

## Triumph 231

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Boom!

It was as if a lightning bolt had struck everyone's mind.

The whispers died into an eerie silence, leaving only the sound of leaves rustling in the wind.

It took a while for someone to break the silence.

"Mr Wintringham... Why are you saluting Skylar?"

Ash, Laurel, Pearl and the others were shocked by the scene in front of them.

So were Nathaniel, Winona and Naomi.

Mr Wintringham was the Secretary of Defense for General Philbert for three years and was highly respected by Norman and the Fuller family.

Why is he, out of all people, saluting Skylar?

Even Langston, who had faced many unexpected situations, was taken aback.

After all, this person was as well known as General Philbert.

There was no need for him to salute people of higher ranking.

Sometimes they would even salute him instead.

However, Milton surprisingly gave a proper salutation to Skylar!

Maybe Skylar has some secret identity?

Milton stood as still as a stone before Skylar as he nodded and hummed in response.

Norman could not help but ask, "Mr Wintringham, are you...."

He wanted to ask if Milton had recognized the wrong person, but he nervously swallowed back his words.

Milton was highly praised by Philbert for his sharp instincts and photographic memory so that he couldn't mistake Skylar for someone else.

As Norman pondered, a horrifying thought popped into his head.

He quickly tried to shrug it off.

No, it's impossible!

Meanwhile, Milton clearly understood the crowd's attitude toward Skylar and that Skylar had yet to disclose his identity to the Fuller family.

With that in mind, he knew that he had to be cautious with his words not to offend Skylar.

"You offended Mr Stone?"

Milton asked sternly toward Norman, who was now in front of him.

"Mr Wintringham, I..."

Norman felt his stomach drop.

"Such disrespect! How could you offend Mr Stone? I shall notify General Philbert to postpone your transfer and that we should reconsider your application!"

"What? Postpone the transfer?"

The Fuller family was shocked.

"Mr Wintringham!"

Norman gasped as he trembled in fear.

His plan to host a family gathering and brag about his promotion as one of General Philbert's aides was in shambles after Milton announced reconsidering his transfer application.

No, I can't believe this!

Spencer immediately walked forward and asked, "Mr Wintringham, you must've mistaken him for someone. Skylar Stone is a mere soldier whose rank is way below Norman's!"

Milton glared at him in return and hissed, "Quiet! How dare you compare Norman to the North- Mr Stone?"

In the heat of the moment, Milton had almost said Skylar's title as the King of the North out loud.

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Not waiting for Spencer's response, Milton hurriedly apologized to Skylar, "Mr Stone, I assure you that Norman's behavior has nothing to do with General Philbert... I can report to the general if you'd like to punish him according to the military law...."

"I don't care if Philbert knows about it."

Skylar interrupted.

"As for Norman..."

Skylar glared coldly at Norman, scaring him to his core as he was no longer on the higher ground.

Spencer felt nervous and quickly spoke, "Skylar, remind yourself that we, the Fuller family, are the ones who raised you! Now that you're on the higher ground, how dare you plan to repay us like this?"

Spencer then turned to Nathaniel and scolded, "Look at your son, Nathaniel! Norman is your nephew, for God's sake!"

Skylar did not expect Spencer's reaction as he had only planned to scare Norman.

What took him aback, however, was that Spencer would criticize Nathaniel.

They need a lesson on learning how to respect others.

"Norman, didn't you say that you would get General Philbert to inspect me? Let's report the current situation to your general now in front of Mr Wintringham!"

Skylar chuckled.

Milton's face instantly went pale after hearing Skylar's words.

Are you asking General Philbert to inspect Skylar Stone? Nonsense!

He's yet to become an adjutant, and how dare he plan to offend the King of the North in the name of General Philbert?

How foolish and unforgivable!

If General Philbert caught the news that the cause of Skylar's anger was because of his recommended candidate, it would look bad for Milton too.

Milton's forehead started to sweat at the thought of it.

