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“What did you say? Cancer causing?” Miles Silverton visibly paled as he turned toward Anderson Sawyer, signaling for him to step up and come up with an explanation.

However, Anderson only shook his head frantically as he yelled, “That’s impossible! Impossible! Mr. Russell, there must have been a mistake. Run the test again!”

The reporters who were livestreaming the inspection were having a field day. Angry netizens on the livestream’s chatroom demanded for an explanation from Silverton Corporation.

“Mr. Sawyer, you witnessed the inspection itself. We took the exact same steps and procedures as yesterday’s test, under the observation and scrutiny of the everyone in this room and online as well,” Mr. Russell responded with an irritated tone. “Are you questioning my expertise just because the results are not what you expected?”

“I...” Anderson was at a loss for words. He knew that there was little to no chance that Mr. Russell could have fabricated the test results, considering the heavy scrutiny. However, he could not understand how their cream failed the inspection when Kareem Fashion’s cream passed. They were the exact same thing!

“Are you messing with me, Anderson Sawyer?!” Miles Silverton yelled at him as he lunged forward at him. “Didn’t you guarantee that the formula was exactly the same as Kareem Fashion’s? Well then, how did they pass the inspection?!” Miles knew the implications for Silverton Corporation if news of the company manufacturing a cancer-causing product got out. It would be a disaster for the company’s image and sales, and the company might not survive a scandal like that. He could only pin the entire blame on Anderson.

“I... I don’t know what happened...” Anderson stammered, equally as confused as Miles.

“Well, well. I see Silverton Corporation has finally admitted to buying and using the same formula that Kareem Fashion formulated,” Skylar icy voice broke through the clamor. “Everything you’ve just said has been recorded by members of the press here today. Don’t even think about denying it.”

“You...” Miles pointed an accusatory finger at Skylar, ready to yell profanities at him. However, he decided against it as the sound of camera flashes went off in his direction.

Skylar Stone turned to Anderson with a menacing look on his face. “Anderson Sawyer, as stipulated in the contract, you’ll have to pay a compensation fee of \$60million for breaking the contract. I expect not a cent less from you, or I will make sure you get trampled to the ground so hard that you’ll never be able to get back up again. Try me, if you dare!”

Anderson shuddered in fear, clenching his jaw anxiously as he took a good look at Skylar Stone. The faint

glint of amusement twinkling in Skylar's eyes did not sleep past him. That bastard was enjoying himself! Anderson realized. All of a sudden, an even bigger realization hit him. Could he... have planned this all along?

"Skylar Stone! What did you do?!" Anderson looked at Skylar accusatorily. "I sold the same formula to the both of you. How did yours pass the inspection?!" he demanded to know. Both Miles and Anderson looked as though they were about to pass out from a heart attack.

Suddenly, Miles looked up with clarity in his eyes as the epiphany struck him. "Unless... Kareem Fashion made improvements to the original formula!"

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Anderson finally understood why Skylar Stone had been smiling and enjoying the show this whole time. He was right! Kareem Fashion had used a new and improved formula, and Skylar Stone had known about it all this time! He had pretended to be upset about Silverton Corporation using the same formula only because he wanted to bait Miles Silverton into agreeing to an inspection.

Anderson had shot himself in his own foot when he assumed Kareem Fashion was still using the same formula he sold to them. He had eagerly sought out Miles Silverton after yesterday's incident and sold him the same formula manufactured overnight in a bid to destroy Kareem Fashion, Skylar and Yulia. He had fallen into Skylar Stone's trap, one that he had meticulously thought out and set up since the day he had sold the formula to Yulia Sue!

His reputation was in shambles and he had to pay the threefold compensation for breaking the contract with Kareem Fashion, but he had no one to blame but himself. He also knew that Miles Silverton was not going to let him off the hook so easily, having caused insurmountable damage to Silverton Corporation's business. Everything that he had worked so hard for in the last few years was about to go up in flames.

