

The Girlboss 551

Chapter 551 -

Kim cried, "How could you be so heartless?"

"This is for your own good," Liv said and beckoned for the guards to lock Kim inside her own room.

"He saved you, you ingrate! You're now spitting in his face!" Kim yelled even as she was dragged away.

Liv stood there, leveling a troubled stare at the front door when her sense of danger tingled.

Someone was behind her.

Before she could turn, however, the man struck her fair nape with the side of his palm.

She blacked out right then.

—

Meanwhile, Shane Tomen had yet to leave Kim's guest room.

Though he could see that Kim was not interested in him after the dramatic events earlier, he could also see that she was not interested in Maron either.

Rising to his feet, he said quietly, "My family may not be as influential as Sage Lake Sect, but are you sure that Kim won't end up doing something drastic, especially when you're driving her to desperation?"

"Don't bother. It's none of your business," Eron said with a snort, not interested in Shane at all.

As Eron waved at his butler Gorde to escort Shane outside, Shane snarled, “Mr. White, my family rose to prominence in Southstream because we have backing. Sage Lake Sect may be powerful, but they’re not as invincible as you would think! You’ll regret your actions on this day!”

Before he could leave, Gorde suddenly screamed outside.

“What the hell?!”

Eron was blowing at Aria’s thigh to soothe her scalded feet and looked up warily after hearing the commotion.

A black-clad man then walked in calmly and lifted his mask to reveal his middle-aged face, overflowing with murderous intent.

Eron’s heart skipped a beat when he saw him. “A-Aren’t you Jorg Zayas...?”

—

Eron had naturally done his homework on Sage Lake Sect, since he was intending to ride on their coattails.

And among their ranks was Jorg Zayas, the leader of a covert guild within Sage Lake Sect—specifically one in charge of wetwork and other clandestine tasks

Jorg was himself a formidable Birthright rank elite, a blood knight whom no one in Southstream would dare cross.

Whenever he showed up, a massacre would ensue.

And for some reason, Eron felt fear as soon as he saw the bloody black machete Jorg was holding. He quickly pushed Aria away and respectfully beckoned for Jorg to take a seat on the couch.

“To what do we owe the pleasure, Mr. Zayas?” he asked tentatively.

“What? Don’t you know?” Jorg smiled even as he remained standing, his bloodthirsty gaze flashing viciously as he raised his black machete and licked the blood off the edge.

Eron was stupefied, and it took him a long while to regain his senses.

“Oh, but... this has to be a misunderstanding!” he cried. “T-Things are amicable between my family and Sage Lake Sect, and I’m supposed to visit in a couple days to discuss my daughter’s engagement with Maron Ocean. We’re basically in-laws... did someone set you against me?”

Sheer terror welled up within Eron as all sorts of possibilities crossed his mind, but he just could not understand why Sage Lake Sect was suddenly after him!

“Oh, but I couldn’t care less.” Jorg chuckled coolly. “I only ever carry out orders, not offer explanations.”

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Jorg sneered.

He looked down to see Aria curled up from fear and reached out to pick her up before flinging her outside the room as if she were a ball.

“Go!” he barked. “Gather everyone around the residence here. I might even spare your lives if I’m in a good mood, but if you run...”

Eron panicked as Jorg’s black machete inched toward him, and he promptly yelled at Aria, “Go! Do what Mr. Zayas said. Tell everyone it’s my order! Just go!”

However, just as Aria pushed herself off the ground, she saw Gorde’s decapitated body just beside her.

She promptly started yelling and fleeing like mad.

Eron almost suffered a stroke right then. “Dumb bitch!”

“Are you really running?”

On the other hand, once Jorg saw what Aria was doing, he waved his hand.

Vigor was refined into pure vigor instantly, launched into the distance and shattering Aria’s shoulders.

Aria screamed, clutching her shoulders that were now a bloody pulp before collapsing on the ground, her fate uncertain.

Jorg then turned toward the trembling Shane. “Go on, boy, or it’d be worse for you.”

Shane scrambled outside without another word, yelling as he ran down the hallway, “Everyone! Assemble at the guest room! Mr. Eron White’s orders!”

Jorg actually nodded in approval at Shane’s tactfulness, while Eron stared fixedly at Jorg.

He tried to smile, but he would have looked better crying. “M-Mr. Zayas... So what have we done to warrant this? I’ve even met your high elder just days ago—he promised that once Frank Lawrence is dead, he would take my daughter to meet Maron Ocean... Wait, could Frank have managed to escape?”

“Frank Lawrence?”

