

The Girlboss 321

Chapter 321

Everyone aside from Dan stopped smiling when they saw Frank—was he not the same brat. that they had just chased away?!

Dan did not notice the reaction of either side, however, and hurried to Frank. “Allow me to introduce you to Eron White of Southdam. His family and friends are here to ask you to treat his daughter—should you do so, the Earthen Dragonheart is yours.”

Frank chuckled flatly. “You don’t have to introduce them. We are already acquainted.”

“Oh, is that so?” Dan was quite surprised. “That’s great!”

Kuno strode up right then, demanding, “Are you sure about this, Mr. Zimmer? You’re saying that this kid can help Kim?”

Dan nodded in assurance. “Of course. Mr. Lawrence’s medical knowledge is divine—I’m absolutely in awe, to say the least.”

Everyone gasped—the way Dan spoke of Frank was no different from Hali!

One was the chief of Riverton City Hospital, while the other was the owner of Flora Hall, and both of them were thoroughly impressed by Frank’s medical knowledge! Even if Frank actually knew nothing, anyone could be convinced of his greatness with such acclaim!

Eron was certainly regretting being so dismissive of Frank earlier.

He hurried up to Frank, apologizing, “I’m so sorry for what happened before, Mr. Lawrence. Please don’t take offense over this.”

Frank shrugged—it was no skin off his back.

But while he was not going to charge them before, he would now.

“It’s nothing. It’s normal that you’d doubt me,” he said flatly.

Eron breathed a sigh of relief. “You are truly magnanimous. Please help my daughter right away.”

He could not care less about what Frank would do to treat Kim now—not after Dan himself threw in the towel.

If this continued, Kim would actually die!

Nonetheless, Frank said slowly, “There’s no rush. I heard that you possess an Earthen Dragonheart?”

“Uh... Yes.” Eron nodded.

“Give it to me now, and then I’ll treat your daughter.” Frank stated his conditions right then.

Kuno frowned right then. “We can apologize for belittling you before, Mr. Lawrence, but you can forget about the Earthen Dragonheart. To you, Ms. White’s condition was no more than a trifle, and you didn’t intend to charge us before.”

However, what actually worried Kuno more was that he would never get the Earthen Dragonheart if Frank took it!

Frank simply smiled. “I didn’t intend to charge before, but that’s not the case now. If my condition can’t be met, then forget it.”

With that, he turned to leave.

Dan promptly tugged at Eron in response. “What are you doing, Mr. White? Weren’t you saying you would give anything for your daughter to get better? This isn’t the time to fret over a mere herb!”

Hearing that, Eron quickly said, “Mr Lawrence, it’s not that I’m refusing to give it to you, but the Earthen Dragonheart is being kept at my family manor in Southdam. I came to Riverton in a hurry, so I didn’t think to bring it along. Why don’t you help my daughter first, and I’ll have the Earthen Dragonheart delivered here tomorrow.”

Frank frowned. “Are you asking me to take an IOU?”

“Uh...”

Eron pursed his lips. “Not really—think of it as a real agreement. Moreover, my family business is vast and there’s no way we can run. You don’t have to worry about us reneging on this agreement...”

As Frank narrowed his eyes in thought, Dan thought that they had come so close, it would be a waste to fail now.

Walking up to Frank, he reasoned, “Mr. Lawrence, this could work. Moreover, the Five Elemental Wonders are too rare that there’s no telling when you’d get another if you missed this. Moreover, Eron would be grateful after you save his daughter’s life.”

Frank nodded, understanding the reasoning—and treating Kim was as easy as turning his palm anyway.

“In that case, I can agree to this out of respect for Mr. Zimmer.”

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Frank turned toward Kim and said, “Come in.”

Kim paused for a moment, but Jan stopped her just as she was about to head inside. “Wait. Are you only letting Kim inside?”

Frank nodded.

Jan frowned. “No—I won’t agree to this, it’s too dangerous for Kim. Let me in too, so I can stop you if you ever stray out of line. I can help look after Kim, too.”

Frank said icily, “Idiots are not welcome in my house.”

“What did you fucking say to me?!” Jan bellowed, ready to charge at Frank.

