

## **Girlboss 731**

### Chapter 731

After driving Winter and Mona to school, Frank stayed in his car as he called the private number Helen gave him.

“Hello?” Noel’s tired voice could soon be heard.

“Ms. York? It’s me, Frank Lawrence,” Frank said nonchalantly. “How have you been doing? Would you care to make time for a drink?”

He naturally did not expect a star actress like her to say yes and was just making small talk.

As such, he did not expect Noel to stay silent for seconds before asking shortly, “Where?”

“Huh...” A little stumped, Frank simply picked the first place that came to mind. “The Dynasty.”

“Got it,” Noel replied and hung up without further ado.

Frank scratched his head awkwardly—the invitation was just the lead, and he did not expect the star actress to take it.

Was he really that charming?

Frank chuckled as he rubbed his chin and turned his Maybach to rush for The Dynasty.

—

As usual, the bar in The Dynasty was dimly lit as the wall speakers boomed with thunderous music.

The air swirled with the scent of alcohol, and anyone inside could hardly differentiate if it was light or dark outside.

Frank ordered a glass of fruit juice and waited at a booth seat, turning down several ladies trying to chat him up as he did, though they were probably interested in the Maybach key he left on the table.

Realizing that, he pocketed his key.

That was when a lady with a baseball cap and a body-hugging skirt that bare her long legs strode through the front doors, looking around and clearly searching for someone.

A thug's eyes lit up right then, immediately able to tell that she was someone special.

"Hey, beautiful! Are you here alone?" he asked as he hurried to Noel, his hand outstretched and ready to cop a feel, but Noel strode past him.

"Oh, you have quick reflexes." The thug simply grinned, his hands getting even more unruly. "Come on, beautiful. What's the point of drinking alone? My boss happens to be here—let's drink together!"

"No, I'm looking for someone," Noel snapped.

Her voice was one of a kind, and the thug froze as soon as she spoke. "Holy crap, girl. You sound so familiar... Were you on TV?"

"Buzz off." Frank strode up to them just then, his face impassive as he told the thug to leave.

"Shit, boy! Do you even know who owns this place?!" The thug glared at him murderously for his pompous threat.

"Ugh..." Frank sighed and pressed a palm on the thug's face to shove him away. "What the hell? I've been here so many times, but Kurt Stinson and Bravo Lambert just won't rein in their boys."

The thug was already drunk, wobbling as he dropped on his rump.

Frank then turned to Noel as he apologized, “I’m sorry, Ms. York. This was a poor choice for a meeting place.”

“It’s alright. I like this place’s vibes, to be honest.” Noel nodded.

She was wearing a mask, but Frank could tell from her eyes that she was smiling—and beautifully at that.

That was when the thug yelled, “Boss! Someone’s causing trouble over here!”

Chapter 732

Hearing the thug’s yell, a burly bald man strode out from a nearby bar. “Who is it?”

When he glanced behind the thug and saw who it was, he promptly picked up a tablecloth and flung it at the thug’s face. “You piece of shit! You can’t even recognize Mr. Lawrence just because you took a few sips?! I told you to quit drinking already, but you just won’t listen! And don’t think you’re dragging me into your mess!”

“Mr. Lawrence... Who?” The thug on the floor obviously had not come to his senses.

When he did, he promptly knelt in front of Frank. “I’m so, so sorry, Mr. Lawrence... I didn’t recognize you! Bravo Lambert even told us that everything is on the house if you ever visit—”

“Just go,” Frank snapped, not interested in taking it out with the thug since he was drunk and incoherent. “And don’t try to hit on the ladies like you did, or you’re dead if you caught me.”

The thug was completely sober at Frank’s scary threat and scrambled to run away.

“Hmm... I’m surprised you’re that well-respected, Mr. Lawrence,” Noel teased him just then.

Frank scratched his head awkwardly and simply smiled as he pointed at his booth seat. "Would you like a couple of drinks if you're interested?"

"Sure," Noel replied.

She was not being gracious either and ordered two of the most expensive cocktails as soon as she sat down.

It was obvious she was not in her usual good mood, since she did not frequent bars, let alone drink so openly.

Frank watched as she chugged her glass and followed suit.

When she was done, Noel's cheeks blushed into an attractive pink as she smiled at Frank. "So, to what do I owe the pleasure, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank nodded, and spoke bluntly since running circles around Noel might repulse her. "I've recently established a farm resort, and I'm planning to draw in influential people across Draconia as customers or endorsers."

