

The Girlboss 211

Chapter 211

ineas was left bleeding from Frank's kick, but he remained unfettered.

'ou're dead meat, son," he growled. "My men number up to the hundreds—you're not tting away even if you kill me."

ank scoffed. "I can't say about the others, but you're definitely dying here."

is haughty reaction certainly did not sit well with Phineas. "Fuck! Try me! I'm warning you- yblade Dojo has my back. Have you ever heard of them?!"

the end, mobsters like Phineas either involved themselves in business to turn legitimate or lied themselves with important families or factions.

to

10 Grayson did the latter by swearing fealty to the Chandlers of Middleton, and Phineas did e same with Skyblade Dojo of Riverton.

nd he was certainly getting conceited about it!

Skyblade Dojo...?"

oth Gina and Helen were bemused—they did not usually go out of their way to learn about iverton's major factions. In fact, they had heard about Skyblade Dojo, but not why they hould be feared.

n the other hand, Chris was bewildered.

> that was why Phineas did not fear the Salazars—Skyblade Dojo had his back!

Let go of Mr. Tomkins right now!” he shouted frantically.

upsetting some mob boss was fine, but they could not afford to provoke Skyblade Dojo!

Mr. Steiner? What’s the deal with Skyblade Dojo?” Gina asked blankly.

They are one of Riverton’s major martial arts factions,” Chris quickly explained. “Equal in fluence with the owner of the Flora Hall and the chief secretary. They also have apprentices cross the country, meaning their hands reach inside every cookie jar. We can’t afford to rovoke them they could destroy us like it’s nothing!”

ina gulped and asked gingerly, “Are they more powerful than the Turnbolls?”

Of course,” Chris replied. “Even with their connections at the capital, the Turnbolls are

erely their equal.”

What?!” Gina knew how powerful the Turnbolls were.

Skyblade Dojo were their equals, they were not to be challenged!

elen started to panic too—the most influential people she was acquainted with at the toment were the Turnbolls and Trevor Zurich. She was certainly afraid of a faction that was 1 equal with the Turnbolls!

ina promptly wrung her hands at Frank. “Stop! Let Mr. Tomkins go right now! We can’t ford to upset Skyblade Dojo!”

elen was leveling a mournful look at Frank too. “Let him go, Frank. We could sit down and

talk this out..."

"He just demanded your hand," Frank growled, shooting her a look of frustration—she still thought they could talk about this?!

"Ah..." Helen was stumped—this was certainly a dilemma.

If Frank let go of Phineas, the thugs would cut him down immediately...

She did not know what to do!

On the other hand, Peter bellowed at Frank right then, "Let go of him, or we're all going to die!

He could not care less that Phineas was going to break his sister's hand, as long as he was fine! But as long as Frank held on to Phineas, they would all end up in a sorry state!

Phineas narrowed his eyes in turn and sneered. "I see you're really attached to the woman, son. So how about this—break your own arm, and I won't press the issue."

Chapter 212

Phineas believed that once Frank released him, his legion of thugs would dispatch Frank with relative ease.

On the other hand, Gina breathed a huge sigh of relief at Phineas' offer and told Frank, "You heard the man! Let go of him and break your arm."

"Who do you think you are, telling me what to do?" Frank shot her a look of disdain.

"Frank Lawrence!" Gina bellowed right then. "You've been freeloading from my house for three years! You can save Helen now, but you're refusing to do it?! Is your arm more important than Helen's life?!"

"I'd tell you how stupid you are, but you'd never believe me." Frank snorted coldly. "You're all going to die if I let him go."

Phineas quickly said, "I swear—break your arm, and I won't press the issue, and we can all go our separate ways."

Chris promptly yelled, "You heard Mr. Tomkins! We have his word—men like him always value honor above all else. Break your arm!"

"Are you deaf?!" Peter snapped in frustration since Frank was not moving. "What did you promise my grandfather when you marry my sister? To protect her for the rest of her life? Hah! I guess there was nothing to hope for with a piece of shit like you!"

Phineas glared fixedly at Frank just then. "Come on, son. Break your arm and don't waste more time. Or are you letting down everyone when they're pinning their hopes on you?"

That was when Helen suddenly shouted, "Don't do it, Frank!"

She was shaking her head too—even if she and Frank were divorced, they had been together for three years.

