

## **The Girlboss 241**

### Chapter 241

Donald was left inhaling deeply as he looked on.

He decided right then he had to do something, or his Beauty Pill would not sell at all!

“He promptly beckoned at two of his goons, whispering instructions under his breath...

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The Grande Corp’s product launch conference was bustling with excitement, with the journalists all showering endless praise for the Rejuvenation Pill.

Suddenly, a scream resounded in the conference hall.

“What?”

“What was that?”

Everyone was left bewildered as a man dropped to the floor in the middle of the crowd, convulsing endlessly.

Another man rushed to him, exclaiming frantically, “Brother! What happened?!”

“What happened?” Dan hurried toward them to find out what was happening, and the crowd tactfully cleared a path.

“I don’t know!” The other man kept crying. “He took one of the Rejuvenation Pills, and he’s suddenly dying! He keeps spasming like that... you have to save him, Mr. Zimmer!”

The man's words promptly caused panic.

"What?"

"Could the Rejuvenation Pill cause a stroke?"

"N-No way..."

Everyone present had been given one Rejuvenation Pill for free, and many of them had already taken it.

How could they not panic when they were now told that there was a problem?

On the other hand, Vicky was clearly frowning.

The Rejuvenation Pill had been tested countless times for allergies and other potential issues. before production.

This was not supposed to happen at all—someone was clearly trying to sabotage her launch conference!

"Move. Let me check," Dan snapped as he dropped to a crouch beside the man on the floor.

At the same time, the journalists kept throwing questions.

"How is he, Mr. Zimmer?"

"Did the Rejuvenation Pill cause it, Mr. Zimmer?"

Nonetheless, as Dan felt the man's pulse, he was soon left frowning since he detected nothing

for a long while. If anything, his pulse was steady and he did not appear to be sick.

He then realized what was happening—the man was completely fine, and he was faking the spasms!

“Stop it!” he snapped right then. “You’re perfectly fine. Get on your feet right now!”

However, the man on the ground completely ignored him. He kept his head lopsided, his eyes rolling up into its sockets as he continued to spasm!

Beside him, the other man bellowed, “What are you talking about, Dr. Zimmer?! You can see what’s happening to my brother—how could you say that he’s fine?! I know the Turnbolls paid you to endorse them, but you shouldn’t lie through your teeth!”

And with that outburst, everyone was glaring at Dan, suddenly hostile toward him.

“Do something, Mr. Zimmer!”

“That’s right! You can’t lie just because you’re paid!”

“Is the Rejuvenation Pill actually the issue?”

Some of the more cowardly journalists even ran off to the washroom to start puking

Dan was left speechless in turn—he could have done something if the man was actually sick. What was he supposed to do when he was fine?!

Donald laughed coldly as he strode up to the stage, pointing at Vicky and the others as he shouted at the top of his lungs!

“Vicky Turnbull! I didn’t think that you could really do anything for money! Selling some half- baked product?! What if you end up killing somebody?!”

Then, he wheeled on Dan, snapping, “And you, Mr. Zimmer. You can’t absolve the Turnbolls of this just because they’re paying you! From where I’m standing, you may well be conspiring together with them!”

Dan could choke from sheer frustration. When did he ever conspire with the Turnbolls?!

Chapter 242

Vicky sprang to her feet and snapped back at Donald, “You’re lying through your teeth! That man’s spasms aren’t caused by the Rejuvenation Pill. Also, what are you doing here at my press conference instead of your own?”

Donald spread his arms innocently. “Don’t change the subject, Ms. Turnbull. You should be telling us right now what you’re going to do about this.”

Vicky snorted in disdain. “It will be dealt with as it should. We will pay for damages if it really was our issue.”

“Then why aren’t we doing it already?”

“That man’s condition is not determined to be caused by the Rejuvenation Pill yet. Even the likes of you won’t have to worry about getting your money back.”

That was when Frank walked straight toward Dan after being silent throughout. “Mr. Zimmer, let me examine the patient.”

Dan nodded repeatedly as he cleared the way for Frank.

“Oh, shit! Who the hell is the kid?!”

“D–Did Mr. Zimmer just make way for him?”

As Frank put his palm lightly on the spasming man's wrist, he knew immediately that the man was fine.

Still, he was actually amused to see the man spewing drool all over the floor—what a great actor!

Frank's eyes flashed as he had an idea how to deal with the man.

