

## **The Girlboss 541**

### Chapter 541

“Aria Lond!”

Frank’s fist was still awash with blood as endless rage flared within him.

He had been careful last night during the banquet at White Hall. He inspected every kitchen utensil and piece of food to ensure there was no poison before setting his mind at ease.

The only thing he did not take notice of was the wine Aria served him.

Despite Aria’s endlessly devious nature, he thought he could forgive Aria since she was Winter’s friend. After that shenanigan of hers, she should be turning over a new leaf and genuinely reflecting.

That was why Frank did not expect her to poison him instead!

Thud! Thud!

Frank started to hit himself with Sage Lake Sect’s Lotus Poke, striking various acupoints to fire up his vigor and dispel the poison.

“You useless scum! He’s been poisoned! Get him right now!”

On the other hand, Quinn was yelling at her father’s men since they were backing down instead.

The black-clad men all traded glances but eventually braced themselves and charged.

“Mr. Lawrence!”

Burt leapt into the air, jumping from shoulders to shoulders before landing beside Frank.

He could see that Frank was in a bad shape and reached him to stave off the black-clad man.

“Thanks.” Frank was earnestly grateful to see Burt put his life on the line for him.

His fingers moved even quicker at that as he poked himself repeatedly while also taking a pill he refined beforehand.

“Cough, cough... Blargh!”

Just as Burt was about to be overwhelmed by the black-clad men’s assault, Frank smacked his palm on his chest, and he hacked out a mouthful of viscous black blood.

“Incompetent fools!!!”

Quinn turned frantic as she saw Frank recover. She would have charged at Frank instead of having the black-clad men do it, but it was pointless since she was only a vigor wielder.

However, a middle-aged man with war paint on his face suddenly vaulted from the ranks of the black-clad men.

He moved so quickly that Burt could not even see him, landing a punch in Burt’s gut.

“Oof!” Burt grunted as he was sent flying, his face turning pale right then.

“Burt!”

Frank looked up just then to see Burt being sent flying, his eyes turning red as he glided forward and caught Burt.

“Cough, cough...” Burt collapsed in Frank’s arms and hacked violently, blood welling out of his mouth.

“M-Mr. Lawrence... My meridian nexus...”

Frank promptly tore through Burt’s clothes to find the distinct bruise on his abdomen.

His eyes flashing, he looked up furiously at the middle-aged man who was gloating. “Burt Yorkman... I was the one who chose you and groomed you, but you betrayed Sage Lake Sect. In that case, I shall take back everything we gave you, and you can enjoy the life of a cripple.”

Around them, the black-clad men stopped attacking after the middle-aged man showed up, merely keeping Frank, Burt, the old man, and his granddaughter at the center.

“Mr. Lawrence, I...”

“Don’t talk!” Frank snapped even as he sweated from his brow, his hand a blur as he poked Burt’s acupoints to seal them, preventing further loss of vigor.

“B-Birthright rank?!”

The old man, who managed to survive the black-clad men’s assault, could feel his hands shake even as he stared at the middle-aged man.

“Hmph.” The middle-aged man snorted just then. “I’ll at least acknowledge your strength, Frank Lawrence, since you survived the assault of so many Sage Lake Sect apprentices... But it’s over now.”

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The middle-aged man folded his arms before his chest as he slowly approached, his eyes flashing coldly.

Still in Frank's arms, Burt quickly warned Frank with his last sliver of strength, "Watch out, Mr. Lawrence... T-That's Eiger Ocean, Bocek Ocean's other brother... He's an elite Birthright... I'm no match for him... Urk..."

Frank frowned. "Just shut up and lie down, or your meridian nexus will break. If that happens, you won't even be able to wipe your own butt!"

Eiger was actually surprised to see that Burt's meridian nexus did not break either. "I'm surprised that you know how to seal vigor meridians, though one must expect nothing less from the last apprentice of Mystic Sky Sect."

"Mystic Sky Sect?!"

For the umpteenth time of the day, the old man behind Frank was staring in disbelief.