"Skylar Stone, you piece of shit!" Anderson shouted as he raised an angry fist and charged toward Skylar, the look in his eyes deadly. However, before he could even come near Skylar, Dianne Zander appeared in front of him. In a flash, she extended her leg, causing Anderson to trip. His body hurtled an impressive distance in the air before coming to a grand crash meters away from where he tripped.

Crash!

Anderson landed face first on the cold, hard floor. Blood flowed freely from his nose and mouth as he spat out what looked like two broken teeth. His face twisted in agony as he lay on the floor moaning in pain.

Skylar Stone took slow, calculated steps toward Anderson. "If Kareem Fashion has not received your payment by this time tomorrow, you'll be losing much more than two teeth," Skylar threatened. He did not even wait for Anderson to respond before leaving together with Dianne.

Mr. Russell and his team had packed up their equipment and were ready to head back to their office. The press reporters were talking excitedly among themselves, probably discussing the headlines they would use for tomorrow's articles. Something as scandalous as stealing a formula and manufacturing a cancer-causing product deserved an equally punchy headline.

Once most of the crowd had left, Miles Silverton slammed an angry fist on the table. "Skylar Stone!!" he roared out loud. "You've ruined my good name and reputation! I'll never let Kareem Fashion have a good day! Even if you passed the inspection, it means nothing if you don't make the sales. Don't even dream of opening a factory! As long as I'm around, you'll never find the workers for your factory!!"

Miles Silverton felt slightly better after letting it all out. He was just about to tell Anderson something when he heard some urgent footsteps coming from outside the door. The next moment, the bunch of gangsters who caused a scene at Kareem Fashion's factory burst through the doors.

"Mr. Silverton!" they yelled out for him.

"Aren't you guys supposed to be patrolling the factory? What are you doing here?" Miles asked them, confused.

"Mr. Silverton, Leroy... Leroy is dead!" one of the slightly pudgy gangsters explained the situation to Miles.

"What? Leroy... is dead? How did he die?" Miles Silverton visibly paled.

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The pudgy gangster wiped his tears with his sleeve before explaining everything that happened by the provincial roads not long ago. He paused after his story, hesitating slightly before continuing. "Mr. Silverton... since Leroy and the East Brothers worked for you and we have no leader now, could you see to it that his family is taken care of? Also, that man told us to tell you he would only give you one chance to make amends. If you still don't know your own place, he'll make sure to show you..." the gangster rounded up his bunch of thugs and fled the scene before Miles Silverton could react.

They were just a bunch of teenage thugs who grew up messing about on the streets, not expecting one of them to die just like that. Death was not what they signed up for, they decided as they recalled Skylar and Dianne's ruthless attack on them.

"Skylar Stone! You useless piece of shit!!" Miles Silverton yelled to no one as he gritted his teeth and clenched his fists angrily.

He wanted nothing more than to dismember Skylar into a thousand pieces and feed it to the wolves. However, he knew that there were more pressing matters to deal with, namely the sorry state of his company right now. Silverton Corporation's share price was going to plummet once the press reporters released the news of what happened today. The entire company would be in for a hard time as their sales declined and their reputation remained in the gutter. Even the fierce thug that Miles hired to ruffle

Kareem Fashion had wound up dead. What else could he do?

He thought about how Skylar Stone had easily levitated his battlefield-trained bodyguard, Daryl from the office to outside the doors, smashing through the door in the process while Skylar stood unmoving. He also recalled the beautiful woman, Dianne Zander, who never left Skylar's side. She possessed terrifying strength, having single-handedly lifted Big Felton into the air and killed him without a second thought. Both of them were definitely not in his camp.

Just as Miles was feeling a little disheartened as he considered his odds against Skylar Stone, Daryl came over to him. "Mr. Silverton, if you want to deal with Stone using martial arts, I know a guy."