He struck a pressure point, firing his vigor into it and-

"Argh!!!" The man started screaming.

Frank, however, appeared dramatically troubled. "Oh, my! His condition is really serious. Looks like I have to properly examine him."

Then, he moved to another pressure point and repeated what he did earlier.

"Argh!!!" The man was sweating buckets but was too scared to get up since he had yet to finish what Donald tasked him to do.

Beside Frank, Dan asked hesitantly, "Mr. Lawrence... What are you doing?"

"Treatment, of course. There's still 1885 pressure points to clear, and he will be fine once I'm done."

Dan pursed his lips—there were certainly not that many pressure points in the human body... Still, he realized with a start at the next instant that Frank was hurting the bastard!

"Argh!!!"

As Frank moved up to the next pressure point and hit it with his vigor again, the man was genuinely spasming in pain this time.

His face had turned purple too!

1185? He was not going to survive 118!

As Frank raised his fingers and moved to another pressure point, the man sprang to his feet and yelled, "Stop!!! Stop!!! I'm fine now!!!!"

The crowd gasped.

"He's... fine?"

"Holy shit! The kid's actually that amazing?!"

"Hell yeah... Mr. Zimmer can't even do anything about it, but he fixed him in no time at all!"

At the same time, Frank put a hand on the man's shoulder. "Now that you're fine, why don't you tell us who sent you?"

The man looked up, shuddering even as he gingerly slid a glance at Donald.

Donald shook his head, clearly telling him to keep his mouth shut.

However, Frank snapped, "Talk, or I'll make you wish you were dead!"

The man quickly decided he did not want to be put through the pain earlier.

He would lose his job, but he was only paid a couple grand a month anyway—he did not want to die for it!

With that, he promptly pointed at Donald. “I—It’s Mr. Salazar.”

“Louder. And tell us everything,” Frank snapped.

The man closed his eyes as he gave in completely. “Mr. Salazar sent me. I was perfectly fine, but Mr. Salazar told me to pretend I was sick because he can’t stand the Rejuvenation Pill being so well received!”

The journalists immediately erupted in an uproar.

“What?”

“He actually did that?”

As all eyes turned to Donald, he looked like someone had shoved a pile of dung in his throat right then!

Chapter 243

Vicky was folding her arms before her chest as she laughed coolly. “Mr. Salazar, I understand your ambition to conquer the Riverton Market with the Beauty Pill. If anything, I welcome the competition, but I didn’t think you’d stoop this low!”

“Is that true, Mr. Salazar?”

“Do you have anything to say about this, Mr. Salazar?”

At the same time, the journalists promptly mobbed Donald, stopping short of shoving their microphones down Donald’s throat.

Donald was glowering, but there was no point in saying anything now—the more he spoke, the further he would be exposed!

He snorted and hurried out of the conference hall under the escort of the journalists.

“Wait, Mr. Salazar!”

“Just give us something...”

The journalists gave chase, having caught their next headline!

The Turnbolls had certainly turned the tables with the launch conference, with many bigwigs soon scrambling to pre-order the Rejuvenation Pill.

After the conference was over, Vicky changed into casuals as she mingled with her guests.” Mr. Zimmer, Ms. York—thank you for today.”

“No, Ms. Turnbull,” Noel quickly said. “It’s my honor to endorse the Rejuvenation Pill.”

Even she could imagine how popular the Rejuvenation Pill would be!

Dan nodded as well. “Ms. York is right.”

Suddenly, Neil was striding toward Vicky, so Dan and Noel tactfully excused themselves.

“How many Rejuvenation Pills do you have right now, Vicky?” Neil then asked bluntly.

Vicky frowned. “What do you want?”

“To take stock, of course. As many as you have,” Neil quickly said.

He had finally realized that the Rejuvenation Pill was going to sell like hotcakes, and he needed to purchase stocks of it as soon as possible.



However, Vicky clasped her hands behind her back as she told him, "I'll be holding a bid event for distributors next week. You can attend it if you're interested."

Neil was taken aback.

She was not selling him any and even forcing him to follow procedures?!

"I'm your cousin," he growled. "Can't you give me priority?"

"The first batch of the Rejuvenation Pill is limited in stock," Frank said beside them just then. "Everyone has to follow procedures."

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"Don't you see I'm talking to my cousin?!" Neil promptly snapped at him with a sideways glare.

