

The Girlboss 271

Chapter 271

Henry's eyes lit up as he exclaimed in disbelief, "Really?"

"Of course. Let me take this call." Frank nodded and strode outside to answer Donald's phone call.

Donald was bellowing as soon as the call connected, "Frank Lawrence! My daughter is dying! Get over here and treat her right now!"

He was utterly frantic as Viola's condition grew progressively worse.

She was wheelchair bound, unable to lift any of her limbs!

On the other hand, Frank remained nonchalant. "Calm down. She still has three days and plenty of hurting in between."

"You little- | |

Frank cut Donald's outburst short. "I guess I should remind you that you're the one asking for a favor. You have no right to demand anything."

"Fine! What do you want?" Donald growled through his teeth. "I'll lift the sanctions against Lane Holdings too, okay?"

"I told you. Have your daughter apologize to Helen if you want her to live," Frank replied. "If anything, lifting the sanctions is only right."

Donald clenched his fist. "My daughter, apologize?! She's the heiress to my grand dynasty! Ask for money or anything else, and we'll give it to you!"

“That’s my only condition,” Frank said nonchalantly. “There’s no need to continue this conversation if you can’t do that much.”

And with that, Frank hung up, leaving Donald staring at his phone, dumbstruck.

“Motherfucker!” he bellowed. “He hung up on me?”

Beside him, Jaud hung his head. “Mr. Salazar, your daughter is drifting out of consciousness, and the pain would only get worse. Let’s just ask her to apologize to Helen...”

Donald slammed his fist on the table. “Fuck! Who does that bitch think she is?! I’ve never even heard of her, and she wants my daughter to apologize?!!

He had come to Riverton, ready to make a bang... only to end up bending himself backward?!

What was that if not a slap to the face?

“Dad... Help... Save me...” Viola pleaded from her bedroom just then.

Donald rushed over at her call, finding her cheeks pale from the agony that continued since yesterday.

She really had enough!

“Dad, I just have to apologize to Helen Lane, right? I’m going to die if this continues...”

Donald’s heart broke seeing her in that state.

After much consideration, he decided that he had no choice.

“Alright. We’d just have to do it since you agreed to it,” he said, gritting his teeth.

With that, he sent his butler Alfredo to take Viola to Lane Manor while telling all his contacts to stop their sanctions against Lane Holdings.

The Lanes quickly received word that the sanctions against their company were lifted, and everyone was delighted when Helen broke the news.

Even Chris was shocked—the Salazars really stopped attacking the Lanes?

“Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Steiner!” cina cried excitedly. She could give Chris a bear hug right then!

Peter and Cindy were thoroughly in awe as well, with the former promising, “From now on, just tell me if there’s anything you need, Mr. Steiner. I’ll definitely get it done.” Chris was scratching his head as he chuckled. “Ha... Haha...”

Chapter 272

Chris chuckled. “Oh, it’s nothing. It’s no big deal at all.”

Henry and Frank entered just then, and Helen quickly told Henry, “You have nothing to worry about now, Grandpa. The sanctions against us have been lifted.”

‘Really?’ Henry did a double take and quickly realized that Frank did it since he was just on his phone. “Well, we really owe Frank for that.”

Frank nodded—it seemed that Donald had caved, and Viola would soon be here to apologize to Helen.

Gina, however, snorted in disdain. “Him? What does it have to do with him? It’s all thanks to Mr. Steiner that the sanctions were lifted!”

“Impossible,” Henry retorted. “Frank was on his phone just now, and the sanctions were lifted soon after.”

“Haha!” Peter laughed as he pointed at Frank. “He made a phone call, and it’s done? Who did he call, Donald Salazar? Who does he think he is?”

“Exactly.” Chris laughed. “What are you going to say next, that the Salazars would come to apologize now?”

“What if I do?” Frank replied flatly.

“Hah! All you can do is boast, lowlife.” Gina snorted.

That was when a servant rushed inside. “Mr. Lane, Ms. Lane... Alfredo, the butler of the Salazars, is asking to see you.”

“What?!”

Everyone was shocked, with Gina getting frantic since she feared the Salazars,

“Why did they come?” she cried. “Are they here to finish the job?”

