

## **The Girlboss 341**

### Chapter 341

Quentin did a double take, surprised by Frank's audacity.

Still, he soon snorted coldly. "Dream on, boy! On this day, Fred Lawrence will fall, while Master Seth lives!"

Frank was equally uncompromising. "Fine, then there's nothing to talk about. You can get out of here now."

Quentin frowned as he growled coldly, "I didn't come to talk to you, boy! Tell Fred to come see me!"

Fred wobbled out of Brock's office just then. "I'm right here. What do you want to tell me?"

"Let go of Master Seth and kill yourself, and Flying Sword Sect will not press the issue," Quentin growled icily. "Do that, or your mother and sister will die with you!"

Fred clenched his fist.

He knew that was no threat—Flying Sword Sect could do that.

Quentin could see his hesitation and promptly whipped out his phone to dial a number.

It was soon answered, and he threw it to Fred. "Go on, boy. Talk to your mom."

Fred was absolutely stunned—they had his mother already?!

"Mom? Are you there?" he called out.

Carol was gulping on the other end. "Fred... What did you do?"

"Mom? Where are you? Are you alright?"

"I'm alright..." Carol said quietly. "All these people just came charging into our house, and they're stopping us from leaving."

"They're saying that they are from Flying Sword Sect," Winter spoke up just then. "What's going on here?"

Fred panicked right then.

He was ready to die, but he was not ready for trouble to befall his family!

Still, he said, "It's alright, Winter. It's not that serious—I can handle this."

With that, he hung up and wheeled on Quentin as he bellowed, "What do you want?!"

"I told you—release Master Seth and kill yourself," Quentin shot back, poising himself with a sense of superiority amid Fred's panic.

Fred's fingers were clenching on the handrail, but he knew he could not save his family in this

state.

Perhaps death was his only option...

"Fine," he said. "I'll do it. I hope Flying Sword Sect will keep their promise—"

"Stop," Frank spoke just then, his eyes cold and murderous.

He could not tolerate Flying Sword Sect now—not after they had the gall to go after Winter!

If they had so much as laid a finger on her, he would wipe them all out!

He pulled Seth out of Brock's office right then and growled icily, "Tell you boys to leave Winter's home, or I'll kill him."

"Who do you think you are, threatening Flying Sword Sect?!" Quentin snapped furiously. "Let Master Seth go, and we may consider sparing the women—that, or you will all die!"

"I'm saying it one last time! Tell your people to leave!" Frank bellowed in rage, his voice resounding over the lobby,

Fred actually felt his ears hurt as he stood nearby, while Quentin was actually stunned.

"What..." he blurted, surprised by Frank's powerful vigor.

However, he had no intention of compromising—if anything, the more Frank cared about Winter and her mother, the more obvious it was that they could use them as leverage!

If anything, they would be outmaneuvered if they backed down now!

"If you want them released, you can do it first!" he snapped, determined.

"Release this!" Frank bellowed and smacked Seth in the back with his palm!

"Bleurgh!" Seth was coughing blood even as he was sent flying like a ball, crashing through the handrail as he flew!

“Master Seth!” Quentin was stupefied—he had never expected Frank to go that far!

He mastered all his vigor as he leapt forward to catch Seth!

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However, Quentin felt danger as soon as his fingers made contact with Seth’s body.

Bang!

“Argh!”

Seth soon crashed into Quentin with such terrible force that his arms were broken right then!

Unable to stop Seth, he was sent flying as well!

Still, as they finally crashed resoundingly to a stop, Quentin was soon scrambling to his feet. “Master Seth! Master Seth! Are you alright?!” he cried as he hurried to Seth’s side.

Soon, he paled.

Seth’s face was purple, all his ribs cracked and his organs ruptured. His pupils were blank as well, and he was clearly not breathing.

“Motherfucker!!! You killed him?!”

Quentin was stupefied—he had come to save Seth, but there was just no reasoning with Frank! He had actually killed Seth as Quentin watched!

“Not just him—you’re next!” Frank’s teeth were bared as he leapt off the second floor and bounded toward Quentin with a kick!

Not about to let down his guard, Quentin brought his arms to bear and parry his blow!

Pow!

