

Triumph 291

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"Are you as greedy as other men?" Yulia turned to Skylar and asked sweetly. The man was slightly frightened by her smile. He reasoned that the more beautiful a woman was, the more cunning she must be.

Taking the cue from his wife's death stare, Skylar hurriedly replied, "I'm unlike other men, Honey. My heart will always belong to you. I don't care if you change your style; I love you all the same."

Yulia nodded her head, satisfied with his response.

The man murmured to himself, I knew it was a bad idea for Yulia and Valerie to meet. It's all my fault; I should have responded more firmly. Now I must face the music.

Skylar was saved from the awkward exchange when the waiter knocked on the door to check if the food could be served. After giving him the go-ahead, Valerie ushered her guests to their seats.

The women did not continue their conversation as they were distracted by the dishes served. The topic of discussion at the dinner table also revolved around food recommendations. Skylar was confused by their ability to act as though the previous war of words did not occur; he even wondered whether he had hallucinated their earlier exchange.

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"What?! Why are you chasing us out even though we haven't finished our meal?" Valerie frowned, dissatisfied with the restaurant's arrangement.

"The meal is on the house," John said casually. "We are pleased to offer 5 thousand dollars in compensation for your inconvenience. That's enough for two satisfying meals at other restaurants."

The man's lackadaisical attitude irritated Valerie even more. "Do you think you are overcompensating us with 5 thousand dollars?" She fumed inwardly, it's unacceptable for a restaurant to chase their patrons halfway through the meal. Even worse, they don't express regret for chasing us away!

John's face turned gloomy when he heard Valerie's snarky comments. "You wouldn't want to offend the customer who reserved the entire restaurant. Heed my advice, accept the money, and get out of here immediately. Please don't make things difficult for everyone," he said sternly.

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Valerie hesitated, concerned that she would offend someone in position of power. Even though Skylar had previously dealt with the head of the Moody family, Brad Moody, she was skeptical that he would be up to the task this time. After all, the four great families were more powerful than the Moody family. Furthermore, it would not be wise to offend the Shepard family, the Currey family, the Whitlock family or the Belmont family over a meal. Even though Valerie was sorry for failing to do her job as host, she decided it was better to follow John's advice and avoid causing trouble for Skylar.

Just as Valerie was about to suggest to leave the restaurant, Skylar said, "Let's finish our meal before leaving. I couldn't care less who he is. All I know is that we arrived first, and if he doesn't want to dine at the same restaurant as us, he can patiently wait outside. He can have his meal when we're finished."

Skylar seethed inwardly, I don't care how important the guest is; I won't let anyone interrupt my family's meal.

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John's expression darkened when he learned of Skylar's brazen decision.

He chided, "Don't blame me for being nasty. I'll get my men to chase you out of the restaurant!" He took out his walkie-talkie, intending to call the security guards.

Their conversation was cut off by a loud glass shattering.

"Daddy, I didn't mean to do it!" Lola sobbed loudly while balling her fist in anxiety. She wanted to pick up a spoonful of vegetables that was placed in front of Skylar, but clumsily knocked the glass of red wine on the floor instead.

Skylar patted her cheek and comforted, "It's all right, sweetheart. It's just a glass of wine."

John decided to take advantage of the situation. "Just a glass of wine? Did you know that this glass was produced by the royal family's craftsmen? It's made with limited edition pure crystals, each costing 28 to 30 thousand dollars. You need to compensate for the glass because your daughter broke it. If you can't afford to pay, I'll turn a blind eye if you leave right away," he lectured.

"28 thousand dollars? Did you inflate the price on purpose?" Valerie exclaimed, taken aback by the exorbitant price. She did not believe that a common wine glass could transform into a rare crystal cup.

John regarded the group with a haughty look and said, "I get to decide the value of the broken glass. Didn't I offer a way out? If you are unable to compensate for the cup, leave immediately!" He lifted his walkie-talkie and threatened, "I'll give you 30 seconds to get out of here. If not, I'll have my men throw you out on the streets."

