

Triumph 281

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After hanging up the call, Skylar grabbed Yulia by the arm and went back into the car without another word.

He pushed the start button.

The engine roared.

The savage Range Rover transformed into a beast letting out a mighty growl.

It was a mean machine, ready to pounce and crush the old man in its path.

Frightened, the crowd on the scene burst out in screams.

“He’s a lunatic! A psychopath!”

“Two million dollars in exchange for human life. That’s one cocky man!”

“Oh, sh*t! By the looks of his eyes, he’s not kidding!”

The old man, who was lying down, felt his heart sink.

Two million dollars was a lot, but he might not live to spend the money!

Without second thought, the old man leaped to his feet and nimbly tumbled to the side of the road.

Before the old man could make a safe landing, the front tires of the Range Rover rolled past the earlier spot he threw himself down on.

Vrooom! Vrooom!

The engine rumbled.

All that was left was the marks of the Range Rover’s burnt tires.

The old man broke out in cold sweat.

He would have been crushed by Skylar’s car had it not been for the public’s timely warning.

The old man cursed in his mind. From past experiences, the driver of the luxury cars would usually pay him hush money to make the accident go away. Things were not going his way today.

The guy would rather spend two million dollars to kill him than settle amicably.

“That was absurd!”

A woman in uniform took quick paces over.

She bent over to help the old man up against the curb before asking with concern, “Are you alright, mister?”

“I... I...”

Unable to look the woman in uniform straight in the eye, the old man was lost between nodding and shaking his head.

“Don’t be afraid. I’m a cadet with the Northville Police Station. Please come with me to the station, so I can take your statement.

“I can’t believe the guy tried to knock you over in broad daylight. He must be sued for murder and being a menace to society!”

The woman in uniform exclaimed furiously while keeping her eyes on the receding Range Rover.

She then pulled out her phone to make a note of Skylar’s license plate.

Only, she picked her head up to find the onlookers giving her strange looks.

“Officer, it’s not what you think it is,” A middle-aged man remarked.

It was the same man in a tracksuit who spearheaded a public outlash on Skylar.

The uniformed woman furrowed her brows. “What do you mean it’s not what I think? I saw the guy trying to run the old man over!

“Are you even a man? You didn’t stand up against injustice. Your sarcastic comments are least than helpful.”

The mention of standing up against injustice put the middle-aged man in the spot.

He tried to play the hero just now. Alas, he was on the wrong side of justice.

Instead of replying to the woman in uniform, the middle-aged man turned to the old man and curtly asked, “Weren’t you hit and couldn’t stand up?

“How did you manage to get out of the way?”

“I...”

The old man tried to refute, but the burning gaze from the surrounding crowd could skin him alive. Pulling back in fear, he tried to make a run for it.

By now, the woman in uniform got an idea of what was going on.

Red in the face, she chided the old man, “Don’t move! Come with me to the station and confess to your crimes!”

The old man’s heart sank.

That backfired on him.

All he wanted was to stage an accident and get some money out of the owner of a luxury car. It never crossed the old man’s mind that he would come across a lunatic who nearly ran him over for real.

Not only did he fail to make a dime, but he put himself on the police’s radar as well.

A life behind bars was waiting for him now.

Pulling up at the gates to Ocean Hill, Skylar went to register the license plate at the security office while Yulia waited outside with Lola.

“Yulia?”

The surprised voice of a woman echoed from behind...

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Yulia looked back and saw a man and woman walking out of the Ocean Hill community.

The woman with long curls wore a red low-cut dress that accentuated her curves. She was a sex kitten.

All that beauty was marred by a mocking expression she carried on her face.

“Yulia, is that really you?”

“What are you doing in an exclusive community like Ocean Hill?”

The somewhat familiar face sparked a memory in Yulia.

The woman was Stephanie Stephenson. They shared a desk during high school.

However, Stephanie had always been a vain girl who refused to be outshined.

Yulia had nothing in common to chat with her.

At the time, all the boys in school could not take their eyes away from the brilliant girl Yulia was. It was reason enough for Stephanie to turn into a green-eyed monster.

