

# The Protector Chapter 423

The competition ensued, and cartons after cartons of wine were served. At this point, Draco and his gang started worrying about the bill. How much can one guy drink? Is he Dionysus or something?

“Mr. Johannes, let’s put in another rule: no toilet breaks!” Levi suggested.

Draco couldn’t hold it in anymore, but he could only agree at this point. Another bout started, and the more Levi drank, the clearer his head became. Wine usually makes people drunk, but Levi was an anomaly.

Apparently, Levi was the only anomaly here. Draco and his gang felt like their stomachs were going to explode, as well as their bladder.

The competition had dragged on for too long, so the sobering pill’s effects had expired. Now they felt the alcohol kicking in, and the group couldn’t hold on any longer.

They couldn’t understand how Levi managed to take so many shots. He must have drunk more than a thousand shots now, but surprisingly, he looked fine. This guy must be Dionysus himself!

“Carry on!” Levi shouted.

“G-Give me a minute! I can’t hold my pee in any longer!” Draco sat on the chair, not even moving an inch, but before he could react, Levi force fed him one shot of wine.

Shhhhh.... They could hear the sound of water flowing, then hot air came up from below, while a rancid smell spread.

Zoey quickly covered her nose and stayed far, far away. Draco peed in his pants!

This was the most embarrassing thing Draco had done in his life.

“March!” Levi took twelve more shots, forcing them to continue.

“No! We can’t!”

“Just do it!” Levi pressed another guy down and forced another shot down his throat.

That made him puke, and he fell down on his barf. “Your turn!” He forced another guy to drink, and that made him roll on the floor in pain, for his stomach bled.

The other guys couldn’t hold it anymore, so they peed in their pants. It made the whole room rancid, then they heard something explode. Everyone looked in the sound’s direction, and what greeted them was their comrade in agony, for his bladder exploded.

Zoey screamed in terror. Terrible fates befell all twelve of them. Shame, embarrassment, and grievous injuries swam among them, and these people took sobering pills beforehand. If they didn’t, they would have been in worse condition.

“Carry on, Mr. Johannes! I’m just getting started!” Levi came up to Draco with a few bottles of wine.

Is he even human?! That’s not how a human works! He’s fine even after drinking that boatload of wine?! ”I-I can’t keep this up anymore!” Draco shook his head.

“Oh, no can do. The fight’s just getting started.” Levi grinned.

“I’ll sign it! I’ll sign it, okay?” pleaded Draco.

“You should have done that in the beginning.” Levi smiled.

Worrying that Levi might force him to drink more wine, Draco quickly signed the contract and let Oriental take ten more percent in profit.

“Let’s go, honey. We got the contract.” Levi grinned toothily, while Zoey looked at him, stunned. For some reason, Levi was shining. Wow, he’s awesome! He got the contract through drinking?

Who would have thought? Ten percent of profit is huge! A few hundred million at that!

After they came out, Zoey looked at Levi. “Are you fine, honey?” Levi said nothing, but then he fell against her groggily.