

The Understated Dragon Lord

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Chapter 601 It Has Nothing To Do With Us

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Daniel's response infuriated Head.

He pointed the gun at Daniel's forehead and yelled, "I'll count to three. If you don't kneel, I'll blow your brains out!"

"Blow my brains out? Are there even bullets in your gun?" Daniel asked with a chuckle.

His question made Head instinctively pull the gun back.

Then Head came to his senses and quickly aimed the gun at Daniel's forehead again.

"Listen, country boy, are you trying to play mind games with me? I almost fell for it! Kneel down now, or I'll start counting!"

"I already told you, my knees are bad, not suitable for kneeling. If you love kneeling so much, I don't mind if you kneel for me instead," Daniel said with a grin.

"Country boy, I don't think you realize what's happening! You're asking for death! Kneel now or I start counting!"

"Go ahead and count then! I don't care!"

"Fine!"

Head began the countdown.

"Three!"

"Two!"

"One!"

Head originally thought that after counting to three, Daniel would get scared and immediately drop to his knees. But Daniel didn't.

This country bumpkin was still standing there, hands in his pockets, as if nothing had happened at all.

Head was furious!

It made him look like a clown!

"Country boy, since you're so stupid, don't blame me for being rude!"

After saying this, Head lowered the gun and aimed it at Daniel's knees.

He already said he would make Daniel kneel.

Since Daniel refused to kneel on his own, Head would have to shoot Daniel's knees to force him down!

Just as Head was about to pull the trigger, Daniel's figure blurred like a ghost. In a flash, he appeared right in front of Head.

Daniel grabbed the gun barrel and twisted, crumpling the metal into a useless lump.

Head pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The bullet couldn't exit the deformed barrel and exploded inside.

Head's hand was blasted to a bloody pulp.

"Aaah! Aaaaah!" Head wailed, clutching his mangled hand.

"You stupid hick, how dare you blow up my hand! You're dead meat!"

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Piper, you're dead too! You brought this country boy to cripple me! Your whole family is going to pay!"

Hearing this, Piper panicked.

She fell to her knees before Head and kowtowed frantically.

"Mr. Head, I don't know this country bumpkin! What he did has nothing to do with us! He just doesn't like you,

that's why he attacked you. He really has no connection to us at all!"

Piper's words shocked Daniel.

Aurora, who was standing to the side, was stunned.

Coming to her senses, she hurriedly pulled Piper to her feet.

"Mom, what are you saying? This handsome man is helping us. He beat that bully to a pulp! Even if there are consequences, we should take responsibility, it has nothing to do with him!"

Chapter 602 Kneel and Apologize

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Although Aurora was a woman, she had a strong sense of responsibility.

Her daughter's reaction made Piper anxious.

"Silly girl, don't you know Mr. Head is with The Roar, and The Roar is backed by the Perkins family? They are the top dogs in the country, an enormous power we can't afford to provoke or even look at!"

"The Perkins can crush us into mincemeat with just a pinky, leave no trace of our bones!"

Piper's words made Aurora furious.

"So what if it's the Perkins family? They're the richest in America, but does that mean they can act with no regard for the law and bully ordinary folks like us?"

"Y'all wait and see! This restaurant is done for! I'm gonna kill you hicks!"

Head pointed a finger at Aurora and threatened coldly.

"I won't kill you, missy! But I'll have my way with you! Once I'm done playing with you, I'll toss you to my brothers to use! After all my bros had their fill, I'll sell you to a strip joint! You'll be every man's plaything, young and old, handsome and ugly alike!"

After spitting out this vicious threat, Head waved his uninjured hand.

"Let's go, boys! We'll settle this score another day!"

"Leaving just like that? Watch your step!"

Daniel reminded jokingly, then flicked his finger.

The peanut he was holding shot out and struck the back of Head's knee.

Though small, the peanut packed immense force!

Head fell to his knees with a thud.

"Well, well, well! Guess you do know you were in the wrong. Trying to kneel and apologize? Too bad you're facing the wrong direction!" Daniel stood behind him, smiling, but kindly reminded:

"Mr. Head, if you keep heading the

wrong way, you'll end up kneeling with every step. At this rate, you won't make it out of this street by nightfall."

With that, Daniel flicked another peanut.

Head had just crawled up and taken one step.

Thud!

He fell to his knees again.

After kneeling twice in a row, Head was livid.

He turned his head and roared, "Country boy, don't you dare go too far! Attack me with peanuts one more time and I'll fucking end you!"

"Even if I

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t to kill me! The only et

desire, but lack of ability!" Conte

you haven't is not for lack of

Daniel grabbed a handful of peanuts and shouted at Head and his lackeys.

"You punks caused trouble here and

think

ein's

leave so easily? Even if

you want to go, you gotta kneel,

kowtow, and apologize first

"In your dreams!"

"My dreams? Making you kneel relies on my strength, not imagination! If you don't believe me, want to see a demonstration?"

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

With a wave of his hand, the peanuts flew out like bullets, pelting Head and his underlings.

Chapter 603 Too Extreme

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Rat-tat-tat!

The peanuts struck Head and each of his lackeys without exception. One peanut per person, perfectly fair.

Hit by the peanuts, Head and his men fell to their knees one after another.

Seeing them all kneeling, Daniel said with a smile:

"Look at you, all kneeling now! When I tell you to kneel, you refuse. But once I take action myself, what happens in the end? You're all on your knees. You should've done this from the start."

Daniel looked at Head and reminded with a grin:

"Mr. Head, you're their boss and you led the trouble today. To express your remorse, you take the lead and kowtow!"

Hearing this, Head was overcome with rage again!

He was livid!

"Country boy, you've got some nerve, daring to tell me to kowtow! You already forced me to kneel and you still want me to kowtow? Don't push your luck!"

"Mr. Head, I see you're still quite lucid! Since you know I can make you kneel, of course you should also know I can make you kneel and kowtow while begging for mercy! Considering how stubborn you are, let me gift you a peanut!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Daniel flicked his finger and the crispy peanut shot out.

Swoosh!

The peanut drew a beautiful arc and struck Head right in the face.

Smack!

The crisp sound rang out.

Half of Head's face immediately swelled up. One of his teeth also flew out.

In other people's hands, this peanut was just a harmless snack. But in Daniel's grip, it wielded immense destructive power.

Daniel picked up another peanut, juggled it in his hand, and asked Head with a smile:

"Head, only half your face is swollen,

the other half is still fine. Now I'll give you a choice. Will you kowtow and admit your mistake, or should I use this peanut to make the other half of your face swell up too?"

"Country boy, don't you fucking dare! I'm with The Roar, I'm with the Perkins! You humiliate me like this! It's not just me you're humiliating, it's the Perkins family!"

on?

Before Head could finish, the peanut in Daniel's hand flew out. Smack!

The peanut struck Head crispy and accurately on the other half of his face.

His other cheek swelled up immediately.

A few more of his teeth were knocked out.

"Head, how does that feel? Ready to kowtow yet? If you don't, I still have plenty of peanuts. We're in a restaurant after all, no shortage of ammo here. I have all the time and resources to play with you until you kowtow!"

"Country boy, you just wait, I'm definitely going to kill you!"

After spitting out this vicious threat, Head realized he had no choice. Because he knew very well that if he refused to kowtow, he would only get beaten more.

To avoid being pelted by more peanuts, he kowtowed, seething with resentment.

"Just kowtowing isn't enough, you need to apologize too," Daniel reminded with a grin.

"Sorry, Piper!" Head apologized through gritted teeth.

Chapter 604 Betrayal

Chapter 604 Betrayal

Even though Head had already said his sorries, his cronies had yet to apologize.

So, Daniel grabbed a handful of peanuts and with a flick of his wrist, sent them flying.

Pitter-patter...

Fair-minded Daniel showed no favoritism. He made sure to distribute his peanut projectiles evenly amongst Head's minions-one nut for each of them, no partiality at all.

Smack, smack, smack!

The faces of these guys each received a peanut smack. Of course, their faces were no different from Mr. Head's-none of them could take a hit. After just a single peanut, their faces started swelling up.

And it wasn't just their puffy cheeks; teeth were sent flying too. There was a clattering sound as teeth scattered across the ground.

Having taught the cronies a small lesson, Daniel cheerily reminded them, "Your boss, Mr. Head, has already bowed and said sorry. How can you be so dense? Hurry up and apologize like he did!"

After their boss was humbled, none of the cronies dared resist.

Not wanting to endure more pain, they hurriedly knelt down and started apologizing.

"Piper, we're so sorry!"

"Piper, we messed up!"

"Piper, we won't do it again!"

Seeing that they all had apologized, Daniel grabbed another handful of peanuts to 'reward' them.

Pop, pop, pop...

The other half of each guy's face was now matching with a swell. A few more teeth were knocked out.

After delivering the final lesson,

Daniel's face turned serious as he warned them "From today on, this street is my turf. If you dare come here to collect any more protection money from any of the businesses, you'll get it from me every single time you set foot here-I promise you'll be scrambling to find your teeth! If you think you've got too many teeth or just itching for a beatdown, feel free to come on by!"

"We won't dare, boss!"

"Big bro, we won't ever do it again!"

"Boss, please let us go!"

Daniel pointed to Aurora and said with a smile, You've offended this lovely lady, not me. So it's quite simple-if you want to leave, you just need her forgiveness. If she says you can go, you're free to go. But if she doesn't forgive you,

keep

Kneeling right here and nobody leaves until she's ready to forgive!"

Hearing this, the cronies immediately turned to Aurora and began begging.

"Lady, we were wrong, we won't ever do it again. Please spare us this once!"

"Lady, we promise, next time we pass by your store, we'll go around!"

"Lady, it's not our fault! Blame Head; he's the one who ordered us here We never got a cut from the

extortion money at your here

t we just got to drink a bit."

at

"Yeah, that's right! Following Head, we never got a dime, just beatings. Even if we did get any cash, it always ended up being hogged by Head himself!"

The cronies began pouring out their woes.

What they were saying was true, after all. Being underlings to a guy like Head, how could they ever gain any real benefits?

All they ever got was a share of the beatings.

Chapter 605 A Brutal Reckoning

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Daniel couldn't help but chuckle at the cronies' defiance. He glanced at Aurora with a grin and said, "Sweetheart, it looks like these guys are victims too. How about giving them a chance? Have each of them give Head a big slap, and after they're done, they can go. What do you say?"

Aurora's cheeks flushed a deep red, and with an adorable shyness, she whispered softly, "Dear, I'll follow your lead."

Daniel reveled in that endearing term of affection and quickly turned to the cronies, hollering, "Did you hear that? The beautiful lady says you each get to give Head a big slap, and then you're free to go!"

Hearing the command, the henchmen didn't hesitate for a moment. They quickly lined up beside Head, each waiting their turn. Though they were his subordinates, they had all suffered under Head's bullying on a regular basis, harboring deep resentment.

Now they had the chance to slap Head, and they found no reason to refuse.

And they didn't just slap him-they slapped him with gusto.

Slap! Slap, slap! Slap, slap, slap! Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

One after another, the sound of resounding slaps filled the air, lighting up the dark night like a bright morning star.

A sly-looking guy with yellow hair was the last to go.

"Slap!"

He put all his strength into a massive slap that sent Head's mouth askew, but apparently, that still wasn't enough for him. "Slap!"

He swung back his hand and delivered another heavy blow to Head's cheek.

"Blond Rat, why the hell did you hit me twice?" Head asked furiously.

"Why twice? Because I'm giving you three slaps!" Blond Rat retorted.

Then he landed another vicious slap across Head's face.

"Slap!"

After the third slap, he kicked Head so hard, the man tumbled to the ground.

"Head, you slept with my girlfriend. You dare have me record it while you do your business, asking her in the middle of it whether you're better than me! Well, today I'm going to ruin you for good," Blond Rat raged.

Seizing a beer bottle, he smashed it over Head's head.

Crash!

The bottle shattered, and broken glass mingled with blood spilled onto the ground.

"Ah! Ahhh!"

Head screamed in agony.

But Blond Rat wasn't finished.

Clutching the jagged half of the bottle, he stabbed it he stabbed it viciously

the space between

"I'm showing you who's tougher!"

"Let's see how tough you are now!"

"Let's see how you're going to sleep with my girlfriend now!"

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As Blond Rat hysterically roared, the sharp edge of the bottle repeatedly jabbed between Head's legs. "Ah... Ahhh..."

Head's screams pierced the night until they suddenly stopped-he had passed out from the excruciating pain.

His manhood was a mangled mess from the brutal assault. No top hospital or doctor could repair the damage.

Head was finished.

As a man, he was utterly ruined.

"That's enough, don't kill him right here. It's bad luck! And clean up this mess, you made it. Get it spotless, then get out of here fast!" Daniel ordered.

None of the cronies dared disobey.

Chapter 606 Shameless

Chapter 606 Shameless

Working together, the underlings quickly had the scene looking spotless. It wasn't perfect, but at least it seemed as if nothing had happened there. After the commotion with Head and his crew, Jessica had lost any appetite to continue eating. When they left the restaurant, she immediately said with a tinge of jealousy, "Dear, she does whatever you say!"

Daniel felt a sense of déjà vu upon hearing those words. After a moment, he realized Aurora had said something similar earlier. This sudden outburst meant Jessica must be feeling jealous. The cunning Daniel quickly wrapped his arm around Jessica's slender waist and said with a smirk, "No one says 'dear' quite like you. If you could call me 'dad,' it would sound even sweeter."

"Call you 'dad'? Have you totally lost your mind, you cur? You actually want me to call you 'dad'? Why don't you call me 'mom' then!"

As she scolded, Jessica gave Daniel's waist a vicious twist with her delicate fingers.

"Mom! Mom, I was wrong! Mom, I love you!" Daniel wailed and cried out. He had no shame at all-what did he care about calling someone 'mom'?

His response left Jessica speechless.

"You really have the nerve to say that, huh?"

"Because I'm shameless! Whatever you want me to call you, I can. Honey."

"You're so insufferably shameless, get lost!"

After Jessica dropped Daniel off at the hotel, she turned to leave.

"You're leaving just like that?" Daniel asked with his usual coy cheekiness.

"Yeah!"

"And you're okay with leaving me alone here to toss and turn all night? You have the heart to do that?"

"How old are you, needing me to stay the night with you?"

"Of course!"

"Sleep by yourself!"

"If you leave now, I'll call another beautiful girl to keep me company."

"You scoundrel! If you dare, I'll

"

castrate you!" Jessica picked up et

pair of small scissors from the table

and Snipped the air twice etable

for

emphasis, then sashayed away.

Jessica had left without a backward glance, and after a long day, Daniel too was exhausted. He headed into the bathroom for a quick shower

Soon after,

after, he emerged from the bathroom, wearing absolutely nothing since he was alone in the room.

Just as he stepped out-

Click!

The door opened, and a stunning woman strode in on high heels.

"Ah!" they both screamed in unison.

"Country bumpkin, what are you doing? Are you a pervert? You filthy hooligan!" the beauty ranted and raved.

Daniel quickly snatched up a

bedsheet to cover himself. "How am

I being a pervert? How am I filthy? This is my room; why did you just barge in here? You didn't even knock!"

"So what if it's your room? This is a hotel, a public place. Look at you! You're a hooligan!"

Although she knew she was in the wrong, the beauty was still defiant. "How did you get in here?"

"The door wasn't locked; you're obviously a dirty pervert on purpose! You filthy hooligan!"

Clearly, the beauty was trying to shift the blame, as she had obtained a master keycard from the hotel's front desk that would allow her to enter any

room.

