

Andrius picked up the glass and finished the liquor in one go.

Fatty Frank and the others urged him. "Not bad, but there are nineteen more. Take your time."

People who were good at drinking were usually of age. Andrius was only in his 30s, so it was impossible for him to drink twenty glasses of strong liquor in one go.

"Open your eyes and take a good look."

Andrius then took another glass and drained it within three short seconds.

The liquor had an extremely high alcohol percentage. However, he looked fine after drinking two shots consecutively.

Under Fatty Frank and the trust fund babies' excited gazes, he

reached out for the third glass.

Andrius did not even pause when he drank the fourth. It happened so smoothly and naturally as if he was drinking water.

"Four!"

"Five!"

"Six!"

"Nineteen!"

"Twenty!"

Soon, Andrius finished all twenty shots on the table. As he drained the last one to the final drop, he slammed it on the table with a loud thunk.

Fatty Frank and the others looked at him in disbelief.

Despite having finished twenty shots in one sitting, Andrius did not look drunk in the least.

Just how good was he at drinking?

Looking at the astonished group, Andrius said, "I've done what you asked me to, so can I report for duty now?"

"S-something must be wrong with the liquor!"

Angel refused to believe what just happened. She grabbed the bottle of liquor that she had poured from and took a swig from it.

She downed the mouthful of alcohol without any hesitation. When the liquor entered her mouth and traveled down her throat, it burned her and left her stomach rumbling.

“Cough, cough...”

Angel choked on the fiery sensation down her throat. She threw up everything before she could even swallow it properly.

“I have to go to the toilet!”

She ran to the toilet and threw up for a while before she recovered.

Then, she looked into the mirror to fix her makeup and she stared at herself begrudgingly. She never thought that there would be someone who could finish twenty shots in one sitting without feeling anything.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got.

On her way back to the room, her terrible condition and sour mood drove her to bump into another man. She apologized and quickly ran back to the room.

The lackey beside the young man scoffed as he watched Angel run back to the room. “Lothar, that’s a fine woman there.”

“I’m not blind.”

The man known as Lothar licked his dry lips. A dash of mischief flashed in his curved eyes. “Mark her room number and call the others.”

Angel returned to the room with a disheartened look. “How are you still standing after downing so many glasses? You must have taken pills!”

“Yeah!” Fatty Frank echoed. “You sly little punk, how dare you cheat in the welcome ceremony?”

“Heh...” Andrius laughed it off.

When he was young, he had accidentally fallen into a den of poisonous snakes. Old Hagstorm had used the strongest herbal wine in the world to save his life.

Since then, he became immune to alcohol. He could not even get drunk with two hundred shots, let alone twenty.

Thunk!

Fatty Frank slammed the table and sprang to his feet. He pointed at Andrius vehemently. "What are you scoffing at? I now declare that you cheated in the welcome ceremony. The twenty glasses don't count."

He then snapped his fingers.

A few waiters came in with a big pot of soup covered in fiery red chilies.

Fatty Frank opened a few more bottles of liquor and poured them all into the pot. He then grinned at Andrius and said, "Finish this!"

Andrius' expression turned grim.

He only drank the twenty shots because of the Crestfalls, but the trust fund babies were pushing their luck too far.