

The Girlboss 501

Chapter 501

By cropping the security footage, Chaz made it look like Frank was really molesting Luna.

And once he showed it to Gina and Jade, they both went mad and stormed Frank's hilltop mansion.

Scowling deliberately, Chaz growled, "Look, Helen—even if you doubt me, you wouldn't doubt modern technology, would you? The cameras caught your ex-husband molesting your cousin, and you're still siding with him? Don't you think you're being unfair to me?"

He was therefore shocked as Helen shook her head, smiling as she waved him off. "The video was too grainy, wasn't it?"

Chaz grimaced but snorted. "So what? Even if your ex-husband was a healer, he refused to help Luna before since she and her mother had a fight with him. You were there, so how could you still doubt the facts?"

Helen only felt thoroughly disappointed, her face appearing forlorn. "Oh, Chaz... Why would you keep lying to me?"

"Why would I lie to you?" Chaz retorted, even holding his fingers up. "I swear I'm absolutely telling the truth. Scout's honor."

"Hahaha!" Helen laughed, and her expression was suddenly cold as she snapped at him, "Grandfather told me everything in his will! He was the one who begged Frank to save Luna! The doctors also told us that someone changed the acupoint needles position! If they had stayed the way your healer put them, Luna would only live for another few weeks!"

Even as she watched Chaz's stunned expression, she shook her head as she snarled through her teeth, "You were the one who kept lying to me, Chaz, and you're still doing it now! Do I look that gullible to you?! Frank was the one who went through great lengths for grandfather, but you distorted the truth and slandered him! You goaded my mother and the others to kidnap Winter before contacting Hughie and sending hitmen after Frank! Hughie told me everything before he died!"

Helen's ravings left Chaz stunned, but she continued without a care. "Frank was the one who kept sacrificing himself for us, but instead of receiving gratitude, he only suffered humiliations and insults—even the misunderstandings are all by your design! Why did you do this Chaz?! Weren't we supposed to be friends??!"

"Enough!" Chaz slammed his hand on the table as he sprang to his feet, baring his true nature with a savage laugh. "Yes, you're right—it was all me! I want your ex-husband dead, but it's really taking a toll! What's the harm in giving in to me?! Why did you have to keep obsessing over a lowlife gigolo?! Once you marry me, your family can return to the fold of the Southstream Lanes while I solidify my place in my family. All of Riverton would be ours once our families come together, but you can't even understand something so simple! You really are stupid!"

Utterly crazed right then, he bellowed, "Boys, get in here and take her away! I'll have her tonight—you said your ex-husband never touched you for three years? From where I'm standing, he's impotent, but I'll show you the pleasure of being a woman soon!"

As several black-clad bodyguards appeared behind Chaz and reached for Helen, she tried to fight back. However, she was too drunk to stand straight, let alone run away.

While the bodyguards dragged her out, Chaz stood before her as if to gloat, only for her to bite him viciously on the wrist.

"Fucking bitch!" he bellowed.

Chapter 502

Chaz slapped Helen across the face, leaving her seeing stars.

"You asked for it!" he bellowed. "Take her away!"

While Helen was being shoved into a BMW, a black Maybach drove into The Dynasty's parking lot as well.

Vicky was riding shotgun dressed in a bewitching purple dress, watching Frank as she asked, "Henry Lane's funeral will be held in a few days. Are you attending it?"

"Yeah." Frank nodded somberly. "He saved my life. No matter what the Lanes did, I'll send him off one last time."

It has been three days, and he had gathered himself by now.

Vicky nodded with a smile. Just as she was going to start talking about what they should drink, she frowned as she spotted a single stiletto in the middle of the parking lot.

"What the heck?"

It was unusual, and her woman's intuition left her frowning.

Ladies were sensitive toward brands after all, and Vicky could tell that it was expensive. Moreover, she had seen the size and design before...

Screech!

Suddenly, a black BMW that was driving from the opposite side stopped beside their Maybach, and the window rolled down to reveal a familiar face.