"What's wrong, Grandpa? What's Mystic Sky Sect?" his granddaughter quickly asked.

The old man was stuttering in astonishment, "M-Mystic Sky Sect of the South Sea... It's Draconia's oldest and most enigmatic sect! They didn't have many disciples, but those disciples were all monsters!"

"Monsters? As in, they've all reached Skyrank?"

"Skyrank?" The old man turned to her with a terrible smile. "Even Skyranks are beneath them!"

"What?!" The old man's granddaughter was stupefied.

The old man had always worshiped Skyrank individuals, flattering them for their almost freaky natures...

And yet, that same old man would say that the Skyrank was beneath Mystic Sky Sect?!

“Hmm... So you do know about Mystic Sky Sect!” Eiger turned toward the old man right then, his death aura swirling as he narrowed his eyes.

The old man stumbled backward, but his eyes flashed with indignation as he held Eiger’s gaze and said solemnly, “I’m Aion Fairfax, a member of Haply Hall. Please spare me and my granddaughter, and I promise in my honor that I will never breathe a word about everything we saw here. But if you kill us, Haply Hall will investigate the matter, and even the likes of Sage Lake Sect will not escape unscathed!”

Aion’s granddaughter was actually surprised that he suddenly mentioned his roots. “What are you talking about, Grandfather? Aren’t you just some wandering fortune teller?”

“Haply Hall?”

Eiger was stroking his chin, though he soon flashed a vicious smile. “Well, I would’ve spared you if you didn’t know that the brat over there is from Mystic Sky Sect. But now that you do, I’ll have you both stay here just in case!”

“Haply Hall?”

Frank was surprised as well.

He had heard of Haply Hall during the Battle of the South Sea three years ago, though he was not particularly familiar with them.

As he eyed the old man suspiciously for a moment, he then put down Burt, his expression calm.

“Whatever... Since this is a trap meant for me, I shall be the one who shall spring it! Doesn’t matter where you’re from, Mr. Fairfax. You were innocent, and I promise you safe passage.”

Frank then turned toward Eiger, holding out a palm menacingly. “Give me the Goldeater Cane, and I’ll spare Sage Lake Sect. Breathe anything suspiciously like a ‘no’, and you’ll face my wrath!”

Eiger simply laughed savagely. “Your arrogance really knows no bounds, kid! Let me show you what they mean when they say ‘there’s always a bigger fish!’”

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Quinn quickly yelled loudly to warn Eiger, “Be careful! That bastard’s strong, and he caught Uncle Sal off guard!”

“Hah! Sal was a piece of shit who’d never hope to match me.” Eiger snorted, his vigor burgeoning as he crushed the floor tiles as he feet, and he shot forward toward Frank like a missile. “I will avenge your fiance right now, Quinn!”

“Be careful, Mr. Lawrence! Eiger stands among Sage Lake Sect’s top five!” Burt cried out in warning despite being told not to talk.

“Top five?” Frank snorted coolly. “It seems like we landed quite the big fish!”

“Big fish? What the hell are you—”

Eiger’s face fell even as he kept charging at Frank.

He could see the projected vigor around Frank solidify into a dazzling golden dragon.

“Such solid pure vigor! He really mustn’t be trifled with... Miasmic Fists!!!”

Eiger was suddenly on alert, immediately using his best move.

His fist carried pure vigor, shrouded in waves of darkness that the naked eye would have a hard time seeing through. It was just like a miasma, yet it was moving rapidly around Eiger’s knuckle as he shot toward Frank.

“Miasmic Fists? And you’ve mastered it so well too... Guess you can’t even face me like a man, and you’re just as much a freak as you look!” Frank bellowed as he spread his legs and lowered his center of gravity, his Five-Peat Archeaus charging resounding.

“Watch this, Burt,” he said. “It’s a simple technique, but within it lies the precept of the way of the fist!”

Keeping both eyes fixed on Eiger as he approached, he abruptly moved at the speed of a lightning bolt, instantly brushing past Eiger’s punch.