Chapter 607 Where Are You Taking Me?

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After all, this hotel was a property owned by the Matthews family. The beauty's statement caught Daniel off guard, throwing him into a fit of self-doubt. "The door was open? I didn't lock it? I thought I did lock it. How could I not lock it?"

"You just didn't lock it! You filthy pervert!" she retorted.

Daniel was left speechless.

"You shameless rogue, how dare you expose yourself to me! I'll remember this! So, you'll have to do as I say. You do whatever I tell you to, you got it? If you dare to utter a word of protest, you'll see how I'll take care of you."

Seizing control of the situation, the beauty was ready to make the most of it.

"You sneaking into my room in the middle of the night, it wouldn't be to sneak a peek at my body, would it?"

"Get lost! Sneak a peek at your body? You're just a country bumpkin! You probably wish I would look, right? You want me to see how 'big' you really are, you shameless man!"

Daniel was shocked, not believing what he was hearing. "You looked that closely? Do you need another look?"

"Jerk! Straighten up! If you're indecent with me again, I'll castrate you!"

The beauty picked up the small scissors that Jessica had used, pretending to snip at the air a few times. Why did this woman, like Jessica, also enjoy playing with scissors? Scissors were dangerous and not to be toyed with lightly.

Daniel knew better than to push his luck with her; his pride, no matter how strong, was no match for the sharpness of scissors. So, he asked with a chuckle, "Beautiful, I know you're not here for something trivial. You're not here to warm my bed, keep me company, or to surprise me with something delightful, making me happy, right? What is it you want with me this late at night?"

"Hurry up and put your clothes on. I'm taking you somewhere."

"Taking me somewhere? To a good place, or bad?"

"Do I look like I'd hurt you? Of course, it's a good place!"

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"Heh. Could you hurt me? Of course, you could! Everywhere you've taken me, hasn't it always been

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dangerous? Each time I go out with you, it's like I lose half my life!"

"What's the matter? Getting cold feet? Scared to go with me?"

"I'm not scared! I'm just smart! I don't want to fall for your tricks! Unless you tell me where you're taking me, I'm not going anywhere Why leave this luxurious hotel and this comfy bed to go some unknown dangerous place with you? It's tiring and, let's face it, risky-I could end up dead!"

"Dead??"

The beauty picked up the little scissors again.

Snip, snip!

She made two cutting gestures in the air and then asked with a veiled smile, "Are you sure you won't go with me if I ask? If you don't, I might just have to put these scissors to use."

"Whoa, what are you doing? Don't mess around!"

"What am I doing? I'm thinking of using these little scissors to snip it off! That way, you'll be clean, that way you'll be good looking."

She sashayed over to Daniel, her hips swaying with each step, the click-clack of her high heels matching her provocative smile. She was teasingly captivating.

Chapter 608 The Grand Banquet

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Daniel knew deep down that she wouldn't really do it, but he was scared. What if, in the heat of the moment, she actually cut him? His life would be

over.

"I'll go! I'll go with you, okay?" Daniel surrendered.

"Don't worry, I'm taking you to a great place. I'm taking you to a grand banquet."

"A banquet? Somehow, that doesn't sound like any ordinary dinner party!"

"You're overthinking it. This is the annual gathering of the heirs from the eight most influential families in Washington, D.C. Of course, it's not just them. Heirs from lesser, second or even third-tier families also join in. The party this time is hosted by Down Perkins at the Purple Gold. The question is, do you, a simple country boy, have the nerve to go? After all, you're not an heir to any grand family. Attending this high-society gathering might make you feel like a fish out of water, perhaps even embarrassingly out of place."

"Are you trying to provoke me? My skin is thick enough that your jabs won't work. I know when you invite me to a banquet, you're up to no good. But since you've invited me, I'll play along. Just a fancy party, right? I'm not afraid to have a little fun! Even if it's a trap, I won't be scared!"

As he said that, Daniel became suspicious.

"If it's a proper banquet, shouldn't it be held during dinner time? It's the middle of the night; you don't have high-society banquets at this hour. Is this party a midnight affair?"

"Country bumpkin, you've hit the nail on the head! It is indeed a midnight event! Because that's when the Spirit Animals come out. Purple Gold keeps many Spirit Animals. The first game of the high-society bash is hunting!"

"Hunting? And the prey is Spirit Animals?"

"Yes! The prey is Spirit Animals. Those Spirit Animals are extremely vicious, thousands of times fiercer than the fiercest of wild beasts. Whoever manages to kill or tame the most impressive Spirit Animal will be the champion, and that Spirit Animal will then be their prize!"

"This time's grand banquet, hosted by Down, comes with a twist in the hunting game rules. During the hunt, no weapons are allowed. It's all bare-handed combat with the Spirit Animals. Moreover, participants aren't allowed to kill, only to tame. The Spirit Animal of this event is The Spirit Cat!"

"The Spirit Cat?"

That name piqued Daniel's interest considerably. If that was truly The Spirit Cat, he could keep it as a pet. After all, the spiritual energy radiating from The Spirit Cat could aid his own cultivation.

Furthermore, he did indeed need a few Spirit Animals as pets. When facing formidable enemies, or needing to do things he couldn't be seen doing, he could rely on these little companions.

While human loyalty can change, and the most faithful person may become treacherous and unreliable, pets won't.

Chapter 609 The Woman

Chapter 609 The Woman

The Spirit Cat as a pet would remain loyal to Daniel once tamed. Therefore, Daniel was extremely interested in acquiring The Spirit Cat.

As they approached the grand entrance of Purple Gold, an old man leaning on a cane emerged. His name was Cane Gold, and his cane was made of pure gold. He was the great steward of Purple Gold, with the entire estate under his management.

Cane Gold scrutinized Daniel, noticing that his clothes and overall demeanor screamed nothing but country bumpkin, and he did not recognize him. Cane Gold was acquainted with all the heirs to the powerful families in Washington, D.C., as he was the chief steward of Purple Gold, a venue often hosting gatherings for the city's elite youth.

To ascertain the identity of this country boy, Cane Gold asked Beauty with a neutral tone, "Miss, may I inquire which family's heir this gentleman belongs to?"

The question amused Beauty. She scoffed and countered, "Cane Gold, have your eyes grown so old that you can't see clearly anymore? Look at this bumpkin-do his bearing and attire in any way suggest he's an heir to a wealthy family?"

Beauty's words made Cane Gold pause. The disdain in her voice seemed quite genuine. If she despised this country fellow so, why bring him here? Cane Gold didn't quite get it.

For clarity, Cane Gold had to probe further, "Miss, if you're saying this man is a bumpkin, then why have you brought him here? Tonight's event is a grand banquet for the city's finest families."

"He's my assistant! Isn't tonight's grand event about hunting? We're

here to hunt The Spirit Cat. Of course, none of the illustrious

attendees would hunt by themselves. They will all use their assistants for the competition!"

Her statement was the unvarnished truth. Heirs to great fortunes wouldn't personally risk hunting The Spirit Cat. After all, the battle

prowess of The Spirit Cat was a

million times more formidable than the fiercest tiger-just one swipe could kill a person. Since it was carnivorous, hunting it was

dangerous.

Consequently, the young heirs would bring assistants-essentially their hunting dogs, ready to be put to the task during the hunt.

Beauty's intentions for bringing

Daniel to this feast were far from benevolent. She recognized Daniel's capabilities and intended to use him as her hunting dog. If Daniel were to win, she could bask in shared glory. If he were to lose or even be killed by The Spirit Cat, she wouldn't

care-after all, he was just a country bumpkin.

With Beauty's explanation, Daniel instantly understood her motive to exploit him. Nevertheless, he wasn't bothered. He was determined to get The Spirit Cat; that was why he had accompanied Beauty in the first place.

And as for Beauty, he vowed that sooner or later, he would have her submit to him in all manners imaginable.

Chapter 610 The Challenge

Chapter 610 The Challenge

As Daniel grasped the situation, Cane Gold also understood what was going on. "Miss, since you claim this country fellow is your assistant and you've brought him to represent you in tonight's hunt, you must be aware of Purple Gold's rules, I trust? After all, not just any penniless nobody is allowed into Purple Gold. If this bumpkin wishes to enter, he must first complete three challenges," Cane Gold said.

"I'm aware! No problem."

Before Daniel could say a word, Beauty answered for him.

Daniel looked at her, chuckling, "Three challenges? What's that about?"

"Purple Gold is Perkins territory, and Cane Gold here is the chief steward. Thus, the three challenges need to be determined by him, not me," explained Beauty.

Turning to Cane Gold with a smile, she continued, "What will today's three challenges be? Don't be shy; set them at the highest difficulty. I have faith that this country boy I brought can complete them."

Beauty's confidence silenced Daniel.

"Sweetheart, after all the affectionate 'dears' I've called you, with such sincere sentiment, you're still setting me up? Choosing the hardest level, do you want to see me dead or something?"

"I brought you to Purple House for hunting. If you can't even pass these three entrance challenges, how will you handle the hunt? The Spirit Cat you're going to face today is the mightiest cat in the world, far more perilous than these entry challenges."

Beauty tossed Daniel a disdainful look, and then with arms crossed, her proud features became even more prominent, capturing Daniel's gaze.

"Country boy, I'm not forcing you.

You can choose now: crawl back to your hotel or step into Purple Gold

with me to the grand banquet. If you're a coward, back out now, and I'll never seek you out or see you again!"

Beauty was confident that her charm, which made all men weak at the knees, would get Daniel to submit. She was certain that this country boy would be desperate to see her again and that withholding the chance would drive him crazy.

"Are you trying to provoke me?" Daniel asked, still smiling.

"Yes, I am! If you're a coward, then crawl on back!"

"In front of others, I can be a coward. But how could I be one in front of you, my dear? If I were, who would you spend your happy life with in the future?"

With a sleazy grin and his impudent words, Daniel irked Beauty enough to earn himself a sharp kick with her high heel.

"Country bumpkin, if you sass me again, I'll definitely tear your mouth apart!" Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"My dear, my mouth is of excellent quality; you won't be able to tear it. However, you could try blocking it. Perhaps, you just need to block it slightly and it'll stay shut."

As he spoke, Daniel's gaze

inadvertently drifted towards her

chest. It was so impressively defiant and magnificent that if Beauty actually used it to block his mouth, it would surely work. His good-looking face might even get submerged.

And he couldn't help but wonder, might that be a little too pleasurable?

Chapter 611 Won't Live Through the Night

Chapter 611 Won't Live Through the Night

Beauty noticed Daniel's gaze and immediately scolded, "Country boy, what are you looking at?"

"I'm considering what you might find suitable to use to block my mouth."

"Pervert! Keep your eyes to yourself, or do you want me to gouge them out?"

As Beauty threatened, she made a gouging motion in the air with her finger.

"To gouge out my eyeballs? How macabre would that be? I'd rather you suffocate me—I'm willing to die that way!"

"You... Go to die!"

Beauty was so exasperated she stomped her foot, truly wishing she could bury this man alive, any manner of burial would do. Just kill him!

After shooting Daniel a murderous glare, Beauty turned to Cane Gold with a demand, "Cane Gold, see to it that you deal with this thankless bumpkin appropriately. The three challenges you set for him must be exceedingly difficult; it would be best if they killed him!"

"Rest assured, Miss. Since this bumpkin dared to flirt with you, I'll make sure he regrets it. I will see to it that he can't complete these three challenges."

With that promise to Beauty, Cane Gold turned to Daniel with a cold tone. "Country boy, the first of the three challenges you must face today is to climb the Mountain of Blades."

"Mountain of Blades?" Daniel smirked, "Is my second challenge to enter Inferno?"

"Don't be so concerned about the second challenge; you won't make it past the first."

"How am I supposed to climb it? Barefoot or with shoes?"

"Obviously barefoot."

"Great! I never liked shoes anyway! Lead the way. I want to see what kind of Blade Mountain I can't climb."

"Follow me."

Cane Gold led Daniel towards a side door, while Beauty went through the main entrance, a move that Daniel didn't particularly appreciate.

"Why can she take the main door while I'm sent through the side?"

"Because she is the distinguished Miss Matthews, while you are merely a country bumpkin! Thus, she may enter through the main door while you must use the side

entrance. Not even I, the chief

steward of Purple Gold, can take the

main door."

"What does it matter if she's some dignified miss? No matter how noble, she'll still end up beneath me soon enough."

Daniel muttered, none too pleased.

"Country boy, harboring such thoughts is dangerous and could even prove fatal. Do you think she brought you here because she likes you? If so, you're mistaken-she sees you as nothing more than a hunting dog."

"Anyone who treats me like a dog deserves to be treated like one in turn."

Cane Gold let out a contemptuous laugh. "Country boy, you're destined not to live through the night. As such, I won't bother with whatever you say here. However, I'd advise you to watch your mouth. She's not one to be trifled with, and by offending her repeatedly, you might just ignite her wrath."

"So what if I enrage her? Even if she throws me to the ground and has her way with me, I don't care! I'm a man and have nothing to lose either way."

Chapter 612 Another Chance

Chapter 612 Another Chance

Cane Gold was speechless after Daniel's brazen response, and after a moment of silence, they arrived at the first challenge: the Mountain of Blades. Daniel sized up what was in front of him; it was simply a fake mountain made of rocks, barely thirty meters tall—about the height of a ten-story building. Though it seemed steep, Daniel deemed it a mild climb and certainly not too difficult.

After examining the fake mountain, Daniel couldn't help but scoff, "This is the Mountain of Blades?"

"Do you see the green hat on top of the mountain? You need to retrieve it, put it on your head, and if you come back down safely, you pass the challenge," said Cane Gold.

Daniel glanced at the green hat, which had the word 'cuckold' inscribed in small letters.

"What's this? I'm supposed to wear a cuckold's cap for the Blade Mountain challenge? No way! Only a certain kind of man likes wearing green hats, and I'm not one of them."

"You're not going to wear the green hat?" Cane Gold inquired.

"Absolutely not!"

"Are you sure you won't wear it?"

"Positive!"

Daniel's answers were firm and decisive.

"Since you refuse the green hat, then wear the red one."

After speaking, Cane Gold approached the mountain and pressed on a couple of spots. In under half a minute following his action, the once thirty-meter-high fake mountain stretched to over one hundred meters in height. Atop it was affixed a pole with a little red hat.

"Here's your next choice: green hat or red hat?" Cane Gold challenged him.

This little trick was a ploy to

embarrass Daniel, to coax him into willingly choosing the green hat under pressure. In reality, whichever hat Daniel chose, the difficulty would be the same. Once activated, the fake mountain would constantly move and transform in

no

unpredictable ways. Brute force wouldn't be enough to scale it; mastery over magical forces was necessary, as every change on the

mountain was driven by witchcraft.

Daniel wasn't only an adept in magical arts but also possessed Dragon Eyes. With a single glance, he understood the entire nature of the Blade Mountain.

He knew that whether he chose the

green or red hat, the end result

would be the same. So, he smirked and said How could a splendid man like me wear a green hat? If

anyone's going to be wearing one, I'd be the one giving it, not wearing it myself. So, I'll take the red hat."

Upon hearing his words, Beauty asked with a teasing smile, "Country boy, who do you plan to bestow a green hat upon?"

"Anyone bold enough to marry you will receive one from me. I might not do it every day, but ten or eight times a month-no problem." "You... I... I'll kick you to death!"

Furious, Beauty delivered a kick to Daniel's backside, sending him tumbling face first into the dirt.

"My dear, I give you double the pleasure and you kick me?"

