

Girlboss 741

Chapter 741

“I got it, Grandpa Zam!”

That was when Willy, still grasping his bleeding wrists, snarled through the pain. “Just this morning, we were told that our acquisition of Lycoris Entertainment was invalidated after someone ratted out the falsified accounts.”

Glaring at the impassive Frank, he snapped furiously, “And the company that acquired Lycoris Entertainment soon after is a small company called Lane Holdings... and I remember a Frank Lawrence being one of the executives!”

“Hmm?” Zam frowned as he turned to Frank. “You’re the one who interfered with my grandson’s acquisition of Lycoris Entertainment?”

“Three.”

Frank did not bother wasting his breath, still impassive as he counted down.

“You bastard!” Zam snapped.

It was the first time he was being belittled—he ranked above forty in Skyrank and was a Birthright rank, which was basically a great achievement in itself... only to be belittled in some hick town?!

“Frank Lawrence, let me tell you who I am,” he bellowed furiously. “People call me Zam Sorano of the Bright Sun Fists, so get down on your knees if you know your place!”

“Zam Sorano?!” Noel gasped behind Frank, having heard the name.

Zam was infamous for massacring an upper middle-class family in Morhen for messing with the Soranos, and it had caused a stir in the city at the time. Even the Martial Alliance had to get involved, and Lady Silverbell herself had to mediate.

Zam ultimately strong-armed his way out anyway, and it just went to show how bad things could get when he was involved.

“Run, Frank! Don’t worry about me!” Noel kept pulling at Frank sleeves and tried to push him away, only to find him unbudging like a mountain no matter how she tried.

“Two!”

At the same time, Frank kept counting down.

Zam laughed despite himself—so someone in little Riverton had never heard of him and treated him as if he were some two-bit thug!

“Get your wrist checked, Willy. I’ll straighten out this blind fool,” he growled, standing with his hands clasped behind his back while his eyes flashed with rage.

“Yeah... You have to do this for me, Grandpa Zam!” Willy cried, glaring venomously at Frank as the bodyguards escorted him away.

“Don’t worry. I’ll just break his legs.” Zam smiled savagely. “He likes to be a tough guy, so I’ll let him!”

Once the bodyguards escorted Willy away and only Frank, Noel, and Zam were left. Frank counted, “One.”

His fingers closing, he glared at Zam and chuckled. “I guess Willy Sorano knows enough to bail, so what are you doing here? Trying to dig a grave for yourself?”

Zam laughed again—how full of himself was this kid?! Did he not hear a word of what everyone said?!

“I’ll break every bone in your body, you little shit! You’ll regret messing with the Soranos!” he bellowed and leapt without hesitation toward Frank.

His pure vigor enveloping his fist with a golden glint, he aimed his punch squarely at Frank's face in an instant!

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"And who's going to do that? You?"

Frank simply walked slowly, unflinching even as Zam rushed toward him.

"Your vigor erupts with a burst as it leaves your acupoints as pure vigor, buffing the weight of your punch... You have skill, but you're too weak."

Frank shook his head in disappointment, having seen through the crux of Zam's technique in an instant.

"Die, brat!"

It left Zam further enraged, and his bellow could collapse the mansion!

Even as his golden shockwave shot toward Frank, the air popped with a loud sonicboom!

"And you're above forty in Skyrank... They really let anyone in these days," Frank continued to muse to himself while mocking Zam and suddenly snapped, "This is how the Bright Sun Fist works!"

Watching as the golden fist was about to reach him, Frank stopped his nonchalant comment and slowly raised his hand.

He clenched his fist, and a golden liquid flowed out and soon projected a golden tiger head around it.

Roar!

It almost appeared alive and bellowed deafeningly at Zam!

“What?! A-Ascen—” Zam was dumbstruck and unable to finish his sentence, stunned that the unassuming youth before him was Ascendant rank!

“Wrong. I just completed Birthright rank.” Frank grinned, baring his stark white teeth as his Bright Sun Fist met Zam’s.

Pure vigor collided, but Zam could instantly hear every bone in his arm shattering, starting from his fingers!

“Argh!!!” he screamed even as he crashed through the wall, his blood splattering as he flew and landed outside Noel’s mansion.

Bang!

The bodyguards who were rushing to get Willy’s hand treated only got into their cars when they heard something slamming heavily on their car.

“What the fuck?!” Willy cursed as he got out, his pupils dilating when he saw Zam laying on the car roof in a bloody mess.