As Eiger looked on in shock, Frank slowly raised his own fist and bellowed, “Tiger Fists... the ultimate!”

Everyone could almost hear a tiger’s roar when he struck Eiger, their hearts all skipping a beat.

Eiger’s face turned pale, his pupils dilating as he watched the tiger lunging at him from the side, too fast for him to dodge!

Pow!

A thunderous shockwave ensued as vigor was refined with purity.

Eiger was screaming in turn—Frank had struck him on the shoulder, just as a crater was blown into the floor beneath him.

Soon, every bone in Eiger’s body shattered, his flesh rupturing and he ended up no more than bloody pulp in the crater!

“What...”

Quinn froze.

Her Uncle Eiger was top five, but he could not even survive a single punch from Frank!

In the distance, Burt froze when he looked up with much difficulty.

The Tiger Fist was just some basic, inferior martial technique he got off the black market... and yet, Frank wielded it with such devastating effect!

Still, he quickly gained further understanding of the way of the fists!

“Holy crap... Frank Lawrence is that amazing?!”

Aion’s granddaughter felt no fear even as she looked on. If anything, she was endlessly worshipful toward Frank after her initial surprise.

“Of all the monsters of Mystic Sky Sect, it had to be the worst one...”

Aion was in turn sweating from his brow as he witnessed Frank eliminating Eiger with a single punch.

While he was surprised, he was also reminded of a certain rumor...

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When Mystic Sky Sect was wiped out three years ago, it was rumored that their chief and senior disciple had gone missing.

Could this young man be the missing disciple Donn Lawrence, the man who carved a bloody path out of his enemies despite the South Sea Four’s encirclement?

The man had already topped Skyrank as a Birthright martial elite. One could not even begin to fathom his depth!

In fact, Aion Fairfax was already no longer worrying about what Sage Lake Sect would do.



Instead, he now feared that after Donn Lawrence wiped out Sage Lake Sect, he would silence Aion and his granddaughter... forever!

On the other hand, Eiger was on his last breath after Frank's single punch.

He was also on his knees in a grotesque posture as he screamed in panic, "I'm Bocek's sworn brother and the sect chief's comrade! Sage Lake Sect will kill you if you kill me!"

"Those are your last words?" Frank asked as he leveled Eiger an icy look, chuckling coolly. "It's as if you're saying that Sage Lake Sect would forget all past grievances if I'd just let you go."

"Y-You can't kill me! I have money! I'll give you as much as you want if you spare me... Right, the Goldeater Cane! You wanted that, didn't you? It's right there, inside the inner room. Just spare me, and I promise I will collect the rest too—"

Crack.

Frank smacked Eiger with his palm right then, silencing him permanently.

Even as Eiger's eyes widened at his sunken chest, he kept rasping but could not manage a single word.

Then, he dropped to the floor resoundingly—one of Sage Lake Sect's top five had been killed with immeasurable ease.

Quinn was left watching as Eiger died for a long while before coming to her senses.

"You killed Uncle Eiger! You're a dead man, Frank!" she screamed before turning toward the black-clad men around them. "You incompetent fools! Are you just going to watch and do nothing?! Kill him!"

The black-clad men traded glances, none of them taking a step forward.

If Frank Lawrence could kill a Birthright rank elite so easily, they would serve no purpose other than die if they charged at him.

Naturally, their inaction left Quinn hysterical even as she spat, "You bunch of ungrateful, useless scum! Have you forgotten how much Sage Lake Sect spent on you?! Spineless twigs!"

Frank remained silent and impassive as he looked up at Quinn, who stood some distance away.

He started forward, and the black-clad man immediately cleared a path.

Seeing that Frank was coming for her, Quinn's legs were shaking and actually felt something warm flowing down her legs.

"W-What do you think you're doing?!" she shrieked. "I'm the daughter of Bocek Ocean! My father will kill you if you lay a finger on me!"

Frank simply snorted as he stood before her, staring coldly. "No more tricks. I might actually spare you if you give up the Goldeater Cane, but if you don't... It's death!"