"You... you're such a bully!" Valerie screamed in frustration. Yulia, too, made a disdainful grimace.

In contrast to their angry demeanor, Skylar laughed and gave the man a steely stare.

John glared at him and challenged, "What are you laughing at?"

Skylar smiled as he asked, "If the wine glass my daughter broke is worth 28 thousand dollars, how much does the entire restaurant cost?"

Even though he did not know what Skylar was up to, he answered to avoid appearing weak. "50 million dollars. Why do you want to know that?"

Skylar ignored the man's question and asked, "All right, what's your bank account number?"

"What the hell are you up to?" John demanded.

"I'm going to compensate you," Skylar said matter-of-factly.

Despite his skepticism, John did as he was told, thinking that the man intended to pay for the broken wine glass.

Skylar called Dianne and instructed, "Transfer 50 million dollars to the bank account that I'm sending shortly."

John stared at the man blankly before breaking out into laughter. "You can't even afford 30 thousand dollars. How do you plan to raise 50 million dollars? Stop putting on a front!"

Suddenly, his phone rang. He was astonished to see the notification alert from the bank. 50 million

dollars has been credited into your account.

John dreaded what was to come since he had misidentified a wealthy guy as a pauper, and angered him with his nasty demeanor.

While John was still processing his thoughts, Skylar said lazily, "I paid 50 million dollars to take over your restaurant. You may get out of here now. I'm sending my guys to tear this place down."

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"What did you just say?!" a sliver of panic crept into John Klein's voice as he realized the gravity of the situation. He was only the salary taking restaurant manager. He had insulted and mocked Skylar, not knowing Skylar was capable of forking out 5 million dollars with a single dial of a button. 5 million dollars could send him to jail and back ten times over. Skylar even threatened to tear down the restaurant. His boss would have definitely noticed the amount of money in the restaurant's bank account by now, so he could not even take the money and run away.

John found himself in dire straits now. He had no choice but to switch his tone and speak to Skylar politely. "Sir, please don't tear the restaurant down. I was at fault just now. I'm sorry for my behaviour!" he pleaded. "I'm just a worker here, not the decision maker for the restaurant. Let me return the money to you!"

John immediately used his cell phone to transfer the money back to Dianne's bank account.

"What about the glass my daughter broke?" Skylar asked coldly.

John waved his hands frantically. "No, sir, you don't have to pay for it! It was just a normal glass, I must've made a mistake!"

Skylar only acknowledged John with expressionless, cold eyes. John was frozen where he stood, not knowing what to do.

Valerie, who had witnessed the entire incident, let out an indignant scoff. "A mistake? You clearly made a judgment and thought he couldn't afford to pay for the glass!"

"Yes, yes, I did! I misjudged the gentleman!" John admitted reluctantly, knowing he had no other choice given the situation.

"It's alright, Skylar. There's no point being angry with someone like him. Why don't we let Lola finish her meal and leave?" Yulia approached Skylar gently.

Skylar nodded, although his expression remained stone cold. "Get out! Don't disrupt our meal!" he barked at John.

"Of course, sir! Please enjoy your meal," John said before he scampered off. As he was leaving Skylar's

private dining room, a waitstaff at the door informed him. "Mr. Klein, Mr. Whitlock and his girlfriend are here."

Before John could even react, the dining room door was pushed open from the outside and a young, fashionable couple strode in. John quickly plastered on a cheap smile as he hurried toward the couple.

"Mr. Whitlock, you're here!" John beamed.

Mr. Whitlock acknowledged John with a curt nod, but his gaze fell on Skylar Stone, who was sitting in his place at the dining room he had booked.

"John, didn't my secretary call to book out this place half an hour ago?" Mr. Whitlock's tone was clipped. "Why is there someone in my seat having a meal?"

John looked at Mr. Whitlock, then at Skylar Stone. He could not afford to offend either party. Caught between a rock and a hard place, he did not know whether to laugh or cry.