"You mean me?" Noel smiled, pointing at herself. "You want me as an endorser?"

"Exactly." Frank stared at her solemnly.

"Hahaha..." Noel suddenly laughed out loud, and it was a while when she stopped and twirled her finger around her glass. "Don't you know what's been happening to me lately, Mr. Lawrence? My endorsement would just backfire."

"I know." Frank nodded. "But I insist on your endorsement because you helped us endorse the Rejuvenation Pill before. I'm here to help now that you're in trouble."

“Help me?” Noel appeared surprised but soon chuckled. “You’re too kind, Mr. Lawrence. I only chose to endorse the Rejuvenation Pill because of its miraculous effects, and you paid me as I deserved... In other words, I was just fulfilling my contractual obligation. It’s not quite helping.”

Seeing that Noel was being humble, Frank nodded but spoke bluntly, “But you were willing to endorse the Rejuvenation Pill nonetheless, even if it meant betting against the market. You took a risk to help us, and I’d know that better than anyone. That’s why you shouldn’t undersell your credit.”

## Chapter 733

Frank continued, “I’m not an ingrate, so tell me about the trouble you’re having and I’ll help where I can. Naturally, the condition is for you to endorse my farm resort as agreed.”

Noel’s skeptic gaze faded as she stared at Frank’s smile, while her own smile turned to gloom.

“You can’t help me, Mr. Lawrence.” She sighed. “But I’m short on friends right now, so I’ll just have you listen to me vent instead.”

She took another sip of her cocktail before telling Frank everything—naturally, she was the victim of workplace bullying instead of the perpetrator.

Lycoris Entertainment, the agency representing her, used to be owned by a man named Dylan Hood. He was quite influential in the east coast and had been obsessed with Noel for a long time. In fact, the thug named Dustin who was harassing Noel when Frank first met her worked for Dylan too.

Even so, Noel held her ground, rebuffing Dylan’s advances with wit and determination...

That is, until recently, when Lycoris Entertainment was bought out by the Soranos, one of the Four Families of Morhen.

To make things worse, the Soranos bought out the company expressly to get Noel—on the very first day the company was handed over, Willy Sorano approached her, asking her to have a drink with him.

Noel was afraid to provoke him since his family is one of the Four Families of Morhen and did as she was told. Willy, however, started to get touchy, even directly asking her to get in bed with him.

Noel was no pushover—she did not survive showbiz that long being one.

She bore the insult and recorded her conversation with Willy, intent on leveraging her way out of Lycoris Entertainment.

It just turned out Willy was even more ruthless and pulled all his connections and every trick he had to strike before Noel could do anything. He even threatened her to do as he told her, or she would have no place in showbiz and zero public credibility.

At that point, Willy could really actually do whatever he wanted with Noel.

And given Frank's temper, his brow was creased after Noel told him the full story.

It was not surprising now that she was so dejected—she was really desperate.

After some thought, Frank whipped out his phone to call Burt Yorkman, the top law enforcement officer of Riverton.

"Brother Lawrence..." Burt was panting as if running at top speed.

"I need a favor, Burt. Do you have time?" Frank asked bluntly.

"I'm chasing down a wanted man at the moment, sir. Just name the place, and I'll be there when I'm done here."

Seeing that Burt was really busy, Frank decided against imposing and nodded. "I'm at The Dynasty. Drop by when you have the time."

"Okay. Be there in thirty."

As Frank hung up, Noel leveled him a puzzled look. "Who was that, Mr. Lawrence?"

"You'll know when he gets here." Frank flashed a mysterious smile.

—

Burt was really a man of his word. He strode through the front doors of The Dynasty in just half an hour, his sleeves slightly stained with blood.

He strode toward Frank's seat, nodding. "You asked for me, Brother Lawrence?"

Chapter 734

As Burt took a seat, he chugged a bottle of beer and caught his breath before turning to Frank.

"It's about Ms. Noel York here..." Frank began.

"Wait, Noel York? As in the actress?" Burt turned toward Noel in shock and confusion.

"What, you two know each other?" Frank asked, puzzled.

"No, we haven't met yet." Noel shook her head.

"No, we haven't." Burt chuckled. "It's just a coincidence... But the man I was chasing earlier used to be an accountant at your agency, Lycoris Entertainment."

"What's that about?" Frank asked, his interest peaked.

