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"Okay!"

Ingram nodded in agreement.

Now, Skylar had Ingram completely convinced. Even the Moody family's eldest son was nothing to Skylar.

So, Ingram had nothing to worry about.

After parting with Ingram, Skylar took Dianne and headed for Babylon.

Inside the study of a villa in Cloudtopia.

A middle-aged man in a high-end tailored suit sat in front of his desk, reading the documents in his hand.

He was the head of the Moody family, Brad Moody.

In Cloudtopia, the Moody family was second only to the Four Great Families.

Its financial strength and connections were not to be underestimated.

"Knock!"

A knock at the door interrupted Brad's thoughts. He took off his glasses and said softly, "Come in!"

The next moment.

Warwick Romero, a lean-bodied butler, walked in.

"Sir, someone came to report that an armed force of nearly a thousand people has appeared near Hillside Neighborhood."

"Armed forces? What's going on?"

Brad lifted his head.

A few days ago, he learned through some special channels that a few big shots with military background had come to Cloudtopia. He was thinking about how to befriend them.

Now that he heard Warwick's report, he was naturally a bit sensitive.

Warwick pondered for a moment and said, "I only know that the troops did not stay there for long as they left soon. No one dared to say what happened. So we can't figure it out. But what happens is not the point. What I am more worried about now is that this troop may be related to Mr. Strickland."

"What? Something to do with Strickland?"

Brad's expression suddenly changed.

Warwick said worriedly, "Two days ago, at a concert at Cloudtopia Stadium, Mr. Strickland was interested in a newly-debut idol and asked her for a drink as an investor.

Usually, this is not a big deal. But then, Mr. Strickland was interrupted by the idol's classmate. After the incident, Mr. Strickland asked someone to investigate that person because he wanted to teach the other party a lesson. But what Mr. Strickland didn't expect was that no trace about the man could be found. It was as if that man was undocumented."

Brad frowned and asked in a deep voice, "Undocumented? What is his name?"

"Skylar Stone!"

Warwick answered truthfully.

Brad's heart skipped a beat.

Skylar!

The man's last name was Stone!

There was a man called Skylar among those legendary big shots.

Moreover, Skylar was the most powerful among the others.

Not to mention Cloudtopia, even the entire country was afraid of Skylar's existence.

Now, the person Strickland had offended was also surnamed Stone. And the personal information of that person could not be traced.

Brad did not dare to think further. If his guess was true, the Moody family could not afford the consequences.

"Bastard, is he going to get the entire family killed for the sake of a woman?"

Brad jumped up. "Where is this rebellious son fooling around now? Tell him to come and see me immediately!"

Warwick was startled. After all, he did not know all the truths. So he did not expect Brad, who was always calm to suddenly become so irritable.

At that moment, Warwick dared not hide and answered truthfully, "Mr. Strickland has gone to Babylon. He should have arrived by now. Shall I call him and ask him to come back to see you immediately?"

Brad waved his hand and cursed hatefully, "That bastard won't come back. Have someone get the car ready, and I'll go there myself! If I'm late, the Moody family will be finished!"

As Brad spoke, he had already left the study.

Warwick hurriedly trotted to follow Brad.

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At a high-end clubhouse at entrance of Babylon.

Luxury cars were gathered.

Dianne parked her car and followed Skylar into the clubhouse.

Today's private reception was initiated in the name of charity focusing on children left behind.

But these people who got out of the limousine were concerned with how much praise they could receive for it. They did not care whether they could actually help the children left behind.

The so-called charity receptions were nothing but a hypocritical game for rich people to spend a little money and show off their status.

When they arrived at the entrance of the clubhouse, Skylar and Dianne were about to enter.

Suddenly, someone smirked.

"It's you two?"

Skylar looked around and saw a bald middle-aged man, looking at him and Dianne with a grin.

Surprisingly, it was Zachary that he met last night at Bootie Cafe.

What a coincidence.

Without waiting for Skylar to speak, Zachary sneered, "What a bad coincidence! You have to always pay

for what you did!"

