

The Girlboss 351

Chapter 351

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“What is going on here?”

Vicky and Yara had just returned indoors as well, and they hurried upstairs upon seeing the chaos up there.

Jan turned to Vicky right then and said, “Ms. Turnbull, your friend was insulting Flying Sword Sect and vandalized my family’s antiques. I tried to stop him, and he attacked me in return- I’m afraid you’re going to have to do something about this.”

“What?!” Vicky exclaimed in surprise and quickly turned toward Frank.

Having been around him for so long, she knew Frank well enough to not take Jan’s words at face value.

“What happened here, Frank?” Vicky asked.

Frank was folding his arms before his chest as he said evenly, “He demanded for the Earthen Dragonheart. I refused, so he tried to attack me. Why wouldn’t I hit him?”

Everyone was left trading glances at that, unsure who to believe with the contradicting testimonies.

Vicky naturally believed Frank and frowned at Jan. “Was that what happened, Mr. Yaffe?”

Jan snorted. “Of course he’s lying. My family business is virtually an empire—why would we want some measly herb? And why isn’t he answering the question of why he destroyed my family’s antiques?”

Liv nodded repeatedly beside him. “Exactly! Mr. Yaffe’s father is the chief of Flying Sword Sect. They could have easily taken it from Frank if they wanted to. Frank is definitely the one who tried to attack Mr. Yaffe!”

Kim snapped at her, “Stop it, Liv. Don’t jump to conclusions before we have evidence.”

“Evidence?” Liv sighed in disappointment. “You should stop defending Frank already, Ms. White!”

Jan turned to Vicky right then. “So, what are you going to do about this, Ms. Turnbull?”

Vicky snorted. “I’ll pay for the damages.”

Jan grinned. “Those are medieval antiques we’re talking about—it’s worth at least a billion.”

“A billion? Are you kidding me? Those trinkets are worth a billion?!” Vicky pursed her lips.

She knew that Jan would definitely inflate the damage, but this was too much even for him!

Jan simply shrugged. “That’s how much my father spent on those antiques. Pay up, or stay out of this—Frank will pay for what he did!”

“You little...” Vicky was seething.

A billion dollars was a lot, and she was especially short on cash since she had just founded a new company.

However, the Yaffes would not let this slide if she did not pay up!

Glaring at Jan viciously, Vicky snapped, “Fine! One billion, was it? I’ll get the money!”

Jan frowned—he had never expected Vicky to take the fall.

“Hold it,” Frank suddenly said icily. “Has there been any evidence against me? All that crap was already destroyed before I went inside that room.

“Tut, tut.” Jan clicked his tongue and rolled his eyes. “Stop trying to weasel your way out of this. Everyone here can see for themselves.”

“They sure can, but there are times when they weren’t shown the truth.”

Frank whipped out his phone and played the recording of his conversation with Jan earlier out loud.

From the very start, Frank was never heard breaking anything, and Jan was the one who attacked him first.

The crowd were certainly shocked—what a plot twist!

Jan was left pursing his lips, never expecting Frank to have an ace up his sleeve.

His face turned especially pale when the recording reached the part where he thoroughly insulted Kim, and he looked up to find her balling her fists!

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Jan quickly said, “Listen to me, Kim. That’s not true-”

Smack!

Kim slapped Jan across the face before he could finish.

Biting her lip as she glared at him furiously, she snapped, "I never knew you were that horrible. Our engagement is over."

"No, stop! Kim—it's all just slander! Frank is trying to slander me!" Jan cried.

He reached for her shoulder, but she shook him off and snapped, "You can tell that to my grandfather."

And with that, she stormed out of the clubhouse, with Liv hurrying after her. "Wait for me, Ms. White..."

"Kim..." Jan was about to give chase, but Frank stood in his way. "You were clearly slandering me earlier, kiddo. What are you going to do about that?"

Vicky stood beside Frank, folding her arms before her chest as she added coldly, "Exactly. You'd better explain your actions here."

