

## **The Girlboss 281**

### Chapter 281

Aria hurried to join them, never one to miss out on the fun.

“Come on, Blondie. Chug!” She cheered and joined the others as they roared, “Chug! Chug! Chug!”

She was now prejudiced against Frank for bringing a dollar store gift, not to mention that she was not going to get humiliated anyway. What was the harm in fanning the flames when she was not getting burned?

“Go on, Blondie!” Zeb joined in while leveling a glare at Blondie, while the latter was staring at Frank in turn.

The man was simply lounging in his seat, no blush on his face and his breathing perfectly normal, as if the twentyish bottles of lager had no effect on him..

In fact, he was even smiling. “You can stop if you can’t keep up.”

If anything, the boy was impressive enough to chug twentyish bottles in under half an hour. It was just a pity his opponent had to be Frank, who simply directed his vigor to secrete the alcohol in his bloodstream along with his sweat.

Blondie was left gritting his teeth. “This is nothing. Let’s keep going.”

With that, he popped open another bottle and started drinking despite his belly churning.

However, he only got halfway through the bottle when his stomach had had enough, and gastric acid began to flow backward.

Blondie’s face fell when he realized he was about to throw up, but he was able to hold it in for

one moment..

Seeing that Zeb was near, he knew he should not throw up on his boss no matter what.

Instead, he turned and vomited everything he drank.

“Blargh!!!”

“Argh!!!” Aria screamed.

While Blondie felt relieved, everyone else was left staring, dumbstruck.

Blondie had puked all over Aria, dyeing her white 2,000 dollar dress yellow and covering her with filth!

Frank was the one nearest to Blondie, but Aria had to get in the way just to hype up competition and ended up as collateral!

Blondie felt exceedingly embarrassed too—he really liked Aria!

“I’m so sorry...” He quickly pulled out some tissues to wipe down Aria.

Smack!

the

Aria’s face was contorted savagely as he slapped him across the face. “Fuck off, you disgusting pig! If you can’t drink, stop putting on airs! You make me sick!”

She had dressed in her most expensive dress and put on such exquisite makeup, only for

Blondie to ruin everything before she could do a thing.

How could she not be upset?!

With that, Aria stormed out of the room toward the washroom.

“Aria, Aria... It was an accident!” Blondie cried even as he gave chase.

Winter was going to follow, but Jean said, “I’ll go.”

On the other hand, Frank almost laugh

out loud but managed to hold it in.

He did not think that Blondie would go so far as to drink when he already had enough.

Turning toward Zeb, he said, “I guess the other kid’s out. Why don’t you drink too?”

Zeb pursed his lips, averting his eyes.

He would never win when Blondie could not!

“I’m not interested in drinking.” He snorted. “You drink all you want...”

Meanwhile, Aria took off her dress once she got in the washroom and started wiping herself.

Even as Aria wiped herself, she kept ranting. “Honestly, what’s Frank Lawrence’s deal? He had to do that stupid drinking game with Blondie... The way I see it, he did it on purpose!

Jean, who was helping her clean herself, was left speechless. “Mr. Lawrence didn’t start it. If there’s anyone to blame, it won’t be him.”

‘Bullshit. He’s totally one of them,” Aria huffed.

Jean shook her head but decided not to argue.

“Just wear my jacket for now,” Jean said, taking it off.

Aria wore it after wiping herself, since her white dress was totally ruined.

Thankfully, she wore leggings as well, so she would not be exposing herself too much.

On the other hand, Jean had been wearing a black camisole under her jacket, which bared her perfect figure utterly.

Blondie was waiting outside the ladies’ room, standing by the shared sinks.

He had certainly humiliated himself completely today.

Naturally, he was also curious as to how huge a stomach Frank had, holding in all that beer.

If anything, Blondie was good at drinking because he often took toilet breaks in between. In this case, he just did not have time to process the twentyish bottles that he drank in under thirty minutes.

Still, after waiting for a long while, he headed into the men's room since neither Aria nor Jean were coming out.

Aria and Jean appeared soon after that, and Aria took out her perfume to spray herself as much as possible to cover the stench.

A man with a crew cut stepped outside just then and raised his brow. "Hey, babes. You both work here?"