His sudden murderous glare vaporized every bit of mental fortitude Quinn had.

She dropped to her knees with an audible thud, staring blankly as Frank reached out a hand, unable to breathe...

But that was when a bellow resounded from outside Silver Spring Dojo.

"Wretched remnant of Mystic Sky Sect! The insolence to mess with Sage Lake Sect!"

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Frank turned just as the doors were kicked open, and a middle-aged man strode in.

His hair and clothes were gray, and he carried the air of mastery.

His hawkish eyes were fixed on Frank, his expression dark.

It was none other than Bocek Ocean, high elder of Sage Lake Sect.

“Dad!”

Quinn appeared euphoric to see him, even scrambling as she dashed toward him, bawling, “Dad, you have to save us! F-Frank killed Uncle Eiger!”

“What?!”

Bocek turned where her daughter was pointing, his gaze darkening as he saw Eiger’s corpse laying limply in the crater.

“You wretch! You slayed an elder of Sage Lake Sect!”

“So what if I did?”

Frank chuckled coolly, not holding back since he knew Bocek would be the worst opponent he faced today. “Shame your top five didn’t even last a punch. I’m really disappointed.”

“Hmph. So you are as conceited as my daughter says,” Bocek growled, quickly composing himself. “You have now murdered three vital figures of Sage Lake Sect, and there’s no way for you to make amends now... But!”

Bocek withdrew his death aura as he narrowed his eyes and added slyly, “Sage Lake Sect is always understanding. Give up all your techniques, cripple your meridian nexus, and come with me to Sage Lake Sect to mourn all those you killed—and I’ll spare your life. Otherwise, you and everyone you ever loved shall die!”

Frank laughed out loud in turn. "You're as crude as the words you say. And instead of taking your offer, I have a counter-offer: Have everyone in Sage Lake Sect cripple their meridian nexus and kowtow three times before me, and I shall spare Sage Lake Sect. How about that?"

Bocek sneered, undeterred by Frank's sarcasm. "So you're not admitting to your crimes?"

"What crimes do you speak of?" Frank shot back, standing against Bocek with equal might.

"Fine, have it your way. Get him!" Bocek bellowed at the black-clad men.

They were once again trading glances, some cowering while most too afraid to move.

That was when Bocek added, "Deserters will be punished according to Sect rules!"

They froze at those words, their eyes going red right then.

Despite being a part of Sage Lake Sect, their families were in the hands of the sect.

On one hand, it was called employee benefits.

On the other hand, it was leverage during drastic situations.

As such, what Bocek meant was that anyone who did not fight would have their entire families executed.

But if they sacrificed themselves for Sage Lake Sect, they would more or less be earning compensation for their families.

"Die, Frank Lawrence!" one of the black-clad men bellowed as he charged at Frank, weapon raised.

And with him leading the way, the others all charged at Frank as well with resounding battlecries, all of them turning into fearless zealots right then.

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Death meant compensation for their families, while desertion meant death to them and their families.

Sensing the change in attitude among the black-clad men, Frank did not hold back as he charged his Five-Peat Archaeus, his Birthright rank might overwhelming them.

It was a headache now that they were suddenly fearless even in death, especially since some were vigor-wielding elites.

A group around ten would be no issue, but even he was hard-pressed against dozens, even hundreds—not even a lion could stand against a horde of hyenas alone.

Seeing that Frank was a little overwhelmed, Aion's granddaughter cried, "Help him, Grandpa!"

Aion, however, stood his ground.

He appeared troubled and was clearly not intent to get involved.

If Frank won, he and his granddaughter must come up with something to appease the last apprentice of Mystic Sky Sect.

And there was still a chance he would kill them so that they would not tell on him.

Naturally, things would not bode well for them if Sage Lake Sect won either, so all Aion could do was stand there, indecisive.

"Oh, you're such an embarrassing geezer!" Aion's granddaughter snapped just then and leapt into fray.

Surprisingly, her dainty form wielded martial arts that almost defied common sense!

With just a single palm technique, she unleashed a violent shockwave that sent two black-clad men flying.