She would be lying if she claimed she did not have feelings for him, just as she did not want him to break his arm for her sake.

Given the situation, Frank might not make it out anyway even if he broke his arm.

Even for businessmen who valued honor, was there any more than a handful who were honorable here in Riverton?

Helen was certainly even less trusting toward some mobster!

Frank's icy gaze eased, even showing a tender flickered as he looked at Helen.

His killing intent suddenly turned into pure haughtiness. He turned toward Phineas and then looked around as he snorted in disdain. "Only my mentor gets to demand my arm. You boys want to stop me?"

He kicked Phineas away and pointed at his thugs as he bellowed, "You boys want to Come at me all at once. I'll show you the depths of my strength.

stop me? stop

His conceited tone and look of confidence stunned even Phineas.

He actually let him go just to fight his goons alone?!

Helen was stupefied in turn—they only had a chance to make it out if they used Phineas as a hostage... but Frank released him anyway!

"That imbecile!" Chris swore under his breath as he quickly slid under the table, waiting for a chance to flee.

On the other hand, Phineas was actually impressed by Frank's stride—even he himself dulled in comparison in his younger days.

However, there was no chance for reconciliation. He would have Frank killed either way!

"You have balls, son, but you're dead meat now," he growled. "Get him!"

At his order, Phineas' goons charged toward Frank like a raging tide.

Frank was just going to meet them when someone bellowed from the door, "Stop!"

Everyone paused and turned to see Rolf Sparks, the deputy of Skyblade Dojo.

“Mr. Sparks...?” Phineas was shocked that Rolf would come at such a time, and without telling him!

Chapter 213

Even Phineas’ goons promptly cleared a path when they saw Rolf.

Gina and the others were left studying Rolf quizzically in turn—was that man from Skyblade Dojo?

On the other hand, Rolf could immediately tell that things were bad when he saw Frank being encircled, and he promptly wheeled on Phineas. “What is going on here?”

Phineas quickly explained, “That stupid boy was messing about. Just wait a moment, Mr. Sparks. I’ll get him sorted right away—Argh!”

He did not notice that Rolf was quickly frowning. Rolf then slapped him across the face before he realized what was happening!

As Phineas collapsed to the floor, yelping, he looked up at Rolf in shock. “W—Why did you hit me, Mr. Sparks?”

“Shut up!” Rolf snapped. “Who do you think you are, laying a finger on Mr. Lawrence?!”

“What are you talking about, Mr. Sparks?”

Phineas’ heart skipped a beat as he realized something was wrong.

Rolf actually addressed the kid as Mr. Lawrence?!

“The Turnbulls have his back, and he saved Vicky Turnbull’s life,” Rolf barked.

However, he only knew Frank through his cousin Kenny and was under the impression that Frank only had the Turnbulls’ support.

Even so, Phineas’ face was drained of all color.

So that was why the brat was so full of himself... The Turnbulls supported him!

And with the Turnbulls being a dynasty equal in power to Skyblade Dojo, Phineas could not afford to insult them!

Rolf kicked Phineas away before hurrying up to Frank. “I’m really sorry about this, Mr. Lawrence. It’s my fault for not sending word beforehand that such a serious misunderstanding has happened.”

Then, turning back and glaring at Phineas, Rolf barked, “Aren’t you going to apologize?”

Phineas was certainly upset with the turn of events, but his boss had spoken and he had to suck it up.

Without hesitation, he ran up to Frank and dropped to his knees with a thud. “I’m so sorry for not recognizing your greatness, Mr. Lawrence. Please don’t hold it against me—I really didn’t know you were a friend of Mr. Sparks, or I would never have offended you!”

Rolf smiled at Frank in turn. “We’re all friends here, and it’s all just a misunderstanding. You can spare him this one time.”

Frank glanced at Rolf./

He could actually give face since the Sparks did acquire the Myriad Hue Snow Lotus for him.

Standing with his hands clasped behind his back, he said, "I won't press the issue since Mr. Sparks spoke on your behalf. Don't ever harass Helen again."

Phineas nodded repeatedly. "Of course! Thank you, Mr. Lawrence."

Seeing that things had calmed down, Rolf laughed heartily and told Frank, "Come, Mr.

Lawrence. Let's talk upstairs."