One of them was wearing a jacket that barely covered her thighs, while the other only wore a camisole.

If anything, it was a dead giveaway they were hostesses—how terrible of the owner, keeping the nice ones from him!

However, Aria was already plenty annoyed, and Crew Cut's obvious insult left her snapping, "Your mom works here! Hell, your family probably does too! Now, fuck off!"

Crew Cut was surprised that she had such a temper and grabbed her wrist right then. "I was just being polite, bitch! You should be honored that I'm interested!"

"What are you doing?!" Jean snapped right then. "Let her go!"

Crew Cut flashed a dirty snile. "Oh, you can join us too, girly. We'll give you a good tip."

That was when Blondie stepped out of the men's room.

Seeing some stranger messing with his beloved left him furious right then.

Leaping up at Crew Cut from the back, he punched Crew Cut in the back of the head, crying, "Messing with my classmates?! Fuck off!"

"Oof!" Crew Cut grunted as he dropped to the floor,

Once he did, Blondie dropped on top of Crew Cut, kicking and punching even as he clutched his head and yelled, "Fuck! How dare you hit me! I'll kill you!"

"No, I'll kill you! You bullied my classmate!" Blondie kept hitting him for a long while before getting up.

Crew Cut glared at him viciously in turn, "Ignorant kids. You'll be on your knees begging soon enough!"

"Still able to talk, huh?" Blondie growled and raised his fist.

Jean promptly caught him. "That's enough. Let's go already."

She could see that Crew Cut was absolutely fearless and clearly not one to scoff at. As such, she certainly did not want Blondie to dig a deeper hole for them—the sooner they left, the better.

Blondie nodded and left with the girls.

Once outside, Blondie quickly asked Aria, "Are you alright?"

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Aria rolled her eyes. "I'm fine. You managed to make it in time, but you're still paying for my dress.""

"Don't worry, I'll definitely pay," Blondie chirped fawningly.

When they returned to their private room, Winter went up and asked, "What took you guys so long, Jean?"

Blondie appeared exceedingly smug as he proclaimed, "There was this bastard messing with Aria. I had to straighten him out."

Jean sighed but nodded.

“What? You were in a fight?” Winter asked in concern.

“Don’t worry, Winter—it’s no big deal.” Blondie patted his chest confidently. “It’s just some thug. I’ll deal with him if he comes again.

Winter did not pry since Blondie sounded confident enough, though Jean remained a little on edge.

Still, after the mess before, the friends played around for a while before preparing to leave.

That was when someone kicked open the door, and Crew Cut strode in.

Everyone was immediately left dumbstruck, the music in the private karaoke room suddenly stopping, leaving it eerily silent.

Still, Blondie promptly leapt to his feet. “Shit, you’re back for more? Let’s go!”

Crew Cut did not look particularly buff, so Blondie was not particularly worried.

“That’s the one, boss!” Crew Cut suddenly yelled, pointing at Blondie.

A bald, burly man strode in at his words, followed by a gang of goons numbering just over a dozen.

Each of them were armed with baseball bats and other weapons!

Blondie was immediately left dumbstruck.

He did not expect Crew Cut to be so unfair, bringing so many of his friends!

Still, he was immediately cowed and averted his eyes, seeing that the gang were all clearly the lawless type.

The bald man—Kait Wooper- grabbed Blondie by the collar right then. “You’re the one who hit my friend, huh?”

Blondie’s earliest confidence was completely gone as he stammered, “No, it’s just a misunderstanding... He was messing with my classmate, so I had to do something...”

Smack!

Kait slapped Blondie across the face, sending him wobbling and almost dropping to the floor.

“And? Who was he messing with? Show her to me!” Kait snapped.

The students were all silent, while Blondie trembled as he pointed at Aria.

Aria glared viciously at him in turn—and here she thought what a man he had been, standing up against Crew Cut.

And now, he caved as soon as Crew Cut brought his boss!

Kait turned toward Aria as well and beckoned her over.

Aria was too scared to disobey and gingerly walked over the shards on the floor as she said tentatively, “Sir... It’s none of my business. I did not hit your friend.”

Kait simply pulled her into his arms, his eyes flashing with lust as he studied her, “So, my friend was messing with you, was he?”



