

## **The Girlboss 401**

### Chapter 401

The Turnbolls were stunned, not expecting Boran to be that self-important.

Cliff was frowning as well—he had his pride as a martial artist too!

“What is the meaning of this, Mr. Lepley?” he demanded. “Why would you insult me when I showed you respect?”

Boran did not even look his way as he snorted. “You’re wrong there—I wasn’t insulting you. You’re not even worth insulting.”

“What...” Cliff was fuming—he must hit back to maintain his honor as a retainer of the Turnbolls!

However, Vicky stood in his way before he could move. “That’s enough. You’re both on our side, and it won’t do if you start fighting even before you defeat our enemies.”

“Hmph.”

Boran snorted. “I can handle the Chandlers myself, Ms. Turnbull. Why keep third-rate martial artists like him?”

“You’re out of line! Let’s see what you got!” Cliff bellowed.

It was not just him either—even Walter, Susan, and Yara had enough of Boran and was eager to send Cliff after him!

Vicky tried to intervene again, but it was too late.

With a furious cry, Cliff leapt forward, swinging his fist!

However, before his punch made contact, Boran moved at the speed of a lightning bolt, and struck Cliff on the chest with his palm!

Cliff could feel the pain on his chest even as he was sent flying.

Frank was actually caught by surprise as he looked on.

He knew that Cliff did not stand a chance but did not expect Boran to go for the kill!

They were both working for the Turnbells—Boran should not go that far even if there was bad blood between them!

Leaping away, he launched forward to catch Cliff by the shoulder, nullifying most of the momentum and helping Cliff straighten himself.

Cliff certainly knew that he was spared further harm aside from the chest pain thanks to Frank, or it would have been much worse for him.

Despite his fear toward Boran's palm strike, he gulped and told Frank under his breath, "T- Thank you, Mr. Lawrence."

"Wow... You don't expect anything less of the eighth Earthrank," Susan muttered in quiet approval, sighing.

Cliff was her personally appointed bodyguard and plenty strong, but he did not even last a blow against Boran.

Neil was shocked too he already knew Earthrank elites were impressive, but that was still something really special

It was such a shame he did not get to meet more men like Boran!

Only Walter and Vicky appeared worried, even as Boran glared at Frank and Cliff in disdain. "You're lucky this time, kdd insult me again, and you'll be resting in pieces."

Turning toward Vicky, he added, "I'm going to get some rest. You can wire the rest of my fee in the meantime."

Vicky nodded and quickly had a servant take Boran to a guest room

After seeing Boran leave, Walter hurried to Vicky's side. "Where did you find him, Vicky? He's so.... full of himself!"

"From the dark web. This is the only plan I have against the Chandlers." Vicky sighed.

"And how much is his fee?"

"Thirty million dollars."

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"What..."

Walter was stumped. "Let's hope he's worth the money."

Vicky hoped so too, since this was the first time she met Boran and the only thing she only offered him was her money.

Either way, they need someone strong from Earthrank to help.

As the other Turnbolls left, Vicky walked up to Frank. "I've heard about what happened. I'm really sorry about that."

The Chandlers wanted Grande Pharma shares, but her mother immediately tried to force Frank to give up his.

She felt sorry for him, to be honest.

Frank waved her off nonchalantly and chuckled at the sight of her scowl. "I never knew you could make that face."

Vicky breathed a long sigh. "The Chandlers sent Drake, who's really strong, whereas my uncle's side of the family refused to help. To be honest, I'm not confident about this."

Then, turning in curiosity toward Frank, she asked, "What level on Earthrank do you think you'd be?"

Frank shook his head. "I wouldn't be on that list..."

Vicky cut him short before he could finish, "Fair enough. You should leave Riverton as soon as you can if we lose the fight in three days. Even if the Chandlers have said they won't kill you, they'd change their minds once they get the shares... I'm tired now. I'll go get some rest."

Frank could not say anything at that, which left Vicky in the dark.

He was not Earthrank—he was Skyrank.

Three days later, at Tycon Dojo...

