

Girlboss 721

Chapter 721

"Please be understanding." And with a polite nod, Jenny left without looking back.

Sif was left standing there, shaking with rage.

It was the most terrible day for her, ever! She paid a whopping grand total of 5.5 billion dollars for two pieces of junk. And worst of all, every bigwig attending the auction had seen the vindictive side of the Lionhearts, and as word soon spread, it would soon become the image everyone had of them.

Forget Norsedam—even the main branch of the family in Morhen would be affected! "Bastard..." Knowing that she had messed up terribly, Sif clenched her knuckles even as her fury threatened to consume her.

But she soon smiled savagely—since she had already messed up anyway, she just had to see things through to the end! She would make Frank pay even if all of Norsedam would talk—and most importantly, take the treasure he kept in his pocket. It was Frank's fault for messing with her, and if not for that little speech he made, the situation would not have fallen to the unsalvageable state it was now.

He was just some local hick—she could make him wish he was dead even if he was Birthright rank, just like the enemies of the Lionhearts.

With that in mind, Sif whipped out her phone and dialed a number. - Frank and Trevor had just arrived at the parking lot when he sensed that they were being watched.

It seemed that Sif was so despicable she could give up on all manner of integrity and wanted Frank's treasure even if it meant being publicly scorned.

And in spite of his contempt, Frank had to admit that the Lionhearts had efficiency, not to mention droves of martial elites under their command—even the one watching Frank now was Birthright rank.

It was clear that the Lionhearts had done their fair share of plunder and pillaging too, or their men would not be this adept at this clandestine work.

"We're being tailed," Frank told Trevor quietly as he stopped in his tracks.

"What?" Trevor was caught off guard and quickly looked around.

However, it was only natural he saw anything since Birthright rank elites had their ways in hiding their presence.

"What should we do? Jump in our car and leave?" Trevor was concerned since there were only two of them.

"No. I'll deal with the tail—less hassle that way," Frank said and made a turn into an alley, which ended in a brick wall.

To no surprise, the Birthright rank individual who was crawling over the wall in a weird way leapt off, glowering at Frank.

It was not just him—over twenty goons suddenly appeared in the alley with all sorts of weapons in hand, their faces covered.

They were no longer careful since they were exposed, striding toward Frank, clearly having no intent to let him pass.

"Hey kid," the Birthright rank individual growled gruffly, meeting his mabhéts. "We heard ybu hit Me jackpot at the auction.

Now hand it over—be nice, and I'll make your death painless."

Frank sighed. "You already knew I had treasure even if I knew I was aiming my death would be painless without offering mercy first?"

Chapter 722

Frank sighed. "Sif Lionheart is as despicable as she is... despotic." The Birthright rank goon leader paused visibly at the mention of Sif and snapped impatiently, "We have no relation to Ms.

Lionheart. Hand over the Hale Marrow or die!" "What, are you saying I'd live if I hand it over? Also, 'Ms. Lionheart?'" Frank snorted in disdain. "You slipped up there, brother." Realizing that he had been tricked, the Birthright rank goon leader gave up on all pretenses.

"Go!" he bellowed, gesturing for his men to attack Frank.

"Wait, you wanted this, right?" Frank casually whipped out the Hale Marrow just then.

"Stop! Don't break the Hale Marrow!" Some of the goons backed away when they saw it, afraid they would ruin it.

The Birthright rank goon leader promptly strode up at Frank, demanding, "That's it! Give it to me!" "Alright, take it," Frank replied and threw the Hale Marrow up into the air.

In a split second, every goon's eyes were glued to the bright green sprout, while Frank sneered.

Turning into a blur, he appeared in front of the Birthright rank goon leader in the blink of an eye.

"Huh?" The Birthright rank goon leader felt his body lighten even before he knew it, and he was suddenly flying.

As he did, he found himself just inches away from the Hale Marrow. "Haha... I'm reaching it! I'm so close!" That was when fear crept in, as he realized he could not move his hands.

To be precise, he realized he did not have hands as gravity pulled him downward, and the world around him spun.

He could also vaguely make up three headless corpses still standing, one of which had a familiar getup.

"Isn't that. me?" That was the Birthright rank goon leader's final thought before his vision blacked out, and he all lost all consciousness.

