

## **Girlboss 761**

### Chapter 761

Mark finished, "Helen may have brought this upon us, but she's the one who did not cow to the Soranos and fought back. She's a testament to our family's dignity, and we need a leader like her."

Fleur was immediately flustered at Mark's words—she would have no place if Helen was really chosen to be the next head of the Lane family!

"You're being senile, old man!" she interrupted right then. "If you know she caused this, then you'd understand that you, Mark, or Luna wouldn't have been beaten up. It's all her fault!"

"That's right!" Luna was flustered too. "You have to think carefully about this, Grandpa!"

"Silence!" Mark bellowed and waited until everyone turned silent.

"I understand you're dissatisfied, and I have no intention to break the old rules," he said, looking around at everyone as he decided to compromise. "But I still prefer Helen's attitude, so how about this? The wager with Helen before still stands, and she must make a profit from the farm in the remaining half month. If she succeeds, you'd have to believe in her ability, don't you think?"

"And what if she fails?" Luna snorted in dissatisfaction.

"If she fails?" Mark was left musing to himself obviously.

He had been managing the farm long enough to know how difficult it was to turn a profit for it. And since he was the one who suggested the wager, he needed Helen to take some sort of risk to persuade everyone that it was a fair wager.

While he was left uncertain, Frank came forward and said, "If there's no profit from the farm in half a month, Helen's candidacy as the next head of the Lane family will be revoked forever."

The Lanes did a double take at his words, but they were soon smiling.

Fleur gave up on all pretenses right then and sneered. “Good. You seem confident, so I shall wait and see if you can do it!”

Luna was sneering too. “Nothing good comes out of being overconfident.”

On the other hand, Mark was frowning—he would ask Helen if she was confident, but Frank had spoken, so he should not defend her at this point.

As such, he sighed and announced, “If Helen proves that she can produce a profit with a certified ledger, she will be the next head of the family!”

—

Soon after, Frank took Helen home to Skywater Bay, while Gina returned to Lane Manor, cursing Fleur along the way home.

She now carried a grudge against Fleur and Jade, since both women were ready to have them killed.

For once, Gina was urging Frank and Helen to get things moving with the farm or fake a ledger if push came to shove—as long as Helen became the next head of the family.

When that happens, she would get to pay them back for their grievance!

—

Days later, Frank received unexpected news: the 90-year-old Hyperion Root bought by Sif Lionheart had been purchased by Hundred Bane Sect at a high price.

According to Trevor Zurich, Hundred Bane Sect claimed that they had a secret technique that would incubate the Hyperion Root, although there was no proof just yet.

## Chapter 762

After hearing about Hundred Bane Sect's incubation technique, Frank had the bold idea of visiting the sect. With that technique, he would not have to spend a copious amount of money and other resources into finding other natural wonders.

However, he also had other concerns, mainly Vicky.

As a week passed and the farm resort was getting ready for business, Frank felt a gnawing sense of foreboding.

Vicky had since cut off all contact, ignoring all his calls and messages.

While he wondered if he should make a trip to Morhen, a black sedan stopped outside his mansion.

Frida Blue, whom Frank had not seen for a while, alighted.

She was now Vicky's personal bodyguard after Vicky saved her before, while Yara Quill stayed in Riverton since she could not travel to Morhen with Vicky.

Naturally, Frank was a little disappointed since he was expecting Vicky, and he quickly asked, "Where's she? Why hasn't she returned?"

"Ms. Turnbull won't be coming back for a while," Frida replied.

Frank frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"There's been a situation at the main household in Morhen, and Ms. Turnbull needs to resolve the situation personally," Frida said with a shrug. "She expected that you'd lose patience by now, so she sent me back to give you a head's up."

"Really...?" Frank was as exasperated as he was anxious.

Vicky expected him to lose patience? She really never lost her sense of humor even now.

“So what’s this situation with the main household?” Frank pressed nonetheless.

He knew Vicky enough to tell that she would not do this if it was no issue—her personal freedom had most definitely been compromised.

“Don’t worry about the details. Just wait, and everything will be fine if Ms. Turnbull returns in a few days... though you should forget about her if she does.”

Having said all that in a single breath, Frida started to return to her car.

“Hold it!” Frank grabbed the car door—he was not about to let Frida leave after what she said!

His eyes flashing, he demanded, “Did Vicky say that herself?”

Frida appeared hesitant, but soon nodded. “Yes.”

