

## **The Girlboss 191**

### Chapter 191

There was a blood–red section within the panacea polypore–it was a young bloody polypore that was growing from the inside!

Everyone watching around Frank was left in dumbfounded disbelief.

“What?!”

“Isn’t that a bloody polypore?”

“It’s alive, too...”

“So that’s why the polypore is dying. Its nutrients are being drained from the inside!”

Gina was left completely bewildered.

She knew nothing about herbology, so she asked Cindy, “What’s a bloody polypore?”

Cindy’s eyes were aflame with jealousy. “It’s a parasitic polypore growing within normal polypores. It sucks the polypore outside dry, which is why it’s a treasure among polypores.”

Beside Frank, Kenny’s eyes lit up as he stared at the bloody polypore. “My goodness... your eyes are as sharp as they are wise, Mr. Lawrence! You actually spotted a bloody polypore hidden within!”

He was dead sure that Frank must have noticed right away, or he would not have spent two million dollars buying a dead herb!

Frank smiled. “I was just lucky.”

Helen was left gaping but soon rolled her eyes.

She was certainly naive—Frank had his own reason to buy the herb, and certainly not to help her mother save face.

Even Johnny was left staring greedily at the bloody polypore while kicking himself for not noticing earlier.

Still, he got an idea and told Frank, “Sir, you truly are amazing, noticing the bloody polypore inside. May I ask if you’re interested in selling it? I’m willing to buy it for five hundred million

Everyone who was in the know laughed before he could finish.

“Aren’t you too greedy, old-timer? A bloody panacea is a real treasure.”

“Hell, it’s one in a million and at least worth a billion bucks.”

“And you just axed it by half!

Johnny gritted his teeth, but he stayed calm and smiled at Frank. “Haha! Silly me... how does a billion dollars sound, sir?”

“A billion?!” Gina’s eyes were bulging at the offer.

Lane Holdings and all their assets were only worth two billion!

And yet, that single herb was worth half of that?!

She had certainly taken a terrible loss!

Nonetheless, Frank smiled and shook his head. “No, I’m not planning to sell it.”

He had bought the panacea polypore so that Vicky could put the Rejuvenation Pill into production, not for money.

Hell, he would not sell it even if he were offered ten billion.

“Oh, what a pity.” Johnny was left shaking his head.

Even if he was dissatisfied, he could not afford to play dirty tricks when so many others were watching.

Moreover, there were rules in this business—they never did refunds, just as they would never take back what they sold..

Gina, however, could not care less.

A billion dollars was at stake, and she could afford to lose face!

“Stop right there!” she snapped at Frank before he could leave with the bloody polypore.

Frank frowned as Gina and Cindy suddenly flanked him. “What?”

“Give us the bloody polypore,” Gina demanded, holding out her hand brazenly.

Cindy nodded repeatedly beside her. “Yes! It belongs to us!”

“Mom! What are you doing?” Helen cried as she hurried up to her, pulling her by the arm.

Gina snapped stubbornly, "I'm taking back what's ours!"

"What's yours?" Frank chuckled in amusement. "I spent two million on this, and you sold it to me. Why is it suddenly yours again?"

Gina put her hands on her hips as she snorted. "You knew there was a bloody polypore inside and you didn't tell me! You only spent the two million to trick me!"

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Gina snapped, "If I'd known there was a bloody polypore inside, I wouldn't have sold it to you!"

"That's right!" Cindy echoed. "Give us the bloody polypore. You can have your two million back."

Everyone around them was actually shocked.

Even Johnny, unscrupulous as he was, did not demand for his sold merchandise to be returned. How despicable could these women be to actually say it out loud?

"Haha!" Frank laughed out loud. "Why should I tell you that there's a bloody polypore inside? Who are you to me? The polypore isn't yours the instant you took my money."

"That's right, Mom!" Helen reasoned. "It's his once the money changed hands, and both parties were willing. There's no takesies backsies!"

She was also feeling humiliated and would rather her mother stopped causing a scene, especially with so many people watching!

"You ingrate! How could you take sides against your family?!" Gina snapped at Helen instead, furious that she would rather take Frank's side than hers!

"I'm not taking sides—I'm just telling the truth," Helen retorted with a frown and turned toward Frank. "You should leave."

Even if her mother had lost over thirty million dollars in the deal, it was all just proof that her mother did not have business acumen—the fault was not Frank’s.