Frank's kick sent him flying dozens of meters away, and he crashed through the wall, leaving a long trail of debris in his wake!

"Bleugh!" Quentin was coughing blood even as he felt a terrible agony on his chest.

He looked up again at Frank again, this time in disbelief—he did not expect such horrific power from a mere brat!

No, not even Galen would be a match for him!

And Frank was not stopping—moving as fast as lightning, he closed the distance to Quentin and grabbed him by the throat!

"W—What are you doing?" Quentin choked even as he paled in fear. "Are you declaring war on Flying Sword Sect?"

"And it'd be your fault for touching Winter!" Frank's eyes were scarlet, and his murderous presence flared!

He would have negotiated with them peacefully, but they broke the rules when they went for Winter.

A war? So what?

On the other hand, Quentin had no idea what the connection between Winter and Frank was, or why he was so furious!

Frank smacked his chest with his palm, leaving it sunken while Quentin was sent flying again! As Quentin crashed out of the doorway, all the Flying Sword Sect apprentices who were waiting outside were left stupefied.

They had all presumed the perps in the building would surrender as soon as Quentin stepped in

but they had actually attacked Quentin?

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“Sir, are you alright?” one of them asked, but Quentin could barely breathe, let alone speak!

The man immediately took it for an opportunity to grab some merit and bellowed, “Go! We must save Master Seth!”

There were over fifty Flying Sword Sect apprentices outside after all—they had nothing to fear!

With a resounding battlecry, they all charged into the building!

Frank simply stared at them, equally fearless.

He unleashed his vigor, his clothes flapping loudly as a shockwave unfurled away from him.

At the very next second, he was already dancing through the crowd gracefully, and no one could stop him!

With punches as quickly as a lightning, several Flying Sword Sect apprentices were instantly sent flying! And as Frank rained over dozens more punches, they were all floored, crying for their mothers.

When Fred finally realized what was happening on the second floor, his jaw hung ajar as he watched Frank standing in the middle of the lobby.

It was the first time he had ever seen Frank fight, and he had presumed him to be some rich kid without much skill—he certainly had to regard the man in a new light after today!

He was fighting Flying Sword Sect apprentices too, each of whom were strong fighters themselves... but they were all as weak as kittens when they were up against Frank!

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Quentin was left staring at the Flying Sword Sect apprentices scattered around the floor, groaning and howling in pain.

He gulped, and his legs were trembling—they were going to need Kuno here!

That was when Frank slowly made his way toward Quentin, who quickly said, “Please, Mr. Lawrence—I’m just the negotiator, I’m not even a member of the—Oof!”

Frank had kicked him in the face even before he could finish, knocking him out.

Frank then whipped out his phone to call Trevor.

“Yes, Mr. Lawrence?” Trevor answered instantly without hesitation, since he was already waiting.

“Send your men to Winter’s home,” Frank said shortly. “Flying Sword Sect has her.”

“What?!” Trevor exclaimed in shock and quickly nodded. “Don’t worry, sir! My men and I will be there soon!”

Frank hung up and turned to Fred. “Are you coming?”

“Yeah,” Fred said as he wobbled toward Frank—it was only natural, since he was worried about his family.

Frank nodded and brought Fred to his car, then sped straight to Winter's home.

The entire street in front of Carol Zims' snackbar was cleared.

Flying Sword Sect apprentices stood outside, watching the entire street, each of them armed. Naturally, no one else could be seen along the usually bustling street.

Galen himself was seated on a chair in the snackbar, while Carol and Winter stood by the wall, huddled together.

Neither woman knew who he was, but they knew he was here for Fred.

Carol certainly regretted not stopping Fred when she saw him clearly burdened in his mind. "Excuse me sir. What did my brother do?" Winter asked softly just then.

Galen leveled a cool glare at her. "He killed my men and held my son hostage. I'm holding you hostage in exchange for my son."

One must admit that Galen had the right idea—instead of going to save his son, he seized Fred's family instead to force Fred on the backfoot.

It was a pity he did not include Frank in his calculations...

Nonetheless, Carol was shocked.

She knew full well how much of a coward her own son was, and Galen was saying that Fred killed someone?!

"Sir... I think you have it wrong," she said in disbelief. "My son is a law-abiding citizen.