Peter turned to Chris right then. “M–Mr. Steiner, what should we do?”

Chris gulped—he could not show his face at this time!

“Oh, actually, I think you should go see them. I’m staying here, but I’ll be ready to help if anything happens,” he said very softly.

“Why is everyone panicking? The Salazars have come, and so be it. They’re surely not that unreasonable,” Helen said and slowly rose to her feet, her gaze fearless.

Henry

family.

nodded contentedly beside her—she was at least showing her mettle as the head of the

“They’re here to apologize,” Frank said just then.

“Shut up!” Gina promptly snapped at him. “Apologize?! How delusional can you get?”

Helen, however, started toward the door, and the rest of the family had no choice but to follow

except Chris, who hid in a corner, afraid to show his face.

Walking up to Alfredo, Helen greeted him. “Good day, Mr. Alfredo. I apologize for the lack of

hospitality despite having you travel all this way.”

“It’s perfectly fine, Ms. Lane,” Alfredo replied, perfectly polite if only because Helen was the key to saving Viola.

Helen turned and saw Viola just then, and she did a double take.

It was the same Viola. But while she beat Helen to an inch of her life yesterday, she appeared to be almost dying now...

“To what do we owe the pleasure?” Helen asked tentatively just then.

“I represent the Salazar family in apologizing to you, Ms. Lane,” Alfredo said. “I’m afraid Ms. Salazar had been a little rash yesterday, on top of having a misunderstanding. As such, we’ve come expressly to apologize and ask for your forgiveness.”

Helen's eyes bulged, hardly able to believe her ears—they had really come to apologize?!

Chapter 273

Helen gulped—she certainly did not have the right to deny Viola anything!

D—Of course. I forgive Ms. Salazar," she said.

Wonderful. From now on, our family and yours would still be friends," Alfredo flashed at Helen with a gentlemanly smile.

Yeah, that's for sure." Helen nodded repeatedly.

Viola was grinning as well. "It's all just a misunderstanding. Just give us a shout if you need anything too."

you need

The rest of them were certainly awash with delight that the Salazars came personally to apologize, even to make peace with them.

Even in hiding, Chris could hear them from his corner and was left in shock as well!

However, that was when Frank strode up to Alfredo and snapped, "What's this? Why are you apologizing to the Lanes, geezer? Viola Salazar was the one who hurt Helen. She should be apologizing instead."

Uh..." Alfredo was left stunned.

Viola freaked out right then and glared at Frank. "Shut up! You don't get to speak here!"

Even Helen was frowning and snapping at him. "Stop it, Frank."

he Salazars were finally here to make peace—she did not want to upset them again just because Frank misspoke!

eter hurried to Alfredo as well. “Just ignore him. He’s not one of us.

evertheless, Viola started trembling as soon as she spotted Frank from afar.

Without wasting a moment to argue, she turned to Helen and said, “I apologize for my actions, Ms. Lane. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry...”

Uh... I—It’s alright, Ms. Salazar,” Helen said, suddenly feeling buoyed.

he still remembered how helpless she was when Violet beat her, and she could not argue because she lacked power and influence.

nd yet, the same haughty Violet was now apologizing to her.

really felt unreal.

Then you forgive me?” Viola quickly asked.

Of course. You don’t have to worry.” Gina grinned. “Young people tend to get a little hot-headed, and a little quarrel is fine.”

Phew...”

iola breathed a huge sigh of relief right then.

She forgives you. You can go now,” Frank spoke up again.

Viola breathed another huge sigh of relief.

Thank goodness Frank did not ask for anything else, or she would be thoroughly humiliated!

“Could you shut up for a moment?!” Gina shot Frank a vicious glare, wishing he was dead right then.

Still, her expression changed instantly as she turned back to Viola with a grin. “Please stay, Ms. Salazar. It’s rare that you’d visit—do come in.”

“It’s fine—I have other things to do, so I need to go.” Viola quickly refused, not wanting to linger another moment when Frank was in the vicinity.

Alfredo quickly wheeled Viola away in response, while the Lanes breathed a sigh of relief after seeing Viola off.

Chris finally stepped outside at that.