"Get lost! Dirty jerk! Talk nonsense again, and I'll tear your mouth off!"

Beauty was so angered, she could have pummeled him then and there.

Chapter 613 A Man's Bottom Line

Chapter 613 A Man's Bottom Line

Cane Gold, after catching his breath from the previous moment's disbelief, once again activated the buttons on the fixture. The hundred-meter-tall fake mountain immediately shrouded itself in a dense white fog. So thick and enveloping was the mist that it obscured all vision. Sharp knives, alive with movement, began to extend from the cracks in the stone—some oscillating up and down, others side to side, all moving faster than blades in a meat grinder. Anyone ascending the mountain would surely be reduced to mincemeat.

Cane Gold gestured towards the fog-covered Blades Mountain and coldly told Daniel, "Country boy, go ahead! The Blade Mountain has been activated, go fetch that red hat and put it on your head to pass the test."

As Daniel was about to move, Beauty suddenly intervened with a look of apparent concern, "Country boy, are you sure you're up for this? If you can't do it, there's no shame in backing out. If you're acting tough and lose your life here, it would be a huge loss."

"To know if I'm up to the challenge, why don't we find a secluded spot and you give making love with me a try? Only after you've experienced it will you know if I can satisfy you. How about that?"

"Try it out? Why would I need to try? You look the part of a man who wouldn't satisfy, and you think you have the right to test it with me? No chance."

"I believe you'd enjoy it."

"With you? Why on earth would that be?"

"Because I have a long tongue," replied Daniel, his answer leaving Beauty inflamed with fury, tempted to crush him then and there.

"Country boy, since your tongue is so long, I suggest you forget about climbing that mountain. Just use your tongue to roll down that green hat and wear it on your head—that'll count as passing this test."

"My dear, I am choosing the red hat, not the green one. The green hat is reserved for your future husband."

Beauty stomped her foot in

frustration, the click of her high heels emphasized by her fury. Glaring at Daniel with eyes filled with rage, she bellowed, "Country boy, do you really want me to start calling your husband'?"

"Go ahead! I dare you, and if you do, I promise to anyone who tries to cheat on me with a green hat will regret it."

Daniel was dead serious. While he could be maghanimous about many things, when it came to women, he was fiercely possessive. His women were to be touched by no one but him, even if he wasn't there to touch them himself. That was his principle, his bottom line-the line in the sand that defined him as a man. His woman had to be his and his alone, off-limits to all others.

"You dare do anything, and I'll kill you!" Beauty snorted.

"Damn! Are you really betraying me, darling? Though, for you to betray me, you'd have to be loyal to me first. How can you betray what you haven't committed to?"

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Daniel's response came with a sneer.

"Get lost! Filthy rascal! Take a joke seriously, will you? Even if you were the last man on earth, I wouldn't be with you."

"So, darling, you're saying that as long as there's another man in the world, you'll be with me?"

Chapter 614 Inferno

Chapter 614 Inferno

Beauty was at a loss for words.

Cane Gold, pointing at a stick of incense that had burned down halfway, urged Daniel with a reminder. "If that incense stick burns out before you bring down and wear the little red hat, you lose!"

"Damn, there's a time limit? Cane Gold, you should have said something earlier!"

Without further delay, Daniel leaped gracefully onto the Blades Mountain. Despite the thick fog and the razor-sharp knives that could slice through iron as if it were mud, Daniel was too quick and tough for them to have any effect. In no time at all, he scurried up to the summit like a monkey, snagged the small red hat, and swiftly placed it on his head, then jumped down from the mountain in one smooth move.

His agile performance left Cane Gold astonished, though the steward regained his composure quickly. Not much surprised him these days; after all, Daniel was Beauty's

pick. It stood to reason that he'd possess a certain level of ability to be chosen as her hunting dog.

"Country boy, you have good reflexes and speed to have completed the challenge so quickly," Cane Gold acknowledged. "However, Inferno will be far more merciless! Speed alone won't save you in the second challenge, which is to enter Inferno."

Cane Gold led them to the next challenge, the Inferno. This so-called Inferno was a valley, a fiery chasm about five hundred meters long, blazing with intense flames.

"Inferno has a simple rule," Cane Gold explained to Daniel. "Walk from the entrance to the exit alive. The valley isn't very long, only about five hundred meters."

After a brief pause, he warned, "The fire in this Inferno is a hundred times hotter than the flames used to cremate bodies. Not just flesh and blood, even a chunk of steel would melt into molten metal in there. So, you can now choose to give up."

"The words 'give up' do not exist in my dictionary. If I've climbed the Mountain of Blades, why would I be afraid of entering Inferno?"

As Daniel faced the roaring flames

of the valley, Beauty leaned in closely and whispered in his ear, teasingly Country boy, look at how fierce that fire is! If you really walk in there, be careful that your little bird doesn't get roasted alive. If your dick turns to charcoal, you'd end up useless for life."

She couldn't contain her laughter, letting out a gleeful giggle at the thought.

"Darling, don't worry. Even if the rest of me gets scorched, that part After all, how would I satisfy

if it

got burnt?" Content belong to lon't.

"Get lost!

wish it wrry up and get in t

I turn to ash, crumbling

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to pieces beyond recovery!"

"If I come out from the other side unscathed, would you console me a bit?"

"How should I console you?"

"With your pretty little mouth, of course!"

"Get lost! Be careful, I might just bite it off."

"Do you have the heart?"

"Go away!"

Beauty couldn't explain why, but every time she talked with Daniel, she enjoyed their absurd banter.

Chapter 615 Death

Chapter 615 Death

Any other man would have found Beauty's straightforwardness a sign of modesty, but this country bumpkin was shameless, dragging Beauty into his indecent banter. However, she suddenly found herself enjoying their playful banter more than she cared to admit.

Daniel, casual as ever with hands in his pockets, approached the Inferno, stepping into the fire-engulfed chasm without hesitation. The minute he entered, he was completely enveloped by the flames, vanishing from view.

Beauty gripped by a sudden tension, watched the inferno, worrying that Daniel might be consumed by the flames. Listening intently for a scream or any sign of him, all she could hear was the crackling of the fire. There was no sound of distress from Daniel at all.

Turning to Cane Gold, she asked with curiosity, "Why hasn't the country bumpkin screamed even once since he's been in the Inferno?"

"The flames in this Inferno are so intense they could melt steel instantly. If a man like him ventures inside, he would be scorched to ash in moments. How could he have a chance to scream?"

"No, it's not right. He hasn't turned to ash; I feel he's still alive. Let's go check the exit. That country bumpkin's life is too robust to be snuffed out so easily."

"It's impossible he's alive! He can't possibly walk out of the Inferno. To successfully navigate it, you'd need to be at least a grandmaster, and even for an ordinary grandmaster, their energy wouldn't withstand these flames - only a level three or above could."

Cane Gold was speaking truthfully.

As the chief steward of Purple Gold and a powerful person in his own right, he was a fifth-level

grandmaster, his strength ranking among the top fifty in the USA. But he avoided public rankings to keep a low profile, making his true capabilities known to but a few.

His duty was to guard Purple Gold, forbidden to leave without express orders from the Perkins family.

The two made their way around to the valley's exit. The flames inside the Inferno at this end seemed even fiercer than at the entrance-tenfold, at least.

Beauty watched the flames intently, yearning to see Daniel emerge unharmed. But as time passed, hope ebbed away, leaving her fretting over Daniel's fate.

"Could the country bumpkin really be dead?" she wondered aloud, concern etched on her features.

"Miss, the Mountain of Blades might have been sheer luck, or perhaps he knows some witchcraft, which is how he managed to scrape through the challenge. But entering Inferno is a different story. You need real strength, not trickery. Let's leave; he must have burnt to a crisp by now. There's no way he could come out through the exit."

"No! The country bumpkin has a big life; he wouldn't just die so easily. He must make it out of the exit; he just must!"

Beauty's eyes shone with unwavering conviction, sure in her belief that Daniel was very much alive.

Chapter 616 You're Not My Man

Chapter 616 You're Not My Man

At that moment, Beauty profoundly realized that she did not want Daniel to die; she did not want the country bumpkin to perish. She only intended to tease him, not to wish him dead. After all, without him, who would she have to toy with? If he were gone, she would lose the amusement he provided.

As Beauty waited anxiously, a flash of gold flickered at the exit. Then, a casually whistling figure with hands in pockets emerged from the Inferno, nonchalantly sauntering out. Who else could it be but Daniel?

Beauty, initially relieved, quickly became irate. That damned country bumpkin, always so lucky-how could he not have perished in the flames? Now, she felt the urge to kick him right back into the fire and watch him burn anew.

With a frosty expression and arms folded, Beauty watched Daniel approach, betraying a mischievous smile. His reaction only heightened her irritation.

"Dear, you seem so disappointed, as if you were eagerly hoping your man-that's me would get burned alive. And now look, I'm still hopping around very much alive."

"Get lost, kid! You're not my man and you never will be! Spout off like that again, and I swear I'll kick you back into that pit to reheat!"

"Ah, but my thick skin can withstand much more-reheat me a hundred times, and I still won't burn!"

Daniel continued with a smirk,

"Those flames can't kill me. Only you have that power, my dear, for every time I see you, my passion ignites. Just a slight prompt from you, and I can barely contain myself

"Jerk! Can't you ever be serious?"

Beauty glared at him harshly. "Country bumpkin, don't get cocky! You were told three challenges, and you've only completed two. There's still one more waiting for you!"

After scolding Daniel, Beauty turned

to Cane Gold with a stern look.

"What's the third challenge?"

Whatever it is, make sure this

country bumpkin doesn't pass as

easily as he did the previous ones.

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"Having passed the Mountain of Blades and survived Inferno, the third challenge for this country bumpkin shall be 'The Dogs.'" "Dogs? What's that?" asked Daniel.

"There's a mountain here in Purple

Gold populated by strays, the

Mountain of Dogs. There's only one path, and you must trek from the base to the peak and back down again. It's so dangerous that not even a tiger could pass through it without being torn to shreds by those wild dogs. So, country boy, do you accept this third challenge? It's much more perilous than the

Mountain of Blades or the Inferno."

"Even the biggest yellow dog in our village can't catch me. What's there to fear from a bunch of wild dogs? Just a stroll on Dog Mountain, right? Effortlessly, I'll pass this one too!"

Chapter 617 Dog Mountain

Chapter 617 Dog Mountain

Daniel was brimming with confidence. Wild dogs were no match for him; in his world, there was no dog he couldn't tame.

As he climbed Dog Mountain, he soon spotted pairs of crimson eyes fixated on him. Daniel's eyes were not just perceptive—they had night vision. With a focused look, he discerned the creatures lying in wait. These were not regular wild dogs—they were wolves! And not just any wolves, these were enormous, each the size of a small calf.

A drone suddenly buzzed above Daniel's head—Cane Gold had sent it to provide a live broadcast for Beauty, wanting to capture the moment Daniel would be torn apart by the wild dogs.

Since the drone flew quite high, it captured the whole scene, including the wild dogs. When Beauty saw them, her eyebrows shot up in shock.

"Cane Gold, are these creatures with crimson eyes the dogs of Dog Mountain?" she asked.

"Yes, that's right! There are hundreds of them."

"Hundreds? That looks terrifying. The dogs on Dog Mountain look more like wolves. How can these be just regular dogs? They are literally wild wolves, aren't they?"

"Wolves? The combat power of wolves doesn't even compare to these dogs. Any one of these dogs could face off against a hundred wolves."

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While the two were conversing, a dog charged at Daniel with lightning speed, baring sharp white teeth aiming for his waist. Just as its jaws nearly clamped down, Daniel swung his hand in a slap.

"Slap!"

His palm struck the dog's head.

"Trying to bite me? I'll slap you dead!"

The smacked dog instantly let out a wail like a Husky punished by its owner.

Soon, the other dogs started to converge.

These street dogs had organization and discipline; they weren't accustomed to fighting alone. With full force, they attacked Daniel. "Woof!"

"Woof woof!"

Amid the chorus of fierce barking, the wild dogs launched an assault, employing tactics they had practiced hundreds of times.

But as they closed in...

"Slap!"

"Slap, slap!"

"Slap, slap, slap!"

Daniel fought back furiously, his slaps landing left and right, ensuring each dog got an equal share. In less

than three minutes, all the attackers

dogs were sprawled on the ground.

"Do you submit? If any of you

feel free to come at me again and catch some more slaps!" Daniel

leered at the pack"

"Ow!"

"Ow, ow!"

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The dogs howled, but whether they submitted or not, Daniel couldn't bet sure. However, none of them dared to come closer to him.

"Since none of you challenge me, lead the way down the mountain," Daniel commanded.

As directed, the wild dogs started showing him the pathway down.

Led by the dogs, Daniel quickly descended from Dog Mountain.

Chapter 618 An Interesting Show

Chapter 618 An Interesting Show

After descending from Dog Mountain, Daniel casually approached Beauty. His hands tucked in his pockets, he cheekily inquired, "Dear, aren't you disappointed that I completed these challenges with such ease?"

"You country bumpkin, you've only earned your ticket into Purple Gold by completing these three challenges. The real show is yet to come. What's the hurry?"

"The real show is yet to come?" Daniel circled behind Beauty, eyeing her backside appreciatively for a few moments before nodding in agreement. "You're right, the best part is indeed at the back! What a view!"

Realizing he was flirting, Beauty spun around, hands on hips, and demanded, "Country boy, what are you looking at?"

"Darling, didn't you say the real show is in the back? So, I'm looking at your rear, of course!"

"If you keep staring, do you believe I'll gouge out your eyes?"

"I'm not staring! You told me to look, so I did!" Daniel responded, his gaze mischievously fixed on her bottom.

"You..." Beauty stomped her foot in frustration, "Filthy rascal!" She even pinched Daniel hard on the waist.

"Ah... ahhh..." Daniel yelled in exaggerated pain.

"Shut it! No crying out loud!" Beauty glared at Daniel, who immediately quieted down.

"Dear, you pinch me that hard and I'm not supposed to cry out?"

"You brought it on yourself. It serves you right for being so smug," she retorted.

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Having completed the three challenges, Cane Gold no longer obstructed them. He led Beauty and Daniel into the grand hall.

As they entered, Daniel spotted the

buffet. Drained from his earlier

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exertions, he felt his stomach growling with hunger. Without ceremony, he strode over, picked up a large lobster, and began to devour it voraciously.

Seeing him eat with such gusto, Beauty nudged him gently with her knee. "Did you starve in a past life or something?"

"Darling, you're so smart to have

guessed about my past life. You

might not know, but in my past life, I was poor, a lowly slave. I worked daily and hardly ate a decent meal once every three days. I had no wife and lived a loner's life. That's why, in this life, I'm determined to make up for everything I missed out on, twice over."

"Twice over? What do you mean by that?" [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

"It means I intend to enjoy all the delicacies I never had and sleep with as many beautiful women as possible."

"Disgusting! You're a scoundrel and a pervert! You should remain single for life! No beautiful woman would ever willingly sleep with you!" Beauty's disgust was evident.

"As long as a man is capable, plenty of women would be willing. With my skills, countless gorgeous women are lining up, begging me to sleep with them." Daniel gave her a sly look. "Maybe one day even you, dear, will beg me to sleep with you. After all, once you experience my talents, you'll realize no man on earth compares to me!"

Read Chapter 619 Fear

Chapter 619 Fear

Chapter 619 Fear

"Get lost, you shameless jerk!" Beauty snapped before ignoring Daniel. It was then that an impeccably dressed man approached, his attire gleaming with the unmistakable brand of Armani. Daniel recognized him at a glance an acquaintance.