"Hmm?" Miles was intrigued. "What guy? Is he any good?"

Daryl nodded earnestly. "I'd call him my idol. He's who I want to be someday!" his eyes blazed passionately as he spoke. "We are all merely tiny ants to him. If he wanted to, he could just extend an arm and pinch us to death."

"Wow, is there really someone so capable?" Miles was genuinely curious, his eyes darting around excitedly.

Daryl nodded once more before continuing. "It's just that... if you want his help, there's a... price."

Upon hearing this, Miles smiled eagerly. "Money is not a problem. As long as he can get rid of Skylar Stone, I'm willing to pay as much as he demands!" he declared triumphantly. The both of them began discussing their plans in hushed whispers.

Back in the CEO's Office at Kareem Fashion, Yulia Sue got up as soon as she saw Skylar coming through the doors. "Skylar, so who was it who tried to sell their anti-blemish cream to the major supermarkets before us?"

"Call me hubby and I'll tell you," Skylar teased his wife cheekily. Now that the trouble had ended, he could finally be more relaxed!

"You!" Yulia pouted, playfully kicking his leg. She had been worried sick all this time while waiting for news from Skylar at the office. However, she did want to know who was behind the plan that almost ruined their own plans.

"Come on, hubs, tell me!" she said in an impatient, playful tone. The moment the words left her mouth, she realized she was in trouble. She was beginning to lose her principles around this man very quickly...

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Yulia blushed profusely at the thought of losing herself to Skylar. Skylar, noticing his wife's shyness, decided to stop teasing her and give her what she wanted. "It was Miles Silverton and Anderson Sawyer, but they manufactured their anti-blemish cream using the original formula that had a cancer-causing

ingredient. It's likely the Department of Quality Inspection will announce a recall on all the products they had sold to the major retailers."

"That good for nothing scumbag Anderson Sawyer! He was a wolf dressed in sheep's skin all this while!" Yulia was furious. If it was not for Skylar, Kareem Fashion would have been in deep trouble.

"Naturally, I gave Anderson Sawyer a taste of his own medicine for double crossing you," Skylar chuckled coldly. "I've warned him to pay the threefold compensation to Kareem Fashion's bank account within 24 hours. Tomorrow this time, check with the Finance department if the \$60 million is in. If it isn't, I'm afraid I will have to pay him another visit."

"Alright, I'll check in tomorrow," Yulia nodded. She had no sympathy for a man like Anderson Sawyer. He only had himself to blame for everything that happened to him.

Yulia and Skylar were in mid-discussion about the anti-blemish when she suddenly recalled something she had been meaning to ask Skylar. "By the way, Skylar, it's grandfather's 70th birthday in a few days' time. Would you come along with me?" She invited her husband excitedly.

"Of course I will, darling," Skylar replied to his wife gently.

"My mother's birthday will be close too. Could you come along with me to her grave to pay our respects?" Yulia asked softly. Even though her mother had passed on years ago, Yulia could not help but feel a little emotional every time she thought of her.

Skylar extended his arm, wrapping it around Yulia's dainty shoulders. "I'll go wherever you go, darling," he assured her. "When I meet your mother, I'll tell her how much I love you and how I'm going to take care of you and Lola for the rest of my life. She'll bless our little family from heaven above."

"Mm!" Yulia rested her head on Skylar's broad shoulder, soothing her fraught nerves from the events that happened today. As she leaned on Skylar, it was as if she was a lost ship that had finally found its way back home. Her whole body relaxed into his solid frame.

Skylar stayed silent too as he hugged Yulia, quietly enjoying a rare, sweet moment with the love of his life. Unfortunately, the moment was interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

"Ms. Sue! Skylar!" It was Naomi's unmistakable voice.

Skylar was slightly annoyed at his little sister for ruining the mood, but he responded to her anyway. "What's up, Naomi?" he asked.

"Someone's looking for you!" Naomi shouted from outside the door.

