

## Triumph 251

### [Chapter 251](#)

It was inevitable that Lola would be distracted with so many dogs to look at. Her attention was drawn from the white Pomeranian to the golden retrievers in another pen. "Wow! Golden doggies! They're so pretty!"

Her gaze soon wandered from the retrievers. "Daddy! That doggie there looks good too, the one with blue eyes! Oooh, that one with long fur is very cute, it looks like a little old man!"

Lola kept looking here and there; if given a choice, she would have taken home every dog she saw.

Skylar gently stroked his daughter's hair and said with a touch of resignation, "Sweetheart, you're only allowed to pick one doggie, alright? One that you like best."

In all honesty, his fortune was so vast that it was entirely possible for him to buy one of every dog breed in the world. Buying every dog in this facility would barely make a dent in his finances. However, Lola was still a child in the process of growing up, and there were some important life lessons that she needed to understand.

One of these lessons was that she had to learn how to make trade-offs for something she wanted.

Lola nodded vigorously when she heard what Skylar said. Turning her gaze back to the dogs in the pens, she looked them over again even more intently than before.

Skylar did not hurry her either; he merely waited patiently for her to make her choice.

In a little while, Lola suddenly pointed in one direction and asked softly, "Daddy, is that doggie over there sick?"

Skylar looked over to where she was pointing and discovered that she had spotted a very young golden retriever pup lying on the ground. It looked as if it was about to die and did not appear to be more than a month old. It had suffered a very serious injury to its leg, which was still bleeding. The pup must have been trampled on earlier when the dogs were lunging at the sides of the pens. Sadly, it was probably not the only victim either.

The pup seemed to sense Lola watching it. Lifting its head with great difficulty, it looked piteously in her direction and began whimpering softly.

It was as if the puppy was trying to tell the little girl that it did not wish to leave this world so soon.

Lola's heart overflowed with sympathy for the poor creature, and tears sprang to her eyes. Tugging at Skylar's hand, she asked, "Daddy, the poor doggie's hurt. Can we make it better, please?" What she meant was that she wanted Skylar to take the puppy to the animal hospital. However, she had not

expected that her father would immediately agree and carry the injured pup out of the pen.

Like magic, Skylar shook a tiny pill out of the pendant around his neck and crushed it into powder. After that, he pushed the powder onto his fingertips and held it to the puppy's mouth.

The puppy's eyes opened a little as it sniffed at the powder. Slowly, it extended its tongue and began licking at the powder on Skylar's fingertips until it was all gone.

Skylar very gently stroked the site of the injury twice, then told Lola, "Don't worry, sweetheart. The doggie will get better very soon now."

"Really? The poor doggie won't die now?" Lola asked, thrilled.

Skylar nodded and gently picked up the pup, putting it into Lola's arms.

Only then did Lola notice that the puppy's injury had stopped bleeding, and the blood was beginning to congeal over the wound surface. Its eyes were noticeably brighter and livelier as well.

"Wow! You saved him, Daddy, you're incredible!" Lola was so happy she could not help squealing with delight.

The puppy seemed to have been infected with her excitement. It licked her cheek, and Lola immediately began giggling because its tongue tickled her.

"Daddy, I'll take this one!"

"Alright!" Skylar nodded. He, too, felt that this little pup seemed to have an affinity with Lola. With that, he picked his daughter up, the puppy still in her arms, and made his way to the door. Turning to Mitzi, he asked, "How much is this puppy?"

A shiver ran through Mitzi as she heard Skylar's voice again. Regaining her composure with difficulty, she stammered, "N-nothing, it's f-free of charge. You can just take it home with you now." She did not even have the courage to meet his gaze.

## [Chapter 252](#)

"I don't want to owe anyone a favor!" Then, Skylar paid five hundred dollars by scanning the QR code on the wall.

Five hundred dollars was enough to get a healthy dog. However, Skylar did not want to underpay the girl even though he was the one who saved the dog.

Mitzi and the girl in glasses wanted to give Skylar some dog food, but Skylar declined. He brought Lola to Highbury Street to pick up some dog food.