Retard Evans.

As Retard approached, Daniel had no doubt that he was up to no good. But Daniel wasn't concerned and continued to enjoy his sumptuous lobster.

Retard patted Daniel on the shoulder with a sneer, "Well, well, if it isn't the country bumpkin. You actually had the gall to come here and mooch? You've got some nerve, huh?"

"Well, if it isn't Retard himself. Remember the first time we met? I knocked all your teeth out. The ones you've got now are implants, right? I wonder how many I could send flying with a good slap..."

As Daniel spoke, he mimed a slap through the air. Though it was nothing more than a gesture, it conjured unpleasant memories for Smart, who reflexively covered his face.

This reaction amused Daniel greatly, "Oh, Retard, it seems you have some memory of fear, after all!"

"Country boy, don't get too cocky! Do you even know where we are? This is Purple Gold, the Perkins' turf. If you dare to cause trouble here, you'll be dead!"

Smart had been beaten by Daniel before and had also been humiliated at the Fortune Antique shop. He was well aware that Daniel wasn't intimidated by him, so he invoked the Perkins family name. As the preeminent family of Washington D.C. and indeed of the entire USA, crossing the Perkins on their own ground was tantamount to an unforgivable insult.

Anyone who dared to embarrass the Perkins family would meet with a singular fate-death.

"The Perkins are powerful, huh? But it won't stop me from hitting you if you provoke me. No matter whose turf this is, it won't prevent me from laying you out!"

Daniel wasn't just being brash; he had the power to back up his bravado.

"You're an idiot, country boy, but I'm not! It's not that I can't beat you; just won't fight on the Perkins' property. So today, I'll let you off, but if you've got the guts, let's make a bet"

Smart was trying to trap Daniel.

"Make a bet if I've got the guts? On what, who has the bigger dick?"

This comment drew an immediate eye-roll from Beauty.

"Pervert!"

She didn't just roll her eyes at him, but even cursed him under her breath.

"Darling, you like me being a pervert don't you? It's said that ladies love a bad Boy. It takes a man like me to your favor, right?" Conte

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"Get lost!" Beauty rolled her eyes again and spat out, "Freak!"

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Watching Daniel and Beauty flirt in

front

and

smart felt frustrat

He felt neglected and

ignored.

Chapter 620 Smart's Trap

Chapter 620 Smart's Trap

"Ahem, ahem!" Smart interjected with a light cough, interrupting the couple. This interruption irked Daniel, who reprimanded sharply, "Retard, what's with the cough? If you're sick, go take your medicine! Don't spread your germs to her and me. Can't you see we're having a great time? Are you blind?"

At Daniel's words, Beauty instinctively gave him a sharp kick to the buttocks, nearly toppling him if not for his steady footing. "Who's having a great time with you? I'd rather not deal with a freak like you!" she retorted with a half-serious joke before stuffing a grilled sausage into Daniel's mouth. His surprised expression was brief as he took a bite, apparently enjoying the taste.

"Tasty, isn't it?" Beauty asked with a smile.

"Delicious!"

"Country bumpkin, maybe if I feed you sausages every day, you'll grow to love a certain special kind."

"I'll feed you some sausage, too, how about that?"

"Go away!"

Smart was feeling left out, ignored once more by the duo-particularly by Beauty, and it was getting under his skin.

Since Smart couldn't chastise Beauty, he directed his irritation at Daniel. With a cold laugh, Smart taunted, "What, country boy, scared now? Backing down?"

"How am I scared? How am I backing down?" Daniel replied cheerfully.

"If you've got the guts, then bet with me."

"On what?"

"Drinking!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Daniel couldn't help but laugh. He had expected some complex challenge, not a drinking contest. But he suspected this Retard was plotting something more nefarious.

"So, what are the rules? Who can drink the most?"

"Who can drink the most-that's hillbilly drinking. Now that you're in the city, at a grand banquet in Purple Gold, we should play something more upscale."

Offering only cryptic remarks about the rules, Smart gestured grandly to Daniel, "Country bumpkin, if you're as brave as you claim, follow me!" "Of course, I'm a man! If you don't believe me, ask your wife to test me out when you have one."

"You damn bumpkin, don't push it!" Although Smart was livid, he dared not attack Daniel. He knew he was outmatched.

"Am I going too far? I don't think so. After all, if your fist was harder than mine, you'd definitely be the one going too far, at least a hundred times more!"

Smart, without another word, led Daniel to a bar crammed with an array of alcohols and a variety of drinking and cocktail-mixing paraphernalia. A blonde, blue-eyed bartender was busily mixing drinks.

She was Catherine, the cocktail expert hired by Smart, who was clearly one of his operatives. Forewarned by Smart, Catherine knew exactly how to deal with the so-called country bumpkin

Thus, Smart had prepared thoroughly for Daniel's arrival at the bar. This time, he was determined to take the country boy down a notch.

Chapter 621 Not for Love

Chapter 621 Not for Love

He had to let Daniel know who's the boss around here!

He had to show this country bumpkin that messing with him was a big mistake!

If a bumpkin dared to cross him, they'd definitely end up regretting it big time!

Daniel took a good look at Catherine from head to toe, noticing her stunning figure.

He could tell just by looking that she'd be great in bed.

Unable to resist, he stole a couple of glances at her.

Though Daniel's gaze was pretty sneaky, it didn't escape Beauty's sharp eyes as she was secretly watching him.

Without a word, Beauty reached out and gave him a hard pinch on the waist.

"Ow! Ow, ow!"

Daniel yelped in pain.

"What are you yelling for? Keep it down!" Beauty scolded fiercely.

"You pinched me so hard! Can't I call out to relieve the pain a bit?"

"Don't you know why I pinched you?"

"No idea!"

"Where were your eyes looking?"

"Wherever there's something nice to look at, that's where I'll look! Aren't women beautiful to be appreciated by men?" "You... pervert!"

Too annoyed to argue, Beauty pinched him again on his waist, even harder this time.

Only by giving this bumpkin a little taste of pain could Beauty ease her anger.

"Ow! Ow, ow!"

Naturally, Daniel cried out once more.

It wasn't entirely his fault; it was that pesky Dragon Spirit within him, enjoying being punished by beautiful women.

Daniel acted this way under the

influencen

that Dragon

deliberately provoking Beautyel

get

her to punish him.

Of course, he would also tease Jessica similarly to get her to punish him.

They say, "Love taps and scolding are signs of affection."

He believed that the more he got punished, the more they'd unknowingly fall for him!

Daniel not only had a thing for Jessica; he was also interested in the gorgeous Beauty.

But Beauty, being the eldest daughter of the prestigious Matthews family, was out of his league.

Plus, Beauty was known for being quite fierce. Since childhood, she had been the leader among their group of heirs.

Daniel had been afraid of her since they were kids because she used to bully him.

While Beauty was punishing Daniel, Smart secretly enjoyed the show.

However, he noticed that Beauty's punishment had a hint of affection, which annoyed him.

Yet, Smart was a man who always looked on the bright side of things.

No matter what, at least this bumpkin got Beauty's punishment and cried out in pain!

Most importantly, Smart believed that a lady like Beauty would never genuinely get involved with a bumpkin like Daniel.

Beauty was just a tiger who enjoyed

hitting men, and this bumpkin was easy to bully and willingly let her. punish him. She was just having fun beating him up, not out of

love-definitely not!

After getting enough punishment from Beauty, Daniel felt quite satisfied.

Deciding to lay low for a while, he thought about teasing her again when he felt lonely.

"Smarty-pants, how about a drinking

competition? This lovely lady can be

the bartender. One drink each, and we'll see who can handle more?" Daniel challenged.

Chapter 622 An Evil Plan

Chapter 622 An Evil Plan

"Catherine is my bartender. She's here for me. You, on the other hand, probably can't even afford one. So, make your own drink!" Smart clapped his hands.

Immediately, a group of attractive girls walked over.

These girls were Tik Tok influencers and second-rate celebrities arranged by Smart.

Seeing these girls, Daniel's eyes naturally wandered to their chests and butts!

He ogled every one of them, noting their sexy outfits and nice bodies. They looked rather slutty, almost like strippers, but they were still quite appealing.

Men aren't too picky when it comes to appreciating beautiful women.

As long as they're at least a 7 out of 10 and have a hot body, men will appreciate them.

Of course, Beauty noticed Daniel's blatant ogling again.

This time, she didn't use her hands. Instead, she stomped down hard on his foot with her high heel.

"Ow!"

"Ow, ow!"

Daniel hopped around on one foot like a wind-up frog with a broken leg.

"Darling, did you just stomp on me with your heel?"

"If I catch you being naughty again, next time, I'll use a knife on your dick!"

Daniel thought she must be in love with him. So, he admired some beauties; was it worth getting so angry?

A wise man doesn't fight with

women, especially one he could never win against, so Daniel calmed down and asked Smart,

ver

"Smarty-pants, you brought in all these beauties. What's the plan?"

"Today, we're playing a

sophisticated game! First round: a cocktail-making contest. Whoever makes the best cocktail wins. These five beauties here will be the judges. My bartender, international cocktail master Catherine, will go against you making your own drink, bumpkin."

Daniel knew Smart must have a trick up his sleeve and asked with a grin, "What's the punishment for losing?"

"Since we're playing a classy game, the punishment should be classy too."

Smart took a glass of wine and poured it on the floor.

Then, with a wicked smile, he said, "The loser has to lick the wine off the floor like a dog, leaving nothing behind!" Smart only wanted to humiliate Daniel.

No one could beat Catherine at making cocktails. This bumpkin wa's guaranteed to lose! Besides, the five judges were all Smart's people.

So, Smart figured this bumpkin would definitely lose.

Once the bumpkin lost, he'd have to lap up the wine off the floor like a dog.

Smart would record the whole thing on his phone.

Then, he'd go live, making Daniel famous as a global laughingstock.

Smart believed that once Daniel was thoroughly humiliated, Jessica would no longer want anything to do with him.

That way, she'd definitely dump him!

Chapter 623 Believe in Them

Chapter 623 Believe in Them

Thinking about it made Smart delighted. He laughed out loud.

"Ha ha ha ha..."

After laughing, he looked provocatively at Daniel and asked,

"Bumpkin, are you in? If you got the guts, let's do this! If not, just admit defeat and lick the wine off the floor like a dog now!"

"Smarty-pants, if I lose, I'll only have to lick the wine off the floor, right? No filming or live streaming to make me famous?"

Daniel saw through Smart's plan in a glance, so he asked with a grin.

"Bumpkin, I thought you were dumb! But it looks like you do have a brain after all. I'll do a live stream and get celebs to share it. And to make sure all the major families see it, I'll stream it in their group too.

By the way, Jessica is also in that group. Once she sees you licking wine off the floor like a dog, she'll dump you immediately! Having an embarrassing boyfriend like you would ruin her impeccable reputation."

Smart's words gave Daniel an idea.

Turning to Beauty, he asked, "Darling, you're in that group too, right?"

"Yeah, but I've muted it. Still, I'm in it," Beauty replied.

"Then, if Smart loses and licks the wine like a dog, you gotta record it and post it to that group. Tag all the elders so they don't miss this show."

Daniel's request made Beauty laugh coldly.

"Heh."

Then, she warned,

"Bumpkin, do you really think you

can win this? Even with the best luck, you've got no chance. These five judges are clearly Smart's people. No matter what you do, you can't win."

"Darling, these ladies are beautiful. I believe they're kind, fair, and just f my cocktail is better than Catherine's, they'll vote for me After all, for such lovely ladies, integrity is everything."

Daniel's words elicited another cold laugh from Beauty.

"Heh."

She retorted,

"Trusting their integrity? Don't you realize these ladies would sell anything for the right price? They're just a bunch of sell-outs. Believing in their integrity? How stupid can you get?"

"Darling, I might be dumb, but I'm a genius in bed!"

"Shut it, you shameless jerk!"

Beauty scolded.

Chapter 624 I Dare You

Chapter 624 I Dare You

While she blushed furiously, Daniel couldn't help but indulge in a bit of mischief. Without her noticing, he used his unique ability, a kind of mind reading, courtesy of the Dragon Spirit within him. This allowed him to sneak a peek into her thoughts.

As he picked up on Beauty's inward threat, Daniel couldn't contain his laughter and teased her saying, "Honey, are you fantasizing about how you'd snap my... you know? That seems a bit harsh, doesn't it?"

"Shut up! I wasn't thinking that at all!" Beauty responded quickly, her face red as a tomato.

"Don't sweat it, dear. I know you wouldn't really want to hurt me. I mean, you enjoy our fun times too much. Imagine interrupting the climax by hurting me, how miserable that would be, right?" he joked shamelessly.

"If you keep spouting that nonsense, believe me, I'll record everything you say and send it to Jessica," Beauty threatened, trying to regain some control over the conversation.

Their playful banter dipped into risqué territory, making it uncomfortable for anyone eavesdropping on them.

Interrupting their exchange, Smart called out, "Country bumpkin, do you have the guts or not? If you do, accept my challenge! If you're chicken, just admit it already, lie down on the floor, and lick up the wine like a dog!"

"You're so impatient, Retard. Since you're so keen on licking the floor clean like a dog, I might just let you," Daniel retorted confidently.

He took a beer mug and filled it with a whole bottle of brandy, which left Smart puzzled. "Country bumpkin, what are you trying to pull?"

"If we're making a bet, we obviously

need to sort out the stakes first! Whoever loses has to let the winner pour this big mug of brandy on the floor. Then, the loser will have to lick

it all up, just like a dog," Det e

explained with a playful shake of the mug. "So, Smart, do you dare? If not, just admit defeat and lick the wine off the floor like a dog."

Smart chuckled coldly in response. After his brief laugh, he replied with an icy tone, "Country bumpkin, you saying I don't dare? I think one mug isn't enough. Let's add another one, this time with red wine."

Taking it up a notch, Smart filled an even bigger mug with red wine. "You poured one, I poured one; that makes two. Country bumpkin, do you dare now?" he challenged Daniel.

Daniel grinned and shot back, "Of course, I dare!"

Upon Daniel's agreement, Smart, not wanting to waste any time, turned to Catherine and urged her, "This bumpkin agreed, now don't delay, let's get started!"

"Yes, sir!" Catherine answered with a cheerful nod and her hands swiftly got to work, preparing drinks with the grace and agility of an acrobat. Bottles twirled through the air, a cascade of colors swirled in the cocktail shakers, and her performance was nothing short of mesmerizing.

Chapter 625 Smart Wins

Chapter 625 Smart Wins

The crowd watched in amazement, murmuring their approval loudly.

"She's truly an international top-notch mixologist. Impressive!"

"It's so captivating to watch cocktails being made this beautifully. Such a show is a real treat!"

"Just think, who brought Catherine here? Smart did, right? Could it be anything but amazing?"

Amidst the collective praise, Catherine finished her cocktail crafting. She poured the contents of the mixing glass into five small cups, one for each judge.

In the mixing glass, the cocktail was one color, but when poured into the cups, it magically changed into five different hues.

"These five drinks I've made are called Splashes of Splendor. Each cup is a different color with a different flavor, offering a unique experience with every sip," Catherine explained.

Pointing to the blue drink, she said, "This one is titled Tears of the Sea. Whoever drinks this will immediately feel the urge to cry."

"Really? Let me try it!" one of the ladies exclaimed, taking a sip of Tears of the Sea. True to Catherine's claim, after drinking, her eyes welled up with tears and soon they started streaming down her cheeks.

Everyone was stunned.