Frank nodded and headed upstairs with him, while Helen was left staring at Frank in disbelief. "He actually knows Rolf?"

Beside her, Peter was jealous that Frank was always mingling with bigwigs, though Gina merely made a scornful look.

"Didn't Mr. Sparks make it clear?" She snorted. "He only gets t

Turnbulls. He wouldn't have known Mr. Sparks if not for Vicky."

strut because of the

Beside her, Chris nodded in agreement. "I'm actually surprised that Vicky values the gigolo so much, letting him move in with her at Skywater Bay and introducing him to so many bigwigs."

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Chapter214

it? Make a hundred Ichor Pills for my family, and you'll have more money than you can spend for the rest of your life. Also, you'll have our family's protection—it's a win-win situation." "Hahaha..." Frank could not help laughing. "Do your uncle and cousin know about this?"

Rolf hesitated for a moment before saying, "Certainly not."

If anything, he was discussing this in private with Frank exactly because Kenny refused to entertain the idea.

Frank nodded in turn. "You have balls, kid, though I wonder why I would need your family's protection?"

Phineas put two and two together as he listened to Gina and the others mocking Frank.

After all that, it turned out that the brat was just Vicky's gigolo!

Fuck! To think that some gigolo got to walk all all over him... How infuriating!

However, despite his grievances, he knew that he could not do anything to them since Rolf had personally vouched for Frank.

"Aren't you going to leave? Or am I supposed to escort you out?" he snapped at Gina and the rest.

Gina promptly nodded repeatedly. "Yes, yes, we're leaving right now..."

As they fled Delightpub, Rolf and Frank arrived at a private room on the second floor.

"May I see the Myriad Hued Snow Lotus?" Frank asked bluntly.

"Of course." Rolf laughed heartily, putting the wooden case he carried on the table and slowly opening it.

A stark white snow lotus lay within, its stem curiously straight with seven leaves of different hues growing on it.

Frank's eyes widened and reached out to touch the stem.

He was certain from a single glance that it was a hundred years old.

Rolf grinned when he saw that Frank's gaze was ablaze. "Kenny bought this at thirty million from Easton."

Frank nodded. "I will always remember this favor."

He put away the lotus and was ready to leave when Rolf suddenly said, "One moment please, Mr. Lawrence."

"Yes?" Frank paused, turning to ask, "Is there something else?"

Rolf smiled. "I have been in awe of the miraculous power of the Ichor Pill since that day. Why don't you mass produce it?"

"What?" Frank frowned. "Didn't Kenny tell you what the most important ingredient is? I've provided your family with the recipe too, so you can try making it yourself."

Naturally, the most important ingredient was a martial elite's essence, and mass production

meant countless of them.

It was an idea as sick as it was twisted!

Nonetheless, Rolf rested his chin on his hands as he chuckled. "I don't mean in the millions Mr. Lawrence. All good things are never valuable in bulk—just a few hundred pills would do, and I know you can help us with that, Mr. Lawrence."

.

Frank's eyes flashed coldly as he realized what Rolf was up to. "You want my essence to make Ichor Pills?!"

Rolf nodded without qualms. "Just a hundred won't cost you that much, so why be stingy with

it? Make a hundred Ichor Pills for my family, and you'll have more money than you can spend for the rest of your life. Also, you'll have our family's protection—it's a win-win situation." "Hahaha..." Frank could not help laughing. "Do your uncle and cousin know about this?"

Rolf hesitated for a moment before saying, "Certainly not."

If anything, he was discussing this in private with Frank exactly because Kenny refused to entertain the idea.

Frank nodded in turn. "You have balls, kid, though I wonder why I would need your family's protection?"

Chapter 215

Rolf frowned since Frank was clearly rejecting his offer. "You can't clap with one hand. No. person

is a match against an entire sect no matter how strong they are

"Hahaha!!!" Frank laughed even louder at that. "That just shows your ignorance."

Back then, he fought against the Eight Sects of the North Sea alone, and he was still standing

now.

Conspiracies, sects, and other powers that be were just pointless, as long as one was strong enough!

Rolf's smile faded, and he pulled out a bottle, putting it on the table and growled, "Drop your blood in this vial, Mr. Lawrence. Not only would we stay friends, but I promise you that you answer to no one in Riverton except me."

Frank's interest was actually piqued. "What if I refuse?"

"Then I'll make you."

