten million is too much. I can't afford it. Plus, I'm not really good at golf. I think I'll take my \$880,000 back and sit this one out. You three play."

Seeing Sebastian ready to back out, Wyatt quickly intervened. "Sebastian, no need to worry. Let's play together. I'll cover your \$10 million. If we win, it's yours; if we lose, it's on me. And about that \$880,000, put it on my tab. Next time you supply me with medicine, I'll throw in a little extra!"

Sebastian expressed his gratitude, "Thanks, Wyatt!"

Of course, hearing that he wouldn't have to pay, Sebastian was all in.

## **Chapter 546 Hidden Talents**

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Sebastian definitely had no objections to playing a round of golf—especially when he wasn't risking his own money. His master, Anthony, wasn't the generous type. Sebastian worked himself to the bone, and all he got was less than \$10,000 a month.

Of course, Sebastian was shrewd. Under Anthony's name, he'd landed quite a few side gigs. That's how he could afford a BMW—a luxury that to many seemed like a dream.

The game began.

Wyatt, being the host, played first on the par-four first hole. He finished impressively with just two strokes.

"Way to go, Wyatt! A birdie on the first hole. Awesome!" Maya complimented.

"I'm not on top of my game today. Normally, I should have scored an eagle on this course," Wyatt bragged without a hint of modesty.

By golf rules, if the standard score for a hole is par-four and you finish with three strokes, it's called a birdie—one stroke below par. If you finish with two strokes, it's an eagle—two below par. On a standard 18-hole course with a par of 72, failing to get the ball in the holes with 72 strokes meant a loss.

Wyatt was very familiar with this course. Playing at his usual level, he would finish with 70 strokes or less. His record was 65.

Maya, too, was competent. She had practiced on this course and even hired a private coach for the reunion. Her best score was 68!

Sebastian, however, was a different story. He rarely played golf, so his chances of winning were slim.

He played next, taking five strokes—one over par—to sink the ball.

"Not bad, Sebastian! For someone who rarely plays golf, you managed to go just one over par. Impressive!" Maya praised him.

Then it was Maya's turn. While her skills were similar to Wyatt's, she was luckier that day and scored an eagle with just two strokes.

Wyatt was shocked. "Maya, you're full of surprises! An eagle—amazing!"

Sebastian quickly chimed in with praise, "I thought Wyatt had this in the bag, but Maya, you're a strong contender!"

After the mutual admiration, they turned their attention to Daniel, the country boy who hadn't swung yet.

With all four participants in the game, only he remained.

Maya looked dismissively at Daniel, "Country boy, ever played golf before?"

Daniel shook his head, answering honestly, "Nope."

"You dare to spend \$1.088 million on our competition without ever having played golf? Don't you feel guilty about spending Jessica's money?"

"While I've never played golf, I did shoot birds with stones back in the village. And let me tell you, I never missed. Sinking a golf ball in the hole, I reckon it should be a breeze!" Daniel retorted with casual confidence.

## **Chapter 547 What Are You Saying?**

### **Chapter 547 What Are You Saying?**

Daniel's declaration was met with uproarious laughter from Wyatt.

"Hahaha..."

After his laughter subsided, Wyatt said, "What are you talking about, country boy? You think because you've hit birds with stones, you can play golf? You think it's the same?"

"Of course, it's not the same! Hitting birds with stones is hard. Playing golf is a piece of cake in comparison. All I need to do is hit this golf ball into the hole with this club, right?"

Daniel picked up a club and took a swing.

Thwack!

With a crisp sound, the white golf ball soared out, made a beautiful arc in the air, and with a plop, landed right in the hole.

Everyone stared, dumbfounded.

A hole-in-one?

Was this country boy's golf skills that good?

No, that can't be right! A country bumpkin who'd never played golf before couldn't be skilled.

It must've been pure luck!

Yes, it had to be luck. Excellent luck!

Maya had felt quite smug after scoring an eagle, positive she was ahead. Then, Daniel, the country bumpkin, got a hole-in-one and upstaged her.

This infuriated Maya, making her wish she could tear him into pieces right there.

Unsatisfied and feeling the urge to mock him—her mood demanded it—Maya sneered, "Heh, didn't expect you to be so lucky, country boy. A hole-in-one on your first golf game?"

"It's not about luck; golf is just too simple. Even for the second hole, I can get a hole-in-one. Just eighteen holes, right? One swing each should do it; end of the game in eighteen swings!"

Even though Daniel was just speaking the truth, Maya didn't buy it for a second. She was sure this country bumpkin was just blowing smoke.