Nevertheless, Stephanie caught wind that Yulia dropped out of school during the year of their graduation. Yulia gave birth to a baby whose father was unknown not too long later and was ostracized by her family. That was it for her future.

Since then, Stephanie would get a sense of superiority every time she saw Yulia.

The guy next to her was her newfound rich boyfriend. The pair hit it off, and wedding bells would soon be ringing.

Stephanie counted the days until she would become the wife of a wealthy husband.

Now that she stumbled upon Yulia, there was no way Stephanie would miss the chance to show off.

Displeased, Yulia answered, "I'm free to do whatever I want here, Stephanie. I don't need to explain myself to you."

"Oh, my. Did I ask you to explain yourself?"

Stephanie's shrill voice was ear-piercing. "I was concerned you might be embarrassed if the security kicks you out. It was only friendly advice, seeing that we used to share a desk."

"And that's what I get for being nice."

Skylar heard every word as he was walking out of the security office.

Taking large strides ahead, Skylar wrapped his arm over Yulia's shoulder and curtly uttered, "We don't need your so-called friendly advice."

"Don't need? Are you telling me that you're residents here too?"

Stephanie retorted in disdain.

Skylar gave her a glance. "Why? Can't we live here?"

"You probably have no clue about the price of the properties here."

Stephanie burst into laughter. "Take a look in the mirror. I don't know where you find the courage to

brag about living in Ocean Hill.”

She had an idea of Yulia’s situation. Although Yulia was the CEO of her family business, she was in the same salary range as a professional manager. Together with the burden of raising a child, Yulia would be lucky to accumulate a saving of a hundred thousand dollars.

Stephanie took stock of Skylar, noticing the absence of a label on his clothes. The man must not be made of money. For all she knew, Skylar could just be a moocher.

The most expensive property in Ocean Hill was the 130-million-dollar hillside villa while the cheapest cost at least 60 million.

It was unlikely Skylar and Yulia could afford any!

“Idiot!”

Skylar coldly scoffed, refusing to spend any more time with the woman. “Let’s go, Yulia.”

Yulia was kind of over Stephanie too. She nodded and carried Lola to head toward their ride.

In the back, Stephanie drew out her claws and shouted, “Who are you to call me an idiot, you bloodsucker!”

“I’ll find out whether you’re property owners here once and for all!”

Strutting her heels, she swayed her hips and sauntered toward the security office.

Stephanie was almost at the door when she yelled at the security guards in a high-pitched voice, “Hey! Those two beggars bragged that they are residents here. Aren’t you going to do something about it?”

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Since the residents of Ocean Hill were of privilege and wealth, it was not the security guards’ place to give their two cents.

Nevertheless, Stephanie’s bossy attitude did not sit well with the security guards. They replied, “Ma’am, not only do they own a property in Ocean Hill, but they’re also residents of the most expensive hillside villa!”

“What? The hillside villa?”

Stephanie’s face turned flushed.

Yulia was not just a resident of Ocean Hill, but she was also the owner of the hillside villa.

The property was worth 130 million dollars!

It was the dream house of every woman in Cloudtopia!

That was... impossible!

“You’re lying! The bum must have given you a little something to make up a story!

“It’s not like the country bumpkins can afford the hillside villa.”

Giving the security guards the stink eye, Stephanie bitterly said.

She found it hard to believe that Yulia was the owner of the hillside villa.

The two security guards were speechless. “It’s the truth, ma’am.

“It’s out of our hands if you choose not to believe us.”

“No way...”

Stephanie was about to throw a fit when the man beside her stopped her.

“Darling, you’re a woman of stature now. No point obsessing over these two watchdogs.

“Let them brag. Their lies are bound to blow up in their faces.”

The man took a fleeting look at Skylar and Yulia before uttering in disdain.

Pulling herself together, Stephanie quickly remarked in delight, “You’re right, honey. I should speak with these people. It’s beneath me.”

Just then, Stephanie and her boyfriend caught a glimpse of a grandparent-and-grandchild combo in the compound heading their way.

They were Old Mr. Shepard and his granddaughter, Judy!

The moment the pair was identified, Stephanie and her boyfriend saw their chance and approached the duo.