“What...” The bodyguards all froze in place—Zam was beaten in the time they reached their cars?! The same Zam whose name was known even outside Morhen?!

No, forget being beaten—he was sent crashing into the room, and the message to them was clear: they were to take Zam as they fled!

“Mr. Sorano..” One of the bodyguards approached Willy, but he averted his eyes even as he stammered, clearly intending to pressure Willy to leave.

With the way Zam lay limply and bled, he clearly was dying soon.

If Willy saw red and sent them back into the mansion... They would all be dead!

“A-Ascendant...”

That was when Willy heard Zam’s groan, and turned toward Noel’s mansion, stunned.

That young man was Ascendant rank?! That’s why he was so confident... and conceited!

Willy scrambled into the car as his heart pounded in fear, not caring about the pain in his hand as he bellowed at his bodyguards to drive away!

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The Sorano family bodyguards promptly started the car, profoundly afraid of the Ascendant rank individual chasing after them and wiping them all out.

“Ascendant rank... He’s actually Ascendant rank?!” Willy was traumatized, but soon, a profound pang of frustration struck him too.

His family had Ascendant rank individuals under their command too. However, individuals of that caliber were one in a billion.

Even as the third in line in the family, Willy would not get to order them around, and they would not do anything on a whim... not unless the head of the family gave the order.

“Ugh...”

Willy could hear the groans coming from the car roof just then.

Once they were far enough from Noel’s mansion, Willy promptly barked at the chauffeur to stop the car and alighted.

He realized in shock that despite having all his bones broken and his meridians snapped, Zam was still—miraculously—alive. With help, he would definitely live!

Willy was joyful for a moment, but his frustration soon overcame him again.

This was the first time ever in his life that someone did not cry begging for mercy after finding out that he was Willy.

And now that he was not in danger of dying, his frustration grew further, clouding his thoughts.

He had to flee between his legs, losing his bed companion for the night and his dignity.

He would not take this lying down, and his thoughts soon turn to revenge.

But was there any way to have his family's Ascendant rank individuals mobilize?

He wanted Frank to understand his family's true power.

He wanted Frank to kneel and beg.

Eventually, he turned toward the half-dead Zam, and a frightening idea sparked in his head.

"Mr. Sorano? We have to go! The warden can still be saved!" A bodyguard turned toward Willy anxiously after finding that Zam was still breathing.

However, Willy stayed silent.

Then, he strode forward, taking a dagger from a bodyguard just then.

"Mr. Sorano?!" The bodyguard turned pale, watching as Willy carried the dagger toward Zam.

Still, Willy hid his dagger behind himself as he leveled a worried look at Zam. “Can you hear me, Grandpa Zam?”

“Guh... Guh...” Zam tried to nod but could not, even as he leveled a look at Willy, urging him to take him to a doctor.

Willy, however, shook his head in disappointment. “Grandpa Zam... Do you think the family would send our Ascendant rank individual after Frank Lawrence?”

While Zam was left staring at him in confusion, Willy sighed.

“Probably no, huh? I know—messing with anyone of Ascendant rank is costly...” he murmured, his tone soon changing sharply as he chuckled. “But that’s not the same for you. If a famous man like you died to some anonymous kid, it would leave all of Morhen in shock, right?!”

Zam’s eyes widened in rage and disbelief as if he had already anticipated Willy’s next move, but he could not speak even as his lips trembled.

“Look, Grandpa Zam... I just can’t live this down. I spent so much money and effort on Noel York—I can’t fail now!”

Willy sighed as his eyes flashed venomously, and he abruptly whipped out the dagger and stabbed it into Zam’s throat. “Now die, for my sake!”

Chapter 744

Willy screamed, “I will avenge you and make Frank Lawrence suffer!”

Zam was staring fixedly at Willy even as blood foamed from his mouth.

Never could he have imagined that the child he had been spoiling for most of his life was ready to kill him for his libido!

This was as ridiculous as it was an outrage!

But that was all he could do—think. He could not fight back at all!

On the other hand, Willy saw that Zam was not dying right away even after he stabbed Zam so lethally in the throat.

His eyes flashing viciously, he pulled out the dagger and stabbed Zam in the chest.

Shunk! Shunk! Shunk!

Zam bled like a stuck pig as Willy kept stabbing him repeatedly, as if to vent all his grief while shrieking, “Useless geezer! So useless you can’t even beat some twentyish brat! You’re the reason I had to run away like a loser! Die! Die! Die!!!”