"Pay?" Skylar laughed. "If I did want to pay, would you dare to accept it?"

When Zachary saw Skylar's smirk, Zachary felt he was being belittled. He became angry, cursing, "How dare you be arrogant in front of me?"

However, just as he finished speaking, someone scolded.

"Who the hell are you scolding?"

When Zachary turned his head, he saw Homer in a white suit walking with big steps.

Although Zachary was a billionaire, he was not considered rich in the entire Cludtopia.

Homer not only had good relationships with the police and the gangsters, but he also had the backing of the Currey family, which was ranked in the second of the Four Great Families. So Zachary did not dare to offend Homer.

"Mr. Homer! You're here for the reception too!"

At that moment, Zachary hurriedly went to welcome Homer with a smiling face.

Homer stared at Zachary and snorted, "You've got a lot of nerve, huh! Since you seek your own death, you don't have to wait for Mr. Stone to make a move. I can take your life directly!"

Zachary was a little confused.

Just now, he thought Homer was too far away to figure out what was going on between him and Skylar.

Only then did Zachary realize that Homer was scolding him from the beginning to the end.

Why did Homer side with Skylar?

Something was off.

Homer did not simply side with Skylar.

But Homer was more like Skylar's henchman.

If Zachary heard it correctly, Homer just called Skylar Mr. Stone!

The words, Mr. Stone, were enough to show that Homer's identity and status were far below Skylar's!

Zachary gasped.

"Are you here standing here waiting to die? Hurry up and apologize to Mr. Stone!"

Homer gave Zachary a hard kick.

Until now, Homer was not sure exactly who Skylar was.

But Homer had witnessed all the power Skylar possessed.

In the private lounge on the top floor of Crown Club, even Dudley, the head of the Four Great Families, had to bow to Skylar that day.

Not to mention other places. At least in Cloudtopia, there was no one, yet, who could compete Skylar.

Although Homer now had the Currey family as his backer, he still hoped to improve his status.

Even if Homer could not become Skylar's follower, Homer wanted to try his best to leave a good impression to Skylar.

"Okay. Mr. Homer, please calm down. I will apologize to him now!"

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Zachary was so scared that his legs went weak. He dared not to say no.

He walked up to Skylar right away, bent down and cupped his fist. "Mr. Stone, I've offended you earlier. Please forgive me!"

Skylar didn't say anything and didn't even look at him.

Zachary peeked at Homer.

The next moment, his heart skipped a beat.

A dagger was placed at Homer's waist, and Homer's hand was just above dagger. It seemed like he was ready to pull out the sword.

"Mr. Stone... I was wrong! Please forgive me this time."

This time, Zachary fell to his knees in front of Skylar, tearfully begging for mercy.

Skylar cast a glance at him, then nodded at Homer and entered the clubhouse.

The greeters at the entrance all knew Homer and naturally welcomed Skylar in with respect when they

saw that Homer even had to respect Skylar.

Zachary waited until Skylar had left far away before he dared to get up and asked, undeterred, "Mr. Homer, Mr. Stone is..."

"Is Mr. Stone's identity something you can ask?"

Homer gave Zachary a death stare and left.

Zachary was not even qualified to ask the identity of that person?

Zachary froze in place and instantly felt small to the extreme.

In the reception hall on the second floor.

The melodious music was accompanied by a crowd, holding glasses of wine and laughing elegantly.

Suddenly, a commotion came from the doorway.

A man and a woman came in side by side.

The man's body was upright, and he was handsome.

He was the Moody family's eldest son, Strickland Moody.

And the woman next to him in a gorgeous dress turned out to be Valerie.

Valerie wore a delicate makeup, showing a professional smile. But her empty eyes had showed her inner thoughts.

Today, she was beautiful but did not look sincere.

"Hello, Mr. Strickland!"

"Mr. Strickland, you are here! "

Many people flattered Strickland.

The initiator of today's charity reception was Strickland, and those who could come here were, of course, inextricably connected to him.

Naturally, they all respected Strickland.

Strickland enjoyed the attention.