Jan was left gritting his teeth as he glared at Frank furiously. "You piece of shit. I should've known you'd resort to such cheap tricks..."

"No, you're just that stupid." Frank snorted in disdain. "Get down on your knees and apologize, and I just might spare you."

"Apologize?! Fuck off!" Jan glared at him spitefully. "I'm the heir of the Yaffe family—hell, I don't mind telling you that you'll be dead soon enough! You killed my cousin and crippled my uncle! We would've come for you eventually!"

"What?" Vicky exclaimed in surprise.

She was just away for a few days, and something that important had already gone down?!

On the other hand, seeing that Jan was refusing to apologize, Frank kicked him squarely in the chest.

“Oof-” Jan grunted as he was sent flying.

As soon as he landed, he quickly got up, but Frank was already in front of him.

He kicked Jan again, shattering his kneecaps!

“Argh!” Jan screamed hysterically as he dropped feebly to his knees.

He tried to resist but just could not free himself from Frank’s arm at all.

It was only then that he realized his uncle was not exaggerating when he said Frank crippled his cultivation!

“Fuck you, Frank Lawrence... Fucking die already...” He could only curse Frank endlessly on his knees, since he could not get up with his broken kneecaps.

“Whoa...”

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Everyone watching was left gasping.

“Fuck me... did that bastard really just beat up Jan Yaffe?”

“Well, Flying Sword Sect is going to kill him now.”

“What, hadn’t you heard? The man already has a grudge against them.”

A man in a suit chuckled just then. “Anyway... if there’s nothing else, I’ll be going. Appointment with a doctor in the afternoon, I think.”

Everyone else quickly excused themselves as well, perfectly aware that there would be a battle between the Turnbulls and Flying Sword Sect soon.

They certainly did not want to get involved, let alone to catch the heat.

And with that, everyone fled the banquet.

Vicky and Yara were not leaving, however, watching as Frank stood above Jan and looked down coolly at him. “Go on, call your daddy. It’s time I settle things with Flying Sword Sect.”

“Fine,” Jan wheezed. “Just you wait. Let’s see if you’d—still strut when my dad’s here...”

As Jan quickly called his father, Frank was not idling either.

Whipping out his phone, he handily texted a number he committed to memory.

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Meanwhile, at a certain military barracks in the fringes of Riverton, an officer wearing camos was taking a nap in his office.

When his phone suddenly jingled with a notification, he snorted impatiently as he took his cap off his face. “Who the fuck is it? It’s in the middle of the friggin’ afternoon...”

As he grumpily whipped out his phone, he was wide awake when he saw the sender.

“Oh, shit...” He scrambled to his feet and barked at his men, “Assemble everyone, stat!”

Aside from the soldiers at the barracks, the Quills were assembling as well.

Vicky wasted no time and called Cliff Dixon as well, telling him to gather every man at their disposal to come to the clubhouse.

Flying Sword Sect was no small force—the Quills alone would be no match for their numbers.

However, before Cliff could do as Vicky asked, Susan Redford suddenly snatched his phone and snapped, “What are you doing, Vicky? Why are you suddenly gathering everyone?”

“Oh, I don’t have to explain,” Vicky sighed impatiently. “Frank’s in trouble—he has a little dispute with Flying Sword Sect, so let Cliff send everyone here already.”

“What?!” Susan exclaimed in shock. “Why are you butting in if that man has a beef with Flying Sword Sect? Don’t you know how powerful they are?”

Vicky frowned. “So what?”

“We’re not the only faction in Riverton!” Susan lectured her. “And now you’d make enemies of the sect because of one man? That’s no different from shooting ourselves in the foot! Also, we still have the Salazars breathing down our necks—they’d come for us as soon as we show any sign of weakness!”

“So what?! Frank is worth it! And as long as he lives, the Salazars will be crushed!” Vicky shot back, deeply convinced of Frank’s worth.

