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Miles had no idea that Skylar tapped into his inner energy when delivering the blow to the bodyguard. Hence, there was more damage done to the bodyguard than it appeared on the surface.

In his bodyguard's shoes, Miles would have breathed his last.

Daryl the bodyguard wiped away the blood from his lips and struggled to get up. The pair limped their way down the stairs.

Once out of Kareem Fashion's office building, Miles could breathe again.

Nevertheless, he quickly puckered his brows and resentfully exclaimed, "Sky! Yulia! This is not the end of it!"

Miles was the head of Silverton Corporation. Yet, he was kicked out of the building like a ball. It was utter humiliation!

He vowed to pay back tenfold if not more for everything he endured today!

Gritting his teeth, Miles slowly formed an idea in his head.

Back in the office, Naomi hinted at Skylar, "Now that the annoying guy is gone, I should leave you and Ms. Yulia to it. Carry on with whatever you were doing..."

Naomi retreated out of the office and closed the door behind her.

Yulia was lost in a daze for a moment before getting the message. She felt the burn in her cheeks.

"It's your fault that Naomi got the wrong idea!"

Yulia looked daggers at Skylar.

Skylar drew close and held her supple hand before flashing a bad-boy smile. He said, "How about we... do something then? You know, Naomi seems to think we are doing it anyway."

Yulia nearly blew up in his face there and then.

Should Skylar not clear the air since they were misunderstood?

This was not the right approach!

Yulia was about to give Skylar a piece of her mind when Naomi's voice permeated from the other side of

the door.

“Ms. Yulia, Sky...”

Since Naomi only had left, she did not think much of what she was going to see when she pushed the door open and walked in.

Freezing at the sight of Skylar clinging tight to Yulia’s body, Naomi uttered, “Sky, my future sister-in-law, I was only kidding with you earlier.

“But I didn’t think you would actually be so eager to...”

“This is an office where people come and go. Even if you have an increase in sex drive, you should get a hold of yourselves.”

“Um... Naomi, it’s not what you think...”

Yulia was quick to explain.

Eager? Sex drive?

What the hell?

“No need to explain to me. I’m just concerned the employees might run into you when you’re in action.”

Naomi waved her arm in the air and spoke as if she totally got what was going on.

Yulia wanted to cry.

Whatever she said would only make things worse.

Before Yulia could give Skylar an angry look, Naomi put on a serious face and uttered, "Ms. Yulia, I came back to you that a guest is waiting for you at the reception area, requesting to see you."

"Another one who can't take the news and demands a face-to-face?"

Skylar furrowed his brows. "Naomi, you don't have to be polite when you call them. You can just be straight with them and say that Kareem Fashion has made a decision. It saves both parties the trouble."

Naomi was about to reply when a female voice jumped in.

"You have misunderstood Ms. Fuller, Mr. Stone. She made it clear on the phone, but I insisted on meeting with Ms. Yulia."

The voice sounded familiar.

A pretty lady with a tall frame and hair length to her waist appeared before everybody's eyes.

She looked familiar too.

The woman was none other than Amanda, who had been with Todrick and who they had met twice.

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Although surprised by Amanda's presence, Skylar said, "Ms. Fitz, since my sister has made it clear, I don't believe there's anything more to talk about."

Not to least bit offended, Amanda smiled and said, "Mr. Stone, seeing that I rushed all the way from Sconvia City, please hear me out before making a decision."

Skylar nodded, gesturing for her to go on.

Amanda said, "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Amanda Fitz, the Fitz family from Sconvia."

“Mr. Stone, Ms. Yulia, I learned from Ms. Fuller on the phone that you have decided on a business partner. I believe you’re referring to the partnership in Cloudtopia.

“I’m looking to compete for the partnership in Sconvia.”

She paused before continuing, “Kareem Fashion’s anti-blemish cream project was a hit today, and I’m sure it will continue to gain popularity for days to come until it reaches a peak and slowly settles down.

