



Chapter 382 Never Drink with You Again

Harley stared at the screen. Seeing Maximilian drank the tea and ate a lot of food, the corners of his mouth hooked up a smile of conspiracy. How long before he gets alcoholism?

"According to the degree and amount of alcohol he is currently drinking, it is expected that the symptoms will appear in half an hour at most. He will die if he does not receive effective treatment within an hour. But it will take an hour and a half to arrive at the nearest hospital, so as long as he is poisoned by alcohol, he will undoubtedly die."

Harley pondered for a moment and said grimly, "I do not want any accidents. Once he is sent to the car,





find a way to create a car accident."

"We're ready for that. Three slag cars are already standby."

"Very well." Harley picked up his glass and took a sip, "As long as Maximilian is dead, Dragon Sect will have to change its surname to Chang!"

On the screen, Dexter and Holmes's faces were flushed, and they couldn't drink anymore. Maximilian's face was only slightly red and had just a little sweat on his forehead.

"What is the situation? Why the people you arranged seems to be inferior to Maximilian?" Harley frowned, and his good mood instantly disappeared.

The man in black looked carefully at Maximilian on the screen. Seeing that the sweat on Maximilian's forehead was increasing and Maximilian kept wiping





sweat with his hands, the man in black revealed a smile, "He can't do it anymore. He keeps sweating now, and this is a precursor to alcoholism."

"Well." Harley stared at the screen suspiciously. Maximilian, Dexter, and Holmes had already drunk two boxes of white spirit. Dexter plunged directly into the dish, and his face was covered with sauce and vegetable leaves.

Holmes leaned limply on the back of the chair, waving his hands, and said, "I can't drink anymore, you're a fucking animal, you are good at drinking."

"Are you admitting a defeat?" Maximilian said, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"Yes, I surrendered. I don't want to drink any more. I will die if I drink it again."

The surrounding crowd was





dumbfounded when they saw this. Three people drank twelve bottles of liquor! This was a brag that they could talk about for a year.

"Why did Maximilian win? This is impossible. He doesn't look as if he could drink."

"Maximilian drank six bottles by himself, and he is not human at all. He is qualified to participate in the binge drinking challenge. He isn't a waste."

"It will be great if he opens a live broadcast. There are so many people broadcasting what they eat and become rich. Maximilian will definitely earn a lot of money if he makes a live broadcast for drinking wine. But unfortunately I can't drink so much alcohol."

The crowd was talking, and many of them were envious of Maximilian's shocking drinking capacity.





The sweat on Maximilian's forehead was getting more and more. Just after wiping, new sweat came out. Victoria faintly felt something wrong with Maximilian's sweat.

"Do you feel uncomfortable? After drinking so much wine, it's better to send you to the hospital for a checkup." Victoria pulled Maximilian with both hands and was a little worried that Maximilian would fall off the chair.

Maximilian shook his head, patted Holmes's shoulder, and said, "We bet on whether I win. If I don't, let's continue to drink."

"You won, you are the grandfather, and I am your grandson. If I drink again with you, I am your grandson." Holmes had been terrified of Maximilian and felt the alcoholic became stronger and stronger, and then he shook, lay on the





ground, and fall asleep.

"He passed out. Are they all right after drinking so much? I heard that over intake of alcohol can lead to death."

"Yes, I've seen someone alcohol poisoning before. Alcohol poisoning can be fatal. The one I saw died before being sent to the hospital for rescue."

The guests discussed and looked at Maximilian who drank so much. When it came to alcoholism, Maximilian got to be the first.

Brody and Alice pushed aside the onlookers and squeezed in. When seeing Dexter's head got in the dish, while Holmes was drunk under the table, Brody was stunned.

Alice walked to Victoria's side, looked at Maximilian, and said, "Victoria, I am sorry. I did not expect it to be like





this. Is Maximilian all right? How about I find a place here and let him lie down and rest."

"No, I'd better take him to the hospital. Hearing what they say about alcoholism, I'm really worried."

"Then I'll find someone to help you and Maximilian out; otherwise you can't support him."

Victoria nodded and didn't refuse Alice's kind offer.

Maximilian waved his hand and said somewhat weakly, "I'm fine, I don't need help."

"Don't be so stubborn, be good and obedient, or you won't be allowed to sleep in the bed tonight." Victoria said with a stern face.

Maximilian smiled and raised his hand to continue wiping the sweat from





his forehead.

Victoria took a tissue to help Maximilian wipe the sweat, "Look at what you did. Now you are uncomfortable, right?"

"It's okay. I am just a bit thirsty."

Victoria picked up the teacup and put it in Maximilian's mouth, feeding Maximilian the tea.

After drinking the tea, the sweat on Maximilian's forehead increased, and his lips turned a little purple.

Alice found two colleagues and asked them to help Maximilian, who almost fell to the ground when he stood up with a weak foot.

Victoria held Maximilian and asked in a panic, "What's wrong with you? Do you feel uncomfortable?"

"It's okay, just let me get in the car





and sleep for a while."

"Quickly help him out, and I'll drive to the door first." Victoria instructed and trotted out.

Alice greeted her colleagues and helped Maximilian to the door. And the car driven by Victoria was already parked at the door.

After opening the back door and having someone put Maximilian into the back seat, Victoria closed the door and greeted Alice, then drove away from the hotel.

Buzz. A small drone flew into the sky, followed Victoria's car, and transmitted the captured signal back.

The man in black bowed and said to Harley, "Maximilian's behavior just now shows that he is about to suffer from alcoholism, so I guess that he will be near death on the road."





"Good, but I still want him to die earlier, let the slag cars get prepared, and I want to see a wonderful car accident."

"Yes." The man in black took his phone and started sending messages to inform the arranged people.

Harley looked at the signal coming back from the drone, and his right hand gestured like a gun and made a shooting motion at Victoria's car on the screen.

"Pop! Ha ha, go to die, Maximilian. You shouldn't have come to this world."

Victoria drove the car and distractedly kept looking at Maximilian in the back seat.

"Maximilian, how do you feel? Tell me if you feel uncomfortable."

Maximilian curled up in the back





seat. He was in pain, and said weakly, "Nothing, I'm forcing out all the alcohol."

"Don't talk nonsense, you think you are a wine master and want to forced out the alcohol? I had told you long ago to stop drinking."