“Old Mr. Shepard, Ms. Shepard, I see you’re out for a stroll too.”

Stephanie’s boyfriend sucked up.

Old Mr. Shepard was the head of the top household in Cloudtopia. He was also the most distinguished

resident of the exclusive Ocean Hill.

The old man was joined by his favorite granddaughter. Stephanie and her boyfriend were charmed by their mere presence.

Success was just before their eyes if they could cozy up to Old Mr. Shepard.

“Yes.”

Old Mr. Shepard faintly responded.

Well, this was a common occurrence for Old Mr. Shepard as there were always people out to lick his boots.

Suddenly, Judy cried out, “Grandpa, I saw Mr. Stone!”

She whisked away in the direction Skylar and Yulia took off to.

With his eyes lighting up, Old Mr. Shepard ditched Stephanie and her boyfriend and trailed behind Judy.

“Mr. Stone, are you moving back here?”

Catching up to Skylar, Judy ecstatically asked.

Old Mr. Shepard criticized, “Don’t be rude, Judy. Say hello to Mr. Stone.”

He then put his hand to his chest and lowered his head ever so slightly. “Hello, Mr. Stone.”

Sh*t!

Stephanie and her boyfriend were mind-blown.

The Mr. Stone referred to by Old Mr. Shepard and Judy turned out to be the moocher standing next to Yulia.

It was the most ridiculous thing ever!

Maybe Old Mr. Shepard and Judy confused him for someone else.

Stephanie ran a lot of scenarios in her mind, refusing to believe that the man with Yulia was more respected than Old Mr. Shepard.

The two security guards, who took the abuse from her just now, mocked Stephanie, “Ma’am, are you going to suspect that Old Mr. Shepard got a little something from the guy to deceive you?”

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“You!”

Stephanie was stumped for words.

Old Mr. Shepard was not a man who would play along with a bum.

Besides, a seasoned veteran like Old Mr. Shepard would not confuse a person for someone else.

While color washed off Stephanie’s face, her boyfriend grew scared and curtly chided, “Enough! As if we don’t have enough problems because of your loose tongue!”

Spooked, Stephanie shut her trap.

Judging by the reverence shown by Old Mr. Shepard to Skylar, Stephanie and her boyfriend started shaking in their boots.

They had just upset a man of higher esteem than Old Mr. Shepard!

Doom was impending if Skylar held a grudge and expressed his resentment to Old Mr. Shepard.

With that in mind, Stephanie and her boyfriend lost their nerves.

Truth be told, the couple was not worth Skylar’s time.

Skylar smiled and nodded at Old Mr. Shepard and Judy. “That’s right. My family and I will be living here from now on.

“This is my wife, Yulia, and my daughter, Lola.”

Since Judy had met Yulia and Lola at the jewelry fair before, Skylar introduced his family to Old Mr. Shepard.

“Hello, Old Mr. Shepard,” Yulia greeted.

Little miss sweet talker said in a cutesy voice, “Hello, Old Mr. Shepard!”

“Oh, she’s a good girl, isn’t she?”

Old Mr. Shepard beamed.

“Lola, do you remember what to call me?”

Blinking her eyes, Judy asked.

“Aunt Judy. It’s Aunt Judy!”

Lola glanced at Skylar before proudly declaring.

“You!”

Stephanie was stumped for words.

Old Mr. Shepard was not a man who would play along with a bum.

Caressing the little girl’s plump face, Judy remarked, “You cheeky little thing!”

After a pleasant chat, it hit Old Mr. Shepard that Skylar was only a few doors away if he had any questions about the workout since Skylar had moved here with his family.

Delighted, Old Mr. Shepard smiled and said, “Mr. Stone, do you have a lot of luggage in the car?”

“Judy and I have time. We can help you move your things!”

Rolling up his sleeves, Old Mr. Shepard was ready to get down and dirty.

Not too far away, Stephanie and her boyfriend were rendered speechless.

Who on earth was Skylar?

Old Mr. Shepard even volunteered to help Skylar with his luggage.

It was not a privilege that the second-ranked Curreys could enjoy.

Amused by Old Mr. Shepard’s antics, Skylar waved his arm. “We’re good. We have everything in the house, so all we took are some clothes.”