As they walked toward the parking lot, several young men with tattoos looked at them.

"That's him and his daughter! They looked exactly the same as the picture," said the man in a floral pattern shirt, comparing Skylar and Lola with the picture on his phone.

"Yes, Lev. I guarantee I'll finish the job today!" said another muscular bald man with a fierce look.

Lev's eyes glinted at the idea of finishing Skylar.

Then, the young men hid away at the corner of the parking lot.

Skylar drove Lola to Kareem Fashion's office after leaving Highbury Street.

Skylar had installed a child safety seat in the car for Lola, who was currently holding the puppy happily in the seat.

The puppy looked healthier after getting treatment from Skylar. Lola was talking happily to the puppy.

Skylar kept checking the rear mirror to look at Lola adoringly.

Suddenly, Skylar felt danger was coming. Then, he saw a truck coming toward him at high speed.

Oh no!

However, Sklar did not hit the brake. Instead, he stomped on the gas pedal.

Skylar saw a gap on his right side. He turned the steering wheel sharply and wanted to drive through the gap before the truck hit the Land Rover. However, the body of the car was too long. In the end, the back of the car still hit the front of the truck.

Bam!

The Land Rover was swept away from the impact.

Skylar quickly slammed on the brake and stopped the car.

He quickly checked on Lola at the back before the car stopped completely. He was relieved to see Lola safe and sound in the car safety seat.

Then, Skylar saw a muscular bald man jump from the truck driver seat and disappear into the woods.

Do you think you can run away?

Skylar looked at the bald man fiercely.

The escape of the bald man had confirmed Skylar's speculation: this was not an accident. Someone had planned it.

Skylar swore that no one would get away from this!

### [Chapter 253](#)

Skylar was not worried about getting hurt, but Lola was with him. He would not forgive anyone if they hurt Lola. He did not chase after the bald man because he wanted to ensure Lola was unharmed.

Skylar got down from the car and fetched Lola out of the car safety seat.

"Sweetheart, are you hurt?" Skylar checked on Lola's tiny arms and legs for any injury.

Lola shook her head. "I'm fine, Daddy. I heard a loud noise."

Skylar sighed in relief. "Don't worry, Sweetheart. A truck hit our car by accident. I need to make a phone call." Then, he called Dianne and gave her some instructions.

After that, Skylar called a cab and brought Lola back to Kareem Fashion.

Yulia had just finished her work when they arrived.

Skylar did not mention anything until he sent Yulia and Lola home. "Yulia, I've ordered food delivery for you and Lola. I need to take care of something because my car had an accident on our way to your office."

"Had an accident?" Yulia was concerned.

"Mommy, there was a loud bang. A truck hit Daddy's car," said Lola before Skylar could answer.

"An accident? Are you alright?" Yulia was shocked. She quickly looked at Lola and Skylar to see if they were fine.

"We are fine. It was only a minor accident." Skylar patted Yulia's cheek.

"Are you sure? It sounded serious from how Lola described it," said Yulia in concern.

Skylar held Yulia in his arms. "Look at us. We are fine," he said.

"Then I'll wait for you at home with Mitzi," said Yulia.

"Wait for me on the bed." Skylar smiled mischievously.

"You wish!" Yulia blushed.

"Am I wrong to wish to sleep together with you and Mitzi? Honey, you're overthinking." Skylar teased Yulia.

"You!" Yulia's face was scarlet red now.

Finally, Skylar stopped teasing Yulia and left.

Meanwhile, Dianne had been waiting for Skylar downstairs.

"Where's that guy?" asked Skylar when he got into the car.

"In a private room on the sixth floor of Crown Club," said Diane.

"Let go and find out how much he got for doing such a dirty job in the middle of the city," said Skylar.

Skylar already knew who the man behind the truck driver was who tried to kill him. Now, he wanted to look for him and finish him off.

A man in a floral pattern shirt was sitting on a leather couch in room 6088 at Crown Club.

It was Lev Hart from Highbury Street, and the bald man who ran away from the truck was sitting in front of him.

#### [Chapter 254](#)

"How dare you show your face after failing to get rid of a weakling with a child?" Lev scolded the bald man.