“The thing you should consider now is to rush your anti-blemish cream on the shelves of all the shops across the country before you reach the peak, Ms. Yulia.

“The Fitzes own twelve commercial centers. We control the high-end market in all of Sconvia City. You’ll be looking at conquering Sconvia, maybe even Nirth if you team up with me.

“We can work together and bring Kareem Fashion to the national and international stage.”

At the end of her speech, Amanda looked at Skylar and Yulia with utmost sincerity. “Mr. Stone, Ms. Yulia, what are your thoughts?”

Yulia believed Amanda was not only capable, but she was also forthright. She was tempted, to say the least.

Nevertheless, Yulia cast her glance at Skylar.

Somehow or rather, Skylar had become her pillar.

Skylar fell into ponder, nodded, and said, “We can look at a potential partnership if you can make that happen.”

He and Yulia wanted to penetrate Cloudtopia’s market before venturing out to the region and the whole country.

However, someone was offering them an opportunity to take over the market rapidly. Why not when they could take down Cloudtopia and Sconvia at the same time?

With Skylar giving the approval nod, Yulia got the reassurance she needed to iron out all the details of the partnership.

It only occurred to Yulia that she had a celebratory dinner tonight when it was close to clocking out. She hurried up on hammering out a deal.

As for the minor details, Yulia told Amanda to send someone out to the marketing department tomorrow for further discussion.

After seeing Amanda off, Skylar went with Yulia to pick Lola up at the kindergarten.

They arrived at the entrance of the kindergarten.

“Daddy!”

Lola, wearing a floral dress, ran into Skylar’s embrace.

“Sweetheart, did you miss daddy today?”

Skylar dotingly looked at her and asked the question as he usually did.

Lola was about to answer favorably when she realized that Yulia was there too. She was stunned.

“Lola, can I give you a hug too?”

Spreading her arms, Lola asked with a smile.

Since Skylar had been doing the school runs recently, Yulia thought about using this opportunity to do more as a mother.

Alas, the little girl pouted and exclaimed upsettingly, “No!”

The smile on Yulia’s face froze as she nervously asked, “What’s wrong, sweetheart? Don’t you want mommy anymore?”

“Hmph! Daddy and mommy don’t like me anymore. I don’t want to like you either.”

While talking, the little girl’s tears filled to the brim.

“How do I begin?”

Yulia was caught in a mix of emotions.

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It then dawned on Skylar that he came with Yulia yesterday too.

The little girl suspected they secretly went off somewhere to have fun without her, and Skylar had to shop for lots of crabs to smooth Lola’s ruffled feathers.

Now that Skylar and Yulia appeared together again, the little girl got jealous.

“Lola, you got the wrong idea.

“Mommy has a lot to do at the office today, and daddy has been helping her. That’s why I’m with her to come and pick you up.”

Skylar immediately explained.

“Is that so?”

Lola’s gaze fell on Skylar and then on Yulia.

Skylar let out a bitter laugh. “Of course, it’s true.

“Daddy will never lie to our precious angel.

Yulia chimed in, “I will never lie to you too.”

Without Mommy and Daddy putting that out in the open, Lola was back to her chirpy self.

Wrapping her arms around the nape of Skylar’s neck, she gave him the loudest smooch on the cheek. “Daddy, I was only pretending. I love Daddy and Mommy!”

She was a cheeky girl for putting up an act.

Skylar burst into laughter.

“Lola, you kissed Daddy. What about Mommy? Don’t I get any?”

It was Yulia’s turn to feel left out.

“I’ll give Mommy a kiss too!”

Lola put her neck out and pecked Yulia on the cheek.

However, it did not feel special because Yulia had to ask for the kiss...

Yulia felt a little down.

“Let’s go, sweetheart. Daddy’s going to take you to dine at a great place!”

Skylar said with smugness in his voice.

Yulia gnashed her teeth as she stared at the father and daughter. So much for being Mommy’s girl.

The following day, Skylar dropped Lola off at the kindergarten and went to the office with Yulia.