She was clearly more than what met the eye!

“Stop it, brat!”

Aion was absolutely petrified.

What was he going to tell Haply Hall’s elders if something happened to his granddaughter because she was blundering her way through this mess?!

Having no choice right then, he braced himself and joined the fight as well, alleviating the pressure on Frank right then.

—

At the dojo gates, Quinn was still watching as Frank sent more black-clad men flying or killing them outright.

She winced from time to time but eventually turned toward her father in confusion. “Dad, are we just going to sit by and watch as he slaughters our men?”

Bocek was much more composed in comparison. He was watching the fight too and said quietly, “We’ll get our hands on Mystic Sky Sect’s secrets. Moreover, there’s been too many prying eyes involved...”

Quinn’s heart skipped a beat as she looked at the crazed black-clad man in shock. “You mean...”

“Yes.” Bocek laughed coolly. “No one aside from you and me must know about this—not even the chief. Also, new apprentices can always be recruited, while these ones die wearing down Frank. It’s killing two birds with one stone.”

Quinn lowered her gaze, a little scared of her father’s savage, bloodlusting glare just then.

“That includes Eron White and his family... The man wants to have his daughter marry Maron Ocean? Hah! He’s dying too.”

Bocek’s face contorted ruthlessly and glanced at his daughter to see her hesitant.

Clapping her on the shoulder, he chuckled. “You must understand, my dear girl—there’s no such thing as principles in this world! Everyone listens to the person with the biggest stick, and the ones who defeat their conscience would always reach further and higher than anyone else!”

He nodded in approval as he watched Quinn ponder upon his words, and he whipped out his phone to make a call.

“Jorg Zayas? Got a job for you,” he said icily. “Assemble your boys and massacre the White family of Southstream. Remember, leave nothing alive!”

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Meanwhile, a guest has arrived at White Hall. It was Shane Tomen, the heir to a rich family in Southstream.

He was in his twenties, having recently returned after completing a master’s degree abroad.

He was classmates with Kim during their middle school years and had been infatuated with her since Kim was already pretty maiden since then.

He confessed his feelings to Kim when they graduated and was devastated when she rejected him, saying that she was underage.

It was why he chose to further his studies abroad, and years had passed when he learned that Kim was engaged to the heir of the Yaffe family of Riverton.

He was once again miserable, as the Yaffes were backed by Flying Sword Sect.

His family consisted of generations of business folk, but they stood no chance against the Yaffes, who had the edge in physical violence. Hence, Shane had to give up under his father's stern dissuasion.

But he soon heard news of the entire Yaffe family being wiped out.

"Could someone up there be watching over me?" he mused just then.

He quickly settled all business he had abroad—including a pregnant girlfriend—and hurried back to Southstream.

He visited White Hall the very next day and was now in Kim's guest room.

Taking a sip of a yellowed tea, he leveled a look of worry at Kim. "I heard the Yaffes were wiped out, so I was worried. It really keeps people on edge, the way those sect members go all out to slaughter each other."

Kim, however, was completely distracted, only serving some plain tea leaves and not the ones she handpicked.

"Yeah. It's not surprising given the terrible things they were usually up to," she murmured.

Shane was delighted to see that she was not sentimental about the Yaffes, even believing that this was his hour.

Adjusting his glasses, he smiled. "Does that mean you're free now?"



“Free?” Kim rested her chin on her hand as she snorted darkly. “How am I free? I still have to suffer my father’s arrangements.”

“Mr. White?” Shane frowned as he reached for her hand, but Kim withdrew hers as if jolted.

Her reaction left him displeased, but he smiled anyway. “In that case, I will appeal to your father for your sake, so that he’ll free you.”

“Really?” Kim’s eyes lit up with hope, but it was gone soon enough. “Forget it. My father is stubborn and self-obsessed—he’d never listen.”

“Don’t worry, he’ll come around with me here,” Shane assured her, patting his own chest. “You can run away with me if he still refuses. I was going to start the greatest empire of commerce that Southstream has ever seen. That’s why I’ve returned—I’m sure that with my brains and my connections, your father will be satisfied.”