John decided to tread carefully. "Mr. Whitlock, they are also VIP guests of our restaurant," he began tentatively. "They were already halfway through their meal when your secretary called. Could you possibly..."

Mr. Whitlock cut John a murderous glare before he could finish his sentence. John swallowed the rest of his words as Mr. Whitlock walked past him toward Skylar, who was still seated at the table.

"I've booked out the entire restaurant. I'll give you one minute to clear up and leave," Mr. Whitlock ordered impatiently, as if he could not stand to be in the same room with Skylar for another second longer.

John caught up with Mr. Whitlock and stood just beside him, his eyes flashing a devious glint. He could not afford to offend Skylar Stone, but Mr. Whitlock certainly could. After all, this Mr. Whitlock was none other than Todrick Whitlock, the young master of the Whitlock family. The Whitlocks were one of the Four Great Families. No matter how stubborn Skylar Stone was, surely he could not think to offend a Whitlock, could he?

John readied himself for a good showdown between Todrick Whitlock and Skylar Stone. Skylar's eyes narrowed as he made a quick sweep of Todrick, right before he let the words slip. "Get lost!"

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"What did you just say?!" Todrick Whitlock could barely believe what he just heard.

"I asked you to get lost!" Skylar Stone repeated himself, staring defiantly at Todrick to get his point across.

Todrick's expression was a mixture of rage and shock. "How dare you?!" he roared.

The young master of the Whitlock family was used to people bowing to him and trying to please him all the time. No one, not even members of the other three great families, had ever spoken to him the way Skylar Stone just did. His eyes flashed murderously as he sized up Skylar Stone.

“Tod, I’m hungry. Why don’t we go somewhere else?” Todrick’s girlfriend persuaded him. His demeanour softened slightly as he regarded her. He escorted her out of the room, but deep down, he knew this was not over. Todrick’s girlfriend looked at Skylar with a strange expression right before she left, as if she was trying to recall something.

After the couple had left, Skylar continued his meal as if nothing had happened.

“Skylar, that man was the young master of the Whitlock family. They’re one of the Greats! You might have just offended him...” Valerie spoke up anxiously.

“It’s fine,” Skylar reassured her. Even if the four families came together to fight him, he would gladly take all of them on. Valerie urged Skylar to make peace with the Whitlock family a few more times out of concern, but Skylar was a brick wall.

On the other hand, Yulia had kept her thoughts to herself. In fact, she was not worried at all. Having spent more time with Skylar now, she knew that he’d never say something rash if he did not have full confidence. Little Lola Sue was enjoying her meal so much that she had not paid attention to all the commotion happening.

“Lola, eat some vegetables too,” Yulia coaxed her daughter as she tried to move the plate of ribs away from Lola.

“But Mommy, I want another piece of meat...” Lola cried out.

“No, Lola, have some veggies first,” Yulia put on a stern voice. Lola looked her mother pitifully, before turning to her father. “Daddy...”

Skylar could never deny his daughter anything in the world. His heart melted as he looked at her puppy dog eyes. “Honey, just let her have one more piece,” he told Yulia.

Yulia almost rolled her eyes at her husband. “You’re always spoiling her! She’ll turn chubby if she keeps eating so much. If she gets chubby at this age, it’ll be hard for her to slim down next time!” she chided.

Lola stopped eating as soon as she heard her mother. “Lola don’t eat. Lola no want be chubby!” the girl picked up things quicker than most kids her age, occasionally mirroring and copying her parents.

Skylar and Yulia could not help but laugh at their little daughter’s funny antics.

“Darling, don’t you worry, you’re not getting chubby as long as Daddy’s around,” Skylar ruffled his

daughter's tiny head affectionately.

Lola looked up at her father. "Daddy, can I keep eating meat and stay slim?"

"Of course you can, darling. I know a special massage that will help you stay slim no matter how much you eat!" Skylar played along with his daughter.

"Really? Then Lola want two more meat!" Lola exclaimed happily as she pointed at the ribs with her spoon. Reluctantly, Yulia helped her daughter cut the ribs into smaller pieces and fed her daughter. She let out another giggle as she caught her daughter licking her own face full of sticky sauce, just like a dirty cat.

