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"Old Mr. Belmont, Mr. Oakley, Mrs. Oakley, thank you for gracing me with your presence."

"By inviting so many distinguished guests to my father's birthday banquet, you truly honor the Sue family."

Charles sneered inwardly as he said that.

So what if Homer and Brad showed up because of Skylar?

They were like peanuts in front of the Belmonts!

How could he have chastised him because of one little girl?

Especially that Homer, who slapped Caleb across the face.

He would try to find a way to use the Belmonts' power against them later!

While Charles was contemplating this, Nimrod frowned and said, "Who do you think you are? Is it necessary for me, Nimrod Belmont, to show you any respect?"

Even though Nimrod had just bowed his head and apologized to Skylar, he was no pushover.

The strong would only submit to those who were stronger than themselves.

Charles dared to brag haughtily about how Nimrod honored the Sue family by inviting many people over.

Was a mere Sue family worth his laborious effort, regardless of whether he invited these people?

Charles's heart was racing as he heard Nimrod's words, but he calmly complimented, "Old Mr. Belmont, you are right. You didn't need to show me any respect in the past."

"My lovely daughter, Yvonne, is now your grandson's girlfriend. We can be considered in-laws."

"Aside from you, who can invite the heads of the other Three Great Families here?"

Nimrod was initially displeased because Charles' words sounded sarcastic to him.

Immediately, with a livid face, he scolded, "Who the heck are your in-laws? How is your idiot daughter qualified to be my grandson's wife?"

"I..."

Charles intended to use this opportunity to praise Nimrod to highlight his excellent relationship with the family's oldest member.

He had not expected Nimrod to say such a thing.

He opened his mouth but couldn't think of anything to say. He was deeply embarrassed.

Nimrod was no longer interested in talking to him, so he turned his head and said to Nolan, who was standing behind him, "There are so many good women out there for your picking. How did you end up falling for an idiot?"

"Grandpa... I..." Nolan briefly struggled to find the right words.

Based on what Nimrod said, even his foresight was called into question because of Yvonne.

"Do you plan to spend New Year with her if you're not breaking up?" Nimrod inquired, his face solemn.

How could Nolan dare to defy him?

He lowered his head and agreed without pausing to think for a second. "Yes, grandpa. I'll make it clear to her in a while."

Yvonne, who was standing by the side, became pale.

The dream of marrying into the Oakley family and rising through society's ranks got shattered instantly.

Furthermore, once word of today's incident spread, no wealthy heir in Cloudtopia would dare to pursue her.

Dudley looked at Charles and couldn't help but sneer, "Do you believe Nimrod had the ability to invite me, Waylon Currey, and Blanc Whitlock? Aren't you assuming too much about him?"

"We came today to celebrate Old Mr. Sue's birthday entirely because of Mr. Stone and Mrs. Stone."

"Mr. Stone... Mrs. Stone?"

Those strange names came up again.

It came from Dudley's mouth this time!

Charles was momentarily shocked to the core.

So Dudley and others came here because of Skylar and Yulia?

That was inconceivable!

Of course, he wasn't the only one who had trouble believing it. Caleb, Lincoln, Madam Sue, and all of the Sue family's relatives all displayed looks of disbelief.

How could Skylar and Yulia be regarded in such high regard?

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Dudley couldn't be bothered with those people, so he simply told Judy, who was standing nearby, to deliver the prepared gifts to Old Mr. Sue. Then, with a smile, he said, "Leon, I wish you a long and happy life. May your life be colorful and your dreams take flight."

"You are always welcome at the Shepards' from now on. You are welcome to come whenever and as often as you like."

Everyone in the room was stunned when they heard that.

This wasn't just going to a birthday banquet, was it?

What Dudley said implied that he regarded Old Mr. Sue as a brother.

Success was just around the corner for the Sue family if things kept going the way they were.

Leon immediately expressed his gratitude and said, "I am grateful you thought so highly of me. From now on, I'll certainly come to your house if I need advice. I hope you won't consider me a bother at that time."

"What kind of nonsense are you on about? I'd be overjoyed if you came!" Dudley added with a happy face.

Waylon, Blanc, and the others then asked their juniors to present birthday gifts, and their speeches echoed Dudley's.