"I didn't expect him to turn the other way when I was about to hit him. Luckily I still hit the back of his car," explained the bald man.

"Stop the nonsense! He hardly had a scratch from the accident!" yelled Lev.

"Please give me another chance. I will definitely finish him off tomorrow," begged the bald man.

"Are you sure you will still be alive tomorrow?" A sound came from behind the door before Lev could retort.

"Who's that?" The bold man was shocked. He turned and looked at the door.

Clash!

The glass door broke into pieces after a loud clash.

Then, a tall man came in, followed by a lady in a military uniform. They were Skylar and Dianne.

The bald man was in fear when he saw Skylar. On the other hand, Lev remained calm on the couch, with a beer glass in his hand.

"How dare you break my door?" said Lev coldly.

His henchmen stared at Skylar fiercely. Some of them even revealed their daggers under their shirts.

Anyone would have been intimidated by the view of these men. However, Skylar was no ordinary man; he was the invincible God of War.

"Tell me now. Who wants you to kill me?" Skylar stared at Lev. He had no intention of letting Lev off easily.

Skylar had to protect Mitzi and Yulia's safety, but he could not always be with them. Therefore, he needed to eliminate all the possible threats before they could harm Mitzi and Yulia.

"I don't even know who you are. Have you mistaken me for someone else? You better go away before I stab you!" Lev pretended he did not know who Skylar was.

Lev was a thug on the street and had no problem harming others. It was his idea to hit Skylar with a truck.

"Stop denying it!" Skylar scoffed and walked toward Lev.

"Damn it! I didn't do it!" Lev threw his glass on the floor and continued to deny the accusation.

His henchmen followed suit. Some of them even pulled out daggers. Soon, everyone held a weapon and stared at Skylar fiercely like a pack of hungry wolves.

The bald man wanted to prove his worth after being scolded by Lev. Therefore, Skylar raised his arm up high when he walked past him. "How dare you come and look for us after I let you go just now?"

### [Chapter 255](#)

The bald man let out an evil laugh and swung a broken bottle toward Skylar's face.

Suddenly, the bald man froze in place before he could get nearer to Skylar. His hand, with a broken bottle, stayed in the air.

Then, everyone in the room noticed a wound on his neck, and blood was gushing out from the injury.

The bald man screamed. He let go of the bottle and pressed his hands on the wound.

Unfortunately, the wound was on the main artery of his neck. His blood kept gushing out no matter how hard he tried to press on it. At this rate, his blood would dry out soon.

The bald man gulped. He tried to talk, but no words came out of his mouth. Then, he started to feel dizzy and weak. Everything in front of him was getting darker.

Thump!

The bald man fell on the floor. A pool of blood formed around his muscular body. With his hands still on his neck, the bald man twitched and passed out. It seemed like it was too late to send him to the hospital.

Dianne took a look at the dying bald man. Then, she took out a handkerchief and wiped off the residual blood on her Dragon Dagger.

Lev and his henchman were stunned. They did not even know Dianne cut the bald man's neck before seeing her wiping her dagger.

This woman in military uniform was beyond terrifying!

"Get away from me! I have nothing to do with hitting you with the truck!" said Lev to Skylar. He held a dagger in front of him. All his henchmen could not stop trembling from fear.

"Hey, this is Mr. Homer's place, and he is like a brother to me. He would kill you if anything happened to me." Skylar's cold stare sent a chill down Lev's spine. Lev hoped that mentioning Homer would make Skylar back off.

"Do you think I would be afraid of you if you brought help? How fast can a woman be? Can she be faster than a hundred people? You better back off before Mr. Homer brings a hundred of his underlings here and cuts you into a thousand pieces!" Lev continued his threat. Mentioning Homer also gave Lev more courage. He resumed his usual arrogant self as if he had forgotten his cowardice shortly before.

Before Lev could say anymore, a shadow flew by, and he felt a sharp pain in his right arm.

Clank!

Lev dropped his dagger. Someone grabbed his wrist, but he could not fight against that person.

