

“Got it.”

A paunchy man in Team Five's office hung up the phone.

He lit a cigarette and took a strong puff before he looked at his team members. “Guys, Luna just called. She wants us to teach someone named Andrius Moonshade a lesson.”

“Really? Hahaha!”

“That punk must be really audacious to make Luna mad. We must teach him a lesson that he won't ever forget.”

“Nice. Let's form a plan now.”

The others echoed in excitement.

Team Five of the Project Department was the infamous Trust Fund Team because they were children of the board members or high- ranking executives, yet none of them ever did anything properly.

New Moon Corporation actually had a board meeting regarding these trust fund babies. The consensus was that they would rather spend money to keep them under control than let them go out to cause trouble.

The fat man who was just talking to Luna on the phone was the team leader of the Trust Fund Team, Frank Cobalt, also known as Fatty Frank.

A while later, knocks came from the entrance.

Andrius walked in and greeted everyone energetically, “Hello!”

“So, you're Andrius Moonshade?”

Fatty Frank stood up from his chair and sized Andrius up.

Andrius nodded. “Ms. Crestfall told me to report to the team leader here.”

“The way we greet each other here is different from other

departments,” Fatty Frank said arrogantly as he spat clouds of smoke

at Andrius' face.

“How so?” Andrius asked.

“We are going to have a party after we finish work today.” Fatty Frank walked closer to Andrius and put his hand on his shoulder. “Until then, you will learn how different it is.”

“Alright!” Andrius did not ask for the details.

His first day in Team Five was surprising and enlightening.

The trust fund babies were either smoking, playing games, or simply lying down on the couch with their legs crossed. No one was really working.

As soon as it was time to clock off, Fatty Frank led his team to the entrance.

“Come on, we’ve gotten everything prepared for you.”

Andrius followed them to a club.

Fatty Frank sat down on the center seat and invited Andrius, “Have a seat.”

Andrius took a glance at the other trust fund babies before he pulled a chair out and sat down at the table.

Fatty Frank clapped and said loudly, “Angel, the shots!”

One of the girls lined up twenty shot glasses on the table and filled them up with potent liquor.

“This is how you say hello in Team Five!” Fatty Frank pointed at the row of liquor shots and grinned.

It was what Team Five usually did to bully newcomers.

After Andrius was drunk, he would be tossed onto the street where they would continue to insult him.

Seeing Andrius remain silent, Fatty Frank pressured him by saying, “This is our unique way of greeting one another. Are you sure you don’t want to do it?”

“Scared?”

“You can’t even take twenty shots? How are you going to work with us in the future?”

“The last guy took his shots but ended up in the hospital after that.”

As the trust fund babies teased him, Angel pushed one of the shot glasses to Andrius. “If you don’t drink, you will never be one of us.”

“Must I really drink?” Andrius asked after a glance at Angel.

“Yeap!” She nodded firmly.

While Andrius reached out to the glass, the other trust fund babies curled their lips into a cunning grin.

This was what they were waiting for.