

Chapter 46 Hollywood Pub

Dennis clutched her right arm, as he gasped in shock and disbelief. "Miss Fiber, what do you mean by that?"

With lightning-fast reflexes, Julie whipped out her left hand and delivered a second, resounding slap to Dennis's cheek, sending him stumbling back.

Slap!

No one could have imagined the scene that was unfolding before them.

Julie's swift hand connected with Dennis's cheek, sending a resounding crack through the air.

Dennis's anger boiled to the surface.

But as soon as he met Julie's icy gaze, he crumbled, cowardice overtaking him. In a trembling voice, he spat out insults at Liam. "Miss Fiber, you think too highly of your lover. He may be handsome, but he's still a loser without a penny to his name or any real power."

Fury filled Julie's eyes as she sneered at Dennis, "My personal life is not up for discussion or negotiation, and your petty offers mean nothing to me."

Dennis gritted his teeth in frustration, seething with jealousy over Liam's hold on Julie. He wondered what

made this guy so special. Did he have some sort of secret skill in the bedroom?

Filled with envy, Dennis considered Julie to be a seductress in the bedroom.

He was willing to sacrifice several years of his life for a chance with a woman like her.

With determination in his voice, he proclaimed, "Miss Fiber, the world is full of handsome men. I've already made a promise to make Liam's life a living hell. If you're willing to part ways with him, I'm willing to offer ten times his current annual salary. What do you say?"

Liam had publicly humiliated Dennis on multiple occasions, fueling the latter's hatred towards him.

Dennis estimated Liam's annual salary to be a measly 100, 000 at most.

He was willing to offer a hefty sum of 1 million dollars to see Liam gone.

With a haughty smirk, Julie raised an eyebrow and challenged Dennis, "Sure, it's 100 million. Give me and I'll send him packing right now."

Her words only served to enrage Dennis further, who now realized that Julie was toying with him.

Despite his fury, he dared not confront Julie and instead, directed his animosity toward Liam.

Glaring daggers at Liam, Dennis taunted, "I'll be proposing to Yolanda at Pandora Pub in a week's time. Make sure you don't miss it."

Dennis curtly bid farewell to Booker and swiftly sped away from the place, leaving a stunned Liam in his wake.

Liam felt the weight of Dennis's words crushing him, causing him to clench his fists tightly until his nails dug deep into his palms.

He gritted his teeth, struggling to contain the boiling rage that threatened to consume him, as he took his seat in the luxurious Porsche, seeking solace in its quiet interior. But no matter how much he tried to calm himself, the fire of fury continued to burn within.

Outside the vehicle, Booker gazed upon Liam with a mixture of shock and awe, as he sat in the back seat like a powerful magnate, with Julie serving as his chauffeur. With a hint of concern etched on his face, Booker offered a gentle warning to Julie. "My dear Miss Fiber, don't be too indulgent with him, or it might come back to haunt you."

But Julie shot him a withering look, her voice chilly and dismissive. "That's none of your concern."

With a defeated sigh, Booker trudged back to the Pandora Pub, but couldn't shake the strange feeling that lingered in his mind.

As he watched the Porsche roar off into the distance, he couldn't help but wonder why it appeared as if Julie was behind the wheel, subservient to Liam who sat in the back like a ruler.

Shaking his head to dispel the absurd notion, Booker pushed forward, determined to not let his thoughts consume him.

"Bah!"

Booker spat on the ground, his disdain for Liam palpable. "He's just a puppet, lacking any real backbone!"

In the Porsche, Liam sat majestically in the back seat, his voice cool as ice. "We'll have the Hollywood Pub up and running in just one week."

Though a week might have seemed like a tight deadline, Julie dared not disobey Liam, obediently nodding in agreement.

Satisfied, Liam picked up his phone and made a call to Theo. "We're opening a bar in a week's time, and I'm inviting the Poor Q to perform," he declared with authority.

At the news, Julie's excitement skyrocketed.

The Poor Q was the hottest band in the entire land of Aperia and to have them perform was a feat that couldn't be achieved with just money.

Julie was even a fan of the band herself.

The news of their upcoming performance at the Hollywood Pub quickly spread throughout the Internet.

Fans everywhere were clamoring to get a glimpse of the enigmatic owner who had managed to invite the hottest band in all of Aperia.

The Poor Q themselves immediately announced the news on their Facebook, sending fans into a frenzy.

Travel plans were made as fans from far and wide booked their tickets, ready to witness the Poor Q's electrifying performance in person.

As excitement reached a fever pitch, advertisements and posters flooded TV screens and city streets, stoking the already blazing inferno of public interest.

The entire Salem, not just Ninverton, was buzzing with anticipation for the opening of the Hollywood Pub and everyone was eager to find out who the elusive owner was.

Who was the boss of the Hollywood Pub?

This topic had directly become the hottest topic at present! ⑥