The building itself was owned by one of the Chandlers' associates.

The Chandlers had been spreading word about their upcoming confrontation with the Turnbells, and many had gathered around the dojo. Most of them were just there to enjoy the show or reconsider their alliances.

The Chandlers' purpose was simple, too: defeat the Turnbells and promote themselves so that the minor bigwigs would defect to them.

Cindy Zonda had come too. She loved joining in the liveliness, and Helen had to send her because she did not have the time for such a frivolous affair.

She was also accompanied by a man standing over 1.9 meters tall, his muscles tight and large as if boulders.

Hughie Steiner was her college classmate, and he built a business in fitness gyms after they

graduated. They recently met again during an alumni meeting and soon found themselves under the sheets.

Cindy certainly had fun, since fit people were simply... better.

"Who do

you think would win today, Hughie?" she asked in curiosity.

Hughie thought about it. "It's hard to say... The Chandlers' champion is tenth in Earthrank, while the Turnbells' is eighth."

"What? Doesn't that mean the Turnbells have the advantage?" Cindy exclaimed in surprise.

If anything, she would rather the Turnbells lose, to the point they were stripped of everything.

Frank certainly would not get to strut after that!

“That’s not set in stone,” Hughie said. “Two ranks means the gap isn’t that wide. We won’t know until the fight happens.”

Cindy’s mood improved right then—she was happy as long as the Turnbells did not win!

That was when she spotted a familiar figure, which was none other than Frank

“What are you doing here?!” she promptly snapped at him.

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Frank glanced at Cindy, surprised that she was there too.

“Hey, I’m talking to you, you hear?!” Cindy demanded with a scowl, striding up to him since he ignored her.

Frank retorted flatly, “Is that any of your business?”

“Hah!” Cindy snorted, rolling her eyes. “You’re just here to watch the fight, aren’t you? What a shame that the Turnbells are going to fall soon. Let’s see how you’re going to strut after that, gigolo!”

“Word of advice—don’t start trouble over nothing. I don’t want to hurt you today.” Frank leveled her an icy glare.

Hughie walked up to them just then, asking in curiosity, “Who’s this, Cindy?”

Cindy folded her arms before her chest and snorted, “My cousin’s ex—husband. A piece of shit, really—she divorced him because he was so far beneath him, so he quickly hooked up with Vicky Turnbull.”

Hughie nodded, relieved to hear that Frank had nothing going for him. “So you’re just a gigolo, kid. Now apologize to Cindy.”

Frank snorted. “Why should I?”

Hughie frowned. “Know your place, brat.”

Cindy quickly scoffed beside him, “Word of advice, Frank: don’t upset Hughie here. He’s the gym coach of Huggies Fitness and an apprentice here in Tycon Dojo. Apologize to me, and I might consider asking him to spare you.”

Hughie grinned as he flexed his biceps at Frank, smug that he had a chance to show off in front of Cindy.

Frank merely laughed. “What if I refuse?”

Hughie pointed him in the nose and snapped, “Then get in the ring, brat! Hell, I’ll even fight you one hand as a handicap!”

He really thought nothing of Frank, judging him by his slender frame that he could easily floor him.

Cindy kept goading Frank beside him too. “Are you scared? Don’t worry—I will ask Hughie to hold back since you’re Helen’s ex-husband and all.”

Frank merely shook his head, exasperated with her antics.

Hughie, however, thought he was afraid and sneered. “Haha! Aren’t you a man? Why are you acting like your balls fell off?”

Cindy giggled. “Oh, my cousin wouldn’t have divorced her if he was ever manly enough...”

That was when Frank suddenly said flatly, “Since you asked for it, let’s play.”

“Sure!” Hughie laughed, almost vexed for a moment that he did not get to show off in front of Cindy.

Parte 403

“Go on, get in the ring,” he said, flexing his wrist.

Frank shook his head. “It’s fine. We can do this right here—you start first.”

“Whoa, me? You’d be dead!” Hughie snorted, suddenly realizing that Frank was really belittling him.