"You're dealing with this mess from now on," she nudged her husband, who was smiling fondly at his daughter.

Valerie Pearce, who had been listening in on Skylar's conversation with his daughter, piped up. "Skylar, can you really help people lose weight? Could you help me do it?" she asked curiously.

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"I do yoga to keep fit every day, but I think my waist could still use some trimming..." Valerie continued.

"No!" Yulia interrupted Valerie as she was speaking.

Startled by Yulia's vehement rejection, Valerie tried to explain herself. "Yulia, I was only asking Skylar to help me trim my waist. If you're worried, you could stand in with us and watch from the side!" she negotiated with Yulia.

Yulia seemed to consider Valerie's proposition for a moment before she shook her head. "No, it's non-negotiable," she stood her ground and gave Skylar the side-eye as a warning. Skylar had once told her that the massage would require the other party to take off all their clothes. Yulia admittedly felt threatened, considering Valerie was a beautiful woman who was not over Skylar after all these years. How could she allow Skylar to give him a massage?

"Why not?" Valerie questioned her.

"Because..." she pursed her lips together, trying to think up an answer. "Because I need to maintain my figure more than you do. He's busy massaging me every day! He doesn't have that much time to spare."

Valerie gave Yulia a quick once-over, scanning her from top to bottom. "I did hear that it's harder for women to maintain their figure after giving birth. I suppose that's true?"

"Yes, exactly, Valerie," Yulia said hastily. "You should let Skylar off the hook."

Valerie nodded, understanding Yulia's position a little better now. She stopped pestering Skylar for a

slimming massage and made a mental note to never give birth to a child.

Witnessing the entire exchange, Skylar could barely stifle his laughter. Yulia rolled her eyes as she ribbed him in the side. She had somehow made herself into a fat middle-aged mother in her bid to stop Valerie from getting a massage from Skylar.

Skylar and his family bid goodbye to Valerie after dinner and made their way back home. After showering and putting Lola to bed, Skylar and Yulia finally laid in their bed, exhausted from their day out. Skylar turned to Yulia, smiling sweetly as he said, "Honey, I'm ready to give you a massage!"

Yulia was facing the other side away from Skylar, but she did not respond to Skylar's invitation.

"Didn't you tell Valerie at dinner that I would give you a massage every night? Let's start tonight then!" Skylar's voice was excited.

"Yay... Daddy help mummy lose weight..." a half-asleep Lola mumbled groggily.

Yulia was caught in a pickle. She only said what she said about the massage previously so that Valerie would stop making advances toward her husband. She never thought Skylar would take it seriously and offer her a real massage in front of their daughter.

This man is truly clueless! she thought.

She could not go back on her word in front of her daughter either, fearing that it would set a bad example for Lola. After staying silent for a long moment, Yulia turned around to face her husband and daughter. "Are you two calling me fat?" she asked moodily.

"Of course not, honey! You have a body like a model! How could you be fat?!" Skylar waved both hands in the air, caught off guard by Yulia's sudden accusation.

"Mommy is not fat! My school friends say Mommy is the prettiest Mommy!" Lola piped in.

Looking at her child and her older man-child begging for 'mercy', Yulia could not help but laugh out loud. "I guess I won't be needing a massage since I have such a perfect body," she joked. "I'll take that massage whenever the two of you call me fat again!"

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Gulp...

The corner of Skylar's mouth twitched. Yulia Sue was a true boss lady who could kill him if she wanted to. Calling her fat? Like he would ever dare say such a thing! The consequences of his wife getting upset was worse than a war breaking out.

Skylar had initially wanted to use the massage as an excuse to get intimate with his wife, but that fantasy of his was unlikely to be fulfilled right now. He glanced at little Lola and shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Lola had also been quiet since her mother scolded her, albeit teasingly.

“Are you two not going to sleep yet? Why are you still awake?” Yulia had a little smirk on her lips as she switched the bedside lamp off, leaving the father and daughter wide awake in the darkness.