"Tut, tut... If it isn't Frank Lawrence and Ms. Turnbull! What, here to get drunk as well?" Chaz whistled pointedly at Frank, in a good mood even as he glanced at Helen who was being pressed against the backseat.

"Fuck off," Frank snapped, which immediately left Chaz's smile stiffening.

"Hmph. Let's see how long you'll keep up that pompous act." He snorted and turned toward Vicky, raising his brow repeatedly and flirtatiously. "Forgive me for being Frank, Ms. Turnbull, but keeping your gigolo would eventually lead to your family's downfall. You really should dump him while you still can."

“Thanks for the tip, but I think you can mind your own business, Mr. Graves. Why don’t you go back to Southstream and lap up what’s left of it?” Vicky’s tone was polite, but her sarcasm was sharp.

Though Chaz felt like he was given a slap in the face, he was not annoyed at all. “Don’t worry—I’m sure you’ll be begging at my doorstep in a few days.”

He drove off before Vicky could retort, leaving her wary. “What on earth is that bastard cooking?”

Frank simply chuckled in disdain. “We’ll deal with it when it comes. It’s his own doom if he can’t get over himself.”

“I’ve always loved your attitude.” Vicky beamed as she leaned against Frank’s shoulder, though she soon pointed at the black stiletto still lying in the parking lot. “I think I know whose shoe that is—I saw it at your mansion. It’s Helen’s.”

“Helen’s?” Frank frowned.

He then remembered Chaz’s gleeful smile, and then glanced at The Dynasty.

He raised his brow as he connected the dots—Chaz was really not giving up, was he?

But he had cut all ties with the Lanes now, and whatever they did was none of his business.

Chapter 503

Vicky blinked as she watched Frank drive into the parking lot without a care. “What, are you really giving up on Helen?”

Frank stayed silent as he stopped the car and alighted, making a beeline for The Dynasty.

Vicky stood in his way right then and smiled. “Still nursing a stubborn streak? Look—I consider Helen my rival, but winning like this is boring. Get back in the car already. Also, I’m interested in what the Graves family is cooking.”

“Go if you want to.” Frank started to stride past her.

Vicky caught him by the wrist. “Running away solves nothing. Come with me—also, you’re my bodyguard, and you’ll have to explain yourself if I get hurt.”

Her pretty, mischievous smile left Frank nodding in exasperation—he really could not win against her.

This time, Vicky drove and soon caught up to Chaz’s BMW by the junction, waiting for the light.

“Where do you think they’re going?” Vicky mused.

“Do you have to ask?” Frank chuckled despite his frustration and pointed at White Court Hotel just down the road. “There.”

“Wow, you’re right.” Vicky snorted in surprise as she watched the BMW turn and drive into the hotel parking lot.

Frank remained impassive, folding his arms before his chest—he had long since figured out how Chaz’s thought process worked.

He almost had his way with Helen at Riverplex Dojo, and he was not about to let another chance slip.

“It’s consensual. So what are we doing here?” Frank snorted, though he was still unsettled inside.

“Shush.” Vicky silenced him, and they both watched the BMW quietly at that.

Soon, Helen was dragged out of the car and into the hotel entrance, her arms restrained by the two bodyguards and looking clearly drunk herself.

Vicky tapped her fingers on the steering wheel, smiling smugly. "I knew it. Helen would never be interested."

Frank frowned. "I still don't see how this is my business. I told you I've burnt all bridges with the Lanes."

Vicky did not expose him right then and grinned instead. "Sure, you did. But you're not just going to watch your ex-wife being defiled by that bastard, are you? Can your conscience really take it?"

Frank sighed lengthily, but just as he was about to move, Vicky's expression suddenly turned somber and she pressed a hand on his shoulder. "Hold it."

"What now?"

Still, as he followed Vicky's gaze, he saw a white Mercedes driving into White Court Hotel as well.

"That's Neil's car," Vicky said in curiosity. "What is he doing here?"