Frank did not hold back at all against the robbers.

While they were distracted by the Hale Marrow, he extended his palm, charging his pure vigor to enforce it into a blade.

And with a diagonal swipe, three heads were sent flying.

Once that was done, he leapt into the air and caught the to shoulder out of the encirclement. He returned the Hale Marrow back in his pocket before turning back to the goons and beckoned at them provokingly.

"You've really done it now, brat!"

One of the goons realized that Frank had taken them for a ride and-g "What should we do, boss? He's quite tough... Boss? Boss?!" The goon was soon left astonished as he realized the Birthright rank goon leader had lost his head— literally.

Even as he stared blankly in realization of the gave in to Frank's provocation and charged at him. Frank remained perfectly calm as he stood his ground.

Chapter 723

Releasing streaks of pure vigor, Frank quickly projected a miasma before himself.

Most people would not see it, but the goons could feel their movements slowing even as they charged inside. The weaker ones could not even move at all! On the other hand, Frank moved quicker while in the miasma.

Pow! His punches landed rapidly, and five goons were left coughing blood, their bodies stiffening.

"What?! C-Could he have completed Birthright rank?!" The goon on the edge promptly withdrew his leg when he saw what was happening, his face turning pale in shock as if seeing a ghost.

Frank's movement was smooth as a flowing river and inch-precise, even elegant in appearance.

As he charged toward the edge of the circle of goons, he would strike with his palm, knuckles, or fingers while each goon still had their weapons raised, leaving them frozen in place.

Then, when he left their encirclement, he sighed, and the miasma of pure vigor faded.

The goons, who were all still standing, collapsed loudly without anything holding them aloft.

All of them lay prone, breathless.

Then, Frank calmly walked up to the last goon, clapping him on the shoulder and smiling, "So, Sif Lionheart sent you?" "Y-Yeah!" The goon certainly would not lie after seeing what happened and asked fearfully, "W-Who are you...?" "Me?" Frank chuckled. "I'm just your typical passerby." The goon could cry right then.

Atypical passerby, when he managed to floor the Lionhearts' well-trained goons in under five minutes without breaking a sweat?! Who would ever believe that?! And if Frank really was a typical passerby, their existence was pointless! The goon then glanced at his headless leader, gulping as he asked, "A-Aren't you going to kill me?" "I don't like killing. I'm not that whimsical." Frank grinned.

The goon rolled his eyes despite Frank's very presence being a threat to his survival—it was like a lion claiming it did not eat meat.

Who did he think he was kidding after littering the floor with corpses?

"Honest." Franks shrugged innocently. Obert i thright rank Sit hd those two hoi wielders being the exception." Sighing, Frank cut to the chase. "Anyway, I need you to pass Sif a message." "W-What is it?" the goon stammered.

Frank threw an arm around the goon's shoulder and said ee! her to keep her Study in'etiee abidthat Hi il her if she messes with me again, and no one will be able to stop me. You hear that?" Chuckling as he clapped the goon on the shoulder, the lucky goon nodded blankly.

"Alright, I'm going now if there's nothing else—also, soon enough." With that, Frank waved as he strode to his car and left with Trevor.

Chapter 724

The lucky goon did not even dare to peek at Frank's car plate as they left.

Moreover, Frank was not lying—the other masked goons stirred around thirty minutes later, each of them trading glances as they could not remember what happened.

When they finally came to their senses, they were all terrified in the realization that Sif had messed with someone she should not.

Nonetheless, Sif herself arrived, and she was frowning at the mess all over the place as well as the three headless bodies.

"What's going on here? Where's my Hale Marrow?!" she demanded.

"Ms. Lionheart, that man is too much for us," the lucky goon strode up, bracing himself as he relayed Frank's message. "He wiped the floor with us without even breaking a sweat—he completely overwhelmed us." "Incompetent fools!" Sif was left seething at the sight of their dejected state, snapping, "He's just a hick, and you can't even deal with him?! Why do | even keep you around?!" While the goons promptly lowered their heads in fearful silence, the lucky goon added, "B-By the way, Ms. Lionheart... He told me to pass you a message." "Pass me a message?" Sif was puzzled.