With the next two days crucial for the implementation of the anti-blemish cream project, Yulia started to feel the pressure. Since Skylar’s schedule was clear, he decided to stay by Yulia’s side and share the burden when necessary.

Not too long after the pair entered the office, Naomi came barging in unannounced.

“Oh, no! Ms. Yulia!”

“What happened?”

Yulia anxiously asked.

“Didn’t you put down the order to increase two production lines for the anti-blemish cream yesterday morning? The person in charge of the factory has hired the workers to build the facilities, and the construction should begin this morning.

“A bunch of hooligans came to the building site just before work could begin.

“They were armed with metal rods and knives, taking over the area where the foundation was supposed to be laid.

“They threatened to harm anyone who would carry out the construction.

“These workers had never seen anything like it, so they were obviously scared and hid in the lounge. They don’t want to bring attention to themselves.”

Naomi reported.

“That’s crazy.” Yulia jolted to her feet. “Did the person in charge of the factory call the cops?”

Naomi helplessly replied, “The person in charge called the cops immediately, but it’s not these people’s first rodeo. They leisurely walked away at the sound of police sirens, but once the police were gone, they came back again.

“We’re fighting a guerilla war. The police can’t do anything since they didn’t commit any crime.”

At that point, Yulia was at a loss for what to do.

She was all about the facts, and the thing she feared the most was people playing the long and shameless game.

It was impossible to get rid of these people. It was not like she could hit them and kick them out. They would stick around and give others hell. Yet, there was nothing she could do about it.

Just then, Skylar puckered his brows and faintly uttered, “Naomi, do you know whose orders these people are acting on?”

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Since Kareem Fashion was the Sues’ family business, Skylar had no intention of getting too involved.

Nevertheless, Skylar was not going to sit back and watch as people resorted to malicious tactics to ruin Yulia’s mood.

Naomi shook her head. “It’s a bunch of hooligans who often mingle the streets. No clue about the real person behind it.

“The person in charge of the factory said that these people were here for the long run. They seemed determined to stop the construction. It’s not an option to carry out the work at night either.”

“Oh?”

Intrigued, Skylar said, “I’m curious as to who is up to the funny business.”

Kareem Fashion’s factory was set up by the highway near the northern outskirts of Cloudtopia.

The land there was cheap and accessible, making it rather cost-effective in comparison with the land in the city.

Meanwhile, crowds gathered under a tree near the highway. Some were there to gamble and brag while others were munching on watermelons.

It was a lively scene.

“Is that all Kareem Fashion can do? They don’t even have connections with the police. They couldn’t get a few police officers to stick around. What a joke!”

One of them smugly exclaimed.

“It’s just a clothing factory. They only make enough to cover their cost. What can you expect of them?”

“That’s right. Only the useless would count on the police to settle their problems!”

“We can play the long game with the police. I bet these police officers wouldn’t give these idiots the time of day for crying wolf another few times.”

“Well, they should blame their boss for crossing the person who hired us. The way I see it, they won’t just lose the new factory. Even the factory they have now has to be sold to cover the losses.”

The crowd broke out in laughter and put on looks of disdain.

Just then, a black Land Rover turned the corner from the eastbound highway.

“My. Someone’s here. It’s a Land Rover. I guess someone from Kareem Fashion’s headquarters is here.”

Someone excitedly screamed.

Another combed his mohawk and remarked, “Duncan, make the car stop. Tell the person inside to squeal to their boss that anyone – men or women – who comes here won’t be going home in one piece.

“And another thing. They can forget about building a factory for the anti-blemish cream. So long as we’re around, we’ll tear down anything they build. I don’t care if they secretly lay out the foundation in the middle of the night.”

The guy with the mohawk was the leader of the gang.

“Got it,” Duncan answered before calling for three other men to advance with him to the middle of the road. Standing in the way of the incoming Land Rover, he cockily shouted, “Stop! Stop the car!”

The four of them spread their arms and formed a line, blocking the road completely.

They were certain the person in the Land Rover would step on the brakes.