“Enough!” Susan bellowed. “You’re just being stubborn now. We won’t get involved in this- don’t you dare ask our people to sacrifice themselves for nothing, let alone Frank Lawrence.”

“Just stay out of this, Mom!” Vicky reasoned. “This is serious—our family’s future is at stake!”

Susan, however, thought nothing of it. “Save it. You’re just blinded by your infatuation for that boy—his fate has nothing to do with our family.”

With that, Susan hung up.

“Hey!!!” Vicky snapped, stamping her feet angrily—that mother of hers would really get her killed!

Hurrying to Frank’s side, she said, “I’m sorry, Frank—I can’t bring in my men. Why don’t we leave for now and wait until I can bring them in?”

“Hahaha!” Jan laughed coldly, overjoyed when he heard them. “Really? So the Turnbolls are not going to fight against Flying Sword Sect? Your grandad is smart—I’d give him that. He’s

not stupid enough to provoke us over a gigolo!”

Without the Turnbolls, only the Quills remained on Frank’s side.

They might still command respect, but not far enough to protect Frank from harm!

When the Flying Sword Sect members arrived, they could demand that Frank cripple his cultivation... After that, they could do whatever they wanted with him!

Frank, however, simply shook his head. “It’s just Flying Sword Sect, Vicky. You don’t need to call them in.”

“This isn’t a joke, Frank,” Vicky reasoned, not wanting Frank to die because he was trying to act tough.
“Please think about this carefully!”

“Shit, you can really pretend,” Jan scoffed in disdain nearby.

Suddenly, a deafening crash resounded around them!

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The glass doors of the clubhouse shattered as the Flying Sword Sect’s elites charged in, sword in hand.

They quickly surrounded Frank and the others, while a delighted Jan shouted smugly at Frank, “It’s over for you, bastard! My daddy’s here!”

“Fuck you.”

Seeing that he was still running his mouth, Frank slapped Jan across the face, sending two bleeding teeth flying!

Soon, the Flying Sword Sect apprentices cleared a path for Kuno, who stared at Frank, Vicky, and Yara, and then at his son who was on his knees.

Knowing that his plan to frame Frank failed, he decided that there was no reason for cloak-and -dagger stuff anymore.

“Release my son, Frank,” he said calmly.

He did not want to push Frank, as he knew the man was so crazy that he would kill anyone if pushed too far.

However, Frank snorted in disdain. “Why would I do that? Your son tried to slander me.”

“Really?” Kuno said, keeping his tone as amiable as possible. “Then I apologize on his behalf. Are you happy now? Let him go, and we can put everything behind us.”

“Hahaha!” Frank shook his head, laughing. “Do you think I’m stupid? You brought over a hundred men, and you’re telling me you’ll put everything behind? Hell, your boys are gonna attack me as soon as I let your boy go!”

Kuno rolled his eyes—Frank had the right idea.

“Then what do you want?” he demanded.

Frank chuckled. “Cripple your own cultivation, and I can consider sparing your son’s life.”

“Dream on!” Kuno bellowed -he would never do that when he had the numerical advantage.

Pointing at Frank threateningly, he shrieked, “Don’t think I’d be cowed just because you hold my son hostage! Once I give the order, you and the women behind you will die! My son’s life for three of yours? That’s plenty worth it in my book!”

“What?!” Jan exclaimed in shock. “No, Dad! I’m your only son!”

He wanted to beat Frank to a pulp, not sacrifice himself to get back at him!

To make things worse, Frank shrugged nonchalantly. “I guess you left me with no choice.”

Despite his threat, Kuno refrained from giving the order, and they were all left at a stalemate...

That was when Robert and his men arrived.

However, he only brought forty martial elites—they were up against Flying Sword Sect, so it was pointless to bring people who could not fight.

“Let’s hold it for a moment, gentleman. We’re all Riverton citizens, so let’s just talk about this

Why the long faces?” Robert laughed as soon as he strode in.

