

The Girlboss 461

Chapter 461

Frank started at Burt in turn-he had heard of him before.

After all, Burt Yorkman had the reputation of making the most arrests in Riverton Precinct and was as competent as he was brutal.

Those he had his eyes on would never get away, though Frank was still surprised he was a member of Sage Lake Sect. Still, he reasoned, "You are more or less a man of accomplishment in Riverton. Why stoop to being Sage Lake Sect's lapdog?"

Burt chuckled, presuming that Frank was intimidated and therefore trying to sway him.

"Give up on your pretty words, kid." He snorted in disdain. "It's your misfortune for upsetting Sage Lake Sect-average Joes like you would never understand the terror they embody, but don't worry, I'll spare you the pain while satisfying Ms. Ocean."

Frank chuckled. "So I should be thanking you?"

"You're welcome."

"Actually, I know a thing or two about sects myself-have you heard of Mystic Sky Sect?" Frank asked just then.

Burt did a double take, surprised that Frank was aware. "They were the top sect in the world, but regrettably, they fell three years ago-the chief and their senior apprentice both. The Four South Sea Sects now share control over what's left, and they are a shade of their former glory."

"For now." Frank smiled. "You'll soon see us rise again."

Burt was surprised again. "You're saying you're one of them?"

Frank nodded silently, and Burt shook his head in disappointment. "I might have considered letting you go three years ago, but you have no chance now."

After all, Mystic Sect Sky was now nothing compared to Sage Lake Sect, and Burt had no reason to stupidly aid the apprentice of some dogshit sect.

Whipping out a fat dagger, he said coolly, "It's inhuman, but I'm crippling your meridians first. At least you'd be alive—just play nice if you want to live when Ms. Ocean comes tomorrow."

He was certainly being as kind as he could to a martial artist like Frank, but Frank said quietly, "Do you really think you can do it? Even Drakon Salazar of your sect is no match for me."

"Hah!" Burt laughed. "I won't win in a fight, but you have been restrained with sage fetters—not even Birthright elites can free themselves from it."

He knew that all too well, which was why he used his position to have Frank restrained first.

However, before Burt could stab Frank, he suddenly received a call, which he answered without hesitation.

"Officer Yorkman," the voice on the other end greeted him. "I'm Vicky Turnbull, CEO of Grande Pharma.

I heard that you took our shareholder Frank Lawrence into custody. I'm sure there's a misunderstanding, so if you would kindly refrain from anything drastic, you will be rewarded handsomely."

Naturally, Helen Lane went to Vicky as soon as Frank was taken away, and knowing how terrible Burt could be, Vicky called the man right away. She mentioned that Frank was her partner, indirectly warning Burt as she tried to bail him out.

Burt frowned, surprised that Frank had enough influence to have someone like Vicky speak on his behalf.

However, he was virtually born prejudiced against rich kids like her as a sect apprentice-he was convinced that they would never compare to sects.

“No worries, Ms. Turnbull, I can decide for myself after the crime Frank Lawrence has committed.” He chuckled and hung up.

However, more calls ensued.

“Burt Yorkman, I’m Trevor Zurich of Trevor International...”

“Burt Yorkman, I’m Robert Quill, the governor of Riverton. I demand Frank Lawrence’s release right now.”

Chapter 462

When even Gerald Simmons, chief of Riverton general affairs called as well, Burt was left stunned by how many bigwigs of Riverton were demanding Frank’s release.

While he might even have released Frank on any other day given his vast influence, it was not happening now.

He was a member of Sage Lake Sect, and he would offer his aid after they called upon him-that, or die terribly for causing offense against the sect.

Frank chuckled. “Let me go now, and I can pretend today never happened. I’ll even offer you a place when Mystic Sky Sect rises again.”

“You’re kidding.” Burt snorted. “I’m no ingrate, and not even the gods could save you now.”

And with those words, he poised his dagger, and—

Bang!

A deafening crash ensued from the doorway so loudly both men could hear it even from the sealed room.

Burt frowned, intending to check out what happened when one of his men scrambled inside. “This is bad, sir. There’s this huge group who just came in...”

Burt remained calm. “Who has the balls to storm a precinct?”

“I don’t know, but they’re carrying guns!” the junior officer cried.

“What?!” Burt was flabbergasted, but before he realized what had happened, a squad of armed men charged inside, surrounding them!

Burt gulped—he would never make a false move now. Sage Lake Sect apprentice or not, he was not confident about dodging bullets.

“Who are you?!”