Aria gulped, unsure what to say for a moment.

After some thought, she shook her head. “N–No...”

Kait nodded in satisfaction. “Well, since he didn’t, don’t you think your classmate went too far by hitting my friend?”

Aria nodded repeatedly. “Yes, yes, yes... He was way out of line. I’m sorry for what he did.”

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Kait chuckled coolly. “You’re apologizing? Who needs cops if apologies mean a thing?”

“S–So, what you’re saying is...” Aria murmured tentatively.

Kait rubbed his chin, studying Aria as he said, “Well, how about this? Hang out with me and my friends over some drinks, and we can put the past behind us.”

“What?” Aria was shocked—it went without saying what drinking with those men meant!

Blondie cried, “No-”

Crew Cut smashed his head with his baseball bat right then. “Shut up! The adults are talking!”

Blondie was bleeding from the head and dropped to the floor, clutching his head.

“Stop!” Winter snapped, getting to her feet.

It was her birthday party, and her classmates came to celebrate it with her.

She must stand up for them when they were getting hurt!

“Winter.” Jean promptly tugged at her—those gangsters were clearly no pushovers, and Winter’s tough attitude would only make things worse.

Crew Cut’s eyes lit up as soon as he saw her—as the room was dark, he did not notice the two other beauties in there.

“Look, boss! There are two more babes over there!”

Kait was not blind for his part.

Aria might be pretty, but she was trying too hard with her getup and makeup.

On the other hand, Winter was a natural beauty and endlessly better.

Pushing Aria away, he strode up to Winter. “What’s your name,

girl?”

“Why should I tell you?” Winter frowned. “You’re the one bullying my came here to start another fight. What’s your problem?

friends,

and then

you

Kait chuckled. "Yes, yes, it's all our fault—why don't you come with us to our room, properly apologize. How about that?"

and I'll

Winter was taken aback by Kait's sudden reasonable attitude, but she was not stupid. There was no way she would go to their room alone.

Jean put a hand on her shoulder too. "Don't go,

Winter."

Winter nodded and turned to Kait. "I won't go. Now, please leave."

She was not about to hope for Kait to apologize for hurting Blondie—having them leave was

all she wanted.

Nonetheless, Kai laughed coldly. "If you're not leaving, then you'll have to foot my friend's medical bill—500 grand, along with everyone here kneeling and apologizing. Then, we can call it even."

"500 grand?!" Winter exclaimed in shock. "That's too much! And you hurt my friend too!"

Crew Cut rose to his feet and growled, "That was just interest. Pay up now, or come to our room—now, choose."

Winter clenched her knuckles—the gang was clearly bullying them.

They could not win in a fight, and certainly could not pay 500 grand!

Nonetheless, Zeb strode out elegantly from amongst the classmates, and stood before Kait.

“May I have the pleasure of your name, sir?” he asked.

Kait’s eyes narrowed as he studied Zeb. “Kait Wooper of East City.”

Zeb smiled in turn.

Kait Wooper? He had never even heard of the man.

That means he was just some two-bit thug in East City at best!

He just had to reveal himself, and these thugs would be quaking in their boots!

Moreover, he never really got to show off around Winter, and he was not about to let this chance slip!

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Zeb nodded. “Mr. Wooper, I see. Pleasure.”

The other students were breathing a sigh of relief as they watched Zeb stand up for them. He was a real rich kid who has experience with such occasions, after all—with him around, this matter might just be resolved.

Nonetheless, Kait was glaring coldly at Zeb. “Who the fuck are you?”

“I’m Zeb Larkin,” Zeb introduced himself confidently. “My friend here drew first blood, but

e all just a misunderstanding. How about this? I’ll foot your friend’s medical bill and add

another 10 grand on top of that as a bonus. That's a good deal, right?"

The other students nodded repeatedly.

Just look at the man's generosity—if it were them, they would be taking the deal in a heartbeat!

However, Kait was never interested in money....

Smack!

He abruptly raised his hand, slapping Zeb across the face viciously and resoundingly!

Zeb was stunned that he was suddenly hit – Kait would hit him even after he revealed himself?! Naturally, the other students were left in disbelief as well, and the cowardly among them had to clasp their hands over their mouths to stop themselves from screaming.