“Is she in danger? Why wouldn’t she tell me if she is?!” Frank pressed, his tone stern.

“She’s safe—no one’s safer than she is right now, and she’s not hurt.” Frida sighed.

“Then what was that supposed to mean?!” Frank snapped. “Forget about her just because she said so?! Are you kidding me?!”

Seeing that Frank was about to lose it, Frida said quietly, “Forget it, Mr. Lawrence. You can’t handle this—you’d just be burdening yourself. You still have Helen Lane, don’t you? Just stay here and keep her company. Neither myself nor Ms. Turnbull are eager for you to get involved.”

“Shut the fuck up!” Frank bellowed, his expression icy as Frida refused to talk. “What is there that I can’t solve?! What’s the point of acting tough?! And don’t you forget that I healed your arm and meridian nexus—I saved your life, and you still won’t trust me?!”

#### Chapter 763

Frank chuckled coolly. “Well, Vicky is right—my patience is at its limit. But she got something wrong too! I won’t let this rest just because you refused to tell me what’s going on, so don’t go telling me to forget about her. I’ll be visiting the Morhen Turnbulls personally and demand answers, and don’t blame me for leaving a mess when that happens!”

Frida felt a migraine from Frank’s unreasonable demands. “Look... You can’t coerce me with my debt to you. Ms. Turnbull is keeping you in the dark for your own good, or you’d get yourself killed! Why can’t you just listen?!”

“Hah!” Frank snorted. “Have I not been through enough? So what if I have to make enemies against the Turnbulls? I couldn’t care less even if it’s the Lionhearts or the Soranos!”

Though his words were strong and determined, Frida only took it for an outburst in the heat of the moment.

She was fuming, as she had no idea what to say as she shook her head in exasperation. “Ms. Turnbull knew you wouldn’t let it go... Well, I don’t know what good it does, but I can take you to her, on condition that you listen to orders, or it’s you, me, and Ms. Turnbull who get it. Understood?”

“Fine.” Frank agreed to it right away.

“Good. Go pack your things.”

Frank actually had nothing to pack. He called Winter and Helen to tell them that he would be away for a few days, and then arranged for Burt Yorkman to keep watch over Skywater Bay in case anyone tried anything funny.

“No problem, brother. I’ll move in right away.” Burt agreed to it right away.

“Call me anytime if something happens,” Frank told him.

“Sure.”

Frank nodded as he settled everything in Riverton.

With Mona Fairfax and Burt, both of whom were Birthright rank, they would have no trouble short of Gus Zeller.

And since Frank did not need a change of clothes, he got into Frida’s car right away.

—

The journey to Morhen took a day, and it was night when the black sedan finally stopped in the outskirts of Morhen.

As Frida and Frank alighted at a cottage with a courtyard, a kindly middle-aged man stepped out, bowing when he saw Frida. “Welcome, Ms. Blue.”

“Nash Yego, this is Frank Lawrence,” Frida introduced quietly. “You’ll be looking after him for the next few days.”

“Not a problem. Hello, Mr. Lawrence.” Nash nodded respectfully.

Frank was puzzled in turn. “Why did you bring me here, Frida? Aren’t we going to visit Vicky at the Turnbulls’ residence?”

“No, I arranged this—you’ll be lodging here.” Frida sighed. “He used to work for the Turnbulls and he’s close with Ms. Turnbull. You can ask if you need anything.”

“Oh.” Frank nodded and turned toward Nash. “In that case, I’d like to see Vicky right now.”

## Chapter 764

Frank's bluntness left Frida rolling her eyes, speechless. "Could you be more patient? Ms. Turnbull can't see you for now, so stay here for a few days. Once the time is right, I'll take you to her."

"Then tell me what the deal is with the Turnbolls." Frank snorted in dissatisfaction. "Or am I supposed to just wait here forever?"

"Being impatient doesn't help, and things are still opaque right now." Frida shrugged. "Knowing too much doesn't do you any favors, so I'm begging you now to just trust Ms. Turnbull and be patient, please?"

Frank nodded begrudgingly since Frida was going that far.

And since he was already in Morhen anyway, he would just have to visit the Turnbolls directly if there really was trouble.

"Urgh..." Frida sighed as Frank finally played along and said quietly. "Now that we have an agreement, you should do as I say—wait here, and I'll contact you if anything comes up."