"Whoa! That's truly incredible! It actually makes you cry after you drink it? Such mixology skills are beyond splendid!"

"She's a world-class mixologist, of course she's incredible!"

"This isn't just great; this is the real deal. Smart has already won with those Tears of the Sea."

As the crowd continued to extol the qualities of the drinks to the skies, someone excitedly suggested: "Let's see the next one, what about the next one?"

Catherine gestured toward the red

drink and described, "This one's called Laughter of Passion. Even someone heartbroken from a recent breakup will burst into hearty laughter after a sip."

"I'll do it!" volunteered Little Bunny, a popular influencer. Just yesterday, her top donor left her for her arch-rival, and she was in no mood to laugh.

Little Bunny grabbed the cup of Laughter of Passion, throwing it back like someone trying to drown their sorrows in alcohol. The red liquid burned down her throat and into her stomach.

Seconds later, she burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Though her laughter sounded a bit eerie, it proved that Laughter of Passion wasn't a fake; it was indeed a powerful concoction.

As the effect of the alcohol faded,

Little Bunny returned to her normal self. She gave Catherine a thumbs-up, exclaiming, "I'm sold. This Laughter of Passion has my vote; I'll definitely cast it for you!"

Daniel merely watched from the sidelines, silent. By the looks of the first two drinks, it was clear Catherine was a true master of mixology and well deserving of her reputation.

However, as fantastic as Catherine might be, Daniel knew she was bound to lose. Because this time, she was up against him.

The drinks Daniel mixed could knock

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out the BIG Yellow dog-a village canine notorious for its drinking prowess. Even the world's most formidable mixologists couldn't create something that could floor that particular BIG Yellow dog.

Chapter 626 You Really Know How to Brag

Chapter 626 You Really Know How to Brag

Catherine then introduced the third cocktail, a greenish one resembling the color of bitter melon. "This one's called 'The Pinnacle of Bitterness,' and it lets you taste the deepest sorrow."

"I'll try it!" a third woman volunteered, but didn't down it in one go. A small sip was enough to make her eyes water from the intense bitterness.

"This fourth drink is called 'Mystical Mushroom.' After drinking, you'll start seeing tiny people everywhere, quite a fascinating experience," Catherine continued.

The fourth woman drank it and immediately began counting little imaginary figures around her.

"And this fifth one is 'Cry Then Laugh.'" After the fifth woman tried it, she burst into tears and then started laughing uncontrollably, seeming almost delusional.

All five of Catherine's cocktail creations were thoroughly tasted and appraised. Each was exceptional and could be considered top tier.

Smart, swelling with pride, turned to Daniel and asked smugly, "Country bumpkin, what'll it be? Gonna keep competing, or will you admit defeat? If you give up now, you only lose half. I'll just pour one glass on the floor, and you can lick it like a dog. But if you refuse and want to continue, then you'll have to lick up both glasses-no drop left!"

Smart's words were purely meant to mock Daniel. Even if Daniel conceded, Smart wasn't going to let him off easy. The bet was two glasses, and he was dead set on having Daniel on the ground, lapping it up like a dog.

Retorting calmly, Daniel said,

"Retard, you brought this lady here,

touting her as some world-class mixologist. She's alright, I guess. In some bar, her skill level would probably get her by-barely. But compared to me, well, she falls short. Actually, she falls way short."

Smart could only scoff in response.

"Country bumpkin, do you even hear yourself? Do you think no one can see through your bluffs, so you can talk big all you want? You're nothing but a standard bumpkin, a hick from the sticks. Do you even know-

mixology? I bet you can't from

recognize all these bottles on the

rack, could you?"

Pointing at one bottle of red wine, Smart asked arrogantly, "Country bumpkin, can you read this? It's in French, something you can't understand, right? It says 'Produit de Bordeaux!'"

"Mixing drinks isn't about

recognizing labels or origins. A true

mixologist doesn't need to know

what bottle they're holding. They

only need to blend based on flavor

to create cocktails that astonish," Daniel countered, his tone even.

His words only drew a burst of loud mockery from Smart.

"Hahaha..." Smart laughed disdainfully, "What did you say just now? You can mix a cocktail that amazes? You? A country bumpkin who can create an impressive cocktail? Hahaha..."

Smart clearly didn't believe that Daniel could mix a decent cocktail at all. After all, in his eyes, Daniel was just a country bumpkin; a clueless yokel from the boonies.

Chapter 627 Bad Eyesight

Chapter 627 Bad Eyesight

Cocktails - they're a pastime of the high society, tools for socializing among the elite. Could a country bumpkin, fresh off the farm, possibly comprehend something so refined? What a joke it would be, suggesting just anyone could waltzing into the upper crust's exclusive circle by merely mixing a drink.

Ignoring Smart's remarks, Daniel simply picked up a mixing glass and started to prepare his cocktail. His movements lacked the showmanship of Catherine's, so much so that they were hardly comparable. Daniel had no fancy flourishes he just directly poured the liquors into the mixing glass, pausing to smell the aroma of each drink before adding it.

Watching Daniel pour clumsily, sometimes having to pour a second time because the first wasn't sufficient, gave Smart a huge laugh.

After a loud, piercing laugh, Smart sneered, "Country bumpkin, is this how you mix drinks?"

"Yes, I'm mixing a drink! Or are you so blind you can't see that?" Daniel shot back.

Smart laughed again at Daniel's response. Pointing at the mixing glass in Daniel's hand, he taunted, "Country bumpkin, is this your cocktail? Look, it's murky as sewer water in that glass, it's so green it stinks!"

"Retard, do you know why you see the drink in this glass as green?" Daniel asked.

"It's obviously green!"

"No! It's only green in your eyes because you're looking through a green haze in your mind. That's why you see the drink as green," Daniel clarified.

He shook the mixing glass and turned to Beauty to ask, "Darling, what color is this drink?"

"It's yellow! Just as yellow as you are, you country bumpkin!"

"You like yellow, don't you?" Daniel teased, earning another punitive response from Beauty.

Ignoring her, he continued bantering with Smart, "Retard, you heard her, right? The drink in this mixing glass isn't green; it's yellow."

Smart's eyes widened as he stared intently at the drink, trying to discern its true color.

"How can the drink be yellow? It's

green! you're lying to me, you're in cahits

obviously green! Beautet

with this bumpkin!" Smart protested.

"Retard, if you can't trust your own eyes, just admit it. Or why not ask these ladies what color the drink is?" Daniel suggested.

Smart turned to the five women and inquired, "What color is the drink in his mixing glass?"

"Yellow."

"It's definitely yellow."

Each of the five women

unanimously confirmed the drink was yellow, not any other color. If Beauty alone had said it was yellow, Smart might have suspected her of deceiving him. But when his gwn invited guests confirmed the same, something seemed off.

Determined to figure out the true color of the drink in Daniel's glass, and to clarify if he was truly

mistaken, Smart hurriedly sine

eyes.

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Chapter 628 The Divine Drink

Chapter 628 The Divine Drink

After rubbing his eyes and refocusing, Smart finally acknowledged that the drink in Daniel's glass was indeed yellow. Had his eyes deceived him before?

"So what if it's yellow? It looks like sewage, like filth, disgusting! No one could drink that! It obviously looks like an utter cocktail failure, a disaster!" Smart declared disdainfully.

Daniel shook the drink in the mixing glass and then, with a cheeky grin, addressed Smart, "Retard, these five lovely ladies were invited by you, right? Logically, they're supposed to be in your corner. So listen up! If they end up charmed by my cocktail and vote for me, no regrets or backtracking, okay? Though, even if you wanted to whine about it, it'd be useless."

Pausing, Daniel offered Smart an 'out.' "However, I can give you, Retard, a chance. Before these ladies taste my cocktail, you can choose to admit defeat. If you do, I'll lighten your punishment-you'd only need to lick up one glass of liquor from the floor like a dog, instead of two."

Smart immediately responded with laughter, sure of his own victory.

"You're hilarious, bumpkin! You think these women will be won over by your cocktail and vote for you? What did you do? Get banged up by a gorilla and lose your mind? Hahaha..."

"Look, Retard, I know you've offered these women a nice sum. But look at them-women with such stunning figures can't have bad hearts. So, trust the ll be fair and impartial. Good is good, bad is bad. They wouldn't sell their souls just for a little favor from you. The conscience is far more important than the body. Sell your body, maybe, no big deal. But a conscience? That'd be losing your humanity."

Smart simply laughed off Daniel's strange assertions.

After laughing, Smart urged Daniel on, "Stop with the gibberish, bumpkin. You're just trying to delay your defeat because you know you're about to lose. There's no

point in stalling. You're going to lose!

So hurry up and pour that unappetizing, urine-looking concoction of yours, and let those five ladies have a taste. I bet none of them will be able to stomach your disaster of a drink."

"Alright! Since you're so eager,

Retard, I won't delay any further. ll

serve my cocktail so these women

can taste what true fine wine is, what the divine drink actually is," Daniel declared.

With that, he grabbed five glasses and began to pour. There was quite a lot of the liquid in the mixer; even after serving five glasses, over half remained.

This was Daniel's hidden play. His intent wasn't just to conquer the five ladies' tastes but also to win over the stunning Catherine in one fell swoop.

Chapter 629 Changing Colors

Chapter 629 Changing Colors

After dispensing the drinks, Daniel gestured to the five glasses on the table and invited the ladies, "Please enjoy, ladies. These are specially prepared for you."

Little Bunny glanced at the glass with a look of distaste. "Country bumpkin, just looking at your cocktail kills any desire to drink it. This yellow color makes it look nasty."

"But, beautiful, my cocktail is spirited. It can change to any color you wish; its hue will shift to match your mood. Of course, you need to pick up the glass first," Daniel explained charmingly.

Little Bunny scoffed in disbelief. "Really? You say it will change with my mood? If I want it pink, it will turn pink?"

"Absolutely! Just lift it up, and it will change!"

"I don't believe you." Little Bunny picked up the glass skeptically, seeing no immediate color change, she taunted, "What was that, bumpkin? You said it would turn whatever color I want? I want it to turn pink, so why hasn't it changed?"

"Open your beautiful eyes wide and watch the cocktail carefully," Daniel prompted.

As he spoke, the cocktail in Little Bunny's hand swiftly turned a delightful shade of pink. At the same moment, Beauty's hand suddenly reached over and pinched Daniel's waist fiercely.

"Ouch! Oww!" Daniel yelped before asking with an exasperated expression, "Darling, why did you pinch me again?"

"Didn't you just compliment that woman? Saying she has beautiful eyes?"

Beauty's face darkened with what appeared to be a pang of jealousy.

"I did no such thing! I was talking about how your eyes are so stunning. I'm utterly entranced by your beauty and your sizzling figure."

"If you let your tongue wag

nonsense again, bumpkin, I'll surely tear it out!" Beauty threatened, her tone fierce as if Daniel were her man and had just cheated on her before her eyes.

Meanwhile, Little Bunny was taken aback by the cocktail in her hands turning to such an adorable shade of pink, something she had not expected. Yet, she suspected country bumpkin was up to trick.

swneome

Looking back at Daniel, she challenged, "Country bumpkin, if I now want this cocktail to turn light blue, can it change to that?"

"As long as you wish it, it can change. Didn't I tell you? The cocktail I mix is full of spirit; it can make your desires come to life!"

No sooner than Daniel finished

speaking the drink Little Bunny held

began to shift colors. In the blink of an eye, it turned a light blue-ca captivating pure ocean blue.

Little Bunny was astounded. Could the cocktail truly change colors? Had it actually turned light blue just as she had wished?

Seeing a flash of joy on Little Bunny's face, Smart's own facial expression darkened. He glared at Little Bunny and icily reminded her.

Chapter 630 Shock

Chapter 630 Shock

"You've never seen colors before? It's quite normal for cocktails to change colors. Different spirits mixed together can change over time."

"But, sir, the cocktail changed colors twice, exactly as I was thinking. How do you explain that?" Little Bunny inquired, her naiveté on full display, genuinely curious without any ulterior motive.

But her question set Smart seething. The woman he was paying dared to seem impressed by that country bumpkin's cocktail? Whose side was she on? Did she forget who her benefactor was?

"What do you mean 'how'? That bumpkin just got lucky guessing the right sequence! First, it turned pink then light blue. Remember who brought you here!" Smart snapped coldly, jolting Little Bunny back to reality.

Squashing her brief joy, Little Bunny frowned and put on an expression of distaste, scoffing, "Just because a cocktail can change color doesn't make it a good drink. We have to taste it to judge. All this changing color only proves the cocktail must taste terrible."

Daniel took the cue and pointed out, "Beautiful, to decide if a drink is bad or good, you actually have to try it first. Isn't it a bit unfair to pass judgment without even a sip?"

"This drink you mixed looks awful, dirty even-it's disgusting, and I won't drink it! Your cocktail is nowhere near as good as Catherine's. Therefore, you lose!" Little Bunny quickly decided and cast her vote for Catherine.

Daniel certainly couldn't accept such an outcome.

"Lady, it doesn't count if you vote without even tasting. Even if you just take a tiny sip and then say my drink isn't good, I'd accept it!"

"Country bumpkin, it seems you're pretty confident about your inferior drink, huh? Fine! I'll take a tiny sip just to spit it out and prove my point."

Keeping her word, Little Bunny

raised the glass to her lips for a

small sip. She intended to spit the

drink out right after tasting, but as

soon as she did, the exquisite fragrance completely captivated her. Not only did she refrain from spitting it out, she took an even larger gulp, emptying the glass.

Afterwards, she couldn't help but exclaim, Amazing! This cocktail is magical, absolutely delicious! It's the best drink I've ever had. It's so good I feel like I'm floating, I've never tasted anything like it!"

Her reaction and words stunned everyone present.

Smart, the first to recover, stared at Little Bunny in disbelief and asked, "What did you say? Are you claiming that Catherine's cocktail is the best you've ever had?"

He was desperately trying to remind Little Bunny about her allegiances.

Chapter 631 Smart's Threat

Chapter 631 Smart's Threat

With Smart's words nearly amounting to a threat, anyone but a fool would know how to respond.

"No, sir, it's not that! I meant this country bumpkin's cocktail is the best I've ever had out of all the drinks I've tried. My vote goes to the country bumpkin!" Little Bunny clarified.

Her answer surprised everyone, leaving the entire room speechless. Smart had brought her here, and at this very moment, she was planning to vote for the country bumpkin?

What was this about?

In front of everyone, she was as good as slapping Smart across the face.

Smart was dumbfounded.

With eyes narrowed even more than a mouse's, he jabbed a finger at Little Bunny, "You little bi... what did you say? Who did you just give your vote to?"

"Smart, show some respect! If you've invited me to judge, then I have to be fair and impartial! The country bumpkin's cocktail really is a hundred times better than Catherine's. If I voted for Catherine, it'd be a conscienceless vote! I'm not about to sell my soul; I stand for fairness and justice!"

Little Bunny's words made Smart's nose twitch with anger.

"Do you even realize what you're doing? Do you understand the consequences of your actions?"

"I don't care about the consequences. All I know is, if I don't speak the truth and vote justly, I won't be able to live with myself for the rest of my life." "You betray me and still think there'll be a 'rest of your life'?"

Smart began to threaten her. Of course, it wasn't really a threat; he had the power to make it reality. With a single word, he could make a small-time influencer disappear from the world without a trace.

"Smart, even if you killed me, even if I threw my life away, I would still cast my sacred vote! I may sell my body, but I will never sell my soul or my conscience!"