Kuno stopped him, however. “Hold it. Behave yourself.”

“Dad...”

“Shut up.” Kuno shot Jan a glare before walking up to Frank slowly.

“That said, it’d be bad if you’re alone with Ms. White,” he said and turned toward Liv. “Why don’t you let her in too? As a fellow woman, she’d be able to help.”

“Yes.” Liv nodded repeatedly. “You asked for my help before, didn’t you?”

Frank thought about it. “Come on in, then.”

With that, Frank quietly headed to his room, while Liv followed, helping Kim inside.

As the mansion doors closed, Jan was left staring at it, pursing his lips. “He’s really belittling us! Making us wait outside?!”

Dan stroked his beard as he said quietly, “You really should stop, Mr. Yaffe. Mr. Lawrence only helps depending on his mood—upset him, and your fiancée would be in danger.”

“Hmph.” Jan could only snort in discontent.

In the mansion, Frank brought out a box of needles while telling Liv, “Remove her clothes.”

“Aren’t you going to turn away?” Liv asked.

“Why? I’m going to see everything when I perform acupuncture anyway.” Frank shrugged nonchalantly and pressed urgently, saying, “Quit wasting my time.”

Kim walked shyly up to the bed, her cheeks beet red—it was her first time undressing in front

of a man.

Even as she kept telling herself that she was doing it to get better, she said softly, “Do as Mr. Lawrence has asked, Liv.”

Liv frowned, but nodded. “Alright.”

She helped Kim take off her white dress from the shoulder, baring her fair shoulders and then her long legs.

As Kim only had her pink underwear on, Frank said, “Everything comes off.”

“What, everything?!” Liv scowled. “Are you sure you’re not just taking advantage of Ms. White?”

“Are you done?” Frank growled impatiently. “Get out if you can’t help—I’ll just do everything myself.”

“You little...” Liv gritted her teeth in frustration.

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As Kim's underwear was taken off, she lay stiffly on the bed while keeping her eyes closed.

Frank sat on the edge, his eyes darting all across her body without a care.

Seeing that, Liv demanded, "When are you performing acupuncture again?"

Frank completely ignored her and pressed a palm on Kim's belly.

She kept her eyes closed, worried that she would meet Frank's.

However, the pain she expected never came—all she felt was a flow of warmth rising from her belly, which Frank guided upward with his palm.

Even he had to admit that she had done well for her beauty, as her skin was co

fair.

smooth, and

Frank kept pushing upward to her chest and stopped, while using his other hand took out the needles from the box.

He inserted them above her breastbone, the back of her neck, and below her navel in quick succession.

Kim's eyes widened as she breathed with much difficulty, "Mr. Lawrence... my chest feels stuck

In fact, it felt like she had a boulder crushing her chest, and she could hardly breathe.

Frank calmly said, "That's normal—you'll be fine soon."

He started moving the palm he kept on her chest again, inevitably touching certain parts.

Kim bit her lip, somehow forgetting her suffocation just now.

Even Liv was left furious as she watched Frank—was that really treatment?! It was more like some scumbag trying to molest a woman!

Having had enough, she was going to stop Frank when he suddenly pressed Kim's chest firmly.
"Bleurgh!"

Liv was petrified as she watched Kim suddenly cough out a mouthful of clotted blood!

Frank then rose to his feet. "Your internal injury has subsided. I'll write you a prescription just stick to it and get some proper rest, and you'll be fine."

"Are you alright, Ms. White?" Liv asked as she hurried to Kim's side.

Kim's chest was heaving as she stretched out her senses, but the pain in her chest was

definitely gone.

"I feel much better," she exclaimed in surprise before turning toward Frank and thanking him earnestly.
"Thank you so much, Mr. Lawrence."

Frank glanced at her. "You're welcome. You should wash up first, though."

Kim lowered her gaze to see that she was still covered in blood and naked on top of that.

She hung her head in embarrassment—she was a total mess!

She hurried to the bathroom with Liv's help.

Outside the mansion, Dan was sitting by the curb, nonchalant since he knew Kim would definitely be fine.

Kuno stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes closed and his thoughts impassive.

On the other hand, both Eron and Jan were fidgeting nervously.