With that, she leapt into her car and left—she had sneaked out in the first place and needed a proper excuse for being gone for two days, and she could not afford to drag her feet either.

"Come on in, Mr. Lawrence. It must've been a long journey—would you like some tea?" Nash asked, pushing a cup toward Frank.

"Thank you." Frank took the cup, nodding. "I'd have to impose for a few days, Nash."

"Oh, it's nothing." Nash smiled. "Ms. Turnbull saved my life and has been endlessly gracious to me. It's always an honor to repay that favor." [finovels.com](http://finovels.com)

"Really? Vicky saved your life?" Frank was actually curious.

“Oh, it’s no big deal...” Nash shook his head and smiled. “There was this landslide, but Ms. Turnbull had gone the extra mile even for a retainer like me. I’ll never forget that.”

“I’m surprised Vicky is that affable.” Frank smiled in turn.

“It’s only natural.” Nash nodded proudly. “I basically raised that girl. She’s perfect in every way—personality, virtue, and appearance. There’s only a handful of people who would compare across all of Draconia, though I must say that she gets a little headstrong at times.”

“Headstrong...?” Frank could not help chuckling as he remembered Vicky’s sly grin. “You mean sinister.”

“Haha! I guess she’s teased you plenty too, huh?” Nash laughed heartily and soon smacked his thigh. “Oh, apologies, Mr. Lawrence... Silly me, you must’ve been traveling for a day, so you wouldn’t have had a proper meal, yes? Just wait a moment—I’ll start cooking right away.”

With that, Nash tied an apron around himself and strode into the kitchen, going to work right then like a proper househusband.

Frank looked outside to see a bright moon overhead—it was already very late, and the moon was already overhead.

He then looked around the three-floored cottage.

Though the furnishing was not particularly grand, there was everything one would need in here, and it carried the warmth of a humble home.

“Hey, who are you? Who let you in here?” a voice asked behind Frank just then.

Frank turned to see a girl standing there, staring at him disinterestedly.

She wore a denim miniskirt and appeared a few years short of twenty. And though she had a pretty face, her makeup was especially thick.



## Chapter 765

The girl was chewing gum, her white hair suggesting she was a delinquent.

“Hey, I’m talking to you,” she told Frank. “Are you mute?”

“Watch your manners, Kat!” Nash strode out of the kitchen just then, frowning at her.

“It’s fine—it’s only natural that she asks questions since a stranger has just showed up in her house.” Frank smiled faintly. “Hello. I’m Frank Lawrence.”

“Right...”

Kat Yego yawned, shooting Nash an uninterested look and saying coolly, “Honestly, I don’t care where you find all these idiots...”

“Watch your mouth, brat!” Nash snapped, glaring at her. “This is Mr. Lawrence. He’s an important guest of the Turnbells!”

“If he is, what is he doing here instead of staying with the Turnbells?” Kat simply snorted in disdain. “Alright, just leave me out of your mess. I need money now—I’m going out with my friends soon.”

“This late at night?” Nash frowned. “Your entrance examinations are coming up, and you’re a girl. What do you think you’d look like, staying out for so many nights?”

Kat appeared really annoyed. “Cut the crap—it’s just annoying. Are you giving me money or not?”

“That’s not the point.” Nash appeared utterly disappointed. “What do you think you look like, going out every night dressed like that? Don’t you know that our neighbors talk?”

“Oh, you’re so annoying, giving me crap whenever I ask for money... just shut it if you don’t want to give me any! And I’m an adult, so you don’t have to worry about me!” Kat snapped furiously, slamming the door behind her as she strode out.

“That brat...” Nash was shaking his head and sighing, but he could not do anything about his daughter.

Turning to Frank, he sighed. “I’m sorry about that mess, Mr. Lawrence.”

“It’s alright. The young ones can get rebellious.” Frank smiled and shook his head.

—

Nash was done cooking after ten minutes.

As Frank ate, he found the food delicious—it was not as good as Carol Zims’ cooking, but he could not find any flaws.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Lawrence, but I’ll be packing up some of it if you don’t mind.” Nash smiled apologetically. “Kat hasn’t eaten for a day, and I suspect she’d be hungry when she gets back tonight.”

“It’s alright.” Frank chuckled. “And you don’t have to restrain yourself around me, Nash. You’re the host here—do whatever you want, and don’t worry about me.”

“Thank you, Mr. Lawrence.” Nash kept nodding as he thanked Frank and packed up a small portion of every dish gingerly and meticulously.