Kuno glanced at Robert’s faction, but there were just around forty of them—he would never win with those numbers.

On the other hand, Yara breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Robert. “Dad, you’re finally here.”

Vicky hurried to him as well, whispering, “Sir, it’s up to you to protect Frank now.”

Robert nodded. “It’s alright, I’m here now.”

Striding up between Kuno and Frank, he said amicably, “What happened here, Mr. Yaffe? Don’t you think you’re overreacting?”

“What happened here?” Kuno snorted, his eyes fixed on Frank. “He killed my nephew and

crippled my brother—hell, just look there: he just beat up my son. And you’re telling me I’m overreacting?”

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Robert frowned, caught off guard that Frank had pushed Flying Sword Sect that far.

Even so, he braced himself and said, “Mr. Yaffe, would you mind doing me a favor and let Mr. Lawrence live?”

Kuno wheeled on him with a cool glare. “Let him live? No, governor, I’m doing you a favor by talking to you right now. And you want him to live? No chance.”

Robert chuckled. “I get it, I get it... However, Mr. Lawrence isn’t as unimportant as most would think—you’re going to pay if you really do kill him. That includes the Turnbells, Flora Hall, my family, Skyblade Dojo, Gerald Simmons... there are plenty of people who owe Mr. Lawrence. I’m afraid they would have a few things to say if you do kill him.”

Kuno frowned. “Are you threatening me?”

“No, you misunderstand...” Robert quickly threw up his hands. “I’m just offering a simple suggestion—let’s settle this the old-fashioned way with a duel. It’s the fairest manner of judgment... What do you think?”

Kuno studied Robert for a moment, and then glanced at his apprentices.

He pondered to himself, aware that Robert would protect Frank even if it kills him if he refused the duel.

“In that case, I shall entertain your request,” he said. “But on one condition.”

Robert’s eyes lit up. “Do tell, Mr. Yaffe.”

In Robert’s mind, Frank had the most chance of winning a one-on-one duel. Otherwise, he would never win if the Flying Sword Sect apprentices attacked him all at once.

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“This will be a duel to the death,” Kuno said and turned to glare coldly at Frank. “Do you the balls, kiddo?”

In his mind, he was more than a match for Frank, even if he had to close his eyes. If anything, killing the bastard on the ring worked for him too!

Frank laughed coolly in turn. "Hmm. Why not? Although the chief of Flying Sword Sect would be humiliated soon enough."

"Quit running your mouth, boy," Kuno snapped viciously. "I'll show you the humility of defeat today!"

Turning toward Robert again, he added, "Mr. Quill, you're the one who suggested the duel- be our witness. If anyone dares/flee, you'll execute them on the spot."

"Oh... Of course," Robert replied, sweating over his brow—Kuno was dead serious!

Kuno then waved, and his apprentices backed away far enough to clear a ring.

As Frank handed Jan to Vicky, she asked worriedly, "Are you sure about this, Frank?"

Frank chuckled in contempt. "Don't worry. I'll show him what 'there's always a bigger fish' means soon enough."/

"Talk all you want." Jan snorted in contempt. "You won't even know what hit you.

His father was a savant in martial arts peerless in Riverton—a brat like Frank would never win!

Frank did not argue.

After all, nothing would persuade Jan more than when he watched Frank defeat his father.

As Frank strode into the center of the ring, Kuno drew his meter-long sword.

Its edge was razor sharp, and the hilt was encrusted with a ruby, symbolizing the authority of the Flying Sword Sect chief.

“Draw your weapon, brat,” Kuno then growled

Frank shook his head. “Why? It’s just you.”

The utter disrespect!

The Flying Sword Sect apprentices certainly thought Frank was full of himself and cheered Kuno on with righteous indignation.

“Go, chief! Kill him!”

“Show him the might of Flying Sword Sect!”