Eventually, Willy stabbed the dagger into Zam’s face and was finally done with venting his frustrations.

Naturally, Zam could not be deader at that point.

Getting to his feet, Willy took a deep breath as his expression turned to normal, even wiping the blood on his hands on the shirt of a dumbstruck bodyguard.

“You’re all under my command.” He shrugged nonchalantly. “Remember—none of you saw anything. Frank Lawrence was the one who killed Grandpa Zam brutally, even desecrating his corpse. You hear me?!”

“Yes, sir!”

All the bodyguards around him kept their heads lowered as they answered.

However, they were all only human and could not help being troubled by the ghastly sight before them.

Willy then wheeled on the mansion in the distance, his eyes flashing venomously. “Just you wait, Frank Lawrence! The Soranos will come for you, and you shall pay the price for insulting me today!”

—

On the other hand, Frank did not bother going after the Soranos.

He merely struck Zam hard enough as a display of power. If they were smart enough, they would not bother him again.

At least, that was what Frank thought as he exasperatedly watched Noel cry herself silly in his arms.

Her bathrobe was almost sliding off her shoulders and baring her fair skin without her knowing, and no man could resist such temptation.

Even as Frank quickly steadied his meridian nexus, he gently pushed Noel away. “You should get changed before you continue crying, Ms. York.”

Noel came to her senses and his words, and she looked down to see herself almost naked.

Her cheeks flushing beet red, she fled to her room without looking back.

Even Frank had to admit that she had what it took to be Draconia’s top star.

With her slender waist, snowy skin, and outrageous cleavage, she could give Vicky and Helen more than serious competition.

It certainly took Frank considerable willpower to repress the sparks flaring inside him.

Even as Noel emerged from her wardrobe with a modest gray dress, Frank could not help feeling disappointed.

Chapter 745

Noel did not remain in her mansion, since she was afraid that the Soranos would turn back.

While she intended to stay at a hotel, Frank was worried about her safety. After some thought, he invited her to stay at his hilltop mansion in Skywater Bay until things blew over.

He certainly did not want anything like today happening to Noel again, since she was a partner for his farm resort project, which was close to opening.

And it had certainly been a close call—if Frank did not make it in time, Willy would have had his way with Noel.

“Thank you, Mr. Lawrence,” Noel said, not hesitating to accept his offer despite feeling a little awkward about bawling earlier.

She could even say that she was looking forward to it, since Frank was now the image of a perfect boyfriend.

She would have no qualms about leaving herself in his care...

It was very late by the time they reached Skywater Bay, and Frank gave a few instructions before assigning Noel to a room.

She was visibly disappointed as Frank headed to another room, though his gentlemanly attitude improved her impression of him further.

—

While Frank woke up feeling refreshed the next morning, he quickly heard Noel gasping in pain repeatedly in her room.

“What?!” Frank was puzzled—he had been spending last night training, but he was also wary of the mansion’s surroundings.

No one could have sneaked into Noel’s room past his watchful eyes...

“Maybe she was hurt last night?” he mused to himself, frowning as he headed to Noel’s room and knocked on the door. “Ms. York? Are you alright? I can hear you from outside...”

“I-I’m fine!” she cried, but soon sighed. “I don’t think I can shoot your promotional video now, Mr. Lawrence.”

“What? Why?” Frank did a double take.

He went through all that effort so that Noel could stay and promote his farm resort... was that not all for nothing if she refused now?

Seemingly sensing Frank’s disappointment, Noel hesitated for a moment and sighed. “Mr. Lawrence, it’s just... Willy Sorano’s men forced me to take a bath last night. I struggled, so they gave me a bruising. I don’t think I look good in front of the cameras now.”

So that was all?

Frank breathed a sigh of relief, thinking Noel was in a bad mood—he could not force her against her will if she did not want to work.

Knocking on her door again, he chuckled. “Just leave it to me, Ms. York. Have you forgotten what my main profession is?”

“Main profession... Oh!”

Noel realized with a start and leapt off the bed as she opened the door.

She was wearing a white shirt she got from somewhere, and her hair was wet, clearly having just taken a bath.

Lifting her fair long legs beneath the shirt, she asked, “Mr. Lawrence, can you help me with the bruising?”

“Ahem...” Frank almost choked on his own spit—Noel was in such a hurry she bared her feet directly in front of him so vulnerably.