The next morning, a familiar ringtone woke Skylar and Yulia up from their restful slumber.

“Yulia, it’s your phone!” a half-asleep Skylar raised an arm in search of Yulia’s phone charging by the headboard. He unplugged the phone and handed it to Yulia.

It was a call from the company. Yulia straightened up in bed before she took the call.

“Yes, Tom, is everything alright? Is there an issue with anti-freckle cream?” Yulia asked anxiously.

“No, Ms. Sue, everything’s alright with the product,” Tom on the other end was quick to reassure his boss. “Someone came to the company this morning asking to meet Mr. Stone and insisted I contact you. I’m sorry for calling so early in the morning...”

“Someone wants to meet Mr. Stone? Who is it?” Yulia asked. This was surprising news to Yulia. Who was looking for Skylar in the wee hours of the morning?

“Umm, I’m not too sure myself, Ms. Sue. I think you should come here and see for yourself.” Tom’s voice sounded a little hesitant.

Yulia figured it would be better for her to check the situation out for herself. She woke her husband lying next to her. “Sky, someone’s looking for you at the office. Based on Tom’s tone, the person must be someone important. Come with me!” she urged.

In truth, Skylar was wide awake and had been eavesdropping on Yulia’s conversation. However, he decided to be a little cheeky with his wife that morning, pretending to be asleep and ignoring Yulia.

“Hey! I’m talking to you, Sky! Someone’s looking for you, you big oaf!” Yulia tried to nudge her husband to no avail. As she huffed and puffed trying to push Skylar out of bed, Skylar extended his long arm around her slender waist, pulling her body atop his.

“I won’t have any motivation to wake up unless I get a good morning kiss from my wife,” Skylar said affectionately as he continued to hug her.

“Argh, you tricked me!” Yulia huffed as she playfully punched Skylar’s shoulder with her tiny fists.

“Well, are you going to give me that kiss or not?” Skylar asked again. His voice this time was low and smooth, stirring something in Yulia. She nudged her head forward shyly and planted a soft kiss on

Skylar's lips before trying to break free from his arms. However, he kept her trapped in position with one arm around her waist and the other at the back of her head, her lips still lingering dangerously close to his.

"Let go of me, Sky. Lola will wake up anytime soon..." she warned her husband. Her nervousness only served to tempt Skylar even further. He shut her up by kissing her once more, this time deeper and more passionately.

Just as Skylar was desperately hungry for me, Lola stirred from her sleep.

"Mommy, why are you on top of Daddy?" she asked innocently as she rubbed her sleepy eyes.

"Umm..." Yulia blushed profusely, down to her ears. Her own child just caught her making out with her husband, for goodness' sake. Where would she hide her face if Lola retold this story to her friends at kindergarten?

"Lola, Mommy was about to get out of bed, but I slipped and fell on top of Daddy..." Yulia explained.

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Yulia found herself stumbling through her words as she tried to salvage her reputation in front of her daughter.

Lola, however, was way smarter than her mother gave her credit for. She looked at Yulia and Skylar before clapping her tiny little hands together. "Lola know! Mommy and Daddy were kissing!" she exclaimed happily.

Yulia gulped visibly. Not knowing what to do, she silently turned to Skylar for help. Skylar, on the other hand, was all too happy to play along with his daughter. "That's right, darling. Do you want to kiss Daddy too?" he cooed affectionately.

"Yes, Daddy!" Lola giggled in glee as she climbed atop Skylar's broad chest and planted a sloppy kiss on his cheek. Yulia breathed a sigh of relief as she realized this was Skylar's plan to save her from embarrassment all along. The three of them played around for a little while more before they got out of bed and headed for Kareem Fashion's office.

At the office, the receptionist greeted Yulia politely. "Good morning, Ms. Sue, there's a lady at the office lounge upstairs waiting for you."

"When did she arrive?" Yulia asked.

"Two hours ago," the receptionist replied promptly.

