

## The Girlboss 391

### Chapter 391

Gina had received a call from Lane Holdings that Helen never returned after lunch.

Since Helen also had a meeting later, she would not leave for no reason,

That was why Gina tracked Helen's phone, and it was fortunate she made it in time... or Frank would have had his way with her!

Frank rolled his eyes but said patiently, "It was Zeb Larkin,"

"Don't you dare slander Mr. Larkin!" Gina snapped at him in contempt. "Do you think he's scum like you?!"

Frank frowned. "I'm just telling the truth. Believe what you want,"

Peter leapt up to grab his arm. "Don't even try to argue! We're taking you to the cops!"

"That's enough!" Helen snapped right then. "Zeb was the one who drugged me and brought me here, but Frank came to save me, Zeb would have his way for me if he didn't make it in time!"

Gina gaped, but she refused to believe it. "It's alright, Helen—I'm here now, so just tell the truth. Don't worry about that bastard."

"Exactly," Peter joined in. "What good is helping him anyway?"

Helen inhaled deeply—how could they doubt her?

Fortunately, Zeb did not take his phone when he fled.

Helen picked it up from the edge of the bed, brought up the video footage, and showed them: Zeb's filthy words and behavior were perfectly clear, and Frank arrived just in time to save Helen.

Gina simply looked on in disbelief, "No, that's impossible. Mr. Larkin is not like that."

"Yeah, there must be a misunderstanding," Peter added, finding it hard to accept as well.

Frank snorted coldly. "Hilarious. The evidence is right there, and you still think there's a misunderstanding."

"W-What's the problem? We have the right to be skeptical," Peter stammered.

Gina shot him a look of contempt in turn. "Exactly. It's our family's business—you don't get to tell us what to do!"

"Actually, I'm not bothered at all." Frank rolled his eyes and turned to leave.

"Frank! Where are you going?" Helen hurried after him, but Peter and Gina stopped her.

"Where do you think you are going, Helen?" Gina snapped.

"Frank saved me, Mom!" Helen exclaimed, staring at her speechless. "Not only did you refuse to thank him, but you had to insult him too?!"

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Gina thought nothing of it. "So what if he did? What's so impressive about that? He should be doing that much after freeloading off us for years!"

In fact, she would rather Frank never showed up, so that Helen would become Mrs. Larkin with a shotgun wedding!

“Enough!” Helen snapped, almost crying in frustration at her mother’s unreasonable nature.

She quickly ran out of the room, but Frank was already gone.

Dropping to a crouch, she started bawling in regret!

Meanwhile, Frank was on the phone with Hans Schnee.

“Yes, Mr. Lawrence?”

“I’m sending you a location,” Frank said. “Come here quickly.”

“Yes, sir,” Hans replied before asking curiously, “Is it just going to be me? And what’s it going to be?”

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Frank’s tone was icy. “Death”

Hans nodded in understanding “Understood sir. I’m on my way.

Meanwhile, Zeb managed to make it home.

Cram could tell from the way he was panicking and the fiery-red palm print on his face that Frank had him beaten up.

“You kidnapped Helen?” he quickly asked.

“Yeah! And I was so close!” Zeb wheezed as he slammed a fist on the table in frustration. “But that bastard Frank Lawrence had to meddle again!”

“Really.” Cram pointed at him in disappointment. “The worst thing you can do with this is get impatient! Now Helen is completely on his side!”

“So what?! We could just kill him!” Zeb sported in disdain.

Cram did a double take. “Kill Frank? And how are you going to do that?”

Zeb grinned. “Bahl Dad, don’t forget that Viola Salazar and I are tight. I also know that she’s fought against Frank before, and nothing’s better than borrowing her strength on this.”

“Will she help? Cram asked, skeptical

Zeb snorted and picked up the phone from his father’s desk to call Viola.

Viola soon answered, grumbling, “Where have you been? It’s been a while since you visited.”