The private room was suddenly eerily silent, the men's presence suddenly magnified.

Crash!

The table between Rolf and Frank suddenly shattered, crumbling under the burst of air as they moved.

Rolf launched the first strike with an outstretched palm, and Frank answered it with his fist.

Pow! Pow! Pow!

As they exchanged blows, their energies erupted within the room.

Rolf was gritting his teeth as he tried to hit Frank as hard as he could, but Frank was blocking everything with a look of contempt.

He was shocked as he realized that Frank was not going all out!

“Is that all you got?” Frank chuckled scornfully. “Guess you’re too busy finding ways to make money and forget to train at the dojo.”

With a spinning kick, he struck Rolf in the chest!

Even as Rolf felt pain like never before, he was sent flying and crashed through the wall!

Phineas and a group of his goons had been watching the door, wondering what Rolf and Frank were talking about.

Naturally, they were all left dumbstruck when Rolf suddenly crashed out of the wall!

“Blargh!!!” Rolf’s face was pale as he coughed up blood.

“W—What happened, Mr. Sparks?” Phineas cried as he hurried to his side.

Rolf wiped the blood off his mouth and pointed at Frank as he snapped, “Get him!”

For now, he needed to take Frank alive!

Phineas was delighted at Rolf’s orders, since he bore a grudge against Frank.

He would never lay a finger on Rolf, and yet Frank was so suicidal that he would beat him!

There was no reason to hold back, and he bellowed at his goons to charge at Frank.

Frank remained dauntless, however, leaping into the crowd and punching down every man with a single strike each.

As he left pure carnage in his wake, Scarlet, who was watching nearby, was left petrified.

She started retching even as she fled!

the p

And behind the

goons, Phineas' jaw could drop right then. He stumbled backward, his knees caving in as he collapsed to the floor.

It turned out that the brat was not putting on airs—he was being straight up honest because he could handle a crowd!

Rolf was even more speechless at that point and finally realized why Kenny told him not to upset Frank.

Pawns like them never stood a chance—only the full might of Skyblade Dojo might have a chance!

At the same time, Frank was striding straight toward Rolf...

Chapter 216

Rolf quickly pleaded, "P—Please, Mr. Lawrence. It's all just a misunderstanding. Let's just pretend I never said anything..."

Frank remained impassive even as he stood before Rolf. "Misunderstanding? You were demanding my blood just a moment ago.

Rolf quickly waved his hands. "No, I don't want it. Let's pretend it never happened."

Frank chuckled coolly. "Easy for you to say."

The look of disdain in Frank's eyes left Rolf panicking. "W—What are you doing? I may be Kenny Sparks' cousin, but he's like a brother to me... You can't kill me. He gave you a Myriad Hued Snow Lotus too. Isn't that enough in exchange for my life?"

Frank snorted. "You'd be dead if not for Kenny."

And with those words, he grabbed Rolf's arm.

"What are you doing?!" Rolf cried.

"Breaking your arm," Frank growled. "Disrespect me again, and not even Kenny can save you."

And with those words, he gave a squeeze, and Rolf's arm broke with a resounding crack!

"Argh!!!"

A blood-curdling scream resounded across the second floor as Rolf clutched his arm, twitching and flailing in agony.

Phineas was left gaping at Frank.

No matter how ballsy he was, he would never break Rolf's arm—it would be a terrible insult to Skyblade Dojo!

Once Frank turned and left, Phineas hurried to Rolf. "Are you alright, Mr. Sparks?"

"My arm is broken! How the fuck could I be alright?!" Rolf swore. "Get me to the hospital!"

"Yes, yes..." Phineas promptly carried him to the hospital, gulping.

Naturally, Riverton City Hospital took their new patient seriously—it was the vice-master of Skyblade Dojo, after all.

Even Dan Zimmer was called in. However, he and Hali King—the chief of Riverton City Hospital—were both stunned when they saw the mess that was Rolf’s arm.

Very bone in your arm is broken, Mr. Sparks... What machine could have done this?” Hali quickly asked.

Rolf growled through his teeth, “I got hurt in a fight.”

“What?!” Hali gasped. “Who could have done this to you?”

Rolf ignored it as he asked, “Mr. King, Mr. Zimmer—can you help me?”

Hali shook his head. “There’s no mending all the bones in your arm, Mr. Sparks.”