"He said." The lucky goon scratched his head awkwardly. "He told you to keep yourself in check." Naturally, the lucky goon left the 'stupidity' part out in fear of angering Sif.

"And he said he won't hold back if you mess with him again." He trailed off, his voice gradually turning softer as he spoke.

To no surprise, Sif was incensed.

"He's just some rich kid from a hick town!" she bellowed. "How dare he insult me like this!" Then, she wheeled on the goons. "And it's all because of your incompetence! You'd better kill him the next time you see him, or your heads will roll!" "Yeah," the goons replied with much difficulty, trading glances.

"Where did he go?! Did you get a bearing?" Sif asked.

The goons all shook their heads in synchrony as they—they were not that eager to die.

"Ugh, you're all useless!" Sif snorted, striding ahead and folding her arms before her chest. "Anyway, the family has just tasked me with finding out what happened to eyo Riverton hah Si S'visited them, he suddenly came back and was determined to annul his engagement with the Turnbolls without even giving a reason. I'm sure the Turnbolls have done something, and | just happen to be in a bad mood, so I'll be taking it out on them. Let's see if the Turnbolls can explain themselves... or they'd find me less than patient!" With that, she turned and strode off.

The goons were once again trading glances, reluctance showing in their eyes.

Following Sif to Riverton was undoubtedly a punishment—the woman was infamous for being hard to please.

And if things got bad with the Turnbolls, they would have to fight.

They could be like the one they just had met, or they might not be as lucky as they were today.

Chapter 725 A grand procession of luxury cars could be seen driving from Riverton Avenue straight toward Turnbull Villa, with police cars leading the way.

Each road and lane along the way had been cordoned off early in the morning just to receive the procession.

Interested bystanders were all stopping in their tracks, wondering which bigwig would make such an ostentatious arrival.

Walter Turnbull and Susan Redford were dressed grandly as they stood | before their servants, waiting to receive the procession.

When the cars all stopped inside, Sif slowly alighted as her chauffeur opened the door for her. She was

dressed from head to toe in luxury brands.

"Welcome, Ms. Lionhart! Come on in!" Susan was absolutely fawning over Sif, since she was Titus' sister and elder sibling to the young master of Volsung Sect. As such, her position certainly held sway even among the Lionhearts.

"Long time no see, Mrs. Turnbull." Sif nodded politely, but there was no warmth in her haughty bearing, making the pecking order all too obvious.

Then, looking around, she asked, "Where's Vicky? I don't see her around... Is she refusing to see me?" Walter's smile stiffened as there was an edge in Sif's voice. "She just got out

of late. She's been busy, and she came home late last night." Naturally, Walter would never mention that it was under his strong insistence that Vicky returned to the villa reluctantly.

After all, she would be staying the night at Skywater Bay these days, allegedly to prevent 'a mistake' that would likely happen in her absence.

"By the way, I prepared a present because I heard you'll be coming. Take alook!" Susan took out an emerald necklace from a box, holding it out to Sif with both hands.

"Hmm." The sight of the necklace, however,

reminded Sif of the emerald hale pear] she saw in Norsedam just last night.

She scowled a little but nodded and gestured for a servant to take it.

"Thank you, Mrs. Turnbull," she said.

"Oh, it's just a little present." Susan was a little disappointed to see that Sif did not take the necklace herself, but she did not show it.

She still had a favor to ask, after all! "Ahem." Walter cleared his throat and smiled. "I've had the servants prepare tea and refreshments. It's been a long journey—do come in and rest your legs." "Yes, yes, come on in," Susan said in agreement,

With that, they strode into the villa's drawing room.

As they took their seats, Walter spoke first, asking, "You've come in a real hurry, Sif. Is there something important? May I ask what it is?" "I'll be frank, Mr. Turnbull. My family in the capital told me to come here," Sif answered calmly, looking around.

"It's about Titus' engagement." "I see," Walter replied. { He was already mentally prepared but still felt a mess of emotions that Sif had come because of that.

When Titus visited a week ago, he had asked specifically to meet Vicky in private without saying anything else.

They had the room to themselves, but

Titus eventually left scowling, while Vicky appeared relieved.

Chapter 726

Walter had questioned Vicky many times since, but Vicky was deliberately vague—all she would say was that Walter did not have to worry about her engagement with Titus.