Zeb sighed as if in pain. “Actually, it’s not like I don’t want to visit... I’ve just had trouble.”

“What’s wrong?” Viola asked in concern

Zeb sighed again. “This bastard named Frank Lawrence beat me up just because he didn’t like the way I look! I mean, we’re talking about a man’s face here! You have to help me, Viola!”

“What?” Viola exclaimed in shock. “Are you crazy?! Why would you upset Frank Lawrence?! I’m telling you—apologize to him right away, and don’t ever mention me, or you won’t even know what killed you?”

And with that, she hung up.

After all, the last time Frank attacked him, he left her in a state worse than death — the agony was still clearly etched in her memory!

That was why she was not going to provoke Frank in any way. Not until her brother returned.

Zeb was left dumbfounded in

Viola was terrified just because he mentioned Frank Lawrence? What on earth happened to her?

“So? What did Ms. Salazar say?” Cram quickly asked.

Zeb was still gaping, “She told me not to upset Frank...”

“I knew it.” Cram sighed. “Trevor Zurich boycotted us because Frank told him to do it in the first place— he’s not that easy to deal with.”

Zeb gulped, finally feeling fear. “What should we do, Dad?”

Cram narrowed his eyes. “What else can we do? We’ll take whatever they throw at us and take Frank down even if it’s the last thing we do!”

With that, they promptly gathered the best men they could find and spent a fortune hiring one particular bodyguard.

As night arrived, Frank and Hans arrived at the Larkins’ doorstep.

Noticing unfamiliar faces, the bodyguards at the gates stopped them. “Halt! This is Larkin family property! What’s your purpose here? You’re not entering unless you’re invited!”

Crack.

Hans moved within a split second, eliminating him.

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Frank had come to massacre the Larkins, and not by hiding.

He kicked down the front gates with a resounding crash, startling everyone inside.

Countless bodyguards charged out of the mansion right then and surrounded him and Hans.

Cram and Zeb stepped outside, and the latter was sneering when he saw Frank—he really doubted Frank would defeat all of his men!

“You really have the balls to come here, Frank...”

“Shut up!” Cram barked at him before turning toward Frank. “To what do we owe the pleasure this late, Mr. Lawrence?”

“Your son’s life,” Frank said, his expression nonchalant but his tone murderous.

Cram frowned. “Zeb made a mistake today, and I apologize. Can’t you look the other way this one time? Let him make amends...”

“Why bother writing laws if apologies work?” Frank growled coldly. “Give up your son, and I can spare your life.”

“How about twenty million dollars to Ms. Lane in compensation?” Cram pressed, convinced that money could solve everything.

“One last time,” Frank growled, his tone making it clear they were not talking about this. Give me your son. Don’t make me do this.”

Cram might be cowardly, but there was no way he would give up Zeb, his only son!

Growling through his teeth, “Since you don’t want to see reason, I have no choice! The two of you would either have to kill every man here, or you’ll both die!”

“Insolence,” Hans snarled—how dare these scum refuse Frank!

He sprinted toward Zeb with his hands outstretched.

Zeb flinched in terror as Hans moved like a lightning bolt!

Smack!

Suddenly, there was a dull thud as a black-clad man leapt in just before Hans reached Zeb, kicking Hans in the palm.

Both men quickly moved back, with the black-clad man stumbling several paces backward before he could anchor himself,

On the other hand, Hans had already caught himself by just shoving one foot into the ground and was even licking his lips in excitement. “Hoho... I’m actually surprised there’s a challenge.

Cram was grinning as he looked at the black-clad man. “Thank you, Mr. Gorm. But be careful- those two are strong.”

“Hmph.”

Scarless Gorm snorted. “They’re just brats—how incompetent is your family that I, Scarless

Gorm, the eighteenth Earthrank, have to put up with the likes of them?"

"Hmm... Scarless Gorm?" Hans was actually surprised. "The one who mastered the twelve forms of Tamarine Kicks?"