Rolf turned toward Dan at that, pinning all his hopes on him.

Dan was pensive for a while. “Ordinary methods won’t work, but I have a suggestion...”

Rolf’s eyes lit up with hope. “What is it, Mr. Zimmer? I can pay you however much you want if you can help me!”

Dan smiled! but shook his head. “Oh, it’s beyond me. But there’s this medicine called the Ichor Pill that recently debuted here in Riverton, and only one man can make it. If you can earn his favor, he would definitely help.”

Rolf almost choked right then, and after a while, he quietly said, “Frank Lawrence was the one who broke my arm.”

“What?” Dan paled in shock, not expecting Frank to be the one who hurt Rolf. “In that case.... there’s nothing I can do.”

Just then, Kenny arrived at the hospital, having rushed there immediately after hearing that Rolf had been attacked.

“What happened to your hand?” he asked.

Rolf’s eyes lit up with hope when he saw Kenny, and he sobbed. “It’s ruined now, Kenny... I can’t wield a blade anymore...”

Chapter 217

Kenny quickly asked, “Who did this to you?”

“Who else?” Rolf groaned through tears. “Frank Lawrence! I was just giving him the Myriad Hued Snow Lotus, but he had to insult our family and demand we keep finding the Elemental Wonders for him. I argued, and he broke my arm!”

Beside them, Phineas simply listened to Rolf lie through his teeth, not daring to

On the other hand, Kenny was as stunned as he was skeptical.

argue...

Even if Frank could get obstinate in the time he knew the man, he was never one who went out of his way to insult others.

“No way, Mr. Lawrence isn’t like that...”

“You don’t really know him, Kenny!” Rolf cried, grabbing Kenny’s arm. “Help me! You’re my only hope!”

While Dan was himself surprised that Rolf was the one who broke Frank's arm, he stepped forward and said, "Mr. Sparks, I believe this issue requires investigation. Both you and I have met Frank in person—he may be prideful, but he doesn't stoop to insulting others. Something's not right."

Rolf promptly glared at Dan, his eyes narrowing. "What do you mean by that?! Are you calling me a liar?!"

However, Kenny was already frowning as he mused to himself. He actually believed Dan more than Rolf, and Rolf had been scheming to acquire Ichor Pills on top of that.

The kid could well have misspoken and provoked Frank....

"I'll talk to Mr. Lawrence about this," Kenny soon told Rolf. "You stay out of this—I'm sure he's magnanimous enough to forgive you."

Rolf was dumbfounded.

His plan was to trick Kenny into sending everyone from Skyblade Dojo after Frank, killing him and draining his essence dry.

And yet, Kenny refused, insisting on talking things out with Frank.

Moreover, would the truth not be revealed once they made contact?

"Talk about what?!" Rolf promptly cried. "You can't trust Frank. He's going to set you up if you meet him alone!"

"Enough!" Kenny was not tricked, however and calmly explained, "If Frank really were a bad person, he would have demanded a lot more when he treated Father. You just stay put and focus on getting better—and stay away from Frank!"

His tone made it clear that it was non-negotiable, and he left the room with those words.

Dan and Hali followed suit, leaving Rolf alone with Phineas.

He slammed his fist on the table, spite and fury flaring in his eyes.

Kenny had paid through his nose and pulled so many strings just to get Frank that Myriad Hued Snow Lotus.

On the other hand, he did not care that Rolf needed the Ichor Pill.

And he was like a brother to him!

Still, Phineas' suddenly had an idea and approached Rolf. "Mr. Sparks... The way I see it, Frank probably wouldn't give Kenny the pill, given his attitude."

Rolf glared at him. "You think?!"

"Exactly—it's better to do it yourself than ask for it," Phineas said. "It's pointless to pin your hopes on others."

"What are you talking about?" Rolf snorted. "I can't tell the dojo's apprentices what to do, and your goons would never win against Frank. We're never getting the Ichor Pill!"

"Yes, and since brute force is not an option, we can be smart about this." Phineas chuckled. "I know for a fact that Helen Lane of Lane Holdings is Frank's ex-wife. Even if they're divorced, they definitely still care about each other..."

Chapter 218

"If we can capture Helen and threaten Frank, we will definitely be able to get the Ichor Pill," Phineas finished..

