

Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Chapter 463

Sasha was furious. "This isn't a toast. You're practically forcing us to drink! Matthew, stop drinking now!"

Demi interjected, "Sasha, that's not right of you to say that. It's not like Matthew is the only one drinking here; everyone else is drinking too. He drank just as much as everyone else and he even drank after us."

"How are we forcing him? We're just having a good time. Isn't this how it's supposed to be? Giving a toast to someone is a sign of respect. How can you say something like that?"

The people around them started shouting. If Matthew did not drink, then he had to kneel and kowtow to them.

They did everything they could to prod him since their goal today was to make him collapse.

Sasha was infuriated. She had always known that Demi was not a good person, but she did not think that they would use such wicked methods.

If Matthew did not drink, he would be humiliated.

Matthew patted her gently then announced, "This cup is no good!"

Dionysus sneered, "Why? Are you scared? If you are, just tell me. I'll get a smaller cup for you."

But Matthew shook his head and said, “I meant that this cup is too small. Let’s get a bigger one!”

Everyone was stunned. That cup already measured to a quarter of a liter, but he still thought it was small?

Did he want to drink out of a pot?

Dionysus was also astounded. He quickly rebuked, “Are you bluffing to scare me? I’ll have you know that I will drink out of any cup, no matter how big it is. It really depends on you and whether you have the guts to challenge me or not!”

Matthew smiled. “In that case, let’s switch this out for a bigger one. Give me a minute!”

Sasha immediately pulled him back. “Matthew, stop showing off now. You’re putting your life at risk!”

Letting out a scoff, he said, “It’s okay. Don’t worry. I’m keeping count!”

When he walked into the kitchen, he grabbed two pots.

Everyone quickly burst into an uproar when they saw him.

One pot could hold at least 1.5 liters.

“Have you lost your mind, Matthew?” Sasha was frantic. Is this the time to be engaged in a war of nerves with them? Those were all stiff drinks. Even half a liter is excruciating enough. But 1.5 liters? Is he trying to kill himself?

The color drained from Dionysus’ face. He was called the god of alcohol, but he still had a limit.

The most he could drink was 1.5 liters. He would not be able to handle any more than that.

Since he already had something to drink before that, another 1.5 liters was a deathwish.

How far does Matthew want to go? Is there anyone who can drink that much?

Matthew chuckled. "It's fine. He might not be bold enough to take on this challenge."

Hearing that, Dionysus became enraged.

"D*mn, he's trying to bluff me. Do you think I'm scared of you? What about this pot? I'll still drink out of it! But let me say one thing. Since you chose this pot, you have to be the first one to drink. If I go first and you decide to go back on your word after that, it wouldn't be fair at all!" Dionysus yelled.

The people around them also cried, "He's right."

"It's your pick, so you go first."

"Drink it if you dare! Once you drink, we will also follow suit."

"Are you trying to scare us off with that pot?"

"Did you think we would be fooled by you?"

Demi also scorned, "Matthew, do you know how to make empty threats now, too? You remind me of a type of dog. They say that dogs who bite are usually quiet, but the ones that make a lot of noise, like you, are all just smoke and mirrors.

That pot? I'm not undermining your ability, but even if that whole pot was filled with beer, you wouldn't necessarily be able to finish all of it!"

Calmly, Matthew said, “Don’t worry. I’ll fill it up with liquor, and I’ll be the first one to drink it. But let me say this now; you have to drink just as much as I do. If you can’t do that, then don’t even think about walking out of this house!”