Frank looked on, suddenly reminded of his father.

The man never cared about anything in the house, always staying cold no matter what Frank’s mother did. He never even shed a tear when she died, leaving Frank to wonder if his heart was made of stone—all he had from the man were cold lectures and scoldings with no familial warmth at all.

That was when someone knocked repeatedly on the front door. “Hey, Nash! Your daughter’s in trouble!”

“Kat’s in trouble? What happened?”

Nash did a double take and put down fork and knife as he asked blankly.

Chapter 766

The neighbor urged, “My daughter works at a karaoke bar, y’know? She just called, saying Kat was in a fight with someone there! You should hurry over!”

Nash flinched—there’s never a dull moment with his daughter.

As he started running outside, he turned back halfway and apologized to Frank. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Lawrence! Take your time—I need to check on my daughter right away.”

Frank, however, had put down his fork and knife and wiped his mouth. “I’m coming with you.”

He did not want to freeload off Nash especially when he was living in Nash’s house, and he would definitely help in any way he could.

“But...” Nash appeared embarrassed since it did not make sense to have the Turnbills’ guest assist him.

“Don’t worry—I won’t cause further trouble.” Frank chuckled, seeing his misgivings. “Two heads are better than one.”

“Quit dawdling, Nash! Hurry up!” the neighbor urged just then.

“Alright.” Nash nodded and quickly hurried outside to his white car.

Nothing mattered more than his daughter’s safety now.

Ten minutes later, they arrived outside a karaoke bar, and they entered it to find several drunk burly men standing outside a private room.

Their leader was a young man in a plaid suit, his cheeks red like the drunk men around him.

He stank of alcohol like the rest, cursing as he kept kicking on the door violently, where Kat and her classmates were hiding and refused to open the door.

“Bitch!” the man screamed. “I’m playing nice, touching your butt, but you hit me! I’ll have my way with you!”

Then, taking a few steps back, he jumped at the door with a leaping kick, and the door opened with a crash.

The girls inside were screaming, but Kat showed spine as she stood staunchly in front of the man. “Hold it! I’m warning you, stay right there—my friends will soon be here, and you’ll regret it!”

“Your friends? Really?” Cid, the man in the plaid suit, chuckling coolly and poised to strike. “I own this place! Not even the Four Families can save you now! I’ll have my way with you tonight!”

“Stop!” Nash and Frank hurried to the scene just then, and Nash stood between Kat and Cid. “Please, we can talk about this! Let’s not resort to violence.”

“What are you doing here?” Kat actually appeared more embarrassed than pleased to see her father, clearly not eager for him to interfere.

“Mind your own business, old man!” Cid snapped, a look of disdain showing on his face after studying Nash and seeing that he wore nothing but cheap brands.

Nash smiled apologetically, even bowing slightly as he said, “Please, sir. My daughter is young and reckless. I’ll apologize in her stead if she somehow offended him.”

“Hah! Are you hearing this?!” Cid snorted, shrugging as he turned and glanced at his men before snapping, “That bitch slapped me and broke my watch! You think an apology would work here?!”

“Y-You’re lying!” A short-haired girl mustered her courage to speak up just then. “You molested Kat! That’s why she hit you!”

Chapter 767

“Y-You’re lying!” Mandy, a short-haired girl mustered her courage to speak up just then. “You molested Kat! That’s why she hit you!”

Cid glared at the girl right then, leaving her too scared to speak again. “I only touched her face. Is it my fault she refused to respect me?!”

Nash forced a smile as he said, “Look, this is all just a misunderstanding, and there’s no need to make things worse. Why don’t we all just take a step back?”

“Take a step back?” Cid laughed in utter scorn and leapt forward to slap Nash across the face. “Who do you think you are, telling me what to do?! Take a step back?! What gives you the right to tell me what to do?!”

Nash stumbled and almost fell from the slap.

“How dare you!” Kat flew into a rage, picking up a beer bottle and was ready to hit Cid.

Nash stopped her, however. “You’re a girl, Kat! Don’t do it!”

“What, you want a fight?! Come on, hit me!” Cid sneered. “None of you will leave this place alive if you even laid a finger on me!”

“Please calm down, sir. It’s really all just a misunderstanding.” Nash kept trying to make peace and kept smiling apologetically. “We can talk about this.”