However, while Eron was worried about Kim's safety, all Jan could think about was Frank seeing his fiancée naked.

The very thought filled him with impotent rage!

Nonetheless, the mansion doors opened just then, with both Kim and Liv emerging.

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Seeing his daughter, Eron hurried up to Kim and asked, "How are you feeling, my dear?"

Kim smiled. "Mr. Lawrence was amazing. I feel great—he also wrote me a prescription that I have to just stick with for a week, and I'll make a full recovery."

Eron breathed a long sigh of relief. "Oh, that's wonderful."

Dan laughed out loud, "Haha! Like I said—she's going to be fine once Mr. Lawrence helps."

Eron hurried to Frank at that. "Thank you so much for this, Mr. Lawrence. My daughter is safe thanks to you."

Not caring for formalities, Frank said bluntly, "It's nothing, Mr. White. I'm doing it for the Earthen Dragonheart myself. May I ask where you're staying? I'll drop by tomorrow to get it."

"I'm staying at Creek Orchard—it's one of the properties we own here in Riverton," Eron quickly said. "I could deliver it to you personally tomorrow if it isn't urgently required."

"No, I'll come over to get it myself," Frank quickly said. "It's urgent."

It was certainly safer to take the Earthen Dragonheart for himself.

Deliver? What if Eron lost it along the way?

Moreover, Frank was wary because Kuno's actions and words made it clear that he did not want Frank to get the Earthen Dragonheart.

"Very well." Eron did not elaborate since he was insistent. "We shall excuse ourselves now, Mr. Lawrence. I'll be awaiting your arrival tomorrow."

And with that brief small talk, Frank saw them off.

Janu

Jan was hovering around Kim, asking after her and even opening the door for her before getting inside.

Still, Kim paused by the car before turning to look at Frank and got in reluctantly.

Jan was

right beside her and could not have seen it clearer.

He then narrowed his eyes, as he noticed that Kim's hair was damp.

Did she take a bath at Frank's house too?!

Still, he withheld his rage as he got in the car, sitting beside Kim and forcing a smile. "Since you don't know the people or the place here in Riverton, I've put together a banquet soon. All my friends are invited—you should come too, and get acquainted with the important people around the region."

However, Kim was staring outside the window, her thoughts inscrutable as she nodded. "Okay

H

Her halfhearted response left Jan pursing his lips, but he pressed, "How about we go on a stroll for a change of pace?"

Kim shook her head. "No, Mr. Lawrence told me to rest for a while."

Mr. Lawrence this, Mr. Lawrence that....

Jan could crush Frank's skull with the spite he felt just then!

As they eventually arrived at Creek Orchard, Jan walked Kim inside before stopping Liv.

"Can I have a moment with you please, Ms. Dawson?" he asked.

Liv appeared perplexed. "Is something the matter, Mr. Yaffe?"

"Oh, it's no big deal..." Jan chuckled as he walked toward her. "I'd just like to ask if Frank Lawrence took advantage of Kim. You know she's shy, and she'd never tell me even if she was given grief—that's why I'm asking you."

“Take advantage?” Liv scowled. “That’s one way to put it. Not only did he see her naked, but he was even touching her...”

She had no idea what she was saying even as she blurted about everything Frank did. In the end, she could not stand Frank and was convinced that only people from important families like Jan deserved Kim.

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“Frank was touching Kim?”

Jan’s knuckles clenched as he growled through his teeth. “What do you mean?”

Liv rolled her eyes. “He was putting his hands all over Ms. White’s chest, pressing and groping, and she even coughed up blood!”

“What?!” Jan’s veins bulged over his neck—he could kill Frank right then and there!

Kim was a marvelous beauty, but he had never even touched her...

And somehow, a bastard like Frank got to press and grope her?

In fact, he did not care at all that Kim coughed up blood—all he knew he was being cuckold.

However, he could not show it since Frank was using the excuse of treating Kim!

“It’s alright, Mr. Yaffe,” Liv assured him just then. “Ms. White is fine now, and your wedding can proceed as scheduled.”

“That’s true,” Jan nodded. “Apologies for imposing. I’ll be leaving now.”