Frank stayed silent, and watched with Vicky as Chaz stepped out of the White Court Hotel, greeting Neil Turnbull with a smile before going into the lobby with him.

"Come on. Let's see what those two bastards are up to," Vicky said as she slid quietly out of the car.

It amused Frank to see her react like that, though he was also getting impatient.

Vicky was right about his conscience hurting that Chaz made Helen get drunk and took her to a hotel.

"Stupid girl..." he swore under his breath.

“Shush.” Vicky put a finger on her lips as they sneaked beneath the hotel window, where they could eavesdrop on Chaz’s conversation with Neil.

“Are you serious, Mr. Graves?” Neil could be heard asking.

Being the second son of the main Turnbull family, Neil never thought highly of the Graves family.

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However, Neil was actually interested since the offer Chaz made was exceedingly tempting.

That was why he was here to iron out the finer details.

“Yes. I’ve spoken to the Salazars myself, and they are all onboard. We’ll take over Grande Pharma, oust Vicky Turnbull, and eliminate her gigolo.”

Still, Neil made a look of disdain. “The Salazars? Haven’t they basically fallen apart already? Hell, Drakon—Donald’s eldest son—was killed almost as soon as he returned from Sage Lake Sect, and his fiancée’s gone without a trace.”

“True,” Chaz said with a grin. “But they used their influence to reach out to the Lionhearts.”

“The Lionhearts?!” Neil’s eyes widened in surprise. “What are you up to?”

“Nothing, really.” Chaz licked his lips and flashed a cunning grin. “But I’m sure that Titus Lionheart won’t hold back if he finds out that his fiancée has a lover, don’t you think?”

Neil was silent since there was a threatening edge in Chaz’s tone, but he eventually said bluntly, “It’s all Frank Lawrence’s fault. Us Turnbuls played no part in this.”

“Of course!” Chaz replied with aplomb. “Ms. Turnbull is a beauty like none other. She certainly wouldn’t be interested in some random gigolo... So, if you’re agreeing to this, Grande Pharma would be yours and Ms. Turnbull would still marry Titus Lionheart while the Salazars get their revenge. It’s killing three birds with one stone, don’t you think?”

“And what would you get?” Neil asked, staring fixedly at Chaz—he was not that dumb, after all.

“Hahaha!!!” Chaz laughed as he applauded. “I’m not at all ambitious. I’m just really fed up with my fiancé constantly breathing another man’s name.”

Neil gritted his teeth and growled, “Deal! So tell me, what do you need me to do?”

Chaz was just going to elaborate on his plan when a security guard noticed Vicky and Frank crouching by a corner of the wall.

Striding toward them, he barked, “Who goes there?!”

“Hmph.”

Without another word, Frank danced like a phantom, striking him in the back of his head and knocking him out.

However, both Chaz and Neil heard the bodyguard.

Frowning, they both stopped talking right then.

“Damn it!” Vicky was gritting her teeth in frustration—they were almost getting to the most important part, but some security guard blew their cover!

“We have to go!” she snapped and turned to leave.

However, Frank was more thorough—he carried the bodyguard with them while picking up a feral cat from a nearby ditch and left it at the spot where they were hiding.

“A cat...?”

When both Chaz and Neil saw the cat leaping away as they rushed out of the hotel, they both breathed a sigh of relief.

Still, Neil proved prudent and nodded at Chaz. “Seems like it isn’t safe here. Let’s talk someplace more secure next time.”

“Sure,” Chaz smiled. “I have something to attend to myself, so let’s pick up where we left off some other day.”

As Neil drove away, Frank and Vicky emerged out of hiding.

Vicky had been clearly scowling after hearing that the Lionhearts would get involved and was certainly a lot less relaxed than earlier.

“I have to go, Frank. I need to send my men to keep watch on Neil.”

Frank nodded, understanding her concern.

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Vicky then told Frank, “Your fight with the Lanes aside, I think Helen is innocent. Don’t put yourself through a lifetime’s worth of regret out of a moment of pettiness.”

And with those words, she drove away in his Maybach at top speed.