“Alright then. We’re neighbors now. Call me if you need anything. I’m just a few doors away.”

Taking the hint, Old Mr. Shepard bade Skyler farewell.

As for Stephanie and her boyfriend, they were cowering in a corner of the security office to keep out of Skylar’s sight.

They feared their presence might remind Skylar of the earlier incident, and the latter may come after them.

Labeling the couple as insignificant, Skylar drove to the gate of the hillside villa.

As the vehicle cruised past the gate and into the driveway, Yulia, despite being well-traveled, was taken aback by the extravagance of the villa.

Coersing the little girl's plump face, Judy remarked, "You cheeky little thing!"

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"Sweetheart, do you like our new home?"

With Lola in his arms, Skylar flauntingly asked.

“I love it so much!

“Daddy, put me down. I want to walk on my own!”

The little girl demanded.

Skylar let go of her. Once her feet were on the ground, Lola hopped and looked around curiously.

Working together as a team, Skylar and Yulia moved the suitcases to the rooms and did a brief cleanup.

Seeing that it was almost lunchtime, Skylar asked Lola if there was anything she was craving.

Lola gave it a thought before asking for a barbecue. Skylar readily satisfied her request.

Half an hour later, the trio arrived at a nearby bar and grill.

Since Lola was a meat lover, Skylar ordered extra helpings.

The skewers tasted great. Holding a skewer in each hand, the little girl had fun taking a bite here and there.

Skylar soon realized Yulia’s plate of grilled skewers remained untouched. He asked with a smile, “Are you watching your weight?”

“Yeah. Unlike you, I put on pounds if I eat too much.”

Yulia miserably commented.

Skylar uttered in a muffled voice, “I know a way that lets you eat whatever you want without putting on weight. Are you interested in giving it a go?”

“What’s the method?” Yulia was intrigued.

Skylar winked. “It’s a massage technique that helps women detox and burn fat.

“But... the method is a little... unconventional...”

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“How unconventional are we talking about?”

Yulia questioned closely.

Brushing his lips against her ear, Skylar whispered, “You have to take off all your clothes during the massage.”

“Perv!”

With rosiness flushing her face, Yulia balled her fists and pounded on Skylar’s chest.

Skylar smiled without a word. The look on his face left more to the imagination.

As expected, it did not take for Yulia to murmur a question, “Is the massage technique as amazing as you said?”

“Of course!”

Skylar confidently answered.

The shade of red across her face darkened.

She realized she did not mind Skylar running his hands along her curves.

Besides, her earlier query seemed to let her inner thoughts slip...

“It’s really you, the God of War!”

A joyous clamor traveled from a short distance away.

Yulia watched as a man in his fifties quickly approached them.

The man was plastered in a body cast and even had a bandage around his head. The walking mummy was not a pretty sight.

Paying no heed to the looks he was getting, the man took large strides to Skylar and choked with sobs, “I’ve been looking everywhere for you, sir. I can’t believe I ran into you here. Oh, God bless Alvonía’s martial arts!”

“How unconventional are we talking about?”

Yulia questioned closely.

It then struck Skylar that the man was Francis Reed, the owner of the martial arts gym that he took Lola to.

Francis was bragging to him the other day when a group of foreigners barged in to start a fight. Francis was beaten up by the leader named Hanks.

The defeat was nothing. Francis only had his inadequate skills to blame.

However, Hanks insulted the national martial arts. Unable to stand by it, Skylar decided to teach Hanks a lesson.

Skylar got goosebumps as his mind harked back to the overly enthusiastic reception from the students of the martial arts gym.

He had tried to steer clear of anyone from the gym. Alas, he managed to bump into one of the fanatics here.

Whether he was welcomed or not, Francis took a seat right next to Skylar.

Skylar was bummed out. He was in the middle of flirting with Yulia. The guy was ruining it for him!

Nevertheless, Francis was a decent guy. Despite lacking in strength, Francis accepted the fight like a man to defend the honor of Alvonio's martial arts.

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Before Skylar said anything, Yulia jumped in with a question, "Who is this, Skylar?"