"Actually, it's no big deal." Burt smiled. "The accountant was conspiring with Dylan Hood, the previous CEO, in falsifying company finances leading to the recent company acquisition. Dylan's now on the run, and he left that accountant behind to be his scapegoat."

“What?!” Noel sprang to her feet, staring at Frank in disbelief. “O-Officer, are you saying that the Soranos’ acquisition is technically invalid? The falsified accounts must mean that much!”

While Burt raised a brow, her expression turned solemn. “Well... What happens now?”

Burt glanced at Frank, who nodded.

With that, Burt explained, “Well, now we have to track down Dylan Hood, and as for Soranos... they just have to audit their accounts and pay a fine.”

“Is that all?” Noel exclaimed in disappointment.

“I mean, the Soranos are still one of the Four Families of Morhen. They would have no trouble making all this go away...”

Burt nodded, glancing at Frank again. “So, Brother Lawrence, about why you asked me to come...”

“Heh. It’s a real coincidence...” Frank chuckled. “I’ve asked you to come exactly to help Noel.”

Frank then told Burt about the Soranos blackmailing and canceling Noel, after which Burt sighed lengthily.

“It’s too complicated.” He scratched his head. “And no one would ever square off against any of the Four Families of Morhen.”

“That doesn’t include me,” Frank said quietly.

“Wait, are you going to have me back up Ms. York?” Burt frowned slightly, as that likely meant challenging the Soranos.

“Exactly,” Frank nodded and grinned. “Ms. York has a recording of Willy Sorano blackmailing her for sexual favors, and you just happened to arrest that accountant. Surely you have the muscle to invalidate the Soranos’ acquisition?”

“I could, but...”

Burt sighed. “I wouldn’t suggest it, Brother Lawrence—that might be crossing the line against the Soranos. You already made enemies of the Lionhearts, and if the Soranos joined in...

“That’s my business.” Frank sneered. “They’d eventually find out that I murdered Hubert Sorano. It’s just a matter of time.”

Turning to Noel, Frank said, “And since Lycoris Entertainment’s coffers are basically drained by Dylan, I’ll acquire it instead. I could use the publicity to endorse my farm resort, and having a star actress would definitely bring in visitors by the droves.”

Chapter 735

Noel was left stunned by Frank’s suggestion, since she never thought that Frank had the confidence to square off against the Soranos.

What was more, he was already an enemy of the Lionhearts!

Frank, however, paid her stare no attention as he continued planning. “So, I’ll be building a biological preserve in the outskirts of Riverton, which can double as a film set with a star actress like you endorsing it. I’ll also put money into making a film with you, some of which you could film at my resort. You could be doing stuff like tending to the farm and the like—stuff to make you appear no different from the common man. It’s a lot of work, but we’d be drawing in tour groups and tourists with more humble circumstances...”

Frank’s mind went into overdrive as he elaborated on all the ideas he had.

Noel’s eyes lit up in turn, and when Frank was done, she had to admit that he had business acumen.

A humble farm resort, combined with Draconia's top star actress, somehow did not appear to be a bad idea.

Still, Noel pointed out an issue. "Mr. Lawrence... Are you really going to fight against the Soranos for my sake?"

She was wondering if Frank was no different from the Soranos and wanted her body too!

"For your sake?" Frank appeared puzzled but soon chuckled. "I'm sure you misunderstood, Ms. York—helping you and having you endorse my resort farm are two sides of the same coin, and said coin is going to be beneficial in every way. That's why I asked to see you in the first place, see?"

Frank's smile left Noel freezing, and a curious sensation welled up within her.

She stared blankly at Frank for a long while, not even noticing that she was doing it until Burt called out to her.

She blushed as she came to her senses, while Burt patted his chest audibly. "Since Brother Lawrence is set on helping you, you can hand over the recording to me. Don't worry—the Soranos won't be able to acquire Lycoris Entertainment as long as I'm around."

However, Noel's brain was already mush, and she handed him her recorder without thinking.

Still, worry showed on her face after Burt left, and she asked Frank under her breath, "Mr. Lawrence... Who actually is that officer?"

"Oh, him?" Frank chuckled. "People have always called him the top inspector of Riverton. Don't worry—he's capable of handling this much."

"What? The top inspector?!" Noel exclaimed in shock.

How many other bigwigs like Burt was Frank was acquainted with if he knew even the top inspector?

And given the way Burt spoke around Frank... It was clear that Burt regarded Frank's orders like a subordinate.