When Skylar delivered the gift he had prepared, Leonard York's manuscript, to Old Mr. Sue, he was so taken with it that he couldn't put it down. He gave Skylar a heartfelt look of admiration that nearly overflowed.

Following the jubilant gift-giving event, Old Mr. Sue personally invited everyone to the tables.

Skylar's family naturally accompanied Old Mr. Sue, Dudley, Waylon, Blanc, and others to the main table.

Even Madam Sue could only be assigned to sit at the table next to them.

Taking advantage of the time when the elders were exchanging toasts, Yulia couldn't help but lean into Skylar's ear, and whisper, "Skylar, what other identities do you possess? Why does everyone seem to be afraid of you?"

Skylar gave her an enigmatic look and winked, saying, "A book is only interesting if you read it slowly."

When Yulia noticed that he was keeping her guessing, she became irritated, saying, "Hmph, forget about it! I won't ever treat you like a book or take my time reading it!" Yulia couldn't help but pout as she said this.

Lola, sitting next to her, exclaimed, "Mommy, are you asking for a kiss from Daddy? I'd like one, too!"

Uh...

Everyone at the main table heard Lola's words.

Everyone stopped what they were doing and looked at Skylar and Yulia.

Yulia and Skylar had been whispering with their heads down, but now both had their mouths pouted. In the eyes of the onlookers, they appeared to want to kiss each other, as Lola stated.

Yulia's pretty face flushed, but she quickly returned to reality and sat straight, glaring angrily at Lola.

Her daughter was always running her mouth. Previously, she did it at home, but now, she just blurted out words whenever and wherever!

"Lola, believe me when I say I wasn't asking for a kiss from Daddy. I was just speaking with him!" Yulia's face was flushed, but she maintained a serious expression while assuring Lola.

"But I did see just now that you pouted, waiting for Dad to kiss!" Lola said innocently, frowning.

Yulia was on the verge of cracking up. She would have dragged Lola out and beaten her on the spot if there weren't so many people watching.

Finally, Old Mr. Sue couldn't help himself and said, "Yulia, Grandpa knows that you are young and is deeply in love with Skylar, so there will undoubtedly be times when you get excited..."

"However, you're still sitting at the table, and there are many elders..."

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Yulia couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry. " Grandpa, I really didn't..."

However, before she could finish her sentence, Old Mr. Sue smiled again and said, "Okay, Yulia. You don't have to explain anything to me. I, too, was once young..."

Yulia was almost in tears.

Skylar, who was sitting next to her, choked back his laughter when he saw Yulia's embarrassed and shy appearance.

How could Yulia not see right through him?

She was so enraged that she gave him a hard look as if she was warning Skylar with her eyes that if he dared to take pleasure in her misfortune, she would deal with him later when they returned home.

Simply put, Skylar found her to be cuter the more she appeared that way.

Skylar was envied by everyone else at the main table.

He possessed enormous power at such a young age and was always accompanied by a lovely wife and a cute child. He had simply won the game of life.

"Mr. L-Mr. Leon, something terrible has happened!"

Everyone was talking and laughing when there was an unexpected cry from outside.

The male secretary who had been welcoming guests at the door dashed over to Old Mr. Sue in a hurry.

"What's the problem? Why are you in such a state of panic?" Old Mr. Sue asked with a frown.

The male secretary swallowed hard and said, horrified, "A dark and powerful man barged in... The doorman only wanted to stop him, but that man raised a knife and stabbed him in the chest... The doorman died instantly..."

"What? The doorman got killed?"

Everyone in the corridor became pale with shock.

Nobody imagined that there would be people in Alvonian who would commit murder so openly.

Even Dudley, Waylon, and others frowned upon hearing that.

"Did the man say what his name was?" Old Mr. Sue inquired solemnly.

Simultaneously, he wondered if the Sues had offended someone who shouldn't have been offended.

In the midst of the male secretary's speaking, the sound of an unsettled chill pierced through the air.

"None of you garbage have a right to know my name!"

The male secretary stared in horror at the door for a brief moment as if he had heard the Grim Reaper, and he trembled as he yelled, "He's here! He's here! We are all dead meats!"