"Mommy, I know! He's the owner of the gym. Daddy took me to learn martial arts at his place. A few blue-eyed, big-nosed baddies picked on us..."

Trying to impress her mother, Lola was one step ahead of Skylar to answer the question.

Yulia was able to get a vague idea of what had happened from Lola.

She asked Francis, "Master Reed, what did you mean when you said God bless Alvonia's martial arts?"

Francis indignantly uttered, "It's that Hanks guy!"

"After he lost to our God of War here, you ordered him to leave our land. Only, he didn't. Hanks brought his coach over to challenge you.

"But you disappeared without a trace. We couldn't find you anywhere.

"Those foreigners stirred trouble in my gym so much so I couldn't run my business. They even went so far as to call Alvonians losers and under the heel of Utopians.

"This has gone on for a week now. It's too much for me to take, so the gym's closed today. I came out to avoid them, but to my surprise, I met you here.

"God bless Alvonia's martial arts!"

"Please, sir. You must fight for our country's honor!"

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Skylar scowled when he heard Francis' account. It appears that Hanks and his troops did not heed my warnings. He must be sick of being alive.

Before he could react, Lola grabbed his hand and said cheerfully, "Daddy is so awesome! Daddy is going to fight the bad guys again!"

Yulia asked worriedly, "Who's Hanks? Is he formidable? How confident are you in winning the match against him, Skylar?"

The man gave a weak smile. "A hundred percent confident."

"That's right! No one can defeat the God of War, not even a thousand, ten thousand men!" Francis nodded excitedly.

Yulia's face lit up with anticipation. "Let's agree to the match then! I'm dying to see how good you are, Skylar!"

Skylar had no choice but to accept the challenge. On one hand, he felt responsible for upholding the traditional martial arts' reputation, and on the other, he did not want to disappoint Yulia and Lola's expectations. He nodded his head and said to Francis, "We'll head back to the martial arts gym with you after lunch to meet the instructor."

"Thank you for your help, God of War! It's my treat today, eat to your fill!" Francis said exhilaratingly. Skylar scowled when he heard Francis' account. It appears that Hanks and his troops did not heed my warnings. He must be sick of being alive.

An hour later, Francis boarded Skylar's car and off they went to the martial arts gym. Upon arrival, they saw a group of foreign men congregating at the doorstep. The most eye-catching of them all was Hanks, who stood at 6.5 feet tall. With his left and right arms bandaged and injured marks all over his body, he appeared particularly intimidating.

Hanks was ordering his men to stand by as they prepared to storm the martial arts gym. Francis hissed, "How dare they act so boldly at our place!" Even though he was infuriated by their antics, there was a tinge of helplessness in his voice. He could not even beat Hanks, let alone the man's coach. In addition, the men were all foreigners who could easily evade prosecution if they avoided committing murder or other serious crimes. Even if Francis filed a police report, the cops could only act as a middleman to appease both parties. It would only be a matter of time before the foreigners return and continue with the harassment.

Francis felt a glimpse of hope when he recalled how Skylar had destroyed Hanks' right arm with a single blow. Now that the God of War is here to help us, let's see who gets the last laugh!

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The man hopped off the vehicle and walked to the martial arts gym. "Stop it!" he yelled.

Hanks turned around and chuckled when he saw that it was Francis. "You are out here! I thought you were hiding like a loser inside the gym! I have run out of patience, old man. You need to get the lad to fight my coach today, or else, I swear I'm going to burn down the martial arts gym."

"Do you miss me already? Are you itching for another beat up?" Skylar, who was accompanied by Yulia and Lola, said coldly.

Seeing Skylar once again brought back terrifying memories. Hanks shuddered as he felt a piercing pain on his right arm.

Some of the men who had been pounding the door stopped immediately when they saw Skylar had arrived. They knew better than to offend their formidable enemy.

Skylar walked up to Hanks and demanded, "I told you after your last defeat to get the hell out of my country. What are you still doing here? Is it true that all the foreigners have such thick skin?"

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Hanks scrunched up his face in frustration. He turned his head and screamed, "Coach!"

A distance away, a hulking man with black skin leaped up from his seat. No one had noticed his presence earlier as he had been sitting quietly in a corner.