Leading Valerie, he walked to the front of the stage.

"Good afternoon, everyone! I'm the initiator of today's reception, Strickland Moody. This time, our theme is to care for children left behind in poor areas. Those children's parents are working in the big cities, and they are working with their grandparents in the fields every day, doing things that desert them at an age when they should be studying the most. I would like to build a few elementary schools for them. Please donate according to your capability, and we will accomplish this good deed together!" Strickland took the microphone and spoke impassionedly.

"Well said!"

"Strickland, we support you!"

The crowd under the stage was busy cheering.

Just then, a bald man in a black suit, holding a glass of wine, walked up to Strickland and said, "Strickland, let's cheer for your kindness!"

Strickland looked happy, took the wine from the waiter and said, "Thank you, Mr. Newman! Cheers!"

Strickland raised his glass.

Goodwin Newman, Goodwin, suddenly laughed. "Mr. Strickland, your new girlfriend doesn't seem to know the rules."

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Strickland instantly looked to the side.

Now, he realized that Valerie didn't take the wine brought by the waiter.

"Sorry, I don't know how to drink."

Valerie spoke with some displeasure.

She knew she would be forced repeatedly if she did not reject him.

They would not let her stop drinking before she got drunk.

Hearing Valerie's words, Strickland frowned.

The atmosphere tensed up.

Goodwin cast a disdainful glance at Valerie and said to Strickland in a nonchalant manner, "Mr. Strickland, do you think she's disrespecting me or you?"

Strickland was infuriated.

He already had money and women. So what he cared most was his reputation.

Valerie rejected him in front of the outsiders. Wasn't that like slapping him in the face?

With that, Strickland reached out.

"Pak!"

Valerie was slapped.

"Valerie, what do you want to do if you don't drink when you come to a reception? How dare you disrespect me! Don't forget what your status is! Do you really think you're famous?"

"Ms. Valerie, just drink the wine!"

The waiter advised.

Strickland snorted, "It's too late now! Go get a new bottle of wine over here!"

Strickland ordered the waiter.

As soon as the waiter turned around, someone next to him handed him an opened bottle of red wine.

Strickland slammed the wine down on the table next to Valerie and said in a commanding tone, "Drink it, and I'll let things slide. Otherwise, don't blame me for not showing mercy!"

With tears in her eyes, Valerie was about to say no when Strickland came up to her and lowered his voice, saying, "If you don't drink, I'll send someone to kill your two classmates."

Hearing that, Valerie gasped, wiped her tears, and slowly picked up the red wine on the table.

Strickland watched her every move with satisfaction and vanity.

Valerie was arrogant and cold, but eventually, she had to obey Strickland.

The more Valerie was sought after by everyone, the stronger his desire to conquer her.

Just as Strickland was getting carried away, a cold voice sounded.

"Get her two classmates killed? Tell me. How do you plan to kill them?"

The voice was filled with murderous aura.

The crowd turned to look in the direction of the sound.

At the entrance of the hall came a young man with an erect figure and thick eyebrows.

He was Skylar.

Behind him was a gorgeous woman, Dianne.

"Who is this man? How dare he questions Strickland?"

"I've never seen him. I guess he is courting death!"

The crowd whispered.

"Skylar!"

Seeing Skylar, Valerie spoke in surprise.

But soon, she was worried.

Strickland was stunned for a moment and then smirked. "Skylar, I didn't expect you to run away from those crazy fans! Are you here to settle scores with me? I like your guts."

Strickland despised Skylar.

But Skylar despised Strickland even more.

Skylar walked right up to Valerie.

When he saw Valerie's swollen cheek, he was infuriated.

"Did you slap Valerie?"

Skylar gave Strickland a death stare and asked coldly.

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"Yes, I'm the one who hit her. What's wrong?"

Strickland chuckled.

After all, Valerie was just a newly-debut celebrity. At most, Strickland could compensate her with money.

Skylar continued, "Which hand did you hit her with?"

This time, everyone saw the killing intent in Skylar's eyes.

However, they thought Skylar just wanted to impress Valerie.