The group under the tree near the highway watched the approaching car with anticipation.

They were bored of gambling and eating watermelons. Now that someone finally came, they could wave their dominance around with their power in numbers.

While the group was brushing their palms together in eagerness, the four people in the middle of the road freaked out.

The incoming Land Rover showed no signs of stopping. Its engine roared the moment they formed a human barrier.

The vehicle came at them like a lion, ready to pounce.

“Stop! I told you to...”

Right smack in the middle, the thug named Duncan screamed and jumped onto the side of the road.

Before he could finish his sentence, he was knocked over with a bang.

Wham!

The tree by the road shook violently.

Duncan first slammed onto the sturdy tree trunk before crashing and tumbling onto the scalding tarmac...

Soon, the road under the man's body was stained with blood.

His right leg was mangled up pretty badly.

"D-Duncan..."

The people by the road widened their eyes in shock.

It never occurred to them that the person would put the pedal to the metal and crash into Duncan.

Duncan would have lost his life if he did not sense danger and tried to jump out of the way.

Was the person behind the wheel not afraid of jail time to run someone over with intent?

The Land Rover pulled up not too far away, and out came Skylar and Dianne.

With Skylar and Dianne drawing near, the guy with the mohawk yelled, "You b*stards! How dare you try to run over my bro. D*mn. You're asking for it!"

Seeing that only two people came out of the car, and one of them was a girl, the crowd behind the mohawk guy started acting cocky.

"Don't think for a second that we're afraid of you just because you drive a big man, boy!"

"You took out one of Duncan's legs. You forget leaving this place alive without handing us two million dollars."

"That's right! Pay us, or blood will spill!"

The group clamored.

To them, the refined-looking man was no different from a wimp.

The other woman was not worth the mention.

Without the protection of their tough vehicle, Skylar and Dianne were no match for them.

To their disappointment though, Skylar and Dianne did not bother to cast them a glance.

"I was sent by Kareem Fashion."

Skylar was talking to their boss, the mohawk guy.

"I heard that you'll hurt anyone who starts building work."

Skylar darted a callous look at the people behind the mohawk guy.

For some reason, these thugs felt a sinking feeling in their guts and a chill up their spines when they met his gaze.

The eerie feeling was as if they were being eyed by a hungry wolf in the dark of the night.

It was a feeling they could not shake.

However, it was not the time to dwell on the matter. They swiftly put the chilling thought behind them.

Their boss, the mohawk guy, uttered in contempt, "Yeah. I said it. So?"

"I'm going to say this one more time, boy. You ran over my bro's leg. I'll make you and the b*tch pay if you don't cough up two million bucks today."

The mohawk guy dangled the machete in his hand.

He was trying to intimidate Skylar and extort him for money. To his surprise, Skylar took a glance at his machete and turned to instruct Dianne, "Kill them!"

"Roger that, boss!"

Dianne took the order with her head hung low.

"Kill? Kill who?"

The thugs were at first dumbstruck, but they soon sneered, "You and what army, punk? Are you trying to kill our boss? I think it's a suicide mi..."

The threat came to a sudden halt.

A white shadow flashed by, and Dianna was no more by Skylar's side.

The beautiful woman suddenly reappeared in front of the mohawk guy. Reaching out a clawing hand, she grabbed ahold of the mohawk guy's vulnerable neck.

Before the mohawk guy knew what was going on, he felt the weight on his feet disappear as Dianna singlehandedly picked him up from the ground.

With Dianne tightening her grip, the mohawk guy dropped his machete with a clang.

Sh*t!

The dumbfounded thugs gasped and snapped out of the trance.

"B*tch! Let go of my boss, or we'll cut you..."

One of the thugs raised his knife and made a fuss.

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Only, there was a loud crack before the man could finish his sentence.

It was the sound of bones breaking.

With everybody's pupils shrinking, the mohawk guy turned grimacing and went limp in Diana's hand.

"Boss..."

Color washed off the group's complexion as they could not believe their eyes.