In other words, Titus and Vicky had decided to annul their engagement in private.

And knowing that, Walter expected the Lionhearts to send someone over eventually.

Even if he had no idea why Titus would annul the engagement, the fact that Vicky said it meant that Titus had agreed to it.

While Walter was spacing out in thought, Sif took a sip of her tea and spoke unhurriedly, "There's another month until the engagement that was agreed upon, but Titus told us it has since been annulled without citing any reasons." Leveling a thoughtful look at Walter, she asked, "I wonder if you're aware of this, Mr. Turnbull?" "What?" Walter did a double take, thought about it, and shook his head. "No, I don't... But I guess it's Titus and Vicky's joint decision. We shouldn't meddle as a third party." "I see." Sif nodded as she turned to Susan. "On my way here, I've been hearing rumors about Vicky having a new lover. Would you happen to know anything about that?" Susan stiffened—she knew all too well as her daughter had expressed her admiration toward Frank on more than one occasion.

If anything, she could expect the annulled engagement to be Frank's fault too.

However, she could not tell Sif—who knew what was going to happen if she did! Instead, she gave a noncommittal reply. "Of course not. You really shouldn't listen to such ignorant hearsay—you know how close our families are, and it's inevitable that there are those who are jealous. And your brother Titus is the embodiment of talent.

Is there any youth who comes close in Eastern Draconia?" While she spoke, she kept glancing at Walter.

"That would definitely be best." Sif nodded but continued to probe them, her tone slightly threatening. "But you know, Titus values his pride more than his life. If he finds out that Vicky left him for another.

Who knows what he'd do."

Susan and Walter were both left scowling, and Susan suddenly spoke up, saying, "Well, I don't know what got into the Kids, OK! Sure any bet be resolved! Naturally, I personally hope that Vicky will stick to the engagement. So how about arranging for Titus to visit us again? Vicky will be here, and everyone can clear the air face to face." Sif frowned as she considered Susan's suggestion and soon nodded. "True. It's their issue, and they can tell us everything so as to avoid misunderstanding. But the engagement previously agreed upon would expire by then.

Sif looked up with a look of hesitation between Walter and Susan, smiling in amusement. "Have grihoughtithis He Ug he Thi EY en concerns plenty of other affairs, and once it's actually annulled, even the main Turnbull family in Morhen would suffer."

Chapter 727

As Sif's words left the atmosphere tense, Vicky—who had just gotten out of bed and washed up—strode down the spiral staircase.

Susan quickly changed the subject. "Oh, Vicky. Come here, sit—we were just discussing your engagement with Titus." However, Vicky was scowling and raised a hand to stop her.

"I heard what you said," Vicky said, frowning as she turned to Sif. "I'm sorry to say this ahead of time, but my engagement to Titus Lionheart is called off with no grounds for negotiation." Everyone froze at her words, none of them expecting Vicky to be so blunt.

Could there have been something they did not know? Susan frowned as she demanded, "What are you saying, Vicky? Have you woken up fully yet? Why would a proper engagement be called off, and how could you decide on that alone?!" "I know what I'm saying, Mom," Vicky said calmly. "It's a shame that Titus Lionheart and I are just not meant for each other." Sif rose to her feet, her tone gradually hostile. "What is the meaning of this? Has my brother offended you in any way?" "I mean nothing," Vicky retorted with equal pride, unflinching. "To sum it all up, I'm annulling this engagement!" "You're what?!" Vicky's words left everyone present stunned.

So Vicky was the one who suggested it... but more importantly, why would Titus agree to it?! However, Sif glowered as she snapped, "Know your place, Vicky Turnbull! You can annul the engagement all you want, but you must remember who you're engaged with! You're behaving insolently to us Lionhearts!" Susan quickly tried to mediate. "Don't jump the gun, Vicky. We can talk about this—just tell us what happened." "Yeah, Vicky. You could at least let us know why, right?" Walter reasoned.

After all, the Lionhearts were one of the Four Families of Morhen.

The wind was in their sails, and they were not to be messed with, let alone disrespected. If their revered heir had their engagement annulled, how great an insult would that be to his family and him personally?