At the same time, Kait was flexing his wrist and growling in disdain, "Who the fuck are you to tell me what to do?"

Zeb was left clutching his red, swollen face as he pursed his lips.

He was absolutely frustrated to see Kait being that pompous. "I—I'm the heir of the Larkins, and my dad's the CEO of Zeb Trust—"

"Fuck off!" Kai did not give a damn and sent him flying with a kick!

"Oof—" Zeb slammed into the wall and was left clutching his stomach impotently, unable to retaliate at all!

"I've never even heard of you. I'd actually have shown some respect if you were one of Riverton's four families," Kait snorted and barked at his men, "Go! Beat him up—how dare he try to fuck with me!"

His goons promptly leapt up and started to clobber Zeb.

Zeb's diminutive form could not take it at all, and he was soon on the floor, begging, "Stop!!! Stop!!! Please!!!!"

Winter had enough—she disliked Zeb, but she could not stand her friends being bullied for no reason either. "Stop it! Why are you doing this?!"

Kait seized her by the wrist right then, his eyes studying her from head to toe. "What I say goes around here, girl. Come drink with me if you want to save him."

"Dream on!" Winter snapped and tried to free herself from his grip but could not..

"Uh—huh. Then I'll have him killed," Kait said nonchalantly—he had a million different ways to deal with some mere students who never saw action!

By the way, Zeb finally had enough... He might really get killed here!

He looked up with difficulty, leveling a miserable look at Winter. "Why don't you just go with Mr. Wooper? It's just a drink... It's no big deal."

Zeb spoke as if his reasoning was fair, and he certainly did not care about dignity—not when he tried to stand up for Winter, only to end up almost dead.

"What?!" Winter exclaimed, staring at Zeb in shock.

She could hardly believe her ears—she was trying to bail him out, but he was telling her to be Kait's hostess?!

"Well... I..." Zeb stammered, afraid to look her in the eye.

“Just shut up!” Winter snapped at him.

Kait chuckled in turn. “Come on, girl. Your boy has the right idea—and you should know I’m not a patient man.”

“No...” Winter’s eyes went red.

## Chapter 286

Winter’s eyes welled up with tears of grief. However, there was nothing she or her friends could do with Kait threatening them and beating them up.

As they looked on, he even started to reach for Winter’s clothes, and Winter had to hold on to her jacket with her only free hand. “Stop!”

Her classmates were all silent, staying well away...

Suddenly, Jean picked up a bottle from the table and threw it at Kait!

Clang!

The bottle shattered on Kait’s head, leaving him bleeding all over.

“Fuck! I’ve been too nice!” Kait was incensed when he felt the blood streaming down his scalp and pointed at Jean. “You boys can have her!”

His goons were at once thrilled and started to charge at Jean.

“That’s enough,” Frank bellowed, his voice resounding across the room as he rose to his feet.

As everyone turned toward him at once, Frank glared sharply at Kait and growled, "Let her go, and get out if you want to live."

"Shit, another fucker trying to mess with me?" Kait gritted his teeth in rage.

He was under the impression that he had already scared these students shitless, but you another brave soul was standing up against him!

Not intending to waste time, he pointed at Frank and bellow, "Go! Fuck him up!"

"Mr. Lawrence!" Winter cried anxiously as Crew Cut and the other goons leapt toward Frank.

They were all eager to break his limbs since the boss told them so....

"Fools," Frank bellowed, and a cool shockwave burst away from him.

His foot then moved, and he shot forward instantly, punching Crew Cut in the face.

The man's nose was shattered and bleeding freely, while the force of Frank's punch struck him with the force of a missile and sent him flying!

Frank kept dashing and hitting the goons too, knocking down the dozen over men in an instant.

Screams ensued where he passed, and they were all soon lying on the ground, clutching their limbs and howling in pain.

"Mother..."

"What the fuck..."



“No way...”

Even before anyone realized it, none of Kait’s goons could get on their feet again.

They never even saw what Frank did!

By the wall, Zeb was gaping.

He was dead sure the gang would wipe the floor with Frank, only for the man to turn out to be a juggernaut.