Kuno did not waste his breath either and leapt toward Frank, his sword gliding smoothly in his grasp.

“Die!”

Knowing that Frank had more influence than he expected, he must kill Frank before anyone else arrived, or this would only get out of hand!

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Kuno brandished his sword, slicing as if cutting through thin air, leaving strong gusts in his wake.

Frank simply kept his hands clasped behind his back, agilely dodging each of his powerful strikes.

Each blow seemed to just scrape past his skin and miss, while he stood silently like a tumbler.

As Kuno's sword kept missing Frank endlessly despite his strength and precision, Kuno began to panic—the boy was too quick!

Suddenly, Jan shouted, "Don't hold back, Dad! Kill him already!"

"Shut up!" Kuno bellowed in rage—he certainly knew that!

Frank could not help chuckling in turn. "That's it? That's Flying Sword Sect's swordcraft?"

"You piece of shit... How dare you make light of us!" Kuno's eyes narrowed, his vigor converging into his wrist right then.

Then, as his wrist shook violently, he swung his sword!

"Let's see how you dodge this... Phoenix Dance!"

The blade of the sword was vibrating with an audible hum, and suddenly, there seemed to be dozens of blades!

There was no telling which was the real one, and they were all shooting toward Frank!

"Watch out, Mr. Lawrence!" Robert cried out even as he turned pale.

That was Flying Sword Sect's killing stroke, a sword technique of breakneck speed!

It was just too quick to dodge. Even Vicky and Yara—both of whom were martial artists- would be killed in Frank's place!

Even the Flying Sword Sect apprentices gasped.

“Shit, the chief has to use Phoenix Dance?”

“Guess he’s really hard pressed...”

“Frank Lawrence is a fish in a barrel now! Let’s see how he’s going to dodge this!”

Frank, however, was simply laughing.

Suddenly, he released his vigor, and a vortex of air built beneath his feet.

With a light step, he vaulted backward, while time seemed to slow down in the vortex itself.

It allowed Frank to find the real blade with relative ease, and he pinched it between his fingers. Kuno’s sword abruptly froze in the air, its blade bending by 180 degrees—he was lucky the sword was malleable enough, or it would have shattered right then and there.

“What?!” Kuno’s face turned pale in disbelief.

Not only did Frank find the real sword from the rest, but he was also holding it in place with

just two fingers!

“Now, let me show you what real swordcraft is.” Frank chuckled and slammed his palm on Kuno’s chest.

Kuno felt as if he was struck by a sledgehammer and was sent flying.

His sword was sent flying, landing in Frank's outstretched palm.

Frank then infused his vigor into the sword, and the blade which was gleaming coldly suddenly shone with blinding radiance!

He then swung it, launching a shockwave through the air.

Kuno could not see it, but he could read the violent killing intent and did all he could to roll to the side!

Crash!

The floorboards shattered in an instant, leaving a deep gash on the floor!

"My god... How does he do it?"

"Is that really swordcraft? Are you sure that's not magic?"

The Flying Sword Sect apprentices were all left gaping. Despite having honed their swordcraft

for over a decade, they had never even heard of such a technique!

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Even Robert was left staring at Frank in disbelief. "Holy shit... Where does the man's potential even end?"

"Goodness..." Yara gulped beside him, her eyes flashing with envy.

Vicky was left astounded too.

To be honest, she had to keep reevaluating her opinion of Frank time after time because he was him!

That was when Frank moved one foot forward, and he seemed to teleport right in front of Kuno at the next moment.

Crack!

“Argh!”

Kuno tried to fight back, but Frank’s palm had already struck his shoulder, shattering his collarbone!

As Kuno gritted his teeth in pain, his expression contorting savagely, Frank looked at him coolly. “You lost. Are you going to kill yourself, or should I do it for you?”

Kuno was wheezing, hardly able to believe that he had just lost to some boy who was in his twenties!