"You should be watching your tongue, Neil," Vicky told him right then. "Not only is Frank my bodyguard, but he's also the medical consultant for Grande Corp. In this place, he outranks you."

Neil clenched his knuckles, feeling that his own cousin just thoroughly insulted him.

Glaring at both of them, he growled, "Fine... I don't care about some Rejuvenation Pill anyway!"

He stormed off, snorting.

Vicky then turned toward Frank. "Thank you so much for today... But we're going have to prepare a second batch soon."

Frank nodded.

As evening arrived, Donald was laying on his reclining chair at Salazar House, with a maid massaging his temples.

He kept sighing from time to time, until Jaud said, "There's no reason to fret, Mr. Salazar. The Turnbulls merely won this round."

Donald slowly straightened, his eyes narrowed. "I had planned long and hard for this, to establish a foothold in Riverton. And now, with a single stroke, Vicky has completely vaporized all the hype we built for the Beauty Pill. How could I not fret?"

Jaud thought about it. "Actually, we don't have to go through so much trouble if we want a foothold in Riverton."

Chapter 244

Donald glanced at Jaud. "What's on your mind?"

Jaud smiled. "Your daughter's now twenty-six, and it's time for her to marry. If we can

arrange a strategic marriage with one of Riverton's top families, drawing upon their influence, it'd be far easier to establish ourselves there."

Donald thought it made perfect sense, but he tended to spoil his daughter.

Even if he wanted a strategic marriage with one of Riverton's top families, he would still like her partner to be someone she liked.

"Call Viola. I'll talk to her about it," he said.

Soon, a charming lady dressed in a gown arrived at Donald's study—she was none other than Viola, his eldest daughter.

"It's quite late, Dad. Why did you ask for me?" she asked.

Donald was forthright about the plans for the strategic marriage, and Viola soon leapt to her feet.

Instead of getting into an outburst, she tugged at his sleeve and pouted. "I don't want that, Dad... I don't even know anyone from Riverton, and they'd never deserve me."

"You're not that young, Viola," Donald reasoned earnestly. "You can't stay single forever, right? Also, I might call it a strategic marriage, but I've thought about it—we can invite the children of everyone rich and important in Riverton to your birthday this weekend. You can pick from among them yourself, okay?"

Viola thought about it and nodded.

Being an heiress, she knew full well that she could not stay single forever—when it was time to compromise, it was time.

Seeing that Viola was agreeing to it, Donald smiled happily. "I know you're the best. Don't worry—once I establish myself in Riverton, you'll be the top heiress in Riverton..."

Early next morning, Frank was jogging around Skywater Bay, running at breakneck speed although he was just training.

He suddenly stopped in front of a mansion as he spotted Chris Steiner going inside with a woman.

Frank's eyes were sharp, and he was dead sure the woman was not Helen.

Though he was surprised Chris had another woman, he simply shook his head, having no intention to pry.

In the mansion, Chris had his arm around the woman's slender waist while sighing wistfully. Oh, I've missed you so much, Viola."

Viola shoved him. "Give up already. My dad's intending to marry me off."

2/2

Chris was actually shocked. "Marry you off? To whom?"

"I haven't decided yet, but my father is inviting the sons of every Riverton bigwig to my birthday party this weekend. He told me to choose from them."

Chris scowled right then.

After all, Viola was his sugar mommy-she was the one who invested in his company as well.

He tried to ask for her hand in marriage years ago, but he had nothing to his name.

Donald himself only felt contempt for him and had him thrown out of Salazar House while declaring that his daughter would never marry him.

However, Chris never gave up with his good looks and sweet words, he managed to coax Viola into bed.

Even so, their relationship remained hidden and must never see the light of day. And now that Viola was going to marry, it could well mean the end of his spendthrift days...

"I knew I never deserved you." Chris sighed with a mournful look. "You don't have to come looking for me ever again-I'll stay away."

Chapter 245

Viola promptly threw herself into Chris' arms. "What are you saying? I don't ever want you to go. Also, I'm just going through the motions with that party. My father can't do anything if I'm not interested in any Riverton boys."

Chris lifted her chin. "I know you're the best."

He had brainwashed Viola thoroughly with all his tongue leaving Viola lost in infatuation.

pick up lines over the years, his silver

"By the way, how's business lately?" she suddenly asked.