Every person's conscience can be awakened, and Daniel's cocktail was Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

was that it could awaken the

indeed spirited. Its greatest

conscience of the drinker. Anyone who drank it would find their conscience stirred.

In the spiritual world, Daniel's cocktail was known as "The Judge's Drink." When a soul was on trial, the judges needed to drink this before passing judgment. Those who drank it had consciences that could withstand any test.

The Judge's Drink, a wisdom passed down by the ancient ancestors of the USA.

"I'll give you one more chance, Little

Bunny. Who are you voting for? Think carefully, your decision could affect your entire life! If you vote correctly can make you the biggest influencer in the USA. But vote wrong, and I can ruin your

reputation, making your

than death. I won't kill worse

but I can

get all your accounts banned and bury you in so much debt you'll

spend your life trying to dig out of it!"

Despite Smart's threatening words, which were more powerful than the threat of death, Little Bunny's conscience overcame her fear.

Chapter 632 Another Chance

Chapter 632 Another Chance

Thus, after clearing her throat, Little Bunny confidently replied, "I'm voting for the country bumpkin! My sacred vote has to go to the country bumpkin!" Little Bunny's resolve twisted Smart's nose with resentment, but he couldn't sway the decision of this "little bitch," as he called her. So, he just glared at Little Bunny and threatened icily,

"You'll pay for what you've done! You will pay a painful price! And your betrayal won't change a thing! Even if I lose your vote, I have four more. The rest of the women will surely vote for me!"

Smart was brimming with confidence, trusting in both the power of his money and his authoritative influence.

To ensure a surefire outcome, Smart turned to Angela, a secondary-tier actress that he had raised to stardom. Without Smart, she'd likely be back in her hometown, married to a car mechanic. With his support, Angela earned roles in top TV series and even landed a role as the female lead in the hit film "The Dog." He was certain that, even if everyone else betrayed him, Angela wouldn't.

That's how confident Smart was.

"Angela, you're up for the second drink," Smart said, calling her out directly.

"Yes, Master!" Angela obeyed, casually lifting one of Daniel's cocktails to her lips and downing it in one go.

She had prepared what she was going to say: planning to belittle Daniel's cocktail as the worst thing she ever tasted. Yet, as the words were about to leave her lips, her throat went dry, rendering her mute. The cocktail touched her conscience profoundly, awakening it on the spot.

At that moment, Angela's body was no longer dictated by fame or desire but by conscience alone. She could only speak what her conscience compelled her to.

Struggling for a moment, Angela managed to squeeze out two indecipherable words: "Good taste!"

She used those terse words in an attempt to let reason overpower her conscience she was a smart woman, after all.

Her commentary turned Smart's face ashen. Staring at Angela with an icy gaze, he demanded sharply, "Angela, what did you just say tastes good? Are you talking about Catherine's cocktail?"

"Yes!" Angela strained to get the word out, but as soon as it slipped out, her conscience chastised her. Quickly correcting herself, she said, "Yes! It's the country bumpkin's cocktail that tastes good! This cocktail he mixed is the best I've ever had. I'm casting my vote for him!"

With Angela's words, Smart was astounded, frozen in shock. He stared at her in disbelief, urging, "Angela, what did you just say? Repeat what you just said!"

Smart couldn't believe Angela would betray him, so he wanted to give her another chance to choose again and cast her vote anew.

Chapter 633 The Choice

Chapter 633 The Choice

Of course, Angela knew Smart was giving her a chance, and she wanted to take it. She wanted to defy her conscience and vote for Smart. However, whenever she was about to speak against her conscience, her throat felt blocked, as if something was preventing her from saying the words.

Angela didn't wish to speak, yet it felt like there was a lump in her throat that wouldn't go away unless she spoke out. So, after holding it in for a while, she finally let it out.

"I say the country bumpkin's cocktail is the best in the world, and I cast my vote for him!" Angela reiterated her decision.

Her words landed like a bolt from the blue on Smart, buzzing in his head like a loud echo. His eyes widened in disbelief as he turned to Angela, "What did you just say? Tell me again who you're voting for?"

Smart's patience had reached its limit; this was his last, absolute last opportunity for Angela. If she remained stubborn and unrepentant, he would blacklist her without hesitation. It was laughably easy for him to destroy someone he had made.

For someone he spent money on to dare to betray him was unforgivable, absolutely unforgivable. Even a dog knows who its owner is-was Angela worse than a dog?

"I'm voting for the country bumpkin! The country bumpkin! The country bumpkin! Because his cocktail is the tastiest! The tastiest! The tastiest!" Angela shouted as if tearing her heart apart.

After releasing this truth, in line with her conscience, Angela felt immense relief-no more tightness in her throat.

Smart felt humiliated once more. His face darkened as if turning into the night itself.

"Angela, do you realize the

consequences of your actions? You

will be blacklisted! Plus, you owe our

company a huge amount in cultivation fees and penalties. make sure our finance department reckons every last penny," Smart threatened.

After his harsh words, he turned his gaze to Daniel, who looked quite pleased with himself, laughing. Daniel's laughter was a needle to Smart, inflating his anger and frustration.

Still, Smart remained composed.

"Heh," he chuckled coldly, reducing his emotion. Then, looking at Daniel, he said with icy certainty, "Country bumpkin you surely don't think you can win, right? Even with two traitors here three votes remain. As long as the remaining three support me, you Will still lose, country bumpkin."

"Retard, are you so confident that these other three votes will belong to you? What if, like the first two, all the remaining votes go to me? After

all, I trust these ladies and, unler

I'm mistaken, they all have a conscience," Daniel chuckled

confidently.

"You can live without a face, but not without a conscience. Because once a person abandons their conscience, divine retribution is bound to follow!" Daniel advised, his gaze sweeping over Smart's forehead with a smirk of warning.

Chapter 634 Calamity

Chapter 634 Calamity

"Retard, your face is darkening. If you forsake your conscience, calamity will surely follow."

"You're the one who'll face disaster!"

"Why won't you believe me, Retard? I'm quite the fortune teller. I've even predicted when the old sow in our village would have piglets, and I was spot-on every time! When I say your face is dark with serious misfortune, I'm not kidding or joking. If you don't believe me, so be it. After all, it's your skin that'll suffer, not mine! Of course, if you come to me, perhaps I'll consider forgiving and forgetting, and I might help you out. But this bloodshed in your future isn't a one-time affair; it's continuous, countless times.

Although it won't kill you, at the very least it could leave you disabled." Daniel's words weren't nonsense or a joke. Smart's face was indeed turning dark and shiny. The darkness wasn't due to fate but because someone had hexed him with voodoo. Daniel simply mentioned it; whether Smart would consult him about it later was Smart's decision.

"Country bumpkin, stop spouting nonsense here! You think by talking garbage, you can weasel out of our bet? I've still got three votes, and you're definitely going to lose. After you lose, you're going to crawl on the floor like a dog and lick up the spilled wine until it's gone!"

"Since three votes remain, let's not waste more time here. The remaining three ladies, drink together, then vote together!"

"Fine! Let's get your defeat over with quickly."

Smart glanced over the three women and reminded them coldly, "Drink it well. And afterward, cast your vote well." "Yes, Sir!"

"Don't worry, sir. I won't disappoint you!"

"Sir, don't fret, I know what to do. I'm not one of those immoral bitches who bites the hand that feeds them, forgets their masters, and lacks integrity!"

The women's affirmations pleased Smart greatly, and his previously anxious heart relaxed. With their resolute attitudes, there was no chance of betrayal.

So, Smart, with an imperious gesture, commanded, "Drink! After you finish the country bumpkin's cocktail, cast your vote for me."

"Yes, Sir!" the three women answered in unison.

Although they were still in the midst of drinking and hadn't started voting yet, Smart felt like he had already won. With a confident air, he said to Daniel,

"Country bumpkin, were you just feeling happy and smug? Those first two votes Net you win them on purpose. knew those treacherous women would betray me. It's far

more Satisfying to let you think ne

you're winning and then turn the tables 3 to 2, watching you plummet from heaven to hell. The feeling is simply too good! Hahaha..."

"Betrayal is infectious. Once there's a first, a second will follow. After the second, there will come a third, a fourth, a fifth..."

Chapter 635 Defeat

Chapter 635 Defeat

Daniel's words triggered an uproarious laugh from Smart.

"Hahaha..."

After he had his laugh, he asked smugly, "What's that, country bumpkin? You say there'll be a third, fourth, fifth? You think the rest of the ladies are going to betray me?"

"They won't be betraying you! They'll be discovering their conscience and standing by it!"

By then, the three ladies had finished their drinks. Their cheeks aglow with a rosy flush, they were all slightly tipsy.

"How was it?" Daniel asked with a chuckle.

"Delicious! It's so good!"

"This is the best drink I've ever had in my life!"

"No, this is the best drink I'll have had in this life, the next, and the one after that!"

The women gave their verdict one after the other. Upon hearing this, Smart was dumbstruck. He stood petrified, unable to believe his ears.

His eyes barely wider than a mouse's, he incredulously asked the three ladies, "What did you just say? Whose drink is good? Are you saying Catherine's drink was good?"

"No, I'm saying the country bumpkin's cocktail is good."

"Yes! The country bumpkin's cocktail is superb! After one glass, all I want to do is keep drinking until I'm thoroughly drunk!"

"This drink is too good. If I could just keep drinking it and stay pleurably drunk for the rest of my life, I'd do anything! I've never felt so content after a drink!"

The renewed stance of the three ladies threw Smart into a rage.

"Have you all lost your minds? Do you realize what you're saying? You ungracious sluts, I paid for yout And

nore siding with the country

bumpkin?"

"Sir, we're not taking the country bumpkin's side, we're standing by our conscience."

"Right! I vote for the country bumpkin! I might disappoint anyone else, but I can't betray my conscience!"

"My vote goes to the country bumpkin too, because his cocktail has calmed my conscience. It has never felt this at peace!"

The last three ladies unanimously cast their votes for Daniel.

Smart was flabbergasted, his ears ringing in disbelief.

Were these five women insane?

Daniel turned to Smart with a grin and said, "Look, you've lost. So, get on the ground and start licking up the wine like a dog, not a drop less!"

As Daniel reached to pour the wine on the floor, Smart protested loudly.

"I refuse to accept this!"

"Refuse to accept? You've lost fair and square; nothing you say now can change that fact."

"Country bumpkin, don't think I don't

know that you've cheated! Because you cheated, I don't accept this outcome! Your cocktail is surely terrible and can't compare to

Catherine's. Those deceitf

girls

must have been bribed by you!"

Smart, struck by a sudden thought, declared, "If you want me to accept the result, have Catherine try your cocktail if she admits defeat-if she says your drink is better than

hers only then will I acknowledge the result."

Smart set this challenge because he was convinced that Catherine would never concede.

Chapter 636 It Tastes Good

Chapter 636 It Tastes Good

Catherine, as the epitome of professional pride, was not one likely to lose to a country bumpkin. If she were to lose to someone like Daniel, how could she continue in her line of work with any dignity? It would be a colossal joke a world-class mixologist defeated by a rustic villager, which would tarnish her reputation forever.

"Okay!" Daniel didn't hesitate; he readily accepted the challenge.

Hearing Daniel's agreement, Smart nearly jumped for joy. However, due to the precedent set by the five women, he wanted to be absolutely sure, so he reminded Catherine sternly, "I hope you live up to your professionalism, Catherine. You're a world-class mixologist. If you lose professionally to this country bumpkin tonight, and word gets out, I believe your career as a mixologist would be over. It's going to be the laughing stock of the industry! I don't want the mixologist I'm paying good money for to become a joke. After you sample the bumpkin's cocktail, use your expertise to utterly defeat him!"

Smart didn't just want to win; he wanted to win with dignity, which is why he suggested Catherine herself taste Daniel's mix. As a world-class mixologist, she had her own perspectives on cocktails. Therefore, after savoring Daniel's concoction, she'd surely be able to critique it from various professional aspects.

"Rest assured, sir. I will certainly defeat this bumpkin. Those five women aren't professional tasters, and their standards for judging cocktails are limited to whether it's tasty or not. They voted for the country bumpkin because his cocktail perhaps just matched their taste preferences. But that doesn't demonstrate that his cocktail is outstanding in any way. An exceptional cocktail requires carefully selecting each base and modifying liquor. The flavors of each spirit should be enhanced to their utmost potential, and their merits are to be blended, creating a complex, layered taste experience," Catherine explained as she picked up the cocktail.

She intended to take just one sip and then criticize Daniel's mix, pointing out its flaws. But she failed.

"It's delicious!" That was Catherine's immediate judgment.

Stupefied, Smart looked at her incredulously, "What did you say? You find the country bumpkin's cocktail tasty?"

"Yes! His cocktail really is good! He truly understands what women like. This type of drink can easily win any girl's heart! So it makes sense that all five women collectively voted for him, weren't a professional taster, I would have also involuntarily cast my vote for the country bumpkin after this sip!"

Catherine's initial statement had Smart on edge, but by the latter half, he relaxed somewhat. It seemed she was following the strategy of offering commendation before criticism.

Regaining composure, Smart

hurriedly asked, "Catherine, how was

the country bumpkin's drink really? It

can't possibly be better than what you mixed, right?"

Chapter 637 I Want to Be Your Apprentice

Chapter 637 I Want to Be Your Apprentice

Catherine did not immediately respond; instead, she said calmly, "As a professional mixologist, I shouldn't jump to conclusions. I need to taste it again, carefully."

After all, as a professional, top-tier mixologist, Catherine naturally couldn't just call any cocktail good or bad without due consideration.

She needed to demonstrate her professional skills and provide an expert's critique. She had to beat the country bumpkin with her knowledge! Catherine lifted the glass once more and took another small sip. This time, she didn't swallow immediately but instead let the liquid linger in her mouth, swirling it over her tastebuds. She wanted to thoroughly discern what made this cocktail by the country bumpkin so unique.

After this second sip, Catherine was stunned. The country bumpkin's cocktail couldn't simply be described as tasty.

Magical!

Yes, that was the word-magical. This drink was not of this earth; it belonged to the heavens, a beverage meant for the gods.

She had been mildly hesitant after the first sip, but the second one conquered her completely.

"This cocktail is extraordinary! I've lost, utterly and entirely!" Catherine exclaimed. And with that, she dropped to her knees in front of Daniel.

"I wish to be your apprentice, please accept me as your disciple!"

Catherine's words shocked everyone present. Smart, naturally, was the most shocked.

"Catherine, what are you doing? You are a world-class mixologist! You're actually conceding to a country bumpkin? You're kneeling to him? Do you realize the consequences of such actions? If word of tonight gets out, you'll no longer have the face to work as a mixologist. You'll be the industry's biggest joke!"

"My master is the world's greatest mixologist. To be his apprentice would be the greatest honor of my life."

Catherine bowed deeply and pleaded, "Master, please accept me!"

"I don't take on apprentices, please get up," Daniel refused her directly.

But then he added, "However, I can give you some minor guidance on mixology."

Daniel took a small sip from the cocktail Catherine had made and commented, "Your drink is not bad overall. But it lacks a certain 'wow factor' You just need to add two drops of vodka to it. That will make it perfect."

Daniel's suggestion was like an epiphany to Catherine. As a top mixologist herself, she knew immediately that Daniel was right. She quickly added two drops of vodka to her drink.

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With that addition, the cocktail suddenly seemed to come alive. After one sip, Catherine was dazzled.

"Master, I'm totally convinced! You are truly remarkable!"

Now having won Catherine over, Daniel turned to look at Smart with a gleeful smile, "See, you still lost."

Then Daniel took two glasses of wine and poured them onto the floor.