“No!” Cindy shouted right then. “Even if we did sell it to him, he has to share half of it with us! We bought it, and he only made money because of us!”

“Yes!” Gina nodded in full agreement. “Just pay us five hundred million, Frank. We won’t ask for the bloody polypore.”

Frank stared at them in wry amusement and snorted. “Dream on.”

With that, he turned to leave.

“Stop right there!” Cindy howled, refusing to let her five hundred million run away.

However, even as she lunged after Frank, Kenny stepped between them with a fearsome glare. “Step back. Bother Mr. Lawrence again, and it’s a slap to the face.”

If not for these women’s connection to Frank, Kenny would have slapped them much earlier given his temper!

Cindy snorted, standing akimbo as she snapped, “You wouldn’t dare-”

Smack!

Kenny certainly did not hold back, slapping Cindy across the face and sending her spinning before collapsing on the floor.

Naturally, he did not go all out, or he would have sent her flying!

“H—How dare you?!” Cindy cried as she clutched her face. “You’re a grown man! That’s disrespectful to a woman!”

“Hmph!” Kenny snorted. “I respect women, not idiots.”

With that, he turned and left with Frank, showing no inclination to apologize.

“Are you alright, Cindy?” Gina asked, watching her with empathy.

Even the crowd around them were a little shaken.

Cindy clutched her cheek as she huffed. “Hmph! That’s Zidonians for you. He’s a grown man,

but he actually laid his hands on a woman! I would’ve sued him if we were abroad!”

Helen was speechless.

What did being abroad have to do with this?

And if they really were abroad, it would not stop at just a slap...

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Still clutching her face, Cindy suddenly turned toward Helen. “Just look at him! Just what kind of friends have your ex—husband been making?!”

Cindy was clearly trying to blame her, but Helen shrugged nonchalantly. “We’re divorced

the friends he makes have nothing to do with me. Also, I’m leaving now since I have

something else to do.”

With that, she strode off, leaving Gina and Cindy behind.

She certainly did not want to embarrass herself further!

Frank took the bloody polypore back to Skywater Bay after parting ways with Kenny.

He was just about to call Vicky about it when she called him first. “Hey, Frank? Where are you?”

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“Skywater Bay.”

Vicky was stunned for a moment before demanding, “Skywater Bay? When did you move there?!”

“When I visited the Quills,” Frank replied. “Robert Quill gave me a mansion.”

Vicky gasped. “Only the richest and most powerful people live there, and Robert gave you one? What, did you get him a wife or something?”

Frank was blue with shock. “No, I just help him improve his Boltsmacker.”

“Oh, no wonder...” Vicky murmured pensively.

“Where are you now?” Frank asked. “I’ll come to you—I’ve just acquired the main ingredient for the Rejuvenation Pill.”

“Verdant Hotel, of course,” Vicky replied. “I came looking for you. Didn’t expect you to be gone.”

Musing to herself for a moment, she then said, “Let’s meet halfway at Hoff Hotel. We can have dinner there too.”

“Sure,” Frank replied and headed out with the bloody polypore, taking a cab to Hoff Hotel.

Vicky was wearing a tight beige skirt that bared her long legs, turning many heads as she strode toward Frank in her Doc Martens.

As she wrapped her hands around his arm, Frank’s nostrils twitched, reacting to her faint flowery scent.

He could also feel the soft smoothness of her sin as she pressed against him—anyone who did not know would definitely think they were a couple.

Vicky grinned ear-to-ear as she told him, “You’re so amazing, Frank... Getting me the recipe and the herb? I don’t know how to thank you...”

“Ahem...” Frank cleared his throat as she was repeatedly pressing her chest against his arm.

Do you have to?”

“Hmmm... You don’t like it? The couples I see on TV often do this.” Vicky pouted.

“We’re not a couple,” Frank said.

Vicky whispered, “We can keep it a secret.”

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Frank pursed his lips, really having had enough just then.

“The bloody polypore is a little light,” he said, returning to the business at hand. “It’s just around 800 grams, but it would be way more effective than a normal panacea polypore—you can make at least 100,000 Rejuvenation Pills with this.”

“Wonderful.” Vicky’s eyes lit up with delight as she quickly moved the palm-sized bloody polypore into a specialized chest. “Come on. Let’s have dinner.”