Cindy spotted him and hurried to him. “Oh, Mr. Steiner! You’re so amazing, getting Viola herself to apologize!”

“Thank you, Chris,” Helen told him as well.

She doubted if he had this much influence at first, but Viola did come.

Who else other than Chris could compel the Salazars?

“You’re exaggerating, Helen.” Chris smiled brazenly. “As your former classmate, it’s only right that I help.

Chapter 274

Gina nodded repeatedly. "Absolutely. Former classmates should help each other—it's only right."

"Pfft. Him, telling the Salazars to apologize? Who does he think he is?" Frank snorted in disdain.

"You're just jealous." Chris chuckled coolly.

Even if he actually did nothing, it did not matter as long as the Lanes believed him.

Frank glared at him with contempt. "Jealous of a lowlife like you? Really?"

"Shut up!" Gina bellowed right then, her finger inches from his nose. "You, calling another person a lowlife?! You're the worst there is! Freeloading from my house for years!"

Peter nodded beside her. "Exactly—he even has the balls to slander Mr. Steiner. Get out of here already!"

"Stop it already, Frank." Even Helen was snapping at Frank in disappointment.

"Stop what?" Frank asked, frowning. "I've been telling the truth all this while."

Helen glared at him in turn. "The truth? Are you saying Viola came to apologize because you told her to? That her family lifted their sanctions because of you?!"

"Who else could it be? Him?!" Frank pointed at Chris. "You should have seen what he was doing. Did he dare to show his face when Viola was here?!"

"Enough!" Helen snapped, cutting him short. "You always spout such groundless nonsense. Don't you feel ashamed?!"

He even claimed that Chris was hooking up with Viola, but it turned out to be all baseless! Frank inhaled deeply and asked quietly, "Did your family have evidence when they slandered me? And you're now saying that my words are groundless nonsense."

"What..." Helen froze, but Frank was right.

She became convinced that Frank was Vicky's gigolo when everyone said so.

In fact, she believed that even now, because Frank had been good for nothing through and through, in the three years they had been married.

Frank stormed out of Lane Manor right then, thoroughly disappointed in Helen.

"Frank, stop!"

Helen was going to give chase when Gina stopped her. "Why would you go after that lowlife?"

"Yeah, Helen—the sooner he's gone, the better," Peter reasoned. "Ideally, he'd stay away from us for the rest of our lives."

"You and your mother are really two peas in a pod, one as short-sighted as the other," Henry growled, shaking his head.

Even if he did not know what Frank did, if Frank said Chris did not help, then it must be so.

"Oh, what would you know, old man?" Gina snorted impatiently.

That was when Alfredo returned, and everyone promptly stopped arguing.

Gina hurried up to him, asking, "Yes? Is there something else we can help you with?"

“Where is Frank Lawrence?” Alfredo asked.

“Huh? Is something the matter with him?” Gina asked in confusion.

“I’d just like to ask when Frank would cure Ms. Salazar.”

“Cure? What do you mean?” Gina was left utterly perplexed.

“Mr. Lawrence demanded that Ms. Salazar apologize to Ms. Lane, and she has done that,” Alfredo explained. “He should hold up his end of the bargain and cure Ms. Salazar.”

“What?!”

Alfredo’s words were a bombshell that left every person in the room flabbergasted!

Chapter 275

Gina gulped and asked tentatively, “A–Are you joking, sir?”

Alfredo frowned. “Do I look like the type of person who jokes around?”

“O–Of course not,” Gina replied.

However, she was too afraid to tell the man that she chased Frank away and instead. stammered, “H–He just left... you might catch up if you go after him now?”

Alfredo turned and hurried away without delay at those words.

On the other hand, Helen suddenly felt dizzy and would have almost dropped to the floor if Gina did not catch her.

“Helen? Are you alright?” Gina asked worriedly.

Helen was leaning in her arms even as she murmured softly, “Mom... I hate this so much...”

It turned out that everything Frank said was real,

He was the one who was always there for her heaven knows how much he had been through just to get even for her sake.

And yet, she only offered Frank those hurtful words...

She felt a pang of guilt when she realized the truth, but she had no idea what to tell Frank now.

She would actually rather he scold her... But would he even be willing to see her now?