Meanwhile, Dianne raised her other hand casually.

Lev looked at her in fear. Before he could fight back, Dianne stabbed her Dragon Dagger into Lev's forearm.

Splat!

The dagger went through Lev's forearm, exposing the white bone underneath the flesh.

"Argh!" Lev screamed in pain and fell back on the couch. He held his forearm, but blood seeped through his fingers.

### [Chapter 256](#)

Lev's face was pale as he stared at the dagger deeply embedded in the bone, and he couldn't speak a word due to the piercing pain.

The jet-black dragon dagger seemed to pin him to the pillar of shame.

Such strength in a young and beautiful woman!

It was unbelievable!

He desperately wanted to pull the dagger, but he knew doing so would leave his entire arm paralyzed.

As cold sweat drenched his back, he could do nothing but press on his wound in pain.

The subordinates on either side of him trembled, holding broken beer bottles and daggers. How could they possibly go up against Skylar and Dianne again?

The weapons hung in their hands as they clenched them tightly with the last of their willpower.

"I'll ask you one last time—who paid you to kill me?" Skylar's eyes were cold as he asked Lev in hushed tones.

Lev's hatred for Skylar at this moment matched the intensity of the pain in his arm.

What's more, this had happened in front of his subordinates, causing him to lose all dignity.

A feeling of intense hatred made him want to swallow Skylar whole.

However, he was also aware that his fate would be worse than the bald man's if he persisted in the fight.

After all, Skylar and Dianne saw no distinction between killing the bald man and killing him.

There was a sudden sound of hurried footsteps in the corridor just as he thought about what to say.

Immediately, a crowd of people filed in, stepping on the glass shards on the ground.



The people who came in were led by a stout man in a shirt. It was Homer Mcgee, the owner of Crown Club!

Lev suddenly burst into hysterical joy upon seeing Homer.

The person who would back him up had arrived!

"Mr. Homer, my name is Lev Hart, and this guy smashed the door to your private room and even stabbed me in the arm!"

"Get your men here, quickly, and kill that bitch and him!"

Lev glared resentfully at Skylar as he yelled.

Despite his lack of strength, his family's history of gang activity in the neighborhood made him a formidable local bully.

I'm used to opportunism—when have I ever been treated unfairly like this?

Skylar also demonstrated his disregard for Homer by kicking the private room door open.

He was certain that Homer would never spare Skylar based on that alone.

Could Dianne, no matter how powerful she was, defeat Homer's hundreds of henchmen?

This is Homer's home base.

Skylar and Dianne have no chance of escaping today!

Lev smirked at the thought as if he had witnessed Skylar's plight.

His smile froze the next moment.

Homer gave him an icy look before walking up to Skylar with a smile on his face. Then, he bowed and said, "Mr. Stone, you are here!"

It wasn't that he didn't notice Lev's predicament or the bald man who was dead on the ground.

Skylar had just killed another man at his place!

However, he didn't dare to ask.

"Stone... Mr. Stone?"

Lev, who had placed all of his hopes in Homer, was taken aback.

Mr. Homer actually addressed this man as Mr. Stone?

Homer was Lev's idol.

A person skilled in deception actually bowed his head to this Stone guy!

So, this Skylar had a scarier personality than Homer?

Buzz!

Lev's mind was racing.

He inadvertently offended someone who was more revered than Homer!

### [Chapter 257](#)

Lev actually wanted to kill a big shot for a small reward. That's just looking for death, right?

With Dianne's skills, the bald man would have died by now if he had prevailed in the afternoon.

Lev suddenly broke out in a cold sweat.

Skylar looked at Lev and said slowly to Homer, "Someone had ordered him to kill me."

"I was just trying to confirm with him, but I didn't expect him to be completely uncooperative, so I can only make him suffer."

"He claimed that you and he are sworn brothers, by the way."

"He wants you to kill Dianne and me?"

Homer's body trembled as soon as Skylar finished speaking, and he went on his knees and pleaded, "Mr. Stone, I don't know this person, and his claim that we're sworn brothers is nonsense. His words do not accurately represent me."

