

The Girlboss 231

Chapter 231

Winter smiled awkwardly. "I guess..."

She had no idea what Frank's specific occupation was, but she was sure that he was someone very important.

That was when the girl sitting beside Jean snorted in disdain, and Frank noticed her hair was permed thoroughly.

"What's so impressive about owning a company? Zeb's family owns one two," Aria said, before turning to the boy with them. "Right, Zeb?"

"Oh, that's my parents' accomplishment," Zeb Larkin said humbly. "I can't take credit for it." Aria was fawning all over him nonetheless. "You're a single child—your parents' may well be yours."

Zeb smiled before nudging Frank again. "Come on. Let's trade seats."

Frank had actually forgotten about that for a moment.

He was perfectly fine with sitting anywhere since the youngsters were all classmates.

But once again, Winter caught his wrist before he could get up.

"Frank, you can sit right here," she said before turning toward Zeb. "It's been a while since Frank and I met, and we'd like to catch up. You can sit over there."

"Oh, okay." Zeb pursed his lips, but had no choice but to agree to Winter's request despite his discontent.

Frank watched as various expressions alternated over Zeb's face, and more or less had an idea just then.

The boy must be an admirer of Winter's, though it made sense since she was the prettiest amongst the three girls here and had an admirer or two.

"Thank you so much for all you've done." Winter was smiling. "There's no one threatening us for protection money anymore, and my mom's business is booming."

"That's great." Frank nodded. "But if anyone bothers you again, just call the number I gave you."

"Okay," Winter nodded, hesitating for a long while and rubbing her sleeves. "By the way, will you be free next week?"

"Why?" Frank asked in curiosity.

"It's my

birthday," Winter said. "Do you think you can make it?"

Frank certainly would not say no to that he would make time if he had to!

"Of course," he replied right away. "Just send me the location and I'll be there."

"Okay!" Winter nodded chipperly.

The concert began soon after, and Noel took to the stage.

The cheers from the crowd was endless, and it was a dynamic performance.

Winter and her friends were soon all engrossed, while Frank also closed his eyes to enjoy the

music.

There was certainly a reason Noel made it big—her voice was ethereal and serene, and even Frank could forget his troubles as he listened to her song.

After a long while, Noel's concert was finally over.

As Frank stretched his back, Winter sighed in melancholy. "It's over already..

Frank checked his watch—the concert had gone on for four hours, and it was already 11 PM!

Jean was sighing too. "Shame we can't get Noel's autograph."

Winter shrugged. "Only the front-row audience gets some personal time with her. Let's not get ahead of ourselves..."

Frank noted their mournful looks and asked, "You want Noel's autograph?"

"Of course. Who wouldn't?" Jean replied.

Frank rose to his feet. "Then come with me. I'll ask her."

Winter was shocking. "R—Really?"

Chapter 232

Frank nodded. "Of course. Didn't I mention that I came to see Noel about a business proposition? Asking for a few autographs along with it isn't an issue."

"That's amazing!" Jean exclaimed.

With that, Frank led them to the concert backstage. Once he mentioned his name to the security guards, he went unimpeded and soon found Noel there removing her makeup.

It was the first time the girls behind him got up close and personal with a star celebrity, and they were all chattering excitedly.

“My goodness... I didn’t know she’d be that beautiful without makeup too!”

That’s a star celebrity for

you. Even their bare face is amazing!”

On the other hand, Noel lifted her gown when she saw Frank. “Welcome, Mr. Lawrence.”

She hooked an arm through his before turning toward the others with him. “And they are...?”

20

“Oh,” Frank turned toward Winter. “This is my sister and her college friends. They are your fans, and they’d like an autograph, so I brought them here.”

Noel flashed a bewitching smile right then. “Oh, of course—not a problem.”

She quickly brought out four photos of herself and signed one for each of them, even Zeb.

After that, they even took a photo with Noel!

Frank turned to Winter just then and asked, “Would you like anything else?”

Winter promptly threw her hands up. “N—No. This is a dream come true...”

