

Chapter 59 Klaus Showed Up

Booker's expression shifted dramatically as he laid eyes on the contract before him.

He slammed his fist on the counter and bellowed, "My pubs are worth a minimum of 80 million, yet you offer a measly 30 million?! You've crossed the line!"

But Liam's smirk only grew wider as he replied coolly, "Your valuation should reflect the success of your pubs, but they're struggling. Truth be told, I only want their locations. I wouldn't even consider buying them otherwise."

Andrew's brow furrowed in disbelief as he struggled to process the information.

As the tension rose in the pub, Andrew couldn't believe the audacity of Liam's words.

How could the once-humble servant be wealthy enough to purchase the Pandora Pub?

And how could the ruthless Klaus be working for him? The very thought made Andrew's blood boil.

But then, a lightbulb moment struck him. He finally saw through Liam's ruse.

With a smirk, he snatched the contract from the counter

and jeered, "Liam, you're going all-out to tell your lies, aren't you? Klaus works for you? You own the Hollywood Pub? You'd make a fantastic actor. You almost had me fooled!"

Unfazed, Liam turned his cold gaze to Booker, disregarding Andrew's jibes. "Booker, what's your answer? Will you sell the pubs or not?"

Seeing that Liam ignored him, Andrew felt embarrassed. With a roar of fury, Andrew pointed a finger at Liam. "You think you can just walk in here and act like you own the place?"

In a fit of rage, Andrew shredded the contract into tiny pieces and threw them straight in Liam's face.

Liam's cold gaze met Andrew's. "You better watch your tongue," he warned with a low growl.

But Andrew was not intimidated, his arrogance growing with each passing moment.

"You think I can be fooled that easily? Klaus working for you? That's a laugh! The two of you have a feud. How can he be on your side?"

Gritting his teeth, Liam tried to reign in his anger. "Fine," he spat out through gritted teeth. "If you think I'm lying, I'll call Klaus right now and prove you wrong."

And with that, Liam dialed Klaus's number and ordered,

"I want you at the headquarters of the Pandora Pub in ten minutes."

Andrew sneered, "Ten minutes it is. You should thank me later, Booker, for saving your pubs."

Booker wavered at Andrew's bold words, uncertainty etched on his face.

He had been certain that the mastermind behind his downfall was Liam based on a phone call only.

In fact, he didn't have any concrete proof.

Besides, Liam didn't deny Andrew's claim of him having a feud with Klaus.

The thought of Klaus not seeking revenge for his lost finger and instead aligning himself with Liam seemed implausible. How could a former adversary become a loyal accomplice?

With a sudden realization, Booker erupted in rage. "You deceitful fiend! How dare you try to deceive me with your lies! Do you think you can buy my pubs for a measly price? You're a disgrace!"


Liam raised two fingers with a cunning smirk. "Twenty million. That's the new offer."

Booker's mind was clouded with exhaustion and confusion as he asked, "What? Twenty million?"

Unfazed by Booker's disbelief, Liam calmly explained,

"You just cursed at me, so I'm lowering the price to twenty million."

The fear in Booker's eyes intensified as he felt intimidated by Liam's unwavering assurance.

With a mocking grin, Andrew taunted, "You still try to play it cool? Don't believe him, Booker. I'll eat my wine glass if Klaus shows up!" 

But Booker was distracted, something wasn't right. Liam's confidence was unnerving!

He rubbed his temples, trying to clear his head and replied, "Calm down, it's only ten minutes. I can wait."

The pub was thick with tension as the minutes ticked by. As the ten minutes passed, Andrew chuckled, "Well, well. Ten minutes have come and gone. What's your next move?"

Bang!

The door of the pub was viciously kicked open and a horde of men burst in, panting and sweating profusely. They had just arrived.

The fearless leader of this motley crew was none other than Klaus, with a thick bandage still wrapped around his forehead.

He strode quickly over to Liam and offered a rushed apology. "Sir, a massive traffic jam blocked our way and

we were forced to run the rest of the way. I deeply apologize for not making it on time."

Liam's piercing gaze was fixated on Klaus as he tapped his finger against the bar counter, creating a deafening rhythm that echoed in the pub.

Klaus, realizing the gravity of his mistake, knelt down before Liam with a look of desperation on his face.

"Sir, I can endure any punishment," Klaus cried out, gritting his teeth as he began to slap himself, the sound of flesh against flesh echoing through the pub.

Andrew watched in horror as the once-fearsome Klaus begged for forgiveness.

Was this the same man who had taken countless lives with ease? The sight before him was almost too much to bear. He rubbed his eyes, trying to shake off the surreal feeling of the situation. This couldn't be real. ●