Thank fuck he did not start a fight with him the last time they met—he would be dead!

“W—Who the fuck are you?!” Kait exclaimed, his legs suddenly shaking as a chill crept down his spine.

“Frank Lawrence of Riverton,” Frank said as he slowly strode toward Kait.

Kai searched his mind but could not remember anyone in Riverton being that impressive a fighter!

He might even be a match for the head of Skyblade Dojo!

As Frank got ever closer, Kait promptly shouted, “Stop right there! Move another inch, and I’ll kill her!”

He was self-aware enough to know that he would never beat Frank in a fight after the man mowed down his dozen over goons... But luckily, he had Winter!

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Kait whipped out his knife and pressed it against Winter’s neck, all while glaring warily at Frank.

Witness stiffened, afraid to move an inch—to think that a poor student like her would be caught in a hostage situation!

Frank narrowed his eyes in turn and stopped, while Kait was smiling again. “Hmph. So you care a lot about this doll, kid?”

“I hate threats the most,” Frank growled, glowering murderously. “Let her go, and I’ll let you live.”

“Shit, who do you think you’re fooling?” Kait snorted, deciding that Frank was no mobster given his getup..

Hell, the man would not really kill even if he was at his mercy!

Naturally, he kept threatening Frank. “You’re good, aren’t you? But if you want this chick to live, you’ll have to sacrifice your hand.”

Frank clenched his knuckles, and Kait promptly pressed his knife closer to Winter’s neck.

Winter had to stretch her neck to avoid it, afraid to move as she could already feel the coldness of the blade.

“No tricks, boy. And be quick, or I’ll kill her,” Kait glared, his eyes bulging viciously. “Push me, and you’ll see what I’m really capable of!”

Zeb scrambled to his feet right then and shouted at Frank as well, “Don’t just stand there! Do it, or Winter will get killed!”

He was certainly eager for Frank to lose a hand—no matter how strong he was now, he would be a cripple soon.

Just like how Winter was infatuated with him now, but she would never stay with him forever!

Nonetheless, Winter breathed softly through her teeth, “Don’t...”

“Shut up! You don’t get to talk here.” Kait pressed his arm harder around her, choking her!

Seeing that, Frank picked up a shattered bottle and leveled its sharp jags against his arm.

Kait was at once smug.

He had a knife—and once Frank lost one arm, he would definitely win!

However, just before Frank thrust the shattered bottle on his own arm, his wrist flicked, crushing the bottle and launching the shards at Kait’s shoulder!

Shunk!

“Argh!!!” Kait screamed the shards had shot toward him like bullets, hitting his shoulder nerves with pinpoint precision!

The arm he was holding his knife with was left dangling limply.

Frank bounded forward again, but Kait quickly pushed Winter toward him.

“Oof “Winter groaned as she felt the world spinning around her

Frank caught her and pivoted, while Winter pressed herself firmly on his chest, feeling safety like never before!

On the other hand, Kait did not waste any moment to run out of the room

“Wait here,” Frank said as he put Winter wide and gave chase

Threatening him with Winter's life was one bridge too far Kait could die tonight!

Kait had to catch his breath as he made a wild dash upstairs, but Frank barreled in behind him, catching up instantly and kicking him on the back!

Kait coughed a mouthful of blood, his innards left in agony as he felt as if he was tumbled over by a car, and fell to the floor

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Kait was staring at Frank in terror—the man was too fast!

Seeing that he could not run, he began begging, "Please, man—just let me go! It's all my fault ... I'll apologize! I'll pay!"

"I gave you a chance," Frank said icily as he slowly strode up to him, "but you didn't take it."

"Y—You can't kill me! There are cameras here... You'll end up in prison!" Kait exclaimed despite his agony.

Frank looked up at that and spotted the hallway cameras, which were leveled squarely at them.

Seeing that he was law-abiding, Kait breathed a long sigh of relief. "Haha! I'm right, aren't I?"

Winter and her friends including Zeb arrived just then.

They had followed Kait and Frank upstairs and were not about to stay and wait in their room

for no reason.

“Mr. Lawrence...” Winter murmured, not wanting Frank to end up in jail as well. “Don’t stoop to his level. Calling the cops is the best choice here.”