Yulia nodded her acknowledgment before heading toward the elevator together with Skylar. As the elevator doors opened, they spotted a young woman no more than thirty sitting by the sofa, her posture

ramrod straight. Her clothes were definitely of high quality, Yulia noticed, and exuded an understated elegance even though it was not an obvious designer brand. She was most certainly someone of stature.

The woman got up on her feet quickly as she heard Yulia and Skylar's footsteps coming toward her. "Mr. Stone, Ms. Sue. It's a pleasure to meet you," the woman greeted.

"You are...?" Yulia did not bother to hide the fact that she did not know who the woman was.

The woman, however, did not seem to mind. "My name is Delilah Whitlock. It's a pleasure to meet your acquaintance," she began tentatively. "I've heard that Mr. Stone is a master practitioner of acupuncture who has even healed late-stage cancer patients. I'm here to ask you to treat someone in my family," Delilah's eyes bore a gleam of hope as she spoke to Skylar.

Skylar and Yulia had a sudden realization there and then. News of Skylar treating the stomach cancer case had probably gotten out, leading to Delilah Whitlock's search for Skylar. However, Skylar was reluctant to lend his services. One could call him selfish, but he had returned to Cloudtopia to be with Yulia and Lola and live a simple life with them. He had no intention of getting his hands dirty once again. He was not a doctor bound by an oath to save all lives.

If he had an obligation to treat every single sick person in the world, he would die of exhaustion before he could treat all of them. Furthermore, he figured he could save more lives by fighting on the front line of the battlefield than treating the sick.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Whitlock. That was a one-time special case. I don't usually offer treatment to patients," Skylar informed Delilah resolutely.

A worried expression flashed across Delilah's face. "Mr. Stone, I'm willing to pay as much as possible for your services," she pleaded.

Skylar shook his head. "It's not about the money, Ms. Whitlock. I've made up my mind about not treating people. Please leave..." he tried to let her down as gently as possible.

Before Skylar could finish his sentence, the prim and proper Delilah Whitlock got down on her knees in front of him. "Mr. Stone, the sick patient is my grandfather. I've run out of all my options before I came to you," she begged Skylar, her hands in a prayer pose. "Please, please help my grandfather!"

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Yulia suddenly felt pity after seeing Delilah's pleading eyes. She turned to Skylar and said, "Skylar, since we have nothing planned for the day, why not help her grandfather out?"

Lola also chimed in. "Daddy, she's crying! Her grandfather must've been in pain!"

Seeing that both of them sided with Delilah, Skylar could no longer refuse her.

At that moment, he could only agree. "Fine. Seeing that my wife and kid have sided with you, I'll help you out for once. However, you have to keep this a secret."

Skylar wished to avoid attracting more people to his door asking for help.

Delilah became overjoyed after hearing his answer. She nodded. "Yes, I promise to keep it a secret!"

"Well, Yulia, take Lola for a walk. I'll call you once I'm done."

Skylar turned to Yulia and said.

Yulia nodded and picked Lola up. "Lola, say take care to daddy."

"Take care, daddy! I'll wait for you with mommy!" Lola exclaimed.

"Good girl!"

Skylar pecked on her forehead before leaving with Delilah.

Whilst on the way, Delilah introduced herself properly once again.

Skylar then learned that Delilah was the eldest daughter of the Whitlock family, one of the Four Great Families.

Her sick grandfather was Blanc Whitlock.

Half an hour later, Delilah stopped the car at the entrance of Cloudtopia General Hospital.

Skylar followed closely behind her as they made their way to the VIP room on the top floor.

Blanc was lying in bed in a coma.

About a dozen people were standing around the hospital bed, and they were the descendants of the Whitlock family.

"Delilah, where've you been? Why did you bring a commoner in here?"

As soon as Skylar stepped into the room, a middle-aged woman was berating Delilah annoyingly.

Delilah shouted and quickly explained, "This is Mr Stone, who has superb medical skills. He can treat a patient with terminal stomach cancer using acupuncture! I invited him here to help treat my grandfather."