Kim frowned as Shane’s meaning could not be clearer, but before she could speak, the doors were opened violently.

Eron strode in, glowering at Shane in disdain. “Dream on, boy. My daughter already has a better fiance, and you’re insignificant in comparison. Do you understand?”

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Eron’s blunt tone left Shane at once surprised and angered.

“Don’t you think you’re exaggerating, sir?” he demanded. “Why don’t you mention the name of the fiance who could make me appear insignificant?”

Eron glanced between Shane’s defiant visage and Kim’s look of melancholy.

Considering the timing, Sage Lake Sect would be done with Frank by now.

“Ahem.” He cleared his throat and grinned. “My daughter will be marrying Maron Ocean, the son of Sage Lake Sect’s chief. You really should look yourself in the mirror and decide if you can ever win against Sage Lake Sect... If the answer’s no, then just give up on your pipe dreams already.”

Kim did a double take at his mention of Maron before slamming her palm on the table as she sprang to her feet, furious. “You’re out of line! You can’t do this!”

Moran was known to be prodigious and had reached Birthright rank early in life, but word from every place he ever traveled to pointed to a terrible personality.

Not only would he frequent red-light districts, but there were also accusations of an appalling personal life and that every woman he had ever been with always ended up suffering.

His drunken behavior was even less acceptable, with reports of him assaulting innocents on the street.

He was incorrigible, and heaven knows how he reached Birthright rank. Perhaps the credit went to Sage Lake Sect’s chief, who must have spent a fortune on his son.

“Nonsense!” Eron’s face fell as his daughter pointed out all of Maron’s flaws. “Those are all just rumors—Maron is a good man. If you still doubt me, I’ll personally bring you on a visit after this.”

“Are you really so bent on driving me to desperation?” Kim cried, her eyes welling up with tears as she clenched her knuckles. “You’re willing to exchange my life and happiness for your so-called future?”

“Silence!”

A devilish figure strode in, and it was none other than Aria Lond, her cheeks thick with makeup.

She leaned against Eron’s shoulder, snapping at Eron haughtily, “Is that how you speak to your own father, Kim? Apologize right now!”

“Apologize?!”

Kim could have a stroke, and she did not need imagination to understand the story between those two.

Pointing a shaking finger at Aria, she demanded, “What have you been doing with that woman?!”

“What can I do?” Eron turned away guiltily, shooting Aria an accusing look even as he argued. “We’re talking about you! Don’t change the subject!”

“Y-You bastard!” Kim yelled as she flung her cup at Aria, the piping hot tea splashing squarely on Aria’s thigh.

Aria shrieked, clutching her thigh as she fell to the floor.

“Insolence!” Eron’s eyes widened in fury as he slapped Kim across the face!

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Kim clutched her cheek, glaring at Eron in disbelief. “You’d hit me over that woman?!”

Though her father loved her dearly, he changed ever since the Yaffe family had fallen, his behavior becoming at once radical and unreasonable.

Where he would show some respect for Kim’s opinion and choice before, he was now the embodiment of stubbornness and apathy. He and Kim drifted apart, and now, he would even slap her over some woman who deceived Frank.

Kim had never suffered such indignation!

She also knew very well what Aria was after watching the voyeur video of Aria at White Court Hotel. She was as devious as she was stupid, and she always liked to draw attention.

And her father actually took interest in her? She was younger than Kim!

“I’m disappointed in you!” Kim cried, tears welling up in her eyes as she looked up.

“What...”

Eron actually felt stung, but he soon came to his senses as Aria was persistently gasping in pain right beside him.

“Don’t think I don’t know what you’re up to,” he glowered and growled through gritted teeth. “You fell for Frank Lawrence, didn’t you?”

“So what if I had?” Kim retorted defiantly.