And having trained in martial arts for thirty years, he was not about to go down easily! “You’re telling me to die?! Who do you think you are?!” he shrieked before turning to his apprentices. “Get him! Kill him dead!”

He was convinced that Frank would survive if his apprentices swarmed him!

However, before the Flying Sword Sect apprentices could move, a thundering rumble of engines blared around them.

Suddenly, several green trucks crashed into the clubhouse!

Once they stopped, soldiers armed to the teeth all charged inside the clubhouse, encircling the Flying Sword Sect apprentices!

The soldiers' command was deafening. "Nobody move! Drop your weapons!"

Robert was left befuddled as he watched the soldiers. Their uniform sigils indicate that they were not under Riverton's jurisdiction, but they showed up here

anyway...?

The Flying Sword Sect apprentices were all staring blankly at the dark barrels aimed at them- no matter how impressive their blades were, they would never win against that!

One of the more cowardly ones immediately threw down his weapon.

And with one doing it, the rest all dropped their weapons as well, just like dominos!

Kuno, who was left sitting limply on the floor for a while, was dumbfounded.

He knew that Frank had friends but presumed them to be the Turnbolls' bodyguards at best!

Then what was the deal with these soldiers, who looked like they were ready for war?!

Just then, the soldiers cleared a path as a man in his thirties, wearing full-body armor, walked straight to Frank.

"Long time no see, Mr. Lawrence. How have you been?"

Frank remained impassive as he snorted coolly. "You're late."

Vicky and the others were left trading glances.

The men were all clearly military, and Vicky was just going to tell Frank to be polite... only for Frank to lecture their leader!

To make things worse, the man saluted him for it! "Yes, sir!"

Robert's eyes twinkled just then, and he hurried toward them and saluted the officer. "Robert Quill, governor of Riverton. May I have the honor of your name and title?"

The man glanced at Robert and saluted him as well. "Colonel Hans Schnee, East Coast base commander."

"Base commander...?"

Robert's jaw could drop on the floor right then.

East Coast Base was the last bastion shielding the country, and the men there were supposed to stand guard even if all was left were corpses.

And yet, Frank could order them around?!

There was also the respect and deference Hans showed as he addressed Frank as Mr. Lawrence!

What was the connection between them?!

Hell, Robert was himself the governor of Riverton and a bigwig here, but he would be pretty insignificant in East Coast Base!

"Apologies for asking, but why have you come, colonel?" Robert asked tentatively.

"I received an anonymous tip about a sect starting a riot," Hans replied coolly. "Of course something needs to be done."

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While Hans was being vaguely subtle, Robert knew enough to understand that Frank was the anonymous tip.

Still, he quickly nodded without asking further questions. “Good work, colonel. Is there anything I can help with?”

Hans barked, “Arrest every member of Flying Sword Sect. I’ll be in charge of the interrogation.

“Of course.” Robert nodded and turned to bark at his men to help Hans’ soldiers load the members of the Flying Sword Sect into the truck.

As Kuno was shoved to the ground by two soldiers while they cuffed him, he was snapping, “Hold it! I am the chief of Flying Sword Sect! Who are you people? You can’t arrest me! You have no right!”

Never had he suffered such ignominy!

However, his outburst merely left Hans frowning, and he suddenly punched him in the solar plexus.

Kuno's face turned beet red as his eyes rolled up in its sockets, and he could feel gastric juice churning upward in his gut.

Hans did not remove his hand, however—he spread his palm, his fingers digging into Kuno's abdomen like claws.

As Kuno screamed on top of his lungs, Hans leveled an icy look at him and demanded, “Do I have the right now?”

Kuno was trembling in fear even as he sweated buckets. “Brother, we can talk about this. Flying Sword Sect is plenty wealthy... You just have to say the word, anything you need...”

Hans chuckled coolly. “Nice. Bribery? That's another criminal charge on your head. Show him some proper hospitality, boys!”

“What...”

Kuno pursed his lips and snapped furiously, “Don't push me! My family has considerable influence in Riverton!”