Coughing as he caught his breath, he was also in awe of the star actress’ extreme standard for appearances. The bruises were just thumb-sized, but she was already reluctant to appear before a camera.

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In other words, Noel was a perfectionist—it was not surprising that she had what it took to become a top star in Draconia.

After looking through the bruises, Frank smiled and nodded. “Don’t worry—it’s no big deal. I can remove them soon enough.”

“Great!” Noel exclaimed in joy, almost hugging Frank and kissing him.

Frank rubbed his nose awkwardly—Noel only had a white shirt on, and her excitable bouncing almost exposed her.

Repressing his impulses again, he felt weary—if he and Noel continued like this, his restraint would eventually get him sick.

—

Soon, Noel was lying on the drawing room couch while Frank brought a drop of longevity essence that he would use at the farm resort’s hot springs.

It went without saying how effective it was—treating a bruise with it was actually an overkill.

However, Frank would use it on Noel anyway so that she had firsthand experience of the essence and showed more confidence in her endorsement.

Dropping the essence into a bucket of water, he rubbed his hands with it, heating it with pure vigor before applying it on Noel's legs.

He could feel the silky texture of her skin, though Noel soon gasped and frowned.

"What? Does it hurt?" Frank was perplexed—he might have read about this recipe from a book, but it should not lead to discomfort.

"N-No..." Noel hid her face in the couch. "It feels... so good."

"Oh..." Frank felt a little embarrassed as Noel's words can be interpreted either way.

Noel soon looked up. "By the way... you're amazing in a fight, Mr. Lawrence, beating even Zam Sorano. Could you be a member of the Lawrence family from Morhen?"

"No." Frank shook his head, scorn flaring inside him. "I cut ties with them long ago."

"I see..." Noel nodded in understanding. "Thank you so much. I would be dead if not for you."

"It's nothing." Frank shook his head again. "Burt's done on his end, so you're now the new manager of the entertainment division of Lane Holdings. How could I let someone assault someone from my own company without qualms?"

"Hehe..." Noel giggled, shaking her head.

While she understood that Frank was after her fame. She could not help feeling touched.

“My back too, Mr. Lawrence.” Noel did not shy from asking just then, lifting her shirt and baring her elegant median furrow.

The fair, white skin left Frank flinching—that was a star actress for you!

He had been telling himself that countless times, but he still could not help being impressed whenever he got a good look at Noel’s body.

It was not surprising why she was so worried about a little bruising—Noel’s skin was otherwise flawlessly fair!

Chapter 747

Frank composed himself and applied more essence on his palm as he slowly and gently massaged it over Noel’s back.

“Ah...” She frowned and gasped—the bruise on her back was larger than the rest, and Frank had accidentally touched a part that hurt.

“Bear with it. It’ll be over soon,” Frank said, directing liquid vigor to his fingers to clear the bruises.

In seconds, Noel gave in and moaned in a way that would lead thoughts astray.

All her pain was gone, replaced by a gentle warmth that comforted her exceedingly.

“Darling, I have a favor to ask...”

A familiar voice could suddenly be heard from the door, and none other than Vicky Turnbull herself strode in.

Frank and Noel both looked up at the same time, while Vicky trailed off.

The staring lasted for a moment between the trio, before the air around Vicky seemed to flare. She glared at Frank and Noel hostilely as she snapped, “What are you doing?!”

Forget a man and a woman being alone in a room—the woman only had her underwear on as she lifted her shirt, while the man was rubbing all over her back.

What else could it be about?!

“Ahem... Just, calm down, Vicky,” Frank quickly said. “Noel had some bruises over her skin, so I’m treating her.”

Even as he explained, he felt exceedingly guilty—even he would misunderstand seeing this.

“Treating her? What treatment is this?” Vicky scowled as she studied both of them head to toe, jealousy showing on her face. “A naked treatment up close and personal? And look at you, not letting her go even now!”

“Oh...” Frank realized that it was certainly the case—his hands were placed squarely on Noel’s silky smooth back!

He promptly lifted his hands while he groaned under his breath. He thought he was doing something bright and honest for the sake of Noel’s endorsement and sharing the workload Vicky and Helen had, only for Vicky’s interrogation to leave him with gnawing guilt as if he had really messed up.

“Ahem, darling...” Vicky was suddenly smiling as she walked up to Frank.

“W-What?” Frank asked, not arguing about being called darling for once.

