

Chapter 107 Yolanda Dating Tyler

Julie was never one to back down from a confrontation, and she certainly wasn't going to let Yolanda get the best of her.

She clamped down on Yolanda's wrist, her grip firm and unyielding, and gave her a cold reminder. "This is the Kingland Group, not the Lambert family. I don't think you'll look good being escorted out by security."

With a sneer, Julie shook off Yolanda's wrist.

Yolanda's rage boiled over as she stormed into the CEO's office with red-rimmed eyes, seeking Liam's support. "Liam, she eavesdropped on us and she threatened to have the security guards throw me out! Aren't you going to do anything about it?"

But Liam was already at the end of his tether with her. Waving his hand dismissively, he said, "Stop making a fuss here! Leave!"

Yolanda was indignant. "You...Liam, don't regret this!" she cried, stamping her feet in frustration before pushing past Julie and storming out of the Kingland Group, consumed with anger and hatred.

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Julie paid her no attention, her focus solely on Liam and the pressing matter at hand. She strode purposefully into his office.

As Julie looked at Liam seated behind his desk, her heart raced with a mix of emotions. She wanted to speak up and express her gratitude for all that he had done for her, but the words wouldn't come out. Instead, her eyes spoke volumes, revealing the depth of her affection for him.

Liam, ever the astute observer, caught on to the unspoken message in Julie's gaze. He gave her a knowing smile and asked, "Did you hear everything?"

Julie nodded silently, still reeling from the shock of what had transpired moments ago.

"Don't worry. I'll handle it," Liam promised.

Julie felt a weight lifted off her shoulders. She had never felt this kind of relief from any other man, and it only served to deepen her admiration and respect for Liam.

Julie's eyes lingered on Liam's face for a moment longer before she finally spoke up, her voice soft and hesitant. "Mr. Hoffman, I think it's best if I resign and take the blame for everything that happened."

Liam's expression shifted, his eyebrows furrowing as he regarded her. "I won't accept your resignation," he said firmly, his tone leaving no room for argument. "I can handle the situation with the Riley Group. They're not much of a threat to me."

Julie's heart swelled with gratitude, but she couldn't help feeling a sense of unease.

Outside of the Kingland Group.

Seething with anger, Yolanda sat behind the wheel of her white BMW, feeling like the world was collapsing around her.

Her grandmother's words echoed in her mind, warning her that the Riley Group was too powerful for Liam to handle.

Despite her fondness for him, Yolanda couldn't bear the thought of a life without the luxury she yearned for.

She craved the finer things in life and was willing to do anything to keep them, even if it meant betraying Liam.

Determined to put her plan into action, Yolanda pulled out her phone and dialed Tyler's number.

"Hey, Tyler, are you free? Let's go shopping," she said, trying to sound as casual as possible.

Tyler's excitement was palpable over the phone.

"Absolutely! I'll be there in a jiffy," he replied eagerly.

After hanging up the phone, Tyler stood up with a confident smirk and turned to Dennis. "Come on, Dennis. Yolanda's waiting for me. You know what to do, be my chauffeur and bag carrier."

Dennis obediently followed, but couldn't resist the temptation to stir up some drama. "Hey, Tyler, how about I take some snaps of you and Yolanda on your little shopping date and send them to Liam?"

A twisted grin formed on Dennis's face as he savored the idea of pitting two powerful men against each other.

Oh, how he relished the prospect of watching the sparks fly between Tyler and Liam. He loathed them both with equal measure and this was the perfect opportunity to see them tear each other apart.

Tyler remembered the incident at the cafe a few days ago when he had been humiliated by Liam. Now, he saw an opportunity to get his revenge.

"Great idea," he praised, looking at Dennis. "I'll give you a pay rise if you do it well."

Dennis felt a pang of anger inside him, but he forced a smile and nodded his head obediently.

He knew he was in no position to refuse Tyler's requests. After all, since the Caldwell family had gone bankrupt, he had become a pauper.

Tyler had offered him the job of his full-time driver, and he was now at his beck and call, trying his best to please him.

Dennis trailed Tyler with the look of a vulture stalking its prey.

He knew that his job with ten-thousand-dollar monthly salary was just a means to an end.

His true desire was to infiltrate the Riley family, and he believed that Tyler could make that happen.

As a relative of the Rileys, Dennis had always been kept at arm's length from the family, but he was convinced that if he could land a job at the Riley Group, he would finally have a chance to claim his rightful place.

As they arrived at the grand gates of the Kingland Group, Dennis sprang out of the driver's seat like a man possessed, rushing to the back of the car to open the door for Yolanda like a gentleman.

With a timid smile on his face, he said to her, "Yolanda, get in the car."

Yolanda glanced at him with an air of indifference, brushing past him and sliding into the back seat with a regal air.

Dennis felt a sting of humiliation deep within his soul. How dare she treat him with such disdain?

He balled his fists, his teeth gritted in anger, as he tried to swallow his rising ire.

He remembered the time when Yolanda was his date, and he had opened doors for her as a gentleman should. But now, as her driver, he was beneath her notice, just a mere servant.

As the car drove through the busy streets, Dennis's gaze was fixed on the rear-view mirror. He could see Yolanda leaning in towards Tyler, her hand resting on his arm.

The sight of their intimacy was like a dagger piercing through Dennis's heart, fueling the flames of his anger.

Tyler noticed Dennis's fixation on the mirror and barked at him impatiently, "What are you staring at? Remember to complete your task at hand!"


Dennis quickly averted his gaze, feeling chastised.

He knew that Tyler was referring to the task of taking photos of them together, but he couldn't shake off the bitter feeling in his chest.

As he held his phone tightly, his knuckles turned white,

and his veins bulged. He was overwhelmed with a sense of anger and frustration, realizing that he was nothing more than a pawn in Tyler's game.



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