

## Chapter 1908 Claude Myers

In the hallway, a stern-looking man shoved aside Claude Myers, the middle-aged man, his face twisted with anger. "Your dumb move, riding on Janet's fame, messed things up with Larson Group! Now the whole entertainment industry is turning against Apachicorp Entertainment. Our cool boy band, the one we poured millions into, is getting crushed! All because of you, Claude! We're on the brink of going broke, and it's all your fault! You haven't heard the end of this."

With a final push, the boss stormed off, leaving Claude stunned.

Claude's expression darkened as he thought about his mounting debts—the loans, credit cards, insurance, and his kid's tuition fees. But not a single dollar could he find in his briefcase.

Staring out the window, he saw the city lights flickering below, a sense of hopelessness washing over him. The thought of jumping crossed his mind.

Just then, a stunningly beautiful and familiar face appeared before him.

Claude's eyes lit up with a glimmer of hope as he gazed at the unexpected visitor.

In the private booth, Brandon sorted out their order and stepped out for a call. Meanwhile, Janet excused

herself, sending a quick message to Brandon before heading to the restroom.

As she pushed the door, Janet noticed a stranger's gaze on her. She paused, glancing back at the middle-aged man, unfamiliar but intriguing. Dismissing it, she continued to the restroom.

The restroom was at the end of a dim corridor. When Janet reached halfway, the middle-aged man halted her.

"What do you want?" Startled, Janet instinctively guarded her belly and stepped back cautiously.

The man wiped his face and ruffled his hair, trying to compose himself.

As he revealed his face, Janet felt a flicker of recognition but couldn't quite place him.

Seeing her confused face, the man spoke up quickly. "It's me, Claude Myers, from Apachicorp Entertainment. Remember when we talked about the boy band's outfits? We've met before."

Janet struggled to reconcile the disheveled man before her with the confident agent. Despite her uncertainty, she remained polite. "Oh, hello. What can I do for you?"

Claude bent deeply at the waist, his croaky voice ringing out in the air. "I'm really sorry!"

Taken aback, Janet stepped back, her smile fading. "Hey, no need for that. Just stand up, okay?"

Ignoring her request, Claude remained bowed, his tone firm. "I messed up. I was too eager to make our boy band a hit, and I messed up big time. I get it now, and I promise not to mess with you again. Please, forgive me this once!"

Noticing Claude's shabby clothes, Janet frowned. "I've moved on from the whole outfit thing. No need to apologize."

Even as Janet spoke, she couldn't shake the feeling that Apachicorp Entertainment had fired this agent to avoid trouble from her and Brandon.

Misreading Janet's words as a dismissal, Claude stood up, his voice shaking. "Since that mess, our artists have suffered, our company's reputation tanked, and now, I'm out of a job."