They entered the hotel, which was rather quiet since it was off-peak hours.

As they took a window seat and ordered some simple dishes, Vicky asked, “Which Skywater Bay mansion are you staying at, Frank? We might even be neighbors.”

Frank thought about it. “I don’t know the actual address, but it’s the one on top of the hill.”

“What?!” Vicky exclaimed in surprise. “My dear mentor is really going all out, isn’t he? The man actually turned me down when I asked for the hilltop mansion...”

Still, her eye twinkled mischievously. “I know it gets lonely to stay alone in such a big house. Would you like some company tonight?”

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Frank sliced his steak as he said, “We can switch houses if you like.”

“No, there are plenty of rooms in your mansion. Just let me stay in one of the guest rooms.” Vicky smiled, resting her chin on her hands while winking coquettishly at Frank.

“If you’re not too busy, you could give me a full-body check up. I’ve been feeling so tired lately

Frank stayed silent, and Vicky looked up to realize he was staring fixedly in the distance instead of her.

“What’s got your attention now?” Vicky asked, following his gaze to find another person sitting in the spacious restaurant.

It was a woman, dressed in a form-fitting T-shirt, a pair of skinny jeans, and a pair of black heels.

Her figure was voluptuous and ample and slender where she ought to be.

Even Vicky’s eyes straightened, actually impressed by the woman’s perfect form. “My goodness... Are they really that big? That’s a real hourglass figure if I ever see one!”

Never one to shy from staring at the good stuff, Frank nodded in agreement. “Not bad.”

Vicky lowered her gaze at herself. “I’m no slouch myself.”

Frank glanced at her for a moment. “Nope. She beats you by a country mile”

Vicky pouted and huffed with jealousy. “Hers are fake.”

“Nope,” Frank shook his head. “I can tell they’re natural.”

“How’d you know?”

Frank said confidently, “Thanks to my years working as a healer.”

He had seen so many women that he basically encountered every figure type-he could tell right away if they were fake.

“You’re that experienced? You’re such a scoundrel,” Vicky frowned as if she lost out big time.” No, I won’t stand for this-pants down, I haven’t seen yours.”

With those words, she started to reach for his belt.

“Hey, what the hell?” Frank was speechless—was she usually this aggressive?!

As they jostled around like a playful couple, the woman stood up and called out to a waiter, I’d like to change seats. I’d rather not sit that close to idiots.”

“Huh...”

Both Frank and Vicky did a double take, embarrassed and surprised that the women’s ears were that sharp.

Did she overhear their earlier conversation too?

“It’s all your fault.” Vicky pouted.

”

“How was that my fault?” Frank rolled his eyes. “You started it.”

“Because you were staring at her.”

Later, as the woman finished her meal, she quickly paid the bill and started to leave, just as a group of men entered.

“All alone, Ms. York?” their leader—Dustin, who wore shades, asked. “You were so hard to find!”

The woman scowled as soon as she saw the men. “Where I go is none of your business.”

“Calm down, Ms. York.” Dustin chuckled. “Come with us now—the boss has been waiting for a while now.”

“And I told him it’s not happening. Don’t bother me ever again,” the woman snapped.

She turned, ready to leave when Dustin caught her wrist. “That’s not up to you to decide, Ms. York.”

“What are you doing? Let me go!” the woman shouted as she struggled.

Vicky scowled right then. “Bullying a woman in broad daylight?! This is an outrage!”

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“Stop!”

Vicky slammed her hand on the table as she sprang to her feet and snapped at Dustin, “Let go of that woman!”

Her outburst left everyone stunned, while Dustin slowly turned toward her and growled threateningly, “Buzz off, girlie. This ain’t any of your business.”

“Why not?” Vicky snapped, standing akimbo. “She’s my sister-in-law!”

Turning toward Frank right then, she said, “Go on, Frankie. They’re stealing your girl!”

“Bleurgh.” Frank choked on his drink.

What was Vicky’s deal, catching heat and then dumping it on him?!

Dustin frowned. “I never knew you had a boyfriend, Ms. York...”

The woman shot Frank a look. "I don't even know them."

Dustin rolled his eyes. Not bothered to waste time on this, he gestured for two of his thug friends to deal with Vicky.

As they strode toward her, ready to hit her, Frank warned, "I don't want to get involved with your business, so take your men and leave right now."