She would never have imagined getting an autographed photo, as well as a photo with Noel!

She certainly would not ask for more.

Frank nodded. “I still have something to do, so I won’t be leaving with you. I can give you a ride later if you can’t get one, though.”

“No, no... You just do what you have to do,” Winter said politely, actually afraid to impose any further.

As Winter and the others left the backstage area, Noel said, “Come, Mr. Lawrence. Let’s sit down and talk.”

Frank nodded and took a seat on the couch.

“May I ask what pill it is you’d like me to endorse, Mr. Lawrence?” Noel asked.

Frank quickly took out a Rejuvenation Pill and said shortly, “This is Grande Corp’s exclusive product—the Rejuvenation Pill. It has both a beautifying effect and revitalizes the physique so it’s quite unique as a cosmetic product.”

Noel smiled. “A cosmetic pill that revitalizes the body? Is it actually cosmetic or a supplement?”

Frank smiled in turn. “It’s both.”

212

Noel picked up the little pill just then and asked, “Is the quality verified? Are there testimonials?”

"I certainly do, since I'm selling it," Frank replied. "You can be rest assured about the safety, though you can try one if you doubt me."

Noel thought about it and decided to test it herself.

It was a big deal, after all.

"How many pills does it take to see an effect?" she asked.

"Just one," Frank replied. "And the effect would show right after consumption."

"It's that amazing?" Noel exclaimed, a little skeptical.

Still, she took a pill—she was convinced Frank was not out to hurt her.

There was no reason to make such an elaborate effort, at least.

As soon as she took one, her eyes promptly widened!

Chapter 233

Noel could feel a stream of warmth unfurling within her stomach.

She had been exhausted after the concert, but her fatigue vaporized as soon as she took the Rejuvenation Pill

However, a grayish substance also began to seep out of her skin, and she exclaimed in shock.

"It's the waste substance within your body. You just need to wash it off."

In reality, the Rejuvenation Pill was a pill that improved a normal person to the level of a martial artist, refining their physique.

Naturally, excess substances in the body would be removed.

“I see. I’ll take a bath first,” Noel said and hurried to the bathroom.

After cleaning up, she looked at herself in the mirror and found her skin fair and smooth, just like a newborn!

If anyone did not know better, they would think that she had applied powder to her cheeks.

“My goodness...” Noel gasped as she caressed her face—this was a miracle pill!

She quickly got dressed and hurried outside before telling Frank right away, “I have no issue endorsing your pill, Mr. Lawrence.”

Frank nodded, as if he had expected her to say yes. “May I ask how much your fee would be?”

Noel waved him off. “I can waive it, on one condition.”

“Of course.”

“I want your promise that I have priority in supplies whenever I need the Rejuvenation Pill, she said.

Being a star celebrity, she basically made money using her appearance, and beauty was therefore more important than all else. That in turn meant having a guaranteed supply of the Rejuvenation Pill was her priority!

“Of course. That’d be easy.” Frank smiled and nodded.

“Then that’s a deal.” Noel held out her hand, sealing the agreement with a light handshake.

Noel’s assistant ran into the room just then, crying, “Ms. York, there’s a group of people outside demanding to see you. They say they’re going to give you money...”

“Who are they?” Noel asked in confusion.

“They said they are from Salazar Labs,” the assistant replied.

“Tell them to come again tomorrow. I’m getting some rest,” Noel said right away.

Those people came without an appointment and it was time she got her sleep—she certainly did not have time for them.

Frank frowned right then.

Salazar Labs? It almost sounded like Donald Salazar owned it!

He quickly said, “Ms. York, I’d rather you didn’t take endorsement deals with other companies. even though we haven’t made our deal official. Naturally, we’ll be paying you for that.”

Noel understood the implicit rules involved and smiled. “Don’t worry, Mr. Lawrence. I will only endorse your company in the foreseeable future.”

Just as Frank breathed a sigh of relief, there was a loud bang!