Goodwin, who came to toast just now couldn't help but taunt, "Strickland, this kiddo looks like he wants to kill you. How about I deal with him for you?"

Strickland smiled wickedly, raised his left hand and said proudly, "I used this hand. What are you going to do? Do you want to..."

Before Strickland finished speaking, a dark shadow flashed.

Before the crowd had time to react, screaming could be heard.

The next moment.

Strickland's left hand was pinned by Dianne on the tabletop where the wine bottle was placed.

He struggled desperately but could not move at all.

The crowd had not even screamed when they saw Dianne quickly took the Dragon Dagger from her waist and raise it high in the air.

The sound of a cold weapon piercing into the flesh could be heard.

Strickland's hand, which was used to slap Valerie, was pinned hard to the table.

The blood instantly stained the white tablecloth, matching the red wine bottle next to it.

Seeing this scene, everyone gasped.

The large reception hall was silent.

A long time later.

It took the crowd a moment to react, looking at Skylar and Dianne with surprise and fear.

Who were these two people?

They attacked without warning.

And Strickland was the Moody family's eldest son!

Didn't they even consider the consequences?

Among these people, the most shocked person was Zachary.

Skylar was not even afraid of Strickland.

And the beautiful woman beside him was ruthless.

They were terrifying.

Zachary recalled how he offended Skylar last night. His heart skipped a beat when he thought of that.

Valerie was obviously shocked as well.

She didn't expect Dianne beside Skylar would attack with the knife without hesitation.

And Strickland, slumped over the table in pain, raised his head, glared at Skylar and snarled, "Do you know what will happen if you do this to me?"

"The consequence is that you are dying!"

Skylar said indifferently.

"I am the Moody family's young master. You are going against the Moody family by harming me. My father will not spare you!"

Strickland growled with resentment.

"I don't know about the Moody family, let alone taking it seriously. You're a dying man, so don't think for me!" Skylar sneered.

The hearts of the people present sank.

Just now, Skylar said Strickland was dying, and they thought he was just bragging.

But this moment, Skylar did not look like he was joking.

Could it be that... Skylar really dare to kill Strickland?

No, it could not be!

Even if he wanted to, he would never be able to do it!

Injuring Strickland's hand was already the limit.

Killing people?

Skylar was just trying to scare Strickland.

Many people assumed that Skylar was just bluffing, not daring to kill Strickland.

But there was one person present who knew very well that Skylar not only dared to kill Strickland, but he also dared to destroy the entire Moody family!

This person was Homer.

Without waiting for Strickland's reaction, Skylar turned his attention directly to Goodwin next to him.

"Are you going to get back at me for Mr. Strickland?"

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Goodwin became rich because of the nightclub business. He had just started to involve in legal business the last two years.

So he always acted like a gangster.

But now, in the face of Skylar's questioning, he gulped. "No... No, I wouldn't dare!"

Although Goodwin knew martial arts, he did not even see how Dianne struck just now.

Goodwin suddenly felt that the martial arts he learned was nothing.

For the first time, he felt challenged.

"Do you like to get people drunk that much?"

Skylar stared at Strickland and Goodwin.

"Bring over ten bottles of wine!"

Skylar said to the waiter next to him.

The waiter was stunned by the bloody scene just now, so he hurriedly obediently did as he was told.

Soon, ten bottles of wine were placed on the table.

Skylar sneered at Strickland and Goodwin, "I will play a game with you. One bottle of wine represents one finger. For every bottle you drink, I'll leave you with one finger. But you have to drink it without stopping. As for the distribution of the wine, it depends on your speed."

Strickland and Goodwin instantly widened their eyes.

A bottle of wine represented a finger?

For every bottle they drank, they could save a finger?

There were only ten bottles of wine in total, and if two people shared them, each could only save one hand.

Was Skylar determined to chop their hands off?

If they did not want to lose their hands, they could only fight each other.

Skylar was using the others to help him kill someone.

