

The Girlboss 221

Chapter 221

Frank aligned and looked at the thugs around him.

They had him encircled, but they were also too scared to advance the carnage he left yesterday was still fresh in their memory.

Even Phineas felt a chill running down his spine when he saw Frank's murderous glare.

"Where is Helen?" Frank demanded angrily

"Right here!" Rolf shouted from the second floor, grabbing Helen by the neck with his good

arm.

Frank looked up and was actually surprised to see Rolf just then.

"Run, Frank!" Helen shouted at the top of her lungs. "This is a trap!"

She knew that Frank was strong and mere thugs would never beat him, but there was a legion of them here and they were all armed to the teeth.

And Frank was alone she was convinced he was going to die.

In reality, Frank did not even care about the thugs, as his sharp glare was fixed on Rolf. "She has nothing to do with this. Let her go, and we can talk."

"Haha!" Rolf laughed. "What am I, stupid?"

Turning toward Helen just then, he sneered, "So, you two still care about each other. She came immediately when we told her we had you, and you're no different. Don't bother lying to me." Frank was actually puzzled how they had managed to get Helen to Delightpub—it turned out that she had just been tricked,

Still, he did not blame her and was actually happy to hear that she came immediately.

Nevertheless, he had to think of something and try to save Helen.

"I was going to spare you," he told Rolf. "I didn't think you were so bent on going down."

our arm,

Rolf snorted in disdain. "Stop trying to scare me. You're here because of her—break your and we can talk."

With that, he handed Helen to the two bouncers behind him.

"Break my arm?" Frank frowned, "Who do you think you are?"

"Fuck you!" Rolf was incensed by Frank's haughtiness and punched Helen in the stomach right then.

She collapsed to her knees in agony, her stomach churning!

Frank's eyes widened in shock. "You little—"

"Shut up!" Rolf bellowed as he pointed at Frank's face. "Break your arm, or I'll break hers!" He beckoned, and one of the bouncers pulled out Helen's right arm and held it in front of Rolf.

At the same time, Rolf pulled out a shiny baseball bat and aimed it at Helen's arm.

She trembled in fear even as she stared at its metallic glint...

"Wait!" Frank bellowed..

Rolf

grinned he knew Frank would not just watch as Helen got hurt.

"So? Made up your mind? Then stop wasting my time."

Frank gripped his right shoulder just then and pried it away.

His bones were dislocated instantly, and his right arm dangled limply at his side.

"No!!!" Helen screamed, her tears falling in heartache as she watched.

Frank somehow did not make a sound despite the agony, and he was gritting his teeth as he glared at Rolf.

"I did what you said. Now let her go."

Rolf, however, lit himself a cigarette and slowly pulled out the vial from yesterday. "Give me your blood, and I'll let both of you go."

Phineas took the bottle and hurried downstairs to pass it to Frank. "Do it, Mr. Lawrence- you're free once you do what Mr. Sparks has asked you to."

He then held out a knife to Frank with a gleeful smile. "Oh, wait—your arm's broken. Are you having trouble? Need my help?"

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Frank's eyes narrowed, and he suddenly launched a kick at Phineas, sending him flying!

Bang!

Phineas hit the wall and stayed stuck on it.

Blood started gushing from the mouth, his fate unknown.

His goons all paled in shock but were too scared to attack Frank

Seeing that, Rolf promptly whipped out a knife and pressed it against Helen's neck. "How dare you! Give me your blood right now, or I'll kill her!"

Frank would never take such an insult, but he had no choice for Helen's sake.

As he slowly picked up the knife, Helen cried, "Please, stop! Don't do this, Frank! They won't stop even if you do what he says..."

Frank shot her a glare. "That's your fault for being so gullible."

It struck Helen where it hurt, and she apologized profusely. "I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry..."

Frank would not have been pushed this far for her!

"What's the point of apologizing now? Please use your brain the next time you run into something like this," Frank snapped impatiently.

Helen hung her head in embarrassment, her ego struck right then.

Suddenly, she asked, “I have a question, Frank. Why did you come to save me?”

Frank frowned. “I just don’t want you to die.”

If anything, he had no idea why either.