Frank arrived at Creek Orchard early the next morning, where Eron was already waiting outside the front door.

“You’ve kept me waiting, Mr. Lawrence,” Eron said, waving at Frank from a distance.

As Frank moved up close, he promptly asked the question he cared about most. “Has the Earthen Dragonheart arrived, Mr. White?”

“Of course.” Eron nodded.

Frank was relieved to hear that. “In that case, let’s go get it right away-

“Calm down, Mr. Lawrence,” Eron invited cordially. “Why don’t you come in?”

Frank thought about it and nodded.

The servants quickly made them tea as they got in the drawing room.

Eron took a leisurely sip of his drink before asking in curiosity, “May I ask what business you’re involved in, Mr. Lawrence? Why are you so well-versed in medicine?”

“I was orphaned at an early age,” Frank replied evenly. “I just learned a thing or two from my mentor.”

“Oh, I see.” Eron nodded thoughtfully. “I must say that you have done my family a great favor when you saved my daughter, and I’ve prepared a small present for you.”

He beckoned at his servant, who quickly brought in a large chest of medicinal ingredients. Wonderroot, panacea caps... there was everything one could ask for.

Frank merely leveled a cool glance at it before frowning.

While most of the herbs were all rarities and would cost upward of dozens of millions, the issue was that he needed none of them.

"That's unnecessary, Mr. White," Frank said. "These aren't of use to me why don't you just give me the Earthen Dragonheart instead?"

Eron made an especially awkward face right then. "To tell the truth, Mr. Lawrence... the Earthen Dragonheart is my daughter's dowry!"

Frank glowered. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Eron simply chuckled. "Why don't you pick anything else from my house? I mean, why obsess over the Earthen Dragonheart when you can take anything you want? Consider it the reward for saving my daughter."

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And above all, Kuno had called Eron yesterday, insisting that he wanted the Earthen Dragonheart.

With his daughter's savior on one end, and her future in-laws on the other, Eron decided to sacrifice Frank since he was just a healer.

He just had to throw him a bit more money, and that was that.

Nonetheless, Frank sprang to his feet right then. "Mr. White, we agreed that I will be given the Earthen Dragonheart for treating your daughter. Are you reneging on that promise?"

Eron frowned, his smile fading as it was clear Frank was not playing along. "Haven't I told you, Mr. Lawrence? You can have anything aside from the Earthen Dragonheart. And if you don't want items, I can pay you with money."

"I don't want to waste my time with you, Mr. White," Frank said icily. "I only ask that you bring me the Earthen Dragonheart soon, and stop wasting our time."

Bang!

Eron slammed his palm on the table, glowering. "How could you so stubbornly demand my family's treasure? Take my money, and you'll still be honored as a guest in my house or face the consequences!"

He naturally had the balls to threaten Frank since he had already investigated Frank—without any powerful families backing Frank, he certainly had no issue reneging on their agreement! Frank's eyes narrowed murderously right then. "You're probably not aware, Mr. White, but I saved your daughter not only with medicine, but also with martial knowledge.

Eron knew that, however Dan had told him before that if Kim was to be saved, the healer would need both knowledge in martial arts and medicine.

"What, are you going to attack me?" He gloated. "This is my house. You won't get to leave if I say so!"

Frank absolutely despised anyone who threatened him and directed his vigor even as he clenched his fists!

Before he could move, however, Kim suddenly appeared in the drawing room, asking, "What are you doing, Dad?"

Eron did not expect her to show up now and snapped curtly, "It's none of your business. Go back to your room."

Nonetheless, Kim was thoughtful as she observed the tense vibes between both men before asking, “Dad, have you given Mr. Lawrence the Earthen Dragonheart?”

“Why would you ask that?” Eron shot back.

That gave Kim more than a hunch, and she snapped with righteous indignation, “Give Mr. Lawrence the Earthen Dragonheart. He deserves it.”

Eron pursed his lips. “It’s your dowry.”

“So what?” Kim retorted sternly “You had an agreement with Mr. Lawrence before my treatment—how could you renepo

on the deal now? What would everyone in Riverton think of

us if word of this gets out? We’d all become their laughing stock!”

“It’s complicated,” Eron said awkwardly. “The Yaffes want the Earthen Dragonheart too...”