"Oh, you've heard of me? Then surrender already." Scarless Gorm snorted in disdain, folding his arms before his chest.

"Earthrank? What is that?" Zeb turned toward his father.

Cram narrowed his eyes in glee. "It's the ranking of the greatest martial artists beneath Skyrank. Individuals who reach Earthrank can engage a hundred alone."

Zeb gasped.

One against hundred? That was amazing!

"If Earthrank is already that impressive, what about Skyrank?"

"They're not martial arts prodigies at that point." Cram chuckled.

"Then what are they?"

"Beings like no other. Legends. Gods."

Zeb gulped in awe.

Even if Scarless Gorm was not Skyrank, he would be more than enough against Frank and his friend!



However, Hans was casually pursing his lips. “You’re eighteenth on Earthrank, and you have the cheek to mention it repeatedly?”

Scarless Gorm frowned. “Did you just mock me, kid?”

“No, I’m not mocking you. I don’t give a shit about you at all, actually.” Hans sneered in disdain.

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Suddenly, Frank said coolly, “Quit wasting time. You have three minutes.”

“I need just one.” Hans shrugged.

“Fuck! Let’s see you put your money where your mouth is!” Scarless Gorm bellowed, then shoved his foot into the ground and launched a kick at Hans face!

“Amazing!” Zeb exclaimed in delight even as he felt the shockwave, never expecting his father to be able to get someone so powerful!

And yet, Hans moved at the very next instant and grabbed Scarless Gorm by the ankles, his claw-like fingers clenching!

“Argh!!!”

Crack!

Then, even as Scarless Gorm screamed, Hans punched him in the kneecaps!

There was a crisp sound as Scarless Gorm dropped out of the air right then and was left clutching his right leg as he rolled all over the ground!

“My leg! My leg!” he shrieked at the top of his lungs, sweating profusely as his face turned pale.

The Larkins turned pale too, with Cram gaping. “T–That’s impossible!

He had spent twenty million just to hire Scarless Gorm... but Hans had just crippled him with a single punch!

Zeb was pale as a sheet, not expecting that a fight between martial elites would end so quickly.

He was still mocking Frank earlier, but he certainly could not laugh now!

Moreover, there was no style or elegance in Hans’ movement, only brute strength!

Even the Larkins’ bodyguards were starting to back away, afraid to get close!

Hans simply stood there, his hands in his pocket as he snorted. “The sheer ignorance, trying to fight me when that’s all you had.”

“W–Who are you?” Scarless Gorm stared at him in panic—someone as strong as him could not be a nobody!

“Nergal, Skyrank’s eighty–seventh,” Hans replied in disdain.

“What...?!” Scarless Gorm gaped.

He never could have known, just as he would never have fought a Skyrank individual!

At the same time, Frank slowly strode toward Zeb, who started stumbling backward before slipping and falling.

He turned to his father and screamed, "Dad!!! Please help!!!"

Cram had no choice but to step between them. "Please, Mr. Lawrence... just spare my son's life! You can have anything you want! We can talk about this-"

"Fuck off." Frank sent him flying with a kick.

Horrified, Zeb scrambled to his feet to run, but Frank had already reached him and grabbed him by the neck.

His face turned purple as Frank choked him, and he wet himself under Frank's menacing presence. "Ack... Please... Give me a chance... I won't do it anymore... I'm sorry... Please..." "I gave you a chance. You just didn't take it," Frank growled.

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Crack.

With just a little squeeze, Zeb stopped screaming, his eyes wide open even as he died.

"No!!!" Cram screamed hysterically at the sight of his son's death, his eyes blood red as he bellowed at him, "Frank Lawrence! You will die for this! Kill him! Kill him!!!"

All of Cram's men whipped out their weapons, their blades flashing blindingly as they charged at Frank.

Hans was about to move, but Frank stopped him.

"Let me show you what it means to have power," he growled as the air around him swirled violently, his clothes flapping loudly in turn.