No one responded, but Hans Schnee strode out and slapped him across the face right then, knocking him to the floor and leaving him seeing stars.

He also realized in shock that Hans was Birthright-rank too!

Glaring downward at Burt, Hans barked, “You really have a pair, arresting Mr. Lawrence!”

Burt bit his lip but stayed silent—who on earth was Frank Lawrence that he had such friends?

Hans then ignored him and walked right up to Frank inside the sealed room.

“Are you alright?” Hans asked and was about to free Frank when he realized it was no ordinary cuffs.

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He wheeled on Burt, bellowing, “What are you spacing out for?! Release this man already!”

“That’s unnecessary.”

That was when Frank quietly rose to his feet, his biceps tightening as he shattered Sage Lake Sect’s so-called sage fetters.

Burt was left gaping from the floor-Frank actually broke the fetters with brute strength?!

He started sweating buckets, as he knew then that Frank would have no trouble killing him even if Hans and his boys never came!

Who was Frank? Why had he never heard of such a character from Mystic Sky Sect?

Chapter 463

Hans then turned toward Burt. “What should we do with this one, Mr. Lawrence?”

Burt was left gulping just then-Hans could already floor him with just one strike, and he was not going to last a round in a fight.

He could not help being afraid, but his only choice was to wait for Frank’s judgment.

However, Frank merely glanced this way before saying quietly, "Forget it. Don't bother with him."

What?" Hans did a double take-this was not Frank's style!

Anyone who ever tried to kill him would be killed in return, and Burt was going to torture him before that too!

But he did not care?

"Mr. Lawrence, are we really just going to let him go?" Hans asked in confusion.

Frank wheeled on him. "What, are you questioning me?"

"No, of course not. I'd never question your magnanimity, sir." Hans promptly threw up his hands and hung his head.

Burt was left dumbstruck even as he watched-even a clearly high-ranked military officer actually deferred to Frank to such an extent?

Frank ignored Hans right then and strode out of the sealed room, while Hans shot a glare at Burt as he growled, "You're lucky Mr. Lawrence didn't want to hold you accountable. But mess with him again, and you're resting in pieces."

With that, he hurried after Frank, while the armed squad of soldiers also quickly left, leaving Burt and his officers sighing in relief as if dodging a bullet.

One of the junior officers quickly asked, "Who is he, Burt?"

Burt shook his head repeatedly-he certainly had no idea!

“I don’t know... but those men were packing heat in public, so they must be a huge deal.”

Then, turning toward the man, he said, “Hit me.”

“What?!” The junior officer was left bewildered.

What had gotten into Burt, asking something like that?

Nonetheless, Burt frowned as he barked, “I told you to hit me, so hit me!”

“O-Okay!” The junior officer hesitated for a long while before he finally punched Burt squarely in the face.

Burt was bleeding from the nose, but he told the junior officer to keep going instead of telling him to stop, until his face was swollen.

After all, Sage Lake Sect had tasked him with this-if he returned without killing Frank or getting hurt, they might accuse him of being a turncoat.

He just had to make himself look hurt before claiming that Frank was too strong, beating him to a pulp before running. And with that, he could claim innocence.

Meanwhile, Helen was still utterly anxious after Frank was taken away.

She had asked Jade Zahn to help, but it turned out Frank and Jade already had a fight, and Jade certainly would not use her connections to bail him out.

Helen had no choice but to ask her grandfather for help.

Henry hurried to the hospital personally to see Jade once he learned that Frank was arrested.

He did not stop for preamble as soon as he stepped inside, saying bluntly, "I have a favor to ask, Jade."

Jade might be unreasonable, but she came with a job to do and would not go too far when it was Henry.

Chapter 464

Jade smiled. "Oh, what are you saying? We're family-if you need anything, just ask. I'll definitely help however I can."

Henry nodded in satisfaction. "Helen's husband was arrested, and I'm hoping you would use your Southstream contacts to bail him out."

Jade promptly frowned at Helen-she did not need imagination to tell that the brat had asked Henry to persuade her. After a long thought, she began, "It's not like I don't want to help, but he has broken the country's laws-how am I supposed to help?"

"I know Frank," Henry quickly said. "He's definitely being framed. Just get him out, and then we'll properly investigate the issue."

Helen dropped to her knees in front of Jade too, pleading, "Please, Aunt Jade. I'm begging you to save Frank."

When she was told that Burt refused to listen to Vicky, she was panicking since she could not think of anyone else who would bail Frank out.