“Talk about this?!” Cid held up his wrist to flash his broken watch. “This is a Vacheron! It’s three hundred grand a piece, and your daughter had to break it! So tell me, what are you going to do about it?!”

“What?! Three hundred grand?!” Nash flinched from Cid’s outburst—he only made around a few grand per month. When would he ever pull together three hundred grand?

“What? You wanted to talk about this, didn’t you?” Cid snorted haughtily. “Then pay up—give me three hundred grand right now, and I’ll consider sparing your daughter. If you don’t... Hah!”

With that, Cid stopped talking, having made his threat.

While Nash stood, fidgeting helplessly, Cid eventually sighed. “Forget it—I could tell that you beggars could never afford it, but I won’t push you either.”

He pointed at Kat then. “Have your daughter spend the night with me, and I can forget about the three hundred grand. How about that?”

“Dream on!” Kat spat.

Nash mused to himself for a while and eventually looked up, speaking sincerely. “S-Sir, don’t worry—just give me a few days, and I’ll get you the money.”

“I want it right now! Fuck off if you don’t have it—don’t be an eyesore!” Cid grabbed him by the collar and shoved him aside, snapping, “Count your lucky stars, geezer. Three hundred grand! Not even B-list celebs get paid that well!”

“I’ve had enough!” Kat flipped out as Cid continued to abuse her father.

Picking up a beer bottle, she smashed it on Cid’s head!

Clang!

It shattered over his head, splashing beer everywhere.

“What...?” Cid was actually stunned by the blow and reached up to touch his head.

When he saw that he was bleeding all over, he came to his senses. “Y-You bitch! You hit me!”

Chapter 768

Coming to his senses, Cid’s eyes widened as he bellowed, “I’ll kill you!”

“Stop!”

Just before Cid could fly into a rage, a group of male students carrying metal baseball bats.

The leader stood inches over six feet, and he had a muscular frame.

With a dozen of his friends charging into the room, he was certainly menacing.

“Oh, we’re saved! Soren is here!”

The girls including Kat all appeared delighted to see the leader, their eyes worshipful as if looking at a savior.

After all, Soren was quite the character at school. His family was rich, and he was the handsome baseball team captain of the school.

His eyes were on Kat as soon as he arrived, and he appeared especially concerned for her. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine.” Kat nodded, her eyes twinkling with delight that he actually showed up.

Beside her, Mandy could cry right then. “Thank goodness you made it in time, Soren, or those bastards would’ve had their way with us!”

“Don’t worry. No one will lay a finger on you as long as I’m around.” Soren grinned, brandishing his baseball bat as he glared viciously at Cid. “You have beef with my friends, huh? Get down on your knees and apologize, and I just might consider sparing you... Or I’ll break your legs!”

Soren certainly appeared menacing with his tall frame and glare, and the girls behind Kat were all watching him with a twinkle in their eyes.

They had certainly imagined having a hero coming to save them more than once!

Still, Cid withstood the pain in his head, his eyes cool as he growled, “Do you know who I am, brat?! How dare you mess with me on my own turf?!”

“I don’t care. Get down on your knees and apologize, or I’ll break your legs!”

Soren swung his baseball bat with a vicious glare.

“Apologize!” The other boys behind him were showing as well, fearless since they were all at the peak of their youth.

“Fine... You suckling brats, messing with me?! Just you wait!” Cid snarled viciously and started to turn and leave.

“Who told you you could go?!” Soren leapt up right then and clubbed Cid in the calves, knocking him to the floor.

“Go!” The other boys all charged forward with their baseball bats as well, following suit.

“Stop! Stop!” Nash promptly strode up to calm things down. “You’re all still students! Listen to me—just calm down and don’t make a mess.”



“Who the hell are you?” Soren frowned, unhappy about being stopped.

“Kat’s father.” Mandy scoffed loudly in disdain right then.

Kat did not snap at her in turn, instead turning away—her father was such a loser that she felt thoroughly humiliated.

“Oh, you’re Mr. Yego? Fine, then I’ll let them go out of respect for you,” Soren said magnanimously, though he already felt great contempt toward Nash.

Chapter 769

Despite the contempt he felt for Nash, Soren could at least show that much respect for Kat’s old man.

“Thanks.” Nash breathed a sigh of relief and bowed to Soren.

Soren then wheeled on Cid and bellowed, “Why are you still standing around? Get out! Don’t ever let me see you again, you hear?!”

Cid gritted his teeth and snorted. “Fine, just you wait! Don’t you fucking run away now!”