"Norman, I was wrong to commend you to General Philbert! As an adjutant of General Philbert, your

rudeness is not tolerated for the job! Your transfer will be canceled, and I will report the reason in detail to General Philbert!"

Boom!

Norman could hear his mind shattered after Milton announced his decision.

My transfer is canceled?

As if there's no way for me to redeem myself?

In an instant, he felt despair, as if his soul and energy were sucked out of his body.

On the other hand, Spencer and the others were taken aback by the situation, not knowing how to react.

Norman, who held the Fuller family's hopes and dreams, was back to square one after a few words from Milton, and it was all because he had offended Skylar, the kid they had looked down upon.

The people who once insulted him were now scared to take a tiny peek at Skylar, especially Laurel, Pearl and Ash.

In the beginning, they were scared of their cores, but now they felt highly regretful.

If they had known Skylar was such an influential person, they would not have fawned over Norman and instead praised Skylar as if he was a God!

Even if Skylar doesn't care about us, we can still stick with Nathaniel and Winona. They're way better compared to Spencer!

At that moment, everyone in the room felt regretful about their past behaviors.

"Mr Stone, I shall take my leave and report this to the general. General Philbert will let you know the details of the procedure later."

Milton said and saluted Skylar.

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He visited the Fullers because Norman had extended an invitation.

Why would he deign to stay now that the Fullers had pissed off Skyler?

Skyler, however, shot him a glance. His tone was calm. "It's almost time for dinner. Let's dine before we leave."

"Yes!"

Milton responded respectfully with unconcealable glee.

The Fullers had much on their mind, but couldn't voice their protests.

Skylar was almost amused by the sight of them with their tails between their legs.

You enjoy oppressing others, do you? I'll give you a good taste of what it's like to be stifled by true power.

Back in the mansion.

A feast had been set up in the parlor.

Langston brought both Spencer and Robert with him to the main table.

Norman and Alex were also there.

This was the kind of seating arrangement that more than pleased the Fullers.

Things were, however, different now.

Langston and the others fidgeted in their seats when Skylar's identity was brought up.

"You and Mr. Wintringham should join us at our table!"

Langston pressed on and took the initiative to extend an invitation to Skylar.

It was a sight as incomprehensible as witnessing the sun rising from the west.

He had always considered Skylar to be a bastard child who had nothing to do with the Fuller family.

Allowing Nathaniel to bring him to the family banquet was already testing the limits of his patience.

Having a place at the main table?

Dream on!

He had to set aside his pride and take the initiative to invite Skylar for Norman's sake. The Fuller family's future might also be hanging on his decision.

To Langston, even if Skylar held great power, he was still on foreign soil.

Only Norman gaining a firm foothold on the general's side would bring their family glory.

Milton showed great respect for Skylar. The latter putting in a good word for Norman would add certainty to the deployment order, allowing Norman to stay by the general's side.

He believed Norman would go far with his intelligence and that he would soon be equal to whatever task was thrown at him.

It wouldn't take him long to surpass Skylar.

Norman was superior to Skylar in every way. The only thing he lacked was an opportunity.

He was going to make sure Skylar suffered tenfold once Norman surpassed him!

Langston put on a kind front but was clearly harboring malicious intentions.

Skylar flatly responded, "No need."

He then sat with his adoptive parents at their table alongside Milton.

The reason he came to the party today was to satisfy Nathaniel's want to show off his son.

He cared little for what others thought of him.

"Skylar Stone!"

Robert, who was by Langston's side, growled in warning.

He hadn't expected Skylar to not show Langston a single shred of respect despite the latter personally extending him an invite.

Langston reached out and stopped Robert, who was about to throw a fit about what happened.

It was only then that Robert regained his senses. He choked down his building anger as recalled how Milton flattered Skylar.

They couldn't even afford to offend Milton. What were they expecting to do with Skylar?

Naomi Fuller had no choice but to swallow her grievances at the sight.