Noel’s assistant was sent flying inside with a kick, and soon, several men in black coa

Noel frowned right then. “Who are you people? How dare you hit my assistant!”

strode

Vera, the burly man leading them, ignored her and chuckled. “You really are beautiful, Ms. York—one expects nothing less from an

an endorsement deal for our Beauty A-list star. We’re from Salazar Labs, here to offer you

meet your worth....”

Pill, our latest product. Naturally, our fee will definitely

He raised five fingers. “Fifty million dollars.”

“No. Get out,” Noel snapped. “I won’t endorse anything for you.”

Chapter 234

Noel was utterly unhappy with Vera’s attitude.

However, despite her outburst and demand for his gang to leave, Vera sat on the couch. instead, with two of his boys standing behind him.

He then took out a bottle with the Beauty Pill. “Don’t turn us down so quickly, Ms. York. If anything, you’re lucky that we took an interest in you. After all, this Beauty Pill that we’ve developed on our own is a skincare product tailored for women. Try it—we won’t bother you if it’s ineffective.”

Noel was taken aback as she stared at the bottle on the table.

It was like everything passed for cosmetic products these days.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I've already taken another endorsement deal and I have too much on my plate at the moment."

Bang!

Noel was left flinching as Vera suddenly slammed his fist on the table and growled coolly, "I guess you don't know how powerful Salazar Group is, Ms. York. We can kill you anytime we

want."

"What..." Noel was gritting her teeth in frustration.

These people were not businessmen. They were simply here to make her take the deal!

That was when Frank, who was still sitting nearby, chuckled. "What, so the Salazar Group relies entirely on violence to get endorsements? Are you going to cancel her now that she refused to play along?"

Vera did a double take before leveling a glare at Frank. "Who the fuck are you? Is this any of your business?"

"I'm just someone who can't stand the Salazar Group." Frank snorted in disdain.

"Hah! Shut up." Vera scoffed, launching a jab right at Frank's face!

However, Frank had improved considerably after he cultivated the Myriad Hued Snow Lotus.

In his eyes, Vera's jab was as slow as a snail!

Frank simply punched him in the face in return.

“Oof!” Vera yelped as he bled freely from his nostrils. “W—Who the fuck hit me?”

Frank was sitting opposite him, but Vera never saw the man move!

Behind him, Vera’s goons were astonished. One pointed at Frank and stammered, “I—I think he did it...”

Aside from the three thugs, it was just Frank, Noel, and Noel’s assistant—the latter two certainly did not know martial arts!

“Fuck!”

Since Frank was the only suspect, Vera sprang to his feet and lunged at him... only for Frank to send him flying with a kick!

“Oh! I saw it this time,” the goon from before exclaimed. “It’s definitely him!”

Vera scrambled to his feet and snapped, “Then kill him!”

Having received their orders, both goons rushed at Frank without another word.

Frank punched one to the floor and sent the other flying with a kick, and he crashed violently into Vera.

“Oof—” Vera yelped again, before turning toward Frank in shock. “W—Who the fuck are you?”

“I’m Ms. York’s bodyguard,” Frank replied icily as he stood over him. “Now run along and tell your boss that Ms. York won’t be taking his deal.”

“What... Fine, I’ll deliver your message,” Vera growled through his teeth. “But we’ll see if you can still strut when my boss gets here!”

Chapter 235

Frank suddenly swung his hand, and Vera and the goons promptly fled in fear.

Noel sighed and walked up to him. "Thank you so much, Mr. Lawrence."

He then gave her a number. "Call me right away if this lot comes to harass you again."

Noel nodded repeatedly and carefully stored his number.

With everything out of the way, Frank bade her goodbye.

Most of the audience had left the concert hall, and the place appeared bleak even though it was so lively just a moment ago.

Winter and the others were by the road, waiting for any cab passing by.

Jean was still staring at the autographed photo from Noel and exclaimed excitedly, "Heavens, Winter... I didn't know you knew someone so amazing. Why didn't you tell us?"

Winter scratched her head awkwardly. After all, she did not know Frank before!