Nearby, Chris was left thoroughly humiliated,

He was just boasting about how he helped the Lanes pacify the Salazars, only for the Salazars to expose his lies in record time.

He was at a loss, unable to offer Helen comfort, just as it was further awkward staying away...

Gina was actually confused too.

Why would Viola give in to Frank’s demands?

Naturally, none of them knew what Frank had been through, when Peter stood up and said, What are you worried about, Helen? Frank is just Vicky’s boy toy—do you really think Viola apologized to you because Frank asked? It must be the Turnbells who did the heavy lifting“!

Gina immediately thought it made sense. "Exactly! I knew that brat wouldn't amount to anything. The Turnbells are the Salazars' rivals anyway, and they might just be using helping Frank as an excuse."

Helen frowned. "That still means Frank asked for Vicky's help for my sake."

Frank ending up further indebted to Vicky was the last thing she wanted to see!

"Tch." Cindy clicked her tongue, walking up to Chris just then. "Even if Frank didn't ask, Mr. Steiner would have resolved this for us, right?"

"Haha, of course! My people are already in place, and we were going to make Viola apologize."

That was when Henry asked, "Why are you so sure that Frank is Vicky's gigolo? Do you have evidence?"

Helen flinched at those words.

They had all presumed right away that Frank became Vicky's boy toy because he used to be so worthless and somehow ended up with a powerful woman... when they had no evidence at all!

"Tch." Peter clicked his tongue, folding his arms in disdain. "Who needs evidence? The Turnbells wouldn't announce that they are harboring a gigolo, would they?"

"That's exactly right." Gina snorted, rolling her eyes. "What is Frank Lawrence? Would Vicky be interested in him if he wasn't her gigolo? He doesn't have looks nor anything going for him. for that matter."

Henry stood with his hands clasped behind his back and sighed. "Then did it ever cross your mind—if Frank is as worthless as you'd say, why would Vicky want anything to do with him?"

"Oh..."

The Lanes froze again, as that question had somehow never occurred to them.

Henry was shaking his head in disappointment ever as he turned to leave.

Frank had not left Lane Manor for that long when Alfredo caught up with him in his car. "Mr. Lawrence, we had an agreement," he said. "Shouldn't you treat Ms. Salazar now?"

Chapter 276

Frank glanced inside the car at Viola and started towards her.

Viola flinched and trembled, as if she had developed a phobia for the man.

"What are you doing, Mr. Lawrence?" Alfredo asked warily.

"Freeing her acupoints, unless you're going to do it?" Frank shot him a look.

Alfredo stepped back awkwardly, while Frank tapped Viola's acupoints twice, clearing it.

Viola could instantly feel the pain, her body fading, and inhaled deeply in relief.

Nonetheless, Frank quietly said with murderous coldness, "This is just a lesson. Disrespect. Helen again, and you'd be dead."

"No, I'd never do it again." Viola quickly shook her head, utterly terrified by Frank's torment.

With that, Frank turned to leave, while Alfredo frowned in his wake.

"The kid's really full of himself..." he muttered.

“Shut it. Die all you want—don’t get me involved,” Viola snapped at him right then.

Alfredo quietly hung his head, while Viola was staring warily at Frank and breathed a long sigh of relief when she saw that he did not hear them.

After Frank returned to Skywater Bay, the Salazars seemed to grow content with staying in line, refraining from harassing Helen or Vicky.

There was no telling if Frank had broken them, or if they were just putting together yet another cunning plan....

Days later, Frank woke early as usual to train when he got a call from Winter.

Ever since Winter bumped into Frank at Noel York’s concert, her impression of him improved and she did not think of him as badly as her brother.

Either way, he was an amiable person, and she was very willing to befriend a person with such influence.

“Hello?”

“Mr. Lawrence? May I ask what you’re doing at the moment?”

“Me? I’m just relaxing at home. Is there a problem?” Frank asked, curious since it was the first time she called him.

“Uh... It’s my birthday,” Winter said awkwardly. “I invited you too. Don’t you remember?”

“Oh... Ahaha...” Frank chuckled to hide his embarrassment. “Are you kidding? Of course I remember. I bought something for you online, but it hasn’t arrived. I’m waiting until it’s delivered before I come over.”