"Oh, it's really no big deal. Don't worry, Ms. York—no one will dare threaten you now," Frank smiled, and thought of a new title for Noel. "You will now work for Lane Holdings as the head of the Lane Entertainment division."

—

With the business out of the way, Frank and Noel continued drinking away happily.

She had already thought highly of Frank when she endorsed Grande Pharma, and now, she was further impressed.

She actually felt a tingling emotion she never felt toward anyone before... to the point that when she got tipsy, she happily accepted Frank's offer to drive her home.

#### Chapter 736

Although Noel was hopeful for something to happen, it turned out that Frank just wanted to send her home and nothing more.

Noel could not help feeling disappointed at that.

Then, blushing crimson as she realized why, she threw herself in bed, keeping her face buried in the sheets.

—

On the other hand, Frank was in a great mood after leaving Noel's mansion.

With the Hale Marrow he acquired in Norsedam, he would fulfill the claims he made for the farm resort and then some.

And with Noel joining the team, it would be surprising if their promotion efforts actually failed.

Still, there were some ideas that he would need his peak form to actually commit.

As such, once he left Noel's mansion, he called Helen to tell her that Noel's issue was resolved, hanging up before Helen could ask for the details.

He then drove to Flora Hall, and not seeing the Maybach identical to his, he knew Janet was not at work.

He headed inside, buying some herbs that would complement the Hale Marrow's medicinal effect. With that, he could develop a spa bath at the farm's hot springs that promoted longevity.

He then asked the staff about Janet, and it turned out she had left to attend a medical lecture.

Frank did not ask any further questions and returned to Skywater Bay by the afternoon.

He told Carol Zims that he did not want to be disturbed and headed into his room.

He took out the Hale Marrow, holding it in his palm and staring at the sprout brimming with life energies.

He inhaled deeply, the faint sweet essence filling his lungs and veins, his body craving the natural treasure right then.

"It's time," he whispered, sitting cross-legged to condition himself into his peak form.

Then, he tore half of the Hale Marrow and threw it into his mouth.

Boom!

As the Hale Marrow was converted into pure green essence, Frank could hear an explosion within his own body as the essence fused with the vigor in his meridian nexus.

Soon, a horrific storm of energies brewed and tore through every inch of Frank's body

Frank felt only agony as his bones cracked audibly, his veins quivering under the storm, threatening to snap.

"Shit!" He realized that he had underestimated the sheer medicinal energy of the Hale Marrow—it was no wonder that even Mystic Sky Sect used to seek this treasure.

It was simply extraordinary!

Still, the pain did not wane in time—if anything, it was getting worse.

As the vigor within his body overflowed, Frank's meridian nexus actually had trouble containing it.

Crash!

The bed he was sitting on collapsed right then, the pure vigor flowing out of his sweat pores pulverizing it. The desk and table lamp soon suffered the same fate!

As more furniture was crushed by the storm of pure vigor ejecting out of Frank's body, his eyes narrowed in concentration.

"Be still—!"

If his body kept going on like this, the entire hilltop mansion would be blown to kingdom come!

Chapter 737

Plop!

Seeming hearing Frank's bellow, a green droplet condensed within Frank's meridian nexus.

Frank was shocked—he could not afford to have excess in his meridian nexus, though he soon calmed down.

It was just pure vigor, refined down to the last particle.

His remaining inner vigor was soon purified too, which would eventually be compressed again into a liquid form as he improved from Birthright rank to Ascendant rank.

If pure vigor could kill effectively within ten paces, liquid vigor was beyond comprehension as its range extended over hundreds of meters.

Naturally, it went without saying that it was far more devastating as well—even a finger shot of liquid vigor could punch through steel over a hundred meters away, making it more lethal than bullets.

At that stage, one would have truly become superhuman—a monster in a man's skin.

And as the liquid vigor in Frank's body increased, the pure vigor storm around him slowly subsided.

When he was done cultivating and opening his eyes, he could see his own eyes gleaming with a golden-green hue from the shards of mirror on the floor.

He could observe the world around him even clearer too, even hearing an ant vaulting over a branch a hundred meters away.

Nonetheless, he sighed as he stared at the hole leading straight outside. "Just a little short..."

Even though he had cultivated the Hale Marrow, it only served to promote his longevity and did not improve his cultivation.

Even so, the pure essence within the Hale Marrow was no laughing stock, and Frank had cured all internal injuries within him, restoring himself to peak form.

He has completed Birthright rank and was hence just a step away from Ascendant rank!

As he flexed his wrists, he found dark spots aside from realizing how limber it was.