And when Henry saw Helen kneel, he growled, "You can just make a call and resolve this, Jade. Or do you want me to kneel too?"

Jade flinched. "Are you crazy?"

She could understand Helen kneeling since Frank was her ex-husband, but did Henry have to go so far for him too?!

“I will if anything happens to Frank,” Henry replied.

Jade inhaled deeply and wheeled on Helen. “I’m sure you understand that there’s a huge grudge between me and Frank. I can help, but he must apologize personally.”

“Not a problem-I’ll definitely persuade him to do it.” Helen agreed to it without hesitation.

She believed Frank would definitely be grateful to Jade anyway, and things would calm down between them-it would be even better if Frank treated Luna.

Jade whipped out her phone and sent Helen a number, leaving her confused. “What’s this?”

“Chaz Graves’ number. Call him-he’ll deal with this,” Jade replied.

“Chaz has influence in Riverton?” Helen exclaimed in shock, remembering Chaz right then.

The Graves were one of Southstream’s four families, and Helen remembered how she stuck out like a sore thumb when she visited the Southstream Lanes’ residence as a child.

She also became friends with Chaz at the time, though Helen rarely visited the Southstream Lanes later on, and they rarely kept in touch.

Jade chuckled coolly. “Why not? He’s the chief of Seaham Martial Artists’ Association, and his jurisdiction extends over every martial artist in Riverton, Seaham, and Southdam. His family business is spread over all three states as well.”

“Really? That’s amazing!” Helen breathed a long sigh of relief, convinced that Frank was saved.

She quickly stepped out to the hallway to call Chaz, and she quickly introduced herself when Chaz answered. Chaz was surprised to receive her call.

Hearing that she was asking her to bail someone out, he certainly could not refuse such a frivolous request.

Naturally, he did not promise anything and instead said, "Let's meet up for dinner, Helen. It's been a while-I've missed you, and we can discuss anything when we meet."

Chapter 465

Helen hesitated and asked, "Mr. Graves, this is urgent. Could you handle this as soon as possible?"

After all, Frank had been taken away-another minute wasted meant further danger!

"You can't rush such things. Due process, you see?" Chaz said somberly.

However, Helen understood right away that Chaz was hinting that he wanted something in return-she was asking for a favor, after all.

Even if they were childhood friends, it had been years and they had grown distant.

"Alright, where should we meet?" Helen quickly asked.

Chaz sent her an address, and Helen headed out without hesitation once she received it, not forgetting to tell her secretary to transfer all the money Lane Holdings had to a specified account.

Helen quickly alighted after parking her car outside Hoff Hotel and quickly spotted the handsome, sharply-dressed man who was waiting at a window seat.

She looked closely and saw that Chaz still retained some of his facial features.

He noticed Helen too and smiled as he stood up. "It's been so long, but you're still as young and beautiful as ever."

Helen breathed a sigh of relief, positive that he was Chaz now. "Don't tease me, Mr. Graves, though you did change a lot yourself."

"Oh? How so?" Chaz asked with a smile.

Helen naturally stuck with flattery. "You're more handsome now."

"Hahaha!" Chaz laughed out loud, unable to hide his glee.

"Have a seat." He pulled out a chair for her in gentlemanly fashion before returning to his seat and pouring her a glass of red wine.

Helen, however, was too worried about Frank to have an appetite.

"Let's get down to business, Mr. Graves. How much do you want to help?" she asked, whipping out the debit card she prepared. "There's five million in here—you can tell me if it's not enough. I'll gather more."

Chaz stared at the card and chuckled. "What are you saying, Helen? Do I look like that type of person? Just keep it."

Five million hardly covered the amount he spends each month and if he took the money Helen would

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not owe him a favor.

Helen, however, remained tense. “Just take it, Mr. Graves. It’s a token of my sincerity.”

She was mainly worried that Chaz would not help if he did not take her money.

Even so, Chaz raised a palm as his expressions turned cold. “What are you talking about? You’re already showing plenty of sincerity by coming here. Moreover, am I the type of person who only helps when there’s money to take? Does our relationship bank on money?”

Helen froze—Chaz was not joking with that cold look of his.

Chapter 466

Helen was awash with emotion that Chaz would hold their past bond in such high value.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Graves...”

Chaz suddenly asked in curiosity, “By the way, who’s Frank Lawrence to you?”

“My ex-husband.”

Chaz nodded in realization. “Oh! I did hear that you were getting married, but I was abroad so I couldn’t attend your wedding. What a shame! I heard he was a lowlife and freeloaded your family for three years without working a proper job, though—why bother saving him?”

