

## **The Girlboss 431**

### Chapter 431

Drakon asked icily, "Did you bring what I've asked for?"

Frank pulled out the two billion dollars and the Rejuvenation Pill recipe from his pocket right then.

"Right here."

Drakon beckoned with his finger but was left watching as Frank slid both items back into his pocket and told him, "Release Vicky now."

Drakon frowned. "Are you telling me what to do?"

Robert snorted in contempt. "A deal is a deal, Drakon Salazar. We've brought what you've asked for.

Now, release your hostage."

"Hahaha!!!" Drakon laughed out loud. "And what gives you the right to negotiate?"

Robert barked angrily, "I am ordering you as the governor of Riverton! You've just committed a kidnapping?"

"The governor of Riverton?" Drakon scoffed, rolling his eyes. "So what?"

"What..." Robert almost suffered a stroke from Drakon's dismissive reaction.

He was a big deal in Riverton, but the brat was completely disrespectful!

Not about to take that lying down, he leapt toward Drakon furiously, ready to straighten him out!

Drakon simply remained behind his desk, not moving and only watching in apathy.

That was when a silhouette leapt out, kicking Robert before he could react!

All he felt was a fiery agony over his chest as he collapsed to the floor with a thud. "Blergh!" Robert coughed blood even before he could snap at his assailant.

Frank was frowning at the black-clad silhouette in turn.

It was a muscular man with a pale face, his gaze icy and his very presence murderous.

"Who are you?" Robert exclaimed in shock just then, not expecting Drakon to keep someone that strong around.

The black clad man replied coolly, "Taran Nihill of the South Sea."

Robert was left perplexed-he had never been to the South Sea and was therefore unfamiliar with the martial elites over there.

On the other hand, Bron was well traveled and had heard of the name. "As in the Nihill siblings, who are placed 98th of Skyrank?"

The black-clad man chuckled. "I'm surprised anyone in Riverton has heard of us."

"98th of Skyrank...?"

Robert and Frida were stunned-even if the siblings had a modest placement in Skyrank, they would still not hold a candle to them!

Frank narrowed his eyes, and soon found a woman standing behind Drakon. Her complexion was much better than Taran's in comparison, and she even looked normal despite dressing fully in black as well.

Given their matching outfits, she must be the sister.

Bron unsheathed his blade in turn and snorted. "Hmph-you're both just traitors who trained in twisted martial arts. And now, you're even joining the vile likes of the Salazars. your father will be humiliated if this gets out."

"And who do you think you are?!" Taran demanded. "Say your name, or I won't even know who I've killed soon enough.

"Bron Howard, chief of South Alp Sect," Bron replied calmly. "I haven't reached Skyrank, but I do like to challenge one." "Then I shall grant your wish!" Taran charged at Bron with a cry, his dagger dancing with the grace of a butterfly. Bron moved right then as well, shooting forward as fast as lightning.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

Sparks flew as metals clashed, and both men exchanged over dozens of blows in no time at all!

"S-So this is a battle between Skyranks?" Frida was gaping, her eyes simply unable to keep up with either man's movements. Even Robert was left in awe too-their level was far beyond him!

Despite being older, Bron was not the chief of South Alp Sect for nothing. His martial prowess was formidable, just as he was rich with experience.

Soon, Taran was on the backfoot...

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However, just before Bron dealt the fatal stroke, Trisha moved, unleashing her whip at Bron like a lashing serpent.

Bron had to parry it with his blade, and Taran promptly seized the opening to strike, his face contorting savagely as he bellowed, "You bastard! We were cultivating divine teachings-it's the likes of you who slandered us and got us kicked out of our own homes! Infidels like you should die!"

"Imbecile," Bron swore under his breath at the sight of Taran's madness and dropped his blade as he leapt backward. However, Nihill siblings kept pressing the attack, and Brown was now at a further disadvantage after dropping his blade. Soon, they landed a kick on his chest and sent him flying.

Taran snorted in disdain. "Hmph. Is that all you got? And you dared challenge us?"

Bron's face flushed, his insides churning.

He was certainly no match with those two put together, just as he did not expect the Salazars to have that many martial elites in their service.

He could not help feeling guilty again... it seemed that he would have trouble avenging his son.