"That's not up to you, kid!" one of the thugs barked and aimed a punch at Frank's face.

Crash!

Frank had suddenly kicked the table, sending it crashing toward the two thugs, hitting them squarely in the head!

As the thugs lay bleeding all over, Vicky snapped at Dustin again, "Let that woman go right now!"

"You messed with the wrong people!" Dustin bellowed, whipping out a knife and swinging it at Vicky!

He was moving at breakneck speed, but Vicky met his blow without flinching.

She was the Riverton champion in martial arts and had confidence in her own abilities even if she had lost her cultivation.

With a single step, she shifted to the side, avoiding the blade while aiming her palm at Dustin's face.

However, Dustin was no pushover as he pivoted his knife and kept thrusting it at Vicky.

Vicky's mind registered the attack and told her to dodge as the knife got ever closer... but her body was simply not reacting!

Nevertheless, Frank caught her shoulder at the right time and pulled her backward firmly.

As she fell into his arms, Dustin's knife sliced through a few strands of her hair.

At the same time, Frank raised his foot, kicking Dustin squarely in the stomach.

"Oof—" Dustin gasped as he was sent flying.

He was left clutching his stomach as he sweated buckets—it felt like his intestines were almost kicked out of his body!

"Who the hell is causing a ruckus here?!" someone shouted from the second floor just then.

Frank turned to find Bravo Lambert and a group of his goons hurrying downstairs.

Bravo heard someone start a fight there and thought immediately that someone was trying to cause a scene.

On the other hand, Dustin was delighted to see him. "Mr. Lambert! It's me!"

At the same time, Noel York shot Frank a look. "Go. Leave right now, or you won't be able to make it."

After all, Bravo was Kurt Stinson's top henchman, and Kurt was the kingpin of East City.

With all those men with him, Frank would never win no matter how good he was in a fight.

Even so, Vicky was fearless. "Don't worry. We ladies are going to be fine with him around." She knew all too well how strong Frank was, after all.

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For Frank, nothing could be easier than dealing with those thugs!

Dustin took off his shades just then and told Bravo, "Mr. Lambert, it's me, Dustin!"

"Oh, Dustin?" Bravo exclaimed in surprise. "Who did this to you?"

"That little shit! He's the one!" Dustin pointed at Frank right then, his eyes flashing viciously

as he glared at the man. "Come on, boy! Weren't you plenty amazing just now? Why don't you do it again?"

However, Bravo did a double take when he turned to look where Dustin was pointing.

"Isn't he the kid who saved the bossman?" He gulped.

Bravo's boss, Kurt Stinson, had almost died at Flora Hall, but Frank had saved him almost effortlessly.

Kurt had also told Bravo not to provoke the man...

As such, on one hand was Dustin, an occasional drinking buddy, while on the other was Frank, the man who saved his boss's life.

Bravo certainly knew who between those two he must never upset!

"Shut the fuck up!" he bellowed and punched Dustin squarely in the back of his head! "Oof-"

Dustin was left clutching the back of his head even as he turned in shock toward Bravo. “Why did you punch me?”

“Punch you, did I? Well, I’ll kick you for good measure!” Bravo barked and leaped up to kick Dustin three meters away.

Then, pointing at Frank, he said, “What do you think you are doing? That man saved Mr. Stinson’s life!”

“What?!” Dustin was left gaping—that brat had actually saved Kurt Stinson’s life? Both Noel and Vicky were taken aback, staring at Frank in disbelief.

At the same time, Bravo hurried to Frank’s side, groveling. “I’m so sorry you and had to be disturbed, Mr. Lawrence. I apologize for our poor hospitality...”

“We’re just here for dinner,” Frank said calmly. “It’s none of your concern.”

your friends

“Of course, Mr. Lawrence.” Bravo nodded. “Don’t worry about that piece of shit too, we’ll deal with him... What do you want to be done?”

“The man was harassing a woman in broad daylight,” Vicky said. “Break his hand. See if he’d ever do it again.”

“Yes, you’re right, milady,” Bravo said in approval.

She was leaning in Frank’s arms, and in Bravo’s mind, that meant she was Frank’s girl.

How stupid could Dustin be that she would mess with Frank Lawrence’s girl?

He turned toward his men right then and barked, “Drag him out of here, and break his hand.”



“Are you crazy?! Mr. Hudson is my boss!” Dustin exclaimed in shock—was Bravo being serious?!