Saving Helen did nothing but give him more trouble.

And yet, call it instinct, but he seemed to have been spurred by the voice in his heart!

Naturally, Rolf was furious to see them chat so leisurely. “Are you done?! Give me your blood!”

With that blood, he would be able to make Ichor Pills and heal his hand!

Nonetheless, Helen’s eyes suddenly flashed with determination.

She was actually glad to hear what Frank said—at least he still cared about her!

“I’m so sorry for being a burden. If we live through this, I promise to make it up to you. Please take care of my grandpa in my stead...”

And with those words, she suddenly pushed herself toward Rolf’s knife!

“Fuck!”

Rolf almost wet himself right then—no one could stop Frank if he actually killed Helen!

He had the balls to hurt her, but not kill her!

As he quickly leaped backward and pulled his knife away from Helen, it offered Frank the

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perfect cancel

Boom!

The floor shattered as he pushed against it and leapt upward to the second floor!

He kicked both bouncers who were restraining Helen and sent them flying before grabbing Helen by the waist and pulling her to himself.

Frank

"Shit!!!" Rolf paled he did not think just pulling back would allow Frank such a decisive chance!

And without Helen, he no longer had leverage against Frank!

"Get behind me," Frank told Helen just then, his glare filled with murder

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Helen hid behind Frank, feeling safe like never before at that moment.

Not even her mother or Sean could make her feel this way!

“At the same time, Rolf pointed at Frank and cried frantically, “Kill him! He only has one hand now use your numbers against him! I’ll pay the person who kills him five million dollars!”

Frank laughed icily. “Am I that cheap in your eyes?”

In reality, the bounty on Frank’s head abroad was over two billion.

Still, where there was money, there was a way.

While Phineas’ thugs knew they could not handle Frank when he had both hands, they were convinced there was a chance now that he only had one working hand.

“Rawgh!!!”

Someone suddenly yelled, and spurred by that battlecry, the thugs all charged.

Frank merely flicked his shoulder, and his broken arm was visibly fixed!

His combat ability restored, he leapt forward like an unstoppable locomotive, and so fast that average Joes like them could hardly keep up.

With single punches, he floored all the thugs standing in his way as he tore his way toward

Rolf.

Then, as the last thug between him and Frank dropped to the floor, Rolf did not hesitate to turn and run.

Having fought Frank before, he knew all too well that he was no match for the man!

Still, he

to make it out of Delightpub and started to scream hysterically for help, but there was no one around at that hour.

As such, he kept running without knowing where he was going and ended up stuck in a dead end.

Frank soon appeared, leaping up and kicking him on the back.

Rolf was left coughing blood.

He had yet to recover from his broken arm yesterday, and the kick only piled injury on top of aggravation.

As Frank stamped him under his feet, he had his fingers crossed, finally witnessing how horrific the man could be.

The Ichor Pill was certainly the last thing on his mind!

"Please, Frank, show mercy! Just spare me this one time, and I'll serve you... I'm sorry I didn't appreciate the chance you gave me!"

"I'll let you leave a pretty corpse for Kenny's sake," Frank said flatly. "Kill yourself."

"Y-You're going to kill me?! Kenny is the master of Skyblade Dojo!" Rolf stammered.

Kenny himself arrived just then, and Rolf was immediately delighted to see him. "Kenny! I'm right here! Help me!"

Kenny shot him a glare of disappointment before punching him right in the face!

“You bastard!” he cried. “You’ve really lost your mind by kidnapping Ms. Lane!”

Kenny and Dan had just arrived at Delightpub, and Helen told them what happened.

He immediately knew it was the end for Rolf—no person who laid a finger on Helen ever survived.

She was Frank’s trigger.

One could insult Frank however they wanted and stand a chance of being forgiven if they knelt down and apologized, as long as they never laid a finger on Helen!

“Please, Kenny—I know I made a mistake! Talk to him, or he’s going to kill me!” Rolf begged, clutching Kenny’s foot.

Kenny inhaled deeply and sighed. “I already did. Mr. Lawrence gave you an Ichor Pill and it’d heal your arm. I just didn’t think you were that stupid.”