Rolf narrowed his eyes—Phineas' idea could work!

Still, he asked, "Why are you so sure that Frank would try to save her?"

Phineas promptly told him everything that had happened before Rolf arrived at Delightpub and concluded, "Let's trick her out with a phone call. If she comes, it proves that they still have feelings for each other. Frank will definitely come."

Rolf nodded in agreement. "Makes sense. Do it—once we succeed, I'll pay you a hundred million."

Phineas was overjoyed. "I'll definitely succeed, Mr. Sparks. You have nothing to worry about."

Meanwhile, Dan Zimmer had caught up to Kenny Sparks. "When are you going to meet Frank, Mr. Sparks?"

Kenny thought about it and said, "Early tomorrow."

"Shall I go with you?" Dan offered. "I'll be the go-between to keep things amicable, even if I know that Frank is not the loudmouth Rolf is framing him to be. You really should be careful about this."

Kenny was actually delighted. "I'm counting on you, Mr. Zimmer—and don't worry, I know Frank. The man saved my father as well, and for that debt alone, I'd never lay a hand on him."

Seeing how open-minded Kenny was, Dan breathed a long sigh of relief.

Early next morning, Helen got out of bed and changed.

She was a little tired, but at least what had happened yesterday was over...

However, before she could drive to work, she received a call from an unfamiliar number. Hello? Who is it?"

"Ms. Lane, was it?" Phineas asked from the other end.

Helen stiffened right then. "Phineas... I mean, Mr. Tomkins. What can I do for you?"

"We have Frank Lawrence. Come to Delightpub immediately if you want to save his life," Phineas growled threateningly.

"What?! What's going on?!" Helen was completely confused—Phineas himself had apologized to Frank just yesterday, and he now caught Frank?

Could it be for revenge?

"What do you want?!" Helen snapped right then. "Mr. Sparks will make you pay for this!"

"Haha! But Mr. Sparks was the one who told me to get Frank." Phineas laughed.

Rolf spoke up just then from the other end as well, "Ms. Lane, your ex—husband is so full of himself, demanding that I apologize to you. He even threatened me, so I beat him within an inch of his life—he's now begging to see you before he dies. So aren't you coming?"

Helen had to jam her foot on the brakes as she almost struck a utility pole.

Frank was dying?

She could not imagine what torment Frank would have been put through and screamed on top of her lungs, "The Turnbells have Frank's back! Aren't you afraid they would come for you?"

"Haha!" Rolf laughed in disdain. "He's just Vicky Turnbull's boytoy. Do you think she'd go to war over some gigolo?"

Out of options right then, Helen promptly begged, “I’m so sorry, Mr. Sparks. My family caused this argument in the first place—Frank is innocent. Please let him go!”

“Sure.” Rolf chuckled. “Come to Delightpub, and I might consider sparing him.”

Chapter 219

Helen did not hesitate to drive to Delightpub immediately, where she was immediately restrained by two bouncers.

Helen struggled as she shouted, “What are you doing?! Let go of me!”

Phineas showed up just then, and Helen demanded, “Where’s Frank?! I want to see him!”

Phineas shrugged and chuckled. “Just sit tight, Ms. Lane. You’ll see him soon enough.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You lovebirds...” Phineas grinned. “I’m sure Frank will rush here to save you the instant he knows we have you.”

“What...?” Helen was dumbstruck, and her heart soon sank as she realized she had been tricked.

They wanted her here so they could lure Frank here too!

“Let go of me!” she bellowed and struggled, but the two bouncers held her in place with a vice-like grip.

Phineas spread his arms as he laughed. “Take her upstairs.”

With that, the two bodyguards dragged her upstairs without a hint of chivalry.

Rolf, who was watching everything from his private room, smiled.

Meanwhile, Kenny and Dan arrived at Frank's hilltop mansion.

Frank had been waiting for a while, seemingly expecting Kenny's visit.

He invited them in even pouring them tea as he kept a straight face. "Calling upon this

early in the morning... I'm sure there's a favor that needs asking?"

Dan nodded and spoke before Kenny. "Mr. Lawrence, I've just found out myself that you and Rolf Sparks had a little disagreement. May I ask what caused the issue?"

Frank reclined against the couch and said flatly, "He wanted Ichor Pills..."

Kenny frowned right then—so Rolf really was still dead set on that idea.