Bravo simply snorted. “Shut it. We’d have you beaten to a pulp even if he were here.”

With those words, Bravo’s goons dragged Dustin out of the hotel, and blood—curdling screams could soon be heard!

Bravo turned back toward Frank, groveling. “Is there anything else you need, Mr. Lawrence? Just say the word.”

Frank shook his head. “I’m fine. I’m just here for dinner—just didn’t expect to run into simpletons.”

“Oh...” Bravo nodded, though he glanced between Noel and Vicky before whipping out a golden card with a smile. “Mr. Lawrence, this is a gold member card for our establishment. The penthouse suite is all yours—the bed in there can fit up to five people with no problem.” It was obvious that Frank was quite something, having two ladies of such beauty at his side. It was most certainly going to be a long night for him...

“Ahem... Alright, you can go now if there’s nothing else,” Frank told Bravo as he took the gold card.

Who knew what freebies Bravo would give next if he was allowed to keep going!

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“Of course, Mr. Lawrence. Please enjoy yourself—I shan’t impose now.” Bravo grinned as he led his goons away.

Just then, Vicky glanced at the gold card Frank was holding. “So, you’re really taking the gold card? Thinking about sharing a bed tonight, perhaps?”

Frank waved her off. “What are you talking about? You know he wouldn’t have left if I didn’t take it.”

“Tch.”

Vicky clicked her tongue and pouted. “That reminds me—when did you save Kurt Stinson’s life?”

“It’s been a while,” Frank replied quietly. “Ran into him and Bravo at Flora Hall and just helped out a little.”

As Vicky nodded thoughtfully, Noel spoke up just then. “Thank you so much for the save, sir. I’m Noel York—may I have the pleasure of your name?”

“Frank Lawrence.”

Frank rubbed his chin as he studied her just then. “Are you perhaps an actress, Ms. York?”

“Oh! Didn’t you just win the best actress award in Draconia?” Vicky exclaimed with a start, recalling a film Noel starred in.

Noel smiled and nodded. “Yes, I did.”

Vicky promptly whipped out a pen. “I didn’t know I’d be encountering a star when I left the house today... Here, you can autograph my dress.”

Frank stared at Vicky as she chattered excitedly just like a fangirl, her usual sense of

superiority gone with the wind.

Noel naturally did not refuse and signed Vicky’s dress.

After that, Frank asked, “Why were those men after you, Ms. York?”

“Oh...” Noel sighed. “There are times when one has no say in their own situation.”

Taking out two business cards and handing them to Frank and Vicky respectively, she said, I’ll be going now since I have something else to do. If either of you are interested in movies, call my personal number anytime—I can bring you on a stroll around the studios.”

“Woah... Thank you!” Vicky exclaimed, getting an idea as she stared at Noel’s business card.

They could have her endorse the Rejuvenation Pill once it hit the market!

On the other hand, Frank was less than interested but took the business card out of politeness.

After Noel left, Frank headed back to Skywater Bay to rest, but Vicky insisted on coming along.

As they headed to his hilltop mansion together, she entered his bedroom and threw herself on his large bed, rolling around as she purred, “Honestly, this place is so much bigger than my family’s villa—I’m staying here tonight.”

“You could do that without sleeping in my bed,” Frank pointed out.

“What, do you have something to say?” Vicky demanded, frowning.

Frank shrugged. “Nope, you can stay here, I’ll use the guest room.”

“Don’t go,” Vicky purred, catching him by the wrist. “I saw you ogling Ms. York just now.”

“Is there a person who doesn’t admire beauty?” Frank admitted.

“What about me?”

Vicky started to undo her collar button, baring her smooth, fair shoulders.

Frank glanced at it for a moment but turned away. "Forget it."

"Hey! Am I that unattractive?" Vicky growled.

Even if she was no beauty in his eyes, she was at least not ugly, just as there were countless men interested in her.

Frank was perhaps the only man who never took her charms seriously.

"You are attractive," Frank replied. "But I'd rather not be treated as your human shield."

He really hated being harassed.

Moreover, if he really started dating Vicky, it would not just be Turnbulls, for even Vicky's fiancé would come with a bone to pick.

Vicky raised her foot in the air just then, allowing her slipper to dangle from the tip of her toes.

"In that case, would you marry me if I were not engaged?"