Frank simply retorted quietly, “What, are you scared?”

“Shut the fuck up! Quit putting on airs already!” Hughie bellowed, having had enough of Frank’s haughtiness and launching a jab at him right then!

Frank stood with his hands clasped behind his back.

He sidestepped and flicked his fingers, launching an invisible burst of pure vigor straight at Hughie’s kneecap!

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Hughie immediately felt a pang of pain in his kneecap, while his own inertia sent him crashing headlong on the wall!

There was an audible thud, and he was promptly bleeding freely from the forehead.

"Oh!" Cindy gasped as she turned pale and ran up to Hughie, asking in concern, "Are you alright, Hughie?"

Hughie was left clutching his head as he growled through his teeth, "I'm fine, I'm fine... I just slipped."

He actually had no idea what happened, and his knees were still very much in pain!

Wheeling on Frank, he snapped, "You bastard! Why did you dodge?! Weren't you going to fight me?!"

Cindy was frowning at Frank too. "Yeah! Why did you dodge?"

Frank laughed coldly. "What, am I supposed to just stand there and wait? Why are you blaming me for being slow? Though it's hilarious how you crashed straight into the wall."

"Bastard!" Hughie was livid, but even as he tried to get up to attack Frank, he realized he had no strength in his knees at all.

Cindy saw him stumble and quickly asked, "What's wrong, Hughie?"

Hughie pursed his lips. "I-I can't feel my legs..."

"What?!" Cindy exclaimed in shock. "How could this be?"

Frank sneered in turn. "Maybe you hit your head so hard that you can't use your legs anymore?"

Π

"Shut up!" Hughie bellowed, but he did not have time to bother with Frank anymore. "Cindy... Get me to the hospital..."

"Okay..."

Cindy nodded and helped him to the hospital without delay.

Naturally, Frank could enjoy his peace and quiet with those two pests gone.

Vicky, Yara, Cliff, Boran, and a host of Turnbull bodyguards soon arrived.

"Oh, you're already here." Vicky nodded at Frank.

Frank nodded in turn. "The Chandlers aren't here yet?"

As soon as he spoke, another large group of people appeared from the back entrance of Tycon Dojo.

The man in the lead was Drake Chandler, a middle-aged man with a hawkish appearance and tenth in Earthrank.

Behind him was Wilf, the Chandler family butler, and the Chandlers' bodyguards.

Vicky nodded at Drake. "It's a pleasure, Mr. Chandler."

Drake remained impassive, his hands clasped behind his back and his words the conditions we asked three days ago at the

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Drake chuckled. "Then there's nothing to disa

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Chapter 405

Drake smiled at Vicky's request. "Of course"

Vicky was taken aback that he would accept so easily, just as Drake added, "If we win, you'll give us all of Grande Pharma's shares. Do you have any issues with that?"

"Of course not." Vicky shook her head. "And if we win, you and your family will never harass us as Naturally, we'll welcome you if you're willing to do business."

"Sure Shall we proceed to the ring?" Drake smiled.

Vicky had already sensed that something was wrong with that enigmatic smile of his but just could not put her finger on what.

Quess she would just have to wait and see...

Vicky only realized that the Chandlers had invited many bigwigs in Riverton to watch the fight. All of them were staring at the Chandlers and her group as soon as they entered the hall.

"Hey, who do you think is going to win?"

"I'm not sure... but I hope the Turnbulls do."

“What? What good would come of that?”

“The Chandlers promised to make public the Rejuvenation Pill recipe once they have it. We’d be making a killing too...”

Frank’s ears were sharp enough to hear their discussion, and he was actually surprised and suspicious

They had just decided on the spoils for the fight, but the Chandlers had already told them that they would all enjoy the spoils as well?

Even if the Chandlers did invite everyone here, something was still fishy...

“Mr. Chandler, what’s this?” Vicky asked, gesturing at the crowd.

Drake chuckled. “Don’t worry, Ms. Turnbull. They’re just acting as my witness, in case you lose and try to bail.”