It was excess matter excreted from his body and not dust.

And Frank was utterly confident after the cleansing from the Hale Marrow—he would prove a match against even Ascendant ranks as he took another step toward his goal.

“Donn Lawrence has returned,” he said with a sigh, a nostalgic expression showing on his face as his eyes twinkled.

It had been a while since he felt this light.

Still, he had used two-thirds of the Hale Marrow, and his body was getting immune to medicine. Even if he ate the rest of the Hale Marrow, nothing much would happen.

Instead, he split up the remaining one-third. He would cook a portion with the herbs he bought from Flora Hall into longevity essence for the farm resort, and it would last up to a decade.

As for the rest, he would refine it into Ichor Pills with his essence.

With such enhancement, the Ichor Pills would not just treat injuries—they would greatly promote longevity as well, even improving a person’s physique.

It would not be a long shot to call it divine either, and Frank was ready to split the pills among Helen, Vicky, and the rest to make up for their troubles.

Without further ado, Frank took out the herbs he bought earlier, using his essence as catalyst to refine Ichor Pills.

Now that he had completed Birthright rank, pill refinement could be accomplished with just the fluids in his body. It spared the need for a cauldron and other tools while being far more efficient.

In less than half an hour, over a dozen emerald pills the size of eyeballs materialized in Frank's palm.

#### Chapter 738

He then poured the emerald longevity essence into a pot and breathed a sigh of relief when everything was done.

He looked outside to see that it was already late into the night.

His room was a mess even without that huge hole on the wall, and his furniture was all in pieces.

He stepped outside to find the mansion quiet and empty, save for note Helen left.

She and everyone else had left. They would be staying at a hotel since she was worried about bothering Frank, but Carol had already cooked something for him and left it in the fridge.

Frank chuckled after reading the note, touched by the feeling of familial warmth.

Flexing his limbs, which creaked loudly, he headed off for a bath, and then took out the food from the fridge and wolfed down everything.

While he ate, he then remembered his phone and found it from the mess of his room.

The screen was cracked, but he could see the missed calls. Getting the backup phones around the mansion, he then called Burt. “Is it done?”

“Yes, Brother Lawrence... But I couldn’t reach Ms. York.” Burt clearly sounded relieved to hear Frank, since Frank was not answering his calls, and he thought that something had happened to him.

“Wait, you couldn’t reach Ms. York?” Frank frowned.

Noel was an essential part of his plans—he would make the Soranos suffer if they messed around.

Quickly finishing his food, he changed into casualwear and picked up his jacket as he left, his Maybach soon bounding down the hilltop to Noel’s mansion.

—

Meanwhile, a gray-haired man wearing a white bathrobe was sitting cross-legged on a glass table at Noel’s mansion.

He was watching a movie Noel starred in, twirling his glass filled with red wine smugly.

Unlike Hubert Sorano, an illegitimate son, Willy Sorano was a legitimate heir to Emilio Sorano, the head of Sorano Media, the leading company in Draconia showbiz.

And Willy was here to investigate Hubert’s death—even if Hubert was an illegitimate son of the family, his unusual death must be investigated.

Naturally, Titus Lionheart and the Graves family of Southstream knew about Hubert’s death.

However, the Graves family was thoroughly massacred.

As for Titus, he was the only one in his family who knew, and he was too preoccupied with his engagement to Vicky Tunbull, meaning Hubert's death remained an enigma.

"Heh..."

Willy clicked his tongue as he kept watching Noel's movie and sighed. "What a shame, Ms. York... Your refusal to do sex scenes has really kept your popularity lukewarm over the years."

Noel was herself curled up as she sat on the edge of the couch, wearing a bathrobe but doing her best not to expose herself.

Her hair dripping wet, her face was pale as she asked with a quivering voice, "W-What do you want?"

"What do I want?" Willy laughed. "Oh, don't worry—once I have my way with you, I'll make you the most popular actress in Draconia... porn actress, that is."

His eyes flashing sinisterly, he licked his lips as he grinned. "Thrilling to just think about it, right?"

Chapter 739

"You're... despicable!" Noel snapped, but she was horrified.

She had protected her modesty in her years working in showbiz, and she would rather die than do porn!

"Not really. You'll understand when you've had a taste of men... Hahaha!" Willy laughed as he pulled Noel into his arms, ready for some action.

That was when the window beside him shattered as a thumb-sized cobblestone shot inside, hitting Willy's wrist with deadly precision.