Frank glanced at her.

He was not actually wary about the cameras he would just rather not have to kill in front of Winter.

On the other hand, Kait was already grinning.

If they really did call the cops, he would live!

“What the hell is happening? What’s all this ruckus?”

The door at the end of the hallway opened loudly just then, and none other than Kurt Stinson

strode out.

A white-haired elderly man was behind him. They were there to talk shop but were interrupted by the scuffle outside.

Naturally, Kurt was actually surprised when he stepped out and found someone messing around on his turf!”

“Mr. Stinson! Mr. Stinson! It’s me, Kait Wooper!” Kait was beaming as soon as he saw Kurt- now, he could get Frank sorted out easily thanks to his connection with Kurt!

“Kait Wooper? What the hell is this?” Kurt was frowning even as he strode toward Kait.

Kait was just a common street thug operating in the area, and Kurt had turned down his offer to join his gang-

Even so, the brat would often visit Kurt's joints and send presents, although he accepted none.

"W-Who is he...?" Winter murmured, surprised that Kait was bending himself backward so quickly.

Could the man be more important than Kait?

Kait already had a dozen goons, as for the other man... Winter was afraid to think about it! Worst of all, Kait and that man were friends!

Beside her, Zeb almost choked when he saw Kurt. "We're fucked. That's Kurt Stinson, the kingpin of East City."

The man would disrespect even the Four Families!

Why did he bother coming here? He should have run away earlier!

"W-What should we do?" The other students were dumbfounded as well.

At the same time, Kait pointed at Frank. "That's him! That's the bastard who's making a mess on your turf, Mr. Stinson! He even beat me... You have to help me out here!"

Zeb leapt forward right then, denying he had nothing to do with Frank just to steer away from trouble.

"This has nothing to do with us, Mr. Stinson," he pleaded. "We tried to stop Frank Lawrence, but he refused to listen. We were just in the room, minding our business—we didn't join the fight!"

However, as Kurt looked where Kait was pointing and saw Frank, his eyes were ablaze as he rushed up to Frank, grasping his hand enthusiastically, "Mr. Lawrence? Long time no see! What brings you to my premises today?"

“What?!”

Everyone else was left flabbergasted—Kurt knew Frank?!

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Kait turned stiffly toward Frank, as if his joint had rusted.

He never imagined that the brat would know Kurt. To make things worse, Kurt was respectful—even deferring to him!

Who the hell was h

he?

“It’s my sister’s birthday,” Frank said quietly just then. “I came to celebrate with her, but that bastard over there demanded her to be his hostess.”

“What?!” Kurt was furious—biological connections notwithstanding, if Frank said Winter was her sister, then she was his sister.

Kait must have lost his marbles to have asked her to be his hostess!

If anything, he really should not have bothered to talk to Kait at all earlier!

Glaring murderously at Kait, Kurt promptly shoved his shoe on his face. “Are you fucking with me? Telling Mr. Lawrence’s sister to be your hostess?!”

Kait was trembling all over in terror, truly horrified just then. “I’m sorry, Mr. Stinson. I’m so sorry... Please have mercy...”

Kurt turned toward Frank. “What should we do with him?”

Frank remained impassive as he said icily, “What’s the point of leaving him alive?”

Kurt nodded, understanding what the man was saying right away.

He snapped his fingers, and the goons behind him promptly dragged Kait down the hallway. Kait turned pale and cried, “No, please! Mr. Lawrence! Mr. Lawrence! Mercy... Just give me a chance...”

As he disappeared from the other end of the hallway, the students were all gulping, afraid to look Frank in the eye.

Even Zeb was quaking in his boots—he and the others certainly knew what would happen to Kait now that he was taken away!

At the same time, Kurt quickly said, “I’m so sorry that this happened to you on my turf, Mr. Lawrence. Why don’t I get you another room, where you can have some fun and forget about that mess?”

Frank waved him off. “It’s not your fault, and he’s not one of yours. We’re more or less done anyway, so that’s it for the day,”

He turned to leave, while Kurt hurried after him. “Yes, yes. Allow me to escort you, Mr. Lawrence.”

The other students naturally followed Frank, not daring to hesitate.