Helen was left at a loss but soon smiled blissfully when she remembered Frank. “He’s nothing much, but I was happy with him. It was a mistake divorcing him and I regret it, but he’s still been good to me.

That’s why I’m hoping you would help him—he was framed.”

Chaz nodded, not expecting her to think that highly of Frank.

Still, it was just a matter of bailing Frank out anyway, so he whipped out his phone right then. "Don't worry, Helen-I'll make the call right now."

He promptly called Burt, even putting the call on speakerphone so that Helen would have ease of mind.

"Hello, Officer Yorkman? I'm Chaz Graves," he said politely when Burt answered.

Burt paused for a moment. "Yes, Mr. Graves? What can I do for you?"

Chaz smiled, "It's no big deal-it's just that you've arrested a friend of mine. Would you mind doing me a favor and releasing him?"

Burt naturally had to accede since Chaz was heir to the Graves family. "May I ask who your friend is?"

"Frank Lawrence."

Burt did a double take. "Him again?"

Chaz was left confused. "What? What's wrong, Officer Yorkman?"

Helen only knew too well why Burt would be surprised, since Vicky Turnbull had already called Burt about Frank.

"It's nothing," Burt said. "I'll release him since you've asked."

He actually would not have bothered even if it was Chaz's father asking before, but things were different now.

Frank was taken away by a group of actual soldiers, and what was the harm in earning himself a favor from the Graves family? Making more enemies would be bad for his health anyway.

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“Good.” Chaz was delighted that Burt was that agreeable. “I’ll prepare a banquet in your honor someday. Please do come when it happens.”

“Thanks for your invitation, Mr. Graves. I’ll be there.”

And with that polite exchange, both men hang up.

Helen’s tense mood was relieved too, and she kept bowing to Chaz. “Thank you so much, Mr. Graves.”

“You’re being a stranger again, Helen. Come on-let’s eat.” Chaz shrugged nonchalantly, as if it was nothing to him. Meanwhile, Hans Schnee had told his men to return to base while he drove Frank to a nearby hotel for dinner. “Mr. Lawrence, how about that hotel? The place looks nice.”

Frank was riding shotgun and looked through the glass wall into Hoff Hotel and saw that it was indeed a nice place. However, his eyes soon narrowed as he noticed the two people by the window seat.

Chapter 467

Hans noticed Frank’s scowl and immediately looked in the direction he was looking.

There, he saw Helen dining with a man he did not recognize, and she looked like she was having a good time. Hans had never met Helen before, but he knew that she was Frank’s ex-wife, and that he had done a lot for her. If anything, it would be shocking if he could keep acting natural to see her having dinner with some other man. “Should we change places, Mr. Lawrence?” Hans quickly asked.

Frank's expression returned to normal right then. "No. We stand apart now, and we're no more than strangers." Hans, however, doubted that would Frank have fought the Salazars and the Chandlers if he did not care? Naturally, he did not have the balls to say it.

With that, they both strode inside, took a seat near the door, and ordered some simple dishes, which they soon devoured clean. Before they left, Hans barked, "The check, please."

Helen turned toward him at the loud call and found him and Frank ready to leave.

"Frank?" Helen was delighted to see Frank, not expecting Chaz to be that efficient.

She quickly got up to chase after Frank, while Chaz was left in his seat, perplexed and in awe of Burt's efficiency-he had released Frank right after he asked?

As Helen caught up to Frank, she asked, "Frank, they released you?"

He nodded silently, and Helen exclaimed in joy, "Wonderful! Come on, let's go home. You have to apologize properly to Aunt Jade-I know you both had a misunderstanding, but that's out of the way now, and you can properly treat Luna-"

Frank raised a hand to stop her. "Hold it. Why should I apologize?"

Helen was left staring at his cold expression. "Why? Because she got someone to bail you out..."

Frank laughed coolly. "She did? Are you kidding me?"

Helen could feel Frank's rage and asked, perplexed, "What's your problem? She helped! How could you behave like this?"

Frank snapped impatiently, "Why would I need her help? I'd be free even without her." "What..." Helen was speechless, just as she turned and noticed Chaz still sitting at their table, realizing then why Frank

was upset. "Please, this is a misunderstanding- that's Chaz Graves from Southstream. We're just having dinner, and it's not what you think!"

"Just having dinner?" Frank snorted in disdain. "With just the two of you? Who'd believe that?"

"Is that what you think of me?" Helen frowned, finding him unreasonable.