Skylar and the others saw the coach was about the same height as Hanks. However, he was visibly stronger and more muscular than his student. If Hanks resembled a bear, his coach was a beast.

Ripped muscles and per

"That's him, Coach!" Hanks pointed at Skylar.

The coach glanced at Skylar with an indifferent look. "Did you defeat my student?"

"Yeah," the man scoffed.

The coach inched closer in the endeavor to intimidate his opponent. "All right, then. On behalf of all the Utopians, I challenge you to a match. Are you up for it?"

"You aren't worthy to fight me," Skylar sneered.

How dare he wreak havoc in my country, Alvonía? He's such a useless fool. Since they don't understand the importance of humility and knowing one's own limits, they can't blame me for being nasty.

Hanks scrunched up his face in frustration. He turned his head and screamed, "Coach!"

The coach clenched his fists in rage over Skylar's treatment of him. He was not quite sure if the man would have the guts to take on the challenge. To his annoyance, Skylar had insulted his abilities by saying that he was unworthy of the challenge.

Hanks mocked, "Let's do away with the mind games, lad. Have you gone weak on the knees after seeing my coach?"

"Yeah, that's right." The coach immediately toughened up and said, "I'm willing to let you off if you kneel in front of the martial arts gym and declare that martial arts is a worthless skill. The Utopian's free combat skill is the best fighting technique in the world!"

Hanks and his men cheered in unison after seeing how confident their coach was.

"Weren't you very confident the previous time? Have you gotten cold feet in front of Hanks' coach?"

"The Alvonians are weaklings who are good-for-nothing."

"Martial arts should be banned. Everyone should only learn the free combat skills from Utopia!"

Francis felt a wave of rage enveloped him as he heard the men's criticism. He looked at Skylar desperately and pleaded, "Help us, God of War!"

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Skylar also disapproved of the men's arrogant conduct. No Alvonian citizens could tolerate baseless criticism of their country. He glared at his opponent and said, "You're unworthy of my time, but I can represent the Alvonians and teach you a lesson."

"Look at how weak and scrawny you are. How do you even intend to teach me a lesson?" The coach let out a boisterous laugh and continued, "Let's see how long the Alvonian's representative can last!" He instantly charged over with all his strength without waiting for his opponent to respond.

The spectators at the contest gazed on eagerly as the action heated up. As the instructor appeared to dominate Skylar, Yulia and Francis' hearts beat frantically in their chests. In contrast, Hanks and his men were giddy with excitement as they anticipated seeing Skylar's gruesome defeat.

Skylar remained grounded in the face of the coach's frontal assault. Fall!" he whispered calmly.

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"Are you scared?"

When the Utopian foreigners saw that Skylar remained where he was, unmoving, they could not help snickering and taunting him. Even Hanks stared at Skylar disdainfully as if he were an imbecile. He certainly did not believe that Skylar would be able to withstand his coach's iron-fisted blows.

As for Francis, he thought that Skylar had taken leave of his senses. Involuntarily, he cried out in dismay, "God of War! Look out!"

Even as he shouted, the expressions of everyone present froze abruptly. With dropped jaws, they stared in disbelief.

Before their very eyes, the brawny, muscled Utopian coach appeared to slam into some kind of invisible force field when he was within four inches of reaching Skylar. It halted his attack at once.

Furthermore, despite his burly, solid build, he was immediately sent flying backward.

Wham!

With a loud thump, the coach crashed into a sturdy pillar about twenty feet behind him.

Despite being made of concrete, the pillar shattered instantly.

The coach thudded onto the ground heavily, blood flowing from his nose and mouth. However, his troubles were not over yet! Some invisible force then propelled him toward Skylar as if he had been sent rolling by a powerful kick.

His ignominious journey only ended when he finally reached Skylar's feet, rolling all the way. Before he could even begin to make sense of what on earth had just happened, he coughed up a mouthful of

blood and fainted dead away. He had obviously sustained severe internal injuries.
"Are you scared?"

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Everyone present stood there, wide-eyed and agape at the incredible scene that had just played out in front of them. They stared at Skylar in astonishment; just like the coach, they were unable to figure out when or how he had made his move.

