

Chapter 55 Destroying The Caldwell Family

Liam's car roared through the streets, careening around the Hollywood Pub twice before finally coming to a stop on the riverbank.

He yearned for a moment of fresh air, but as he stepped out of the car, he stumbled upon a romantic couple, entwined in a passionate embrace.

He stood there, transfixed, as they kissed deeply, their bodies seemingly merging into one.

Liam couldn't help but laugh bitterly at himself, watching from a distance.

No matter what the future held for them, at this moment, they were deeply in love. But what about him? It had been three long years and he had never even shared a kiss with Yolanda, let alone shared a bed.

As the memories flooded back, Liam felt as if he was watching a movie play out before his eyes.

Three years prior, in order to train his disposition, he had married Yolanda and started to live with the Lambert family.

When he first laid eyes on the stunning Yolanda, dressed

in a breathtaking wedding gown, she had captured his heart instantly.

Liam's love for Yolanda only grew stronger with each passing day.

Over the past three years, he had dedicated himself to taking care of her, not just as a requirement of the training, but because he was head-over-heels in love with her.

Despite being so young, he had never met someone as alluring as her.

But all of his devotion and love was shattered when he caught a glimpse of Yolanda cheating on him. The heartbreak he felt was indescribable.

Rage consumed Liam as he bellowed in fury, "Why can't I forget her?!"

His deafening roar echoed along the riverbank, startling the affectionate couple nearby.

The girlfriend, trembling with fear, hid behind her beau, coquettishly squeaking, "Baby, is he crazy? He scared me, make him go away!"

Her innocent demeanor sparked a fire within her partner, as his urge to protect her skyrocketed. He comforted her, "Fear not, my love. I'll deal with him."

With a determined scowl, the boyfriend spun around,

fists clenched and ready for action, ready to teach Liam a lesson for his outburst.

"What's your problem, you fool?! Why did you have to scream like that?" The man snarled, his fists tightening as he approached Liam, ready for a showdown.

But the next second, he was forced to stop in his tracks. With a piercing roar, Liam unleashed his pent-up frustration onto the massive boulder beside the river.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

His fist connected with a resounding crash, sending shockwaves rippling through the stone and into the surrounding air.

Each successive punch caused a thunderous impact, as Liam relentlessly pounded the boulder with all his might. Blood began to seep from his knuckles and mix with the fragments of the shattered rock, creating a crimson rain that splattered across the ground.

The man who had shouted at Liam only moments before was suddenly filled with fear, his confidence evaporating in the face of Liam's raw power.

"Damn it, he's lost his mind!"

Swearing under his breath, the man took his girlfriend's hand and fled the scene, leaving Liam alone with his broken boulder and his shattered emotions.

Five minutes passed by, and a blazing red Porsche came to a halt near the river bank.

Julie got out of the car and approached Liam with her aim to seize the opportunity.

As she approached, her eyes widened in shock as she laid her gaze upon Liam's battered fists, drenched in blood.

Julie asked, with a look of concern on her face, "What happened? Why are your fists bleeding?"

Liam shook his head, dismissing the injury. "It's nothing, just some minor scratches."

Julie looked on at Liam for a hint of falter, her admiration for him growing with each passing moment. In her mind, the epitome of masculinity was embodied in this wounded, yet stoic figure before her.

She retrieved a medical kit from her red Porsche and set to work, her long hair elegantly brushed behind her ear.

With delicate care, Julie attended to Liam's wounds. "Does it hurt?" she queried softly, her hands tenderly wiping away the blood from his fist.

As the bright moonlight bathed Julie in its celestial glow, she appeared as if she were adorned in a delicate veil of white.

Liam was momentarily spellbound, and time stood still as he gazed upon her stunning beauty.

It wasn't until she finished bandaging his wounds that he tore his gaze away from her face.

Liam looked at the bowknots on his hands, feeling a complex mixture of emotions that he couldn't quite understand.

As he gazed at Julie, whose gentle and caring nature had left him with a warm feeling in his heart, he realized that in his three years under the Lambert family's roof, he had never experienced the love and tenderness that he now felt with Julie.

Though their acquaintance was only a matter of weeks, Liam wondered whether one's wealth and status really mattered that much in the grand scheme of things. ④

The bitter irony of it all was not lost on Liam, as he let out a heavy sigh.

He couldn't help but wonder if this was the intended outcome of this training.

After experiencing the devastating betrayal of his wife and the disdain and ridicule from the Lambert family, Liam was beginning to grasp the true purpose of the training.

He was coming to realize that love was no match for the all-powerful forces of power and wealth in this world. ②

To truly have it all, one had to reign supreme over the rest of society.

Holding Liam's hand tenderly, Julie traced her fingers over his wounds and queried with concern, "Is it worth it for a woman like Yolanda?"

Liam's voice was tinged with helplessness as he replied, "It's not, but I can't help the feelings I have for her."

Julie was cognizant of the fact that one cannot control whom they fall in love with.

She released a sigh and posed a question. "You hold the presidency of Kingland Group, with the power to bring down the Caldwell family at any moment. Why don't you take action?" "The downfall of the Cadwells would make everyone believe your position, and Yolanda would be forced to return to your side," Julie added.

Liam firmly shook his head and declared with resolve, "I may still have feelings for Yolanda, but the truth remains that she betrayed me. I cannot accept a partner who would cheat on me. Making a vow at a wedding is a symbol of your commitment to the person you love. It represents a promise to be loyal and faithful for the rest of your life. If one person breaks that promise, it can have lasting consequences and there may be no way to restore the trust and love that was once there."

Julie was momentarily taken aback. She never imagined that Liam's perspective on love and matrimony would be so pure and unadulterated.

"Mr. Hoffman," she asked tentatively, "are you planning to let Dennis go unscathed?"

"Let him go?" Liam replied with a hint of a smirk, his eyes suddenly taking on a menacing gleam.

"Why would I do that? If I were to bring down the Caldwell family now, it would be too easy on Dennis.

I want to take him down from his throne when he's at his pinnacle, to make him taste the agony that I've endured."



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