"No, you have nothing to do with me at all-we're already divorced," Frank retorted pettily.

Helen's eyes widened. "Chaz called Burt Yorkman to release you, and you'd think that of us?!"

"He called Burt? Why wasn't I aware?" Frank snorted, doubting her completely.

He knew for a fact that the Turnbells, the Quills, and Trevor Zurich had all called him, but Chaz was not one of them!

"You wouldn't have been arrested if you knew everything!" Helen yelled tearfully. "Come with me right now! We have to see Aunt Jade-"

"I'm busy." Frank shook her off right then, knowing that Jade was the one who introduced Chaz to Helen.

It would take a miracle for him to apologize to Jade or treat her spoiled daughter!

Chapter 468

As Frank quickly got into the car, Hans quickly followed without hesitation.

Helen was left watching in utter disappointment as they drove off into the distance.

Chaz stepped outside just then, staring at her tearful face as he said, "I never knew that your exhusband was that type of person."

"Sorry," Helen apologized. "I'm such a complete idiot."

Chaz smiled. "It's not your fault-and I'm helping you, not him. Why don't we go relax over some drinks?"

Helen shook her head. "No, I still have things to do I have to go now. It's my treat some other day."

Chaz did not press her, since it was not the time. –

Meanwhile, Burt hurried to the villa district in Riverton Gulf as evening arrived.

He saw Quinn Ocean as soon as he stepped inside the drawing room and dropped on one knee.
"Milady."

"Get up. What happened to your face?" Quinn asked as she stared downward at his face, surprised to see him hurt.

"I was beaten," Burt admitted.

"Beaten? By whom?"

"I don't know."

"What? You don't know?" Quinn was confused but did not have time for that. "Forget it, then. Where's Frank Lawrence? Why didn't you bring him here?"

Burt sighed. "That's what I'm trying to say. His allies beat me up."

“What? Who are they? How dare they assault an officer?!” Quinn gaped in disbelief.

Burt was an officer in Riverton, and though he was not strong, his rank carried authority.

Nevertheless, they beat him up anyway... Did they have a death wish?

“I don’t know, but they were armed with guns,” Burt said quietly. “I really don’t think we can afford to mess with him, and most importantly.”

He was going to tell Quinn about Frank’s identity as the senior apprentice of Mystic Sky Sect but paused in hesitation at that. If he said it, he would have no way of reconciling with Frank.

Right now, he would prefer to sit on the fence and help whoever won.

“Most importantly, what?” Quinn asked.

“Most importantly, they were all addressing him respectfully as ‘Mr. Lawrence’ and all that. He must be a really big deal.”

“Hmph,” Quinn snorted. “I’ve already done a background check on him-what influence would he have, aside from being friends with some business folks?”

Quinn then turned to glare coolly at Burt, asking sharply, “Don’t tell me that you released him because the Turnbolls bribed you?”

Burt was sweating buckets right then. “Of course not! I’m loyal to Sage Lake Sect-I’d never betray the sect!”

Quinn chuckled coolly. “I believe you. Well, it’s just Frank Lawrence-with all the elites in the sect, killing him couldn’t be easier. Just find out where he is right now.”

Right after she finished, however, a voice boomed from outside the door. "You don't have to look. I'm right here."

Chapter 469

Everyone in the villa was stunned by the voice.

Even before they could react, the door was sent flying with a loud bang and crashing straight down before the couch where they sat.

The door, which would take several men to pry open, had a particularly clear shoe print on it too.

Quinn's expression cooled, while Burt promptly leapt to a corner, knowing that things had gone out of hand.

"Who was that?! How dare you barge into the Salazars' turf?!"

A group of men in black charged out, weapons in hand.

"Back off!" Quinn bellowed, seeing that they were raring for a fight.

She stopped them from encircling Frank not because she did not want him to die, but rather that they would just be wasting time since trash like them posed no threat to him.

"Hehe..." She giggled as she rose to her feet, folding her arms before her chest as if she could not see Frank striding inside menacingly. "To think that you'd come here ... and I thought you'd be fleeing Riverton already."

"Fleeing Riverton? From the likes of you?" Frank snorted.

Still, he knew from her composure that she has strong backing, though he was not worried-in fact, he was interested to see who pumped her with such confidence.

On the other hand, Quinn leveled an icy glare at Burt, who was still cowering by the wall. "I'll deal with you later!"

Burt was left perplexed, but he was not that dumb and realized what had happened soon enough.