Kim snorted. “Then tell the Yaffes that if they’re annulling my engagement over the Earthen Dragonheart, they can annul it all they want.”

“Don’t joke around like that, Kim!” Eron barked.

Kim remained dead serious. “I’m not joking. Tell them, or I’ll tell Grandfather to do it.”

With those words, she whipped out her phone.

Seeing that, Eron sighed exasperatedly. “Alright, alright! I’ll give it to the bastard, okay?!”

Eron's father never liked the Yaffes, and it took Eron great lengths to convince him into accepting the engagement.

Naturally, if Kim told Eron's father, he would be the first to leap into action to get the engagement annulled!

As such, Eron had no choice but to give Frank the Earthen Dragonheart to maintain the engagement and appease his daughter!

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Eron appeared utterly reluctant even as he called a servant to bring the Earthen Dragonheart.

Frank checked it thoroughly as he took it.

It was a herb that grew in the hostile reaches of the far west, devoid of sunlight.

The stem and root bore a striking resemblance to dragons, hence the name.

Naturally, Frank's apprehension eased when he confirmed that it was the herb.

Eron saw the look on his face and growled coolly, "It's not rightfully yours, brat. Don't believe for a moment that you'd be able to hold on to it."

"That's not up to you to worry, Mr. White. See you around." Frank thought nothing of his threat and had intention of lingering in his presence a second longer.

"I'll walk with you, Mr. Lawrence," Kim quickly said.

As she personally escorted her outside the Creek Orchard residence, she suddenly bowed. "I'm. really sorry about what happened today, Mr. Lawrence."

Frank studied her and found the look of worry on her fair cheeks.

He said, "It's not your fault. You don't have to apologize."

Still, Kim was tugging on the hem of her white dress. "Are you going to hold a grudge?"

"What for?" Frank asked in confusion.

Kim breathed a long sigh of relief as she smiled. "Okay, then. But will we see each other again?"

Frank saw the look of attachment in her eyes and was instinctively distant. "We will if there's a chance."

And with that, he nodded at her in farewell before driving away.

Still, a call from Vicky arrived as soon as he got in.

"Yes, Ms. Turnbull?"

"Oh, nothing much... I just heard about you procuring another one of the Five Elemental Wonders. Is that true?" Vicky asked in curiosity.

"It is," Frank replied honestly.

"Well, congratulations. By the way, will you be free in a couple days?"

"Yes, but what do you have in mind?" Frank asked in return.

"I just missed you, y'know?" Vicky purred shyly. "Just asking you out for a... heart-to-heart." "Then forget it," Frank teased.

“Hey, can’t you be a bit more sensitive?” Vicky huffed from the other end. “Fine—let’s talk shop instead. There’s a banquet tomorrow, and I’d like you to attend it with me.”

“What banquet?”

“One held exclusively for the heirs and heiresses of Riverton,” Vicky said half-heartedly. “It’d be boring if I had to go alone. Please keep me company.”

“Fine, just send me the address,” Frank nodded.

He hung up and started to drive back to Skywater Bay when a couple of figures caught his attention.

Frank stopped his car and took a closer look.

Was that not Marian Henley and Fred Lawrence’s boss?

And yet, they were snuggling up to each other even as they entered Hilton Hotel.

“Ah...” Frank gasped, realizing how big a cuckold Fred was made just then.

He would like to just walk away, but after some thought, decided that it would be unfair to Fred.

After considerable thought, he extracted the footage of that pair going into the hotel from his car’s dashboard camera.

Then, he called Trevor Zurich, asking him to inform Fred of the fact anonymously while Frank kept his hands clean.

With that done, he stepped out and took a seat on the bench to wait for Fred—he really doubted that Fred could take this lying down.

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Frank was not surprised to see Fred arriving at Hilton Hotel in just ten minutes on his electric scooter.

His eyes were scarlet, and his very presence murderous.

Frank had been hinting at his girlfriend's duplicity before, and he turned against Frank for that!

Naturally, today's anonymous tip drove him over the brink!

His girlfriend and his boss were entering a hotel in broad daylight, and the tip even included a picture of the room number in high definition!