There's no way he would do something like that..."

Galen snorted coldly. "My people were very clear—he killed Brock Summer, and you best pray that my son is fine... or you'll die with him!"

Carol and Winter trembled in fear—was Brock not Fred's boss? Did he not always take good care of Fred?

How did this happen?

Carol had no idea what was happening and only wanted to see her son soon to ask what had happened...

That was when a Flying Sword Sect apprentice rushed in. "Mr. Yaffe, this gang just showed up

-their boss is calling himself Trevor Zurich, saying he wants to see you."

Galen was left taken aback.

He had heard of Trevor, who was involved in international commerce.

What was he doing at a place like this?

"How many men did he bring?" Galen quickly asked.

"Plenty. They might actually be the same numbers as us..."

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Galen glanced at Carol and Winter.

This time and place... Did Trevor come for these two?

After some thought, he decided to meet the man.

Trevor soon entered the snackbar, nodding with a smile. "It's an honor to finally meet you, Mr. Yaffe."

Galen did not get up—Trevor was just a businessman, so what could he do anyway?

"To what do I owe the pleasure?" he asked bluntly.

Trevor chuckled. "I have orders from Mr. Lawrence to protect Ms. Lawrence and Madam Zims.

"Hah!" Galen snorted in disdain. "Protect them? They are my hostages."

"I'd advise you not to get overconfident, Mr. Yaffe," Trevor said slowly and clearly. "Mr. Lawrence was already furious when you threatened Ms. Lawrence, and I'd rather you release them right now. Do so, and I could at least speak in your favor so that things don't get out of hand."

If anything, Trevor was just not aware that Frank had already killed Seth, or he would have attacked Galen and his men already.

Galen simply laughed at Trevor's face.

Even if Frank had support, Galen was convinced he was no match for Flying Sword Sect.

He even started floating at that, "Mr. Zurich, I could see that you are worthy of respect—and yet you're here, helping a piece of shit and even addressing him with reverence. How shameless can you be?"

Trevor's expression was suddenly vicious. "Mr. Lawrence is not to be insulted, Mr. Yaffe. You will pay

for your insult.”

Galen snorted. “Pay? How?”

The Flying Sword Sect apprentices surrounded Trevor immediately, while Trevor’s men also whipped out their weapons.

However, as things got tense, Frank and Fred entered the snackbar.

“Mr. Lawrence?” Trevor was actually shocked, surprised that Frank arrived so quickly.

Galen was shocked too, because no one informed him of the pair’s arrival!

Unbeknownst to him, Frank had already taken down all his men outside.

“Fred!”

Carol and Winter were stunned to see Fred covered in blood. Did he really kill Brock?! However, the Flying Sword Sect apprentices were standing between them and Fred... Galen was glaring furiously at Frank in turn. “So you’re Frank Lawrence?”

“Yes. Let them go, and I’ll let you leave,” Frank bellowed bluntly.

“Where is my son?! Give him back to me!” Galen demanded in return.

Frank’s glare was like a sword that pierced his chest. “He’s dead. He paid the price for threatening my people.”

“What?!” Galen was left dumbstruck, and his expression contorted savagely.

“Men! Get in here and kill this bastard!” he bellowed in rage...

But no one came in.

While Galen was still perplexed, Frank said icily, “I’ve already taken out those apprentices of yours whatever men you have left in your room is whatever men you have left.”

“And I told you to let them go!” he then bellowed.

Galen pursed his lips.

Impossible! He brought over fifty men—how could Frank have defeated them all?!

However, he was unfettered by Frank’s bellow. He would avenge his son’s death, whatever it took!

“Fuck you! I’ll kill you!”

With a raging cry, Galen whipped out his sword and leapt toward Frank!

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Frank was already on the edge of fury.

He strode forward, his knuckle poised with neither sympathy nor hesitation.

Galen paled—he did not even see Frank move, but Frank had already reached him!

Before he could react, he felt an agony over his shoulder, as if struck by a steel hammer!

Even as Galen dropped his sword, Frank did not pause as he punched Galen in the face!

Unable to stop Frank at all, Galen was knocked down to the floor, rolling several times before he finally stopped!

"I said, let them go!" he growled as he seized Galen by the neck!