If anything, marrying Titus was a dream many girls desired and a plan countless women ricked their brains for. After all, there was no way but up when an engagement tied a family to the Lionhearts! Not only did Vicky refuse to accept it, but she wanted to annul it too?! That was nothing less than a slap to the Lionhearts' faces!

Nonetheless, Vicky continued calmly, "I understand I am unjustified in annulling the engagement, and I can apologize to Titus.. If you think it hurts the Lionheart's family, it can be arranged in a way where it's the Lionhearts who annulled it—I will accept anything, even if it's in writing.

One way or another, I'm not marrying Titus because I have no feelings for him." Susan, who had kept throwing looks at Vicky, exclaimed, "Oh, why are you still throwing a fit even now? Love can be cultivated, don't you know?"

"Vicky Turnbull!" Sif bellowed, clearly furious. "Do you think you get to arrange and annul inn What do you take us for?! The arranged marriage was always a mutual agreement between two families, and you don't get to have a say!"

Chapter 728

Sif slammed her teacup on the table as her face contorted in rage. "It doesn't matter what you say—you'll marry Titus one way or another!" However, Vicky stood her ground and showed no signs of backing down. "I can play along with any other arrangements, but my marriage is my own business. I won't give in." "Hah!" Sif laughed despite herself. "Do you have any idea what's going on here, Vicky?! It's your immense fortune that my brother is interested in you! No, neither you nor your family get to have a say—it's my family that does, you hear?!" Even Susan's face fell at Sif's commanding tone. Sif was not here to discuss anything—she had come to enforce the Lionhearts' authority! "In that case, you should go home and ask your brother," Vicky retorted coolly. "If he actually refuses to annul the engagement, then I won't argue." "No! No chance!" Sif pointed at Vicky as she snapped. "What our family wants, we get! It doesn't matter if you agree to it or what my brother says—this engagement will continue as scheduled, because I say so!" The last part left Vicky laughing despite herself—there were just no words to describe Sif at this point.

But she was prepared, and she would not sacrifice her lifetime's happiness just so her family could enrich their coffers.

"So, you're saying you're the one to decide on my marriage?" Vicky asked icily.

"You should be worrying about your family, not yourself!" Sif continued to threaten her. "If you annul the engagement with my brother, the Turnbolls shall be considered an enemy of the Lionhearts!" "Walter Turnbull!" Sif then wheeled on Walter, calling him by name and pointing at his face as she snapped. "Have you forgotten the agreement between our families to work together to fight against the South Sea Crow?! Your family's strength and influence wanes with each generation, so I will give it to you straight—do what you must, or my family has no reason to protect you anymore! Hell, we might work with the South Sea Crow to take you down!"

Laughing icily, Sif concluded, "Your family's yearly gathering is in a month, isn't it? We, {peDíomhéarts, stralþeNísitng When the time comes... As for whether we'll be friend or foe depends entirely on you! See you around!" And with those words, Sif and her people swiftly left Turnbull Villa, while silence descended upon the drawing room.

Having kept it in for a while, Susan slammed her hand on the table as she sprang to her feet, shrieking "Who told you you could annul the engagement?! Did any of us agree to it?! Don't you understand the perils that would plague the family if you did?! It's Frank

Lawrence, isn't it?! Don't you know that he's a vile reaper throu hand ELE First, its eye) and ther Nei Turnbull! Who is he going to come for next—me?!"

Chapter 729

Walter also reasoned, "That's right, Vicky. You should talk to us about something like this." After all, Titus was the gem of his family's younger generation and a prodigy even among all the rich kids in Morhen. Not only did he reach Birthright rank before thirty, but he had also already secured a strong position in Volsung Sect.

Heiresses worshiped his good looks and tremendous potential and would go crazy for him.

And yet, Walter's own daughter did not seem to care, even demanding to have their engagement annulled?! No matter how impressive Frank was, he would never measure up to Titus or any of the strength and influence he boasted.

Even so, Vicky remained impassive as she retorted, "I alone will decide who I marry, not anyone else. And I'm not about to sacrifice myself for the sake of family." Before this, she would have been able to accept the engagement and arrangement for the sake of her family's gains and prosperity. After all, she stood to profit in every way if she married Titus anyway.