It never occurred to them that the beautiful woman would be so ruthless to crush the mohawk guy's neck.

Worse still, the woman simply tossed the mohawk guy aside after killing him. She did not even cast him a glance.

It was as though she was disposing of a candy wrapper instead of a human being.

She was way too calm.

"W-Who are you people?"

One of them mustered up the courage to ask.

They could not stop their bodies' involuntary reactions to shake when Skylar's gaze fell on them.

Although they often waved their weapons around, it was all for show most of the time.

The most damage thugs ever did was cause physical harm to the point of hospitalization.

They had no guts to take another human life.

The man and woman before them could not only fight, but they were also committing murder on the highway in broad daylight.

It appeared the thugs had met their match.

Skylar scoffed at the question.

Who was he?

He was the biggest threat to their lives!

"Go back and tell the person who you're working for that he had one chance to move on. Since he's poor at making choices, I guess I have to do it for him."

Skylar then took strides to the Land Rover, and Dianna quickly picked up the pace behind.

Once the Land Rover disappeared into a turning, the mohawk guy's men finally felt relief for escaping the jaws of death. They wiped away the cold sweat.

Back in the Land Rover, Skylar listlessly slouched against the back seat for a quick shut-eye when the phone in his pocket rang.

He pulled it out for a look. It was Yulia.

Perking up, Skylar curled his lips broadly.

He took the call and teased, "Miss me so soon, dear?"

"No!"

On the other end of the line, Yulia appeared a little flustered, she worriedly followed up with a question, "How're things going on over there?"

"All taken care of!"

Skylar answered with a smile.

"All done? So soon?"

Yulia was taken aback.

"Of course. Whose husband did you think was on the case?" Skylar answered with a smirk.

"You..." The embarrassment was eating Yulia up again. Nevertheless, she quickly changed the topic, taking a more somber mood. "Skylar, I ran into a bit of a problem again."

“Who’s giving my wife a hard time? Tell me. I’ll kill him!”

Skylar bitterly exclaimed.

Behind the wheel, Dianne peeked at Skylar through the rear-view mirror. She could not put a finger on what she was feeling at the moment.

Was this the same bloodthirsty king with an undying passion to fight for his land?

Even though Skylar had spent some time with Yulia, the God of War of the Nine Continents was ready to fight tooth and nail for his woman.

Yulia sighed and replied over the phone, “Naomi just reported to me that there’s another line of anti-blemish cream entering the Cloudtopia market. The product yields better results than ours.

“Besides, they are already stocking shelves in all major commercial centers and supermarkets.

“At this rate, all our efforts will only help promote their product more than ours.”

Skylar scowled.

It was not out of the ordinary that people would try to copy since the anti-blemish project had been a hit.

The substantial profit was not something anybody wanted to miss out on.

It was like businesspeople to be profit-driven.

Nevertheless, there was only one person in the world that could imitate the product in such a short amount of time.

That person was Anderson!

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Not too long ago, Yulia spent 20 million dollars to buy Anderson out of the anti-blemish cream formula.

Although Skylar later altered the ingredients, the contract gave Anderson no right to the formula.

Besides, the original formula had side effects no human should ever go through.

With that in mind, Skylar told Yulia, "Don't worry, leave it to me."

"Sure."

On the other end of the line, Yulia was relieved.

After ending the call, Skylar said to Dianne, "Stop at the side of the road and check who else in Cloudtopia is producing the anti-blemish cream."

While Skylar already had an answer to that question, he could never be too careful.

It was simply a matter of a phone call. There was no harm in getting to the bottom of the matter.

Dianna pulled up at the side of the road and whipped out her phone to give the investigator a call.

It did not take long before she got a reply.

"Boss!"

Dianne handed the phone to Skylar.

Skylar's eyes glimmered when he glanced at the information on the mobile screen.

It turned out that it was not Anderson!

"Come on. Let's meet him."

Skylar curtly blurted.

"Sure, Boss!"

Starting the engine, Dianne drove to somewhere in Cloudtopia.