"Not that good, actually," Chris said with an awkward look. "The market's been unstable lately

hav

By the way, do you some money on hand? I'm planning to import some equipment and upscale the company altogether, or we can't even be competitive!"

Viola appeared troubled at that. "I don't have a lot of money right now..."

"Ah... I guess I'm on my own." Chris sighed unhappily.

"Don't say that. I'll definitely help."

Viola was intent on pushing Chris to success so that he could ask for her hand in marriage from her father.

However, Chris just did not have the brains for success, and his company was in the red even after all those years.

Seeing the sadness on her beloved's face, Viola promptly took off her necklace and said, "The gem on this necklace is a red diamond—it's worth at least two million. Sell it off while I try to come up with something."

Chris wrapped his arms around Viola and kissed her firmly on the lips right then!

"Don't worry, I'll be able to propose our marriage to your family soon! And then I'll definitely marry you..."

His sweet nothings certainly left Viola swooning, though she suddenly said, "Oh, by the way... My dad's been troubled because of the Turnbolls' Rejuvenation Pill. Can you try to get your hands on the recipe? My father would definitely agree to you marrying me if you get it..."

Chris was at once interested.

The Rejuvenation Pill was a Turnbull product, and Vicky was the one in charge.

And she appeared to be Frank's sugar mommy, too!

Chris was certain that with his good looks and charm, he would beat Frank out of the water!

"Don't worry. Just leave it to me." He agreed to it without hesitation.

After seeing off Viola, Chris left to visit Helen immediately.

Gina and the others were overjoyed to see him. "Oh, Mr. Steiner! What brings you here today?"

"Haha... I just came to visit Helen. Is she here?"

“Of course,” Gina said fawningly, quickly making him tea. “Just wait here for a moment. I’ll go get her.”

Helen was soon coming downstairs, surprised that Chris would suddenly visit. “What brings you here, Chris?”

Chris grinned. “Nothing. I just wanted to see you... By the way, I’m sure you heard that Viola Salazar is throwing a birthday party this weekend, right?”

“I did hear about it.” Helen nodded—she got the message early in the morning.

“Are you going to attend it?” Chris asked in curiosity.

“No.” Helen shook her head. “I heard that she’s planning to look for a husband at the party.”

Chapter 246

Helen finished, “I’m a woman, so it’d be pointless for me to go.”

She had no interest in frivolous banquets, though she would send someone to bring Viola some presents since the Salazars deserved that much respect.

“That makes sense. In that case, I won’t go either,” Chris said.

He was inwardly relieved he was absolutely worried that Helen and Viola would meet.

Even if neither knew of each other’s existence, if they actually met and started to talk, something might just get exposed....

When that happened, it would be troublesome.

Helen smiled in

just then as she teased Chris. “Why won’t you attend it? Viola is as beautiful as she is wealthy and influential. I really think you’d be a good match for her.”

“I think Mr. Steiner’s heart already belongs to someone else.” Gina smiled just then.

After all, Chris would come to visit Helen whenever he had time, and he also saved her at Skywater Bay,

He was obviously interested in Helen, but she was too dense to notice.

Chris nodded, his eyes fixed on Helen as he said, “Guilty as charged. That’s why I’d never attend that banquet.”

Helen nodded gingerly.

While she was sharp enough to understand what he meant, she had become less inclined to get involved in a relationship after Sean.

Moreover, she had come to realize that her heart still belonged to Frank and could not accommodate anyone else.

“By the way, I got you a present since I was out on a business trip for the past couple of days- I hope you like it.”

As Chris spoke, he took out a red diamond necklace and put it in front of Helen.

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Gina gasped the gem was especially blinding under the glow of the sun.



“Isn’t this very expensive?” she asked, though she already knew her gems, being a girl and all.

Even Helen was shocked that Chris would give her something that valuable.

However, Chris waved her off with a smile. “It’s just around twenty million dollars. It’s not that expensive.”

Peter was flabbergasted. “T–That’s worth twenty million...?!”

One could not expect anything less from Chris, gifting presents of such astronomical value!

“What? Isn’t that expensive?” Gina promptly picked up the necklace, ready to make Helen wear it. “Put it on, Helen. It’s the perfect match for you!”

“Put it down, Mom.” Helen shot Gina a glare before turning to Chris. “Take it back, Mr.

Steiner. That’s too expensive—I can’t take it.”

They were not even in a relationship, and she had no right to take something so valuable from him.