“Wow. you’re bringing me a present? What is it?” Winter asked in curiosity.

“You’ll know when the time comes.” Frank chuckled.

“Very well,” Winter said just then. “I’ll send you the address. You have to come later, okay?”

“That’s for sure.”

After hanging up, Frank quickly called Trevor Zurich. “Hey, I need your help preparing a

present. The sooner, the better.”

He certainly needed Trevor’s help when it mattered!

Chapter 277

Trevor was stumped. “Uh... Birthday present? What kind?”

“For Winter Lawrence, a young lady around eighteen,” Frank said, rubbing his chin.

“Oh...” Trevor realized with a start.

Winter Lawrence was the only daughter of Frank’s mentor and should be regarded with importance, but it was still a question as to what present suited her....

“Should we give her something valuable or economical?”

“Valuable, of course,” Frank said solemnly—his mentor’s daughter deserved that much.

“Alright, understood.” Trevor nodded repeatedly.

“Send it over to Skywater Bay as soon as you can,” Frank told him.

Trevor nodded again and hung up to get to work.

1/2

Trevor was soon at Frank’s door with the present

Frank opened it to find a necklace with a crystalline green diamond pendant, sculpted with the lifelike impression of a phoenix.

ap

“A master craftsman sculpted this three years ago from the finest grade of green diamond, Mr. Lawrence,” Trevor said. “The material alone is worth twenty million.”

Frank brushed his fingers over the sparkling green pendant and nodded in satisfaction.

It was subtle yet luxurious.

“Good,” Frank said and brought it along as he hurried to Winter’s birthday party.

She was celebrating at a karaoke lounge in West City—her family was modest, and naturally could not throw banquets like Viola would. If anything, it was just no different from inviting a couple of friends for a karaoke session.

Winter was already there when Frank arrived, along with Jean Sims, Aria Lond, and Zeb Larkin.

There were others—most likely Winter’s classmates—in the private room.

“Welcome, Mr. Lawrence!”

Winter hurried to him when she saw him, pulling him along, “Let me introduce you. This is Jean and Aria, whom you met before.”

Jean lifted her signature baseball cap in greeting. “Hello.”

“Oh, Mr. Lawrence! You’re finally here...”

On the other hand, Aria was already up close and personal with Frank, brushing her hair through her permed locks while her crude perfume bombarded Frank’s nostrils instantly.

She had gone out of her way to put on a dress with a plunging neckline when she found out Frank was coming, just to show off her tempting figure.

Beside her, Jean rolled her eyes—Aria had completely lost the plot after seeing Frank’s Maybach the last time they met.

She also kept pestering Winter for Frank’s number, but thankfully Winter said no..

“Oh, haha...” Frank smiled awkwardly, surprised by the girl’s enthusiasm.

Taking out the present he prepared, he said, “Happy birthday, Winter. It’s a small gift from

“Tch.”

Zeb clicked his tongue as he approached them. “What’s that present? It’s so small.”

The others flocked around them as well, with Aria leaning her cheek coquettishly on her bare shoulder as she winked at Frank. "It must be really expensive, right?"

"It's just something modest." Frank smiled in turn.

Zeb, however, was eager to see it and kept urging Winter, "Go on, open it, Winter. Show us what it is broaden our horizons."

However, Winter was sharp enough to tell from Zeb's reaction that he was up to no good.

Chapter 278

If Frank's present was not valuable, Zeb was definitely going to mock him for it.

As such, Winter said, "Uh... It's fine. I'll open it when I get home."

Behind Zeb, a boy who had dyed his hair pale blond, quickly said, "Come on, Winter. I heard the man drives a Maybach—that present would at least be worth a hundred grand, don't you think?"

Naturally, Blondie was Zeb's lackey and was obviously trying to mess with Frank despite his flattery,

Zeb in turn chuckled. "A hundred grand? Are you belittling Mr. Lawrence now? The Cartier watch I bought for Winter is worth the same. Surely Mr. Lawrence's present is worth twice as much."

"That's true."

In reality, they were all just university students, and a present as expensive as that was more than enough. Zeb's watch was already an oddity.