"What... The chief didn't even last one blow?!"

The Flying Sword Sect apprentices around them were flabbergasted.

Their chief was already defeated, and no help was coming!

They were certainly eager to let their hostages go since no good would come from upsetting Frank now...

However, Galen's face contorted savagely as he bellowed, "Don't you dare! Kill them all!"

His only thought was to avenge his son's death. Even if he could not kill Frank, he would have Winter and her mother die with them!

He would make Frank pay, to make him live his life in regret!

"You asked for it!" Frank snapped, incensed.

"Oof!"

Galen grunted as Frank struck him in the solar plexus with his palm, leaving him utterly enfeebled as his cultivation vaporized!

Frank in turn glared at the Flying Sword Sect apprentices and barked, "Move, or I'll cripple your cultivation like I did with him and take away your limbs!"

The Flying Sword Sect apprentices were absolutely terrified by his threat.

They had only joined the sect to learn martial arts. Would all of their hard work this far not go to waste if their cultivation was crippled?!

It was certainly not worth giving up everything for the Yaffe family!

One of them even threw down his weapon and surrendered right away. "Sir, we even had to pay them to study their martial arts. We have no fight with you—please, let us go."

"Yes, yes, yes... We never did anything..."

And with one leading the way, the others promptly followed suit.

"Then leave," Frank snapped at them.

Relieved, they promptly ran!

"Bastards..." Galen was seething but unable to do a thing.

Turning and glaring viciously at Frank, he growled, "Kill me if you dare. My brother will definitely avenge me..."

Frank regarded him with disdain. "No, I won't. I'll let you run off and cry to him. I welcome anything that Flying Sword Sect would throw at me."

With that, Frank kicked Galen, sending him flying out of the snackbar.

Galen had pushed himself up despite the pain, wobbling as he pointed at Frank and snapped, "Fine! Just you wait!"

Trevor watched him leave, before hurrying to Frank. "Sir, are you sure letting him go is a good idea? He's definitely going to spice up history..."

"The other Flying Sword Sect apprentices would do the same even if we kill him," Frank said calmly. "And I've already made an enemy of Flying Sword Sect before—at least we're in an open war now."

"I see..."

## Chapter 346

Trevor did a double take—it seemed that war with Flying Sword Sect was inevitable.

Meanwhile, Carol's eyes were red as she hurried to her son, asking worriedly, "What actually happened, Fred?"

Fred hung his head, stumped. "I'm sorry, Mom... I killed people"

"B–But why? You're not like that," Carol sobbed in heartache.

Fred's eyes welled up with tears. "I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry..."

"Marian was cheating on him with Brock," Frank said just then. "Fred killed them both in his rage."

Carol froze at Frank's words, uncertain.

She was not sure what she should say now—she certainly could not tell her son to just bear with being made a cuck!

On the other hand, Winter was more concerned about Fred's future. "What are you going to do now, Fred?"

Fred kept his head lowered—he never thought about that.

Beside him, Frank said, "I'll arrange for him to hide abroad. That's the only way to save him."

He turned toward Fred, waiting for his answer.

"Oh... But can he come back?" Carol asked in concern.

"That would be very difficult. It's up to him to make a foothold abroad for himself," Frank replied.

He was not going to help Fred all the way—the kid would only get bullied again if he was constantly dependent.

Frank was also keen to find out what Fred was made of too.

Fred gritted his teeth just then and said, "Thank you, Frank. I owe you my

life."

It was a shame he could not bring his family along, but this was his best option at the moment. But at the very least, Frank would make sure that they were safe, which spared him the worry. Frank nodded. "I'll have Mr. Zurich make the arrangements to transport you right away." "Please watch over my family, Frank," Fred said and kowtowed to him three times audibly. Frank did not stop him—it was his way of saying he accepted Fred's request.

Winter stared at Fred wistfully in turn before suddenly taking off the pendant from her necklace and putting it in Fred's hands.



“Take this and use it if you have to,” she told him. “Mr. Lawrence gave it to me for my birthday—I heard it’s worth a lot of money.”

She then turned to Frank. “I know this is poor manners, Mr. Lawrence... Please don’t be too harsh on me.”

