

The Girlboss 411

Chapter 411

Naturally, Vicky, Yara, and Cliff all thought Frank's words were filled with conceit.

Cliff in particular gave him a kind warning. "You really shouldn't underestimate Skyrank elites, Mr. Lawrence. The ones I've had the honor of meeting may be over fifty years old, but their might can shatter mountains. They are no longer your average martial artists at that point."

Frank simply chuckled in return. "Thanks for the tip."

In reality, Cliff would understand that the likes of Skyrank elites were beneath Frank if he had actually met Frank at his peak form.

Later, Vicky left the group and headed home alone after having a few words with them.

While Frank was supposedly her bodyguard, he basically never worked in that capacity for more than a few days.

Meanwhile, at the Riverton International Airport, Donald Salazar, his family, and Jaud White were waiting at the checkpoint for a while.

Today, his eldest son was returning, and Donald thought highly of him as his heir.

Drakon Salazar had furthered his studies at eighteen. Moreover, his accomplishment in martial arts earned him a place at Sage Lake Sect, a foreign sect where he became the senior apprentice.

Still, as Donald stood with his hands clasped behind his back, he mused, "I wonder who's going to win today—the Chandlers or the Turnbolls..."

Jaud chuckled beside him. "It'd be best if they both lose, so we can wipe them out wholesale."

“Hah!” Donald laughed in conceit, perfectly confident in his son’s abilities. “I wouldn’t stoop that low—my son has just completed his apprenticeship, and we will take Riverton with his strength alone. Not even the Chandlers and Turnbells combined can stand against us!”

Jaud nodded in turn. “Certainly—Drakon would definitely rise to prominence soon enough. If anything, a place like Riverton is too small for him!”

Viola was growling through her teeth right then, “I’ll have Frank captured alive. He’d wish he were dead!”

She was sweating buckets even now whenever she remembered the terror of being tormented by Frank. Moreover, the Larkin’s mansion was destroyed days ago, with Zeb Larkin gone

without a trace.

She was not about to take that insult lying down!

“Don’t worry,” Donald assured her. “I won’t spare him or the Turnbells.”

Soon, Drakon’s flight landed, and the handsome youth himself soon showed up wearing shades. He was the very picture of success with a pretty woman in his arms, turning many heads as they passed. /

With her jet-black hair spread loosely over her shoulders, the woman was as charming as her figure was stunning. The side slit on her dress kept her long legs vaguely visible.

Donald was laughing when he saw Drakon.

“Welcome back, son,” he said, then asked in curiosity as he noticed the woman with him, “And you are...?”

Drakon smiled, "Ah, slipped my mind. This is Quinn Ocean, my girlfriend and the daughter of an elder of Sage Lake Sect. We've been helping each other as we rose through the ranks over

the years, and we were hoping you'd agree to our engagement."

Quinn greeted Donald politely in turn. "Hello, Mr. Salazar. Please accept this."

Chapter 412

Quinn handed the box to Donald containing Eternal Ice. It was a sacred relic of Sage Lake Sect, which prolonged an average Joe's lifespan when consumed.

Drakon had told Donald about that before and was surprised Quinn would give him one.

Whether it was real or fake, he smiled. "Thank you, Ms. Ocean. Well, neither of you are exactly young—it's high time to get married, though there are other matters that take priority."

Donald's tone changed sharply as he continued, "Your sister was bullied a while ago..."

Drakon raised a hand to stop him. "You have nothing to worry about. Viola told me—they really don't know what's good for them, going that far. I've returned to settle the score and to make everyone in Riverton understand how terrible a fate awaits those who would bring harm to my family."

Donald was naturally beaming at his son's bold declaration. "Hahaha! I definitely have nothing to worry about with you around, son!"

Neither Frank nor Vicky were aware that the Salazars were coming after them.

Moreover, Frank was distracted because Helen had been visiting his mansion every day and cooking breakfast for him before going to work.

It was no different today, as Winter arrived downstairs to find that Helen had already finished cooking breakfast.

"Oh, you're up, Winter," Helen said as she took off her apron. "Breakfast is ready."

Winter sat down at the table and sighed emotionally at the dishes laid out all over the table. "You're really tireless, coming in every day to cook for Frank."

They had grown closer as they spent time together for days.

Even though Winter liked Frank too, she did not think she deserved Frank since she lacked the looks or success to compete against Vicky or Helen.

Moreover, Helen certainly showed determination with the way she came in early every morning to make breakfast for Frank.