Jean kept rambling on. "Oh, you have to bring him along if there's another concert..."

"It's just an autograph, isn't it?" Zeb suddenly said, even though he had not done anything. "Anyone with a little influence could've gotten it."

Jean clicked her tongue and pursed her lips. "Why didn't you ask for it, then?"

"I—I didn't think you would want it," Zeb stammered. "And Winter never told me I'd have asked Helen York otherwise."

Jean rolled his eyes, dead certain that Zeb was just being a sore loser.

Zeb changed the subject just then. “Winter, it’s too late to get a cab. Why don’t we go to a hotel and stay the night?”

Winter promptly shook her head. “No.”

“It’s going to be midnight soon,” Zeb said, glancing at his watch. “The dorms would be closed by the time you arrive.”

“We will probably make it...” Winter was insistent.

“Forget the hotel.” Jean chuckled coolly. “We’re all ladies here except you—it’s inappropriate.”

Aria snorted. “You’re being narrow-minded, Jean. There’s three of us here—what can he do to us?”

I heard you recently

Turning to Zeb with a coquettish gaze, she said, “We will go with you. I heard

bought a BMW? We have yet to get a ride...”

Zeb was a famous rich kid in Riverton University.

In Aria’s mind, Winter was fortunate that Zeb was interested—she certainly would like a rich boyfriend herself but did not have such luck!

And yet, Winter and Jean were both scorning Zeb for it!

“Alright!” Zeb certainly would not say no. “It’s just a BMW—my parents got it for me, and it’s not that expensive anyway.”

Jean sneered. “Right? Just a tin can—nothing to brag about.”

Zeb shot a look at Jean for her infuriating meddling but turned back to Winter. “I’ll get you three a room, Winter. There’s nothing to worry about, is there?”

Winter remained hesitant.

She checked her phone—it certainly was difficult to get a cab at this hour..

Aria continued to reason. “Come on, Winter. Mr. Larkin is serious about this. Why are you still worried?”

Winter thought about it, but before she could say yes, a Maybach came bounding down the road and screeched to a halt beside them.

“The hell? A Maybach S—class?!” Aria was astounded that a luxury car of such class would show up there in the middle of nowhere!

Frank opened the door and alighted. “What are y’all doing here?”

“Frank?” Winter gasped.

Chapter 236

Winter was surprised to see Frank, though her grim expression soon turned to a smile. “We wanted to get a cab and return to our dorm, but that’s a little difficult.”

Frank realized with a start and nodded. “Then can I offer you a ride?”

“Sure!” Winter agreed without hesitation.

In her mind, Frank would never hurt her—just like her brother.

She quickly turned to Jean. “Come on. Let’s go back to the dorms in Frank’s car.”

“Sure,” Jean nodded without hesitation. “Also, isn’t a Maybach way better than a BMW?”

Moreover, the man would send them back to the dorms instead of a hotel.

Aria had been staring fixedly at the Maybach ever since Frank showed up, promptly clinging to Winter’s arm with a broad grin. “You can’t leave me now, Winter. Let’s go back together.”

Winter turned to look at Frank and see if he approved, and Frank smiled. “A friend of Winter’s is no issue.”

“Thank you, Mr. Lawrence!” Aria exclaimed excitedly and brazenly rode shotgun.

Jean rolled her eyes but had no choice but to take the backseat with Winter.

“Fuck..” Zeb swore under his breath, his face contorting in rage.

He brought those girls here, and that bastard took them all away!

He was certainly fuming, but had nowhere to vent.

Still, he hurried up to them and said, “I’m coming along too...”

Frank glanced at the seating and said awkwardly, "Oh, I'm really sorry but there's no space. here..."

Jean was grinning right then. "You have a car, don't you, Mr. Larkin? You can drive on your own! We're going now."

Turning to Frank, she said, "Let's hurry, Mr. Lawrence. The dorm will be closed if we're late." "You have nothing to worry about. I promise we'll all make it before the gates shut," Frank said even as he put on his seatbelt.