That simply piqued Hans' interest. “Oh, so you're now a crime family? Search every nook and cranny, boys—don't let slip any piece of evidence!”

“Yes, sir!” the soldiers all replied at once and shoved Kuno into a truck.

“Dad, what's happening here?” Jan was shoved inside the same truck even before he knew what was happening.

“Just shut up already... We’re all screwed now,” Kuno closed his eyes and sighed.

As every member of Flying Sword Sect was carted away, Hans returned to Frank and said, “What should we do with their chief, Mr. Lawrence?”

“You had to ask?” Frank replied flatly. “He wanted to kill me.”

“Understood, sir.”

Hans nodded repeatedly—it was clear that Flying Sword Sect would be erased now.

“Yeah. There’s nothing else for you to do here, so you can go now,” Frank added.

“Of course, sir. Oh, and when would you have time to hang out at our place?” Hans asked with a fawning sinile.

“Yeah, whatever...” Frank waved him off impatiently.

And with that, Hans turned toward Vicky and the others. “What happened here today is top secret. Don’t breathe a word, or you will be deemed a threat to East Coast security—when that happens, you’ll find me a lot less friendly.”

“Yes, yes...” Vicky and the others all nodded repeatedly, perfectly aware that Hans had come expressly to assist Frank.

In fact, Hans did not have to tell them—none of them would have breathed a word anyway.

Hans started to turn and leave, but Robert hurried to him. “Mr. Schnee, it’s rare for travel all this way to Riverton—why don’t you stop by my humble abode?”

“No, thanks. I’m still busy,” Hans replied summarily.

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“In that case, I would like to ask a little favor,” Robert pressed. “See, I have a question...”

“What is it?”

“Who is Mr. Lawrence, really?” Robert asked very softly.

Hans frowned. “Should you really be asking that?”

His stern tone startled Robert, who awkwardly explained, “No, you misunderstand, colonel. My daughter has been a longtime admirer of Mr. Lawrence, and they are even intimate... but Mr. Lawrence has never told me about his roots.”

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Hans actually became interested in those words, since Frank was always surrounded by beauties.

“Oh, really?” he murmured and turned to glance at Vicky and Yara, who were both flanking

Frank.

If things went well, Robert could well become Frank’s father in-law...

And with that in mind, his attitude toward Robert eased.

"I see." He chuckled. "Well, Mr. Lawrence had given express instructions not to blab on his roots... though I could give you a hint."

Robert beamed. "Of course, colonel. Do tell."

"Do

you know about Mystic Sky Sect, hailing from the South Sea?"

Robert scratched his head, hesitating for a while before answering, "I have heard of the name, but I don't know anything specific."

He had heard a thing or two, that they were an ancient sect—far more powerful than Flying Sword Sect.

Hans sighed. "Then let me put it to you this way—if Mr. Lawrence puts his foot down, even Mystic Sky Sect will quake."

"What?" Robert was astonished.

He had never underestimated Frank ever since he witnessed the depth of his martial knowledge and even had hunches about his identity.

However, he would never have thought Frank to be so profound!

Still, it begged a question.

"B—But if he has such authority... Why would he stay secluded in Riverton?"

Hans clapped him on the shoulder. "I'm afraid that's beyond our paygrade. Just keep both eyes on Mr. Lawrence, and contact me if things look bad. Naturally, try to fulfill any requests he may have too—you'll have your cut when it's time to enjoy the fruits of your labor."

“Of course, of course.”

Robert nodded repeatedly—Hans did not have to tell him that.

With that, Hans got in his truck and left, while Robert returned to Frank. “That was truly an eye-opener, Mr. Lawrence. How about dinner at my place?”

Frank shook his head. “I’ll take a rain check. I still have something else to do.”

“Of course,” Robert replied.

“I’ll give you a ride, Frank!” Vicky offered just then, since she had many questions for Frank. Frank nodded and got in.