"Sir, please," he offered.

"Humph!" Smart snorted and walked away.

Of course, he wouldn't lick the wine off the floor like a dog. Doing so would not only be a humiliation for himself but also bring shame upon his family name. He would never do such a thing.

Chapter 638 Forced Compliance

Chapter 638 Forced Compliance

Attempting to renege on a bet? Daniel certainly wouldn't agree to that sort of behavior. Blocking Smart's exit with an innocuous smile, Daniel asked, "Retard, are you trying to back out?"

"Yes! I'm backing out. What are you going to do about it, huh? A country bumpkin, a hick from the sticks, do you think you have the right to make me crawl like a dog? Only I have the power to make you crawl!"

With an imperious wave of his hand, Smart shouted, "Someone come over here!"

A hulking fellow with a stun baton came forward. His name was Theodore Harris, Purple Gold's bodyguard, a martial arts expert with third-degree black belt prowess.

As Theodore approached, he smiled obsequiously at Smart and asked, "Smart, what do you need?"

"This country bumpkin has wasted our wine by spilling it on the floor. As a guard here, it's your job to maintain order. So, press this bumpkin's head to the ground and make him lick the wine clean like a dog, not leaving a drop!"

Smart was giving the order.

So what if he lost a bet? He was Smart! Even if he lost, the one who'd end up licking the floor would still be this bumpkin!

That was the power of authority and prestige-the authority of a family heir.

Theodore, upon receiving the command, flexed his arm muscles, thicker than most people's thighs. He could easily single-handedly lift a 300-pound dumbbell.

Being a third-degree martial arts expert, his strength was far superior to an ordinary person's.

Theodore glared at Daniel with a domineering sneer and barked, "Country bumpkin, will you get down and lick it up yourself, or do I have to make you do it? If I have to enforce it, you'll suffer!"

"This is a personal matter between

him

Are you sure you

ched?" Daniel asked

to asked with a cheerful smile.

"It seems you're asking for trouble, country bumpkin. Well, if you want to die, I'll fulfill your wish!"

Theodore was not one to hesitate. With his voice barely trailing off, he swung a punch directly at Daniel's face.

In the face of the sudden,

lightning-fast punch, Daniel, of

course, didn't dodge. Instead

he

kicked toward Theodore's stomach.

Daniel's leg was superior in length, strength, and speed.

He landed a solid kick to Theodore's midsection.

"Bang!"

A dull thud echoed as Theodore was sent flying.

After tracing a beautiful arc mid-air...

"Thud!"

Theodore crashed into the buffet's bar, knocking over all the food and making a complete mess.

Theodore, in all his disheveled glory,

was furious. He was a third-degree

expert and the captain of the

security team! To be kicked away by a country bumpkin in front of everyone? It was humiliating This was an insult he could not stand!

Chapter 639 Ambush

Chapter 639 Ambush

Although Theodore was sent flying with a kick, he believed it wasn't due to his lack of strength. He thought it was just a cheap shot because he had underestimated the country bumpkin.

As long as he was cautious and wasn't caught off guard again, using his full strength, he was convinced he could send the country bumpkin sprawling and looking for his teeth. He was absolutely sure of it.

With fists clenched, Theodore marched back to Daniel, anger blazing in his eyes. He pointed a threatening finger at Daniel's nose and said coldly, "Country bumpkin, you've got some nerve kicking me."

"You punched at me already; my kick was only fair retaliation, wasn't it?" Daniel chuckled, then casually added, "Oh, and by the way, I'm someone who believes in an eye for an eye. You tried to punch me - even though you missed, I owe you two kicks to even the score appropriately."

No sooner had he finished speaking than Daniel's leg shot out in a kick aimed at Theodore's stomach.

"Bang!"

Accompanied by a dull thud, the unprepared Theodore was sent flying once again. After another elegant arc in the midair, he crashed into the buffet bar, spilling even more food and making a huge mess.

This time, Theodore was covered in oils and sauces! After being sneak attacked and kicked twice, his anger was already at boiling point. And now, a second kick before he could even recover from the first added insult to injury. The country bumpkin had gone too far!

After two consecutive ambushes and embarrassments, Theodore's nose was practically bent out of shape with fury. This time, he was determined to teach Daniel a harsh lesson he would never forget.

Because of the two previous kicks, he was careful now. As he once again approached Daniel, Theodore pulled out his stun baton ahead of time. Coming up to Daniel, he said nothing and swung the baton

directly at him, intending to electrocute the country bumpkin into unconsciousness.

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Once knocked out, the country bumpkin would be powerless to retaliate. Then Theodore could do whatever he wanted-after all, revenge would be sweet.

Faced with the rapid strike of the stun baton, Daniel did not move to dodge. Instead, he reached out and caught the baton.

Theodore swing the stun baton with

such force and speed that it would

have been a surprise catch for most. Theodore thought this country

bumpkin must also be trained n

in

martial arts, possibly with a strength that matched his own.

But what kind of bumpkin didn't recognize an electric baton? Did he not realize that it wasn't something you could block with bare hands?

As soon as Theodore pressed the switch, the baton would unleash an electric current — even on the lowest setting, it was enough to knock out the country bumpkin.

"Well, country bumpkin, you dare catch my stun baton? It seems like you want your hand charred to a crisp," taunted Theodore as he pressed the switch.

Yet even after the baton had emitted electricity for a while, Daniel stood tall and unfazed, still smiling. This response left Theodore stunned.

Chapter 640 A Taser with No Charge

Chapter 640 A Taser with No Charge

It shouldn't have been like this, should it?

As a puzzled Theodore began to question why his attack had no effect, Daniel spoke up with evident amusement, "Were you trying to tase me?" "Country bumpkin, why didn't it affect you?" Theodore couldn't hide his astonishment.

"Because I'm tough. The current you're using is too weak to zap me. If you really want to make it work, you should turn it up a bit! Aren't tasers rechargeable and electricity pretty cheap these days? You want to tase me, surely you wouldn't mind a bit more on your electric bill?"

Although Daniel's words came across as banter, Theodore took them to heart.

The country bumpkin was so resilient that a taser set on the lowest mode had no effect?

No matter! If the first setting didn't work, Theodore decided he would just ratchet it up.

To prevent Daniel from changing his mind, Theodore taunted, "If you've got the guts, country bumpkin, don't let go. I'm going to crank this up and tase you to death!"

"Second setting? That won't kill me. Try it if you don't believe me!" Daniel replied cheerily, his grip on the taser not wavering. He wasn't even phased by the current-high-voltage wires wouldn't faze him, even if they struck from above.

Theodore, with a slight twist of the knob, increased the taser to the second mode, but Daniel still didn't react.

Watching Theodore's confusion, Daniel chuckled, "You did turn it to the second mode, right?"

"Of course, I did."

"If it's on the second mode, it should

be electrifying me, right? But why

don't I

feel a thing? Surely your taser isn't out of battery and unable to send out a current?"

Theodore, swindled by the jesting, worried over Daniel's taunts. Indeed, he hadn't used the taser in quite

some time and wasn't sure if the et

battery had depleted. If not, the second setting would have certainly incapacitated a pig, let alone a country bumpkin.

"Is the taser really out of battery?" Theodore mumbled to himself.

"I think it might be. Why don't you try it yourself?" Daniel suggested with a grin.

"Me? Try it?"

Theodore reflexively reached out to the taser's business end and pressed the button.

The crackle of electricity was

immediate, and even though it was still set to the lowest level, the shock made his scalp tingle, leaving his fingertips blackened.

Realizing what happened, Theodore roared at Daniel, "You're messing with me, country bumpkin? The taser is working perfectly; it's got plenty of charge!"

"Oh, so it's charged, that's great to hear! Since you tased me twice, it's only fair that I tase you four times in return."

As he spoke, Daniel snatched the taser and jabbed it into Theodore's thigh, flipping the switch on.

Crackling blue flashes of electricity zapped around, and Theodore's anguished screams filled the air as he writhed on the ground.

The commotion naturally attracted the other security staff.

Cane Gold, Purple Gold's head butler, hearing the racket, hobbled over with his cane, limping towards the chaos.

Chapter 641 Because I Can

Chapter 641 Because I Can

"What's going on here?" Cane Gold asked Daniel, though he dared not ask anyone else.

"Perfect timing, Cane. I bet against Smart on behalf of Beauty. Smart lost but can't accept it. Not only that, he had the nerve to send this guy to tase me. Turns out, the fellow couldn't handle his own taser, and I had to use it on him instead."

Daniel's claim to represent Beauty made Cane pause slightly.

After a brief hesitation, Cane turned to Beauty and asked, "Is what this guy is saying true? Was he representing you in a bet against Smart?"

"Yes! He's my assistant, so of course he represented me. Now that Smart has lost, Cane, as the head butler of Purple Gold, shouldn't you step in and ensure fairness? Shouldn't Smart be on the ground, licking up the spill like a dog?"

Beauty's logic was simple - it would be more interesting to have Smart on the floor than Daniel. After all, Daniel was just a nobody while Smart was an heir to the Evans family. The difference in status meant they'd bring very different reactions to the same action!

Old fox Cane sensed something off with Beauty's remark. This was a messy situation he didn't want to be part of, so he quickly refused with a smile plastered on his face.

"Well, Beauty, since he represented you against Smart, that's a personal bet between you two, which has nothing to do with Purple Gold. So, sort it out amongst yourselves - it's not my place to get involved."

After saying his piece, Cane turned to Theodore with a stern expression, "You, blind fool, what gives you the right to get involved in a bet between Beauty and Smart? Who said you could interfere? Back off now and stop embarrassing me here!"

"Yes, Mr. Cane!" Theodore retreated.

Seeing he wouldn't gain any advantage, Smart turned to leave. But Daniel wasn't about to let him off that easily and quickly stepped in his way. "Retard, planning to take off?"

"What do you want, country bumpkin?"

"What can I do? I just want to make

sure

you,

Retard, face your

d

punishment. You said it yourself - lose the bet, pay the price, right?"

"You think you can tell me what to do? You're just a country bumpkin what right do you have to make me crawl on the ground and lick up this

mess?" ,et

"What right do I have?"

Daniel gave a sly grin and said coolly, "Because I can!"

With those words, he grabbed Smart like he was picking up a little chicken, flipped him upside

head to the floor, and brought nex

his

mouth close to the spilled wine.

"Start licking! If you don't, you'll get a taste of the taser."

"F**k you!"

Smart had the nerve to curse?

Dan picked up the taser Theodore had left behind, aimed it at Smart's backside, and pressed the button.

Chapter 642 Daniel's Methods

Chapter 642 Daniel's Methods

"Ah! You country jerk! Ah! F**k you!"

"You still dare to curse? Looks like the charge isn't strong enough."

As Daniel increased the charge, Smart's protests turned into screams. Daniel controlled the electric current with his abilities, ensuring it didn't actually hurt Smart but increased the pain a hundredfold and protracted it.

After the shocking treatment, Daniel unceremoniously dropped Smart on the floor.

"Retard, are you going to keep your part of the bet? If you don't, your backside will keep hurting more and more."

This wasn't a mere threat; Daniel was dead serious.

"What did you do to me?"

"I didn't do anything! Remember when you had your big bouncer try to tase me? I'm just returning the favor! And now, you'll feel the burn until you keep your end of the deal. Once you do, I promise to fix you right up."

"You're going too far!"

"How am I going too far? I'm just making sure you keep your promise. A real man would accept his loss, right?"

"What about me...?"

"If you don't mind the pain and think you're that tough, fine, then I won't bother with you anymore!"

With that, Daniel swung the taser at Smart's rear.

"Smack!"

"Ah! Ouch!"

Smart clutched his backside, screaming in pain.

Daniel's actions caused Beauty to roll her eyes at him and scold, "You hooligan! You even pick on men!"

"Jealous, darling? Want me to zap you too?"

As Daniel raised the taser, Beauty quickly snatched it from his hand and gave him a smack on the rear. She didn't press the button, though she wasn't out to hurt him, just to put the country bumpkin in his place.

"Ah!"

"Are you flirting with me?"

"Beat it! I'm disciplining you! Keep talking nonsense, and I'll fry your 'equipment' until it smokes."

Beauty threatened Daniel and then playfully jabbed him with the taser.

Daniel dropped the matter, knowing any further exchange with her would just give her more chances to get the upper hand.

"Retard, is your backside hurting [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

more? I better give you that shot fast, or you'll start festering. If it gets worse, not just your bum but your legs too might rot away, and you'll be left paralyzed!"

Daniel's grim forecast sent a chill down Smart's spine.

While uncertain whether Daniel spoke the truth, Smart couldn't.

help

3 heat if it were true? His

entire future hung in the balance.

Chapter 643 Sincerity

Chapter 643 Sincerity

Smart certainly didn't want to end up paralyzed from the waist down and was not keen on becoming disabled. After all, he was in his twenties, the heir to the Evans legacy, with a boundless future ahead. If he were to become paralyzed now, his life would be effectively over. Not to mention all the missed opportunities with beautiful women—a dreadful regret he refused to bear.

Therefore, he gave in and resolved to accept his punishment. To the shock of everyone present, the heir to the Evans empire, Smart, lay down on the floor and started licking the alcohol like a dog.

This scene drew everyone's eyes, and people quickly took out their phones to capture the moment, some even starting live streams.

After lapping up the last drops, Smart stood up, his face dark as night, staring daggers at Daniel. He was consumed with hatred for this country bumpkin but held back, considering the throbbing pain in his backside.

"Country bumpkin, I've paid my dues now, as promised. So, are you going to fix my backside or what?"

"Retard, if you want me to fix your backside, show me some real sincerity first," Daniel replied coolly.

Upon hearing this, Smart immediately lost his temper. "Are you playing me, country bumpkin?"

"Playing with you? There's nothing fun about playing with a man. If I wanted to play, I'd choose a stunning lady like Beauty!"

Daniel's teasing inadvertently flipped Beauty's mood upside down. She expressed her annoyance quite directly by kicking Daniel squarely in the rear, almost knocking him down.

"Beat it! If you try to joke about me again, I'll send you flying with one kick!"

"Darling, your legs may be long and

gorgeous, but doubt they're that powerful. I don't think you could kick me flying since I weigh over a

hundred pounds. But you're rigb

those Beautiful legs of yours could totally knock me out. Then, darling, you could do whatever you want with me. I'd be helpless, entirely at your mercy!"

Daniel flirted back with Beauty, but Smart couldn't take it anymore.

"Country bumpkin, cut the crap and fix my backside already! My a** is killing me because of you!"

"Smart, didn't I just tell you? I can fix

your

nockside, no problem, but y

show some sincerity!

t offer that, I can't help

||

"Sincerity? What kind of sincerity do you want?"

"Sincerity means sticking your backside out!"

"You..."

Smart's face turned beet red. Taking a moment to steady himself, he sternly told Daniel, "Country bumpkin, what exactly are you planning?"

"What am I planning? I'm going to fix your backside, duh! Don't get the wrong idea, Smart. I'm as straight as they come and totally not interested in youdf I'm telling you to stick out your backside, it's only so I can treat it, pure and simple."

Chapter 644 A Proposal

Chapter 644 A Proposal

Smart, ever the clever one, suspected Daniel had a plan. But with the searing pain in his backside, he had no choice but to seek treatment-so, begrudgingly, he stuck his rear out.

"Hey, country bumpkin, be gentle, alright! And don't do anything inappropriate! If you dare, I swear I won't let it slide!" Smart half-warned, half- threatened.

"Don't worry, Smart, I'll be as gentle as a lamb," Daniel chuckled.