At the same time, Aria moved up beside Winter, asking under her breath, “Who’s Mr. Lawrence, honestly? Even some kingpin is bending himself backward around him.”

The man may be stingy with that dollar store gift, but with his connections, making bank would be easy.



“I—I don’t know...” Winter murmured awkwardly.

They had first met at her family’s snackbar. One of Frank’s female companions at the time turned out to be the governor’s daughter, who called in a whole squad of law enforcers to deal with the thugs bullying her family.

She really had no idea who Frank would be to keep such company!

Aria rolled her eyes and clicked her tongue. “What, are you that scared I’d have my way with him? I mean, what’s the harm—we’d be family when that happens!”

Winter smiled awkwardly.

It was not as if she would protest against Aria making a move on Frank, but she simply believed that Aria did not suit Frank.

The ladies at her family snackbar with Frank were so beautiful, they eclipsed Aria by over a hundred times.

The old man who was with Kurt earlier glanced at them, curious about their conversation. Suddenly, he froze before calling out, “Excuse me, miss? Can I have a moment?”

Winter was immediately petrified!

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Winter slowly turned toward the old man and found him staring fixedly on her chest.

She became nervous and tightened her collar in response—could he be some pervert?

Frank turned when he heard the old man's voice, and frowned when he saw what the old man was doing.

Kurt hurried back to the old man right then. "Is there a problem, Mr. Looman?"

Iker Looman was actually a famous jeweler based in Riverton. It would be bad if word got out, what with the way Iker was staring at Winter.

Iker, however, ignored Kurt and hurried to Winter's side. "Miss, may I ask where you got that pendant from?"

Winter lowered her eyes in turn to glance at the pendant before her chest.

"Mr. Lawrence gave it to me for my birthday," she said, turning toward Frank.

Kurt then introduced Iker. "Mr. Lawrence, this is Iker Looman, the second eldest son of Riverton's Loomer family. He's a famous jeweler in this region."

In fact, he was just taking shop with Iker, only to be surprised by the geezer's... tastes.

"Mr. Looman, this is Frank Lawrence, a healer working here in Riverton," Kurt then said, hesitating for a while since he had no idea what Frank's titles were.

"Oh, it's Mr. Looman?" Zeb hurried toward Winter in response as well. "Hello, I'm Zeb Larkin -my

father owns Zeb Trust, and it's a great honor to meet you..."

Iker, however, had turned around and ran up to Frank, leaving Zeb standing there awkwardly. "Sir, may I ask where you procured that emerald pendant? Would you be willing to sell it to me?" Iker then asked eagerly.

While Frank had a bad impression of the old man, he hesitated for a while and said, "I bought it, of course. However, I also gave it off as a gift—if you want to buy it, you shouldn't be asking me."

In the end, the pendant was now Winter's, and she got to decide if she would sell it.

Iker promptly turned back to Winter.

"Miss, are you going to sell it? I'll pay you..." He trailed off for a moment as he thought of a number. "Thirty million dollars."

The pendant was itself worth twenty million, but he would pay that much just to seal the deal.

Winter was still brushing her fingers over the pendant, and froze right then.

Did the old man really just offer her thirty million for the pendant?

And how could it be worth that much? Was Blondie not insisting that it was just some dollar store item?

"What?! Thirty million dollars?!"

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Around her, the other students' jaws could drop.

They were already envious of Winter's good looks and perfect grades, and now her sudden wealth!

Were they not all just students of modest roots? How the hell was Winter suddenly a millionaire?

Naturally, Zeb was pursing his lips in disbelief. "A—Are you sure, Mr. Loomer? That pendant is worth thirty million?"

His family's net worth only amounted to twenty million at best, although that still qualified him as a rich kid among his peers.

And yet, or had him beat with just a pendant!

Still, Iker was stroking his beard as he sighed. "If I'm not mistaken, the pendant is the work of

a master sculptor based here in Riverton. On top of that, the emerald is of the finest quality- that makes it totally worth thirty million."

"Oh..." Winter murmured in astonishment.

So Frank was never joking around—his present was really worth tens of millions!

Even Kurt was studying Winter just then.

Giving a present worth thirty million just like that? She was definitely not just a 'sister' to Frank Lawrence!