Frank thought about her words and decided that he had to admit Vicky was right. To a certain extent, she had tailed Chaz with him because she did not want him regretting anything.

As a matter of fact, Frank had not gotten over Helen either. He knew full well that the same went for her too, but she could not see the truth and kept being deceived into making the wrong choice.

They were married for three years, and such a long relationship was not so easily ended.

“Stupid girl...” Frank sighed as he strode into White Court Hotel.

—

In Room 808, Chaz’s bodyguards shoved Helen into the bathroom, splashing cold water on her.

Her head cleared considerably, and despite her reluctance, she was dusting herself off after staying depressed for three days.

She knew she absolutely did not want to marry Chaz, especially after seeing through Chaz’s deceit and ambition beneath his harmless appearance.

If she married him, the Graves family would devour the Lane family whole, be it the ones in Northstream or Southstream.

Her grandfather’s will made it very clear that she must stand firm and remarry Frank, even if she had to go against her own mother.

Frank’s quiet sacrifice was the reason Lane Holdings could rise from rags to riches and the reason she could reach where she was now.

She would return to his side no matter what it took, and she would never give up no matter how disappointed he was in her—even if he rejected her.

She had made up her mind, and as a strong, independent woman, she refused to just roll over and die.

She looked around, but there was nothing else aside from toiletries in the bathroom.

Chaz had taken her phone away too, so she could not contact anyone.

“What should I do?” she murmured as she wrapped herself with a towel, her hair still dripping wet as she thought furiously about what to do.

Click.

Suddenly, the hotel room door opened, and a voice that sent her flinching spoke outside. “Are you done cleaning up, Helen?”

“Chaz...” Helen bit her lip, tightening the towel around her. “Look—I have no feelings for you, but if you let me go, we can put everything behind us, and we’d still be friends.”

“Friends?” Chaz almost laughed outside. “Did you really think you’re still in a position to talk terms with me? Why don’t you listen to what your mother just called me to say?”

He whipped out his phone and played out a recording.

“Oh, Mr. Graves... our daughter will be in your care from now on. I’m so sorry that she’s still obsessing over that gigolo...”

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Lane,” Chaz assured her in the recording. “I’ll take good care of Helen.”

Chapter 506

Chaz was still keeping up with his nice guy act, his tone as humble as it was gentle.

“Oh, if only my daughter had met you earlier.” Gina sighed over the phone. “Anyway, just come home soon. Let’s get you married to Helen soon.”

“Sure, Mrs. Lane.”

“By the way, can we really return to the main family? Jade’s been threatening us, saying they’d never let us go back...”

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Lane. My family’s word holds sway in Southstream...”

“That’s wonderful!”

Beep.

Chaz played another recording soon after.

“Oh, Chaz... Hughie is so useless, getting killed by some gigolo. Come over tonight. I’m so lonely...” Cindy was purring.

“Haha! I’ll come for you when I’m done with your cousin, you minx!”

“That’s a promise. You must come tonight... By the way, I’m also game if you need help holding Helen down...”

In the bathroom, Helen’s heart sank rock bottom as the recordings finished playing.

“Just give up and give in to me already.” Chaz chuckled outside. “Your whole family are all agreeable to you marrying me. There’s no fighting it now. Of course, you might be hoping that Frank will save you, but I don’t mind telling you that he’ll be dead in a few days.”

“What?!”

While Chaz's words left Helen disappointed before, her heart skipped a beat this time.

She held on tightly to her bathrobe as she opened the door, glaring fiercely at Chaz as she demanded, "What are you doing to Frank?!"

"Hehehe..." Chaz licked his lips at the pretty sight before him, his libido threatening to explode when he saw Helen's half-naked body.

However, forcing himself on her was boring—he wanted her utter obedience to satisfy his lust to dominate.

"I'm sure you have heard of the Morhen's four families, specifically the Lionhearts? On top of that, they're backed by Volsung Sect—one of the South Sea Four—and crushing Frank Lawrence is no more than squashing an ant with a boot."