"Woman, really...?" he muttered under his breath through gritted teeth.

It was clear that Quinn was convinced he had released Frank, instead of Frank breaking out of the sage fetters himself.

She obviously trusted Sage Lake Sect's gimmicks more than Burt, and now that Frank was here, Quinn also

suspected him of leading Frank here!

Burt certainly realized that she was going to kill him as she believed he had completely turned against Sage Lake Sect. It was certainly frustrating-he had been hinting to her that Frank had backing, and those were people he could not afford to mess with.

Why could she not get it?!

Still, he was a Sage Lake Sect apprentice and wanted to make a last ditch effort.

Chuckling awkwardly, he told Quinn, "I'm sure there's a misunderstanding here, Ms. Ocean. Why don't we just sit down and talk things out properly instead of staying tense? I'm sure the chief and your father wouldn't want you making enemies out of a moment of pettiness."

He was naturally stunned as Quinn stared at him in contempt as if he were an idiot. "Impressive, Burt. I didn't think that your spine and loyalty had completely dropped off after becoming a Riverton officer for years. Don't forget who gave you this position, and how dare a fringe mongrel like you question my decision?!"

Quinn's insults were certainly out of line, and Burt

glowered. "Well, since I'm just a fringe mongrel, I shall stay out of this."

"Hah! You really give yourself too much credit!" Quinn laughed coolly. "You're next once I'm done with you!"

"Are you done?" Frank asked icily as he strode forward.

His might as a Birthright rank individual was bared, his killing intent palpable as his eyes stayed glued on Quinn.

She stood, folding her arms before her chest haughtily as she gloated, "Don't think you're above the rest, Frank Lawrence. There are so many elites in Sage Lake Sect that any single one of them could crush you easily." Frank snorted. "Really? Now I'm actually curious."

Chapter 470

Frank's stride never slowed as his murderous presence grew stronger.

On the other hand, Quinn's expression was suddenly respectful as she nodded. "Uncle Sal, it seems like you have to put this brat in his place."

"Uncle Sal?"

Frank felt a burst of gale behind him before he realized it, like a hundred birds shrieking at once.

He was already annoyed even before the attack reached him.

“You really are too conceited, kid! It’s time to teach you that there’s always a bigger fish!” the elderly man’s voice cried shrilly as he leapt out from Frank’s back, his fingers striking toward Frank’s nape as quick as lightning.

“Teach me, when all you can do is blindside me? Is this all Sage Lake Sect can do?!”

However, Frank had already sensed his presence.

He just did not expect him to move so quickly-or indeed, so brazenly.

The man called him ‘kid’ but was only capable of such despicable moves.

But even if he was shameless, he was a Birthright rank individual and carried a strong vigor that the late Drakon Salazar could not hope to match!

“Five-Peat Archaeus!”

Frank growled in his mind as he stepped on the tile floor below, his body suddenly turned into thin air.

Then, even before Sal Ocean could react, Frank was above his head, unleashing a clear burst of vigor that buffed his palm technique, knocking Sal’s finger technique backward.

“Impossible! Blargh!” Sal cried, unable to anchor himself as he crashed squarely into the wall, leaving a Sal-shaped hole as he coughed out a mouthful of blood.

“That... That was Mystic Sky Sect... ” he murmured as his widened eyes flickered in shock and terror, swallowing another mouthful of blood he was going to cough.

His cheeks twitching, he kept an impassive look as he barked at Frank, "Who are you?! What's your connection to Mystic Sky Sect?!"

"Mystic Sky Sect?!"

Quinn and everyone else froze right then.

Quinn had heard her father speak of the great battle at the South Sea three years ago herself-a battle that had been as mad as it was bloody

And it all revolved around Mystic Sky Sect.

Be that as it may, they were crushed in that battle, with both their chief and their senior apprentice falling.

Did this mean that Frank was a remnant?

"Hah!" Frank chuckled coolly as he stared at the frantic Sal. "Why should I answer your question? On the other hand, you and Sage Lake Sect have been challenging me repeatedly-it would be impolite if I didn't respond. You will all fall here today!"

Without giving Sal time to breathe, Frank moved at the speed of lightning and appeared beside Sal in an instant! "What?! Oof!"

Sal's meridians were already maimed, his lungs and veins choking.

Even before he could muster his pure vigor to parry Frank, he was alarmed as he saw Frank's murderous intent flare.

He did not expect him to come true on his word and decided that he must eliminate Frank once and for all!

However, to think it was one thing-it was another thing entirely for his body to keep up.