Immediately after he finished speaking, a man with dark skin and a sinewy body materialized in front of everyone.

The guests present felt an inexplicable chill rise with each step the man took.

Every step he took seemed to be trampling on their hearts.

The corridor full of guests fell silent after only a few breaths.

"He is a master who has practiced martial arts for many years!" Dudley exclaimed, looking at the man's steady and powerful steps.

Aside from Skylar, that man was the only one there who could be considered a fellow martial arts practitioner.

He could tell the strong, dark-skinned man's skill was unquestionably superior to his, while others only felt an unfathomable panic.

The strong dark-skinned man walked to the corridor's entrance, cast a condescending glance around, and said coldly, "Which of you is Skylar Stone?"

"Come out here and die!"

"He is here for Mr. Stone?"

Some of the guests couldn't stop themselves from whispering to one another.

They didn't think anyone would dare to cause any problems for Skylar.

Skylar was the only person in Cloudtopia with the power to compel all Four Great Families to submit to him.

Whoever was so bold as to oppose Skylar openly was effectively making all of Cloudtopia their enemy.

When the strong and dark-skinned man noticed that no one was paying attention to him, he roared angrily, "Skylar, you killed my elder brother, Gray Monkey, and now you are going to be a coward?"

"Don't blame me for being ruthless if you don't come out now. I'll kill your entire family and feed them to the dogs."

Hellhound, Gray Monkey's younger brother, was that dark-skinned, muscular man.

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Homer rose to his feet and yelled at Hellhound, "You son of a bitch! How dare you threaten Mr. Stone? You can't wait to die, don't you?"

Brad, for his part, took out his phone and called his bodyguard, who was waiting outside the door, saying, "There's this reckless son of a bitch who's coming to the birthday party to cause havoc. Bring in all of our people right now!"

After Brad finished speaking, the other wealthy individuals with bodyguards also pulled out their phones and called for reinforcements.

A large group of bodyguards appeared at the door and rushed toward the corridor in a matter of seconds.

"Get that son of a bitch surrounded!" Homer yelled and pointed at Hellhound.

Hellhound scoffed as he looked around at the bodyguards who had surrounded him, "A bunch of nobodies want to take on me as well? You haven't got much between your ears!"

"I've already asked around, Skylar. This is your wife's childhood home. I'll first crush these nobodies to death, then slaughter the entire Sue family, and then I'll see how long you can remain a coward!"

With dozens of bodyguards surrounding him, Hellhound exhibited no fear and erupted with greater intent to kill.

"What crazy talk!"

Each of those bodyguards was a member of the special forces. They couldn't stand being so drastically underestimated, so they roared.

Among them, a tall and powerful man in a suit rushed toward Hellhound, fists first.

His body was just as muscular as Hellhound's, and he was even taller.

As he delivered his punch, a powerful gust of wind shook the surrounding air, shaking everyone to their core.

Hellhound just stood there looking at him calmly. Hellhound swung his right fist with lightning speed as his iron fist approached him.

Hellhound chose to tackle head-on!

It was a fistfight!

It was a fight against flesh and blood!

Ka-pow!

There was a crackling sound in the air.

Then there was a cracking noise, and the man in the suit's arm hung down in an odd position.

It was obvious that his right arm's bones were all broken.

"Ah..."

The man in the suit only managed a brief scream before a strong rear force pushed his entire body in the opposite direction.

Boom!

The body weighing over 200 pounds, collided with the wooden bench beside the corridor, shattering it.

More and more hurt, the man in the suit eventually passed out.

Gasp!

All of the attendees gasped when they saw this situation, especially Brad.

Among his bodyguards, the man in the suit was the most capable of fighting. He could easily knock down twenty or thirty individuals on his own, not to mention one against a hundred.

He was so powerful, but with just one punch, Hellhound instantly killed him?

"Hmph! Who is capable of stopping me?" Hellhound laughed arrogantly and proceeded to Old Mr. Sue, who was seated at the main table.

"Stop him!" Homer yelled frantically.

A few bodyguards were about to approach, but before they could react, Hellhound opened his fists, bowed left and right, and slapped them square in the face.