“What?!” Rolf paled, and turned in regret toward Frank. “Frank Lawrence... Mr. Lawrence.... Boss...”

Frank, however, leveled a cool look at Kenny. “Is he going to do it, or are you?”

Chapter 224

Frank’s words made it clear to Kenny that Rolf was dead meat.

Turning to Rolf, he said, “Do it yourself. Don’t make me do it.”

Rolf was left gaping as his heart sank—Kenny had completely given up on him.

“No...”

He started bawling, never once expecting to end up this way.

He certainly realized that death was inevitable because he had messed with the wrong person, no matter how powerful his allies were!

And if he did not kill himself, Skyblade Dojo would be punished for it!

"I'm sorry," Rolf said as he composed himself and used his good arm to stab himself in the chest.

He coughed blood as he died instantly, his heart crushed.

Frank quietly left the alley after seeing that Rolf was dead, while Kenny sighed and called his man to carry Rolf's corpse away.

Even if they were not brothers by blood, there was no avoiding grief since Rolf was still family.

Though despondent as he left the alley, he apologized to Frank again. "I'm so sorry about what happened, Mr. Lawrence. I didn't think Rolf would do such a thing."

"He's dead now, and Skyblade Dojo isn't responsible for his actions," Frank said calmly. "That is, unless there's intent to avenge Rolf."

Kenny promptly shook his head. "Of course not. He deserves what's coming for him."

Frank nodded. "In that case, you don't have to apologize to me."

Dan arrived as well and could guess that Rolf was dead since Kenny was with Frank.

He tactfully avoided mentioning that matter, instead asking, "Are you alright, Mr. Lawrence? Ms. Lane told me that your arm was hurt."

Frank flexed his arm. "It's nothing serious."

"Still, you and Ms. Lane should come to Flora Hall," Dan said in invitation. "I'll properly examine your arm."

Naturally, he was finding an excuse to clear the awkwardness or it would get weirder with three grown men just standing there.

Frank could read his mind and nodded. "Sure."

"I won't be going," Kenny said just then. "I still have to deal with the mess at Delightpub."

Dan quickly nodded and returned inside, rounding up Scarlet and all of Phineas' goon

goons who were still alive.

Soon, he found out that Phineas was the one who gave Rolf the idea of kidnaping Helen.

His teeth were gnashing even as he glared at the man, who was still unconscious...

When Phineas woke up, he had the feeling that he had been put inside a box.

He fumbled around, his hands soon reaching a corpse... and there was more than one!

It was only then that he realized he had been placed inside a coffin.

'Someone! Help! Who the fuck buried me?! I'm still alive!!!' he cried hysterically even as he kept hitting the coffin.

However, he had been buried within the virgin forests of Mount Anil; where there was not a soul in sight.

Meanwhile, Frank and Helen had been arranged to a luxury room at the Flora Hall, with Dan examining the both of them personally.

Fortunately, both of them were fine, though Dan brought them a bulk of supplements.

"You are certainly robust, Mr. Lawrence," he sighed in awe. "Reattaching a dislocated limb like it's nothing—I am genuinely impressed."

Frank smiled. "It was just a bluff to trick Rolf Sparks. It's nothing to brag about."

Helen was puzzled—was Dan not being too polite with Frank?

Chapter 225

Helen asked curiously, "Mr. Zimmer, you know Frank?"

"Of course." Dan smiled. "Mr. Lawrence's knowledge of medicine is so profound that I can't begin to describe my admiration."

Helen was left dumbstruck and leveled a puzzled look at Frank.

His knowledge of medicine was... profound, and even Dan himself admired him?!

How had she been oblivious about that in the three years they were married?

“Are you joking, Mr. Zimmer?” she asked gingerly.

“Haha! I have no reason to do so.” Dan grinned as he stroked his beard. “Remember Lyndon McCoy? Mr. Lawrence himself treated him when he suffered complications.”

“What?!” Helen was shocked, though she soon remembered the fake Ichor Pill she presented to Lyndon as a gift.

It almost killed Lyndon, and Rocco had Helen captured... though he soon released her.

So it was Frank who saved her?