How could Fred not get upset with this?!

He strode in the hotel, intent on going straight to Room 908.

Seeing his furious stride, the front desk receptionist stopped him. "Sir, are you here for a stay?

"Buzz off!" Fred pushed her away and dashed up the stairs, not bothered to wait for the elevator.

He was seeing red and almost losing his mind—not even the gods could stop him today, and he would catch Marian in the act!

The receptionist turned pale and promptly barked into her walkie-talkie, "Security, security! We may have a situation here..."

Meanwhile, Fred charged all the way to the ninth floor, stopping outside Room 908.

He hesitated for a moment and video called Marian... only for her to hang up immediately. Fred persisted with call after call, and Marian finally answered, after having had enough. She only had a towel wrapped around her as she snapped in annoyance, "Are you done? I hung up because I'm showering, but you'd keep calling me?"

Fred frowned. "Where are you right now?"

"What's th

that attitude? Is this how you talk to me?" Marian lectured.

"I'm asking where the fuck are you?!" Fred bellowed.

Marian actually flinched. "M—My home, of course!"

"Open the door. I'm right outside," Fred said flatly.

"W—What are you talking about? Why did you come to my house instead of working?" Marian's eyes were evasive—how would she answer the door when she was not even at home? "Just go back to work now," she added impatiently. "I'll come see you in the evening. Be good!"

Fred suddenly punched the door of Room 908, and the ensuing bang resounded from Marian's

end.

Marian jumped in shock but quickly stammered, "Oof... Sorry, I just knocked myself on the door. It hurts so much—talk to you later!"

Fred was basically sure Marian was inside Room 908 at that point while realizing that she would still lie to him!

“You’re still not going to tell the truth?” he growled through his teeth. “I’m right outside Room 908 of Hilton Hotel. Open the door!”

“What? Open what door? What are you talking about? I’m hanging up now...” Marian’s face fell as she promptly disconnected the video call.

Finally having had enough, Fred kicked the door!

Bang!

The door was at once misshapen, but Fred was not stopping as he kept kicking it repeatedly. He used to serve in the military, and lost weight after he was discharged for his livelihood. And while he could be a little cowardly, he never lost his physicality.

Likewise, while there were many concerns that kept him bogged down before, he did not care about any of those—all he wanted was to vent his rage!

Crash!

As the door was kicked open with a resounding crash, Fred found Marian and Brock staring at him, dumbfounded.

However, though they did not expect him to kick down the door, neither of them were afraid that they were caught in the act.

That was the case especially for Marian, even though she only had a towel on!

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Fred's eyes were blood red as he pointed at Marian and Brock, bellowing, "What do you think you're doing?!"

Marian simply rolled her eyes in annoyance at him. "Can you stop already? Mr. Summer and I are just doing research, and you've just ruined all our progress."

"Fuck you!" Fred bellowed. "Research? On a hotel room bed?! Do you take me for a fool?!"

Marian thought nothing of her duplicity, however, even shoving Fred and shouting, "Why are you yelling at me? I've been respecting you too much, haven't I? What's the problem if Mr. Summer and I just want a little bit of fun?"

"So you're admitting to it?" Fred bit his lip so hard that he bled. "Don't you have a hint of dignity, Marian?!"

"Dignity?" Marian rolled her eyes. "What good is that? Does that put food on the table? Hell, you and that dignity of yours makes you less than two grand a month—I'm basically giving you a freebie by playing with you."

"What..." Fred could have a stroke even as he stared at Marian, hardly believing that she was the one spouting such vile words. "W—What happened to you, Marian? Didn't we promise each other to work hard, buy a house together, and then get married?"

Marian could see the love in his eyes, but was completely apathetic, "Oh, you. Marry you? Can you even afford a house? I was the most beautiful girl at the school too—why should I suffer like you? There's also your useless mother and your sister's debts! Marrying you is pure suffering!"

She had no intention to keep up pretenses now that she and Brock had been caught in the act. Dispensing with all guises right then, she gave it straight to Fred about everything she hated about him!

Fred was left gaping, feeling dead inside just then.

“Then why won’t you just break up with me?” he asked, his eyes welling up with an emotion that could either be rage or sorrow. “Why would you stay with me?”