He was a suitable partner for marriage for her—looks, competence, a straightforward personality and a bright future? The man was almost flawless... But that was the past.

Ever since Vicky started to spend time with Frank, her heart had no space for another man.

Why suffer a loveless marriage to someone she did not know instead of the strong, decisive, and blunt man before her? However, Susan could choke from Vicky's stubborn attitude and screamed at her, "How old do you think you are?! What's the point of love?! Does it put food on the table?! Take your time and find love for Titus Lionheart—you're my child, and you'll listen to me! You're marrying no one else, because it's the only way you'll be happy and not find any regrets while the rest of us will live in peace! Get it through your thick skull: the family would suffer if you annul the engagement!" "That's right!" Walter agreed. "I know you love Frank, but does he even hold a candle to Titus? Don't forget that the South Sea Crow is after us—a time bomb that would blow us all up at any moment! We'd be dead without the Lionhearts' protection!" "I'll deal with the South Sea Crow." Vicky frowned, perfectly aware of that issue as well.

Her words left Susan hacking violently. "You'll deal with her?! How?! It's been three years, but members of the South Sea Four are found assassinated at every turn! Our own family has been living on edge and just waiting for the day she pays us a visit. Do you think we'd be living in comfort like we do now without the Lionhearts' protection?!"

Walter sighed. "Exactly. The South Sea Crow is elusive, and the South Sea Four can't RC iHthey work together-eve with all the Ascendant rank individuals they have under their command. The South Sea Crow will come for us eventually once the Lionhearts leave us!"

"Give me time. I'll get it done!" Vicky refused to give in, ever at Walter.

"But there's no time!" Walter cried in anguish. "There's only one mein until the family gated and you She'll be coming, and Titus too! If you still refuse, it's over for us!" Vicky fell silent at her father's words.

A month—that was all she had.

Chapter 730

The South Sea Crow was so elusive the South Sea Four tried and failed for three years to take her down, even with all the Ascendant rank fighters at their disposal.

How would Vicky ever stop that woman in just one month, and what could she do? Meanwhile, at Skywater Bay, Helen had washed up and was preparing to go to work when Frank stopped her.

"How's the promotion for the farm resort going?" he asked.

Helen rolled her eyes. "It's just been a week." Still, she soon flashed him a flirty wink, sending Frank's heart skipping a beat.

Resisting the urge to hug her, he smiled instead. "Is there anything else you need my help with?" "Nope. Just leave the promotion to me and Vicky—you just worry about preparing the farm." "Really?" Frank strode closer, narrowing his eyes.

"Yeah..." Helen trailed off and threw up her hands to yield—she was never a great liar. "Well, there's no problem with Flora Hall, since Dan Zimmer agreed to it without hesitation when I mentioned you. It's Noel York." "What's her problem? No free slot in her schedule?" Frank exclaimed in surprise.

"No, it's worse—she's been embroiled in a wave of bad publicity." Helen sighed. "Someone's creating rumors that she's been granting sexual favors to her company's executives, who in turn aided her in workplace bullying. There have been people coming out to accuse her, and some admitted to those favors with Noel. In short, it's a mess." "Sexual favors? Workplace bullying?" Frank frowned.

The impression he had of Noel was that she was agreeable and mild-tempered. She did not look like the type who would get involved in workplace bullying, let alone grant sexual favors with company executives.

"I know what you're thinking, but the truth hardly matters now." Helen was rubbing her tempers as she explained. "The point is, Noel is going down. Heck, forget endorsing the farm resort—there's already talk reconsidering the endorser for the Rejuvenation Pill. Noel can't even protect herself." Frank was left silent and eventually said quietly, "She helped us when we needed her most. We can't just sit by when she's being scapegoated for some crime she didn't commit." Helen shot him a knowing look.

Frank would not just stand aside and watch Noel. Let why Helen rank in the first place. Everyone had been on edge for a while now, and having one less worry was pretty much desirable.

But likewise, Helen knew she would not be able to #l\$6 4¢¥he handed him Noel's private number. "Just don't be reckless," she reminded him and left for work.

For Frank's part, he did not hesitate—he was more or lesgydane with Ai fokthe farm resort aha been idling after delegating full authority to Trevor Zurich.