That was when Frank finished. "And he wanted to use my blood to make them."

"What?!"

Both Kenny and Dan were shocked that Rolf went that far!

Kenny quickly apologized, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Lawrence. I haven't been disciplining the boy... I shall make up for it."

Frank's eyes narrowed slightly as he asked, "Skyblade Dojo is not involved?"

Kenny promptly threw his hands up. "Of course not."

“You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Lawrence,” Dan quickly added. “As a major martial arts

sect, they have no reason to hurt you.”

Frank nodded in satisfaction, just as Kenny gingerly took out a check and pushed it up to Frank. “There’s fifty million dollars here, Mr. Lawrence. Rolf understands that he’s at fault, and it’s a token of his apology. He hopes you can forgive him, but he’s still in the hospital, so he’s asked me to bring this to you.”

Frank chuckled coolly. “Apologies shouldn’t be made by proxy. Tell him to come here personally if he wants to apologize.”

Kenny nodded repeatedly, “Yes, that’s true, Mr. Lawrence. I’ll have Rolf do it once he’s discharged.”

Pausing for a moment, he then asked gingerly, “Also, I’d like to ask you a favor... Can you give him a chance and treat his hand?”

As Frank stayed silent in hesitation, Dan chuckled heartily, hoping for a peaceful outcome. Mr. Lawrence, Rolf understands his mistake. Why don’t you give him a chance? See how the boy behaves, and if he messes up again, you can break his arm again.”

Kenny nodded repeatedly. “Mr. Zimmer is right. We will keep an eye on how Rolf behaves from now on!”

Chapter 220

Kenny even promised, “If he disrespects you again, Mr. Lawrence, I’ll personally break his legs.

As Kenny and Dan worked together to reason with Frank, he was made well aware that both men had come to speak on Rolf’s behalf.

Naturally, he decided he could offer some leeway, considering Dan and Kenny’s influence in Riverton

He smiled at Kenny. "How could I not honor your request since you and Mr. Zimmer came personally for this?"

Both men breathed a long sigh of relief at that—it seemed that Frank was going to forgive Rolf.

Frank then took out a pill and threw it at Kenny. "It's an Ichor Pill. Have Rolf apply it to his arm, and he'll recover in half a month."

"Oh..."

Kenny gasped, shocked that Frank would really give him an Ichor Pill!

This was certainly more than worth the trouble!

"Thank you, Mr. Lawrence!" He exclaimed.

Dan was stroking his beard and nodding in satisfaction in turn—he was certainly right about Frank

However, just as they were making small talk afterward, Frank suddenly received a call from an unfamiliar number.

He answered it to Phineas' smug laughter. "Did you sleep well last night, Mr. Lawrence?"

His mocking tone left Frank's expression turning cold. "Do you have a death wish?"

"Haha!" Phineas laughed out loud. "Calm down, Mr. Lawrence. There's someone here that you'd definitely want to hear from."

He held out his phone toward Helen, who immediately shouted, “Stay away, Frank! They are trying to lure you here—Phineas’ goons are everywhere!”

Frank’s face fell when he heard Helen’s voice, and his killing intent spilled out right then. What do you want, Phineas?”

Phineas chuckled. “She’s your ex-wife, isn’t she? Come over to Delightpub if you want her alive. And remember to come alone—she’s dead if you bring anyone else.”

Frank’s fingers clenched around his phone. “You’re dead meat. I hate it when people threaten Me.”

“We’ll see,” Phineas growled through his teeth.

Helen’s voice was still audible from the other end as he hung up.

Beside Frank, both Dan and Kenny saw his face fall, though they did not know who the caller

212

was

Dan quickly asked, “Did something happen?”

“I’m borrowing your car,” Frank said as he left immediately, leaping into Dan’s car and speeding straight toward Delightpub.

Kenny frowned. “Huh... Guess he’s in that much of a hurry.”

Dan thought about it and said, “My car is GPS tracked. Let’s follow him...”

Frank did not even stop to explain—it had to be very serious.

Kenny quickly nodded. Who knew if he might prove useful and give Frank an even better impression of himself.

Meanwhile, Frank did not ease his foot from the gas pedal even as he arrived at Delightpub. Bang!

Dan's car crashed through the front entrance, crushing and killing several bouncers guarding it!