Years. I'm greeted with nothing but annoyance when I come home.

Old Mr. Fuller, Spencer, Robert, they all see themselves as more powerful than the most authoritative person in the room.

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But now they had no choice but to follow along with whatever Sky wanted. They needed to exercise restraint even if he angered them.

It was almost cathartic to think about it!

The feast commenced.

Skylar was speaking to Nathaniel when Laurel approached with a glass of red wine, grinning from ear to ear.

"You've grown, Skylar! I'm proud of you as your aunt!"

"I've done much wrong in the past. I do hope you're willing to put it behind you!"

"Take this glass of wine as me trying to make amends with you!"

"Cheers!"

Laurel tipped her head back and downed the wine in her glass without waiting for Skylar's response.

That was when Ash Munoz, who was behind her, also came close.

"I-I'm here to apologize to you too, Sky..."

She followed Laurel's example and emptied her glass of wine.

Pearl Fuller couldn't lag behind either now that the mother-daughter pair had taken the lead.

"I want to make amends too, Skylar!"

"I always knew you had great charisma. You live up to our expectations of you. You've become the most promising one among the juniors."

"To be honest, I always dreamt of owning a Range Rover with an extended range. You're living my ideal life!"

"You're my hero! Every man should strive to be you!"

The situation was now like a tap with its sluices turned on. Everyone had their wine glasses in hand and were rushing toward Skylar.

"He's certainly worthy of being raised by Uncle. The Fullers are blessed to have you!"

"You're amazing, Skylar! You haven't graduated from high school yet, and you rank higher than Norman. It barely took you six years. That's what a high-achieving student in a military academy is all about!"

"Whether the Fuller family can get out of Altas County and carve a place for ourselves in Cloudtopia will now depend on you."

"Yeah! We're all counting on you!"

The group tried their best to curry favor with Skylar and had long since cast aside their scathing behaviors.

"Skylar Stone!"

Norman, who was seated at the main table, was angered.

Every compliment to Skylar was like a sharp knife, mercilessly stabbing into his heart.

All this should've been his.

Skylar's appearance not only made his return to his hometown meaningless but also made him lose the opportunity for quick advancement.

Who cared if he sat at the main table?

The main table was wherever Skylar was at.

The others were simply foils to him.

The envy in his heart had finally reached its peak.

Langston and Spencer both looked displeased.

They had always been the focus at every Fuller family gathering and yet they were now receiving the cold shoulder.

They felt as if they had been slapped multiple times over listening to everyone singing Skylar's praises.

Skylar, who was in the eye of the storm, was calmly eating.

He had absolutely no intention of toasting anyone.



He didn't bother with anyone who was trying to get on his good side.

None of them showed any signs of displeasure. They continued to suck up to him as if they were close.

After eating and exchanging a few words with Milton, Skylar returned to his room to get some rest.

He made a video call to Yulia when he finally got to bed.

She was sitting upright on screen with a smile that couldn't be concealed.

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Skylar, likewise, couldn't help but smile.

There was no need for strife nor decisive decisions in his ideal world. Having his wife and child by his side was more than enough.

The question was how long he could hold onto the mundane.

He chatted with Yulia for a little while before he received a knock on his door.

He hung up the call after saying his goodbyes and went to answer the door.

"Skylar..."

It was Nathaniel and Winona.

"Umm..."

Nathaniel cleared his throat, seemingly unable to voice his concerns at the moment.

"Come in!"

Skylar welcomed them into his room.

"Skylar, about Norman... could you get Mr. Wintringham to be more lenient with him...?"

Nathaniel didn't seem to know how to start, leading to Winona asking almost inaudibly.

Skylar chuckled.

"Mom, Dad... Did Langston and Spencer put you up to this?"

They both nodded sheepishly.

Norman had always been so against him and had even advocated for him to be sent to the army.

Yet, they were now asking him to repay their grievances with virtue by requesting him to plead on Norman's behalf.