"Heh," she scoffed disdainfully. "If you can hole-in-one the next swing, I'll eat the ball!"

"Eat the ball? With what, exactly?"

Daniel's 'joke' was received with an immediate black expression from Jessica.

"Idiot, what are you saying?" Jessica didn't just scold Daniel; she also gave him a sharp pinch on the waist.

"Ouch! Honey, stop pinching me! You'll pinch me to death! Maya is the one who said she'd eat the golf ball, I was just trying to get the details, so I know if I should take that bet!"

Daniel yelped, dodging and explaining.

"Spew one more nonsense, and I'll pinch you dead, you little jerk!"

Jessica glared at him angrily before finally loosening her grip.

"If you die, why would I have to remain a widow? If I get rid of you, idiot, there'll be plenty of men wanting to date me!"

"But none of those men would catch your eye," Daniel teased.

After his remark, he turned his gaze back to Maya, "Maya, even though you're capable of fitting that golf ball in your mouth, if you actually eat it, you'll have to undergo surgery to remove it. What a hassle that'd be!"

## Chapter 548 Placing Another Bet

### Chapter 548 Placing Another Bet

Daniel paused, chuckled, and then suggested, "So, if you want to raise the stakes with me, let's bet on something else. I don't need you to eat the golf ball."

"Hah!" Maya sneered, her brain whirling as a cunning idea struck her. "Bet on something else? Fine, let's not complicate things. Let's just bet money. If you manage a hole-in-one again, I'll pay you \$10 million. If not, you owe me \$10 million."

A money bet?

Wyatt was instantly excited at the prospect and interjected eagerly, "If we're betting money, I want a piece of the action. But for me, the stakes have to be doubled—\$20 million. If you, country boy, can get a hole-in-one on this next swing, I'll pay you \$20 million myself. If you can't, you owe me \$20 million!"

Worried that Daniel might turn down the challenge, Wyatt added with an incredulous scoff, "Of course, if a country bumpkin like you doesn't have the guts, you don't have to bet with me. I understand. Most you come from the countryside probably lack the nerve. No hard feelings if you don't dare play with me."

"You're willing to bet \$20 million with just me, Wyatt? You must be quite wealthy then?" Daniel asked with a grin.

"I don't have piles of cash, but I'm certainly richer than a country bumpkin like you! I would never be scared to gamble with you. As long as you dare to bet, I'm all in," Wyatt declared confidently.

"Well, since you put it that way, how about we make a small bet?" Daniel teased him.

"Small wager? How small are you talking about? For me, \$20 million is already the absolute minimum. Anything less is just no fun," Wyatt was provoking Daniel, eager to see just how much

Jessica was willing to fork over. She had initially mentioned a small company, and yet she could easily pull out over ten million.

Anyone who could nonchalantly extract more than \$10 million was no minor player—her company, though small, must be of considerable scale, likely having at least a hundred employees and an annual turnover in the hundreds of millions.

Daniel responded not with words but with a gesture, showing a single finger.



Wyatt, upon seeing it, asked with a smirk, "You want to bet \$10 million with me? Fine, it's a little on the low side, but I can work with that."

Daniel shook his head to clarify, "Not \$10 million. It's a billion!"

A billion?

That figure left everyone, except Jessica, completely flabbergasted.

Jessica knew this idiot was up to no good because, from Daniel's first swing, she believed he could hole-in-one the second as well.

With Daniel's record of never losing a bet since they'd met, she was brimming with confidence. No matter how high the stakes, Jessica stood firmly behind him. Why wouldn't she support him when all the winnings would be hers?

Wyatt, the first to reel from the shock, gestured back with a finger, asking in disbelief, "Country boy, you're saying you want to bet a billion dollars with me?"

## **Chapter 549 Maya's Plan**

### **Chapter 549 Maya's Plan**

"Yep, let's bet a billion! Or are you saying, Wyatt, that you can't pull together a billion and don't dare to bet with me?" Daniel challenged, nearly causing Wyatt to spit blood with frustration.

"What are you saying, country boy? That I can't bring a billion to the table? If you can come up with a billion, let's bet," Wyatt countered with defiant sarcasm, using reverse psychology. He didn't believe for a second that Jessica could produce a billion dollars and certainly not for a gamble.

Daniel quickly moved behind Jessica and began rubbing her shoulders appeasingly. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Honey, how about you advance my allowance for next month for a bet?" Daniel cheekily suggested.

"And what if you lose?" Jessica said with a playful smirk.