Everyone in the room gasped after hearing her explanation.

"Using acupuncture to cure terminal cancer? Delilah, are you sure you didn't invite a con artist?"

"That's right, only a con artist would say something like that! They'd said acupuncture, breathing techniques or homeopathy cures everything, but they may have killed many!"

"I remember seeing this on the news yesterday. A breathing technique instructor instructed a young fellow to fast for 54 days, causing him to starve to death! I don't even know if that con artist enjoys trampling on people's lives or the young fellow was simply dumb...."

Delilah's aunt, Veronica, hummed as the stories got more outrageous. "Delilah, what on Earth are you thinking about? You brought a nobody and claimed that he's a medical expert. What if something happens to our grandfather? Will you take responsibility then? Everyone's feeling upset after our grandfather fell ill, so get rid of this conman now!"

Delilah was taken aback by her harsh comment and quickly turned to Skylar. "I'm sorry, Mr Stone. Please give me a moment."

Her eyes reddened as she continued to argue against Veronica. "Our grandfather is still in a coma. Why not let Mr Stone try helping him out? For the past 6 months, you have invited skilled doctors from all across the world, yet they couldn't give a proper diagnosis for grandfather. We can't give up on grandfather, and I think you're the ones who are letting him die."

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Delilah had consulted several doctors to treat her grandfather, but Veronica turned them all away. Skylar was her last hope, and the one most likely to cure Blanc. This time, she refused to back down.

The room was awash with boiling anger as they berated Delilah.

"Where is your respect for your elders, Delilah Whitlock? Your parents apparently failed to teach you proper etiquette."

"Get out of here immediately! Stop disturbing Grandpa's rest."

"What rest?" Delilah scoffed, "Grandpa is in critical condition, and here you are talking about rest. I know what evil intent each of you have. There's no need to defend yourself; I'm not interested in arguing about it. Grandpa's health is of primary importance. I took great pains to invite Mr. Stone to treat him. Get out of the way!"

"Get out of the way? Will you take responsibility if things go awry? How do you intend to redeem yourself?" Veronica hissed.

Delilah stated resolutely, "I know you're all eyeing my company's shares. I'm willing to give it all up if Grandpa's condition worsens. I'll also forfeit my rights to the Whitlock family's assets." She turned to

Harvey and asked, "Do we have a deal, Uncle Harvey?"

Since Blanc's illness, Harvey has been functioning as the Whitlock family's head. She knew Harvey was the true decision-maker, while Veronica was all bark and no bite.

The man cleared his throat and nodded. "Since you're so adamant, I have no choice but let you try."

Delilah sneered inwardly, you're such a hypocrite, Harvey. You may seem like you're forced into this, but deep down, you must be ecstatic with my choice.

She knew that there was no time to argue with her shameless relatives. Hence, she turned to Skylar and apologized, "I'm sorry for causing you so much trouble, Mr. Stone."

The man motioned with his hand that no explanation was required. Delilah then continued respectfully, "Thank you for taking the time to treat my grandpa."

Skylar nodded his head and made his way to Blanc's bedside. The frail old man was drifting in and out of consciousness and had to rely on basic life support.

Skylar abruptly pulled the drip-tube from Blanc's arm. When he was ready to remove the elderly man's oxygen mask, the Whitlock family shrieked in fear. "What the hell are you doing?"

The man ignored their protest and threw the oxygen mask aside. Next, he swiftly inserted 24 acupuncture needles into Blanc's vital organs. This was the legendary "Twenty-Four Holy Needles" procedure, which, if used correctly, was claimed to be able to save someone on the brink of death.

Skylar released his grip and wiped the sweat off his forehead when he saw the 24 needles vibrating in Blanc's body. He was initially reluctant to perform the procedure as it was a technique that required one to expend a great deal of energy.

After giving Skylar a towel to wipe away his perspiration, Delilah asked worriedly, "How's my grandpa doing, Mr. Stone?"