Frank, however, was nodding in approval. “I don’t blame you. I’m happy to see that you value your kinship so much.”

He certainly did not want Winter to behave like some ingrate, and her gesture actually won him over.

Fred bit his lip even as he grasped the pendant, his tears rolling down his cheeks as he swore, Mom, Winter... I’ll be back and give you a better life. Believe me.”

Staring at Winter, she added, “Take good care of Mom when I’m not around. Go to Mr. Lawrence if anything happens—you can trust him.”

“Yeah.” Winter nodded through tears.

Once Fred was prepared by midnight, Trevor had his tickets ready, while Frank personally escorted him to the airport.

“I’ve spoken to our contacts in South Asterion, sir,” Trevor told him. They will be there to receive Fred.”

Frank nodded, satisfied. “Also, arranged for martial elites to watch over Carol and Winter. Keep them safe.”

“Don’t worry, sir,” Trevor replied. “I’ve already arranged for my best men to watch over them.

Meanwhile, everyone from the Yaffe family were gathered at the Flying Sword Sect of Riverton’s headquarters, where Seth Yaffe’s corpse was laid in the middle of the main hall.

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Galen was holding his son's corpse even as he bawled—losing a son at his age was too much to bear!

The other members of the Yaffe family could certainly empathize, just as Jan slammed his hand on the table and bellowed in rage, “Frank Lawrence again?! He's gone too far! He stole the Earthen Dragonheart from my father, and now he killed my cousin! We must retaliate!”

Everyone else was nodding with righteous indignation too, as Galen more than painted Frank as a vile criminal.

At the same time, Galen had scrambled to his brother Kuno, hugging his leg as he howled, Please, Kuno... My cultivation was crippled, and my son died so horribly! You have to avenge us!”

Kuno was seated on the main chair, his eyes narrowed and his thoughts unfathomable.

“There's no need to hesitate, Dad,” Jan told him. “Let's just kill Frank already.”

Kuno shot him a glare and asked icily, “And who's going to do that? You? You can see that he's as powerful as he is well-connected. You probably don't know about his background, do you?”

The fact that Frank could cripple Galen's cultivation already made him more than formidable... but they had never even heard of Frank's background or anything else!

“His background? What background?” Jan asked in confusion.

“He isn't just friends with Dan Zimmer and Trevor Zurich,” Kuno said slowly. “He has ties with the Turnbolls too—he was there when the Turnbolls' Rejuvenation Pill hit the market recently. He's even said to be the key to their successful development of the pill.”

Everyone gasped at that, surprised that Frank actually had ties with the Turnbolls

The head of the family was certainly prudent!

“The Turnbolls? The family with ties in the capital?” Jan exclaimed, but he soon argued, “So what? What Frank did was criminal, and he’s not one of them either—they aren’t going to go to war for him over that, are they?”

“Well, I don’t know what their stance is for now,” Kuno admitted.

Galen quickly pressed, “Don’t we have other ways to get back at him? Is there no way to avenge my son?”

“Yes—we just have to come up with a way to keep the Turnbolls out of this,” Kuno said calmly, his eyes flashing confidently. “Without them, dealing with Frank would be easy. I’ll see to it personally as well... in three days, I’ll offer his head to Seth’s grave!”

Galen was delighted at those words.

His brother had always been omnipotent—if he said this would work, then it would!

As the rest of the family dispersed, Jan stayed behind, curious as to what plans his father had in mind to deal with Frank.

“What are you going to do, Dad?”

“You’re hosting a banquet in a couple days, aren’t you?” Kuno asked.

Jan quickly nodded. “Yeah, most of the heirs and heiresses in Riverton are invited—I mostly wanted to introduce them to Kim.”

Kuno smiled. “And you’ve invited Vicky Turnbull too?”

“Of course.”

“Well, that’s settled.” Kuno’s eyes flashed viciously. “I heard that Vicky is very close with Frank—she’d definitely bring him along. It’s a banquet, so they probably wouldn’t bring their bodyguards. They would all be in our turf, and we will first trick Vicky to get disappointed with Frank... After that, we can do anything we want with him.”

As father and son discussed their plans in detail, Jan grew increasingly excited—he could not wait for Frank to die sooner!