Meanwhile, a product launch was happening in the lobby of Silverton Corporation's office building.

Their new product boosted the same effects as Kareem Fashion's anti-blemish cream.

A man dressed in a suit proudly stood up on stage, answering questions from the press.

He was the same person who kicked up a fuss at Kareem Fashion yesterday but was kicked out by Skylar – Miles.

Next to him stood another man. This person was Anderson.

“Mr. Silverton, Silverton Corporation has never dabbled in skincare products. Why are you able to pull out a similar product after Kareem Fashion introduced the anti-blemish cream?”

Putting up a voice recorder, a male reporter raised a question.

Miles answered in disdain, “Please don’t put Silverton Corporation’s anti-blemish cream in the same breath as an unknown company’s product.

“Mr. Sawyer has demonstrated earlier that our anti-blemish cream is way more effective than theirs.

“Even so, I don’t intend to raise the price too high. We’re trying to produce a cream that everybody can benefit from, and all regular consumers can afford to.”

Cheers and applause erupted following Miles’ speech.

“You go, Mr. Silverton!”

“A company with a conscience!”

A few people echoed.

Judging by the exaggeration in the tone, these people seemed to be planted by Miles.

Nevertheless, the media was not one to be easily fooled.

A female journalist got up and asked, “Mr. Silverton, we have sources saying that you went to Kareem Fashion yesterday, seeking for partnership, but you were driven out of the place. Is this true?”

Miles scowled and coldly retorted, “Nonsense!

“Sure, I went to Kareem Fashion yesterday, but it wasn’t to seek a partnership. It was to confront them!”

“Confront? Care to elaborate, Mr. Silverton?”

The press on-site was intrigued.

Looking rather outraged, Miles uttered, “They stole our company’s anti-blemish cream formula and announced the release before us. Since their actions have caused Silverton Corporation’s severe financial losses, I have to confront them about it.”

“What? Kareem Fashion stole the formula from Silverton Corporation?!”

A bombshell was dropped.

The press was in shock.

If Miles was right about Kareem Fashion stealing the anti-blemish cream formula from Silverton Corporation, it would be a shocking revelation.

“That’s right!”

Miles nodded his head and changed the topic. “But don’t worry. Kareem Fashion uses the old formula. Our formula is new and improved, so you can expect a faster result and lesser period of usage.”

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“Oh, really?”

Miles was hyping things up when a callous voice interrupted.

The crowd turned to the source of the voice.

With Dianne alongside, Skylar entered through the door.

“Mr. Stone?”

“Is that the husband of Yulia, the CEO of Kareem Fashion?”

A few journalists immediately recognized Skylar.

The people were jumping with joy.

Skylar’s sudden appearance could only mean things were getting juicier.

“It’s you!”

Miles gasped and gave Skylar the stink eye.

Next to Miles, Anderson gnashed his teeth.

With Skylar approaching, Miles narrowed his eyes and scoffed. “Skylar, I heard Kareem Fashion only has two production lines for the anti-blemish cream. The company went out of stock before even going on sale.

“You should be helping Yulia with building a factory instead of finding the time to come to our product launch.”

His eyes flickered with contempt at the mention of a factory.

That was right. Miles hired the hooligans to stop Kareem Fashion from constructing a factory.

Anderson stared at Skylar with contempt as well.

He appeared to be in the know.

Skylar let out a scoff.

It seemed these two men had no idea that Skylar had scared the crap out of the thugs, and they had run away to their mommies.

Unbothered to waste his breath with Miles, Skylar turned to Anderson and said, “Anderson, Yulia spent 20 million dollars to buy you out on the anti-blemish cream formula.

“Now that you resold the formula to Miles, I want to ask if you intend to get jail time or pay up for breach of contract.”

Faced with Skylar’s questioning, Anderson had gotten his ducks in a row. “Watch your mouth, Skylar.

“How can you say that I resold the formula to Mr. Silverton without any witness or proof?”

Miles remarked with a smirk, “You’re one to cry foul, Stone!