And seeing Dan’s seriousness, it was clear he was not joking-

It was now not surprising why Dan would ask the reason she divorced Frank before—they were already acquainted.

Just then, Dan said, “Mr. Lawrence, you may rest here as long as you want. I’ll be going now since I have other matters to attend to.”

“Of course.” Frank nodded.

As Dan left and left Helen alone with Frank in the room, she stared fixedly as she said, “I’m sorry. I was wrong about you before.”

“It’s nothing. It’s all in the past, and I didn’t take it to heart anyway,” Frank said nonchalantly.

The way he did not seem to care only left Helen feeling stung.

After so long, she realized that she could not get over Frank

He might not have influence or ability, but he was genuinely good to her. (2)

After hesitating for a long while, she began, "Frank, can we

The door suddenly opened before she could finish, and Vicky rushed in, asking worriedly, "How are you doing, Frank? Are you hurt?"

She was certainly shocked when she heard that Frank and Rolf were in a huge fight, rushing to Flora Hall right away when she found out that Frank went there.

Frank did a double take but shook his head. "Don't worry, I'm completely fine."

Vicky stared pointedly at the bandages on her arm. "Then explain your arm."

"Mr. Zimmer's just being paranoid," Frank replied. "I'm really fine."

Vicky brushed her fingers over the bandages, pain showing in her eyes. "Does it hurt?"

Frank shook his head. "Not at all."

Vicky breathed a sigh of relief at that. "You really gave me a scare."

She did not even look Helen's way through it all, and Helen definitely felt awkward as she sat beside them.

However, it hurt her more to see Vicky being so worried.

She should be standing where Vicky stood.

But now, she stuck out like a sore thumb, unable to even say a word.

She swallowed the words on the tip of her tongue, instead saying, “Frank, if there’s nothing else, I’ll be going now.”

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Frank was surprised. “Aren’t you going to get some rest first?”

“No, I’m not hurt anyway.” Helen shook her head and started toward the door.

Vicky glanced at her and said, “I’ll walk with you.

Frank grabbed Vicky’s wrist right then—something might happen if those two ended up alone!

Nonetheless, Vicky flashed Frank a calm smile. “Don’t worry. I’m really just walking with her.”

With that, she walked side-by-side with Helen along the hallways of Flora Hall.

Vicky was the one who spoke first. “So, Ms. Lane... I heard Frank was caught in that huge mess to save you,

Helen nodded without flinching. “Yes. That’s what happened.”

“And since we’re adults, I’d like you to remember what it means to take responsibility for yourself instead of needing others to keep cleaning up after you,” Vicky said.

Helen scowled—in reality, she was the victim because Rolf was after Frank.

If anything, she was innocent.

Still, she did not back down despite Vicky's hostile words. "You're misunderstanding something, Ms. Turnbull—I never asked for Frank's help."

Vicky giggled. "I know Frank still harbors feelings for you, but it's over between you and him. now—Frank is mine."

The last part was laced with provocation, and Helen was immediately balling her knuckles in frustration.

"How much money did you give him?" she asked.

"What?" Vicky was caught by surprise.

"I'll repay every cent Frank took from you," Helen said solemnly.

"Hahaha!!!"

Vicky was roaring with laughter, shaking her head endlessly as she leveled a gleeful look of contempt at Helen. "Oh, Ms. Lane... You have the looks, but your head's really empty. Do you even know why you divorced Frank? It's none other than your overconfidence and vanity, and because you always believe what you want."

Helen frowned, utterly confused. "What are you talking about?"

Vicky waved her off dismissively, instead saying, "You're going to pay me back, yes? Frank owes me two hundred million. Pay up, then I will cut my ties with him."

Vicky was convinced Helen would not talk to Frank about it. If anything, she had every intention to demand two billion too.

Helen was left doing a double take, surprised that Vicky had spent that much on Frank.

Even so, she said, "Fine, I'll get you the money. I just hope you'll hold up your end of the bargain."

Vicky nodded. "Uh—huh. My word is golden, so make it quick, or Frank and I would be married by the time you had the money."

"Hmph," Helen snorted.

She knew that it was a deliberate provocation, but said nothing as she turned to leave Flora Hall.