He then brandished a bright gold business card at Helen. "This right here is Titus Lionheart's business card. Just think about it—I can call him and tell him that Vicky Turnbull, who was supposed to be his fiancée, has been messing around with some gigolo... Surely you know what happens after that?"

Helen was left flabbergasted by Chaz's threat. "Y-You're despicable!"

"I'm really not." Chaz expression suddenly turned cool even as he folded his arms before his chest. "Would I have any reason to spur Titus into action if Frank didn't seduce Ms. Turnbull? How is that despicable? I guess I should remind you—there have been idiots in Riverton who have tried to woo Ms. Turnbull... one was cut into pieces and fed to pigs while another was dismembered, and the last one was buried alive."

Every death Chaz mentioned left Helen cringing.

The Lionhearts of Morhen were way worse than Sage Lake Sect as they could crush little Riverton whenever they wanted!

Chaz then put away the business card just then. “I’m sure you’re smart, Helen, so why stay with Frank? When the fighting starts, you’d just be hurting your mom, your cousin, Lane Holdings, and even the Lane family of Southstream. Hell, they might even exhume your grandfather’s body.”

Chuckling as he folded his arms before his chest again, he continued, “Naturally, if you give me your heart and soul, I swear I won’t tell Titus, just so your ex-husband will live another few years.”

Chapter 507

Helen was stupefied—she had never expected this.

Her grandfather’s will was clear: leave the family to be with Frank and follow her conscience.

She had certainly made up her mind after being told about Chaz’s true nature, but his threat left her in despair.

If she refused Chaz, he would go after Frank.

Yes, Frank was a fighter, but could he defeat the might of the Lionhearts?

And they had the backing of Volsung Sect with hundreds of apprentices and countless Skyrank elites among their ranks.

It was impossible—Frank would end up destroyed, and Vicky could get caught in the crossfire too.

It would not be just them either—her family and the company she worked so hard to develop in three years would all be reduced to dust.

Helen was silent and turned toward Chaz, trembling. “I-if I marry you, would you spare Frank?”

“Of course! I love you, Helen. Why would I bother with him if you marry me? I’m such a gentleman.” Chaz smiled.

That smile only left Helen disgusted—to think that her childhood friend grew up to be such a heinous man.

But she had no way of fighting back.

After struggling with herself for a long while, she nodded in disgrace as tears welled out of her eyes. “Just spare Frank, and I’ll marry you.”

“Haha...” Chaz’s smile broadened as she resigned herself. “There’s no reason to hide anything from your husband, right? Take it off.”

He was staring at her amorously even as he strode up, but Helen held on firmly, not inclined to let him win.

“What?” Chaz promptly scowled. “You’d rather your ex-husband die?”

“I...” Helen teared up but ultimately relaxed her fingers.

Chaz was smiling gleefully as he reached for her towel...

“Stop!”

A bellow suddenly thundered from outside the hotel room, and the door was kicked wide open.

Helen turned to see that it was none other Frank, the one she wanted to see most.

“Frank...” she murmured in joy, but her delight soon faded as she remembered Chaz’s threat.

Nonetheless, Frank strode inside and took her by the wrist. “We’re leaving.”

“Frank...” Helen hung her head, not budging and refusing to leave even as Frank tugged at her.

“What...”

Even before Frank could appear confused, Chaz flicked the dust off his shoulders and smiled as he walked over. “You found us here—how incredible!”

“You’re asking for it.” Frank glared at Chaz coldly, his killing intent ablaze.

“Haha! Calm down now—I know you’re good and I’m no match for you, but don’t forget that you’re Helen’s ex-husband now. Who she wants to be with is her decision...”

Turning toward Helen with a grin, Chaz asked, “Right, Helen?”

“I...”

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Helen’s mouth was open, but she could not say what was plaguing her mind.

Frank then turned to her and said solemnly, “I know there’s some misunderstanding between us, but I hope you’ll see the truth and not get misled. However, you have to trust me... Do you trust me, Helen?”