“I invested a lot of money to get the anti-blemish cream formula from a lab in Utopia. Not only did Kareem Fashion steal my formula, but you have also released a product launch before Silver Corporation. That’s a shameless act!”

“Are you saying that Silver Corporation’s anti-blemish cream is the same as Kareem Fashion’s?”

Skylar asked with a sarcastic smile.

“Of course, it’s different!”

Miles appeared haughty. “You stole the original version of the formula, but we produced the new and improved version that works a lot faster than yours.

“Kareem Fashion is only good for committing thieving. tactics. Don’t compare that company with Silverton Corporation.”

The reporters broke out in chatters.

“We saw it with our own eyes. Silverton Corporation’s anti-blemish cream does have a more immediate result than Kareem Fashion’s.”

“That’s right! Kareem Fashion’s cream took more than twenty minutes to remove a scar, and Silverton Corporation only took half the time.”

“It goes without saying that Mr. Silverton was right. Silverton Corporation’s formula is an improved version of the original.”

With these journalists getting sucked into the story, Miles and Anderson let out a smug smile.

Only Skylar looked at them, wanting to shake his head.

It was a foolish move to try to take Skylar down with a problematic formula.

Since Miles and Anderson did not know when to quit, Skylar did not mind playing their game.

With his eyes sparkling, a plan came to mind.

“Uh... That’s a lot of bull!”

Pretending to look guilty, Skylar pointed at Miles and angrily screamed.

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As expected, Miles Silverton and Anderson Sawyer’s faces lit up with impish glee as they caught the look of fury on Skylar’s face. This was revenge for the time Skylar got in the way of their business. They had robbed Kareem Fashion of all their efforts in developing the anti-blemish cream, and now Skylar Stone and Yulia Sue could only stand by and watch as Kareem Fashion went bankrupt. It was a great cause for celebration for Miles and Anderson!

“Lying, you say?” Miles quipped. “Mr. Stone, does the Silverton Corporation need to resort to lies against a small company like yours? If you continue to defame Mr. Sawyer and myself, I’m afraid we’ll have to pursue legal action.”

Skylar Stone ignored Miles' threats. "That's impossible!" he raised his suspicions loudly. "You must have added some harmful ingredients into your anti-blemish cream to achieve that kind of result! What sort of unethical business only cares about the results without any due concern for side effects?"

"Mr. Stone, did you hear what I just said? If you continue to slander us, get ready to be sent to jail!" Miles threatened angrily once more.

"It's not slander if it's real," Skylar inserted another jab on purpose. "I called the Department of Quality Inspection. They'll be arriving soon with their testing equipment, and then we'll find out whose product is inferior."

Miles quickly looked at Anderson shiftily before replying disdainfully, "I was just about to give them a call, but you beat me to it. I suppose I should thank you for helping to call them then!" He was initially afraid that Skylar Stone would have another trick up his sleeve, but as it turned out, it was something Anderson Sawyer had already prepared for yesterday. Skylar Stone was out of ideas, it seemed.

"Hmph, Silvertown Corporation will take on any inspection that Kareem Fashion is subjected to! Didn't you livestream your inspection yesterday? Silvertown will prepare a livestream event for the media and all our customers too. We'll show everyone our anti-blemish cream is the best!" Miles declared confidently.

Anderson had assured him their formula was exactly the same as Kareem Fashion's. If Kareem Fashion could pass the inspection yesterday, so could they. Even if a customer suffered from any side effects, they could easily produce the certificate of inspection.

The media reporters seated below the stage began to look expectantly at Skylar Stone. Both companies had launched their anti-blemish cream just a day apart, with strikingly similar features. Anyone could tell that there was something fishy going on. It was likely that both companies were using the same formula and ingredients, even if both parties had vehemently denied it. Such tactics were not uncommon in business after all.

If it was indeed the same formula, Silvertown Corporation would easily pass the inspection. If that were the case, calling the inspection team would have been an unnecessary move on Skylar's part. Perhaps Skylar Stone had truly run out of maneuvers, the crowd thought.