"Who is it? Come in here and tell us!" Skylar responded, wondering who was looking for him at Kareem Fashion's office.

"It's Ms. Shepard! She's with me right now," Naomi called out as a warning to her brother and Yulia, just in case they were up to no good in Yulia's office.

Yulia straightened up upon hearing Naomi, the blush creeping up her neck and cheeks once more. She gently pushed herself away from Skylar as she replied to Naomi. "Oh, please let Ms. Shepard in!"

The doorknob twisted loudly before the door was flung wide open, revealing Naomi and Judy Shepard standing by the door. Judy walked in with a big grin on her face as she greeted her hosts affectionately. "Oh my! Bro! Sis!"

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Sis?

The unfamiliar greeting made Yulia uncomfortable, and her body reacted to it by heating up and blushing. However, Judy Shepard seemed perfectly comfortable with the pet names.

"Brother Sky, it's my grandfather's birthday tomorrow. He asked me to invite you and sis for the banquet!" Judy quipped excitedly.

"Oh? How old is he this year?" Skylar asked with a kind smile.

"He's eighty this year," Judy replied sweetly.

"Alright, Yulia and I will bring Lola along to your grandfather's banquet tomorrow," he nodded. In his few encounters with the Shepards, they have always been nothing but courteous and respectful toward him. Since Old Mr. Shepard had personally asked his own granddaughter to invite them, he could not possibly turn them down. Yulia, who was standing next to her husband, nodded her agreement too.

"That's wonderful!" Judy clapped her hands together as soon as Skylar and Yulia agreed to come. "Grandfather will be delighted to know that the both of you are coming! Alright then, I won't keep you any longer. I'll see you tomorrow!" Judy winked playfully before she left the office.

Once Judy was out of earshot, Yulia asked her husband, "Sky, what birthday gift should we get for Mr. Shepard for his 80th birthday?"

"Birthday gift?" Skylar mused out loud. He reckoned his presence would have already been a gift to Old Mr. Shepard and his family. In fact, the Fist Handbook that he had given to Old Mr. Shepard before was worth more than any golden treasure. Was a birthday gift really necessary?

Skylar's confused expression did not go unnoticed by Yulia. "Of course we have to bring a gift! We can't just turn up empty handed!" Yulia's voice was slightly panicked.

Since his wife insisted on it, Skylar supposed he did not have any objections. "Alright, let's go and buy

him a gift right now. We could get one for your grandfather too,” he nodded.

“Alright, let me just go through these documents, then we can make a move,” Yulia informed her husband as she walked back to her desk.

Ten minutes later, Skylar and Yulia left the office together.

“Yulia, what do you think your grandfather will like as a gift?” Skylar asked while driving.

Yulia thought for a moment before replying. “Hmm, Grandfather doesn’t have any interest in typical gifts like gold plated statues and decorative ornaments. He does enjoy a good piece of calligraphy though. When he was younger, he’d go to Antique Street to pick out pieces. He didn’t even mind getting scammed a couple of times!” Yulia smiled as she remembered these stories about her Grandfather.

“Calligraphy? Paintings? Well, that settles it then!” Skylar changed the destination in the car’s GPS system to Antique Street.

Half an hour later, Skylar and Yulia stood at the entrance of the famed Antique Street. Many buildings on the street still maintained a historical façade from the olden days, and the shops only sold rare antiques. One could almost feel like a villager living back in the day as they walked down the old cobblestone streets.

Most people knew that most of the goods sold on the street were usually counterfeit items, so those who were not seasoned collectors preferred to buy antiques from an official auction to avoid getting scammed. However, very occasionally and depending on one’s luck, a rare genuine collector’s item would pop up in one of the shops.

Skylar and Yulia thought to try their luck here first on a whim. Just as they entered a random shop, they were greeted by an enigmatic voice.

“Oh my! Isn’t that my ever-capable sweet cousin sister, Yulia Sue?”