"Argh!" Willy screamed like a gutted pig as his bones cracked audibly and clutched his bleeding wrist as he bellowed, "What the fuck?!"

His bodyguards stationed outside heard the breaking glass and Willy's cry, and they promptly changed inside.

All they found was Willy lying on the floor as he bled and screamed.

"There!"

One of the bodyguards traced the hole to pinpoint the location of the attacker. "Search that location! How dare they attack Mr. Sorano under our noses!"

At the same time, a man in a high collar suit strode out from another room in the mansion.

He appeared to be the leader of the bodyguards and could tell right away that the person who attacked Willy was a martial elite.

"Zam! My hand! My hand!" Willy screamed when he saw him.

Zam Sorano rebuked the bodyguards around him before striding up to hold up Willy's hand to check.

He was soon frowning—Willy's hand was basically crippled, the thumb-sized cobblestone had torn through the gap between Willy's arm bones. Even if it was a sheer coincidence, the hit was still the work of an exceptional martial artist.

With that in mind, he made a salute in Frank's direction, asking loudly but coolly, "Don't hide now! Your caliber as a martial artist is clear as day, hurting the boy in such a manner!"

Naturally, Frank had kicked that tiny cobblestone.

He was hundreds of meters away from Noel's mansion when he alighted and immediately saw the droves of bodyguards surrounding the place.

Their white uniform reminded Frank of Hubert's bodyguards back then, and it was clear that the Soranos had come.

He then extended his hearing and promptly heard Noel's helpless cries and Willy's savage laughter.

But if he charged in right then, the Sorano bodyguards would try to stop him, causing him to lose time.

As such, he aimed his eagle eyes at the window and kicked that tiny cobblestone, hitting Willy's perverted hand with perfect precision and instantly crippling it.

It was an easy job now that he was back at his peak form!

Even as Willy screamed, he charged into the mansion without delay, covering hundreds of meters in seconds.

"Who goes there?!" The bodyguards who came searching for him only found a dark shadow bounding toward them before they blacked out and lost all consciousness.

As Frank moved, he released his liquid vigor with a wave of his hand, knocking out the bodyguards with a single strike.

"Huh?"

The other bodyguards heard the commotion and hurried in their direction.

Frank in turn avoided the main entrance since there were more bodyguards there, and it would take more time dealing with them.

Chapter 740

Bang!

Frank kicked a hole into Noel's mansion for the sake of efficiency, and it was still smoking as he strode inside through the debris.

Willy and Noel were right there, and Noel screamed as she saw the golden eyes moving through the smoke.

"It's alright, Ms. York. I'm here to save you."

Noel calmed down when she heard the mild voices, her pupils dilating in disbelief when she saw the towering figure striding inside. "M-Mr. Lawrence..."

"I'm here." Frank strode to her side, shielding her while everyone was still restless to prevent her from being used as a hostage.

He studied her a little and breathed a sigh of relief—she only had a bathrobe covering her voluptuous figure, but Willy had yet to do anything to her.

He made it just in time.

Zam strode up just then, glowering at Frank as he barked, "Who are you?! You're intruding in the Soranos' turf, and you maimed the family heir!"

"The Soranos' turf?" Frank chuckled coolly as he subtly pulled Noel behind him. "All I know is that this is Noel York's mansion, and you and your dogs are the ones invading a private property. That's not all—you would allow Ms. York's modesty to be defiled?! What is this lawlessness?! Get out of here right now!"

Frank's insolence left Zam glowering. "I don't know who you are or what you're capable of, but haven't you heard of the Soranos of Morhen? Mess with us, and you'll die horribly!"

"Frank..." Noel tugged on Frank's sleeve worriedly—she was touched that Frank could save her, but she did not want him to make an enemy of the Soranos for her sake.

No matter how strong he was, could he afford such a powerful foe?!

“Don’t worry.” Frank gave her an assuring look before looking up at Zam. “And? Do you really think being a Sorano works for anyone? You have five seconds to leave, or you’ll be staying here permanently.”

Holding up his palm, Frank started to count down. “Five!”

“Brat...” Zam was incensed—who was this Frank Lawrence? How could he not give a damn about the Soranos?

Could he be a member of the Lawrence family from Morhen?!

That was impossible—they had fallen to anonymity and every last member had moved down south. They would never return to the East Coast...

So who on earth gave this brat the confidence?!

While Zam quickly eliminated various possibilities, Frank had slowly lowered his thumb.

“Four!”