“Give up already! He’s probably dead by now!” Eron bellowed as he slammed his hand on the table. “That bastard took our family’s Earthen Dragonheart just because he saved you! I’ve already had enough of his pompous, demeaning attitude! If not for him, the Yaffe family would now be our in-laws! How could they have just fallen apart? Why can’t our family ever rise to the top?!”

Kim would have snapped at his father for his mad ravings, but she was more concerned about Frank’s safety. “What did you do to Frank?!”

“What did I do?”

Her concern only incensed Eron and he snorted. “Fine, I won’t keep it from you—did you really think the tip I gave you was real?”

Eron appeared gleeful when he saw Kim’s shock. “Well, it actually is real, and there is a Silver Spring Dojo... but it’s all just a trap for Frank—one that Sage Lake Sect and I worked together to prepare, I might add! And that bastard went there happily, none the wiser. There, he would be facing hundreds of Sage Lake Sect elites and two of their elders, Bocek Ocean and Eiger Ocean! They are both Skyrank, and Frank Lawrence is dead once he gets there!”

“What?!” Kim’s eyes widened in shock, and she could kill him right then, snapping in rage for once, “He saved my life! I’d be dead if not for him—is my life worth less than an Earthen Dragonheart to you?!”

Her father’s apathy was completely new to her—how did her kind, loving father turn out like this?! She just could not understand!

“You don’t get it Kim.” Eron simply snorted. “Still waters run deep, especially in Southstream—if our family is to survive and thrive, we must pay the price.”

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Eron planted himself on the couch, growling icily, “I offered Frank twice the compensation amount back then, but he doesn’t know his place! Not only did he refuse me, but he’d even seduce my daughter! He’s getting his just deserts—once he’s dead, Sage Lake Sect would agree to betrothing Maron to you, Kim!”

“You’re crazy!” Kim snapped and fled the guest room just like that.

Aria was ready to stop her. “How dare you do this to me, you—”

Eron waved her off, barking, “Let her go—she’s not leaving this house anyway! She really is getting even more stubborn these days...”

—

As she ran, Kim kept calling Frank, but his phone line was engaged.

Kim could not help blaming herself—she was just thinking she finally could help Frank in some way, only for it to all turn out to be her father’s ploy!

She had done this to Frank... the man who saved her life!

Gritting her teeth, she resolved in her grief, “If anything happens to Frank, my father would just have to marry my corpse to Sage Lake Sect!”

However, just as she reached the doors, she found Liv staring at her with pursed lips.

“Stop right there, Ms. White,” she said and gestured for the security guards to restrain Kim.

“What are you doing, Liv?! Are you on my father’s side?!” Kim cried, her heart sinking rock-bottom and her tears flowing to see her close friend and bodyguard betray her!

“Don’t blame me.” Liv sighed. “I don’t know what happened, but you’re definitely going to look for Frank.”

“If you know that, then let me go!” Kim cried even as she struggled.

“No.” Liv shook her head as she leveled Kim a troubled look. “I’ve looked into him, y’know. Nothing was known about him before he married into the Lane family, and he freeloaded there until they kicked them out three years later. After that, he managed to hook up with Vicky Turnbull—being with him would just humiliate your family.”

“And that’s not the worst of it—you’d be putting yourself in danger. Also, I heard your conversation with Frank last night, and I’m not about to sit still while you throw yourself into the fire pit.”

Liv’s face was stony and clearly not intending to discuss the matter.

Even so, Kim cried, “Frank is in danger! He’s walking into Sage Lake Sect’s trap! My father lured him there with a tip about the Goldeater Cane! And he’d rather I marry Moran Ocean, the son of Sage Lake Sect’s chief! Please, Liv—for the sake of our friendship, just let me go! I’d rather die than marry Moran!”

“What?! Frank is an enemy of Sage Lake Sect?”

Liv frowned at Kim’s ramblings. “Then I have even less reason to let you go. Just give up already—Frank is a good healer, but he’s also a loser who doesn’t even have a job. And are you that keen on having Sage Lake Sect wipe out your family because of him?”

Liv was determined, and Kim knew that she would not make it out.

“Please, Liv... Frank saved you too, didn’t he?”