#### Chapter 348

The Yaffes’ banquet took place in two days as scheduled.

Vicky, unaware of Frank’s recent escapades, drove to Frank’s hilltop mansion to bring him over.

As Frank stepped outside, he was surprised to see Yara with Vicky.

Still, it made sense for Yara to be invited too, since she was the Quill family’s heiress.

As Frank got in the car, he asked, “Why bring me along to a party for rich kids?”

“Hey, you’re one of us too,” Vicky giggled, patting Frank on the arm. “And you’re not going to embarrass yourself when I’m gracing you with my presence. Also, we can properly enjoy ourselves since this party is held exclusively for brats—the geezers won’t be showing up, not to mention that we haven’t hung out ever since Grande Pharma was founded.”

Frank pursed his lips. “Amazing. You’re treating me with someone’s money!”

“Oh, quit fussing with the details. Yara, drive.”

They soon arrived at a prestigious clubhouse by the river, and the security guard took a moment to check who they were before letting them through.

The waitresses were all dressed in pretty dirndls, while the waiters wore elegant vests.

The first floor was equipped with various gambling equipment, while to the back was a golf course and a racehorse circuit.

Many of the rich kids were already on their horses, and Vicky was pulling Frank along too. “Come on, let’s go for a ride—we rarely do it, since we’re always driving.”

Frank pursed his lips—Vicky could get a little thick at times.

When he was a traveler, he would be happy if he could ride a donkey in the more hostile reaches.

If anything, driving was absolutely comfortable in contrast to horse-riding—the latter really hurt the butt when one had to rush!

These rich kids were really asking for it....

“Not interested,” he said. “I’ve had more than my fair share of horses during my time as a farmer. You ladies should

go.”

“Tch.” Vicky clicked her tongue. “These are Ferghana horses—they’re different.”

Frank chuckled. "They can't really gallop in a small field like this one. They'd be trotting at best."

"Oh, shove it. Let's go, Yara." Vicky huffed and pulled Yara along to the horse track.

When they were gone, Frank looked around.

He had to admit that it was nice seeing just young people gathering—no one would be talking shop, as they would all be busy enjoying themselves with their buddies.

He picked up a cocktail and sat down in front of a slot machine.

However, his luck was so poor he soon lost a grand.

"Mr. Lawrence? What are you doing here?" someone called out.

Hearing his name, Frank turned to see a young woman standing behind him.

She wore a white gown and a thin white shawl draped around her neck, with her black hair tied into a bun, held in place with an elegant gold hairpin.

Even her heels were exceedingly fashionable.

Seeing that it was Kim White, Frank shrugged. "What a coincidence, Ms. White. Are you here for the party too?"

Kim smiled and nodded. "Yes! Fancy seeing you here. I was actually wondering yesterday when I'd see you again... Didn't think it'd be so soon."

"Oh, haha." Frank chuckled as he watched her stare at him fixedly, her gaze worshipful and somehow infatuated too.

She was not in love with him, was she?

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Kim looked over Frank's shoulder just then. "Did you lose all your chips, Mr. Lawrence? I still have some—why don't you take mine?"

Frank promptly threw up his hands. "I'm fine. I was just playing for fun."

"What are you doing here, Kim?" someone suddenly asked.

A man in a suit had arrived, and Frank realized it was Jan upon a closer look.

Jan in turn feigned surprise when he saw him. "Frank Lawrence? Didn't expect to see you here.

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"Jan is the host of this party," Kim explained.

Frank frowned in turn—he did not know this was the Yaffe family's turf.

Jan turned toward Kim at that. "Come on, Kim. Let's meet some of my other friends."

"No," Kim said quietly. "I don't know who they are anyway."

"Come on, you're the main character today," Jan pressed. "And having more friends opens more doors. As my future bride, there's no harm in meeting my friends."

Kim glanced at Frank and sighed exasperatedly. "Fine."

Jan turned and smiled at Frank too. "Please enjoy yourself too, Mr. Lawrence. Just ask me if there's anything you need—I'll definitely do my best to help."

Frank could see the ill intent in his smile.

He had the feeling that Jan was going to mess with him already, just as he really doubted the Yaffe family would stop after he killed Seth and crippled Kuno's cultivation.

