

Chapter 32

"Grandmaster ... The alcohol is too strong ..." Brian managed to get his words out amidst the hiccups and burps, but he had to rush to the side after he was done and vomit into a trash bin.

There was a sudden brake sound, and Helena parked a white BMW at the entrance of the estate.

When she saw Nash, a disgusted expression appeared on her face. It was as if she had seen a fly.

However, they were on the Watson family's estate, so she concluded that Nash would not dare to cause trouble.

Earlier, after getting slapped by Hera, she had planned to slap her back to preserve some of her dignity. However, it was difficult for her to do it in the presence of her grandpa.

Besides, her mother had come up with a better revenge plan.

"What luck is this, bumping into you everywhere!"

Helena glared at Nash with extreme disdain.

The liquor from the restaurant owner's collection was indeed potent. The two of them had only drunk about

half a liter of it. Nonetheless, Brian was vomiting uncontrollably on the side, and Nash's stomach was in turmoil.

"Sorry, you made me nauseous!"

Nash patted his chest and gave Helena a disgusted look.

Did she think he wanted to see her?

Nash vomited as well. He ran to the trash bin and spewed out a mouthful of alcohol.

It seemed as if he was genuinely disgusted by Helena.

Seeing this, she was trembling with anger. She walked straight to the gate of the estate and said grumpily, "Kai, did you see what he did..."

Kai's hands that were gripping the steering wheel turned white, and his bloodshot eyes stared fiercely at Nash.

If looks could kill, Nash would have been shredded to pieces by now.

In the passenger seat, a blonde-haired person in tight clothes was using a switchblade to trim his nails.

Sensing his boss' anger, he pushed his long hair away from his right eye and smirked, saying, "Should I take care of him?"

disdainful expressions on their faces.

Withstanding the full-speed impact of a sports car with one's own body was akin to an egg hitting a rock.

Even a martial arts grandmaster would only end up severely injured or disabled.

Helena clenched her fists, excitedly exclaiming, "Hit him, hit him!"

Nash had martial arts skills, so she did not dare to act recklessly, but her boyfriend was gutsy.

Plus, if Kai killed Nash, the Watson family had a hundred ways to cover up this accident.

A deafening explosion resonated throughout the entire estate.

The sports car tumbled in the air, and Kai fell heavily to the ground, covered in blood.

The front of the car was crushed, and engine parts were scattered all over the place.

The sports car dropped to the ground, sliding several meters before coming to a stop.

The multimillion-dollar supercar had turned into a heap of scrap metal.

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