Behind, Winter thought he could take this time...

Soon, Frank floored the gas pedal and the Maybach zoomed away, leaving Zeb behind to breathe fumes.

"Fuck!!!" he bellowed in sheer rage.

Frank soon brought Winter back to Riverton University.

Even as the three girls hurried inside, Winter kept waving at Frank. "Thank you so much, Frank. You have to attend my birthday celebration next week!"

Frank stood outside the gates, nodding. "Don't worry. I'll definitely be there."

He waited, watching as Winter and the others were out of sight before turning back to his Maybach.

However, Zeb also arrived in his BMW, and he stopped his car right in front of Frank, blocking his path,

Frank frowned. "Is there a problem?"

Zeb alighted, lighting himself a cigarette as he slowly said, "Who are you to Winter?"

“Just friends,” Frank said calmly.

“In that case, stop bothering her,” Zeb growled coolly. “You don’t belong in her world anyway.

“I don’t?” Frank almost laughed out loud. “Then who does? You?”

Winter was surprised to see Frank, though her grim expression soon turned to a smile. “We wanted to get a cab and return to our dorm, but that’s a little difficult.”

Frank realized with a start and nodded. “Then can I offer you a ride?”

“Sure!” Winter agreed without hesitation.

In her mind, Frank would never hurt her—just like her brother.

She quickly turned to Jean. “Come on. Let’s go back to the dorms in Frank’s car.”

“Sure,” Jean nodded without hesitation. “Also, isn’t a Maybach way better than a BMW?”

Moreover, the man would send them back to the dorms instead of a hotel.

Aria had been staring fixedly at the Maybach ever since Frank showed up, promptly clinging to Winter’s arm with a broad grin. “You can’t leave me now, Winter. Let’s go back together.”

Winter turned to look at Frank and see if he approved, and Frank smiled. “A friend of Winter’s is no issue.”

“Thank you, Mr. Lawrence!” Aria exclaimed excitedly and brazenly rode shotgun.

Jean rolled her eyes but had no choice but to take the backseat with Winter.

“Fuck..” Zeb swore under his breath, his face contorting in rage.

He brought those girls here, and that bastard took them all away!

He was certainly fuming, but had nowhere to vent.

Still, he hurried up to them and said, “I’m coming along too...”

Frank glanced at the seating and said awkwardly, “Oh, I’m really sorry but there’s no space. here...”

Jean was grinning right then. “You have a car, don’t you, Mr. Larkin? You can drive on your own! We’re going now.”

Turning to Frank, she said, “Let’s hurry, Mr. Lawrence. The dorm will be closed if we’re late.” “You have nothing to worry about. I promise we’ll all make it before the gates shut,” Frank said even as he put on his seatbelt.

Behind, Winter thought he could take this time...

Soon, Frank floored the gas pedal and the Maybach zoomed away, leaving Zeb behind to breathe fumes.

“Fuck!!!” he bellowed in sheer rage.

Frank soon brought Winter back to Riverton University.

Even as the three girls hurried inside, Winter kept waving at Frank. “Thank you so much, Frank. You have to attend my birthday celebration next week!”

Frank stood outside the gates, nodding. “Don’t worry. I’ll definitely be there.”

He waited, watching as Winter and the others were out of sight before turning back to his Maybach.

However, Zeb also arrived in his BMW, and he stopped his car right in front of Frank, blocking his path,

Frank frowned. "Is there a problem?"

Zeb alighted, lighting himself a cigarette as he slowly said, "Who are you to Winter?"

"Just friends," Frank said calmly.

"In that case, stop bothering her," Zeb growled coolly. "You don't belong in her world anyway.

"I don't?" Frank almost laughed out loud. "Then who does? You?"

Chapter 237

eb snorted. "Of course I do. Winter and I are the same age, and we're university students. hose futures are bright."

caring at Frank pointedly, he chuckled. "How old do you think you are? Quit chasing after junger women, geezer, and stay away from Winter's birthday party if you know what's good ir you."

rank smiled—so after all that, the boy mistook him for a rival.