The bodyguards he slapped all flew upside down, scattered all over the courtyard like rags.

Hellhound's face was not red, nor was he out of breath. He appeared to have breezed past those people with ease.

The remaining thirty or so bodyguards were terrified, but they couldn't back down in front of the bosses.

"Let us all attack at the same time!"

They exchanged glances before swinging their fists at Hellhound at the same time.

"Nobody is just nobody. They are a bunch of nobodies, no matter how many there are," Hellhound sneered.

More than thirty bodyguards surrounded him, casting a shadow over him.

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Suddenly, a loud bawl was heard.

"Fuck off!"

The guests were shocked, and inexplicably fear rose in their hearts. They felt as if they had been targeted by a bloodthirsty beast.

The next moment, a loud smack pierced the silence.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

More than 30 bodyguards were thrown backward on the ground about 7 to 8 meters away at the same time.

They all spat out blood and whined.

Obviously, they had suffered serious internal injuries.

Seeing that, the guests gasped.

"He's so terrifying!"

After all, those bodyguards were not ordinary people. They were the special force army with fighting experience.

Otherwise, they would not become bodyguards of the big shots.

However, they could not fight Hellhound even when they attacked him in a group. The gap between

them was huge.

One had to admit that what Hellhound said was right. The bodyguards were nothing compared to him.

At that point, everyone looked at Skylar.

"Mr... Mr. Stone..." Homer muttered.

Right then, Leon and the rest began to feel nervous.

As for Nimrod and his men, they began to sneer imperceptibly.

"Skylar, you're too arrogant, and you've offended someone you shouldn't have offended! This man comes for you. You can't escape today!"

Seeing Hellhound approaching, Yvonne screamed with fear.

"H-he is Skylar... the person you're looking for. The woman and the girl next to him are his wife and daughter. We don't know how and why he killed your brother. He has to pay for what he had done. You can kill the three of them but don't kill innocent people like us."

Yvonne then pointed at Skylar. She did not care about his life at all. In fact, she wanted Skylar to die.

Nolan ditched her because of Nimrod, and she blamed all that on Skylar.

It was Skylar who ruined her dream to marry a wealthy man, and she always wanted Skylar to pay for it.

"Yvonne!"

Glaring at her, Leon berated angrily.

"Dad, why are you still protecting him?" Charles was exasperated. "He killed someone's brother and ruined your birthday party. We're all going to die if you keep protecting him!"

Caleb also chimed in. "That's right! As a man, why is he hiding in the Sue family? He should be responsible for what he has done."

Caleb was slapped by Homer because he spoke ill of Yulia. For that, he hated Skylar too.

He did not care what Leon thought. He turned around to Hellhound and said, "Hey, you can take revenge on whoever kills your brother. The Sue family will never stop you."

Madam Sue, who was sitting at the next table, sneered, "Leon, I think that's the bottom line. You can't always protect Yulia and her family. Go ahead if you want to risk your life, but don't you dare put our

lives at risk too!"

Since Leon took charge of the Sue family at her birthday party last time, she resented Skylar. Seeing how determined Hellhound wanted to kill Skylar, she knew it was a chance for her to take revenge.

She knew Skylar would be doomed judging by how Hellhound fought just now. She then glared at Skylar as if he was going to die soon.

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Yulia could not help but feel nervous.

Although she had seen Skylar beat the coach and dozens of bodyguards in a few moves, Hellhound was capable of doing that also.

She had no idea who would win if Skylar fought with Hellhound.

Right then, only Skylar was eating calmly.

After hearing what everyone said, he put down his fork and said, "It seems like everyone is waiting for a good show."

He then glanced at Yvonne, Charles, and Caleb.

As soon as they met his eyes, shivers ran down their spine. It was as if they had fallen into a bottomless ice cellar.

However, as soon as they recalled how Hellhound fought the dozens of bodyguards just now, their uneasiness reduced. They gloated at Skylar.

Skylar did not want to waste his time anymore. He turned to Hellhound and sneered, "I'm sorry everyone, but he's going to let all of you down!"

What?

Yvonne and the rest took a long time to react before they could understand what Skylar meant.

Did he mean Hellhound can't kill him?