"Besides, even if he is my biological brother, he will never get away with disrespecting you!"

With that, Homer turned his head and glared at Lev.

Damn it! If you want to die, don't involve me in your suicide mission!

"Volante, you have good knife skills. You cut his hand off for me!"

"Yes, Mr. Homer!"

A young man in a black turban approached with a machete.

At that point, Lev exclaimed, "Please, Mr. Homer, spare me. Mr. Homer... I had no intention of lying. I said we were sworn brothers just to scare that guy..."

"How dare you disrespect Mr. Stone. Do you want to die?"

Homer yelled angrily, snatched the machete out of Volante's grasp, and charged toward Lev.

Instinctually, Lev wanted to flee, but Homer was quick to grab the dragon dagger that was deeply embedded in his forearm.

"Ah!"

The agonizing pain caused Lev to scream.

He just wasn't done screaming yet.

Slice!

The knife in Homer's hand makes a downward cut.

"Ahhhh!"

A bloody right hand fell on the coffee table in front of him, accompanied by a more miserable scream.

The scene was extremely gory.

The pale face and dejected look in Lev's eyes were telling.

Cold sweat beaded on his brow and cascaded down his neck.

More agonizing than losing a hand, fear ruled his heart.

The subordinates who were flanking him on both sides couldn't hold on any longer. They all dropped to their knees after discarding their weapons.

They faced both Skylar and Homer and kept begging for mercy.

"Please, Mr. Stone, have mercy. Please, Mr. Homer, have mercy!"

How could Homer care about them?

Instead, he stared at Lev and said, "Answer Mr. Stone's question!"

"Otherwise, the knife in my hand will not only cut off your hand!"

Lev had nodded his head in fear even before he could finish speaking, "Yes, Mr. Homer, I will tell you. I'll tell you!"

"It was Harper Fox who asked me to do it, Mr. Stone!"

Skylar's eyes grew cold as he realized he had guessed correctly.

"Harper gave me a million dollars to kill Mr. Stone..."

Skylar no longer needed to inquire because Lev came forward with the information on his own.

"Mr. Stone, I only did it for the money! Please pardon me this time!"

"If I had known you were such a big shot, I wouldn't have dared to touch you even if you gave me tens or hundreds of millions!"

"Mr. Homer, please! Please intervene quickly, Mr. Homer. If this goes on, I'll bleed to death!"

Lev kept pleading for mercy, and he could tell he was about to go into shock from the blood loss.

### [Chapter 258](#)

Skylar couldn't be bothered to talk to him.

"Harper, we'll swap roles tomorrow. I'm going to send you to hell."

"It appears that you are impatient!"

With that, he led Dianne to the door.

"Mr. Stone, please tell me what I should do with these people," Homer said, frantically straightening his back and claspng his fists.

He dared not decide on his own in matters pertaining to Skylar.

Skylar gave Lev a quick look and remarked, "Please send him to the hospital for your sake, but don't let me hear his name again in Cloudtopia."

"You can figure it out for the others."

"Yes!"

Homer bowed to him again.

He was thrilled when Skylar actually treated him with respect.

As for Lev, how would he dare to ask for more?

The fact that he was able to preserve his pitiful life was regarded as a blessing.

After Skylar and Dianne left, Homer directed that Lev be taken to the hospital.

He stood in the private room and thought for a long time before finally deciding to make a phone call to the Currey family.

He'd heard of Harper Fox before. He was the Fox family's eldest son.

The Currey family, who were supporting him, had a close relationship with the Fox family.

Harper, who was dressed in home clothes, was in the bedroom on the second floor of a high-end villa in Cloudtopia. He complained angrily, "What's the deal with that Lev? He hasn't taken any action, and he doesn't pick up the phone either!"

His wife, Ava, immediately consoled him, saying, "Don't worry. Good things take time!"

"Lev is my brother's subordinate, and this is not the first time he has done this kind of thing! He has no trouble handling a fool with kids!"

"He is probably dealing with it right now. Slow and steady wins the race—the more careful he is, the less likely he will make a mistake."

It also made sense to Harper, who laughed grimly and said, "This is the inevitable outcome of offending me!"