Just as he was about to elaborate on the old man's condition, someone exclaimed, "Look! What's happening to Dad?"

Delilah turned around and found Blanc in great agony; his face and torso were also twisted up. Blood began to ooze from the elderly man's nose, ears, and acupuncture sites. It was a horrifying sight!

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"Delilah Whitlock, look what you've done!"

"What kind of miracle doctor is this? He's a murderer, not a doctor!"

"Grandpa doted on you, but it seems you can't wait for him to die! You're an evil, heartless wretch, Delilah!"

The entire Whitlock family began throwing accusations and verbal abuse at Delilah.

When Delilah saw that Blanc was covered in blood, a look of panic shot through her eyes.

"Don't worry. That's just the blood that's been congested internally in his system for far too long. He'll be fine in a little while," Skylar explained calmly.

At this, Delilah nodded, and her panic subsided. After all, she would not have asked Skylar to come and see her grandfather if she did not have full confidence in his abilities.

Before going to Kareem Fashion, she had personally talked to the terminal stomach cancer patient and ascertained without a doubt that Skylar had used acupuncture to effect a miraculous cure. As a result, she believed that Skylar possessed the ability to cure her grandfather as well.

Blanc's illness was unusual and atypical, so naturally, one also had to make allowances for Skylar's unusual method of treatment. Delilah understood this, but the rest of the Whitlock family did not. Aunt Veronica, in particular, was horrified. "You deceiving scoundrel! You're a quack and a con artist! Even a perfectly normal person would die in no time after bleeding so excessively, much less an old man on a sickbed!" She accused Skylar in shrill, angry tones.

She did not wait for Skylar to reply, but rushed over to the bed and yanked out all the needles that had been inserted into Blanc's body.

"Hurry and get the hospital director here!" Harvey ordered, turning to the people beside him.

Skylar's eyes glinted icily for a moment as he watched the Whitlocks. "Imbeciles! I really pity Blanc Whitlock for having children and grandchildren like you!"

Whatever these Whitlocks had in mind, Skylar was not interested in finding out. He gathered up the acupuncture needles and prepared to leave.

"Stay right there!" Harvey shouted suddenly. "Don't you even think of leaving while poor Mr. Whitlock's lying there bleeding! You better give me an explanation or an antidote right now!"

"Exactly! This b*stard quack needs to be investigated thoroughly; who knows if he's in cahoots with Delilah to steal the family fortune!"

"No wonder he's in such a hurry to leave! This is a matter for the police now; grab him, and don't let him get away!"

The Whitlock family was in an uproar, accusations and recriminations flying freely.

Once Skylar was taken into custody, they would be able to blame Delilah for everything. Naturally, they would split her portion of the shares once they wrested them away from her, so they had no intention of allowing Skylar to leave just like that.

However, Skylar ignored them all and headed toward the door. Did these idiots really think they could stop him from departing? In their dreams, perhaps!

When Harvey realized that Skylar was going to leave, regardless, he bellowed, "Security! Stop this quack from leaving!"

Immediately, the sound of running footsteps could be heard from the corridor outside, and twenty-over black-garbed men wearing in-ear monitors burst through the door right in front of Skylar.

"Young fellow, you just stay right where you are, or else you're going to be sorry!" The leader of the security team warned.

Skylar eyed the entire security detail, then said blandly, "I'm Skylar Stone. If I want to leave, not even the gods themselves can stop me!"

This enraged the team leader. "You're too arrogant for your own good, you pipsqueak! Very well, we'll show you just how sorry you're going to be!"

He was about to order everyone present to stop Skylar's departure and secure him. However, just as he opened his mouth, an expression of disbelief slowly spread across his face.

As soon as Skylar advanced toward him, his entire body felt as if it had turned to stone. He could not move at all or even twitch a muscle. What was more, he couldn't even close his open mouth. He tried to speak, but no words came out.

All twenty-over members of the security detail fared exactly the same. It was as if their bodies had been encased in concrete; they were rooted to the spot and could not move, no matter how they tried.

The only thing they could do was move their eyes...