Even Vicky had presumed that Frank would easily bail her out after bringing Robert and Bron with him, only for things to turn out like this.

In her mind, Frank was not going to win-not with the Nihill siblings and Drakon himself!

"Haha!" Drakon laughed out loud just then. "It seems your backup isn't much help here, Frank!"

Frank retorted coolly, "They're not backup. They're my friends."

He looked around again.

In the office, only Drakon and the Nihill siblings qualified as martial elites.

Once they were dealt with, Vicky would be safe.

Drakon could not care less about what Frank said, however. "I'm giving you a chance to save Vicky right now, Frank. Get down on your knees and apologize to my sister-if she forgives you, I'd even let you live."

Frank wheeled on Viola, who was already smiling gleefully.

"Kneel to her? Really?" He snorted.

"You're already dead, Frank!" Viola gloated, already presuming that she had won and therefore snapping at Frank without a care. "Still trying to talk tough?! You're not more than a dreg of society- did you think yourself invincible just because you know a little kicking and punching?!"

Drakon growled coolly as well, "I'll make you kneel if you keep refusing."

"Hehe." Frank chuckled in disdain. "No one except my mentor gets that privilege."

Drakon gestured at the Nihill siblings right then, and they both leapt toward Frank from each side, their daggers outstretched! "Frank!" Vicky cried out in shock.

But at the very next instant, Frank sent Taran flying with a punch to the chest!

"Brother!" Trisha cried out and flung her whip, coiling it around Frank's arms and restraining him right then!

Taran could feel his chest burning in agony but he fought through the pain, his fingers clenching around his dagger as he leapt at Frank again.

Frank's wrist, however, was unscathed despite being struck.

His brow furrowing, he quietly charged the Five-Peat Archaeus.

Pure vigor swirled within his meridians before being released in a violent burst while he bellowed thunderously, "Stay down!"

The whip around his wrist shattered, and Taran was sent flying again from the unfurling shockwave!

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"Argh!" Taran screamed as he dropped his dagger while he flew, feeling his chest sunken and his organs in pieces as if a truck just ran into him.

He landed violently with an audible crash and started coughing blood.

"Brother!" Trisha cried when she saw her sibling being wounded and launched the remaining half of her whip at Frank's head.

Frank did not even look her way as he raised his right hand, grabbing the other end of the whip out of thin air.

Trisha paled in shock and pulled as hard as she could, but Frank appeared rooted in place like a mountain.

"Is that all you got?" He scoffed and suddenly pulled.

The tiles beneath Trisha's feet shattered from the violent force as she slid along by several yards.

As Frank loomed ever closer, she realized that she was no match for his strength and stopped the tug of war.

"Die!" she cried as she vaulted toward Frank, holding her palm sideways and aiming it at his neck.

Naturally, she had underestimated Frank's speed-he reached her in a split second.

"Sister!" Taran cried out in warning from the floor as soon as he saw Frank move.

"Too late." Frank snorted in utter contempt.

Trisha actually felt her back sweating buckets within a split second in sheer terror, even as Frank caught her wrist and pulled. Smash!

Everyone could actually feel the floor shake as Frank shoved Trisha into the tiles!

"Bleurgh!" Trisha's organs were in pieces and bled out from every orifice as she blacked out instantly, her blood quickly welling into a pool over the broken tiles around her.

The sight of his sister's maiming left Taran incensed, and he snarled, "I'll kill you!"

Even as he fought through the agony of his body and limped toward Frank, Frank did not even look his way and kicked the dagger Taran dropped earlier.

Swish.

The dagger shot through the air, piercing Taran's neck.

The man shuddered before dropping limply on the floor, kicking up a pile of dust.

As the dust settled, Robert and Frida were left gaping.

Two Skyrank elites were killed, just like that, in under five minutes!

Bron was staring at Frank in disbelief too, just as he realized that Frank was holding back when they fought before he would not even last one move if Frank really went all out!

“Hahaha! Well done, Mr. Lawrence!” Robert exclaimed in awe as he came to his senses.

He was certainly proved right-he considered the boy something special when Frank told him he improved the Boltsmacker!

Vicky breathed a huge sigh of relief as well, her eyes never leaving Frank as she mused to herself on hitting the jackpot.