However, Helen flashed a pained smile. "It's what I should do."

This was her way of making amends—Frank had cooked for her for over three years, but she had never once thanked him, as if he was obligated to do it.

Winter only felt pained inside. "Right... Frank would definitely like you."

11

Helen simply thought that Winter was offering her blessing. She still presumed that Frank and Winter were relatives, and that Winter was a potential ally.

Just then, Frank arrived home after his daily routine, and Helen quickly greeted him. "Welcome back. Come and have your breakfast."

Frank watched her work hard and the table full of dishes as he smiled.

He used to imagine this endlessly, but their marriage was only filled with strife and arguments.

And now, after their divorce, things were amicable to no end... Fate was certainly ironic.

Still, once Helen packed her things and started to head to work, she walked up to Frank and gave him a peck on the cheek.

Frank froze up, as they had never been this intimate in their three-year marriage.

Helen was embarrassed too and promptly fled outside.

It was her first time making the first move, and her heart was pounding even as she left Skywater Bay!

Chapter 413

Frank touched his cheek, where a lipstick mark remained, and he could vaguely smell the intoxicating sweetness...

Nearby, Winter pouted, "Hey, are you going to eat? Or was your soul sucked out by that kiss?"

"Ahem..."

Frank cleared his throat, never expecting something this awkward happening to him.

Still, he shot Winter a glare, "What would a kid like you know?"

“I’m twenty,” Winter rolled her eyes, even puffing her chest. “And you’re still calling me a kid?”

Frank chuckled, “Can’t tell that you’re grown up at all.”

“Hey!” Winter flushed in anger. “Are you a virgin?”

Her own question somehow piqued her curiosity, and she tugged Frank’s sleeve as she pressed, “Wait, you are?”

Frank flushed and frowned, “What’s so funny? I need to hold it in for the sake of my training....

“Hababa! Whatever you say,” Winter laughed so hard that she was shaking, “Married for three years but still a virgin... Hahaha...”

“Alright, quit laughing and eat,” Frank snapped as he sat at the dining table to do so, not about to discuss the birds and the bees with a child,

However, Winter was almost choking as she kept giggling, and he sighed. “Alright, stop laughing already, I will buy you a handbag, later if you behave.”

“Really?” Winter’s eyes lit up. “I recently saw this bag that’s about 500 dollars...”

“I’ll buy it for you if you don’t ever mention that again.” Frank chuckled,

“Deal”

Winter promptly stopped giggling and ate solemnly,

Frank was grinning in turn—truly, handbags cured all sickness,

After breakfast, Frank took Winter to Grande Square,

It was a holiday, and the place was plenty crowded,

Moreover, as the recent pandemic lockdown concluded, many youths who were suffering from cabin fever finally got to spend their savings.

Frank was going to pick a handbag from a luxury brand for Winter, but she shook her head in refusal. "Forget it, Frank. Those brands are an insult to local brands, and it's embarrassing carrying them around,"

"True." Frank nodded in admiration and patted his chest assuringly, "Then pick anything you

like. It's on me.'

"This one over here..." Winter said, pulling her along to a store for an antiquated local brand, with handbags and other fashion accessories all in a local style.

Frank looked around to find that the designs and everything else about the merchandise there were simple and straightforward, showing the designers' attention to detail.

"This store's been trending on our campus, Frank." Winter giggled, and picked up a cherry print handbag. "You said you're paying, didn't you? Well, I'm taking this one."

Chapter 414

Jean Zims and the others had already bought this exact handbag, and Winter had been yearning for it for a while, but she just did not have the money for it.

Frank chuckled. "It's no problem. While you're at it, do check out if there are clothes or anything else you need. We can buy everything at once."

Winter quickly threw up her hands. "No, it's fine. The stuff here is expensive—just a handbag is enough."

She was reluctant to ask Frank to spend too much on her. After all, she knew how difficult it was to make money since she had been helping out at her mother's snackbar ever since she was a child.

Frank, however, did not seem to mind. "It's fine—it's a happy day for me. We're getting whatever you want."

He was really pleased that Winter was not a golddigger despite being raised in poverty, though one would have Carol Zims to thank for that.

"Oh, I'm really fine! I have clothes and everything I need now—why buy more?" Winter still refused.

Seeing that she was insistent, Frank nodded and headed over to the cashier, paying without hesitation.

Still, just as they were about to leave, a familiar voice asked, "Winter? What brings you here?"