Goodwin could not help but retort boldly, "I just want to have a drink with Ms. Valerie earlier, and if she really doesn't want to, I won't force her. I've just admitted defeat, but you not only force me to drink, but you also want to chop my hand in this odd way. Isn't that a little too much?"

Skylar said, "You can give up on the game too. Mr. Strickland will win then."

"You..."

Goodwin looked at Strickland and then at the wine on the table. He was angry and afraid.

If Strickland drank all of the wine, it would mean that both of his hands would be chopped off.

Goodwin could not bear such a consequence.

"You... You're going too far!"

After holding it for a long time, Goodwin could only curse.

Skylar raised his eyebrow and said, "So what if I've gone too far?"

He didn't bother to argue with Goodwin.

Went too far?

Wasn't it too much to ask that Goodwin and Strickland force Valerie to drink just now?

At that moment, Strickland covered his left hand and said, "Skylar, get that bitch to pull out her knife! Otherwise, I will use all the power of the Moody family to make you die without a burial!"

"Die without a burial?"

Skylar laughed. "Do you think the Moody family is that great? Even a hundred of the Moody family is nothing to me."

Hearing that, everyone smirked.

They believed that Skylar was bluffing again.

One hundred of the Moody family together could definitely exceed the Four Great Families in Cloudtopia.

But Skylar claimed that even a hundred of the Moody family was nothing to him.

Arrogance!

He was so arrogant!

Just as the crowd was whispering, there was a rattling at the door...

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"Mr. Brad, please come in!"

It was the voice of the waiter.

"Mr. Brad? The head of the Moody family?"

Someone in the hall exclaimed.

"How come the head of the Moody family got the news so quickly?"

"Once Mr. Brad comes, Skylar is going to be finished!"

Many people began to gloat over Skylar.

Brad looked modest, but in fact, he was ruthless.

Now that Skylar had harmed his son, he would never let things slide.

Strickland and Goodwin, hearing the waiter's words, were immediately relieved.

Strickland, in particular, saw Brad walk into the hall and immediately cried out, "Dad, if you don't come, I would have died!"

With that, Strickland pointed at Skylar and cursed, "He knows I'm the young master of the Moody family, but he still dares to harm me! And he also claimed that a hundred of the Moody family is nothing to him! Dad, have someone kill him! Kill him for me and for the reputation of the Moody family!"

Without waiting for Brad to speak, he turned to Skylar and said, "Skylar, my father is here, I'll see if you still dare to be so arrogant! According to my father's personality, he will not only kill you, but he will also kill your family!"

After saying that, Strickland let out a weird and perverted laugh.

But then, Brad rushed to him and slapped him.

"Shut up!"

Brad roared with all his might.

Killing Skylar and his entire family?

Strickland was risking the Moody family!

If he pissed Skylar off, the Moody family would be destroyed along with Strickland.

Without hesitation, Brad turned to Skylar and bowed.

"Hello, Mr. Stone! I am the head of the Moody family, Brad Moody, and the father of this bastard. It's my fault for not teaching him well. He shouldn't have contradicted you by risking his own life. Please give him a chance to reform and give the Moody family a chance to honor you."

In fact, on the way here, Brad still had hopes.

He wished Skylar was the legendary Skylar.

But now, after listening to Strickland's words, Brad knew Strickland had messed with the wrong person.

If Skylar was not the legendary big shot, it was impossible for him to be so arrogant.

Skylar did not take the Moody family seriously at all.

Of course, even a hundred of Moody family combined was nothing to him.

Aware of this, Brad instantly burst into a cold sweat.

Everyone in the room looked at Brad with an incredulous face.

They thought that they had heard him wrong, but Brad's humble attitude said it all again.

Brad not only didn't get angry at Skylar after hearing his son's cries, but he even asked for forgiveness.

He was humble to the extreme.

This was incredible!

The most shocking of all, of course, was Strickland.

Covering his bloody hand, he shouted to Brad, "Dad... What are you doing?"

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Brad was standing in front of Skylar with his head lowered, begging for forgiveness.

Brad did not dare to respond to Strickland.