Chris simply laughed. “It’s just a little token of my sincerity, Helen. Just take it.”

“No, I won’t,” Helen insisted.

Chris, however, had no intention to take it back as he rose to his feet. “Anyway, I have something else to do so I’ll be going now. I’ll visit again some other time.”

He happily left Lane Manor with the knowledge that Helen would not attend Viola's birthday party, and that meant he had nothing to worry about.

Helen sighed exasperatedly, but she still refused to wear the necklace.

Gina promptly lectured her. "How could you be such a stranger to Mr. Steiner? He gave it to you, so just wear it!"

"Cut it out, Mom," Helen retorted, shooting Gina a glare "I'm busy—I'm leaving now."

"Stubborn child..." Gina snapped, though she remained thick-skinned as she giggled. "I'll be holding on to it. You can wear it during your wedding "

Chapter 247

Cindy strode through the front door just then, carrying shopping bags of various sizes.

"Where have you been, Cindy?" Gina asked.

Cindy grinned. "Shopping—talk to you later, Aunt Gina. I'm busy."

However, just before she headed upstairs, she spotted the red diamond necklace on the tea table.

"Woah!" she exclaimed as she put down her shopping bags and ran straight for the necklace, picking it up. "This is a red diamond, isn't it?"

"Naturally." Gina smiled smugly. "It's worth over twenty million dollars."

At those words, Cindy brazenly sling it around her neck and asked Gina, "Does it look good on me, Aunt Gina?"

Gina had an awkward look on her face right then. "Oh, uh... Yeah."

"Lend it to me for a couple days then." Cindy giggled.

Gina frowned right then. "Chris gave it to Helen. It's not really good if you wear it I can buy you something else if you really like it."

Peter snorted in disdain beside her. "Take it off right now. It's not yours

Cindy leveled a wounded look at Helen right then, though she soon had an idea.

"Oh, it's yours, Helen?" she exclaimed, suddenly clinging on Helen's arm. "Y'know, I've never won something so amazing... And you're not going to wear it anyway, so why not lend it to me for a couple of days?"

"Take it off," Helen said, frowning. "I'm going to return it to Chris."

"Why return something this good?" Cindy leveled her a look of bemusement and thought about it. "Just let me use it for a couple days anyway—you can give it back when Chris visits again."

"What..." Helen was left speechless.

Her cousin was so thick-skinned!

Since her coaxing did not work on Helen, Cindy promptly made a wounded look again and hugged Gina's arm. "Come on, Aunt Gina. Your family's rich now—surely you're willing to lend me a little necklace, right? It's not like I'm taking it for myself."

Gina scratched her head. "Fine, fine... You can borrow it for a couple days."

"Thank you so much, Aunt Gina! You're the best!"

Cindy landed a big smooch on Gina's cheek before running upstairs with the red diamond necklace.

Viola's birthday party would be held in a couple days.

If she wore this necklace and attended it, who knew if she could find a rich husband?

At the same time, Helen sighed exasperatedly and left for her office.

"Mom, that necklace is worth twenty million!" Peter cried indignantly just then. "How could you let Cindy take it just like that?"

"Oh, she's just borrowing it for a couple of days," Gina quickly waved him off. "She'll return it anyway."

Frank arrived at a snack bar alone in the evening and had just made an order when a man entered.

Upon a closer look, it was actually a familiar face.

Frank waved at him. "Mr. Lawrence."

It was none other than Fred Lawrence, who was surprised to see Frank as well. "Oh, it's you."

"Having dinner?"

"Yeah."

"Come join me," Frank invited.

Fred thought about it and ordered a fruit crepe before sitting opposite Frank.

“You work nearby?” Frank asked.

Frank nodded. “Yeah. My office is closed... Though I’m surprised you would frequent a snack. bar like this one, Mr. Lawrence.

In Fred’s mind, only grunts such as himself would eat at snack bars like this.

If anything, it was curious that someone with power and money like Frank would come here.

Frank chuckled. “Oh, we’re all just ordinary citizens, aren’t we? What’s the difference in where We eat?”

Chapter 248

Frank smiled as he tried to be as friendly as possible. “Just call me Frank. You don’t have to be so formal with me.”

However, the more friendly he was, the more wary Fred became. He was also further

convinced that Frank was up to something.

Fred’s phone rang just then, and he quickly answered it when he saw the number.