Robert watched as they left before nudging Yara beside him. “Weren’t you saying that you and

Frank were going out?”

Yara froze right then. “Dad... I actually just wanted you to help him out before. We were never a thing.”

Robert waved her off. “Oh, I don’t mean to be accusive. If anything, I’d like you to do your best from now on.”

“Huh?” Yara appeared perplexed. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Just do your best to make Frank your boyfriend,” Robert said solemnly. “The kid is something special. You need to win him over before he rises to the top soon. And I’m your dad -I know you enough to see that you like him.”

Yara blushed and lowered her head, twirling her fingers as she muttered, "Dad, please..."

Robert frowned. "What? Or are you saying you don't like him? Very well, I'll discuss a proposal with him myself tomorrow."

"No, Dad..." Yara groaned under her breath. "You won't know this, but Vicky really likes Frank too. I'd never win—she has the looks and the family background."

Vicky was also an apprentice of her father's, and she knew Vicky well enough to tell that she was definitely interested in Frank. If it were any other person who would dare to speak with Vicky so insolently, she would have sent them flying with a kick.

Robert sighed in disappointment. "Oh, you silly child. What if Frank prefers your type? And don't you think it's embarrassing, admitting defeat even before you enter the ring?!"

Chapter 360

As Robert sighed in disappointment, Yara actually thought his words made sense.

Who knew if she perhaps really had a shot?

Meanwhile, Vicky told Frank as she drove, "There's really more to you than meets the eye, Frank."

Frank smiled. "What do I have to hide from you?"

"Don't even start. You know who Hans Schnee is and his position. Why was he absolutely respectful to you?"

"I saved his father before," Frank replied flatly.

"I don't believe you."

Frank shrugged. "Can't do anything about that."

Vicky wanted to hit his face right then. "Fine, then one last question—can you hold against the elites of Morhen?"

your own

"Who, those pushovers? The Four Families of Morhen are no match for me at my peak," Frank declared confidently.

"That's pushing it, don't you think?" Vicky shot him another skeptical glare.

The main branch of her family was one of the four, and she had met the martial elites from each family.

Those geezers' strengths were eerie, to say the least.

On the other hand, she would think the world of Frank if he could actually stop one of them... but he was saying that he could take them all on?

"Like I said, at my peak," Frank repeated just then.

"Tch."

Vicky clicked her tongue and rolled her eyes, convinced that he was boasting.

Still, they soon arrived at Carol Zims' house.

Winter and Carol had both eventually decided to move into Skywater Bay after Frank persuaded them to.

After all, he claimed he was protecting them now that Flying Sword Sect was destroyed, but there definitely would be stragglers waiting for their chance for revenge.

Early next morning, Vicky headed to Grande Pharma's office, and her secretary hurried to her as soon as she arrived at the office. "Ms. Turnbull, Helen Lane from Lane Holdings is asking to see you."

"What for?"

"I'm not sure," the secretary replied. "But we've just completed all transactions with Lane Holdings for the West City project, and she asked to see you soon after."

Vicky smiled—she had an idea why Helen was there.

"Show her in."

"Yes, Ms. Turnbull," the secretary replied and left.

Helen entered soon enough, and Vicky greeted her warmly. "Long time no see, Ms. Lane. Please take a seat."

Helen wore a white camisole under a black cropped jacket, matched with a pair of loose leggings.

She rarely put on makeup, but she had some on now. One could call it feminine rivalry, as she would do so whenever she had to meet Vicky.

"I came to hold up my end of our bargain," Helen said bluntly.

Vicky had agreed to stop paying Frank's bills, if Helen could pay her 200 million.

And with the project finalized and the revenue finalized, Helen came to her with a check of that amount.

Vicky took the check, studied it and sighed. "I'm surprised—you're really willing to pay this much to bail Frank out?"

Helen frowned. "That's my money, Ms. Turnbull. You don't get to tell me how to use it."