Frank thought about it for a while. "Maybe."

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"Fine." Vicky could not say anything against that—she wanted to annul her engagement as well, but it was simply impossible.

If she wanted to do it, she needed someone with stronger influence than the Lionhearts... or to groom one with such potential.

In the case of the latter, Frank was her best candidate—he had strength and character, and she would not let him run away no matter what it would take.

A call came from Yara just then. “Hello, Mr. Lawrence? Where are you right now?!!

“Skywater Bay. What is it?” Frank asked.

“I’ve found the person you asked me to find,” Yara quickly said. “She’s right here in Riverton.”

“Really? That’s great news!” Frank was thrilled—it had taken him years, but he had finally found the only daughter of his mentor, rest his soul!

“Where is she now?” he pressed.

“I’ll send the file to you right now,” Yara replied.

The file soon arrived on Frank’s phone, and he scrolled through it.

Winter Lawrence was now twenty and studying at Riverton University.

Years ago, she was taken in by Bright Sun Orphanage before being adopted by a couple named the Lawrences at the age of three.

The family moved to different places after that. When her adopted father passed away three years ago, her adopted mother took her and her adopted brother, Fred Lawrence, to live in Riverton.

They owned a small diner, while Fred worked for a real estate agency.

“Do you need me to come with you, Mr. Lawrence?” Yara asked.

“Yes, please do.” Frank nodded.

“Of course. I’ll be right over,” Yara said and hung up.

“What is it?” Vicky asked, walking up to Frank.

“Nothing,” Frank replied nonchalantly. “Yara found the person I asked her to.”

“Really? Let me have a look at the girlie’s face...”

Vicky was Yara’s best friend and naturally knew about the search.

She leaned against Frank’s shoulder, looking over at his phone screen.

Winter’s face was a little round—she was no world-class beauty, but she carried a fresh, innocent presence that would at least elevate her above her peers.

“Pretty.” Vicky nodded.

Frank got up. “I’m going out with Yara.”

“To see Winter?”

Frank did not say no, so Vicky scrambled to her feet. “I’m going too. As your missus, I ought to show my face.”

Frank rolled his eyes. “I’m not planning to tell her who I am.”

Since Winter was not aware she had been adopted, he had no reason to tell her that.

All he wanted to do was check on Winter to make sure she led a good life.

Vicky pouted. "I'm going anyway."

Frank did not say no, and Yara soon arrived at the hilltop mansion with her car.

"You're here too, Vicky?" she exclaimed, surprised by her best friend's presence.

Vicky nodded. "Yeah. I heard you found the daughter of Frank's mentor—I'd like to see her myself."

"Then let's go together."

As the trio drove to East City, Vicky asked in curiosity, "You're not engaged to the girl, are you, Frank?"

Yara was driving, but she was curious about any gossip on Frank, just like Vicky.

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Frank rolled his eyes at Vicky. "What on earth do you keep in your brain?"

"You." Vicky smiled.

Frank was left speechless.

They arrived at the small diner that Winter's adoptive mother owned, and a sweet young girl greeted them as soon as they entered.

"Please sit anywhere you like," she said.

Frank studied the girl and saw some resemblance between her and his mentor.

Vicky cleared her throat just then, bringing him to his senses.

They found a quiet corner, and Frank flipped through the menu before saying, "Bring us some of your specialities."

"Alright. Please wait a moment," Winter said, picking up the menus before hurrying off to the kitchen.

Frank looked around—though it was a modest diner, there were many customers.

It was most definitely lively during rush hour.

"What do you think, Mr. Lawrence? She fits your description the most," Yara said.

Frank nodded. "Probably. She resembles my mentor."

"What are you going to do?" Vicky asked. "Tell her who you are? Give her money?"

Frank thought about it. "I'm not planning anything until I see how her current life is. If she's self-sufficient, I won't impose..."

Turning to Vicky just then, he asked, "It won't be an issue for you to arrange a job for her when she graduates, right?"

"No problem since you've asked." Vicky shrugged, a lot less wary toward Winter than Helen. Frank turned to Yara just then and said earnestly, "Thank you, Ms. Quill."

"That's not necessary. Just holding up my end of our deal," Yara replied.



Frank nodded. "Let's eat for now."

Soon, a man in a suit hurried into the diner, quickly changing clothes before heading to the kitchen to help.