Aria was eager to see if Frank was generous too. "Exactly, Winter. Open it already. I'm curious!"

A was

Winter was actually fairly patient, but everyone was getting on her nerves.

On the other hand, Frank was simply amused by Zeb and Blondie's obvious sarcasm. Still, it was natural that kids who had never worked an honest day in their lives would be so competitive.

"Since they're all eager to see it, you should open it," Frank replied with a smile.

"Alright." Winter bit her lip and gently opened the box to find that necklace laying in the center.

"My goodness... Is that a phoenix?" she exclaimed, seeing the lifelike sculpting.

"It's almost like it's alive!" Jean gaped.

"Yeah, the sculpting is really wonderful... Thank you, Mr. Lawrence. I really like it," Winter said as she gingerly took it out.

"As long as you like it." Frank smiled.

"How much is it, Mr. Lawrence?" Aria couldn't resist asking the most important question right then.

"Twenty million," Frank said nonchalantly.

"T-twenty Million?!" Winter's heart skipped a beat, her fingers flinching and almost dropping the necklace.

Frank caught it with his incredible reflexes and passed it back to Winter. "Be careful." "Twenty million? For real?"

"You're kidding. Twenty million for that little piece of rock?"

כול

Behind Winter, her friends were stunned and whispering among themselves, having no ideal how it felt to have that much money.

Naturally, everyone including Aria could not believe that a rock was worth that much either.

Winter was afraid to receive it, however. "Y-You should take it back, Mr. Lawrence. That's too expensive for me."

Frank smiled. "It's a gift for you, and twenty million is really nothing to me."

Aria gasped beside her.

"Oh, Winter just take it. It's Mr. Lawrence's sincerity," she said, before turning towards Frank, batting her eyelashes at him endlessly. "It's my birthday next month, Mr. Lawrence. You're invited too."

Frank smiled. "Sure."

Jean did a double take. "Your birthday isn't next month."

"Shut it," Aria snapped, cutting her short.

Nonetheless, Zeb strode up just then, clicking his tongue, "Tut, tut. Do you take us for fools, Frank? Is that little pebble really worth twenty million?"

“Yeah! It’s just some necklace from a dollar store, no?” Blondie joined in.

Chapter 279

“No way!” Jean exclaimed, turning her cap as she walked up and studied the pendant.

Her family was not rich, but she knew her precious stones—the pendant was obviously no dollar store goods, but Jean was no appraiser who could identify precious stones.

Nonetheless, Blondie appeared dead serious as he snorted. “I’m telling the truth. My family are jewelers—I should know.”

Zeb immediately laughed out loud beside him, clutching his belly. “You’re such a joker, Frank! Come on, don’t put on airs just because you can’t afford something nice! We won’t mock you for it... but you just had to say your dollar store pendant is worth twenty million!”

Even Aria frowned at that.

She really thought Frank would bring something impressive, but it was just a dollar store item. Frank simply smiled as he stood nearby.

Talk about ignorant children—those kids were staring directly at a twenty million dollar gem, and they just could not recognize it.

“That’s enough. Cut it out,” Winter snapped just then.

Then, seeing that Frank did not argue, she presumed that the pendant was a dollar store item as well.

In the end, she had only met him a couple of times—there was no reason he would give her something that valuable.

However, to bail out Frank, she still smiled and put on the necklace. "Thank you, Mr. Lawrence. I really like your present."

Frank nodded. "As long as you like it."

Winter soon started to hype up the party, grouping up her friends and getting them to sing. Frank was just there to give her the present. Moreover, as he shared no common ground with the kids, he sat in a corner alone, fiddling with his phone.

While everyone hovered around Winter, Zeb walked up to her with a jug of beer. "Cheers, Winer. Happy birthday."

Winter picked up a glass of apple juice instead and clinked glasses with Zeb. "Thanks..."

Zeb was staring at her glass and quickly said, "Come on, Winter. It's your birthday! A little liquor won't hurt!"

He was eager to get to know Winter better with her birthday, and nothing was more ideal than getting her drunk.

However, Winter refused to touch a drop of liquor ever since they came and shook her head with a smile. "I'll pass I've never drunk before. You boys enjoy yourself."