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The owner of the voice identified herself as she appeared in front of Skylar and Yulia, on the arm of another man. It was none other than Kareem Fashion’s previous CEO and Yulia’s cousin, Yvonne Sue. However, the man that Yvonne had her arms around was not her previous beau, Harry Chase. It seemed like Yvonne had ditched her previous man after he crossed Skylar back then.

Yulia’s eyebrows furrowed as soon as she spotted her cousin sister. She was in no mood to deal with her right now.

Yvonne shot daggers at Skylar as she continued speaking. “Yulia, isn’t it working hours now? Shouldn’t you be busy running a company? How do you have the time to be shopping here on Antique Street?” she asked sarcastically.

"I'm here to buy Grandfather a birthday gift," Yulia huffed impatiently.

"Oh, is that so? What a coincidence! That's what I'm here for as well," Yvonne drawled. "I heard the company's new anti-blemish cream sold out before it was even fully launched. Congratulations! You must have made a killing on those sales! My gift will look very plain next to yours, I suppose."

Yvonne knew she sounded like a sour grape in front of her cousin. If Yulia Sue had not robbed her of her position as CEO of Kareem Fashion, the company's glory and achievements today would be hers. In fact, she was paying her cousin a backhanded compliment. Yulia would now be pressured into buying a grand gift for Grandfather, for fear of being mocked by Yvonne. However, if she bought something too opulent, Yvonne would accuse her of embezzling the company's funds to be able to afford such a lavish gift. Either way, she was not going to give Yulia an easy way out.

Yulia recognized the jealousy in Yvonne's voice, but she could not be bothered to entertain it. "It's a gift from the heart, not a competition," she said without a hint of warmth. Skylar remained silent by Yulia's side.

Yvonne, who had provoked Yulia and Skylar in hopes of garnering some form of reaction, was disappointed that her jabs were met with indifference. It was as if she had just laid a powerful punch on a bed of cotton. The man next to Yvonne did not seem to be all too pleased being sidelined as well.

At this moment, a middle-aged man walked out from a room inside the shop. He sported a well-maintained handlebar mustache, had narrow eyes that twinkled under the light and looked exactly like the owner of an antique shop. He had been quietly observing Skylar and Yulia from the comfort of his office, but decided to make an appearance as soon as he saw the man who came with Yvonne.

"Well, well. My shop rarely gets so many visitors in a day! I see you've decided to pay our humble establishment a visit too, Mr. Oakley!" The shop owner greeted his guests.

Nolan Oakley took a quick glance at him and nodded politely, his expression warming up. At least someone around here knows who I am, he thought to himself.

Skylar and Yulia did not mind escaping the limelight at all. They happily perused the various paintings and calligraphy works around the shop as the shopkeeper fawned over Nolan Oakley. Not long after, an antique piece of artwork caught Skylar's attention.

"Excuse me, how much does this piece cost?" he called for the shopkeeper. Nolan and Yvonne sauntered over as well, curious to see what Skylar had picked out.

"Sir, you have a good eye indeed!" the shopkeeper gushed excitedly. "This painting is called Mountains in the Fall, a one-of-a-kind authentic piece by none other than the art prodigy Leonne Fontaine! Seeing as you are acquaintances with Mr. Oakley, I could give you a very special price for this painting. It'll only cost you \$2million dollars." The shopkeeper raised two stubby fingers, indicating his price offer.

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Yvonne wanted nothing more than to tell the shopkeeper that Nolan was not acquainted with Yulia or Skylar, and that he should not give them a special discount. Robbing the couple of even a single penny gave her immense joy. However, Nolan Oakley put out an arm that served as a warning for her not to say anything.

Cheekily, Skylar extended a hand to lower one of the shopkeeper's raised fingers, leaving only one finger pointed in the air. "How about this?" he chuckled dryly.