He appeared to be Winter's adopted brother, Fred.

"That's one dutiful son—helping out as soon as he returns from work," Vicky pointed out. Frank was further relieved as well, since Winter's life appeared to be good.

Bang!

Suddenly, the front door of the diner was kicked wide open as a tattooed bald man strode inside, followed by two young goons.

"Business booming today, Madam Zims!" the bald man bellowed.

A woman who had been working at the kitchen all this while hurried out to him—she was Carol Zims, Winter's adopted mother.

"Oh, I didn't know you were coming, Mr. Compton!" she exclaimed, hurrying to the counter to grab a stack of cash and quietly stuffing it into the bald man's hands.

Through it all, Winter and Fred were standing tamely in a corner, while Jackie Compton promptly counted the cash...

"Just one thousand?!" he growled. "Are you trying to mess with us?!"

Carol was left bewildered. "W—Wasn't it always a thousand?"

“That’s before.” Jackie snorted. “Business is booming, isn’t it? You’ll have to pay more—two grand starting this month!”

“B–But I don’t earn that much, Mr. Compton,” Carol replied. “Aside from rent and utility bills, there’s also Winter’s tuition fees... We really can’t spare more!”

“Don’t give me that!” Jackie bellowed before wheeling on Winter. “Studying when you’re penniless? Just come work for me!”

He seized Winter by the chin, chuckling. “Hehehe... Who knows, you’d make bank if with me.”

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Winter frowned and suddenly swung her arm, slapping away Jackie’s hand.

“Oh, there’s the fire!” Jackie smiled despite himself.

Still, before he reached out to grab Winter again, Fred rose to his feet and laughed out loud. Gentleman—don’t get upset with my sister. She’s young, so she can be feisty.”

“Who the hell said you could talk? Buzz off!” Jackie bellowed, and shoved him aside.

“Stop! Please, Mr. Compton! We’ll pay, alright?” Carol really did not want trouble and took another thousand from the desk.

However, Jackie had no intention to stop and reached for Winter again, but Fred stood between them once more. “We’re giving you the money, man—please stop.”

Smack!

Jackie smacked him across the face, leaving him stunned.

“Fred!” Winter cried and hurried to his side to help him up.

Fred shot her a glare right then. “Stay back.”

Around them, the diner customers all hurried away, knowing that something bad was about to happen.

Fred was about to talk, but one of Jackie’s goons kicked him in the face.

“Shut it, and get down on your knees.”

Fred gritted his teeth and sat up. “Let’s talk about this...”

“Who told you to get up? Get on your knees, you hear?” Jackie growled.

Fred did a double take—he thought it was a joke, but it turned out that they were serious.

“M—Mr. Compton... Just tell us how much you want,” Carol cried miserably her heart could not take watching her own son being humiliated like that.

“Your son’s too unruly, ma’am. The fact I’m not hitting him is letting him off easy.” Jackie snorted unreasonably.

Winter had had enough right then and snapped, “You don’t get to tell Fred to kneel! This is our diner—get out!”

“You bitch! Don’t push me!” Jackie bellowed, not expecting Winter to snap at him.

He seized her by the hair right then, and Winter cried out in pain!

“Stop! Just stop! I’ll kneel, okay?! Isn’t that enough?!” Fred did not hesitate to kneel as soon as he saw his sister get hurt.

“Stop! Don’t kneel! You don’t have to kneel to them!” Winter cried despite the pain. However, there was nothing Fred could do aside from kneel despite his grievances. Carol was left hanging her head helplessly, her tears quietly rolling down her cheeks.

Frank, Yara, and Vicky were all left speechless as they watched from their corner.

They did not expect Fred to just go down his knees without a fight!

“Hah! Girlie, what I say goes in this street,” Jackie snorted smugly just then. “You want your brother to get up? Beg properly!”

Frank’s eyes narrowed murderously. Those thugs were out of line!

“Is this street yours?” he demanded. “Who do you think you are?!”

to stay.

Jackie turned toward Frank in surprise, not expecting anyone

“Who the hell are you?” he asked.

Vicky rose to her feet. “The people who are going to beat you up.”

Jackie studied Yara and Vicky just then, surprised that Frank was flanked by such beautiful

Women.

“You’re amazing, kiddo—having those ladies all to yourself.” He chuckled. “Give them to me, and I’ll let you live!”