However, he was in no rush—he just had to foil whatever was thrown his way.

He had just headed to the buffet area to get something to eat, when a pretty waitress in a dirndl approached him. "Excuse me, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Yes?" Frank replied coolly.

She smiled. "Would you come to the second floor? Mr. Yaffe would like to see you."

Frank chuckled coolly. "Lead the way."

He followed the waitress upstairs to a private room, and she smiled. "Please wait for a moment. Mr. Yaffe will be here soon."

Frank nodded and entered to find everything inside a mess, with countless expensive antiques in pieces.

Frowning, he took a chair and sat down, while subtly pulling out his cellphone to turn on the voice recorder.

He was actually interested to see what Jan was going to do!



Jan hurried inside the room in under ten minutes. "I'm so sorry for keeping you waiting, Mr. Lawrence."

"Let's skip the formalities," Frank said nonchalantly. "Out with it already."

Jan nodded and smiled. "How direct of you, Mr. Lawrence—in that case, I'll just cut to the chase: the Earthen Dragonheart you took from the White family is very valuable to us. Would you mind parting with it?"

"No." Frank refused right away. "And if that's all you have to ask, there's nothing more to say between us."

Jan sprang to his feet right then and stopped him. "Hold it. We haven't repaid you for what you did to us before."

"What?" Frank returned coolly. "It seems that you Yaffes aren't happy... Are you going to attack me now?"

Jan was gritting his teeth as he glared at Frank. "I'll admit that you're impressive, but don't think that's enough to save you against my family and Flying Sword Sect."

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Jan snarled, "Did you think you can strut in Riverton just because the Turnbolls have your back?"

Frank merely regarded him with disdain and scoffed. "So what? It's unlike you, who keeps chasing Ms. White around you when she doesn't give a damn about you."

"You little..."

Jan was always furious whenever he remembered that, but this time, he restrained himself and snorted. "Hah! So what about it? She will be mine eventually—I can do everything I want with her once we're married! Hell, she wouldn't be able to do anything even if I have a couple of other women on the side! On the other hand, you will forever remain the Turnbolls' lapdog!"

Frank shook his head exasperatedly. "Ms. White would really be disappointed if she hears this.

Jan laughed as hard as he could. "Shut it! Once my family is allied with the White family through marriage, not even the Turnbells can stop us! Now hand over the Earthen Dragonheart, and I can consider sparing your life. Refuse, and you will suffer!"

"It's my just reward for treating Ms. White," Frank replied flatly. "On the other hand, you're the one who's been harassing me constantly. Don't you think your family is too much?"

"So what if we are?" Jan snapped provokingly. "Give me the Earthen Dragonheart, or you won't get to leave!"

"Really? I don't think anyone can stop me if I want to leave, though." Frank snorted and turned to head outside.

Jan leapt at him from behind right then, aiming his fist at him. "Die!"

Frank, however, was prepared for it.

He sidestepped, avoiding Jan's punch before seizing the man's wrist with lightning quick reflexes and throwing him aside!

Crash!

Jan slammed so violently against the door, the resounding crash caught everyone's attention. "What happened, Mr. Yaffe?" Jan's friends hurried to his side to help him to his feet.

Kim rushed to the scene after hearing the commotion too, just as Jan wobbled up to his feet with his friends' help.

He did not expect Frank to be so ruthless—he almost broke his ribs right then and there! Pointing at Frank, he started ranting in righteous indignation, “That bastard! I was being nice and invited him up to the second floor as a guest, but he started insulting Flying Sword Sect and smashed all my antiques! I had something to say, about that, and he hit me!

“What? Isn’t that going too far?”

Everyone was shocked and peered inside the room to see the mess within.

Adding that to the cold look on Frank’s face, Jan’s words seemed to ring true...

Nonetheless, Kim promptly came forward. “No, this can’t be. Could there have been a misunderstanding here?”

She would never believe that Frank was that type of person—if anything, Jan had most definitely upset Frank!

Liv ran to her side just then. “Just look at the mess inside, Ms. White. It’s definitely him—why would Mr. Yaffe break his own stuff?”

The others nodded repeatedly—that totally made sense!

Jan looked on, smiling ever so subtly...