A smug smile appeared on his face as soon as he said that.

It was as if he had already seen Skylar's miserable state as he got run down by a car.

"Mr. Harper, Mrs. Harper, Mr. Fox wants to talk to both of you in the living room," the housekeeper said as she stood outside the door.

"All right, we'll be there shortly!"

Harper and Ava didn't dare to defy the order, so they went downstairs.

They noticed Malcolm scowling on the sofa as they entered the living room. "What kind of sly business are you two engaging in?" Malcolm sternly demanded of the couple.

Harper and Ava's hearts raced upon hearing Malcolm's words, and they hastily explained, "Dad, we didn't do anything..."

"How dare you deny it!"

Malcolm cut them off right away. "Do you think your cheap parlor tricks will work on me?" he continued.

"Be honest with me. Why did you give Lev a million dollars?"

Harper decided to just come clean about what transpired in the kindergarten during the day because he knew he couldn't keep it from Malcolm.

However, he was quick to think on his feet and changed the entire narrative—the false became the truth, and the truth became false.

His account painted him and Ava as helpless victims, and Skylar as a haughty bully.

Malcolm was a shrewd businessman. He knew how his son was.

He severely reprimanded him, saying, "You guys know exactly what happened!"

"One is my son, and the other is my daughter-in-law. I will not pursue it, and I warn you, you will still fail at some point, no matter how good you are."

"So, from now on, you are not to have any contact with that Lev guy; otherwise, you will be on your own. I'll expel you from the Fox household!"

Ultimately, what Malcolm was worried about was the safety of his own family members. He didn't give a damn whether the others lived or died.

### [Chapter 259](#)

"Yes, Dad is right. We will never interact with that Lev again." Harper and Ava agreed quickly.

"Okay, come with me to the dining room for dinner."

Malcolm stood up as he spoke as if nothing had happened.

"Okay!"

Knowing that the matter with Malcolm was resolved, Harper and Ava's faces lit up with happiness at once.

Before the three of them could leave the living room, the butler, who was mowing the grass in the yard, ran back, saying, "Mr. Fox, there is a man and a woman outside, and they said they are here for a visit!"

"What caused you to panic like this?" Malcolm expressed his displeasure when he noticed the butler was still holding the large grass shears.

The butler gulped, and summoned up his courage to reply, "I don't know them, but they said they are here to send off Mr. Harper and Mrs. Harper on their final journey!"

"Final journey?"

Malcolm remained silent for a brief moment.

The butler glanced at him and said hesitantly, "That's... What they are saying is they are here to kill Mr. Harper and Mrs. Harper... I saw their murderous looks."

"Kill my son?"

Malcolm's expression grew grim.

It was too haughty of that person to shout outside his house about wanting to kill his son and daughter-in-law!

That was disrespecting the entire Fox family!

The butler's remarks further shocked Harper and Ava, who were standing at the side.

"Where did those scumbags come from? How dare they come to my house and murder people!"

"Let them in. I want to see who can actually kill who!"

As he spoke, Harper rushed to the kitchen to get a knife.

Malcolm waved at the dazed butler and said, "Go, let them in!"

Malcolm, as the family's leader, reasoned that if he remained timid even when the other party arrived to kill him, wouldn't people mock him?

"Yes, Mr. Fox!"

The butler left and returned shortly with a man and a woman.

It was Skylar and Dianne.

Harper rushed out of the kitchen with a boning knife, crossing paths with Skylar in that narrow space.

"It's you!"

Harper's pupils shrank, and he grimaced.

Nearby, Ava's heart was pounding wildly as well.

They had no idea Skylar would come to kill him!

Skylar arrived unharmed—not even a scratch! That could only mean that Lev had failed!

A truck weighing dozens of tons couldn't run this guy over?

Harper and Ava's eyes briefly flashed with panic.

"Harper, do you know this person?" Malcolm asked, looking at Skylar.

Harper gripped the boning knife tighter, gritted his teeth, and exclaimed, "Dad, he's the scoundrel we met at the kindergarten!"