"Skylar, stop thinking too highly of yourself! You're doomed. You can't even defeat the bodyguards just now. Do you think you can fight him?"

Yvonne and the rest burst into laughter.

Even the elites and rich men who came for Skylar were nervous and broke out in a cold sweat.

Hellhound grinned. "I know you're good. Otherwise, you can't kill my brother! But I'm more powerful than my brother. I'm going to tear you apart to feed the dogs."

Hearing that, Skylar was not triggered at all. He stood up and said, "I will give you a chance to fight me. But don't do it here. I don't want my daughter to see the bloody scene."

Hellhound snorted. "What? Are you afraid that what happens later would scare her? Bullshit! After I kill you, I'm going to use the same way to kill your wife and your daughter!"

With that, Hellhound glanced at Yulia. He then smiled lecherously when he saw her face. "Wow, she's so pretty! I think I'll kill the girl first and keep this woman until the end. I'll kill her after I fuck her."

Hearing that, Skylar, who had been as calm as water, suddenly gave Hellhound a murderous look.

Yulia and Lola were his bottom lines. He could not let Hellhound harm Yulia and Lola.

Hellhound must die.

"Yulia, cover Lola's eyes!" Skylar yelled.

Knowing that Skylar was angry, Yulia immediately held Lola in her arms with her back facing Hellhound.

Skylar sneered, "I don't want to make things ugly but since you ask for it, don't blame me."

Skylar then took a step closer to Hellhound.

However, as soon as he took a step forward, everyone gasped.

"Where... Where is Mr. Stone?" someone exclaimed.

Skylar suddenly disappeared from where he stood.

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Dudley and Judy held their breath and stared intently at the scene before them.

They were aware of Skylar's ability but had never seen him in action, making this an eye-opening experience.

Dudley speculated that Skylar obviously did not vanish out of thin air but moved at a speed that was not visible for others to notice, almost in the blink of an eye!

Hellhound felt a menacing aura launching at him.

His pupils contracted rapidly, and his fists quickly assumed a defensive stance.

However, before he could swap into his defensive stance, a giant fist suddenly appeared in front of him.

It was Skylar!

He shot across the distance of about thirty-two feet in an instant and appeared in front of Hellhound.

His punch had arrived before him!

Boom!

With an intense blow, Skylar's fist landed on Hellhound's crossed-up fists.

In the blink of an eye, Hellhound's muscular legs could no longer support his body, and he quickly retreated back.

Thump, thump, thump!

The firm terrazzo floor immediately caved in, following each step as he walked backward.

The cracks on the floor also rapidly spread across like spider webs.

Hiss!

The crowd gasped.

The force of Skylar's punch was clearly overwhelming.

Hellhound's fists trembled as blood started to seep out from the corners of his mouth.

He gritted his teeth and glared with his bloodshot eyes.

He had mentally prepared himself for the fight but never thought Skylar's strength was so powerful.

He could feel his arms giving up after a mere punch from him, but there was no time for hesitation now.

"Ah!"

With an angry roar, a menacing killing intent erupted from Hellhound's body as he charged up his strength to its peak form.

His massive figure pounced toward Skylar, preparing to attack.

“Die!” Hellhound roared.

Everyone was scared by Hellhound’s aura and looked fearfully at Skylar.

Meanwhile, Skylar calmly picked up a fragment of a broken vase on the floor, gently holding it in his hand.

When Hellhound pounced toward him, he tilted slightly to dodge Hellhound’s attack.

At the same time, he drew a smooth arc in the air using the broken vase piece.

“D-Die...”

Hellhound’s previously angry tone suddenly changed.

The next moment, a deep, visible wound was around his neck.

Blood started spraying out.

“You...”

Hellhound quickly tried to cover the wound.

Unfortunately, before he could do that, his body collapsed as he drew his last breath.

“He’s... dead?”

The guests were horrified and shocked.

How can an expert who could beat up dozens of special forces veterans die in the hands of Skylar Stone?

“How... How is this possible?”

Yvonne, Charles, and the others all had surprised looks on their faces.

They never knew that Skylar was also a martial artist and, even more so, a powerful one.