Frank had no idea who it was but could not help frowning as he could hear the man on the other end snapping, “What the fuck have you been doing, Mr. Lawrence?! Are you going to fulfill your quota for this month or not?!”

Opposite Frank, Fred apologized profusely and humbly. “Of course, boss! I’ll definitely get it done...”

“If you don’t meet the quota, you can pick up your things and leave!”

Fred kept apologizing until he hung up, and breathed a huge sigh of relief.

Still, he was soon left feeling awkward as he noticed Frank staring fixedly at him. “Haha... Sorry for that mess.”

Frank did not tease him for it at all. “I guess estates aren’t selling well in this economy?”

“Yeah.” Fred nodded in agreement.

“Actually, I know a couple friends who can arrange for easier work for you.” Frank smiled. “You won’t have to run everywhere every day, at least.”

Fred was left staring at him in bemusement. “Mr. Lawrence, why are you being so nice to me... Or should I say, my family? What is it you want?”

He certainly wanted to know what motivated Frank.

Frank simply smiled. “I want nothing. I’m being nice because... you look like a man with a destiny.”

Fred pursed his lips—that was too ridiculous an excuse!

Still, they traded a smile, with Fred deciding not to take the offer since Frank was not being upfront.

“I think I’ll pass,” Fred said.

For his part, Frank did not insist. “It’s alright. You can call me anytime you need help.”

After they finished dinner and left the snackbar, Frank offered Fred a ride since he was driving.

Fred shook his head. “I’m fine—I brought my moped.

He suspected that Frank wanted to drive him home to peek at Winter, and he was not about to let Frank have the chance.

Once again, Frank did not insist.

Suddenly, someone was cursing out loud. "Who the fuck parked their scooter here?!"

2/2

Fred turned to see that a BMW just knocked down his moped, and a boor wearing several gold chains around his neck alighted and was ranting.

Fred hurried to him. "What's the problem, sir?"

"Is that yours?" The boor pointed at the moped.

Fred quickly nodded. "Yeah, it's mine."

Smack!

The boor slapped Fred across the face without another word, leaving him stunned as he collapsed on the floor with a thud.

"W-We can talk about this," he said miserably. "You didn't have to hit me..."

"Are you fucking blind?!" the boor snapped at him. "Who told you you could park there?! My bumper got a scratch on it!"

Fred looked at the man's car, but the boor was the one who hit his moped... and he somehow blamed Fred for his parking?

However, seeing that the boor was the thuggish type, he decided that he did not want trouble.

Getting to his feet, he apologized. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have parked here. Please look the other way."

Chapter 249

The boor narrowed his eyes, actually surprised that Fred caved that easily.

His eyes narrowing, he barked, "Do you think it's over with just an apology?"

Fred drew a blank. "Well, what do you want?"

"Five hundred bucks. I need this repaired," the boor snarled.

"What?" Fred was left gaping.

The boor was the one who hit his moped, and he was demanding that he pay up instead?

What twisted reasoning was that?

"What do you mean, 'what?'" The boor promptly seized Fred by the collar. "Pay up!"

"That's not it, chief." Fred tried to reason. "I've already apologized—why would you want me to pay above that?"

He earned less than that in a day, and he really did not want to pay up!



“Then what about the scratch on my car?!” The boor glared furiously. “Stop dragging your feet and pay up!”

He raised his hand again, ready to land another slap when Frank suddenly strode up, catching his wrist.

The boor did a double take, glaring at Frank as he snapped, “Who the hell are you?”

“Don’t you think you’re pushing it?” Frank asked coolly. “Apologize.”

“Fuck off! Who do you think you are, telling me to apologize?!” the boor bellowed.

He thought he had the advantage since Frank was quite slender and threw a punch at his face.

He just wanted to straighten out the meddlesome bystander... but as it turned out, he had messed with the wrong man.

Frank grabbed his wrist and squeezed.

Crack.

“Argh!” The boor screamed as his wrist was dislocated instantly. “L—Let go of me!”

“Apologize,” Frank repeated quietly.

“Fuck you! Let go of me or I’ll kill you!” the boor growled through his teeth.

Fred hurried to Frank’s just then, whispering under his breath, “It’s fine, Frank. Just let him go!”

Frank frowned instead. "It's fine? He hit you and then tried to extort you. And you're deciding that it's fine instead of fighting back?"