On the other hand, Viola was staring wide-eyed at the carnage Frank left in his wake, her jaw almost dropping to the floor. She quickly turned to Drakon. “Come on, Drakon! Do something!”

Clap, clap, clap.

Drakon was actually putting his hands together, however, showing no panic at all.

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“Well done! You really don’t disappoint!” Drakon exclaimed in praise for Frank. “It’d be a bore if you died too quickly.”



Frank slowly turned toward Drakon.

Being a martial elite, he knew that Drakon was actually the strongest hostile in the room.

Still, he could not care less, even pointing at his feet as he growled, "I can appreciate how far you've come, so kneel and apologize to Vicky, and I might just let you live."

Quinn Ocean sneered right then. "The last person who told Drakon that is resting in pieces."

"Hahaha!" Drakon laughed as he took off his suit. "You have the guts to tell me to kneel? Let me show you the power of a Birthright ranked individual!"

"What?! Birthright?!" Robert was astonished.

Drakon was not even thirty, and he had already gone that far?!

How talented could he be?!

At the same time, Drakon charged an esoteric technique of Sage Lake Sect, and a red puff of pure vigor promptly unfurled from him.

Bron was astounded by the sheer energy he felt. "That's pure vigor... He might be unrivaled in ten years!"

"What's Birthright? Is it that formidable?" Frida asked in curiosity, having heard of the term before but never actually encountering anyone of that level.

"Martial artists can release pure vigor to fight at that level," Bron explained. "The clearer a man's pure vigor, the less excesses there would be within. Still, Drakon's reddish vigor is plenty pure enough, and no one in Riverton would achieve the same at his age."

Even Bron had to admit Drakon's strength despite being an enemy-not even he and Robert combined would hold a candle to the boy!

"Oh. But can Frank win?" Frida pressed.

Bron shook his head in exasperation. "Impossible. Unless he has reached Birthright too."

Vicky had also paled when Drakon released his pure vigor and snapped, "That's enough! You wanted the Rejuvenation Pill recipe, didn't you? You can have it!"

Being a martial artist herself, Robert had told her about Birthright elites-as the term suggested, those who reached it are individuals bestowed with divine talent.

Unless one was a Birthright ranked individual as well, their only option was to run.

In Vicky's mind, Frank did not stand a chance, but she would keep him alive no matter what it takes.

As long as he lived, there was always a chance.

That would not be the case if he died, which was why she would hand over the Rejuvenation Pill recipe just to keep Frank safe! Drakon, however, chuckled coolly. "It's too late. You're going down, kid."

At those words, he launched a jab at Frank, while Frank slowly raised his right arm...

Pow!

A shockwave unfurled as fists met deafeningly.

Bron stumbled a few steps before finally catching his balance.

When he looked up, he was left gaping.

Robert, Frida and Vicky were all staring in disbelief too-Frank had caught Drakon's fist and stayed unscathed. "That's. impossible."

"He stopped Drakon? Does that mean he's a Birthright elite too?!"

Even Drakon could not believe it.

His fist felt numbed as if he just punched a mountain, while Frank never budged!

"What. T-This is impossible!"

Frank simply leveled him a look of contempt. "You have the cheek to call that pure vigor?"

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Frank unleashed his pure vigor at the very next instant.

It was pure-white and unblemished, almost crystal-clear as it swirled around Frank just like a shield.

In contrast, Drakon's pure vigor was a mess and certainly dulled in comparison!

"You're Birthright too?!" Drakon could hardly believe his eyes.

Bron was caught in disbelief too. "H-His pure vigor is so... flawless!"

“Impossible... I’ve never heard of anyone refining pure vigor to such an extent!” Robert was left shaking his head.

That was certainly the case for average Joes, but Frank had reached Birthright twice.

Nothing was impossible when one had refined their pure vigor twice!

Drakon was certainly incensed to see the sheer clarity of Frank’s pure vigor and his perfect control.

He was the one who was dubbed a genius as a child! He could not believe that there was anyone better!

“Fuck you! I’ll kill you!” he shrieked, his earlier composure completely gone as he lashed out in rage viciously, aiming his strike straight at Frank’s vitals!

Frank simply charged the Five-Peat Archaeus, the esoteric technique of Mystic Sky Sect.

He unleashed a strike with his palm, releasing a powerful burst with all five elements!