As Vicky returned to Frank's ward, he asked in curiosity, "Did Helen leave?"

"Uh—huh."

"You seem pleased."

"Do I?" Vicky shrugged. "Maybe. I was looking for you because I have good news anyway."

"Good news?" Frank asked.

Vicky took out a velvet box from her handbag just then and slowly opened it to reveal at Rejuvenation Pill that was fresh from the factory.

"The first batch is a success, and the medicinal effect is sublime," she announced. "We can put it on mass production soon."

Frank picked one up and studied it carefully before nodding. "The effect is weaker since it's manufactured, but it reaches expected standards. When do you plan to market it?"

Vicky thought about it. "Naturally, we'll wait and do it when the Salazars start selling the Beauty Pill."

"Wait, are you serious?" Frank was stunned.

"Yes. I want to wipe the floor with them," Vicky said confidently.

To be precise, she was brimming with confidence when it came to the Rejuvenation Pill.

Still, she paused for a moment in thought and said, "However, there are still preparations to be made."

"Preparations?" Frank asked in curiosity.

"The matter of the endorser, to be precise."

"Who do you have in mind?"

Vicky grinned as she sat down beside Frank. "You bailed out a famous star named Noel York earlier, didn't you? I'm planning to have her help, since she is in hot demand at the moment."

Frank nodded in agreement having a star celebrity promote a product was certainly effective. "Then why don't you reach out to her?"

have

"I'm planning to you do it," Vicky replied. "You more or less saved her, didn't you? She'd certainly help with a little favor. Also, I'm a busy girl... or are you having me do this myself too?"

She then passed Noel's business card to Frank. "Reach out whenever you can. We need this done and dusted soon enough."

Frank took the card and nodded. "Yeah, I'll get it done soon."

He did have shares in Vicky's pharmaceutical company, and he had to make the trip since she had asked that much.

She left soon after that, since there was plenty of work waiting at her office.

Frank started to leave as well, though he soon ran into Janet.

Curiously, she was dressed casually with a blue dress and a pair of sneakers instead of her usual lab coat.

When she saw him, she approached and greeted him. "Mr. Lawrence, what brings you here to Flora Hall?"

"Oh, nothing much..." Frank said. "Are you going out?"

Janet nodded. "Well, yeah. My grandpa gave me a lot of money and told me to buy a new car, since his car was totaled."

"Oh... Ahem." Frank cleared his throat awkwardly, since it was he who wrecked Dan's car and not Dan himself.

That being said, it was high time he got himself a car too.

"What a coincidence," he said. "I was just going to get one myself. Why don't we go together?"

"Sure!" Janet smiled and nodded.

Frank got a cab and went with Janet to a Mercedes dealership.

As they entered, a uniformed salesperson studied them and was immediately disinterested seeing that they were young-

"Sir, ma'am. Are you here to buy a car?" she asked.

Frank nodded.

The salesperson gave a noncommittal wave. "Feel free to look around."

Frank frowned and checked her name tag. "Ms. Henley, yes? Aren't you a salesperson? Can't you give us a rundown?"

Marian Henley simply shrugged. "Are you going to buy just because I gave an introduction? Just look around yourself."

Janet did a double take and suddenly lowered her eyes to check her and Frank's dressing.

Did they look impoverished to the salesperson?

She frowned. "What's your deal? Why are you so certain that we won't be buying?"

"Oh, fine, just calm down." Marian rolled her eyes and turned around to another salesperson. "Over here, Lydia. These two are yours."

The rather young salesperson with a ponytail hurried up to Frank and Janet right then.

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The salesperson bowed to Frank and Janet before asking, "Sir, ma'am—I'm Lydia King, at your service. May I ask what models you may be interested in?"

Lydia had started work for a month but had not made any sales yet—she would be fired by the end of the month if that continued..

If anything, she was surprised that Marian, who topped sales last month, would hand the customers over to herself.

They may appear young, but it was better than having no customers at all.

Just then, the front doors opened as a balding middle-aged man strode in.

Marian promptly approached him, “Oh, Mr. Larkin! So? Have you thought about the models I showed you last time?”