Vicky pursed her lips.

Bail?! There was no telling who would win here!

Either way, they had to win!

On the other hand, Yara was annoyed by Drake’s words. “That goes for you too.”

“Us Chandlers losing? Dream on, brat!” Wilf snorted while glaring at her in disdain.

Drake laughed in turn. “It’s good to be confident, girlie. We shall see how you do soon enough.

П

With that, he strode towards the crowd and announced, “Welcome, ladies and gentlemen! Thank you for accepting my invitation to this fight and being our witness! See to it that the

defeated does not bail or press any accusations against the victor!”

Drake’s words were bold and confident, as if the Chandlers were not going to lose.

And when he was finished, Wilf entered the ring.

Drake turned toward Vicky in turn. “Who will you be sending, Ms. Turnbull?”

Vicky glanced at Boran, but Yara said, “There’s no reason to overdo it, Vicky. I can deal with him—he’s no Drake. We will leave him to Mr. Lepley.”

Vicky thought about it and nodded. “Just be careful.”

Yara nodded and took to the ring.

The crowd was immediately in an uproar.

“Whoa, who’s the chick?”

“Yara Quill, daughter of Riverton’s governor. She’s quite strong.”

“I wonder who’s better—her or Wilf?”

“No idea, but I guess we’ll soon find out.”

Wilf was actually surprised that Vicky would send in another woman first—he thought they would send Frank at worst!

He snorted in disdain. “Hah! You Turnbells are really making light of me, sending a girl against me!”

“Cut the crap,” Yara snapped. “Talk after you’ve beaten me!”

“Fine. Let’s see what you have.”

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With those words, Wilf charged his technique and leapt toward Yara.

Yara energized her Boltsmacker in turn, and they clashed with fists and palms, exchanging dozens of blows in a split second!

As the fight intensified, the crowd around the ring cheered in excitement.

“Didn’t think the doll would last that long against Wilf!”

“The governor’s daughter is really something...”

Wilf was actually seething—he was older than Yara and a man at that! The fact that she lasted this long against him was humiliating!

He would have taken her down with a single move and was caught off guard that Yara was that strong and armed with an extraordinary technique.

Nonetheless, Yara was only in her twenties and lost greatly in terms of her experience.



When Wilf deliberately left an opening, she took it unsurprisingly, prompting him to laugh. Too young, too naive..."

Yara's face fell, but it was too late to escape—Wilf had suddenly caught her wrist and slammed his palm on her shoulder!

"Oof!" Yara grunted as she was sent flying some distance away.

Vicky hurried to her, helping her to her feet. "Are you alright, Yara?"

"I'm fine." Yara nodded but soon hung her head guilty. "I'm sorry I lost."

Vicky did not blame Yara—Wilf was strong and much older, and it made sense if Yara could not win.

"It's nothing," she assured Yara. "He's the Chandlers' butler—losing to him is nothing embarrassing."

Frank nodded in agreement. "You've only lost experience, not because you're weak. In a couple years, he won't stand a chance against you."

The crowd were all cheering too, since it had been a close.

"You're awesome, Ms. Quill!"

"Exactly! Wilf Chandler only won with a cheap trick!"

"You'd definitely win in a couple of years!"

Wilf, who still stood in the ring, frowned.

He won but somehow lost...

Just then, Drake said, "You lost the first round, Ms. Turnbull. Are you going to continue?"

"Of course," Vicky replied. "We're not out of men."

"Really? Who will you send next?" Drake laughed.

Vicky turned toward Boran. "If you please, Mr. Lepley."

Boran snorted. "If I'd gone up just now, it would've been over already. What a waste of time."

While Yara was left embarrassed, Vicky was gritting her teeth in annoyance.

However, she did not say anything since they still needed Boran to win.

Be that as it may, after Boran entered the ring, neither him nor Wilf moved.

Vicky was left dumbstruck. "What are you waiting for, Mr. Lepley?"

Boran then raised his hand and said, "I surrender."