Drakon released Sage Lake Sect’s esoteric technique in turn.

Bang!

Pure vigor clashed, and the pure whiteness quickly tore through the bastion of red pure vigor, shooting through Drakon’s palm and up his shoulder!

Crack!

Pop!

The tendons and meridians in Drakon's right arm popped and burst as it shattered into pieces, leaving a bloody mess! "Argh!" he screamed as he stumbled backward and soon found himself staring blankly at the stump that was his arm.

He was never defeated ever since he joined Sage Lake Sect.

And even as he remembered the technique Frank just released, he felt a creeping horror as he screamed maniacally, "W-Was that the Five-Peat Archaeus?! That's impossible!"

It was the esoteric technique of Mystic Sky Sect, once the greatest sect of the South Sea.

But they have been massacred, and the Five-Peat Archaeus was thus lost to history.

How was Frank able to use it?!

Bron and the others were left completely confused as well, with Frida asking in confusion, "What's the Five-Peat Archaeus?"

Robert shook his head. "Beats me. Sounds like some technique."

Bron shrugged too, since he was unfamiliar with Mystic Sky Sect.

At the same time, Drakon was still staring at Frank in terror. "W-Who the hell are you...?"

Frank replied bluntly, "Probably exactly the person you have in mind."

Drakon froze.

He was not involved in the battle against Mystic Sect Sky three years ago, but his sect's elders often spoke of it.

Donn, Mystic Sect Sky's senior apprentice, stood off alone against multiple sects and dynasties but was said to have been struck down. Curiously, however, his body was never found.

And since then, if ever the 'Mystic Sect Sky' and 'genius' were mentioned in the same sentence, it could only mean one person.

Drakon murmured in realization right then, "So it's you, Donn-"

Before he could finish, Frank's pure vigor assumed the silhouette of a sword and stabbed through Drakon's chest. With a flick of Frank's wrist, it then sent Drakon flying.

"Bleurgh."

Drakon was grasping the gaping hole on his chest as he felt more air leaving his lungs than what he retained.

He could not even muster the strength to talk at that point.

"Argh!!!" Viola screamed as she clawed at her own face.

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Viola was thoroughly overwhelmed by the sight of her peerless brother being beaten to a pulp by Frank and fled the scene as fast as she could.

On the other hand, Quinn leapt between Frank and Drakon, snapping, "Stop!"

Frank looked up slowly at her. "And who are you?"

"I'm Drakon's fiancée. Stay your blade," Quinn snapped.

"You're kidding." Frank chuckled coolly. "Is this a game to you? He kidnapped my friend and demanded that I kneel, and I don't get to kill him after I beat him?"

Quinn frowned. "He's the senior apprentice of Sage Lake Sect. We'll kill you if you kill him."

"Hahaha!" Frank simply laughed out loud. "Sage Lake Sect? Really? I will slay your chief even if he comes!"

"What..." Quinn did not expect such haughtiness from Frank but snapped defiantly nonetheless, "I'm warning you-if you lay a finger on Drakon, we will kill you even if it's the last thing we do!"

"Why don't you ask your chief if he has the balls to fight me first? Now buzz off!" Frank bellowed deafeningly, his eyes glaring icily and leaving Quinn petrified, overwhelming her with sheer hubris!

He slapped her across the face, sending her flying before stabbing Drakon dead.

Even as Drakon died with his eyes wide open, Quinn was left stupefied as she looked on. "No."

At the same time, Frank wheeled on the bodyguards who were guarding Vicky, both of whom felt like they were stabbed from just a glare!

One of them quickly begged, "S-Sir, we just work here. We didn't do anything to Ms. Turnbull either."

"Yes, yes, yes. Please, have mercy."

"Get out!" Frank bellowed, and both men promptly fled in huge relief.

Frank walked up to Vicky in turn and helped her to her feet. "Are you alright?"

Vicky stared at him for a long while before suddenly throwing her arms around him, her voice choking with tears. "I'm alright, but I was so scared."

Frank could feel her warmth against his skin and her faint sweetness, and he chuckled awkwardly. "Scared? Why?"

"I thought I'd never see you again. that something terrible would happen to you," Vicky sobbed.

Frank did a double take, thinking that she was worried he would not come to save her.