Marian twirled her hair with a finger as she sneered. “Because suckers like you are hard to find.

“Alright, alright,” Brock growled impatiently just then, having settled on the couch and lit himself a cigarette. “Fred, I have no intention of stealing your gal—we’re just relaxing together. I’ll raise your salary to a couple of grand per month, so let’s put this all behind us... Also, why don’t you buy us another box of condoms?”

With that, he whipped out a hundred dollar bill from his wallet and threw it on the floor.

He was Fred’s boss, while Marian was Fred’s girlfriend—they both knew Fred and his cowardly nature all too well.

He would never argue with anyone and would start apologizing at the first sign of trouble!

Even if Brock was caught fucking his girl, he just had to pay a couple of dimes, and Fred would’ not even dare to breathe another word!

Fred was left staring blankly at the hundred dollar bill on the floor.

“You both really consider me your lapdog, don’t you?” he asked icily.

Are you saying you’re not?” Brock chuckled coolly. “You can quit pretending as if you have spine – get out of here already.”

“Are you done yet?” Marian snapped impatiently as well “Get out, or I’m going to break up with you!”

Smack!

Fred slapped her across the face as soon as she finished, and she stumbled before dropping to the floor.

“Did you just fucking hit me, Fred Lawrence?!” she screamed

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When Marian looked up, she saw Fred leaping toward Brock and grabbing his neck!

“You were my brother!” he screamed in rage. “And you’re fucking my girl?! I’ll kill you!”

“Did you just fucking touch me?!” Brock bellowed back furiously, even rearing his chin at him fearlessly. “I’m warning you—Flying Sword Sect’s leader is my close friend! If I’ll make you wish you were dead!”

Fred paused.

you

hurt me

He did not know that much about Flying Sword Sect. However, he had at least heard that they were a powerful organization in Riverton, boasting innumerable apprentices.

And seeing Fred pause, Brock immediately thought that he was afraid and laughed. “Haha! Why bother faking it, young man? I was just playing with your girl—no need to get upset. And aren’t you going to think about your mom and sister? Especially your sister... with that pretty face of hers, I wonder what would happen if she fell into the hands of Flying Sword Sect!” Fred gritted his teeth, his arms shaking—he was ready to die, but he could not abandon his family.

That was when Marian scoffed. “Just look at that wuss. And he’s trying to get physical, y’know?”

Her words certainly touched a nerve, and he growled, “Yes, I’m a wuss... but I’ll show you today how tough I can get.”

With those words, his arms stiffened, throttling Brock right then!

“Are you crazy?!” Marian leapt up and tried to pull Fred away, but she could not make him, budge at all with her measly strength!

“Urk... Let go... fuck...” Brock was struggling as hard as he could, his eyeballs almost popping out as he did not expect such strength from Fred!

However, that was when a gang of security guards rushed in and subdued Fred.

“Let go of me!” Fred shrieked furiously, but it fell on deaf ears.

On the other hand, the security leader hurried to Brock, asking worriedly, “Are you alright, Mr. Summer?”

Brock was busy trying to catch his breath, while Marian was at his side, patting his chest repeatedly to help and showing no intention of speaking up in Fred’s defense.

When Brock could stand, he picked up the ashtray from the table and smashed it on Fred’s head!

There was a dull thud as Fred bled freely from the head, while Brock wheeled on the security guards.
“Fuck him up! Right fucking now!!

The security leader knew that Brock’s words carried weight and naturally did not dare to oppose him.

He gestured at the other security officers, and they all began to clobber Fred!

Meanwhile, Frank had been waiting for Fred outside Hilton Hotel.

But after a long time passed and Fred never showed up, he finally realized something went wrong and decided to go upstairs to check.

He rushed all the way to Room 908.

He strode in to find Fred on the floor, beaten to a pulp and half his face unrecognizable!

“Stop!” Frank bellowed.

As the security guards finally stopped clobbering Fred, their leader demanded, “Who the hell are you?”

Marian even stood akimbo as she snapped, “What? Did he call for your help?”

Frank was there when Fred’s mother fell ill, and she never knew when Fred and Frank became friends...