

Girlboss 680

Chapter 680

Even as Eron continued drinking, he felt a rising foreboding sensation.

As if on cue, Donald suddenly beckoned at a servant to bring pen and paper. “Ah, I almost forgot—come on, Eron. Let’s have our agreement put in writing, in case alcohol causes our conversation to slip your mind.”

“In writing?” Eron exclaimed in surprise.

“Yes.” Donald grinned. “Write here that you’re willing to have your daughter marry me. My pledge for you in turn is to do my utmost in restoring you as head of the White family. How about that?”

Eron was hesitant. “Is that... necessary?”

“Of course,” Donald was suddenly solemn despite his smile. “I am a man of my word, and verbal promises never count in my opinion. Don’t you agree?”

Eron glanced between Donald’s smile and Donald’s bodyguards who stood around them, and he felt sweat trickling over his brow.

Still, after musing to himself for a while, he suddenly laughed and picked up the pen. “Well, since it’s your principle, I shall certainly follow. It’s good to have agreements in writing anyway...”

“Now that’s better. You’d know how important this is eventually.” Donald laughed heartily.

As they wrote a pledge for each other and signed it, Donald even had a servant bring them a stamp pad so they could place their fingerprints.

[I, Eron White, pledge to arrange a marriage between my daughter Kim White and Donald Salazar once I’m restored as head of my family.]

[I, Donald Salazar, pledge to restore Eron White as the head of his family with all my will and strength.]

As both men were given each other's pledges, Donald was grinning broadly after scanning through it, while Eron breathed a small sigh of relief after reading his.

"Come, Eron! Let's keep the drinks coming. Drink up!"

The pledge was left on the table as they kept drinking until their faces were flushed crimson. But even as they were busy mumbling drunken gibberish to each other, there was a loud crash resounding from the doorway!

"What's the meaning of this?!" Donald bellowed furiously, slamming his hand on the table. "I said we're not to be disturbed!"

"Oh, calm down, brother." Eron stood up as well, assuring him with his almost unintelligible speech. "Maybe it's just a servant knocking something over."

"Heh. It seems I'm not welcome in Mr. Salazar's abode," a voice ingrained into Donald's bones spoke from the doorway just then.

"Frank Lawrence?!" Donald was suddenly half sober as he stood in disbelief.

"What?! Frank Lawrence?!" Eron flinched as he turned in shock toward Donald.

What was Frank doing here? Did Donald not just assure him Maron would have him killed?!

Even as both men were left stunned, a bellow resounded across the room. "Donald Salazar!"

Donald then saw the figure striding inside with a sword that was still dripping with blood.