"What?!" Vicky sprang to her feet, while Yara, Cliff, and Frank were all staring blankly, Did Boran just concede?!

Chapter 407

1/2

"Well, that just happened..."

The crowd around the ring was also left staring blankly.

Meanwhile, Vicky's eyes were round and wide in disbelief. "What are you doing, Mr. Lepley?" "Nothing, just conceding." Boran shrugged nonchalantly.

"I paid you thirty million to fight for us!" Vicky snapped furiously. "And you just concede?!"

Boran laughed and folded his arms before his chest. "You did, but the Chandlers paid me fifty million—of course I'm on their side. Why don't you top up another twenty mil? I swear I'll be neutral about that."

"You're despicable!" Vicky screamed as she pointed at his face.

She was convinced Boran would observe the virtues of martial artists, but it turned out that she gave him too much credit!

"Hahaha!!!" Drake laughed out loud right then. "That's another one point for my side, Ms. Tunbull! Your champion just conceded, too... Do you have anyone else to send in?"

Vicky gritted her teeth, her knuckles clenching.

What could they do when the Chandlers have two Earthranks on their side anyway?!

And seeing that she was silent, Drake laughed again. "In that case, it's time you hand over your shares—"

"Hold it," Frank suddenly said.

Drake turned and frowned at him. "What? Are you going to bail now?"

"Who said anything about bailing?" Frank retorted flatly. "The wager still stands — and the Turnbolls still have me."

Everyone was shocked.

The Chandlers had two Earthranks on their side, and the brat was still going in the ring?!

“Who is he? He’s quite something...”

“No idea. Never seen him before...”

At the same time, Vicky hurried to Frank. “Just forget it. There’s too many of them—you can’t take them all alone.”

She was certainly frustrated, but she would not risk Frank either.

Yara was already defeated, and Cliff did not stand a chance against Boran.

That meant it was up to Frank to face Wilf, Boran, and Drake—and the latter two had not even lifted a finger so far!

“Don’t worry. No rat would hurt me,” Frank said, staring pointedly at Boran.

He thought he was quite the character with his endlessly haughty attitude, but it turned out he was just another ingrate.

Holding Frank’s gaze with a murderous glare, he growled, “Who are you calling rat, bastard?!”

“You, of course,” Frank replied calmly as he slowly entered the ring.

“Oh, my... the audacity of belittling an Earthrank!” Drake exclaimed, and started goading Boran, “Go on, Mr. Lepley, Have at him.”

Then, he turned to Frank and sneered, “Rejoice, young man. It’s your life’s greatest honor to fight an Earthrank... Pity that you’d have to die doing it.”

Frank shrugged nonchalantly. “They’ve really bloated the list by including all sorts of scum into Earthrank, huh?”

Both Drake and Boran glowered right then, since they were both Earthrank individuals whose positions were quite similar!

“Well, you asked for it! Now, die!” Boran bellowed and charged at Frank—it was time to do a little something in service of the Chandlers after defecting anyway!

“Watch out, Frank!!!” Vicky, Yara and Cliff cried at the same time.

Boran was just so fast—his fist was already inches away from Frank’s face, but Frank had not even moved!

“Die!!!” Boran screamed.

However, just before his knuckle could make contact, he suddenly stopped right in front of Frank’s face!

Chapter 408

At some point in time, Frank had already grabbed Boran by the wrist, holding him in place!

“Is that all you’ve got?” Frank slowly looked up at him in disdain.

“What?” Boran exclaimed, his cheeks suddenly pale.

“It’s tradition—traitors do not get off scot-free, and the same goes for you,

And with those words, he swiped his palm against Boran's arm!

Swish!

Boran's arm was sliced off clean, and blood gushed out like a geyser!

"Argh!!!" Boran screamed—this was not how it was supposed to go!

Frank did not stop, however.

Crack!

you," Frank growled.

He grabbed Boran by the shoulder and crushed his bones into powder before kicking him out of the ring!

The entire exchange did not last more than three seconds, even as Frank nonchalantly flung Boran's dismembered arm on the floor!