Mr. Larkin put an arm around her wrist, even giving her rump a good smack as he chuckled, Oh, I’m here to buy alright! Though you’d have to give me a proper... Demo.”

“Of course. In fact, you can test drive it before you decide,” Marian giggled, hiding a smile behind her palm.

As they chattered away jovially, Frank frowned in the distance.

So Marian was not a lukewarm person—she simply was not bothered to offer Frank and Janet any hospitality..

Janet was gritting her teeth in frustration too. “She’s really making light of us!”

Lydia was left standing awkwardly beside them. “Excuse me...”

Frank suddenly asked, “What’s the best model available here?”

“That would be our Maybach S–class...”

“Show it to us,” Frank said.

Lydia nodded repeatedly. “Please come with me.”

As she led them to the Maybach section, she gave him a detailed description of the prestige class.

Frank was soon studying the S–class and deciding that it was good.

“How much is the model with the highest specifications?”

“One moment, sir,” Lydia took out a calculator, tapping on it for a long while before saying, “That would be 5.3 million dollars, sir.”

Frank nodded, stroking his chin.

Lydia presumed that Frank could not afford that and added, “Sir, we also offer loans...”

“Loans?” Frank chuckled: “I guess you’re underestimating me a little too, kid.”

“Ah...” Lydia was left feeling a little awkward.

Still, Frank soon said, “I’ll take two and make full payment—here’s my card.”

“Oh...” Lydia gasped, her eyes widening.

Frank stared at her in turn. "What, is there a problem?"

Lydia quickly shook her head. "N—No, of course not. I'll prepare a contract right away."

She pried her own finger so hard she almost cried in pain.

This felt like a dream—she had yet to make any sales, and she now made a huge one out of the blue!

Moreover, everyone else had to elaborate at length just to make a single sale and had to be so enthusiastic they could well be talking to their own parents.

On the other hand, Lydia herself had barely said much and sealed the deal, which only made it a little unreal.

Janet asked in curiosity just then, "Why are you buying two cars, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Oh... The other one's for you," Frank said awkwardly, since he had totaled her car and should pay that much.

"B—But this one is so expensive. I can't take it." Janet promptly threw up her hands.

"It's just a car it's fine, it's not that expensive anyway," Frank insisted. "And I'll give it to your grandfather if you refuse."

"Well..."

"It's alright. It's not that expensive for me, and I might have to ask for your favor in the future too."

Janet bit her lip. "Alright. You need just ask if you ever need my help, Mr. Lawrence. I'll do my best."

1/2

After a while, Lydia returned with two contracts.

Frank quickly signed them and had his card swiped for payment.

Once the paperwork was done, Lydia handed them the car keys while asking, "Are you going to drive the car, or shall we deliver them to your residence?"

"I'll drive."

"Okay. Shall we get the cars now, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank nodded and had Janet come along as Lydia led them to the warehouse.

As they arrived, an E-class Mercedes stopped beside them, with Mr. Lambert and Marian alighting.

Frank glanced at them, and saw that Marian's clothes were a mess even as she wrapped her hands around Mr. Lambert's arm.

"It's good, right?" she purred. "Shall we sign the sales contract right away?"

Mr. Lambert, however, remained hesitant for a long while. "Yeah. It's good, but it just falls short of my expectations. I think I'll check out the others..."

Marian was left staring at him. "The others? Well, if you don't like Mercedes, we have. Maybachs too..."

Mr. Lambert merely peered at one for a moment and decided against it. "Actually, I'm busy. I'll come talk to you some other day."

And with that, he left in a hurry.

“Mr. Lambert! How could you do this to me...” Marian was left seething—the man had his fun, and then refused to pay up?!

He had swindled her, plain and simple!

Still, Marian noticed Frank staring at her just then and promptly took it out on him. “What are you looking at? Haven’t you seen a pretty face before?”

Frank snorted and shook her head, while Lydia quickly said, “Here’s your Maybach, Mr. Lawrence.”

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“What?!” Marian was flabbergasted right then—the buster could afford a Maybach?! Was Lydia joking?!

She promptly turned to Lydia, “Don’t get tricked, girlie. You’d be taken for a ride.”