But as soon as he finished his sentence, Daniel launched a forceful kick that sent Smart crashing to the floor. Smart's recently fitted, million-dollar titanium teeth scattered as several were knocked out.

"You country jerk, you kicked me?"

"Didn't you say your butt was hurting? I'm helping you out here! Feel your backside and tell me if it's still sore."

Smart skeptically gave his behind a pat, only to discover, to his surprise, the pain had vanished.

"My rear doesn't hurt anymore! It stopped completely!" Smart shouted, and for a moment, the crowd looked on in silence, barely containing their laughter.

And then, the chuckles broke free.

"Hahaha!"

"Hahahahaha!"

Laughter rolled over the room, turning it into a sea of joy and a paradise of ridicule. Smart, once so imposing, was now the night's biggest joke.

Amid the commotion, melodious piano music filled the air, and a misty fog began to billow across the room, cloaking everyone in a thick veil.

While the others couldn't see

through the fog, Daniel's unique abilities allowed him a clear vision that even the darkest night couldn't obscure, let alone a man-made mist.

As white smoke rose, staff members skirted through with armfuls of flowers to set up the stage, quickly conjuring a heart-shaped platform made entirely of roses, with 99,999 roses of each color.

Anyone with common sense could see it a romantic stage for a proposal. But for whom?

As the fog gradually dissipated, revealing the floral heart array, everyone gasped in awe.

"Is someone proposing at tonight's gala?"

"Who's getting engaged? It's quite a big deal!"

"Who's the lucky one being proposed to? This is just so romantic!"

"Absolutely! Who could say no to such a proposal? If someone proposed to me like this, I'd say yes without a second thought. I'd marry him in a heartbeat!"

The crowd buzzed with curiosity and envy, all eager to discover who was proposing and to whom.

Suddenly, a grand piano descended

els

from the sky, accompanied by a man dressed in a white Armani suit. Following it down was Declan Hal the second heir of The Halls family-one of Washington DC.'s top eight families, ranking fifth in prominence.

Chapter 645 Declan Hall

Chapter 645 Declan Hall

As soon as people realized Declan was making a grand entrance, rumors began to swirl. "Declan is proposing to whom?"

"Who's lucky enough to be on the receiving end of such a romantic proposal from Declan?"

"After all, Declan is a musical prodigy-Maxwell's sole protégé and our nation's premier pianist!"

Ignoring the chatter, Daniel's gaze quickly found Beauty. He could tell by the subtle shift in her expression that she was perturbed when Declan made his descent. Smart as he was, he guessed there was more to it. So, he poked her in the side.

"Ouch!" Beauty let out a delicate yelp.

"Just a poke on your waist and you make such a pleasant sound. I wonder what noises you'd make if I poked somewhere else?"

"Beat it!" Beauty snapped back, rolling her eyes, clearly agitated.

"I'm frustrated," she said bluntly.

"Frustrated, darling? Is it because this prince charming falling from the sky wants to propose to you? And you, however, aren't into him?" "You're just playing dumb!"

"Do you want me to help you out?"

That caught Beauty's interest. "And how do you propose to do that?" she queried.

"If you're thinking I'll pretend to be your boyfriend to get you out of this, forget it. With Retard around, and he might just tattle to Jessica. I can't betray her just to help you out. But I can certainly fend off this guy for you, make sure he loses face and can't propose to you!"

"What could you possibly do to fend off Declan?" Beauty asked, curiosity etched on her face.

"Yes, if I heard right, this knight in shining armor is named Declan?"

"Yeah, he's Declan Hall, the second son of The Halls family-one of the Big Eight of Washington D.C. Their influence in the arts is colossal. Almost the whole cultural scene in the USA is under The Hall's control. Their official rank among the families might be fifth, but when it comes to influence, they might as well be first. Crossing them is like stirring up a ho's nest - extremely bothersome."

Beauty's explanation helped Daniel grasp the gravity of Declan's status. It also dawned on him that such prestigious individual would

certainly feel bold enough to

propose to Beauty in such a public display.

While already pondering a plan to deal with Declan, Daniel decided to tease Beauty a little more.

"Darling, this Declan sounds so impressive, and he seems to value you greatly. Maybe you should just say yes and marry him?"

Chapter 646 Learning from a Dog

Chapter 646 Learning from a Dog

Beauty's response to Daniel's suggestion was succinct: "Buzz off!"

"Really, darling? You wouldn't marry a piano prince? Well, what if I proposed to you?"

"If you dare to joke about that, I'll kick you out of this galaxy!"

Beauty didn't hide her ferocity. "Are you suggesting you want to elope with me to space?"

"Buzz off!"

Annoyed, she swatted at Daniel and then inquired, "So, how exactly are you planning to fend off Declan?"

"By beating him at what he does best, of course!"

"Best? You mean the piano?"

"Yes!"

"You can play the piano?"

"I learned it from the dog back home."

"A dog? Dogs can play the piano?"

"It wasn't just any dog-it knew everything! Almost all my skills, it taught me."

Daniel was spinning a tale. His real teacher was Noah, but the dog urged him to practice. Whenever he thought about slacking off, the dog never hesitated to give chase across the countryside.

So, in his life, Noah was his great master, and Big Yellow, well, he was the second.

Beauty chuckled at the absurdity. "What? Everything you know, you learned from a dog? Hahaha..."

"What's so funny? Are you looking down on dogs? Let me tell you, even all my skills with ladies were taught by a dog. Look at you, all head over heels for me, aren't you?"

"Get lost! You think you can woo me? Keep dreaming; my door is forever closed to you!"

"I don't believe that for a second, Beauty, your door is always open to me."

"Get lost, you rude, shameless hooligan!"

They bantered back and forth, more

like playful teasing than

conversation. Throughout the exchange, Daniel remained rather tame, but Beauty couldn't help herself, occasionally taking a swipe at him.

Meanwhile, Declan-who had prepared such an extravagant surprise to propose to Beauty-was none too pleased to see his adored idol bantering with a country bumpkin. His face darkened as he

witnessed the scene.

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However, after finishing the "Wedding March" melody, he approached Beauty with a huge bouquet of roses. Despite not knowing who the country fellow was, he believed nothing could ruin his proposal.

After all, Declan Hall was the second son of The Halls, part of the Big Eight of Washington D.C. He and Beauty were a match made in heaven-who else could she possibly marry if not him?

Striding confidently towards Beauty, he knelt before her under the watchful eyes of the crowd and offered the captivating roses to her.

"Beauty, I love you! I want to spend a lifetime loving you, you're the only one for me in this life! Marry me, and I will ensure your happiness."

Chapter 647 Worse than a Dog

Chapter 647 Worse than a Dog

As Declan poured out his affection, the crowd was instantly whipped into excitement.

"Marry him, Beauty! Marry him!"

"Beauty, you and Declan are meant to be. You have to be together!"

"Say yes! Say yes!"

"An alliance between The Matthews and The Halls would be a celebration of two powerful families!"

As all eyes were on Beauty, awaiting her eager acceptance, Daniel stepped forward.

"What was that mess you played? That was supposed to be piano? Big Yellow from our village could do better by randomly pawing at the keyboard. How dare you propose with such a performance? Shame on you!"

Daniel's taunt struck like a thunderbolt, leaving the onlookers utterly astonished. Declan, previously brimming with confidence, now glared at Daniel with eyes burning with fury.

"Who exactly are you?" Declan demanded, his voice sharp as steel.

"Declan, you might want to get your ears checked along with your piano skills. Did you not catch what I said? Let me say it again: even Big Yellow from our village plays better than you!"

"Who is Big Yellow?"

Declan, it seemed his excellent piano

playing wasn't the only thing

lacking it was also his

comprehension. "Declan, how can you not understand? With a name like that, Big Yellow is a dog!"

Declan, already feeling the sting of humiliation, boiled over upon hearing Daniel confirm that Big Yellow was indeed a dog. It was a profound insult. A country bumpkin dared compare him to a dog?

"Do you understand the words coming out of your mouth? Daring to say I'm worse than a dog? Claiming I, Declan of The Halls, am inferior to a dog?"

"Declan, you really are worse than

Big Yellow: Not only do you lack piano skills compared to my dog-who also herds sheep, by the way but you don't even measure up to its other talents."

to FindNovel.Org

Daniel's words sent Declan seething, grinding his molars in sheer rage, itching to tear Daniel apart.

"You're saying I'm worse than your village's Big Yellow, than a dog? Are you suggesting that you, a simpleton from the country, understand music, that you can play the piano?"

Declan, raised in a family of musicians and class, was not a man for fistfights, seeing them beneath him.

"Piano? I've learned a bit from Big Yellow, not enough to say I'm a master, but I can play. I'd wager my skills surpass yours."

Daniel, of course, didn't hesitate to challenge Declan!

"What's that? You really don't know your place, do you, country bumpkin? Daring to boast that you play better than me? Fine! I'll humbly accept your challenge."

Chapter 648 Think Twice

Chapter 648 Think Twice

Faced with such a challenge, how could Declan refuse to step up? He was America's foremost pianist, the scion of the leading musical family, The Halls. Declining a duel with a mere country bumpkin would be inconceivable. How else could he continue his prestigious career as a pianist?

"Declan, are you sure you want to compete against me? If I lose to you, I won't mind. I'm thick-skinned. But it's different for you. You're America's top pianist, hailed as a once-in-a-century musical genius and the heir to The Halls music dynasty. If you lose to

me, it will be a massive embarrassment— not just to you, but to your entire family. Think twice before you decide to take me on. If you lose, it would be such a shame!"

Through his tactics may have been crude, Daniel's reverse psychology worked wonders.

Infuriated to the point where Declan's nose almost bent out of shape, he was determined to compete and crush Daniel utterly. His reputation as America's top pianist was at stake.

"Country bumpkin, stop blathering! If you've got the skills, come and challenge me!" Declan retorted icily.

"A challenge? Declan, how would you like to compete?"

"I'm America's top pianist, and you're just a country bumpkin. It would be bullying if I set the terms. So go on, you choose."

"Alright, let's keep it simple. We each have three minutes. If you can make me cry within three minutes through your piano playing, you win. Likewise,

if my performance brings you to tears within three minutes, I win. Whoever can make the other cry faster wins."

Daniel's proposition seemed laughable to Declan.

"Are you sure about this? Let me tell you, no one in the world can move me to tears by playing piano alone! But my own performances, on the other hand, have deeply touched many. There hasn't been a single fan at my concerts who hasn't shed tears out of emotion."

"Declan, please go ahead! I hope you can move me in three minutes." "Fine!"

Declan settled back at the piano, his slender fingers taking flight over the keys like a graceful butterfly. As he played, melancholic music filled the air, the story of a poignant love affair unfolding—a tale of the girl in his dreams, in a piece that was both his original and claim to fame titled "The Girl In My Dreams."

It's called that because some things, like the girl in his dreams, are forever out of reach, echoing the adage that the best is always what's just

the exquisite melody wove a tapestry of sorrow, drawing tears from nearly every woman present and even some of the men.

beyond grasp. The room one

But Daniel, made of sterner stuff, remained utterly dry-eyed. While the aspect of love could sway many, it found a tough adversary in Daniel, adorned with the spirits of seven dragons-The Son of Seven Dragons.

Chapter 649 Deaf to Music

Chapter 649 Deaf to Music

The three-minute performance ended as abruptly as it began. The music ceased, and everyone was a mess of tears except Daniel, who continued to stand relaxed, hands in his pockets, cheerfully looking at Declan.

"Declan, your piano playing was decent, but you couldn't move me. So, it's clear you've lost this round," Daniel said with a grin.

Declan was both angry and frustrated. How could he, with all his skills and his signature piece, fail to move this country bumpkin?

Then it dawned on him. He understood why Daniel wasn't touched by his music-it wasn't that his piano skills fell short, but that Daniel simply didn't understand music at all.

"Country bumpkin, now I get it. You didn't cry because you can't appreciate the music. It's not that my playing wasn't good enough; you're just tone- deaf. Playing the piano for you is a waste!" Declan scoffed, rolling his eyes. "You can't grasp the emotions in my piece!"

A sudden thought struck Declan, prompting him to add quickly, "Even though I didn't move you to tears, many others here cried, proving my performance was a success. That means you've lost!"

"All these people cried? How many exactly? Why don't you count them? I bet after I play, there will be even more tears."

Daniel said casually, pointing to Beauty.

"At the very least, Beauty didn't shed

a tear! Even the emotion in your piece didn't touch the very woman you're trying to propose to. So as America's top pianist, you have some work to do - back to practice you go!"

"Well, let's see then! I'm confident that no country hick can move more people than I."

Declan was sure of his victory. A quick tally made by the staff revealed that out of 118 attendees, 88 had been moved to tears by Declan's performance, leaving 30 dry-eyed-most of them were busy working and hadn't focused on the music.

Feeling even more triumphant after seeing the results, Declan pointed to the results displayed on the big screen and boasted, "Take a good look, country bumpkin. Do you really think you can beat me? What could you possibly have that would allow you to win over America's top pianist?"

"Declan, once I finish my piece, not only will more people be moved by my music than by yours, but you, Declan, will also be overwhelmed with emotion. And of course, my stunning goddess Beauty will be in tears."

As soon as Daniel finished speaking, Beauty rolled her eyes at him and snapped, "Keep dreaming!"

Chapter 650 The Sound of Heaven

Chapter 650 The Sound of Heaven

"What's wrong?" Daniel asked, still clearly amused.

"You've seen more than you should - you know what I'm talking about!" Beauty retorted, displeased.

"What I shouldn't have seen? Beauty, what did I see? Remind me, or better yet, let's find a quiet spot so I can have a second look and work out exactly what's okay for me to see and what's not," Daniel teased her with a laugh.

But that was too much for Declan.

They seemed less to be arguing and more to be flirting outrageously. Declan felt a sudden, unwelcome notion, as though he was sporting a metaphorical green hat - an old Chinese symbol indicating a man's wife or lover had been unfaithful.

Unable to bear it any longer, Declan promptly stepped up and called out to Daniel.

"Country bumpkin, you think you're so great? With your dog teacher, BIG Yellow, who taught you to play the piano? Go ahead, let everyone hear just how skilled your canine teacher really is."

"Declan, if you're so eager to lose, then I'll oblige! Just a small sample will suffice to show you the difference between us."

With that declaration, Daniel casually sat down at the piano, crossing his legs like he didn't have a care in the world - the very picture of insouciance.

This casual, almost rogue image of a street tough hardly seemed the fit for the elegance expected of a pianist. True pianists are always the epitome of grace and gentility.

"Playing piano with your legs crossed? BIG Yellow taught you that too?" Declan mocked.

"That's right! BIG Yellow always said

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the most beautiful sound is the 'sound of heaven,' which is really the sound of nature. To play music that sounds like heaven, you have to start by getting completely comfortable," Daniel explained, though only half-truthfully

Mentioning comfortable,' Daniel glanced covertly at Beauty and cheekily asked, "Isn't that right, Beauty? Isn't being comfortable crucial to making heaven's music?"

"Get lost!!" Beauty snapped back, clearly irritated.

Daniel no longer teased her and began to play. His agile fingers danced across the keys, crafting a melody no one else had ever heard - a piece he had composed himself.

Initially skeptical, the crowd's disbelief was shattered with the first note.

The gathered crowd, who never expected a country bumpkin to be able to play piano, stared at Daniel in astonishment. As Daniel played merely a few notes, tears began to well up in the eyes of many

Before long, as he continued to play, everyone was crying - even Beauty was moved by his performance.