He was actually surprised that she was worried for him instead.

"Everything's fine now. Let's go home."

"Yeah..." Vicky nodded, grasping his hand and refusing to let go.

Walter was still pacing around in Turnbull Villa. This was his only way of calming his nerves, since he was worried out of his mind about how things were but was also afraid to call.

That was when a servant ran in, exclaiming excitedly, "Sir! Ms. Turnbull is back!"

Walter ran outside in excitement as soon as he heard, with Yara and Susan in tow.

Walter could cry when he saw Vicky unscathed. "Oh, my dear girl. You scared me."

Vicky pulled Frank along by the arm as she grinned. "Don't worry, Dad. I'm fine as long as Frank is around."



Walter took Frank's hands in thrill right then. "Oh, Mr. Lawrence! We owe you a great debt! You cured Vicky, and now you saved her life again. she's really blessed to have you in her life!"

Susan frowned right then. "He's not the only one who helped."

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Turning toward Robert, Frida, and Bron, Susan added, "Everyone here played their part. How could you attribute everything to Frank?"

She was certainly dismissive towards Frank's and his modest roots, and she absolutely would not abide with her husband's endless praise for Frank-not when he was clearly trying to get Vicky and Frank together!

Though Walter was stumped by his wife's words, Robert, Frida, and Bron were left trading awkward glances in turn. Not only were the trio's involvement inconsequential in Vicky's release, but there was a chance they might not survive if not for Frank.

"Aunt Susan is right-we shouldn't be giving Frank credit for everything." Neil nodded and turned to Frida. "Where are your men now? They should be praised as well."

Frida pursed her lips miserably. "They... They're all dead."

Neil, however, could not care less. "See? Our family has sacrificed so many to save Vicky."

Both Robert and Bron were scowling at that, while Frida's eyes welled up with tears. "No, that's not it. They were all killed even before they reached Drakon, and my hand was crippled too. We would all be dead if not for Mr. Lawrence."

"What?!" Everyone's face fell-those twenty men were lost even before they reached Drakon, and Frida's hand was crippled too?

“Be serious here, Frida,” Neil snapped, frowning at her inability to read the room-could she not just lie, given the situation? Frida, however, shook her head. “I’m being serious. I owe my life to Mr. Lawrence-Mr. Howard and Mr. Quill can be my witness.”

Bron and Robert quickly nodded. “Ms. Blue is telling the truth.”

Neil pursed his lips, unable to believe what he was hearing.

Even Susan had to sigh and give up at that point, while Walter was grinning ear to ear. “Hahaha! “That’s exactly what I was saying Mr. Lawrence is truly one in a million! Everyone, please stay behind as I’ll personally hold a feast in everyone’s honor!”

Bron and Robert nodded.

Turnbull Villa was exceedingly lively in the evening, and after dinner, Yara visited Vicky in her room, concerned about Vicky’s injury while also asking about what had happened.

Vicky told her everything right then, leaving her in astonishment. “Mr. Lawrence has reached Birthright?”

Vicky nodded. “Yeah. I didn’t expect that myself.”

“Whoa...” Yara gasped, her gaze worshipful. “If only I was half as good.”

“You’re plenty strong enough. Frank’s the freak here, so don’t compare yourself to him,” Vicky assured her.

She then glanced at Yara’s palm and changed the subject, “How’s your hand?”

“It’s just a flesh wound,” Yara said nonchalantly. “I’m mostly fine now.”

“Good.”

As the feast ended, Vicky and Yara left the room to see off Bron and Robert.

Frank was going to leave as well, but Vicky quickly caught him. “Why don’t you stay the night? It’s very late-it’s inconvenient for you to head home at this hour.”

Frank did a double take, but refused without hesitation after a glance at Susan’s murderous glare, “I think I’ll pass.” He had no reason to dig a grave for himself here!

On the other hand, Walter was eager for Frank to get together with Vicky and put a hand on his shoulder. “Come on, Mr. Lawrence! What’s the problem with staying one night? No one will dare to say no to you here.”

“Exactly.” Vicky nodded.

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Vicky nodded while Susan spoke up just then, “You should stay, or people would start telling us what ingrates we are. That goes for you too, Yara.”

“What?” Yara did a double take, not expecting to find herself in the guest list as well.