Whether I show up is none of your business, just like who Winter dates is her business either of us get to have a say,"

rank then got in his car and waved him off. "Now, move."

eb was gritting his teeth in frustration, his knuckles clenched and clearly having no intention) do so.

rank did not bother wasting his breath and floored the gas pedal.

s the Maybach shot toward him, Zeb promptly leapt away in shock. "Are you trying to kill le?"

I thought you'd never dodge." Frank chuckled coolly and sped off.

Fuck..." Zeb cursed, but there was nothing he could do!

Meanwhile, Vera and his two goons returned to Salazar House.

onald was sitting in his study, frowning as he stared at his boys' bruised and battered state." he hell happened to you?"

Noel York's bodyguard gave us a beating," Vera promptly said.

onald's eyes narrowed. "Didn't you tell them the Salazars sent you to offer her an ndorsement deal?"

did

We did," Vera quickly said. "But Noel refused."

How many bodyguards did she have?" Donald asked, bemused.

J-Just one..." Vera replied awkwardly..

onald pursed his lips. "The three of you... lost to one man?"

era scratched his head. "That bodyguard is too powerful, Mr. Salazar. We're no match for him

Piece of shit! Get out!" Donald snapped.

As the trio fled Donald's study, Jaud emerged from a hidden corner.

He certainly sounded confused. "Actually, Mr. Salazar... Vera and his boys may not be martial artists, but they are definitely one in a million. If anything, some celebrity's bodyguard being able to beat them to a pulp proves that there's more to Riverton than meets the eye!"

Donald frowned. "Useless scum..."

"Calm down, Mr. Salazar. Why don't I meet them personally instead?"

He suggested.

"No." Donald shook his head. "We don't have time to mess with Noel York—not when our Beauty Pill is going to hit the shelves soon. We'll just have to settle for the second best." Donald was actually concerned that Jaud would be hurt again.

After all, Vicky was not going to sit back and watch when they started selling the Beauty Pill.

He had to be careful here.

Since his boss had said that much, Jaud nodded.

Frank stayed home over the next few days to stabilize his form at the hilltop mansion.

One day, he turned on the TV in the morning to listen to the news, which was broadcasting Salazar Group's press conference. They were most definitely going to announce their Beauty Pill to the public now....

Vicky's phone call reached him right then!

Chapter 238

1/2

Vicky asked, "Hey, Frank. Where are you?"

"Skywater Bay."

Med for a peace

"Then come over to Verdant Hotel. Grande Corp has just conference to announce the Rejuvenation Pill."

"Wait, have you seen the news?" Frank asked. "The Salazars' press conference is held at the Verdant Hotel too."

Vicky nodded. "Yep. They are doing it on the nineteenth floor, while we're doing it on the twentieth."

Frank laughed. "So you are hell bent on messing with the Salazars!"

"Of course," Vicky growled through her teeth. "And I'll wipe the floor with them."

She did not think highly of the Salazars in the first place, and they were beyond reconciliation after they killed Obadiah Longman.

"Alright, I'll be right there," Frank replied, hanging up and heading straight to Verdant Hotel's twentieth floor.

There were not many people present, save for Walter Turnbull's side of the family.

Only Neil Turnbull from the main branch of the family showed up, with Paul Keaton once again joining him. "You're crazy, Vicky—the Salazars' press conference is today, and you just had to rain on their parade? They're launching the Beauty Pill, y'know!"

Vicky simply smiled. "He's launching his Beauty Pill, while I am launching my Rejuvenation. Pill. What's the problem?"

Neil shook his head exasperatedly. "My people have already looked into it. The Beauty Pill's effect is obvious, and there's no stopping the demand once it's launched. Is your pill going to hold its own?"

"Then have you looked into the effect of the Rejuvenation Pill?" Vicky asked in return.

Neil scoffed. "That bastard's pill? Would it even compare to Obadiah Longman's Beauty Pill?"