She then spotted Frank sitting in a corner and went over to him with her glass, asking

curiously, "Hey, Mr. Lawrence. Aren't you going to sing?"

Frank chuckled. "I'm tone deaf, so I'd rather not embarrass myself."

"How about some beer?" w

asked, worried that her hospitality was lacking.

2/2

Frank threw up a hand. "I'd rather have juice. I'm driving."

"Okay," Winter replied and poured him one.

Nearby, Zeb was fuming even as he watched Winter hover around Frank.

The man just drove a Maybach, but he was so full of it!

"Zeb, who's the geezer? Never seen him around before," Blondie asked just then.

"Winter's friend." Zeb narrowed his eyes. "Never seen him before the concert."

Naturally, Blondie immediately considered Frank an enemy.

As Zeb's lackey, it was his duty to solve his boss' troubles, and Zeb was obviously not happy with Frank.

Getting an idea just then, he chuckled. "You don't have to do anything. Just watch me—I promise he'll humiliate himself in front of Winter."

Chapter 280

Zeb finally smiled at Blondie's words he was happy with anything, as long as Frank embarrassed himself in front of Winter!

Blondie hurried up to Frank right then, exclaiming, "Yo, Mr. Lawrence! Why are you drinking juice alone there? Us dudes should be drinking liquor!"

Frank shook his head. "I'll pass. I'm supposed to be driving."

Zeb guessed Blondie's plan just then and quickly joined them. "Hey, I'm driving too, and I'm drinking. We could just call for a designated driver if we have to—it's disrespectful to Winter if you don't drink on her birthday, right?"

Frank studied the two boys who were suddenly so enthusiastic.

It would be strange if they were not up to something bad.

As for Winter, she did not drink, but her brother Fred often did she was convinced that men liked to drink.

Moreover, she did not want to see Frank sitting there alone and reasoned, "Why don't you have a drink too, Mr. Lawrence? I'd think you're being abused sitting here by yourself. Don't worry I'll get you a driver later."

Blondie was grinning right then. "See? Even Winter is asking you to drink. You're not going to say no, are you?"

Then, turning to his friends, "Order me ten cartons of lager!"

"Ten cartons? For who?" Winter stared at Blondie in disbelief.

"Oh, just let them have some fun," Zeb chuckled. "I'll be paying anyway."

In reality, Blondie was an amazing drinker, and Zeb would bring him along during any social drinking occasions. Thus far, he had never met anyone who could outdrink Blondie.

Soon, a waiter brought the ten cartons of lager, and Blondie quickly poured Frank a mug. Come on. Let's go!"

When he was done, he drank straight from the bottle.

Frank stared at him as he grinned smugly and smiled in turn. "Since you're drinking straight from the bottle, wouldn't I be disrespecting you drinking from a mug?"

With that, Frank chugged a bottle too—cultivation aside, he used to drink liquor like it was water back when he was working at South Sea.

Zeb was folding his arms before his chest and chuckling, "Come on, Mr. Lawrence. You can give up if you can't do it—Blondie's the best drinker in college."

"Eh, it's no big deal. Come, Mr. Lawrence—bottom's up!"

Blondie chuckled, knowing that Frank had already fallen for their trap.

With that, Frank would quickly finish a bottle after Blondie did as things got competitive, and they soon finished five cartons...

5

Jean could see something was wrong just then and quickly told Winter, "They aren't drinking. They're competing! You know Blondie is a good drinker—you really should stop Frank from playing his game."

Winter glanced at the bottles strewn all over the floor and nodded.

Hurrying to Frank's side, "You're drinking too much, Mr. Lawrence. Maybe you should stop."

Frank remained calm and composed as he waved her off. "This is nothing. I have to drink with your buddy here, whatever happens."

Since the kid was trying to get him drunk, he just had to play his game... and destroy him.

Blondie gulped.

He had already drunk over twenty bottles, and his belly was painfully bloated, while his cheeks flushed blood-red.

He could not drink another drop!

However, he promised Zeb that he would humiliate Frank.

If he lost now, not only would Zeb scorn him, but he would be humiliated in front of their classmates too!