Boran kept screaming even as he held his bleeding shoulder, "Give me back my arm... Give it back to me..."

Frank snorted. "It seems that the Cloud Mover style shall be lost on this day."

And with those words, he jammed his foot on Boran's dismembered arm and crushed it beneath his foot!

Something snapped in Boran as he looked on... his arm was now just a puddle, and it would never be reattached!

The crowd looked on in silence.

“Woah... the kid is ruthless.”

“It seems like the Turnbells have an ace up their sleeves!”

They had all been expecting the Turnbells to lose after Boran defected. Some even started to leave, ready to call off any partnerships they still had with the Turnbells.

Naturally, the way Frank suddenly stepped out and turned the tables changed their mind.

Even Vicky, Cliff, and Yara were astounded.

Yara’s jaw was even hanging open as she murmured, “H—He just took down an Earthrank with one strike... How strong is he?”

Cliff suddenly remembered how he insulted Frank the first time they met, and how hilarious it was!

The man could have killed him with just a flick of his finger!

Meanwhile, Frank stood in the ring, asking icily, “Anyone else?”

Drake vaulted into the ring. “Don’t get so full of yourself, kid.”

Frank simply laughed. “Weren’t you the tenth in Earthrank? The eighth can’t even lift a candle. to me—I guess you really are suicidal.”

“Hmph. That’s not the case now,” Drake growled, throwing off his shirt to bare his muscular frame, the very surroundings suddenly changing!

Vicky, Cliff, and Yara gasped in turn.

“Did he reach the pinnacle as a vigor wielder?”

“His vigor’s so abundant... he must be on the cusp of Birthright!”

The crowd was left frowning at yet another dramatic turn of events.

“So that’s why he’s so confident... Drake has mastered his vigor!”

“Wasn’t he just an initiate five years ago? Such an accomplishment is just horrific!”

Drake was grinning gleefully even as he listened to the crowd’s comment.

Glaring at Frank, he barked, “Now, die!”

Frank simply shook his head. “You would have had a chance if you reached Birthright rank... you’re too weak as you are now.”

With that, Frank suddenly unleashed his pure vigor, the air around him bursting away as he kicked Drake in the chest!

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Drake quickly threw up his hands to parry the kick with every bit of vigor he had, but within a split second, he could feel a terrible shockwave vaporizing his vigor!



His arms were left numbed from the blow, and he was struggling to stand as he wobbled backward and fell out of the ring!

There was a dull thud as he dropped on the floor, and Drake was left staring up at the ceiling, his face pale as a sheet.

He felt blood in his mouth and a gag reflex but managed to stop himself in time, stilling his churning meridians.

“Sir...?”

“Are you alright, sir?!”

Wilf and the other Chandlers turned pale too, horrified to see Frank knocking their elder out of the ring with just one kick!

Drake gulped as he sensed his blood welling up his throat but waved them off. “I’m fine...”

Meanwhile, Vicky, Cliff, and Yara were all trading glances.

“Whoa...”

“Oof... Wasn’t Frank saying that he’s not Earthrank? How is he having such an easy time against Earthrank?”

That was when Yara suggested, “Maybe he’s Skyrank?”

“Sky...rank?” Vicky’s eyes widened, not quite buying Yara’s theory.

“That’s impossible,” Cliff said. “Skyranks are usually fifty years or above, and most are heirs of their respective sects... And how old is Frank in comparison? Even if started as a baby, there’s no way he could reach Skyrank at just twenty!”

Vicky and Yara listened to him breaking down the process and nodded in agreement.

They certainly could not believe that Frank was Skyrank either!

Meanwhile, Frank stood imposingly in the ring and surveyed everything below loftily.

“I guess the Chandlers have no one left,” he growled. “Do you yield?”

Wilf pointed at Frank right then. “Don’t you get so full of yourself, kid! You merely caught Mr. Chandler off guard—he hasn’t surrendered yet!”

He knew he would not win against Frank, but they had a shot as long as Drake did not yield!