He stepped one foot forward, and shot toward the crowd like a bullet.

With a punch, four men were sent flying—there was no way to withstand the weight of a truck crashing towards them.

Even before blades could reach him, Frank would shattered the edges with nothing more than a gentle flake, his pure vigor flowing around him.

Screams ensued wherever he passed, leaving Hans standing there in shock.

“Mr. Lawrence reached Birthright again?”

Frank’s cultivation had been crippled before, but he was now Birthright again in just three years, perhaps even stronger than before.

Truly—once a genius, always a genius.

As Frank took down the fiftyish bodyguards of the Larkins in no time at all, there was not so much as a smear of blood on his hands.

It was as if nothing ever happened.

“W—What are you...?” Cram was completely dumbfounded, no longer feeling terror as he only knew confusion just then.

Frank leveled a cool look at him. “Frank Lawrence, apprentice of Mystic Sky Sect—mention my name when you see the reaper.”

He waved his hand, and Cram was instantly decapitated.

Scarless Gorm was trembling even as he lay on the floor. “Mystic Sky Sect? Y—You’re Donn Lawrence?!”

He never could have dreamed of provoking Donn Lawrence, the man who topped Skyrank!

Was he not supposed to have been killed three years ago, at the battle of the South Sea?

To think that the freak survived!

Frank glanced at him./

Scarless Gorm recognized him, and that meant death.

He beckoned at Hans, who nodded and swung his blade.

And with that, it was another name lost from Earthrank.

With that, Frank turned to leave, his hands clasped behind his back. "Keep it clean."

"Understood." Hans nodded repeatedly.

After the Larkins were wiped out overnight, Helen was left exasperated.

She wanted Zeb arrested, only to be told that he and his entire family ran away in fear of punishment.

The next morning, she visited Frank's hilltop mansion again... only for Winter to receive him.

"Who are you looking for?" Winter asked, still in her pajamas and groggy from sleep as she studied Helen.

Helen was pretty and had a perfect figure, accentuated by the black figure-hugging shirt she

wore.

Helen was surprised to see a pretty face like Winter in Frank's house, and she looked young- as if she was still attending college.

"I-I came to look for Frank."

—

Winter raised a brow. Why were there always pretty ladies here every day, looking for Frank?

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Winter was speechless—the women hovering around Frank were each more beautiful than the next?

"Who are you to him?" she asked Helen tentatively.

"His wife," Helen replied bluntly.

"What?" Winter was stupefied.

"Is there a problem?" Helen asked, leveling a curious look at her.

Winter shook her head repeatedly. "No... It's just that someone said the same before... So I was wondering how many wives Frank has."

Helen pursed his lips, since she did not need to guess. "Was her name Vicky Turnbull?"

"How'd you know?"

Helen smiled. "Bottomline is, she's not Frank's wife—don't be tricked. Oh, and you are..."

"I'm Winter Lawrence, Frank's sister."

"Oh..." Helen trailed off. "That makes me your sister-in-law. Can you get him for me?"

She had never heard of Frank having a sister, but she did not dwell on the issue since her last name was Lawrence too.

Winter nodded. "Wait here for a moment—I'll get him."

Helen entered the living room, studying the mansion.

Even she had to admit that it was renovated better than her manor...

After a while, Frank came downstairs, surprised to see Helen. "What brings you here?"

"What, can't I visit you?" Helen flashed a pained smile.

"You can," Frank replied, shaking his head as he sat opposite her. "I'm just surprised."

Helen nodded and said earnestly, "I'm sorry about what happened yesterday, and I apologize on behalf of my mother and brother. Please don't take it to heart."

Frank smiled as he waved her off. "You don't have to apologize. I've gotten used to it over the years."

Helen was left biting her lip—Frank seemed nonchalantly, but he had also been given grief for years.

"I'm sorry," she said guiltily. "I've failed to protect my husband and stop my family from misbehaving, which in turn led to your suffering..."

