

# The Protector Chapter 422

If she knew that they had popped the pills before the dinner, Zoey would have been horrified at Levi's announcement. Levi must be mad!

Zoey's subordinates were flabbergasted. Hey, they said we can call anyone we want! At least call two dozen here before going ahead with it. Two against twelve? Is he stupid?

"Very well then! If that is what you say, then we'll start right now!" Draco mocked Levi silently and made the decision for them, worrying that Zoey would go back on her word.

"No. I—"

Zoey was about to say something, but Draco smiled. "Ms. Lopez, you can't go back on your word, can you? That would be an insult to us. If that's the case then there's no point in continuing the negotiation."

"No! Let's do it!" Zoey had no choice but to accept it.

Draco and his gang smirked, for they thought this was victory for them. They grinned at the thought of them ravaging Zoey. Is this guy on our side? Man, this is a big help. What a dumba\*\*!

Levi grinned at them. "You'll have to get past me to drink with Ms. Lopez."

"Challenge accepted!" Draco and his gang were raring to go, for they thought Levi couldn't win against all of them, especially not after they had taken the sobering pills.

“Oh, right. We only allow those who participates in the drinking game to stay during the competition. It’s a southerner rule.” Draco looked at the top management. He had to chase these guys away, otherwise they couldn’t do anything to Zoey.

“Why you...” The staff glared at Levi, blaming him for ruining this negotiation. They were fairly confident about taking the ten percent profit, but now Levi botched it.

The competition went under way after they had left. “Hey bro, if we go by the rules, you have to take a shot for every shot we take.” Draco grinned.

“Yeah, sure. I’ll take twelve shots for every shot you guys take. Let’s begin.”

“I like you!” Draco thought Levi was an idiot now. A moment later, twelve glasses of wine sat before Levi, and Zoey was concerned. How long can he last? A round?

Draco and his gang finished their wine in no time. “Your turn, buddy.” He smirked.

They thought Levi would lose out after taking all twelve shots, but what happened next shocked everyone. Levi, always the showy guy, took two shots at once, and he finished all twelve in less than a minute.

“He’s fine?” Draco and his gang were taken aback. He’s a good drinker too. Well, that explains his impulsive behavior, but he can’t win against all of us, not when we took the sobering pills.

“Get on with it.” The second round started, and Levi downed twelve shots like it was soda, shocking everyone.

“On with it!” The third round came, then the fourth, the fifth, and finally, the tenth round came. A hundred and twenty shots later, anyone would fall, but not Levi.

Him still standing not only shocked Draco, but Zoey as well. They thought Levi was acting tough, but now they knew he wasn't. Even though Draco and the gang had taken sobering pills, ten shots still made their stomach churn.

"Well, go on. Are you guys scared?" Levi provoked them, and the competition resumed.

Draco and his gang refused to believe they would fail, so they wanted to see how much longer Levi could go on. Another ten rounds came, but Levi was still fine. On the other hand, the alcohol started kicking in for Draco and his gang, torturing them.