Frank had never spoken to Helen like that before, and she could scream that she did.

She put her hand on his palm, wanting to throw herself in his arms so much just then!

However, just as she was about to give in to her desire, Chaz sneered as she dissuaded her. “Are you forgetting something, Helen?”

Yes... There was Chaz himself and Titus.

Helen was certainly embittered—she wanted to leave with Frank so badly, but so what?

She knew Frank's temper and that he would never give in—and that meant death.

As for her, should she choose love and cause the death of the man she so dearly loved?

Helen withdrew her hand as if jolted, lowering her gaze while fighting back her tears. "I never trusted you, Frank. I-I'm marrying Chaz next week... Let's just stay away from each other now."

Her words left Frank feeling like he was punched in the gut.

"What are you saying? A-Are you really—"

"Yes, Frank. Don't bother me ever again." Helen braced herself and lied through her teeth. "You've always deceived me, while Chaz has always been good to me. Just go!"

"Sorry for imposing." Frank hung his head and turned to leave right then.

"Frank..." Helen clasped a hand over her mouth, suffering endless misery even as she watched him cut a lonely figure in the hallway.

She could throw herself at him right then and tell him that she was lying.

But if she did that, Chaz would have him killed!

"Hahaha! Not bad, Helen. You really know your place." Chaz chuckled gleefully, stepping beside her and breathing in her scent deeply.

Then, instead of staying with Helen, he ran out to the hallway and gloated loudly at Frank from the back. “You hear that, Frank Lawrence?! Helen is mine! Stay away from us from now on, loser! Helen loves me! Hahaha!”

That was when Frank suddenly paused.

“Eh?”

Chaz immediately felt danger when he saw that, and Frank soon disappeared while Chaz felt a heartrending agony from his chest!

He was the chief of the Seaham Martial Artist Association, but he never even saw Frank move!

He screamed as he flew over ten meters down the hallway, coughing blood as he pushed himself off the ground.

His eyes went red from fury as he growled, “I’ll kill you!”

Seeing that things were quickly getting out of hand, Helen leapt up to Frank and slapped him across the face!

Smack!

“Have you lost your mind?!” she cried, feeling thoroughly indignant—how could Frank behave in such a manner after she sacrificed herself for him? If Chaz held a grudge over this, Frank would be a dead man!

Her slap cleared Frank’s mind too.

Chapter 509

Frank stared at Helen in disbelief. “Did you just hit me?”

“I...”

Helen’s palm was shaking as she stared at the palm print she left on Frank’s face, her heart aching.

But she could not apologize—instead, she leapt at him as if crazed, pushing him while shielding Chaz even as she bellowed through tears, “That’s enough! You killed my grandfather—are you going to kill my fiance too?! Just get out of here! We’ll go our separate ways now, and I don’t want us to see each other anymore!”

Frank watched her hysterical ravings, his knuckles loosening as he forced a smile. “Helen, you’re being threatened by him, aren’t you? Just tell me, and I’ll handle it. Trust me.”

Helen hung her head, avoiding looking him in the eye in fear that she would lose control right then. “No one is threatening me! This is all my decision! Stop fantasizing and leave!”

“...I see.”

Frank clenched his knuckles as he turned to leave, really giving up just then.

As the elevator doors closed behind him, Helen fell to her knees as if drained. She was clawing at her face as she sobbed in despair, almost fainting even as she watched the elevator descend.

“No... don’t go, Frank... That’s not true...”

“Bleugh... That bastard...”

Meanwhile, Chaz had gotten to his feet, clutching his chest as he limped toward Helen.

He watched as she stayed on her knees and bawled, his libido doused right then as he kicked her squarely in the face!

However, kicking her to the floor hardly eased his swelling spite. He grabbed her by the hair, slamming her face repeatedly on the wall and only stopping when she bled all over and passed out.

Even so, she murmured, “Frank...”

