

Chapter 60 Andrew Surrendered

With a cunning smirk on his face, Liam taunted, "Do you finally believe me now?"

Andrew's body was drenched in cold sweat, his heart pounding with fear.

There was no mistaking Klaus' identity, and no one would dare impersonate him.

So how could he not believe it now?

Andrew forced a chuckle. "All these were just a mix-up, a simple mix-up."

But Liam was not fooled. His eyes twinkled with amusement as he replied, "Really? Just a mix-up? You said I was lying not too long ago. Are you saying none of that was real?"

Hearing this, Klaus stood up immediately. With a menacing grip on Andrew's collar, he bellowed, "You dare insult my boss? Are you begging for death?"

He then whipped out a Swiss army knife from his pocket, with a lethal gleam in his eyes, and asked Liam, "Sir, shall I slice out his treacherous tongue?"

Trembling in fear, Andrew stammered out, "Klaus, what... what happened to your grudge against Liam? Why are

you serving him now?"

With a cold sneer, Klaus's hand slammed into Andrew's cheek, sending him staggering. "Allow me to introduce him to you. He is the commanding CEO of Kingland Group and the superior of even my own boss, Aikin Frazier. You and your family were foolish enough to let him leave!"

The realization hit Andrew like a freight train.

He stared, stunned, as Klaus's fierce gaze burned into him.


"Thanks to your ignorance, I once crossed the wrong person."

Andrew's eyes flickered to Klaus's broken thumb, a constant reminder of the past.

The weight of all his actions towards Liam in the past three years crushed him, and he stumbled, falling to his knees in front of Liam.

Andrew clung to Liam's legs with desperation.

He pleaded, "Liam, I'm a fool and a pathetic loser. I couldn't see you for who you truly are. We're family. Can you forgive me?"

But Liam's expression was cold, his voice distant. "I've divorced Yolanda," he said flatly. 

Fear gripped Andrew as he realized the danger he was in. Klaus's ruthless reputation was well known, and without

Liam's protection, he could easily become another victim.

Desperately, he pleaded, "You'll always be family to me. You're the only person who deserves Yolanda. Please, spare my life for her sake."

Liam's lips curled into a sneer as he coldly spat, "Three long years, you've humiliated me in every possible way. Remember that?"

Andrew was paralyzed with fear, his body trembling as he struggled to form words. "I... I..."

In a devious smile, Liam pointed to the wine glass perched on the bar counter and declared, "Swallow that glass, just like you said. And I'll let you walk away unscathed."

Andrew, now face slick with tears, frantically shook his head. "I can't! It would kill me!"

With a burst of desperation, Andrew began slapping himself, tears streaming down his face as he cried out, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, Liam! I was a foolish loser! Please forgive me!"

Turning his attention to Booker, Liam's voice was ice-cold as he asked, "Will you sign the contract or not?"

Booker was in a state of shock, struggling with the decision to sell his pubs for such a small sum.

But Klaus was done waiting.

With a fierce growl, he kicked over a nearby table, sending the Swiss army knife skidding across the bar counter. He roared, "Can't you hear the man speaking to you? Get on your knees!"

The knife's gleaming blade was enough to send Booker cowering, his face paling with fear.

With a trembling voice, he muttered, "I'll sign. I'll sign it right now. Don't kill me!"

With hatred boiling in his heart, Booker's gaze was fixed on Andrew.

It was all his fault that he had fallen into this mess, losing ten million dollars and now being forced to sign away his pubs.

With a cool and calculated nod, Liam declared, "In that case, I'll have another contract drawn up and sent to you."

With his face still pale, Booker found a shred of courage to bargain with Liam. "Hold on," he exclaimed. "I'll sell the pubs, but I want a five percent stake in the Hollywood Pub!"