"That's alright. Just let bygones be bygones," Frank replied noncommittally. "Anyway, why did you come here?"

Helen hung her head, stammering for a long while before finally saying, "Frank... Why don't you move back in?"

She wanted to ask for a remarriage, but was too embarrassed to ask.

It was funny how fate worked—she was the one who demanded a divorce, but now, she wanted to remarry...

"Move back in where?" Frank asked.

"Lane Manor. Don't worry—from now on, I'll never let my mother and the others harass you ever again," Helen promised.

Frank smiled, but after some thought, he said, "Nah. Forget it."

Helen stiffened, but she was soon relieved—what did she take Frank for? Telling him to leave or come back on a whim?

"I know you'd be resistant to the idea, but I hope we can start over... I'd like you to give me a chance," she said, unwittingly getting closer to him.

She felt an overwhelming sense of security as she did, which she had not felt for so long ever since divorcing Frank.

Divorcing him had certainly been stupid and impulsive!



Frank frowned in turn, not sure if he should hug Helen or push her away...

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Frank was just feeling a dilemma when his phone rang.

Feeling the thrill of salvation, he promptly answered the call.

It was Yara Quill.

"Mr. Lawrence? Where are you right now?" she asked.

"Home. What's up?" Frank asked.

"Actually, Mrs. Turnbull asked me to contact you," Yara replied. "She wants to talk about Grande Pharma."

Frank narrowed his eyes, noting immediately that Susan Redford wanted to bypass Vicky, as she told Yara to directly contact him.

"Where's Vicky right now?" He asked.

"I don't know," Yara replied awkwardly. "She left the villa early this morning and never returned. They want to talk to you since you're Grande Pharma's majority shareholder..."

"I see."

Frank took a deep breath and said, "I'll be right there," even though he had no idea what Vicky was up to.

Hanging up, he turned to tell Helen, "Sorry. I need to leave for a little something."

"Does it have something to do with Vicky?" Helen asked, more or less jealous when Frank mentioned Vicky's name.

Frank shook his head. "No—it's her mother who asked to see me. I don't know what it is about, but it sounds urgent."

"Oh, okay." Helen pursed her lips, though she could not help being surprised even as she wondered what Vicky's mother thought of Frank.

Yara was waiting at the front door of Turnbull Villa when Frank arrived in his car.

Hurrying to him as soon as she saw him, she said, "Mr. Lawrence, you've finally arrived..."

"How bad is it? Are there any details?" Frank asked, keen to find out anything before going inside.

Yara shook her head. "I don't know anything, but Vicky's parents and Neil Turnbull are here with this black-clad man."

Frank frowned—he thought it would be a meeting among the Turnbells, but having someone else changed things.

"I'll go take a look," Frank said and headed inside Turnbull Villa.

He entered the drawing room to find Walter Turnbull, Susan Redford, Neil Turnbull, Cliff Dixon, and other bodyguards.

Seated on the main chair was a middle-aged man with a commanding presence.

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence!" Walter hurried to Frank's side when he saw him, delighted.

“Mr. Turnbull, why was I asked to come so urgently?” Frank asked in curiosity, sitting down beside Walter.

Water was left scratching his head awkwardly, and it was Susan who answered, “I heard you were given 40% of Grande Pharma shares. Is that true?”

Frank nodded right then. “That’s right.”

Susan inhaled deeply, “That’s why we called you here to hand over those shares. Naturally, we will pay you for it.”

Frank did a double take.

So they were just after his shares!

Still, he smiled. “Well, I’m sorry, Mrs. Turnbull, but I can’t give you those shares.”

“Frank Lawrence! Do you think you’re one of us?!” Neil slammed his hand on the table as he bellowed. “Vicky’s the one who did all the work in founding the company! And you get 40% shares just because you had a recipe?!”

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Mell Turnbull bellowed, “You have no right”

Frank simply crossed his legs as he retorted nonchalantly, “Vicky’s the one who gave me the shares, and she will tell me if she wants it back. You don’t get to tell me what to do.”