Malcolm nodded. Then only did he understand why Skylar came to kill him.

Since Skylar had shown up here, Lev must have failed and exposed his son as the mastermind.

In other words, the couple before them came to get even.

However, as the head of the Fox family and the father of a troublemaker, Malcolm was no stranger to dealing with such incidents.

So, for the time being, he didn't consider Skylar and Dianne a serious threat.

Instead, he sat back calmly on the sofa, looked at Skylar, and said, "Boy, I've heard about what happened between you and Harper."

"It's his fault for hiring someone to run you over. I just reprimanded him, and he knows he's in the wrong."

"How about this? I'll get him to apologize and give you another one hundred thousand dollars as compensation. What do you think?"



Malcolm's tone became a little arrogant at the end.

## [Chapter 260](#)

Malcolm was certain that Skylar would concede after hearing about the one hundred thousand dollars compensation.

Of course, if the person in front of him was a regular person, he would be moved by such a proposal.

It was unfortunate that the one thing Skylar did not lack was money!

"Quickly apologize to that man!" Malcolm said firmly to Harper before Skylar could speak.

"Dad, you want me to apologize to him?"

Harper had an indignant look as he said, "He was the one who hit me first. Why should I apologize to him!"

The matter where he was slapped by Skylar in public had yet to be resolved, and now he was supposed to apologize to Skylar in his own house?

Naturally, he was adamantly opposed!

"Apologize when I tell you to apologize. No more nonsense!" Malcolm abruptly snapped.

Although he didn't consider Skylar a serious threat, the fact that the other party could survive Lev's ruthlessness demonstrated that he still had a trick or two up his sleeve.

Even if the Fox family had nothing to worry about, he didn't think it was necessary to blow the situation up when it could be easily resolved with a small sum of money.

"Dad..."

As if preferring death than to heed his father's advice, Harper held his head high.

"You don't even listen to me now?" Slowly, Malcolm spoke.

Even though the tone didn't sound particularly enraged, Harper was still taken aback because he knew this was just a prelude to Malcolm's actual rage.

Malcolm was rarely angry, but when he was, no one in the Fox household could stand it.

As Harper lowered his head, he said to Skylar, in an insincere manner, "Sorry, I shouldn't have hired Lev

to kill you. I know I'm in the wrong."

"You know that you're in the wrong?" Skylar sneered and continued, "So, just because you know you're in the wrong means you can just write off all the crimes you've committed?"

"Is there such a thing as a free lunch in this world?"

"Are you not receiving one hundred thousand dollars in compensation? You weren't hurt, and yet you made a hundred thousand dollars so easily. What else do you want?" Harper immediately expressed his dissatisfaction.

Skylar's gaze was icy as he mocked, "Do you think anyone cares about your hundred thousand dollars?"

"I've come to send you and your wife on your final journey!"

Skylar turned to Ava after speaking, "Whoever wants to go to the netherworld first, you choose!"

"You!"

Ava shook with rage all of a sudden.

Harper's boning knife was aimed squarely at Skylar. "You've stepped into Fox territory. How dare you be so obnoxious. Are you not afraid that I will chop you up?"

Skylar ignored him and shot a cold, piercing gaze at Ava.

A response is necessary if you are brave enough to ask the question.

"In the forest, the trees look beautiful, but the wind destroys them. It's fine to be young and exuberant, but don't lose yourself in it just to win."

"I got Harper to apologize to you, and I promised you a hundred thousand dollars, which is more than you deserve. Don't push your luck! We tried to treat you with respect, but you refused it." Malcolm shouted at Skylar with a scowl on his face.

"Your Fox family's honor means nothing to me!" sneered Skylar.

h such incidents.

So, for the time being, he didn't consider Skylar and Dianne a serious threat.

Instead, he sat back calmly on the sofa, looked at Skylar, and said, "Boy, I've heard about what happened between you and Harper."

"It's his fault for hiring someone to run you over. I just reprimanded him, and he knows he's in the wrong."

"How about this? I'll get him to apologize and give you another one hundred thousand dollars as compensation. What do you think?"

Malcolm's tone became a little arrogant at the end.