All of a sudden, the sound of brisk, urgent footsteps from the doorway brought the chatter to a halt. As

the doors to the hall opened, a line of smartly dressed men and women marched in, almost army-like. The contingent was led by the same man who had inspected Kareem Fashion yesterday – Mr. Russell of the Department of Quality Inspection.

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“Mr. Russell and team! Thanks for making your way all the way here!” Anderson Sawyer was clearly familiar with the supervisor from the Department of Quality Inspection. “Let me introduce you to Mr. Miles Silverton of the Silverton Corporation!”

Miles stepped forward to greet Mr. Russell, offering a handshake. “Mr. Russell, glad you could make it. I’m confident we’ll get a fair inspection report with you at the helm,” Miles said with a plastic smile.

Anderson cast a sideways glance at Skylar Stone, smiling slyly as he watched Miles and Mr. Russell exchange greetings amiably. He knew Skylar could not pull any last-minute tricks out of the bag, given the venue was crowded with reporters as well as his friendly relationship with Mr. Russell. Skylar would have to accept that he made a careless blunder.

The smug grins on Anderson and Miles’ faces did not go unnoticed by Skylar. Sensing his opportunity, he turned to Mr. Russell as well. “Mr. Russell, I was the one who made the phone call to your department. I have reason to believe the anti-blemish cream developed by Silverton Corporation contains unsafe ingredients and could lead to harmful side effects.”

“Hmm?” Mr. Russell looked slightly confused. “Another blemish cream?”

Miles interrupted Skylar before he could respond to Mr. Russell. “Mr. Russell, this punk here’s just jealous that our cream works better than theirs, so he’s stirring trouble at our press conference. I would’ve invited your team here even if Mr. Stone did not. I’m counting on you to clear our name, Mr. Russell.

Mr. Russell nodded solemnly before he turned to one of his associates. “Bring the equipment over,” he instructed.

“Yes, sir!” The associate, together with another colleague, hurried out of the doors.

A moment later, they returned with the clunky-looking testing equipment, setting it up on the podium. Mr. Russell put on a pair of rubber gloves before picking up the anti-blemish cream jar provided by Miles. He opened it up, observing and sniffing the contents of the jar before placing the jar in the designated slot in the equipment. The machine beeped and whirred as the crowd waited for the results with bated breath.

“Hey, why don’t you guys livestream this?” Miles confidently suggested to the press reporters. “Here, look for a good angle to stream it!” Several members of the press quickly rushed onto the podium, pointing their cameras and video recorders at the testing equipment.

Anderson looked at Skylar derisively. “Skylar, I think you need to be more creative with your tricks,” he whispered mockingly. “You’re dreaming if you think you can turn this around because guess what? You’re right, I sold him the formula. The exact same one Yulia used. If Kareem Fashion passed the inspection yesterday, do you think our results will be any different from yours?” Anderson knew he was rattling Skylar and was relishing every moment of it, simply because he knew Skylar could not stop the imminent doom headed his way.

Anderson was gleefully fantasizing about Skylar Stone’s demise when some commotion on the podium, followed by hushed whispers interrupted his thoughts.

“The test results are out,” Mr. Russell’s surly voice boomed through the microphone.

“Mr. Russell, please do Silverton Corporation justice and tell the world our products are safe for public use!” Miles sounded like he was addressing the crowd more than Mr. Russell.

He had not noticed Mr. Russell’s solemn expression as he made his announcement. “This product is NOT safe for public use,” he announced gravely.

Miles’ smile quickly disappeared from his face. “Wh... what do you mean, Mr. Russell?”

“Silverton Corporation’s anti-blemish cream contains a harmful ingredient known as butylated hydroxyanisole,” Mr. Russell explained. “The substance is absorbed into the bloodstream when it is applied onto the skin and can damage the white blood cells in the bloodstream, potentially causing leukemia and other types of cancer. We most certainly cannot call this a safe product.”