"Rest assured, honey, I'm the reincarnation of the God of Gamblers - I can't lose," Daniel confidently replied.

Jessica chuckled coldly, then teased, "Even the God of Gamblers can't guarantee a win every time. What if you really lose?"

"If I lose? Then it's up to honey, of course! Whatever you decide, no objections or dodging from me."

"If you dare to lose, I'll cut your allowance!" Jessica playfully threatened, then with a smile, encouraged, "Go play!"

Now that he had secured a billion from Jessica, Daniel was feeling rich. He turned to Wyatt and confidently inquired, "My billion is secured, Wyatt. Do you dare to play with me?"

Wyatt responded with a sneer, "Why would I be afraid to play? Hah!"

After his scornful chuckle, Wyatt's sly mind began to turn. "A billion isn't a trivial sum. We can't just rely on verbal agreements. To prevent any dishonesty, both of us should transfer the money into a holding account first. Whoever wins gets the transfer."

Wyatt insisted on this condition because he was wary of Daniel reneging on the bet. He knew the country boy didn't have deep pockets or many assets to his name; if Wyatt won and Daniel dodged payment, he'd have no recourse.

"All good with me! Whatever you say, Wyatt. Let's do it your way. After all, I'm the one who will win, so moving the money into a holding account early works to my advantage," Daniel chimed in with ease.

He then looked at Maya and grinned, "Maya, I'm playing for a billion with Wyatt. Want to join? Of course, if a billion's too steep, we can keep our bet at ten million. Just one thing—we follow the same rule as Wyatt and transfer the money to the holding account in advance."

Maya didn't rush to reply; instead, she glanced at the golf course. The second hole was notoriously tough—the longest distance over two hundred meters, with a small forest in the middle and even an artificial lake.

A hole-in-one was virtually impossible. Even world champion golfers couldn't achieve it.

After pondering a moment, Maya made her decision. Turning down an easy ten million would be foolish.

"Fine, I'll bet with you! But can you, a country bumpkin, even afford to throw in another ten million?" she asked with a faint sneer.

## Chapter 550 Countless Plans

### Chapter 550 Countless Plans

Maya turned to Jessica with a mischievous smile. "Jessica, you're betting so much money on this country boy. If you end up losing all of it, what will you do? Is your little company even capable of handling such a bet?"

As Maya spoke, an idea suddenly struck her. "Or maybe you borrowed this money from the bank? Or perhaps you're misusing funds owed to someone else?"

"What does it concern you?" Jessica replied coldly.

Maya let out a mocking laugh and said, "You're right, it doesn't concern me. But as your old classmate, I feel the need to remind you. If you borrowed this money from the bank or if it's funds from your business and you misuse it, and if Daniel ends up losing, you won't be able to cover the shortfall. That could land you in jail. Imagine going to jail over such a country bumpkin—it's not worth it!"

Maya's words were meant to mock Jessica, but they also planted a seed of thought in Wyatt, who had not considered this angle. The more he thought about Maya's suggestion, the more his mind raced.

If Jessica really was betting with borrowed money or misappropriated funds, she could indeed end up in prison if unable to recover the loss. Then, if Wyatt were to offer a helping hand, perhaps his longtime crush and the flawless beauty of his dreams would be grateful enough to reciprocate— maybe even with her affections.

Quick to prevent Maya from spoiling his machinations, Wyatt urged, "Maya, if you're going to bet with this country boy, just place your bet. If you don't want to, then don't. Now if you remember, even Tiger Woods has played on this course, and at this second hole—the par-six—Woods himself took three strokes to get the ball in the hole! So, if you don't want to throw away your money, cut the chatter and place your bet!"

With that, Maya hastily moved to transfer the funds, but she didn't have ten million at her disposal. She applied for various loans, including some high-interest ones, and eventually scraped together enough to deposit the ten million into the holding account.

Meanwhile, the shrewd Sebastian had already made several calls, borrowing from everyone he knew. He managed to gather eight million.

"Country boy, I want to bet with you too, but let's go for eight million, not ten," Sebastian declared after making all his calls, not hiding his intentions from Daniel, who had overheard everything.

Did they all think Daniel was such a simpleton, a mere country bumpkin who would let his money slip through his fingers? Daniel had to laugh. He would not turn down free money. After all, only a fool would refuse such an offer.

"Sebastian, you sure you want to bet with me?" Daniel verified.

"Country boy, don't tell me you're getting cold feet and want to back out now? I've already transferred the eight million into the holding account, and there's no way for you to wriggle out of it," Sebastian confidently taunted.