This left them feeling guilty for Skylar.

Langston's word was, however, the law. They had to obey.

Skylar's expression fell when he noticed how shamed his adoptive parents looked.

Langston and Spencer knew they couldn't start anything with him, which was why they forced Nathaniel and Winona, who were honest to a fault, to act against their will.

Damn it!

Skylar then spoke to his adoptive parents after thinking it through. "Dad, Mom, if Norman shows promise, I can prop him up to the position of general, never mind the position of adjutant by General Philbert's side."

Both were shocked by his words.

Prop him up to the position of general?

How much power does he wield?

What kind of identity does he have?

Skylar continued before they could ponder the matter, "But does he show that kind of promise?"

"He's already baring his fangs even though he's only just started to learn the ropes."

"Is such a person worthy of being called a pillar of the nation?"

Nathaniel recalled that he had once patted Skylar on his shoulder and declared that his son was a pillar of the nation with immense pride.

It appeared to be more than true.

Skylar, after all, had a spirit that could conquer all.

Norman's behavior of fawning over his superiors and snubbing those beneath him made him far from qualified to become a pillar.

Nathaniel nodded. "Everything you said makes sense. Forgive us for making things difficult for you."

"I'll let them know that we can't help them with this!"

With that, Nathaniel got up and dragged Winona out with him.

Skylar had planned to reject Langston and Spencer himself at first, but on second thought, it would be better to allow his adoptive father to go in his stead.

After all, everyone in the Fuller family now knew of his might. There would definitely be no shortage of people who would seek both Nathaniel and Winona out.

They both had to learn to say no.

The next morning.

Skylar returned to Cloudtopia with his adoptive parents.

After dropping them off at the garden villa, he drove to the Kareem Fashion office building.

He made multiple video calls to Yulia during the few days he had been gone.

He still wanted to see her despite that.

The brand-new Range Rover was about to pull into the company grounds when he suddenly found a familiar figure in a cafe right opposite the building.

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It was Yulia!

There was also a good-looking young man dressed in a suit sitting opposite her.

The duo was seated by a French window chattering away.

Skylar frowned at the sight as a stifling feeling arose in him.

He pulled over and headed straight for the cafe.

"Yulia!"

Yulia, who had her head down as she stirred her coffee, turned when she heard someone calling for her.

Her eyes lit up when her gaze landed on Skylar.

"You're back!"

Skylar nodded and sat next to her, casually wrapping an arm around her waist.

"And, this is?"

Skylar barely kept his cool as he swept a glance at the man.

"He's my..."

Yulia was just about to introduce Skylar when the man suddenly spoke, "I'm her boyfriend, Anderson Sawyer."

"Do you think her waist is free real estate? Hands off her!"

Anderson was glaring viciously at the offending hand still clamped onto Yulia's waist.

Yulia froze, caught off guard by his words. "What the hell are you saying, Anderson?!"

"This is my husband, Skylar Stone!"

She hurried to explain herself without waiting for Anderson's reaction. "He's my classmate from back in college. We were discussing a new investment project before you came."

Yulia had always kept herself pure.

Skylar had never once doubted it either.

Witnessing his self-proclaimed wife conversing with Anderson had triggered his possessiveness.

All his negative emotions vanished with Yulia dubbing him her husband.

Skylar was no longer put off by the situation after Yulia made their relationship clear to Anderson. He was snickering.

Anderson, meanwhile, narrowed his eyes dangerously.

Despite that, he quickly responded and pretended to laugh heartily. "Haha, I was just joking, Yulia!"

He changed the subject before Yulia could respond. "When did you get married anyway? I don't think I heard about it."

"Am I the only one out of the loop?"

"No, no... We haven't had a wedding yet. The others don't know either."

She explained, blushing.

It was a title that she blurted out of reflex, mainly because Anderson's words were going too far.

It quickly exposed her true thoughts.

She was greatly embarrassed by having said that with Skylar in the room.