“You son of a...”

Neil could choke—Frank was really belittling him!

Walter quickly stood up to clear the air. "It's alright, Neil. Just calm down..."

Susan was frowning in turn. "Frank Lawrence, I am telling you this as Vicky's mother, and I have thought long and hard about this."

"Really? Why don't you walk me through your thought process?" Frank asked bluntly.

"That's enough!" The black-clad man on the main seat bellowed. "I didn't come for your nonsense!"

Turning toward Frank with a look of contempt, he growled, "So you're Frank Lawrence?"

"Yes," Frank replied, studying the man in turn. "And you are?"

His abundant vigor and strong physique made it obvious that he was a martial elite.

"Wilf Chandler—butler of the Chandler household," Neil announced.

As Frank narrowed his eyes at the mention of the Chandlers, Wilf slowly stood up, clasping his hands behind his back as he growled, "You murdered one of us, kid. Finn Chandler may be a bastard, but his life was not yours to take. We were going to kill you, but we will spare your life if you give up your shares."

Frank simply laughed. "How boastful can you get? Finn hurt my ex-wife, and I have yet to come for your heads... And you're already demanding compensation?"

"Watch your words, Frank!" Susan promptly snapped at Frank for his impudence. "You're talking to the butler of the Chandlers!"

In reality, she and the other Turnbolls were afraid since the Chandlers sent one of their best, and they had no chance of winning

If anything, they were lucky Vicky was not around, or Vicky's shares would have long since been taken.

They could not do anything about Frank's shares, since their only thought was to throw money so that this issue would disappear.

Frank snorted in disdain, however, "So what? Even the head of the family has to watch his words around me."

Walter gulped. "Please don't be reckless, Mr. Lawrence..."

He would like to help, but he just did not have what it took.

"You little..." Susan was seething, fearful that Wilf would go on a warpath right then!

Wilf's eyes narrowed in turn. "So you're not going to pay up?"

The Chandlers never had any treacheries of aging, since no child born out of wedlock was wearing work

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Bank could see his murderous night then and snorted. "So What are you going to do

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“You really need to learn some manners!” Wilf bellowed and suddenly threw the solid wooden desk beside him at Frank!

While the Turnbolls all scrambled to get away, Frank did not move.

He remained in his seat and slowly raised his arm...

Catching the table right then, he gently pressed, and the table landed on the floor with a deafening bang!

Wilf was stunned—he did not expect that from Frank!

In fact, Frank was still holding on to his teacup, growling icily, “A fiery temper won’t do any favors to your elderly body. Here, have a drink and calm yourself down.”

He launched his teacup at Wilf as if it were a bullet.

Wilf crushed the cup with his stalwart vigor, but the tea inside burst away like bomb shrapnel!

Wilf thought nothing of it, as he did not believe some droplet would hurt him... until the first drop struck his skin.

By then, it was already too late.

Wilf wobbled and would have fallen if he had not caught on to the edges of the desk!

The Turnbolls never saw what happened, however, with Susan even yelling at Frank, “What are you doing?! Apologize to Mr. Chandler this instant!”

Frank completely ignored her, however, as his eyes were fixed on Wilf. “Was the tea good, Mr. Chandler? Would you like another cup?”

Wilf was left clenching his jaw as he tried to steal the mess that was his circulation.

“Fine, I’ve underestimated you... But don’t get ahead of yourself just yet!”

Glowering at Frank and the Turnbills, he growled, “In three days, our champions will be waiting for you at Tycon Dojo. Hand over those shares, or suffer the consequences!”

With that, he turned and stormed off.

When he was finally gone, Susan snapped at Frank, “Do you know what you just did?!”

“What I did?” Frank snorted coldly. “He’s going to ride your head and take a dump. Forget not fighting back—you have the cheek to insult me for it?”

“You little...” Susan huffed, but she had no comeback against that.

