

The Girlboss 180

Chapter 180

Frank said, “Well, I’m actually free.”

Kenny grinned right then. “In that case, would you like to visit my dojo? I’d really like you to check on my father’s condition...”

Frank then remembered he promised to do that much, and he was never one to renege on promises. “Of course! I was just thinking about visiting myself.”

After buying what he needed, Kenny took Frank to his dojo by car toward the eastern edge of the city.

The dojo was the size of four soccer fields and had a legion of apprentices, making them one of the four biggest dojos of Riverton.

Once they arrived, Kenny led the way, cutting past the training area where many apprentices were practicing blade techniques and into the inner hall.

They arrived at Jenson Sparks’ room, and Frank saw the man laying in bed as soon as he entered.

The man actually appeared spirited, but his essence appeared to be waning—his age only made his mortality that much obvious as well.

Nonetheless, Kenny strode up to him, announcing delightedly, “Dad, I’ve brought you a miracle worker. You’ll definitely make a full recovery with his help!”

Jenson chuckled. “Don’t you think I know my own condition? Quit wasting time on me—I’m seventy. I have no regrets even if I die now.”

The other man in the ward asked skeptically, “Healer? What healer?”

The man was Rolf Sparks, Kenny's cousin.

Since his father died early, Rolf had been raised at the Skyblade Dojo as Jenson's adopted son and was a brother to Kenny.

He was now the vice-master of the dojo, and he had consulted every healer in Riverton, including Dan Zimmer.

And if Dan could not do anything for Jenson, who could?

Nonetheless, Kenny pulled Frank along as he introduced, "This is Frank Lawrence. I dare say his medicinal knowledge is far above Dan's."

"What?!"

Rolf pursed his lips, thinking that Kenny was being funny. "Are you kidding me? A healer? How old do you think he is?!"

Beside them, Jenson studied Frank skeptically, unsure if he was really as good as he was said to be or was just a conman,

Kenny frowned but threw up his hands. "Appearances can be deceiving, Rolf. Also, I'm sure you've heard that Mr. Simmons was saved from the brink a while ago? Mr. Lawrence was the

one who saved him at the time."

"For real?!" Rolf turned toward Frank in disbelief.

"For real," Kenny said and turned towards his father. "Dad, I know no one has been able to treat your condition, but why don't we let Mr. Lawrence try?"

Jenson had been staring at Frank for a while.

The boy had remained perfectly composed ever since he stepped through the front door, his gaze never darting around nervously. That confidence alone was not something average Joes would ever measure up to.

Chuckling, he said, "I can see that you carry yourself with splendor, Mr. Lawrence. Well, since I'm dying anyway, what's the harm in trying?"

"Don't play around with your life, Dad!" Kenny cried right then.

Beside him, Frank was a little surprised. Though it had been a while since he had practiced medicine, aside from his confidants, the elderly man before him was the first person who trusted a stranger like him.

"Fate is predetermined, my son. Words are just... words." Jenson chuckled.

Kenny turned toward Frank right then, his gaze awash with emotion. "Please, Mr. Lawrence— do your best to help my father. If you do, Skyblade Dojo shall owe you an eternal debt!"