However, Drake’s face fell as he shot Wilf a glare. “Shut up!”

“Sir...?” Wilf blurted in uncertainty, not sure why his boss was being so wary.

He was trying to hype him up, only for him to be told to stay quiet?!

Drake growled at the same time, “You don’t get to talk here.”

Then, turning toward Frank and the Turnbells, he said, “Ms. Turnbull, my family’s fight is not

with you. Why don’t we put this mess behind us?”

The onlookers were all dumbstruck.

“What? It’s over?”

“What is Drake Chandler saying? Could Frank Lawrence’s kick be too much for him?”

“Oh, that actually makes sense....”

Vicky could hear them from the stage but frowned. “Are you yielding, Mr. Chandler?”

Drake shook his head. “Of course not. I just don’t want things to get out of hand.”

Frank laughed icily. “Since you’re not yielding, then we’ll just have to continue.”

The man was already crippled by his kick, but refused to admit it!

Naturally, Drake was sweating bullets as soon as Frank threatened to continue.

2/2

Still, he kept his hands behind his back as he frowned. “Do you not know anything aside from fighting, Mr. Lawrence? Let’s just stay out of each other’s way from now on, and won’t demand any part of Grande Pharma’s business...”

my family

Frank hesitated for a moment this time. “Such sweet words—do you really think you can send us away with just words?”

Chapter 410

Drake did a double take and demanded, “Then what do you want?”

Frank growled imposingly, "Vicky spent thirty million dollars for this fight. Pay up."

Vicky's heart could leap out of her throat at Frank's words—the Chandlers would never agree to such an unreasonable demand! If anything, she would be plenty happy to have the Chandlers out of her hair!

To no surprise, Wilf snapped furiously, "You're out of line!"

"That's enough!" Drake bellowed at him. "It's just thirty million. I'll

pay."

Vicky and Yara froze right then, and the same went without saying for Wilf and the other bigwigs.

"Sir... Don't you think that's too much?" Wilf asked skeptically.

Drake glared at Wilf and growled, "Are you telling me what to do?"

"Urk... No, of course not."

"Then shut up."

With that, Drake quickly had one of his men transfer thirty million dollars to Vicky's account. This concludes all business between us. Our families shall stay out of each other's way from

now on."

And with that, Drake strode out of the rear entrance of Tycon Dojo.

Wilf was certainly dissatisfied but had no choice but to follow.

“Sir, why would you—”

Before he could finish his question, Drake suddenly turned pale, dropped to his knees, and coughed out a mouthful of blood!

“What?! What happened to you, sir?!” Wilf cried even as he helped Drake to his feet.

Drake sighed lengthily. “It’s Frank Lawrence.”

“What? Didn’t he just kick you once?”

“And it almost killed me,” Drake groaned. “I was just acting tough... I thought it’d be easy, but I didn’t think the Turnbolls had someone that strong on their side. It seems that we’ll have to stop upsetting them for now...”

Wilf flinched in fear right then, knowing that he cheated death since he had almost fought Frank...

“Get me a sealed room where I can heal,” Drake added just then. “And don’t mess with the Turnbolls for a while.”

“Yes, Mr. Chandler...” Wilf quickly replied and left with Drake.

Outside Tycon Dojo, the various bigwigs had already left.

After all, they had come to see who would come out on top between the Turnbolls and Chandlers, only to be denied their entertainment!

As Vicky and the clothes left the dojo, Vicky asked Frank, “What rank have you reached, Frank?”

Frank shrugged. "Birthright."

"W-What?" Cliff was stunned. "Birthright at your age?"

Frank nodded. "Just reached it a few days ago."

Cliff gulped—Frank had no reason to exaggerate, and he had definitely reached Birthright as he said.

What was more, he was just in his twenties! Cliff was already in his thirties but merely an initiate in vigor!

Talk about a frustrating rivalry!

"Are you Skyrank, Mr. Lawrence?" Yara quickly pressed.

Frank shook his head. "I don't know about Skyrank or Earthrank. I'll take down anyone who stands in my way."