The shopkeeper looked at his lone pointed finger. "\$1million?" He asked for confirmation from Skylar, but he answered his own question with a pained, hesitant expression on his face. "Alright, \$1million is my best price since you are friends with Mr. Oakley here."

He was about to continue posturing when Skylar smiled politely and spoke. "No, no. You're mistaken! I meant one thousand dollars!"

"One... thousand?" the shopkeeper nearly spat at him. Skylar clearly had no respect for him considering his offer started at \$2million.

"Sir, are you really here to buy an authentic piece of work?" the shopkeeper asked with an offended scowl. "How could you offer to buy an original Fontaine for a thousand dollars? On account of Mr. Oakley, I'm willing to lower my asking price to \$600,000. That's it, take it or leave it!"

Skylar chuckled in amusement. "Alright then, it's a deal!"

"Sky!" Yulia whispered while tugging on her husband's sleeve anxiously. She was not an art expert by any means, but even she could tell there was something odd about the shopkeeper's behavior. A real Fontaine would easily cost \$20million. How could he just arbitrarily lower the price to \$600,000 just because of Mr. Oakley? Who was he trying to cheat? There was definitely something fishy going on! Yulia had to alert her husband somehow.

"Don't worry, dear, I got this," Skylar whispered back to his wife, reassuring her. Yulia could only trust that her husband knew what he was doing.

Skylar fished out his credit card from his wallet and passed it to the shopkeeper who was all too happy to oblige. After the payment went through, the shopkeeper happily rolled the painting into a case and handed it to Skylar.

"Sir, I'm sure you're aware of the rules around here, right?" the shopkeeper asked as he rolled up the painting into a case for Skylar.

"Of course. I pay you the money, you give the goods, and we go our separate ways. Naturally, even if the painting turns out to be a fake, I won't ask for a refund. Similarly, if the painting turns out to be a real treasure, you can't ask for it back!" Skylar told the shopkeeper what he wanted to hear.

Nolan Oakley, who had kept silent all this while, turned to Yvonne with a sly grin. “Yvonne, your cousin’s husband seems like one of those people with too much money. A simple painting with some fancy artist’s name slapped on made him drool on the carpet! It’s so obvious the painting’s a dud though. I wouldn’t even pay \$300 for it, let alone \$600,000. What a joker!

Hearing this, the shopkeeper quickly put on a no-nonsense expression. “Sir, you said it yourself just now. Once the painting is in your hands, there will be no refunds,” he reiterated.

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Yvonne, who always held a vendetta against Skylar and Yulia for robbing the company from her, was thrilled to witness Skylar Stone getting scammed in the flesh.

“Yulia,” she said as she turned toward her cousin. “I suppose the company must be doing very well for itself, considering you can spend \$600,000 on a fake painting. If Grandfather found out, I think he might have a heart attack on his birthday!” she said in a mocking tone.

“Watch your words, Yvonne,” Yulia shot her a glare before turning to the shopkeeper. “Sir, I know about the rules, but we have not even left your premises. Isn’t that just a tad unfair?” she argued.

The shopkeeper cleared his throat and was about to defend himself when Skylar placed a gentle hand on his wife’s arm. “Yulia, it’s alright for him to do so. In the world of antiques, it’s all about who has the better eye. If the seller cannot recognize an undiscovered gem right in front of his own eyes, then it’s his loss. Take this painting for example. It is actually worth ten times more than an original Fontaine, but he won’t be sharing any part of the profit.” Skylar made a show of shaking his head, mourning the shopkeeper’s loss.

Upon hearing Skylar’s explanation, the shopkeeper narrowed his eyes. “Sir, it’s alright to admit you made a mistake. You don’t have to keep bragging about it just to save some face,” he chided. “To be honest with you, this is indeed a piece from Fontaine’s era, but no one knows who painted it. Judging from the dull colors and the unrefined technique, it must have been some nameless apprentice. I don’t know how you have the confidence to say that it’s worth ten times more than a Fontaine!”