As he limped off with his drunk friends, Mandy hurried to Soren’s side. “Are you really letting them go just like that? What if they bring more people?”

“Don’t worry—they’re not coming back.” Soren grinned smugly. “You probably wouldn’t know, but this place belongs to Mr. Darman. If those bastards came back to cause more trouble, it’d just end badly for them.”

“Mr. Darman? The leader of the Sunblazers?”

Everyone’s faces fell at that piece of information—except Frank.

The Sunblazers were a mob that basically ruled South Morhen, and no one would ever challenge them in their own turf. And Hux Darman, their underboss, was said to be so influential he had ties to the Four Families of Morhen.

Naturally, things would end badly for anyone who messed with him.

“Don’t worry—I’m a Lionheart after all,” Soren said confidently. “And my dad knows Hux, so no one’s going to mess with me on his turf.”

“Shit, you’re actually friends with Hux Darman?! You’re amazing, Soren!”

“For sure! Who’d ever lay a finger on us with his protection?! They’d be asking for it!”

As all the boys fawned over Soren, the girls’ eyes were glowing in admiration as they stared at him.

Soren smugly reveled in being the center of attention, until he heard a chuckle.

Soren turned to find the man standing at a corner next to Nash, impassive as if he really did not care for him, let alone praise him.

“Who are you?” Soren snapped—naturally, Frank was the one who chuckled audibly.

And yet, he could see that Frank appeared perfectly nonchalant as if he was not his fault, and Frank’s good looks especially left him upset.

Frank was laughing at him after he just saved him?!

Even as Soren grew more upset, Nash quickly explained, “Oh, this is Mr. Lawrence, a family guest. He came to help.”

“Help?” Kat sorted in disdain. “How, exactly? We haven’t heard a peep from him ever since he came, and we were being threatened!”

“Exactly. He has the looks, but he’s cringing in a corner like a coward just because some scoundrel was running his mouth.” Mandy scoffed as well.

While the other girls stayed silent, they all regarded Frank with contempt as well, considering him just some pretty boy.

#### Chapter 770

What was the point of good looks in the face of danger? Would anyone spare a looker’s life just because they were handsome? If anything, they would be the ones who bolted the quickest when trouble started.

Men like that were simply undependable.

Soren clapped Frank mockingly on the shoulder just then. “Bro, be a man and admit that you don’t have the balls to stop the fight, or you’d get hurt. And you were laughing, weren’t you? Shouldn’t you be grateful and say something after I bailed you out?”

Frank simply smiled and shook his head—these kids were beneath him, and he would just be humiliating himself by getting petty with Soren.

Nash quickly hurried to them to mediate. “It’s alright! The whole thing is behind us now. Let’s just go.”

Then, turning to Kat, he added, “I told you that you shouldn’t go out this late at night. Places like this are especially dangerous. Come on, we’re leaving.”

As he reached for her hand, Kat smacked him away and snapped impatiently, “Don’t touch me! Leave if you want—you don’t get to tell what to do! You’re embarrassing me here!”

“Can’t you just listen, Kat? It’s very late, and I’m worried.” Nash frowned, at a loss for words just then.

“You’re worried?” Kat laughed despite herself and pointed at the door. “Did you help us when those bastards came to harass us?! They were at fault, but what did you do?! All you did was apologize and bend yourself backward. I’m embarrassed even if you’re not!”

“It’s for your sake, Kat,” Nash reasoned. “It always pays to be safe out here—there’s no need to let things get out of hand.”

“So I’m supposed to just deal with it?” Kat snapped in disappointment. “You’ve always behaved like a bullied dog. That’s why I hate staying home—because I hate your face! You’re always weak, so I’m begging you to just stay away from me and never show up around my friends. Having you as my father is the worst!”

Nash froze, stunned by the image his own daughter had of him.

He then remembered the wife he lost and took a deep breath.

He was hesitant to speak, even though all he wanted was for Kat to be safe.

Kat pointed at the door again and snapped, “What are you doing here? Leave, and take your guest with you! I don’t want to see you!”

“Kat...”

“Get out!” Kat shrieked.

Everyone else here had successful fathers, but hers was always prostrating himself and tiptoeing around others as long as she knew it.

He would always be a slave to everyone else, which only enraged Kat further!

Soren finally spoke up just then. “You should leave, Mr. Yego. Kat will be fine under my care.”