Just now, they had gladly pushed Skylar in front of Hellhound, hoping to use Hellhound to kill Skylar.

Who could have predicted that the formidable Hellhound would be killed by Skylar in just two moves?

Recalling their actions, Yvonne and the others immediately felt a chill down their spine.

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Nimrod and his men became worried when they learned about Skylar's past and saw his extraordinary combat abilities. Their malicious intent vanished as soon as they realized they couldn't defeat their opponent. Furthermore, he was someone they would not want to mess with.

Yulia's mood visibly lightened when she saw that Skylar was victorious. The way Leon looked at the man also shifted from mistrust and skepticism to admiration and approval. Dudley's face flushed as he cried out, "He's the Dragon King! The King of the North! No one else but him has such prowess!"

Despite the crowd's enthusiasm, Skylar maintained his composure and picked up a wet towel to wipe the blood remains from the Hellhound."

"Clean the mess up before you leave," Skylar instructed the bodyguards in the courtyard.

"Yes!" They replied in unison, fearful of offending the deadly man. The guards immediately cleaned away any leftover stains when Hellhound's body had been removed from the scene.

Skylar walked to Yvonne and Charles and said flatly, "Do you want to see me die that badly?" His tone was regular, but it still gave the pair the chills. Their knees softened, and they fell to the ground, pleading for Skylar's forgiveness.

"Skylar, we shouldn't have looked down on you. We are obnoxious and senseless fools. We are so sorry."

"Please forgive us since we are Yulia's family. We'll never commit the same mistake again. I beg you to spare our lives."

Yvonne was paralyzed with fear when she thought of Skylar's steely, merciless look earlier. She could not care about her dignity and her status in the company. None of it mattered as long as she could walk out alive.

"You remember that Yulia is part of the family?" Leon reprimanded. "What were you doing when the dead man was threatening us earlier? Didn't you push Skylar and Yulia to face his wrath? Did you remember that they were your family at that moment of danger? From now on, all of you have nothing to do with the Sue family's business. You need to count on your abilities to survive. I'm not going to spare you any money or resources."

"We'll get out of your way. We promise to be honest and upright from now on." Yvonne and Charles nodded fervently. Although it would be difficult to make ends meet in the future, at least they could walk away alive. It was Leon's way of ensuring that they would survive the ordeal.

Skylar agreed to the arrangement out of respect for Leon. However, he was still simmering with anger when he thought of Hellhound.

Two days ago, he asked Dianne to deliver Gray Monkey's body to the Black Tiger League and to instruct

Parker to hand over Miles in two days. Not only was there no trace of Miles, but Hellhound appeared and attempted to assassinate him. Moreover, the murder attempt had taken place at Yulia's grandfather's birthday celebration. It was clear that Parker was not intimidated by Skylar. The man thought, since Gray Monkey's body isn't sufficient to inflict fear, it's time for me to pay a visit to the Black Tiger League.

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When the celebration ended, Skylar and Yulia decided to stay overnight at the Sue residence to keep Leon company. Lola went to school the next day, while Yulia went to work.

Upon arriving at the Kareem Fashion's office building, Skylar said to Yulia, "I'll be traveling to Troitz county to settle some business. I'll return later to pick up Lola from school. If I'm running late, I'll notify you so that you may make the necessary arrangements."

Although Skylar did not disclose the purpose of his trip, she could guess that it was related to Hellhound. Hence, she decided not to probe further and handed the clothes to Skylar. She said gently, "All right. Please be careful, and remember that you aren't alone now. Lola and I will be devastated if anything happens to you."

Skylar hugged Yulia and assured her, "Don't worry. I'll just be going to Troitz county. No one can hurt me."

She worriedly inspected her surroundings as he was about to kiss her. When no one was watching, she planted delicate kisses on his lips. Skylar was content with the sweet moment as he understood her boundaries. He tasted her sweetness on his lips, then turned and walked away satisfied.

Dianne had been waiting patiently for Skylar in the Jeep parked along the road. Upon learning that the highway to Troitz county was under repair, Skylar decided to take the high-speed train.

Half an hour later, the duo boarded the train and were on their way to their destination. However, because the tickets were last-minute purchases, their seats were separated by an aisle.