Frank and Winter turned to find that it was Aria Lond. She was wearing white camisole that bared her fair shoulders, matched with a miniskirt and white thigh-highs hugging her legs, presenting her as endlessly youthful.

Winter smiled and greeted her in turn. "Oh, nothing much—just came to shop with Frank."

Aria grinned. "You mean, a date?"

Winter blushed but quickly corrected her. "Hey, stop it."

Aria narrowed her eyes and clicked her tongue. “Out with it—you haven’t been staying at the dorm. Have you moved in with him?”

“What, I...” Winter was stumped, not expecting Aria to guess that.

Still, she was not about to admit it—Aria was such a loudmouth that everyone would know tomorrow!

“No way,” she huffed. “That’s not going to happen.”

Aria nodded in turn, “I guess he’s really not your type. And since it’s not a date, why don’t I join in? We can go shopping together.”

“What?” Winter glanced at Frank. “I’m fine with that, but...”

Aria quickly caught her cue, and walked up to Frank to wrap her hands around his arm intimately. “Please, Mr. Lawrence. I’m bored shopping alone—why don’t we shop together?”

“Sure,” Frank did not hesitate—in his mind, Aria was a pretty girl and a student, albeit a little

of a gold digging.

He was just chaperoning Winter anyway, and having Aria with them would make things less awkward.

“Great! Winter, I just saw that they’re having a major sale at the lingerie store, though you need to buy at least four items,” Aria exclaimed in excitement as she grasped Winter’s arm. It’s the perfect coincidence—we can pick more items since we’re going together!”

“Alright!” Winter’s eyes lit up as soon as she heard the word sale, since she could never resist one after years of being frugal

With that, Aria pulled Winter ahead as Frank followed them to the lingerie store.

When they arrived and Frank found himself staring at the large selection of lingerie, he realized it was really awkward for a man to be there.

On the other hand, as Aria and Winter entered, a retail assistant quickly greeted them eagerly. "Hello, ladies. Are you looking for anything in particular?"

Aria pulled Winter along and pointed at a certain piece of lingerie. "How about that one, Winter?"

Winter turned where she pointed and blushed right then.

#Claim Bonus For Free Every Day>>

Chapter 415

Even Frank lowered his eyes after a brief glance, rubbing his nose in silence.

Aria was pointing at a black babydoll nightie that was too risqué no matter how one looked at it!

Winter nudged her while complaining under her breath, "I can't wear that! Forget it!"

Aria snorted. "Why not? It looks perfectly fine to me."

The retail assistant with them quickly chimed in, "Exactly—it's our latest addition, and the design is as fashionable as it is comfortable. I've bought one myself too! It also comes in various sizes, so why not give it a try?"

Aria turned patiently to Winter in turn. "See? Your pajamas are thick and old-fashioned. No respectable man would be interested after seeing you in it. The way I see it, you should buy a few more just to make sure they can't take their eyes off you."

Winter could feel her cheeks burning.

As she glanced at Frank with the corner of her eye, she actually felt eager to try it on as well when she saw him blush.

Still, she just could not overcome her shyness.

“Why don’t you try it first? I promise you–this one really suits you.” Aria giggled before gesturing at Frank. “You be the judge, Mr. Lawrence.”

Winter turned pale and snapped frantically, “What are you doing?”

“Letting Mr. Lawrence take a sample, of course. You wear lingerie like that for men, y’know,” Aria told her carefreely, even holding the nightie in front of Winter to gauge the size.

“Ahem... I wouldn’t know about that, since I’ve never bought any before.” Frank cleared his throat awkwardly since he just happened to be staring and quickly turned away.

Winter had the freedom to wear whatever she liked, but Frank actually would rather she did not. Students should dress the part, after all.

“See? He’s shy.” Aria goaded Winter. “Go on, try it!”

Winter still could not overcome her own shyness, however, just as she could sense Frank’s aversion.

“Forget it. I’m getting something normal,” Winter said and shoved the nightie back into Aria’s hands before heading further inside the store.

“Hey...”

Aria was going to stop her, but Winter had already put some distance between them and started picking something else with the retail assistant's help.

She was actually disappointed that Winter did not seize the chance when she could and turned toward Frank

Lifting the nightie with just a finger, she purred, "Don't be shy, Mr. Lawrence. Nothing to get shy about when it's just me—I'll put this on if you'd like to look."

Frank did a double take, surprised that she was that liberal.

Still, he said, "Not interested."

Aria doubted that, presuming that Frank was just faking it since there was no man in the world who would not be.