"I don't care about the Moody family! You should do something if you want your son to survive."

Skylar cast a glance at Brad and spoke in a cold voice.

"Please be explicit, Sir!"

Brad asked fearfully.

Without saying a word, Skylar walked up to Strickland.

Skylar pulled the dagger out of Strickland's hand.

"Crippled his hands, or the Moody family will be removed from Cloudtopia. I was originally going to kill him, and I am considered merciful to give you a chance. You have thirty seconds to think about it."

Hearing Skylar's words, everyone in the reception hall was stunned with fear.

Let the Moody family disappear from Cloudtopia? What a big tone!

But when they looked at Brad's trembling body, they felt that Skylar, indeed, had such a terrifying

power!

For a while, shock, fear, yearning and other mixed emotions, intertwined.

Everyone's gaze kept switching between Skylar and Brad.

Brad paused for only a few seconds before gritting his teeth and taking the dagger from Skylar.

"Dad... What are you doing? Dad... Are you confused? I am your son! If I lose my hands, won't I be a loser?"

Seeing Brad's action, Strickland had a bad premonition.

And Brad, not looking at him at all, also turned a deaf ear to his words.

The next moment, Brad's eyes were red, and he desperately restrained himself before handing the dagger to the accompanying butler, Warwick.

"You do it for me!"

"Sir..."

Warwick could not bear it.

"Do it!"

Brad shouted.

He knew very well that this was the only chance to protect Strickland and the Moody family.

"Yes!"

Warwick did not dare to hesitate any longer, holding the dagger and striding toward Strickland.

"Warwick, you... What are you doing... What are you doing... I'm your young master!"

Looking at Warwick, who was getting closer and closer, Strickland backed up while shouting frantically.

The next moment.

He was again pinned to the table.

Warwick's hand rose and fell with the knife, directly cutting the tendons and veins at the connection of Strickland's wrist.

The wail of pain echoed for a long time in the reception hall.

Strickland's hands were hanging from his arms. The scene was bloody.

Seeing such a scene, everyone burst into a cold sweat.

Their eyes were filled with horror.

Valerie, who was at the side, was also terrified.

After all, she had lived a particularly simple life for the past twenty years.

She never thought that one day she would see such a ruthless side of Skylar with her own eyes.

But on second thought, Skylar had been through the battlefield, and this might be nothing to him.

Despite being somehow intimidated, Valerie did not feel compassion for Strickland.

If Skylar hadn't come in time, or if Skylar's power hadn't been so great, she would have been controlled by Strickland.

And Ingram would have ended up in a bad way.

So, Skylar was considered kind to help the society deal with Strickland.

Seeing Strickland's hands were ruined by the Moody family, Goodwin suddenly fell on the ground.

"Mr. Stone, I know I'm wrong. I won't dare to do it again! Please ignore me. I will drink ten bottles of wine as you instructed..."

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Goodwin crawled to the table, grabbed the red wine on the table and poured it into his mouth.

He gulped crazily.

He didn't dare stop until Skylar said something.

Goodwin was once a gangster, so he clearly knew that this was his only chance to save himself.

Skylar didn't want to bother with him. Skylar averted his gaze and said aloud to the crowd in the room, "You should now have a deeper understanding of what it means by watch what you say. I think I don't need to teach you what to do next!"

Without waiting for a response from the crowd, he headed straight for the door.

Dianne and Valerie rushed to follow him.

It was not until the three of them had completely disappeared that the crowd in the hall came to their senses.

Skylar was warning them not to spread what had just happened in the reception hall, or else they would get into trouble.

Thinking of this, the crowd shut up.

But even so, they could not help but shiver.

After leaving Babylon, Skylar said to Valerie, "You go back and get some rest. No one will dare to force you to do anything you don't like."

"Skylar, thank you."

Valerie said with red eyes and some emotion.

After what she just went through, she had a better impression of Skylar.

She had a lot to tell him but didn't know how to express it.

Skylar didn't know what Valerie thought. Seeing that it was almost time for Lola to leave school, he simply said goodbye to Valerie.

