

Chapter 633 Mr. Saber

Upon learning Liam intended to stir up trouble at the Flower Club, the manager's expression turned stormy.

"Sir, I've treated you with courtesy, yet you overstepped! No one messes around in the Flower Club!"

In response, Liam lifted his gaze slightly and delivered a sharp slap across her face, without uttering a single word.

"Who exactly do you think you are, speaking to me in such a manner?"

The slap left the manager in utter disbelief. It marked the first instance where an outsider had ever struck her within the walls of the Flower Club.

Fuming with rage, the manager touched her slapped cheek and icily declared, "Fine. If I don't put you in your place today, the Flower Club might as well shut down. Just you wait."

With that, the manager stormed off, clearly in search of reinforcements.

The moment she exited, Yusuf sensed trouble brewing and promptly approached. Given his familiarity with Liam, he had a hunch about what was happening.

In a hushed voice, Yusuf asked Liam, "Javen, I've been wondering why you brought me here today. You're here to cause problems, aren't you? Why didn't you give me a heads-up?"

Wearing a subtle grin, Liam made no effort to deny it. He whispered back to Yusuf, "Let's see how it unfolds. I'm hoping to encounter someone specific."

Yolanda, at that point, finally grasped that Liam was there to wreak havoc. Awestruck by the unfolding drama, she stayed put, too frightened to leave or speak.

Shortly, the rush of hurried footsteps echoed outside the private room door.

Seconds later, the female manager burst through the door, accompanied by a group of individuals, each proudly displaying a tattoo on their neck, the symbol of the Blaze Gang.

Pointing at Liam, the manager snarled, "Mr. Saber, that's the guy right there."

Mr. Saber, the muscle-bound man, scratched the

back of his head as he walked toward Liam, smirking. "Brat, got the guts to stir up trouble without knowing who runs this place?"

Liam kept sipping his drink, never lifting his gaze.

Flipping out a dagger from his pocket, Mr. Saber twirled it between his fingers. Still smirking, he said, "You're lucky I'm feeling generous today. We're running a business here, and we can't scare off the customers, you know? Now, which hand did you use to hit the manager? You can leave it behind as you go."

Upon hearing this, Liam smirked. "How thoughtful of you! Let me extend the same courtesy. Slice off your tongue today, and you might just leave this room breathing."

Mr. Saber's face lost all color at Liam's words. He growled, "Brat, you're asking for it!"

In a split second, he tightened his grip on the dagger, ready to strike.

As Liam watched the glinting blade draw closer, Yusuf leapt in front of him and delivered a powerful kick to Mr. Saber.

Sent flying by Yusuf's kick, Mr. Saber crashed into a wine rack, toppling the bottles.

The women in the room went pale with fright. They wanted to run, but their legs quivered too much to move.

Yusuf glared at Mr. Saber and picked up the fallen dagger. With a flick of his wrist, he embedded it into the wall.

Right now, there wasn't a hint of playfulness about Yusuf. Instead, a fierce and deadly energy surrounded him!

"You really think you can get away with attacking members of Dark Night Organization, Blaze Gang? You must have a death wish."