After all, they hadn't yet reached the point of marriage.

He hadn't even proposed to her.

Yet, she had haphazardly gone along with her own narrative.

How embarrassing.

"So, that's how it is!"

Anderson forced a smile. "I have a lunch appointment soon so I'll be taking my leave now."

"I'll be back later to discuss the new project."

He then got up to leave and pretended to unintentionally glance at Skylar.

Skylar, meanwhile, didn't seem to care.

His mind was currently occupied by nothing but Yulia.

"Honey..."

He spoke mirthfully, "What was it you called me just now? Say that again."

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Yulia lightly pushed him off. "It's nothing. You heard wrong!"

"Oh? Really?"

Skylar's eyes lit up with a plan in mind. Yulia let out a startled cry immediately after.

He had scooped her up into his arms into a princess carry.

"Are you sure it's nothing?"

He smirked. "I'll carry you to your office until you remember what you said."

"H-Hey... Put me down. Everyone's staring!"

Shocked and mortified, she repeatedly hammered her fists against his chest in protest.

The cafe was right across the street from the office building, with most of its employees patronizing it. What was she going to do if everyone witnessed their president cradled in a man's arms?

"Do you remember what you called me then?"

It was as if Skylar was competing to see which one of them was more of a rascal.

"I...I..."

She was at a loss for words. She had wanted to play a trick on him at first.

Who would've thought Skylar to be such a tease to insist she yielded to him out in the open?

Her overbearing partner had her speechless.

What was even more bewildering was how sweet he was being.

"Yulia..."

Skylar murmured tenderly to the woman in his arms.

Yulia's heart fluttered. She then responded softly, "Husband!"

"Put me down..."

A heartfelt confession whispered in her ear stopped her mid-sentence.

"I love you, Yulia!"

"Skylar..."

Yulia looked up.

He pressed a kiss against her lips before she could say a word.

She lightly nudged at his chest to push him away, but how could she?

All thoughts left her as she moved to his rhythm, lured into a dreamland where only the two of them existed...

The kiss was intense and languorous.

It wasn't until Yulia felt short of breath that he reluctantly let go.

Skylar was bursting with happiness when he scrutinized her lips, swollen and red from his kiss.

"You're such a pervert!"

Yulia rebuked petulantly before fleeing out the door when she finally felt everyone's gaze on them.

"You forgot your bag!"

Skylar called out from behind her.

Her blush was so intense that even her neck was red. She was more than ready to leave the scene. What did she care about the bag?

Skylar haphazardly snatched up the purse from her seat and chased after her.

"I'll take full responsibility, Yulia! I swear!"

"I want you to marry me!"

He was standing behind her with a woman's purse in hand when she whipped around to confront him.

She, however, couldn't take the situation seriously as he looked rather comical.

She was moved but still acted exasperated. "Did I say I wanted you to take responsibility?"

He, meanwhile, was more than aware of her shenanigans. He didn't care and changed the subject. "You and Anderson are investing in a new project together?"

He didn't know why but he had a bad feeling about Yulia's collegemate.

It was only inevitable for him to be worried after hearing that they would be cooperating.

Yulia completely misunderstood him.

"Hey, are you jealous?"

She was giggling as she asked.

Ah...

Skylar brushed the tip of his nose sheepishly. Am I wary of him because I'm jealous?

He didn't hesitate to answer her. "Yeah! Maybe I am!"

### [Chapter](#)

"No meeting men by yourself in the future even if they're business partners. You should have at least two employees escorting you."

"Absolutely no one is allowed to touch even a strand of hair on my wife's head!"

Upon hearing this, Yulia immediately poked him and muttered with disgust, "Go away! Don't you know what kind of person I am by now?"

Skylar immediately caught her hand and laughed heartily. "Of course, I know. Can't I assert myself as your partner?"

"And since when were you so bossy?"

Her brows were pinched into a frown, but it didn't change how sweet she thought he was.

"I've always been bossy when it comes to you!"