"You can quit pretending, Mr. Lawrence. Just wait here." She smiled and headed into a changing room right then.

As Frank was left speechless, Winter also picked something she liked. "What do you think about this one, Frank?"

She was holding a white bra—there was no elaborate fabric, but it was much more conservative than the babydoll nightie earlier.

Frank was left feeling awkward again—why would she ask him when he was not her boyfriend?

"Oh... It's not bad," he replied half-heartedly.

The retail assistant was left a little perplexed right then—what was the story between him and the two ladies here?

As Winter took the bra she picked into the changing room, the retail assistant told her, "Take your time, miss. Just let me know if you need help."

"Okay."

The retail assistant left to serve other customers, while Winter slowly took off her jacket to try on the bra in front of the mirror.

Chapter 416

As Winter stood before the mirror, she kept staring and admiring her own figure.

"Hmm... Not bad at all." Smiling and nodding in satisfaction, she decided to take the one she tried on.

However, she was about to unhook it when she realized that she was unable to.

She fumbled for the hook, only to realize it was stuck.

She started to panic right then, but the more she struggled, the tighter the bra became.

As she sweated all over her brow, she gently knocked on the door.

Frank, who was standing outside, asked, "Yeah? What's up?"

"Uh, Frank..." she murmured softly. "Is the retail assistant still there?"

Frank looked around, but the retail assistant was nowhere to be seen. "No. Is there a problem?"

ET

Winter immediately felt embarrassed to death and whispered, “What about Aria?”

“She got into another changing cubicle, and she’s still in there.”

“What?!” Winter was speechless—Aria was always dropping the ball!

Having no choice, she asked, “Could I ask you for a favor, Frank?”

“Sure,” Frank quickly replied.

Winter opened the door slightly, saying gingerly, “Just come in here for a moment...”

“What?” Frank was dumbstruck. “I... probably shouldn’t?”

Winter’s cheeks were beet red, her voice tiny even as she realized he misunderstood. “That’s not what I mean! My bra hook is stuck and I can’t detach it. I need your help here—I can’t go out, y’know!”

Frank understood with a start—he should have known Winter was not like that.

Still, he looked around to make sure no one was inside before sneaking inside the changing

room.

He quickly saw that Winter had nothing on aside from the bra, her fair skin in full view as she hung her head, keeping her arms over her chest as she muttered, “Frank, could you take a look at the hook?”

Frank’s gaze never strayed, since he really considered Winter his sister.

Moving behind her, he chuckled. "You locked it. I'll help you."

"Okay," Winter said without hesitation but flinched when Frank's hands touched her skin the next instant.

The warm, hot sensation almost drained her dry right then!

"What's wrong?" Frank asked.

Winter shook her head repeatedly. "N-Nothing... Could you hurry up?"

"Okay... Just a moment..."

Frank frowned—he was feeling hard—pressed too, since he did not grow out his nails and the hook was locked tight.

He suddenly sighed, his warm breath blowing across Winter's smooth back, and she had to bite her lip to stop herself from making a sound...

"Done!" Frank soon succeeded after considerable effort.

And once unfastened, the bra started to slide off...

Chapter 417

Almost in reflex, Winter pressed her bra against her chest as she flushed.

She could not let it slip, just as holding on for too long would be bad...

She froze, staring at the minor and seeing that Frank was staring fixedly at her.

Noticing that things were getting awry, Frank quickly turned away, his body heating up in the cramped space

Frank scratched his head. "So, I think I'll just leave..."

Why would he stay there after unfastening the book anyway?

Winner nodded, but that was when Aria stepped out of her cubicle.

Looking around but finding neither Frank nor Winter, she asked out loud in confusion, "Hey, Winter? Are you in there?"

Winter promptly grabbed Frank's arm at Aria's voice, and Frank turned to see Winter shaking her head

She was reluctant to let Aria see her with Frank in a single cubicle—who knew what tall tales Aria would tell, given her rich imagination!

Frank rubbed her nose and tactfully stayed quiet, pretending as if there was no one in here.

Still, he pointed at Winter's chest.

Since she was still holding on to him, her bra was loose.

Winter almost yelped when she looked down and promptly withdrew her hand to cup her breasts, while Frank tactfully turned away.

Meanwhile, Aria left since there was no response, while Frank stepped out just then.

Winter quickly got dressed and stepped out soon enough, her cheeks beet red.

“Where have you two been?” Aria asked, finally finding them again after searching the entire store.

And she was right here earlier!