Frank appeared just then, chuckling. "You don't seem confident about my pill, Mr. Turnbull."

"Thank you for coming, Frank." Vicky's cool gaze turned mild when she saw him.

Frank nodded, while Neil glanced between them. "Shut up. Who are you compared to Obadiah?"

"Word of advice, Neil..." Vicky said just then. "You should invest in the Rejuvenation Pill. The price will skyrocket as soon as it launches, and you'll make bank. Think of it as supporting your cousin's business, too."

"Invest in the Rejuvenation Pill?" Neil blew a raspberry. "I'm sorry, but all my money's on the Beauty Pill. I have nothing to spare for you."

Vicky frowned right then but gave him a gentle warning nonetheless. "You should really dump your stock of Beauty Pills as soon as you can, Neil. Its value will stagnate soon enough."

"Dump it?" Neil snorted. "what, and buy stocks of Rejuvenation Pill instead? Thanks but not thanks. I'd lose my entire fortune just because of that."

Did Vicky take him for a fool?! He was not about to invest in Frank's pill!

Vicky shook her head exasperatedly.

She did what she could, but he refused to believe her and there was nothing she could do.

That was when Noel arrived, mobbed by the crowd.

The journalists were taking as many photos as they could, even as Vicky and Frank approached her.

"Thank you for coming, Ms. York," Vicky greeted her.

Noel smiled. "I've made a deal with Mr. Lawrence, and I'm here to keep my word. Moreover, the Rejuvenation Pill is special and worth endorsing."

"Thank you, and please take a seat. The launch will start soon," Vicky said.

Dan Zimmer arrived just then as well, leaving the crowd and journalists stunned.

"I—Is that Dan Zimmer of Flora Hall?"

"He came too?"

"Wow... Grande Corp actually managed to invite him!"

Chapter 239

Neil frowned when he saw Dan too.

At the same time, all the Riverton journalists quickly mobbed Dan.

“Mr. Zimmer! Under what capacity are you taking part in Grande Corp’s launch conference?”

“Are you here as a guest, or as an endorser?”

Dan chuckled. “I’m here as an endorser, of course.”

His reply naturally left the crowd restless.

The man was the top authority of medicine in Riverton, and his endorsement naturally held greater weight than Noel’s.

Noel was an on-demand star, and her endorsement would rapidly increase the demand for the Rejuvenation Pill.

And now with Dan’s endorsement as an authority in medicine that proved its effectiveness, the Rejuvenation Pill would see sales by the truckload!

Still, he did not explain himself and hurried backstage.

Frank turned to Vicky with a smile. “Inviting Dan is a fine play. No one’s going to call the Rejuvenation Pill fake with him around!”

Beside them, Neil pursed his lips. “Don’t start celebrating just yet. Donald Salazar hasn’t made his move.”

Vicky giggled. “He won’t have the chance.”

Meanwhile, on the nineteenth floor, Donald had received word about Vicky holding her press conference upstairs.

He shook his head in contempt. "She's going to bomb it by picking the same time and same. place to hold her launch conference!"

Beside him, Jaud was frowning. "She's obviously here to mess with us. You should watch out, Mr. Salazar."

Donald nodded, though Vicky's intention was all too obvious—how could he not get it?

"Hah! All the more better for us. It'd leave Grande Corp's reputation in pieces."

Nonetheless, one of his goons soon ran inside the room, exclaiming frantically, "This is bad, Mr. Salazar! Vicky Turnbull's press conference has already begun, but it turns out that she invited both Noel York and Dan Zimmer of Flora Hall!"

Donald was stunned. "What?! Dan Zimmer?!"

Dan was the best medicine man in Riverton. With his endorsement, all of Riverton would naturally believe that the Rejuvenation Pill was superior!

"Yes, I saw him with my own eyes," the goon confirmed.

Donald snorted coldly. "So the girl actually has some brains. But that doesn't matter—let's start our press conference too. Oh, and remember to give every journalist a Beauty Pill."