One hour later.

Skylar held Lola and walked into Yulia's office.

When he put down Lola in his arms, he realized that there was an unexpected guest in Yulia's office.

The uninvited guest was Yvonne.

Seeing Lola and Skylar, Yulia got up while saying to Yvonne, "I'm going home. All the positions in the company were arranged by Grandpa. You can tell him about any comments you have. If you can get him to change his mind, I'm always available to cooperate with you."

With that, Yulia carried Lola and prepared to leave.

Just then, footsteps sounded outside the door.

"Knock!"

Soon, the visitor started knocking on the door.

"Please come in," Yulia said.

The next moment.

A man wearing black-framed glasses and dressed in a trendy manner pushed the door and walked in.

He was Pierce Blair, the director of Kareem Fashion's sales department.

"Mr. Pierce, is there anything else at this late hour?"

Yulia asked, puzzled.

Pierce said with a light smile, "It's not a big deal. It's just that... I want to quit."

"Resignation? Mr. Pierce, you..."

Yulia's face turned pale.

All day long, she was worried about the eight partners that terminated cooperation with the company. She did not expect, the company staff would suddenly want to resign before she found a countermeasure.

And Pierce held an important position as sales director.

"Ms. Yulia, I've sent you the resignation email. Just follow the normal procedure will do."

Pierce looked like he didn't want to say much.

Yulia was also a little upset. "Pierce, don't forget that I was the one who promoted you to a sales director. The company has only encountered a minor difficulty and you want to resign. Aren't you causing more trouble to me?"

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"Minor difficulties?"

Pierce sneered, "The most important partners all terminated cooperation with the company. If we do not find a solution, all production lines will be shut down. By the time the capital chain is broken, we will have to wait for bankruptcy and liquidation. I'm just an employee with a mortgage and a car loan to pay off. So I have to find a better job in advance."

Yulia paused for a moment to suppress her displeasure and said, "Pierce, it's true that the company is having some difficulties right now, but I hope you can work with me to unite the staff in the department and help the company get through this. I promise to give you a thirty percent salary increase when the crisis is lifted."

Pierce shook his head. "Ms. Yulia, don't be naïve. The company can't be good in your hands. I'm not a fool. Don't make an empty promise. By the way, all the employees in the sales department have decided to resign with me. Work with you?"

Hearing Pierce's words, Yulia became nervous.

"That's right. I'm one step ahead, and they'll come later."

Pierce spoke smugly.

Even the good-tempered Yulia was extremely angry at this moment.

If Pierce had to go, she would only feel that the other party was not righteous enough.

But if Pierce wanted to take away the sales team that had built up a tacit understanding, Yulia felt that Pierce was wicked.

The company was already in a difficult situation. What Pierce did would only make things worse.

Now, Yulia had no confidence to hold on any longer.

She didn't expect that Pierce would betray her.

At this moment, Yulia regretted her previous decision.

At this time, Yvonne, who had been silent, said with a smile, "Yulia, you were not born to be a leader. Grandpa has made a big mistake. When I was the chairman, nothing bad happened to the company, though we didn't earn much. Now, you understand how different between you and me. If the company goes bankrupt because of you, won't it prove Grandpa was very wrong?"

Yvonne's tone was full of mockery.

Yulia was very angry.

She naturally knew that Yvonne was the culprit.

Yvonne even made a special trip to her office to gloat over Yulia.

"Knock!"

The knock on the door sounded again.

Yvonne's eyebrows raised, revealing a smug look.

She thought that it must be the entire staff of the sales department, who had come to resign.

Pierce looked at Yulia in a good mood.

But, to their surprise, it was not the sales department employees who came in.

Instead, it was Zachary and others who were summoned by Skylar to Bootie Cafe in the middle of last night.

After a moment of pause, Pierce hurriedly greeted them.

"Mr. Gutierrez, what brings you here? If you need anything, just command me!"

"Mr. Gutierrez, you can just call me. You don't have to come here personally. Sorry for the trouble," Yvonne also came up with a big smile on her face and spoke.