Frank cleared his throat. “Just... uh, taking a stroll”

Winter added guiltily, “I—I was right here. Been changing the whole time.”

However, Aria’s eyes were narrowed as she studied Winter from head to toe. “Why are your cheeks so red?”

“What?” Winter exclaimed in surprise, touching her face. “Really?”

“What do you mean, ‘really’? They’re as red as fire.” Aria snorted, glancing between Winter and Frank. “Were you two doing something immodest while I’m gone?”

“Stop it,” Winter promptly snapped at her.

Aria simply grinned in understanding, having an idea right then. “Come on—let’s catch this new movie in the cinema.”

Winter nodded—she was fine with anything as long as Aria did not press the issue. “Yeah, it’s been a while.”

Frank followed them once again, a slave for the day as he carried their drinks and popcorn.

He sat between them in the pitch-black theater, though one might call him lucky having two college students flanking him.

Still, the movie was romantic themed and not interesting to him, and he was just a chaperone

anyway.

Winter, however, was watching it very seriously, her eyes wide as she watched the romantic progression of the female lead, flashing a silly grin on occasion.

At the same time, the couple in front of Frank were kissing each other viciously...

Chapter 418

Frank felt something on himself just as he was going to close his eyes for a nap.

He looked down to find Aria's hand on his lap, her elbow pressing against him as she leaned toward him.

Frank shot her a cool look, only for her to smile and loosen her collar button, exposing herself without a care.

Her legs were crossed, her stilettos already off her feet as she brushed her thigh-high socks against her leg.

And when he did not react, her hands started to move boldly up Frank's thigh... but he caught her just before she reached his belt.

Frowning, he growled under his breath, "Keep your hands to yourself."

Aria simply flashed a bewitching smile, though she stayed in line after Frank warned her.

Soon, Frank headed to the men's room, intending to relieve himself.

Seeing a chance, Aria promptly followed him, squeezing her way into his cubicle even before he could take off his pants!

He frowned. "Are you crazy? This is the men's room."

Aria smiled nonchalantly. "What's the problem? There wasn't anyone when I came in just now."

11

"That still doesn't mean you can come in, and I'm someone, y'know. Just leave already."

"No way." Aria pouted, shaking her head. "And you saw that lingerie earlier, didn't you? I'm wearing it right now... Would you like to check it out?"

Aria smiled and took off her jacket, revealing the babydoll nightie underneath.

Frank scowled—to think that the girl could be so immodest!

Aria even wrapped her arms around his neck and purred, "Why don't you just take me? I'm a good girl—I promise I won't try to fight Winter for you. No, I'd even help you win her over. I can give you anything she can give too, and even what she can't."

Frank stared at her mascara-covered cheeks, amused by her invitation. "Why do you insist on throwing yourself into my arms?"

“Because you’re rich,” Aria said brazenly. “Don’t worry—I’m not here to bug you. Just give me some pocket money each month, and you can have me any way you want.”

Frank rolled his eyes—shameless people were truly invincible.

He was certainly at a loss for words on how to describe her, what with her spelling out her conditions for him.

After some thought, he said, “Why don’t we do this instead? Help me watch over Winter on campus and make sure she’s safe, and I’ll give you pocket money worth five figures each month.”

“For real?” Aria exclaimed in surprise. “It’s that simple?”

“Of course, though you can forget it if you’re not interested.”

“Oh, yes, yes, yes... I’m interested, and I promise to take good care of Winter from now on. You will know right away if any man gets too close to her.” Aria quickly nodded.

Frank nodded in satisfaction. “Good, so that means we now have a working relationship, and I’m basically your boss.”

“Of course,” Aria said shyly.

“Then leave.”

“But you can ask for anything else too, Mr. Lawrence,” Aria purred. “I will satisfy any request.

I mean, you’re quite good looking, and I won’t lose anything with a romp...”

“Leave,” Frank repeated.

Chapter 419

Having made a deal with Frank, Aria left the men's room, satisfied.

Frank was actually uninterested with overly enthusiastic women like Aria, and not because of her looks, but rather, it was their immodesty and willingness to do anything for money.

There was no way Frank would pay her that much attention—who knew when she would make him a cuck.

After relieving himself, he stepped out to find Aria waiting outside.

As they returned together, they found someone in Frank's seat.

It was a young man dressed flamboyantly, trying to chat Winter up. "Hey, are you here alone? Why don't we add each other on WhatsApp?"

Winter did not even know when he came and promptly waved him off in refusal. "No, I'm here with my brother."