“Oh, take a look at me! I’m burning up!” Vicky moaned, clasping a hand over her forehead and looking utterly vulnerable.

“What? What’s wrong?” Frank quickly put a palm on her head.

That was when Vicky sighed. “It’s not just me... Helen’s feeling sick too.”

Unable to tell what was wrong, Frank asked blankly, “What are you talking about?”

“What am I talking about?!” Vicky stood akimbo as she snapped exasperatedly and sarcastically, “Hah! Can’t you see that we’re both suffering from an unfaithful husband? The way I see it, you should just change your name to Don Juan!”

“Don Juan?” Frank raised a brow, smiling exasperatedly.

Honestly, Vicky was unhinged as ever—what was she even talking about? He was just helping Noel, not womanizing!

“Ms. Turnbull, you’re really misunderstanding here.” Noel leapt to Frank’s defense, seeing that even Don Juan was mentioned. “He’s just testing the longevity essence that he’ll be using at the farm resort.”

Chapter 748

“Ms. Turnbull, you’re really misunderstanding here.” Noel leapt to Frank’s defense, seeing that even Don Juan was mentioned. “He’s just testing the longevity essence that he’ll be using at the farm resort.”

“Oh, a massage, was it? Oof, I’m hurting here too! Give me a rub!” Vicky snapped as she planted herself on the couch beside Frank, grabbing his hands and pressing them over her breasts.

Frank promptly withdrew his hands exasperatedly. “What are you doing, Vicky? Quit messing around.”

Vicky remained very upset. “What, you are massaging a woman you don’t know without a care, but you wouldn’t even rub me?!”

“You’re not hurt—you don’t need it. Also, I’m using this essence for the farm resort and can’t afford to waste it.” Frank sighed exasperatedly at the heiress behaving like a jealous, petulant child.

“What do you mean I’m not hurt?!” Vicky kept pointing at her chest in frustration. “Here. Internal injury—I’m riddled with holes inside, much more serious than anything she has! Touch me if you don’t believe me!”

Vicky even puffed her chest and goaded Frank to do it, which left him in pain.

“Alright, alright—it’s all my fault, Ms. Turnbull. Now stop messing around, okay? You have yet to eat since it’s early, right? I’ll feed you...”

Frank was going to get up and leave, only for Vicky to catch him by the wrist.

“For real?” The heiress was suddenly smiling goofily. “Can I really?”

“Of course, what—”

Frank noticed that something was wrong just as he was finished and promptly shook her off, then fled into the kitchen. Hiding was his only option now, and there was no doubt that Vicky had him in a bind.

Vicky was soon in her normal mood too, as she would never doubt Frank.

The whole argument was no more than flirting.

Frank soon brought the ladies each a bowl of steaming pasta. While Noel ate hers slowly and paid great attention to how she looked, Vicky did not care for manners at all and soon wolfed down everything, leaving Frank shaking his head as he watched.

“Dear Ms. Turnbull—show some manners, there’s a guest here.” Frank chuckled in pain. “Is a bowl of pasta really that much better than your usual gourmet food?”

“Of course,” Vicky giggled, putting down her fork and patting her belly in satisfaction. “Anything my darling makes is the best... Anyway, let’s step outside for a moment. We need to talk.”

Vicky's expression was serious as she led Frank outside.

Noel stayed at the dining room since she could see that it was very important, refraining from eavesdropping at all.

Still, Vicky was acting all mysterious as she had Frank get into her car, shutting the door to cut themselves off from the world outside.

"What is it?" Frank was actually curious, since Vicky was being serious and even going the extra mile to prevent being eavesdropped on.

"I'll be leaving Riverton for a while, Frank. Helen will have to take over my work." Vicky appeared unhappy, a stark contrast to when she teased Frank.

"Leaving Riverton? Where are you going?" Frank's heart skipped a beat.

"To Morhen." Vicky sighed softly. "There's something in the family I have to deal with, and soon. I came to say goodbye."

Chapter 749

Frank rarely saw Vicky being so solemn, and it was a big deal judging from her tone. "What is it? Do you need my help?"

"No." Vicky forced a smile. "It's a private matter, and only I can resolve it."

Even though she felt the impulse to tell Frank about the Lionhearts demanding that she stick to her engagement with Titus, she could not do it.

Vicky had her pride, and Frank was busy enough—she did not want to burden him further.

And though Frank was a great fighter, he was far from enough to stand against the Lionhearts, who were one of the Four Families of Morhen.