Nolan and Yvonne giggled in glee as the painting’s true origin was revealed. Yulia clenched her jaw hard, wanting nothing more than to leave the shop. She tugged on her husband’s hand. “Sky, let’s go.” She had thought that Skylar only said what he said because he did not want Yvonne to think any less of them. However, there was no way the shopkeeper did not take stock of the origin of his own goods. Together with Nolan Oakley’s seeming expertise, she was quite certain her husband had bought a worthless piece of art. No matter how talented Skylar was, he could not possibly turn a worthless painting into something ten times more valuable than a Fontaine.

Taking in his wife’s anxious expression, Skylar felt slightly cheeky as he discreetly gave her a light pinch on the buttocks. “Don’t worry, my dear, when have I ever said anything I was unsure of, hmm?”

Yulia turned as red as a tomato. Did Skylar really just pinch her buttocks in public? She was completely mortified! Yet, the gesture felt a little sweet and scandalous at the same time. What was happening to her? she wondered.

She did not have to dwell on her embarrassment for too long as Skylar fished out a little penknife thinner than an average dagger from his breast pocket. Under the scrutiny of everyone in the room, Skylar unfolded the painting and swiftly used the knife to free the canvas from its frame. Once the frame was undone, Skylar used his fingers to feel the texture of the painting and found a corner where he could peel the painting, revealing an entirely new second layer underneath the first!

Without waiting for a response, Skylar picked up the original first layer and tore it neatly by half, and then once more into quarters. It was then when the layer revealed another hidden layer! Just like Skylar had said, the painting was an undiscovered gem! Everyone in the shop, including Nolan Oakley and the shopkeeper, were in silent shock and amazement.

Skylar peeled off the remaining paper bits, revealing the entire hidden painting for all to behold. Nolan and the shopkeeper immediately rushed to appraise the hidden artwork.

A few moments later, they simultaneously exclaimed, "Is this... a real Leonard York?"

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"Is Leonard York's manuscript valuable?"

Seeing the look on Nolan's and the shop owner's faces, Yvonne could not help asking.

Nolan glanced at the shop owner and said, "Leonard York, Zion Watt, and Silas Sullivan's manuscripts are the three most valuable manuscripts in the world. If the authentic manuscripts kept in Lavia Museum are allowed to be auctioned, they could be sold for more than a billion. They are national treasures. This manuscript is worth more than one hundred million, even though it is not as big as the one kept in the Lavia Museum!"

"One hundred million?" Yvonne exclaimed.

She ridiculed Skylar for his stupidity a second ago, but now she realized it was a good bargain.

Six hundred thousand for one hundred million? That's insane!

Hearing Nolan's words, the shop owner, who looked incredulous showed a distressed expression.

Nolan underestimated the value of Leonard York's manuscript when he said it was worth only one hundred million. In fact, Leonard York's manuscript was a national treasure that money could not even buy.

Several minutes ago, the shop owner owned the manuscript which was worth a fortune. However, he

sold it to Skylar at only six hundred thousand.

The shop owner regretted it. He said, "Erm, I'm not selling the manuscript anymore. I can compensate you with ten times the amount!"

At that moment, the shop owner did not care about his reputation anymore. As he spoke, he stretched out his hand to grab the manuscript in Skylar's hand.

Skylar knew the shop owner would snatch the manuscript from him. He quickly raised his hand to protect it.

"Hey, you've been a businessman for so many years. Don't you know the rules? You sold it to me! You can't take it back. Didn't we promise we can't go back on our words just now? You should be ashamed of yourself to lose such a treasure. How could you break your promise? Are you not ashamed of yourself?" Skylar berated.

"You..."

The shop owner was speechless. He looked pathetic.

Skylar did not want to argue anymore. He took Yulia's hand and walked toward the door.

The shop owner glared at Skylar's back with reluctance. Nonetheless, he could do nothing. After all, an agreement was made before the deal. He could only blame himself to lose the manuscript.