"I want all of you, your body, your heart, your everything!"

He held her tightly in his arms, and she fell willingly into his embrace.

"You mention never being in a relationship before, but I think you're a master at flirting with girls!"

She murmured.

He smiled smugly. "Didn't you say I'm exceptionally gifted?"

She found herself unable to refute him.

She never thought she'd see the day when she would be titillated by a man who burst into her office.

Of course, the generals of the North didn't expect that their king, their iron-willed god of war, would so brazenly flirt with a woman in the street either.



A BMW was parked a distance away.

Anderson was seething with anger.

"I believed you were clueless for years, Yulia. Turns out you were just playing up your innocence!"

"Can that man even compare to me?!"

"I'll never let him get away with it!"

On their way back to Kareem Fashion.

Skylar hadn't given up on grilling her for an answer. "You didn't answer me. What project requires Anderson's cooperation?"

"Hey, I didn't want to get involved with Anderson either, but Yvonne had done a number on the company."

Yulia sighed then relayed what had happened.

It turned out Kareem Fashion's competitors had filmed the entire debacle when those suffering from terminal illnesses protested outside the company building.

It was posted on the Internet with the video heavily doctored and quoted out of context. They then bought off a huge number of bots that falsely accused Kareem Fashion's new skincare line of containing carcinogenic substances.

It wasn't just their skincare line being affected either. Netizens had boycotted every product produced by the company.

Kareem Fashion's public image had been tarnished.

That was when Anderson sought her out, claiming he had a formula for blemish removal that was highly effective and perfect for mass production.

If Kareem Fashion went against the current trend and launched a new product, a turnaround would be possible with how popular they were now.

Everyone would give the product a try with the intention of discrediting it, only to find that the blemishes on their faces vanished.

Kareem Fashion would then come up with more publicity. It wouldn't take long for the slanders to turn into praise.

Skylar had to admit that Yulia's solution was feasible.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained. It was futile to keep trying to explain themselves.

Doing the opposite might exceed expectations.

It didn't matter if one was trending for the good or the bad. It was all still traffic.

When leveraged well, it could bring huge benefits.

Since their competitor paid good money to discredit Kareem Fashion, they had to find a way to take the negative publicity and make good use of it.

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That day at three in the afternoon.

Anderson turned up at Yulia's office.

"This is the formula for the anti-blemish cream."

He set down a file holder before her.

A sheet of paper containing the list of ingredients and dosage of the blemish removal cream was stored within.

She had seen most of these ingredients before, but there were a few key herbs that were fairly uncommon.

"I know that alone isn't enough to convince you to put it into mass production."

Anderson retrieved a small container from his pocket and spoke cryptically, "Here comes the time for you to witness a miracle!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he rolled up his sleeves, exposing a section of his arm.

Yulia immediately noticed an obvious gash in his arm.

It was clearly fresh.

Anderson didn't say a word before he spread the creamy white substance from the bottle onto the fresh incision.

"Is this the spot removal cream you told me about? Can it heal cuts?"

Yulia asked in surprise.

Anderson smiled triumphantly, procured a napkin from the table, and dabbed at the wound.

What happened next shocked her.

The wound on his arm disappeared!

That's...amazing!

"What do you think? Cool, isn't it?"

"Even a scar leaves no trace. Removing blemishes would be a piece of cake."

He pridefully declared.

Skylar, who was lounging on the couch, couldn't help but speak up. "Cool, indeed. But will there be any side effects when applied on the face?"

Yulia regained some prudence after having Skylar be a voice of reason.

There was always a catch behind the unusual.

Miracle drugs that defied common sense usually came with serious side effects.

It should not be put into production if it exceeded what was acceptable.

Anderson sneered at Skylar. "We may have had a misunderstanding, Mr. Stone, but this is business between Yulia and I. There's no need for you to bring your personal grudges into this, no?"