For one thing, Skylar had not moved an inch; all he had done was whisper, "Fall!" Who could have imagined that just uttering a single word would result in such a terrifying outcome!

It was truly unbelievable!

Anybody unfamiliar with the situation might be pardoned for believing that Skylar was putting on a show, and the massive, muscled, dark-skinned coach was an accomplice who had been paid to aid in the act.

At this point, a suspicion flashed through Francis's mind, one that made his brain run wild.

This had to be one of the closely-guarded secret mantras of the esoteric martial arts world, one that many pursued but few were taught!

Furthermore, Skylar was a master of the esoteric martial arts!

When Hank and the group of Utopians saw that their coach was now sprawled unconscious on the ground like a dead fish, they were so frightened their legs began shaking like jelly.

Their coach, who could hold his own against any heavyweight champion, could not withstand even one blow from Skylar!

No, that could not even be considered a blow because Skylar had not moved at all!

The gap between the two men's abilities was like the distance between heaven and earth; no words could adequately describe it.

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Skylar sent a scathing, cold glance at the unconscious man, then ordered, "Before nightfall, get out of Alvonia, all of you! This is my last warning to you. If you continue to ignore what I say, then I'll have you thrown into the shark tanks so you can spend some time in there reflecting on your sins!"

Hank and the other Utopians did not even dare to breathe after hearing Skylar's ultimatum. Based on what they had seen of how he had treated their coach, they were certain it was no idle threat.

Thrown into the shark tanks?

Just thinking about the possibility made them turn pale.

"Get out!" Skylar thundered icily, his brow knitting together.

Hank and the other Utopians shivered in their shoes. Picking their unconscious coach off the ground, they hurried out of the gym in fear and trembling, just in case Skylar changed his mind if they were a fraction too slow.

However, after they rounded a corner, Hank's eyes glittered venomously. He could not accept that the Utopians had been defeated. The other Utopians with him felt the same way. They did not understand

how they had lost to the Alvonians or why, but they were dissatisfied and angry!

In front of the martial arts gym, Francis looked at Skylar with worshipful, fervent eyes and begged, "God of War, you're a master of the esoteric arts and their secret mantras! Please take me on as one of your students! I beg you!"

As he spoke, he knelt before Skylar, clinging to his leg...

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Skylar swiftly dodged and backed away from Francis.

Imagine a man in his fifties clinging onto my leg and screaming the word Master at me. How terrifying!

"Master Reed, I'm afraid I'm busy, so I shall take my leave!" Skylar chuckled.

He quickly dragged Yulia back to the car and left.

He had planned to spend the afternoon practising martial arts with Lola there. Still, Francis' overly-passionate attitude made him think twice about his plan.

Upon seeing Skylar's panic escape, Francis pouted. "Was I so excited that I scared off the God of War?"

In the land rover.

"Daddy, you defeated the bad guys without moving an inch! Daddy's awesome!"

Lola clapped and cheered while Yulia stared at Skylar.

There were hints of curiosity and appreciation in her eyes and even admiration like Lola.

This was once the man who barged into her office with medals and a resume and demanded to be her contract husband.

Within two months, he protected them again and again from any harm or harsh treatment.

His ability, knowledge, and wealth were far beyond a mere soldier's.

Skylar swiftly dodged and backed away from Francis.

Imagine a man in his fifties clinging onto my leg and screaming the word Master at me. How terrifying!

Yulia knew he must have had a complicated background to achieve such accomplishments and that there was much to discover.

However, unlike in the past, her desire to learn about the truth had diminished.

There was no doubt that Skylar would treat her and Lola well, which was enough for her.

She knew that whatever his identity may be, he would explain it to her one day.

After all, she was not in a hurry to find out.

Yulia lightly held Skylar's big hands as she thought.

They looked at each other and smiled, clasping their hands together.

Once they returned to Ocean Hill, Skylar decided to bring Lola to the hillside villa for her martial arts practice.

Yulia, who had witnessed the incident at the martial arts gym, surprisingly joined the practice.

During the evening, Skylar was discussing with Yulia what to eat for dinner when his phone suddenly rang.

It was Valerie.

