

Girlboss 678

Chapter 678

“Donn... Donn...”

Silverbell pressed herself into Frank’s arms, the sensation of her warm, damp skin leaving Frank’s mind blank.

Before he realized it, he was in bed, having already taken off his shirt, his body tangled with Silverbell’s.

Turning pale in surprise, he quickly tried to get up, but Silverbell had clearly lost all rationality.

She clung firmly onto Frank, refusing to let go as she snuggled against him like a playful kitten.

No man could resist such temptation, and Frank was heaving, his eyes red.

He could do it right then, but his rationality warned him against exploiting Silverbell in her moment of vulnerability.

And it was Silverbell they were talking about—she was at least ten years younger.

He bit through his lip, forcing himself to calm down as he pinned down Silverbell on the bed. Then, keeping his eyes closed, his fingers brushed over her silky smooth skin as he felt for acupoints that could calm her down.

Smack!

Frank struck her acupoints when he found them, but the Passion Dust had already taken root by then. The substance was already flowing through Silverbell’s limbs and there was no stopping it—save for holding down Silverbell, stopping her from moving at all while he applied acupuncture.

However, not only would Frank have trouble holding her down, but he did not have that many needles left after using most on Dahok Ocean.

“Damn it!” Frank growled as his eyes darted across Silverbell’s body, his body so restless that he could well be burning up.

Biting the tip of his tongue firmly to force himself to stay calm, he took a deep breath.

Then, he extended his hands exasperatedly...

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When Quinn received Frank at the shrine, she found his eyes bloodshot as he strode through the gates and asked in confusion, “Why do you look so tired, Mr. Lawrence? Did something happen?”

“Nothing. It was just a little... taxing,” Frank replied, shaking his head while subtly straightening his clothes.

“Huh?” Quinn was left confused.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Lawrence,” Dahok said nearby, seated meditatively.

He glanced at the Sage Lake Sect apprentices around him, relief showing on his weary face. “Maron...”

“I killed him,” Frank said shortly.

Dahok’s eyes widened for a moment before he breathed a long sigh. “That wretch got what he deserved.”

“Master Ocean...” Quinn clapped him on the shoulder, seeing the misery in his eyes.

Dahok took her hands and sighed in turn. “Thank you for helping my sect and saving my life, Mr. Lawrence. I really don’t know how to repay you. Without you or Quinn, that wretch would have brought a plague down upon our heads. So just ask if you need anything—Sage Lake Sect would go to hell and back for your sake!”

Seeing such an opportunity, Frank did not hesitate, “I have a need for the Five Elemental Wonders. Even just information on them would suffice.”

“The Five Elemental Wonders?”

Unlike the rest, Dahok did not appear helpless when he heard the term.

In fact, he was thoughtful as he said, “We don’t have it in our enclave, but I know someone who does—the man always brings it along just to brag in my face, which is why I remember it well.”