"I wouldn't be handing this over to Yulia if there were any severe repercussions to its use. This is the result of the research and development that our department has yet to publicize."

"She can have the ingredients tested herself to see if there are any side effects!"

"Of course, there are still a few herbs here and there that may cause slight pain at the site it's applied, but there will be no adverse reactions afterward."

"If you insist this is a severe side effect, I have nothing more to say."

Skylar smiled placidly in response to Anderson's righteous indignation. "If it's as you say, then it doesn't count as a side effect."

Anderson's eyes flashed imperceptibly.

Seeing that Skylar had no further objections, Yulia gave it some thought before she spoke up. "My company will be mass-producing this anti-blemish cream. I'm hoping to buy out the formula for it."

"Name your price. We'll sign on it now if it's an agreeable offer."

Anderson was straightforward with his words. "Well, as a fellow collegemate, I can't shortchange you, can I?"

"The department expected it to be worth around 30 million, but I'll part with it for 20 million!"

"We have ready-made test reports and the like, so you don't need to worry about anything. They can be put into production immediately after the agreement is signed!"

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Yulia pondered before retrieving the pre-prepared agreement from a drawer. "We have a deal. 20 million it is. This is the formulation transfer agreement. Take a look."

She was a relatively decisive person when it came to investment.

She struck quickly and ruthlessly if she ever found potential in something.

20 million was far from a small amount for Kareem Fashion but the effectiveness of the anti-blemish cream was truly miraculous.

Anderson also patted his chest and guaranteed that there would be absolutely no side effects.

If mass-produced, it will definitely send a shockwave through the beauty and skincare industry.

The revenue brought to the company could be exponentially multiplied.

"There's no need. I'll just sign it!"

Anderson readily penned his signature.

He soon received a \$20 million remittance from Kareem Fashion's finance department.

"Alright, I'll head off and brief the others."

He was bursting with joy at the sight of the long string of numbers as he sneered disdainfully.

After Anderson left, Yulia busied herself preparing the materials to meet with the directors of various departments to carefully consider the mass production of the anti-blemish cream.

Just as she got up to leave for the conference room, Skylar stopped her in her tracks. "Yulia, wait!"

"Hm?"

She stopped.

"There's something off about the formula for the anti-blemish cream!"

Skylar frowned.

"What is it?"

She was taken aback and pressed for answers.

Skylar pointed to the slightly out-of-the-way herbs in the formula and said, "These three herbs, separately, are all good for activating blood circulation and resolving blood stasis. But if they are refined and fused, they will undergo a qualitative change. This new component will most likely cause sepsis and even blood cancer."

"What? Blood cancer?"

Yulia's expression changed dramatically.

If Skylar spoke the truth, it meant that the anti-blemish cream that Anderson gave her had a high risk of causing cancer.

If such a product reached the market, wouldn't that be a confirmation of the rumors that Kareem Fashion's skincare products cause cancer?

This anti-blemish cream wasn't a miracle drug that could turn Kareem Fashion around. It was a scourge that would ruin them to the point of no return.

"I'll give Anderson a call right now and ask him what's going on!"

She gritted her teeth.

"Don't, Yulia. Not yet."

He took out a pen from the pen holder and scribbled on the paper that contained the formula.

"I'm replacing these three herbs with something else."

"The resulting product will be a tad slower in getting rid of blemishes, but it won't have any side effects."

"There won't be a problem if you mass produce this."

He then handed Yulia the modified formula.

It was only then that she heaved a sigh of relief.

She began to mutter bitterly when she thought about Anderson. "Anderson's department is engaged in research on the extraction of medicinal herbs. I don't believe he didn't know that the original formula had the risk of causing cancer."

"To sell me a formula like that for mass production, what exactly do you think he has in mind?"

Skylar smiled wryly. "That guy has no good intentions at all."

"But I suggest we wait and see what happens. We have the proper formulation available to us anyway. Just put it into production as planned."

"As for that guy, since he wants to play mind games with us, let's play with him."