Skylar was somewhat surprised but eventually picked up the call.

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"Hey Valerie, what's up?"

"Hi there, Skylar! Can't I call you when nothing's up?"

Valerie chirped from the other end.

"Uh... I didn't mean that?"

Skylar let out an awkward laugh.

Yulia immediately perked her ears up to listen from the side.

Valerie laughed. "I'm just kidding! Look at you being so tense! Anyways, are you free tonight? I want to treat you to a meal!"

"A meal? Today is Sunday, and my wife and daughter are home, so I don't think I have time..." Skylar peeked at Yulia and Lola, who were beside him, as he replied.

Valerie groaned and pretended to be calm before saying, "Stop overthinking, Skylar! I'm just treating you to a meal as thanks for helping me out twice! Since your wife and kid are there with you, bring them along then! The more, the merrier, right?"

"Oh..." Skylar hesitated. "The incidents were related to me anyways, so you don't have to..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Valerie interrupted. "Hmm? Are you not going to introduce me to your wife?"

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"My high school classmate, Valerie, wants to treat us to dinner," Skylar whispered as he covered the phone's receiver.

"Valerie Pearce?" Yulia asked softly as she turned to face the man.

All of a sudden, Lola exclaimed, "That's right, Mommy! She's the woman who's just as beautiful as you!"

"I'll reject her invitation," Skylar cleared his throat and said nervously, unsure of what Yulia was thinking given her darkened expression.

Just as he was about to respond to Valerie, Yulia spoke, "Why should we reject a dinner invitation, much less from a beauty? Are you feeling guilty, or are you worried that I'll make you look bad?"

Skylar said nothing as he was unsure what to say. His mind was a jumbled mess and he began to break out in a cold sweat.

"Is Yulia okay with it, Skylar?" Valerie probed.

"She's all right with it. See you later." The man hastily ended the call after informing Valerie of Yulia's decision.

Although Yulia was amused by Skylar's frantic response, she managed to keep a serious face. Hence, the man had no choice but to placate her, in hope that it would lighten her mood. He wrapped his arms around her and said gently, "My wife is the most beautiful woman on this planet!"

"My high school classmate, Valerie, wants to treat us to dinner," Skylar whispered as he covered the phone's receiver.

"Hmph! What a sweet-talker." Yulia tried to wriggle her way out and left to get dressed.

Having caught notice of her slight smile, Skylar heaved a sigh of relief as he knew that his wife was placated.

Skylar breathed a sigh of relief when he noticed her slight smile, knowing that his wife was pacified. Dealing with a woman's jealousy is even more difficult than fighting a battle against a powerful army.

Skylar, Yulia and Lola started making their way to the posh restaurant half an hour later. When they arrived, they were brought by the waiter to a VIP suite that Valerie had specially reserved for the evening.

Valerie immediately stood up to welcome her guest when she heard them arriving. She could already hear Lola's chirpy voice from a distance away. "Aunt Valerie is so pretty!"

Delighted by the little girl's praise, Valerie said, "Aren't you a sweet little girl, Lola!"

Skylar interrupted, "Valerie, let me introduce you to my wife, Yulia Sue."

The woman turned to face Yulia, who stood next to Skylar. Her face brightened as she gushed, "You're so stunning and gorgeous, Yulia! It's no surprise that Skylar always sings your praises all the time. Even as a woman, your attractiveness captivates me."

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Yulia replied with a smile, "That's very sweet of you, Valerie. You're beautiful too. Lola has been raving about your talents ever since she saw your concert."

"I guess both of us are mesmerizing in our unique ways," Valerie teased.

Yulia nodded and just as she was about to speak, Valerie continued, "It seems that Yulia is the type of girl you like, Skylar."

"That's correct!" Skylar exclaimed proudly. He chuckled uneasily, unsure why he had become the subject of conversation.

Valerie turned to Yulia after nodding carefully and stated, "Men are notoriously greedy. It is natural for people to desire to try something new after becoming bored with the old. I was taught about the different lady styles at my company. Are you interested to learn from me, Yulia?"

Even though the woman appeared to be making a kind offer, Skylar and Yulia could sense that she had ulterior motives.