“You bitch!” Chaz snarled, though he soon grinned savagely as he stared at the direction from which Frank left. “Did you think I’ll spare you because of her? You’re too naive, Frank Lawrence! I’ll make you wish you were dead... I’ll make you despair!”

—

As Frank left White Court Hotel, he found Trevor waiting for him at the front entrance.

He snuffed out his cigarette, doing a double take when he saw the palm print on Frank’s face before exploding in rage. “Are you alright, Mr. Lawrence?! Which bastard dared to lay their hand on you?! Are they crazy?!”

Just as he whipped out his phone, ready to call in the cavalry, Frank pressed a hand on his phone and shook his head.

“I’m fine. Let’s go—take me to The Dynasty.”

“Yes, Mr. Lawrence,” Trevor quickly replied, since he would never disobey Frank’s orders.

He more or less could feel the misery Frank seemed to project. Knowing that Frank was in a bad mood, he quickly drove Frank to The Dynasty.

As Frank settled down in a seat he picked at random and began to chug a bottle of vodka, Trevor said, “I’ll drink with you, Mr. Lawrence.”

Chapter 510

Trevor was hardly young, but he would die in service of Frank.

He gritted his teeth as he picked up a bottle of red wine and chugged it, but he was already flushed to his ears halfway through one.

On the other hand, Frank remained perfectly fine even as he emptied his bottle and watched as Trevor wobbled as if on the brink. “You don’t have to push yourself, Trevor.”

“No... Stop it, Mr. Lawrence... All that I am... is because...” Trevor mumbled unintelligibly, clearly out of the game already.

Frank shook his head in exasperation and beckoned at Trevor’s bodyguard who stood by the doorway.

“Send him home,” Frank said. “He’s been wearing himself out worrying about me—he ought to get some proper rest.”

Trevor struggled even as he was taken away, while Frank was left sitting alone and drinking away his sorrows at the spacious booth.

Soon, there were rows of bottles lining his table, though Frank was not using his Birthright rank abilities to nullify the alcohol’s effects. In fact, he started to feel drunk under the pressure...

“Hey, isn’t that...?”

A group of young people strode into The Dynasty just then. Their leader, who looked stereotypically thuggish with a lip piercing, had Aria in his arms and was flirting happily together.

She was dressed flamboyantly in a camisole, her permed hair spread loose and her makeup thick. She was a lot less conservative compared to Winter, though they were both college students.

Still, she spotted Frank at his booth under the dimly lit room, with rows of bottles in front of him.

“What are you doing here, Frank?” she asked as she snuggled up to Frank, abandoning the thug leader while deliberately pulling down her camisole to bare her pronounced cleavage.

“Hmm?” Frank’s eyelids felt heavy, and he tilted his head in thought as he stared at Aria for a moment.

“Oh, if it isn’t Aria Lond, Winter’s classmate.” He nodded when he finally remembered.

“Oh, you.” Aria pouted unhappily. “You can skip that act when we’re outside—do I still look like a child to you?”

“Hehe. To what do I owe the pleasure?”

Frank was drunk, but he was still conscious enough to tell Aria could be more than a handful.

He tried to move to another seat to keep his distance, but Aria simply followed him, sitting so close she was almost pressing herself on him.

“Who is he, Aria?” Tuck, the thug boss, strode over to them, his eyes flashing with jealousy as he glared at Aria leaning on Frank.

“Shit, he can really drink!” one of Tuck’s boys exclaimed as he saw the piles of bottles beside him.

“Shut up.” Tuck glared at him in annoyance as he walked up to Aria, his tone clearly angry. “I’m asking you—who is he?”

“What’s it to you?” Aria rolled her eyes and sneered in disdain, clearly dumping him right then.

“You bitch...” Tuck was thoroughly incensed and turned on Frank, pointing at him as he threatened, “I don’t know who you are, kid, but learn your place and fuck off, you hear?!”

“Who do you think you are to tell Frank to leave?” Aria sprang to her feet, standing akimbo as Tuck was clearly harassing Frank. “You should be the one to learn your place, Tuck! You’ll suffer if you upset him!”