"Yes, Mr. Salazar," the goon replied and promptly left.

Donald was still convinced that he would crush Vicky, since he had poured his money and resource

into this. However, when he stepped outside, he realized that half of the journalists were gone.

“W–What’s going on here?” he exclaimed and turned to his goon. “Didn’t I tell you to invite every journalist in Riverton?”

The goon was on the verge of tears. “We did, Mr. Salazar. Many of them came too, but to attend Grande Corp’s launch instead...”

a lot left

“What?! Did you give them the Beauty Pills?” Donald quickly asked, sensing danger right then.

“We did!” The goon nodded repeatedly. “But for some reason, they’re all convinced that our Beauty Pill would lose to Grande Corp’s Rejuvenation Pill. That’s why they all ran off to get it.”

Donald pursed his lips—he did not expect such a move from Vicky!

“No, that’s impossible...” he growled. “What is the Rejuvenation Pill anyway? How could it be better than ours?!”

The goon promptly took out two pills. “Sir, one of ours actually pretended to be a journalist and managed to get a couple from Grande Corp.”

Chapter 240

Jaud hurried forward and carefully picked up one of the Rejuvenation Pills.

His eyes widened, his pupils dilating right then in disbelief. “Whoa... The pill combines natural elements, and the herbal scent fills the nostrils. It’s a wonder.”

The herbal scent of the pill alone told Jaud that the Rejuvenation Pill was superior to their Beauty Pill.

“Hah! What nonsense—some shitty pill Grande Corp comes up with won’t measure up to our pill!” Donald snorted—he was not about to believe Jaud and took one of the pills right then. Jaud realized he

had misspoken and quickly corrected himself. “True, true. This would never measure up to our Beauty Pill no matter how good it is.”

“Try it yourself,” Donald told him. “I don’t think it’s that good compared to our Beauty Pill.”

Jaud was actually curious about the l

Pill’s effect and promptly took one.

At the same time, Donald was just about to insult the Rejuvenation Pill again when a stream of warmth unfurled in his belly.

Then, all his exhaustion was washed away, and he could feel excess substances in his body being pushed outside.

Jaud turned to see Donald’s look of shock and knew that Donald must have felt the amazing effect of the Rejuvenation Pill.

As a martial artist, he had to admit that the Rejuvenation Pill was a miracle pill and infinitely better than the Beauty Pill.

However, he was Donald’s subordinate, and there were things he must not say.

“Fuck... It’s actually possible to make something like this?” Donald’s eyes widened in shock.

Jaud turned away.

Since their own boss would admit to the wonder of the Rejuvenation Pill, lackeys like them went without saying!

“Vicky Turnbull...” Donald growled through his teeth in frustration.

He had spent manpower and resources to steal the recipe of the Beauty Pill from Vicky, as well as built factors and invested heavily to finally bring it to production, only for her to simply produce a superior pill in response.

What was that if not a complete waste of effort?!

“I’m going to Vicky’s press conference,” Donald growled and strode upstairs immediately.

Meanwhile, Noel and Dan, were personally presenting the Rejuvenation Pill at the Grande Corp launch conference. With Grande Corp sparing no expense, every journalist in the city was basically present.

“Ms. Turnbull, what’s the shelf life of the Rejuvenation Pill?”

“Ms. Turnbull, what’s the standard retail price of the Rejuvenation Pill?”

“Ms. Turnbull...”

The journalists were all scrambling to get their questions in, as if afraid they would miss anything important.

Vicky naturally answered all of them.

Nearby, Neil was left dumbfounded as he watched and quickly turned toward Paul. “How is the Salazar Labs’ press conference?”

Paul cleared his throat before answering. “All the journalists who were there... are now here.”

Neil remained defiant. “Is the Rejuvenation Pill really that better?”

“Both pills are sold at the same price, but the effect of the Rejuvenation Pill is more than ten times better,” Paul admitted.

Neil smacked himself in the forehead—he had invested twenty million dollars in the Beauty Pill, and they were now probably going to rot in storage!