After walking out of the shop, Yulia could not help but ask, "Skylar, how did you..."

"Call me dear, or I'm going to tickle you!"

Skylar smirked and was about to tickle Yulia.

Yulia did not want to protest in public and quickly said, "Dear, how do you know there is a third layer in the manuscript?" She was so curious.

"Well..."

Skylar deliberately kept Yulia in suspense. He then whispered in her ear, "I will tell you in detail tonight when we go to the room next door for a heart-to-heart chat."

Hearing that, Yulia blushed.

"Go away with your dirty mind. I'll make you sleep on the floor if you dare to say that again!" Yulia berated.

"Okay, okay! But can't I think about it for a minute?" Skylar laughed when he saw Yulia was annoyed.

However, Yulia clenched her fist and hit Skylar in the chest. "You are so annoying! Don't you dare!"

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Skylar immediately grabbed Yulia's wrist and grunted, "Dear, aren't you too domineering?"

"Humph! Don't you dare! I warned you!"

Although Yulia felt a sense of sweetness, she still glared at Skylar sternly.

On the other hand, Skylar knew Yulia did not mean what she said; instead, he felt delighted. He had a hunch that Yulia would open her heart to him soon. At that time, he could get what he wanted. Perhaps a "heart-to-heart chat" all night long.

Skylar and Yulia then walked around, looking for Dudley's birthday present. Unfortunately, they did not see anything to their liking.

"Yulia, there is an auction at Moon Island this afternoon. There should be something interesting," said Skylar.

Hearing that, Yulia nodded. "Let's go after dinner."

More than an hour later, Skylar drove toward Moon Island with Yulia.

Moon Island was an artificial island built by the government of Cloud City. The flowers were in full bloom every season, and the environment was panoramic.

Skylar and Yulia were heading to the Moon Island Resort, the only private club on the island.

As soon as the two stepped out of the car, they heard a loud bawl from behind.

"What are you two doing here? Why are you guys following us?"

As soon as Skylar and Yulia turned around, they saw Yvonne and Nolan getting out of the car, and Yvonne was staring at them.

The reason Yvonne took Nolan to the antique shop was to shop for Leon's birthday gift.

Leon was mad that he dismissed Yvonne from the position of Managing Director of Kareem Fashion on Madam Sue's birthday.

Seeing that Yulia's anti-blemish cream was so popular, Yvonne knew she had to take advantage of

Leon's birthday to ingratiate herself so that she could take over the company again.

When Skylar bought the authentic manuscript of Leonard York unintentionally, she was jealous. She tried to search around but was in vain.

Helplessly, Nolan proposed to come to the auction at Moon Island Resort to try their luck.

Nevertheless, they did not expect to meet Skylar and Yulia again.

Skylar and Yulia cast a glance at Yvonne and ignored her.

Raising his eyebrows with disdain, Nolan asked, "Don't tell me you guys are also here for the auction? Moon Island Resort belonged to the Moody family, and the owner, Brad, is my friend. Since you are Yvonne's relative, do you need my help to get two front seats for you?"

It was felt, no doubt, that Nolan offered his help with good intentions. Since he felt humiliated at the antique shop in the morning, he wanted to show off in front of Skylar and Yulia that he knew Brad.

However, Skylar rejected it. He immediately refused. "We don't need your help!"

Skylar and Yulia came to bid. It did not matter where they sat as long as they had money.

Moreover, Moon Island Resort belonged to Brad and not anyone else. Skylar could sit wherever he wanted.

Seeing that Skylar refused so decisively, Nolan's face darkened. He did not expect Skylar would reject him when he mentioned Brad's name.

Right then, Nolan heard footsteps behind him. He turned around and saw a few men walking toward the parking lot.

Brad was walking at the front.

"Mr. Moody!"

With a smile on his face, Nolan walked up.