Moments after the train started moving, Skylar, who was attempting to get some rest, felt a nudge. He opened his eyes and saw a six or seven-year-old boy kicking his leg with his filthy soccer boots. Every kick left a distinct dirty footprint on his pants.

The boy seemed to be having a good time as he giggled and admired his "work of art." A lady in her thirties sat next to him, and she appeared to be the boy's mother. Her earbuds were plugged in, and she seemed indifferent to the boy's misbehavior.

Skylar decided not to make a fuss because the boy was so young. Hence, he spoke politely, "Shoes are meant for walking, not kicking. Look at how dirty my pants are."

The boy lifted his brow and looked aside, pretending to be unaware of Skylar's admonition. The man wiped his pants and closed his eyes to relax, not wanting to cope with the mischievous youngster any longer.

After less than a minute of peace, the boy kicked Skylar once again. It was harder this time, maybe as a form of retaliation against his lectures. Skylar, unable to tolerate the boy's antics, commanded, "Stop kicking!"

The boy was shocked by his stern attitude. He wailed, "Mommy! Mommy, he scolded me! He threatened to hit me!"

The woman took out her earphones and asked worriedly, "Darling, what's wrong?"

The boy pointed at Skylar and shrieked, "He hit me!"

"How dare a grown-up like you bully a six-year-old boy? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" The woman was brimming with hostility as she reprimanded Skylar.

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The little boy howled even louder after hearing the woman's words.

Yet, from beginning to end, not a single tear was shed.

Skylar was left speechless.

Both mother and son were incorrigible. The younger was an actor, and the elder made little sense.

They were indiscriminately accusing him of abusing a child?

"You have no right to accuse me of anything without proof, Ma'am. It was your son who had been kicking me. I told him not to do it, but he remained stubborn."

"You're a mother, yet all you do is stare at your phone. You should teach your kid better."

"So what if I'm on my phone? I'm not bothering you. Why don't you get your father to teach you better instead? What a nosy dog!"

The woman raised her voice as if wanting to show off her might.

Skylar's expression sank.

It was such a small matter. He would've laughed it off if the woman had politely apologized.

There were, however, always a few rotten apples in the basket who liked to make a mountain out of a molehill while throwing their weight around.

Skylar had no idea if others would simply endure the disrespect just to keep the peace.

He, however, was not one who put up with sh*t like that.

Before he could speak, he was interrupted by a pleasant voice.

"Did something happen?"

A female attendant in her twenties came over.

She had obviously heard the commotion.

The little boy's mother yanked the female attendant's arm as she glared at Skylar. "This man hit my son. He even got on my case when I fought back!"

"Abusing a woman and a child?"

The way the stewardess viewed Skylar immediately changed.

Dianne, who was across the aisle, handed her cell phone to the female stewardess.

"See for yourself what really happened!"

She said coldly.

It turned out she had begun recording since the first time Skylar warned the child.

The stewardess immediately knew who was the one who had acted up.

She didn't hesitate to apologize to Skylar, "I'm sorry, sir. I had nearly misjudged you in my hurry."

She then turned her attention back to the woman. "Ma'am, it was your son who was acting out against the man."

Just as the woman was about to open her mouth to argue, a man cut in.

"What's going on? Why is everyone hanging around here? Stop scaring my wife and kid!"

A man about the same age as the woman squeezed over and asked with displeasure.

As soon as she saw him, the woman immediately called out to the man. "If you don't get over here,

these people are going to have us buried alive!"

"What's going on?"

The furrow in his brows deepened further.

The woman immediately recited the conflict with Skylar in a way that distorted the facts.

The stewardess couldn't help but speak up, "Sir, that isn't quite what happened."

"It was your son who kicked that gentleman first, and that gentleman kindly reprimanded him. Your wife refused to relent and demanded he have his father teach him better. Is that not the same as saying the gentleman here is uncultured?"

"This is just a small matter. The man also isn't going to pursue the matter. If your wife is willing to apologize..."

The man backhanded the stewardess before she could finish.

"I don't care what's right or wrong. Anyone who messes with my wife and kid is the one in the wrong!"

"You want my woman to apologize? Dream on!"