“It’s been so long since you stayed the night with us, Yara.” Susan grinned. “You can sleep with Vicky, and properly catch up.” Vicky was certainly left speechless by her mother-was she that afraid of her getting frisky with Frank?

Still, neither Frank nor Yara could refuse the Turnbolls’ enthusiastic invitation.

However, while Yara and Vicky slept in the same room, Frank was kept downstairs in the room directly opposite the master bedroom.

Their defenses were certainly airtight!

Still, Vicky started to creep out of bed late into the night, wearing nothing but a thin sleeping gown.

Yara awoke with a start, "Where are you going?"

Vicky giggled. "Going to see Frank, of course."

"What?" Yara exclaimed before adding hesitantly, "Don't you think you're being too forward here? And I'm sure he's exhausted after today you should let him rest."

She was aware how strongly Vicky felt for Frank, but surely creeping under the man's sheets so late at night was going too far? Moreover, Vicky was an heiress of the Turnbull family-doing such a thing really cheapened her!

Still, Vicky blinked as she asked, "When did you start worrying so much about Frank?"

"What..." Yara was stumped and averted her eyes. "I-I'm not... I mean, he's my friend, and you're my bestie... I'm just thinking about both of your sakes."

Vicky hugged her right then with a mischievous grin, "Don't tell me that you fell in love?"

"No way! I think you and him deserve to be together." Yara pouted.

In reality, she did feel a little competitive but would never tell it to Vicky's face-not with the insurmountable gap between them.

"Tch." Vicky clicked her tongue. "You used to say the same about me and Titus Lionheart."

Yara scratched her head awkwardly. "I mean, it's your preference that matters most."

Vicky giggled. "What if I don't like either of them, and you like Frank? I could talk to him for you."

"What?" Yara threw her hands up. "Please don't... Wait, why would you creep into Frank's room if you don't like him?"

Vicky folded her arms before her chest. "I'm using him to free myself from the Lionhearts. The more my mom wants me to marry Titus, the more I'd rebel. Now, stay put."

With that, she tiptoed downstairs, but the door behind her opened just as she was about to knock on Frank's door.

Susan was standing there, scowling. "What are you doing, staying up this late?"

"Oh, sh\*it!" Vicky almost jumped in surprise before wheeling on Susan exasperatedly. "And what are you doing staying up, Mom?" Susan glared at her in turn. "You'd be in another man's bed if I didn't come out, and you'd have embarrassed our entire family."

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Vicky rolled her eyes. "Really? Do you think you get to call the shots just because I'm engaged to Titus Lionheart?"

Susan growled, "We're not having this discussion. Now go to bed."

"Fine." Vicky snorted noncommittally and returned upstairs.

Frank was sitting in meditation with his eyes closed in his room but could clearly hear everything spoken outside.

Vicky could be a real comedian at times. –

Meanwhile, Donald Salazar was seated in his study, planning for his family's future.

After all, he was convinced the Rejuvenation Pill recipe was already in the bag with his son on the task.

Soon, Viola came running into his study and he quickly asked, "So, is it done?"

Viola, however, appeared terrified. "No, Dad..."

Her terrified reaction left Donald's heart skipping a beat.

Did something happen to his son?!

"Viola, tell me what happened," he pressed.

Viola was trembling as she stammered, "Drakon. Drakon was killed."

"What?!" Donald almost choked as his eyes turned bloodshot, and he started to fall backward.

Thankfully, Jaud White was on hand to catch him, and Jaud pinched Donald's central nerve so that he caught his breath.

Even so, he was shaking his head repeatedly as he murmured in disbelief, "No, that's impossible. My son is invincible! How could he be killed?"

Jaud glanced between him and Viola, who was still trembling.

Seeing that neither of them were in their right mind, Donald pressed Viola, asking, "Ms. Salazar, who killed your brother?"

Viola gulped, actually too scared to mention Frank's name.

She hesitated for a long while before forcing it out from her lips, "It's Frank Lawrence."

"Him again?!" Donald's eyes were red, his veins bulging over his arms as he slammed his knuckle on the table LOU IC.

Jaud himself did a double take, "Frank Lawrence killed Drakon? But he's Birthright ranked!"

It was certainly hard to believe, since Frank was not at that level when they fought... Was it possible that he had improved recently?