Neil then said, “Stop pretending already. Do you even know what the Chandlers can do?”

“I really don’t, but Wilf is already proving to be a major pushover.” Frank snorted in contempt. “He’s simply beneath me.

Neil laughed despite himself. “Boast all you want. Also, if he’s beneath you, why didn’t you beat him to a pulp?”

“He’s already a cripple.” Frank yawned. “His twelve meridians are severed—it took him

everything just to stand.”

Susan sighed, shaking her head, “What on earth does Vicky see in you? What can you do aside from boasting?”

Neil nodded in agreement. “Don’t think this is over—Wilf is just their butler. Do you know who they sent? Drake Chandler, the Southern Fist and the tenth in Earthrank!”

Susan snorted. “What’s the point in telling him? He wouldn’t even know what the Earthrank is.

Frank simply rolled her eyes—he actually wondered for a moment who the Chandlers sent. Why did people these days behave as if Earthrank was something to brag about?

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Frank rolled his eyes—even his lackeys could wipe out Earthrank individuals!

Susan was glaring at Frank in turn. “What’s that look for? Are you upset? Then hand over your shares, or it’d be too late when the Chandlers come for you!”

The main branch of the Turnbull family had power in the capital, but they summarily refused to care about Riverton, let alone send help. They were certainly on their own...

“Enough!” Walter barked just then. “Frank just bailed us out, and both of you are blaming him instead of thanking him?!”

As a man of the household, he was certainly displeased with the Chandlers’ unreasonable demands. However, he had to abide with it because circumstances just would not allow it.

If anything, he found Frank’s defiance cathartic, but his wife and nephew had to give Frank hell for it!

And seeing that her husband was siding with Frank, Susan promptly snapped, “Easy for you to say—he can just run away if things go south, while we are left to clean up his mess!”



“Enough!” Frank sprang to his feet right then. “I can deal with the Chandlers myself—all of you just sit tight!”

“Hah! You’ll deal with them?! We’re not going to pick up your pieces when they’re done with you!” Neil snorted.

Yara rushed inside the room just then, “Mr. Turnbull, Mrs. Turnbull, Vicky just returned.”

“Great! She’d definitely do something about this!” Walter exclaimed in delight—he always felt lucky to have Vicky as his daughter.

Vicky strode in soon enough, her heels clicking in her wake while a skinny man followed.

Walter hurried up to Vicky. “Where have you been? We were so worried...”

Vicky glanced at the mess that was the drawing room, and then at Frank. “The Chandlers were already here?”

“Of course. They’re demanding you and Frank hand over your Grande Pharma shares,” Susan said bluntly. “The trade will take place at Tycon Dojo in three days.”

“Dear cousin, you’d better think of a solution that covers everything, or you’ll lose Riverton forever.” Neil sneered, eager for Grande Pharma to fall apart.

“Of course I have a solution.” Vicky snorted and turned to the man behind him. “This is Boran Lepley, eighth in Earthrank. He’s more than enough to handle the Chandlers.”

Everyone turned to see that he had a charged aura and a sharpness to him, making it clear he was a martial elite.

“Eighth in Earthrank? Doesn’t that rank him above Drake Chandler?” Susan exclaimed in shock

“Hmph.”

Boran snorted, folding his arms before his chest. “Drake Chandler can lick my boots.”

The Turnbells were certainly delighted to see his confidence and dismissive attitude toward Drake, with Walter laughing out loud. “Hahaha! We have nothing to worry about with Mr. Lepley here!”

Susan breathed a sigh of relief too, rejoicing that her daughter was prepared.

Cliff Dixon walked up to Boran just then, nodding in salutation. “I’m Cliff Dixon. I’ve heard of you before, Mr. Lepley, and it’s an honor to finally meet you. Let’s do our best together against the Chandlers!”

It was only natural for Cliff to admire a martial elite like Boran, but the feeling was not mutual. “Do our best together?” Boran snorted. “Who do you think you are?”