They were no pushovers, as their influence extended into politics, business, and even the military.

The Turnbulls were just business folks, while the Lionhearts' authority was horrific in contrast, and they basically owned the East Coast.

Vicky certainly did not want Frank to catch this heat for her sake.

"You have to tell me if you're in trouble. Don't push yourself," Frank said in concern instead of pressing the issue.

"Don't worry. I know what I'm doing." Vicky smiled—Frank's reaction only further convinced her she was right, and that he was worth the risk.

"So? How long are you staying in Morhen?" Frank asked, frowning.

"Can't say. Probably a month, at least."

"A month?" Frank appeared reluctant to see her go but sighed. "Alright, then that's agreed. I'll call you from time to time, and I'm getting involved if you can't resolve it."

Vicky shook her head. "That's unnecessary—"

Frank cut her short right then. "Listen to me this one time. Don't mess around!"

"Fine." Vicky appeared exasperated, but her heart was filled with bliss.

Thud!

That was when someone knocked on the car window, and they both turned to find Helen had returned too.

“That’s decided. Talk to me if you’re in trouble, you hear?” Frank said.

He opened the door, ready to get out.

“Wait.”

Suddenly, Vicky threw her arms around Frank, catching him off guard as she pressed her bright red lips on his.

“Mmmph?!”

Frank could feel the sweetness on his lips as he stiffened, his head going blank as Vicky caught him defenseless.

“Hey!”

Helen had opened the door, ready to interrogate them, when she saw what Vicky did.

“What the hell is this, Vicky Turnbull?!” she snapped furiously.

Vicky licked her lips with a relishing look as she pulled away and smiled. “That was good, darling. Now stay at home and remember how I taste—I’ll spoil you to bits when I’m back.”

She then winked at Helen as if to assert dominance, not arguing as Helen dragged Frank out of her car.

With that, she jammed her foot on the gas pedal.

“You’re so... despicable!” Helen snapped, chasing after Vicky’s car a little before stopping and stamping her feet angrily.

Regrettably, she was just incapable of being as smooth as Vicky!

Chapter 750

Three days soon passed after Vicky left.

In the evening, Frank, Helen, and everyone else were eating together at the dining table when the front door was kicked open.

“Where are you, Helen Lane?!” Fleur Lang stormed inside menacingly, with two noticeably burly bodyguards flanking her.

They were both over two meters tall and their faces showed some resemblance, while their muscles appeared rigid and chiseled.

They looked like two mountains just standing there, inspiring fear from their appearance alone.

“Get over here, Helen!” Fleur shouted again since no one responded.

“Madam Lang?” Helen appeared puzzled as she saw Fleur’s fierce look and put down her fork and knife.

Carol Zims stepped out just then and was startled by the intimidating scene.

“Where’s Frank Lawrence?! Bring him here!” Fleur shouted again, turning her sights on Frank, who had remained at the table.

Frank noticed Fleur’s arrival over a hundred meters away but took no notice.

He finished his food and took his time heading to the drawing room, stretching his back as he asked, “You asked for me?”

“Frank Lawrence, you bastard!”

Another woman strode out from behind the burly guards and started snapping at Frank immediately—and who could it be other than Gina Zonda?

Grabbing Helen by the wrist and pulling her behind herself, she pointed at Frank and snapped, “You’ve really done it now, you jinx! Did you kill Hubert Sorano and Zam Sorano?! Speak up right now!”

“The Soranos sent their men straight from the capital to our doorstep!” Fleur snapped furiously too. “If you have a death wish, don’t drag us with you!”

“Madam Lang, Mom—there must be a misunderstanding. Frank isn’t a murderer.” Helen leapt to Frank’s defense right then.

Seeing that Helen was still being stubborn, Gina could choke, and she gritted her teeth as her face contorted in rage.

Her face darkening, she bellowed at her own daughter, “What the hell has he been feeding you?! He killed two men! If you keep protecting him like this, he’ll eventually lead us to our deaths!”

The Soranos had suddenly come under pressure, and blame was certainly a disaster none of them expected. The problems Frank brought on their heads would never stop, and someday, it would end with their collective doom.

“You’d better come quietly, Frank Lawrence!” A young woman showed up just then as well, but her face was bandaged so heavily that no one present recognized her.

“Who are you?” Helen asked hesitantly.

“I’m Luna, damn it!” the bandaged woman snapped right then.