"I don't know. I don't know!" Viola exclaimed, clutching her head and shaking her head in trauma. "Dad, why don't we just make peace with Frank? We're not going to win!"

Donald almost suffered a stroke from her words-his daughter was now a lost cause!

Quinn arrived just then as well, and Donald hurried to her, sobbing, "What happened, Ms. Ocean? How did Drakon get killed?"

Quinn scowled but told him everything.

Donald was left hitting his own chest and stamping his feet. "I'll kill Frank Lawrence! Gather everyone, Jaud! I'll take him down even if it kills me!"

Quinn remained impassive as she raised a hand, stopping him. "Pushovers like you would just get killed while achieving nothing."

Jaud pursed his lips-when was he reduced to the rank of pushover?

Still, he did not argue since anything was better than going to fight Frank, which he was personally reluctant to do!

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Donald then asked, "Ms. Ocean, Drakon was your fiance-are you not going to avenge him?"

"When have I ever said I won't?" Quinn growled coolly. "There's no way I'd sit back when he was a member of Sage Lake Sect. Once I inform my father, we will naturally plan accordingly."

Donald was naturally relieved-with Sage Lake Sect's help, there was certainly a better chance of success in avenging his son!

"Of course, Ms. Ocean. My family is at your disposal-I'll do anything to avenge my son."

Frank left the Turnbull Villa early next morning, since he was really not keen to stay around after suffering Susan Redford's grumpiness during breakfast.

Vicky was still sleepy after all the excitement yesterday, so Walter personally escorted him to the front gates.

"Please don't get upset with my wife, Mr. Lawrence," he said. "She's a little power hungry... Rest assured that I'll always be indebted to you."

Frank waved him off with a smile. "You're exaggerating, Mr. Turnbull. I'd never get upset with your wife, and I'm still awash with gratitude that you gave me one of the Five Elemental Wonders."



Walter was certainly pleased to hear that. "I'm relieved that you'd say that."

They made some small talk after that, after which Frank excused himself.

It was early in the morning, with barely any pedestrians and the air fresh.

As Frank ran toward Skywater Bay, he ran headlong into Janet when he passed Flora Hall.

She quickly waved when she saw him. "You train very early, Mr. Lawrence."

"Just feeling like it, Ms. Zimmer."

"But you're not staying nearby, are you?" Janet asked in curiosity.

Frank smiled. "Nope. I just stayed the night at Turnbull Villa, and I'm heading back to Skywater Bay now."

"You stayed the night at Turnbull Villa?" Janet exclaimed in surprise.

Frank nodded. "Yeah. What's up?"

"Oh. nothing," Janet shook her head, feeling dismay inwardly but quickly changing the subject. "Have you had breakfast? Why don't you eat with us here?"

"No, I've had breakfast." Frank smiled politely.

"Okay--"

Bang!

A loud crash resounded from the road just as Janet tried to find something else to talk about.

She and Frank turned to see that a Mercedes had just crashed into a motorcycle, with vegetables spilling out of the motorcycle's sidecar.

Two women promptly leapt out of the Mercedes, and it was immediately clear that both of them came from money. After all, the driver appeared to be in her forties, and had perfect upkeep matched with expensive jewelry. The younger woman who rode shotgun was dressed up in pretty lolita fashion as well, but her arm was clearly dislocated.

Jade Zahn, the driver, was immediately hugging her daughter, Luna Lane, as she snapped, "Don't you know how to ride?! I'll have you killed if anything bad happens to my daughter!"

The motorcycle rider was Brenda, a female vendor, and she was bleeding freely from a gash on her head. Naturally, she was terrified since Jade and her daughter were driving an expensive car and wearing expensive jewelry. "I'm so sorry... It was an accident," she immediately apologized.

"Apologizing?! What's the point?!" Jade bellowed as she glared at her.

Luna burst into tears right then. "Mom, my arm. It hurts so much!"

"It's alright, darling. I'll get you a doctor right away," Jade quickly assured her before wheeling on the onlookers and bellowing, "What are you all looking at? Don't you know you should be calling an ambulance?! Are all Rivertonians idiots?!"

The onlookers were all frowning and taking a step back at her outburst, and some who were just about to call an ambulance also quietly put away their phones.