

Chapter 58 Klaus Works For Liam

Andrew was torn between his desire to drink the night away with Dennis, and Vera's directive.

He begrudgingly rose from his seat and hopped into his sleek black Benz.

As he arrived at the Pandora Pub, the Hollywood Pub across the street gleamed with life, bustling with patrons seeking a good time.

But the Pandora Pub, once a hot spot for the wealthy and elite, now lay silent as a grave, with potential customers opting for the livelier establishment.

Andrew stepped out of his car and approached the desolate Pandora Pub.

But with a sudden jolt, Andrew felt a hand grip his arm and a voice whispered urgently, "Don't even think about stepping foot in there. That place is notorious for peddling fake wine."

Shocked by the revelation, Andrew understood why the once-thriving Pandora Pub was now deserted.

As he entered the pub, he spotted Booker, sitting alone at the bar counter, drowning his sorrows in a glass of whiskey.

The massive pub was now only inhabited by two disinterested employees, one engrossed in his phone and the other in a trance-like state.

Striding towards Booker, Andrew greeted him cordially, "Mr. Natt, it seems like you've got some free time on your hands."

Booker lifted his head, hope suddenly blazing in his eyes as he recognized Andrew. Had the Lambert family finally decided to believe his story? Eagerly, he offered, "If you're willing to invest in my pubs, I'm willing to give you shares and even full control over them. What do you say?"

Booker had taken a massive loan in a daring bid to conquer the market.

Over the years, the balance of income and expenditure was enough to keep the Pandora Pub afloat.

Since everything was on the right track, as long as the pubs operated as usual, he was sure wealth and success would be within reach.

But a twist of fate struck, leaving Booker in dire need of ten million dollars to rebuild his pubs, an insurmountable sum that he could never hope to acquire on his own.

No one saw hope for the Pandora Pub. Andrew was just here to find out about the truth of its downfall.

As Booker's financial crisis reached a boiling point,

Andrew's deception began to unfold.

"If Liam's power is enough to seek retribution against the Lambert family, the message you brought us would be incredibly valuable," Andrew said with a hint of suspicion. "But I need to see the evidence."

In response, Booker's eyes lit up with excitement. "I've got it right here!" he declared, pulling out a laptop from beneath the counter.

He hit play on a video, displaying a group of rough-looking men stationed outside the doors of his pubs.

Whenever a customer approached, the men would sway them away with flapping newspapers.

Andrew was bewildered. "What does this have to do with Liam?" he asked.

"These thugs are all under the employ of Klaus," Booker replied, his voice rife with anxiety. "And Klaus works for Liam!"

Andrew's disbelief was palpable as he let out a sarcastic chuckle. "Really? Klaus lost his thumb to Liam. How could he be in his employ now?" he asked. "Do you have any further proof to back up your claims?"

Booker hung his head low, a sigh escaping his lips. "Unfortunately, no. Klaus has always been a shadowy figure. He prefers to let his henchmen do the dirty jobs. Making an appearance is out of the question, let alone in

the presence of Liam."

Andrew's expression turned cold and contemptuous. "This is a pathetic attempt, Booker. To fabricate a lie and create a fake video in hopes of borrowing money? How disgraceful."

Andrew was ready to depart from the pub when Booker suddenly reached out and grasped his arm firmly.

Desperately clinging to his story, with a fiery gaze, he swore an oath. "On my honor, every word I've spoken is the truth. Liam is the true boss of the Hollywood Pub."

But before he could even finish his sentence, the door to the pub burst open with a thud and a familiar voice boomed out, "Deadly quiet in here!"


Both men spun around to see the source of the interruption.

The sight that met them made Andrew sneer in disdain - there stood Liam, strolling into the pub as if he owned the place.

Andrew's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "You've arrived just at the right time. Booker's been spouting some nonsense, claiming you're the mastermind behind his downfall and that Klaus works for you. When did you become this powerful, Liam? Are you going to try and tell me the same story about being the CEO of Kingland Group and trying to buy the Pandora Pub again?"

Liam shot Andrew a disdainful look, tossing a contract onto the bar counter. "Sign it," he growled. "Sell me the Pandora Pub."



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