“Get tricked?” Lydia simply smiled. “But Mr. Lawrence has already paid for the cars.”

She certainly had nothing to worry about when she was penniless herself.

Hence, Marian was left staring as Frank got into the Maybach, never expecting that the young couple whom she belittled bought the most expensive model.

“Lydia, have they signed the contract?”

“Of course,” Lydia nodded. “Thank you for passing them to me, or I’d never have made any sales.”

Marian almost choked, though she had no choice but to grit her teeth and bear with it.

After Frank passed Janet the key to the other Maybach, they drove out of the warehouse and went their separate ways.

Frank returned to his hilltop mansion in Skywater Bay in the evening and took out the Myriad Hued Snow Lotus to cultivate it.

He did so for the next forty-eight hours, undisturbed as his form improved to the next level.

When he opened his eyes again, his vigor manifested into a spiral that absorbed all the natural energies around him.

At that point forth, his body was constantly refining itself, while his senses reached its maximum potential—he could hear a conversation clearly even from upstairs.

He took out Noel York's card just then and called the number.

Noel soon answered. "Hello. Who is it?"

"Ms. York, I'm Frank Lawrence," Frank replied. "We met before at Hoff Hotel."

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On the other end of the line, Noel nodded in understanding. "Oh, Mr. Lawrence... Why have you called me? Is there anything you'd like to ask?"

"Actually, I'd like to ask you to endorse a pill," Frank said, scratching his head. "Your fee will be negotiable."

"A pill?" Noel did a double take.

She would have said yes if it were any other item, but pills were definitely a no-go.

If there was an issue, her own reputation would be tarnished as well.

After some thought, she decided to see what Frank's pill was all about—if it was good, she could certainly endorse it. "Why don't you come to my concert tonight? We can discuss the matter afterward."

"Sure," Frank replied before asking for the address and hanging up.

The fact that Noel was willing to meet him was good enough, since the value of the Rejuvenation Pill went without saying.

He could also check out the concert while he was there. After all, he had nothing else to do and would have to wait until the concert was over to see Noel anyway, and he had not been to one before.

Arriving at the venue, he bought a ticket and took his seat.

The concert had yet to start, but many were already entering the hall and taking their seats.

As Frank reclined against his seat, closing his eyes to rest, a familiar voice suddenly asked, "What are you doing here?"

Frank opened his eyes to see Winter standing in front of him, accompanied by several others.

They were all her college mates, by the looks of it.

Surprised that he would run into Winter here of all places, Frank smiled. "Nothing. I'm just attending the concert."

Winter nodded. "I see. Are you sitting here?"

“Uh–huh.”

“What a coincidence. I’ll be sitting next to you,” Winter said, showing him her ticket.

Frank had certainly made an impression when they last met at her adopted mother’s snackbar.

There was not telling how much money her family would be robbed off if not for Frank.

“Who is he, Winter?” a girl wearing a baseball cap asked just then.

“My... friend,” Winter replied.

She had no idea what to tell the others about Frank—he was neither a fellow college student nor a friend, and they had only met once before.

“You mean boyfriend?” the girl—Jean Watkins—teased.

Winter nudged her with her elbow, muttering, “Zip it.”

Frank studied them just then—including Winter, there were three girls and a boy, the latter who was dressed in famous brands.

As they started to sit down, the boy approached Frank and whispered, “Excuse me, do you mind trading seats?”

Frank was actually sitting between him and Winter.

Though Frank did not hesitate, Winter caught him before he got up, asking, “You like Noel’s songs

es too?”

“Huh...” Frank scratched his head. “I guess? I don’t know that many, though.”

He actually was not that familiar with Noel anyway.

Winter smiled. “You guess? And you came anyway?”

Frank shrugged. “Oh, I’m just here to discuss a business proposition with Ms. York.”

“A business proposition?” Winter asked in curiosity. —

Winter was already his sister from Frank’s perspective, and he was happy to tell her everything. “My company has just developed a pill, and we’d like Noel to endorse it.”

“Woah! Your friend’s amazing, Winter—he actually owns a company!” Jean exclaimed just then.