Fred was left embarrassed by the lecture. "Oh, just let bygones be bygones."

He certainly wanted to hit back to get his satisfaction, but reality did not allow that.

Once Frank left, he was going to be harassed again.

Ever since he stepped out into society, he learned to suck it up and destress.

At the same time, the boor snapped at Frank, "You heard him—he doesn't care! Why are you being such a busybody?!"

Fred's cowardly demeanor certainly frustrated Frank, but there was nothing he could do.

Still, he kicked the boor in the chest, sending him flying over ten meters.

"Get out of my sight. If I ever see you again, I'll break your legs," he growled.

As the boor got to his feet, clutching his chest, he bellowed, "J—Just you wait!"

Seeing that he was still being feisty, Frank started striding toward the boor, who promptly bolted in terror.

Fred quickly stopped Frank. "Why are you going after him? Aren't you afraid that he'd hit back?"

“Hit back?” Frank growled coolly. “That bastard is your run-of-the-mill bully. He won’t ever hit back even if he grew a pair—you can fight back against his type the next time you run into them again. Make them fear you, and they won’t bully you. But let them walk all over you, and they’d only demand more.”

Fred sighed. “I know. Anyway, I’m going home now—you should leave soon.”

With that, he lifted his moped and sped off.

He certainly knew Frank’s reasoning all too well, not to mention that he was a discharged military officer himself. He could put up a fight against average Joes if he really wanted to do it

Chapter 250

However, life has dulled Fred’s edge.

No one had his back even if he fought for himself, and all he had was an elderly mother and a sister who was still attending university.

His family would be in tatters if anything happened to him!

Frank watched as Fred headed off into the distance and sighed exasperatedly.

The lights of the Salazar Villa in Riverton were bright and dazzling, for it was Viola’s birthday party.

The children of every important figure in Riverton were invited, and even Lane Holdings was on the list..

However, Helen was too busy to attend and sent Cindy in her stead.

Naturally, Cindy certainly could not ask for more for such a social event.

“Woah...” Her eyes were immediately darting everywhere after she entered Turnbull Villa. It might be just a villa, but the furnishing and renovations were a billion times better than what Lane Manor had. Even the paintings hung on the wall were all worth a fortune!

Suddenly the crowd became rowdy.

“It’s Ms. Salazar...”

“She’s a goddess...”

Seeing that, Cindy quickly squeezed her way through the crowd to see Viola coming downstairs in a crystalline gown hugging her voluptuous figure.

She certainly stood out among the crowd!

The sons of every rich and important family in Riverton were immediately flocking around her, exchanging greetings or having small talk.

It took a long while for the crowd around Viola to dwindle, and Cindy promptly saw a chance.

Wine glass in hand, she went up and greeted Viola warmly. “Ms. Salazar, I’ve been looking forward to seeing you.”

Viola turned toward Cindy. “And you are...?”

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“Cindy Zonda,” Cindy introduced herself. “I’m the cousin of Lane Holdings’ CEO. I’ve heard that your beauty is a national marvel, and the rumors are certainly true.”

“Oh, you flatter me, Ms. Zonda...”

Viola laughed out of politeness... and suddenly noticed the necklace on Cindy’s neck, with the red diamond sparkling over it.

Viola herself had spent a fortune on the necklace, having it designed according to her specifications.

As such, it was one of a kind!

However, Cindy never noticed the look in Viola’s eyes and droned on without a care.

“I’ve admired you for a while now and have always wanted to work with your family but never had the chance-”

Before she could finish, Viola suddenly grabbed her necklace and pulled her toward herself!

“Oof!” Cindy was choked right then, and she exclaimed frantically, “What are you doing, Ms. Salazar?”

Viola had still been all friendly and nice earlier—what had gotten into her?

Nonetheless, Viola’s eyes were narrowed as she asked icily, “Where did you get this necklace/” “Y–You can have it if you like...” Cindy quickly said.

Smack!

Viola slapped Cindy across the face, leaving her lips cracked and bleeding.

“I’ll ask again. Where did you get this necklace?” Viola growled through her teeth.

Naturally, the crowd around them was left in shock, unsure as to what brought about Viola's sudden madness!

Still

Cindy was too scared to lie. "It's my cousin's. Her boyfriend gave it to her... I don't know anything else!"

"Who is your cousin?!" Viola bellowed, her grip tightening further on the necklace!