"Oh, that's fine. You're here to hang out anyway, right?" the youth pressed.

Winter nodded shyly, and he chuckled. "Oh, I forgot to mention – my brother is the general manager of this mall. Why don't we hang out later? Everything will be on the house, and we're friends after that. Anyway, my name is Sunny Jameson. What's yours?"

Winter had no intentions of hanging out with him and refused politely. "No, thanks. I'm heading home later."

Sunny was not giving up and kept going. "Come on, girl—"

Frank returned before he could finish, clapping him on the shoulder. "That's my seat, bro."

Sunny frowned and glared at him. "Who are you? This theater isn't full—can't you get another seat?"

Frank repeated bluntly, "That's my seat."

"Welcome back, Frank." Winter sighed in relief when she saw Frank.

Sunny quickly calmed down when he realized Frank was with Winter and smiled while holding out a hand. "Oh, hello. I'm a friend."

Frank did not shake his hand, however. "This is the cinema, sir, so please be quiet and return to your seat."

Sunny flashed a chagrined smile and quickly sat down behind Winter.

Even as Frank and Aria returned to their seats, Sunny had already forgotten what Frank said and kept talking to Winter from the back, "There's this nice cafe in this mall. It's my treat. "No thanks..." Winter frowned and shook her head—she was always too meek to be stern.

That only encouraged Sunny, who whipped out his phone and continued, "Then how about the best dessert store here in Grande Square? Satisfaction guaranteed."

This time, before Winter could finish, Frank snatched his phone away.

"Hey! What are you doing?!" Sunny snapped furiously.

Frank answered him with a slap across his face, knocking him to the floor.

Chapter 420

Frank was pointing Sunny in the nose as he snapped, “Get out of here if you’re not interested in watching the movie!”

With that, he threw Sunny’s phone to the ground, smashing it into pieces!

Sunny was furious. “Hey! That’s the latest model—how dare you smash it?!”

Even Aria snapped at Sunny at that point, “Where do you come from, acting like you own the place because you have the latest phone? It’s just ten grand at best. Now get out of here!”

She would have been interested in rich kids like Sunny before, but that was not the case now after she got in Frank’s good graces.

Not only would she be earning an easy ten grand each month, but she also would not mind getting frisky with Frank while watching the movie. However, this braindead man had to ruin her plans!

Even the audience around them had their good mood ruined. They would slap Sunny too, and it went without saying how cathartic it was to see Frank do it.

Sunny was left glaring at his broken phone, while pointing at Frank as he snapped, “You’re a dead man! Don’t you know who I am? You’re not leaving Grande Square when I’m around!”

Frank chuckled. “Then do you know who I am?”

“I don’t care!” Sunny snapped fearlessly. “My brother is the general manager. You’re not getting out alive!”

“General manager, was it? Go on, call him—I’ll be waiting.” Frank snorted in disdain—it was certainly conceited of Sunny to behave all high and mighty when he was calling upon a mere general manager.

Frank's disdain only left Sunny even more furious, and the latter promptly called his brother. "Hey, bro? Someone attacked me! You have to come..." 1

Sunny was immediately confident after the call, and he started yelling at Frank and everyone else, "He'll be here soon! Don't you dare run away!"

The other audience quickly left since a fight would happen soon—they were just customers, and not here for a fight. The theater was not exactly small, but there was a chance of getting caught in the crossfire!

Soon, a portly balding man strode in, with a group of security guards in tow.

"Who the fuck lay a finger on my brother?" the man barked.

Sunny was beside himself with joy when he saw the portly man and hurried to him. "That's the one, Gordon."

Gordon Jameson turned to see Frank, Aria, and Winter.

Naturally, he could not care less—he actually thought for a moment that it was a gang, but they were just three!

Winter was flustered as soon as she saw that there were over twenty men, and she was worried

that Frank would get hurt even if she knew Frank could really fight.

On the other hand, Aria remained nonchalant since that handful of men were never going to beat Frank—he proved that much back then at the karaoke bar!

Gordon then glanced at Winter and Aria, his eyes flashing lecherously.

Still, he demanded, "So you're the one who hit my brother, aren't you?"

"He deserved it." Frank snorted in contempt.

"Shit, you really have balls. I'm giving you a chance—get down on your knees and apologize right now, and I'll let you go. Just so you know, my boys don't know their strength... you can't blame me if you're left a cripple." Gordon chuckled smugly, convinced he was definitely winning against Frank with just his twentyish men.