Jorg clearly did not even recognize the name as he chuckled coolly. “Cut the crap, Eron White. I only do what I’m told—I wouldn’t know anything else!”

Eron gritted his teeth and clenched his knuckles. “Then at least call your high elder to check! Someone could be impersonating him and giving you those orders—wouldn’t you be punished if you killed me by mistake? My daughter is going to be Maron’s fiancée! Even if I’m going to die, at least let me know why!”

Jorg actually felt a moment of doubt as Eron tirelessly pleaded his case, and he could see that Eron was not lying.

Was his daughter really going to marry Maron?

Even a hard man like Jorg frowned at the thought of Maron—if the brat really lost his woman because of Jorg, he would pursue the matter to kingdom come.

And the very thought was... irritating.

Still, he watched as everyone in White Hall slowly gathered and smiled coolly.

It was just a phone call—plenty of time for killing once he confirmed his orders.

And considering that Eron could not stir up trouble, Jorg nodded.

“Fine, you can have your phone call... But you only have one minute, and I’m killing you if you try anything funny.” He grinned darkly as he pressed his machete against Eron’s neck.

—

Kim was just locked in her own room when she heard Shane yelling outside.

Before she could say a word, however, her servants dragged her outside to the assembly point. There, she found every retainer working in White Hall along with the livestock for some reason.

Even her ailing, terminally ill grandfather was brought there.

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Kim cried, "Grandfather!"

Even before she could reach him, around thirty black-clad men leapt into the compound..

They moved in perfect synchrony, all armed with weapons meant to kill as they encircled the White family.

Kim even saw one of them dragging Liv over, though she did not appear hurt aside from passing out.

That was when Eron was being brought in from the guest room—one of the black-clad men held a machete against his neck, his mask already removed.

"Dad, what's happening here?!" Kim demanded right then.

Eron's face was pale, and he could not do much aside from sighing. "I think there's been a misunderstanding between us and Sage Lake Sect... But don't worry! Just one call to clear the air, and everything will be fine..."

"Is this because of Frank?" Kim voiced her hunch right then.

"You're still thinking of that bastard?!" Eron growled viciously. "He might be the one who set us up! That's why Mr. Zayas is here! If you still consider me your father, never mention his name again and properly marry Maron, or our family will suffer! We might end up like the Yaffe family!"

"Shut up!" Jorg barked, and he whipped out his phone to dial Bocek Ocean's number.

"Sir, Eron White wants to talk to you... Yes, yes, I know."

Jorg nodded respectfully and turned on his phone speaker, sneering as he threw his phone to Eron.

Eron frantically caught it, and as everyone in his family watched, he began gingerly, “Mr. Ocean? Mr. Zayas has just stormed my house with his men. There’s got to be a misunderstanding—”

“No, there isn’t,” Bocek’s cold voice boomed from the other end, and everyone heard him laugh. “First of all, I must thank you for luring Frank Lawrence into our trap, Eron... But I regret to inform you that you and your family will have to die.”

“What? Why?”

Eron was stunned by Bocek’s cold words, glancing in disbelief at his daughter even as he pleaded, “Sir, didn’t you promise to introduce my daughter to Maron once Frank falls into your trap? Wouldn’t he be interested in a natural beauty like her?”

“Hmph.” Kim sneered in disappointment as she watched her father lick Bocek’s boots, her gaze showing nothing but disdain.

“Haha!” Bocek roared with laughter over the phone, mocking Eron as everyone in the family listened, “Are you dreaming, Eron? I’d even acknowledge your daughter’s beauty, and she really had a shot of marrying Maron, even earning his favor. But the most important question is... Are you really worthy?”

That question left Eron dropping to the floor in his room, murmuring, “Mr. Ocean...”

“Well, I’m hanging up now—I still have shit here to deal with.”

Bocek chuckled coolly before asking lightly, “Wait, do you want to know why I want your family gone?”

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Bocek finished, “That’s because you know too much.”

Beep.

Eron was dumbstruck even as the call was cut off, the phone slipping off his fingers and landing on the floor with a loud thud.

“Hehe. Do you get it now, Eron?” Jorg sneered sinisterly, brandishing his black machete as he watched Eron succumb to despair and confusion.

“Kim... I... I...” Eron turned to find only contempt in Kim’s eyes, clawing at his own hair as he reared his head and howled.

Slapping himself in the face, he cried, “I’m so sorry... I’m so sorry! They are all snakes... All of them!”

Even as he shed tears of regret, he turned toward his father Forrest White, lying on his stretcher and dying. “I’m so sorry...”

He had gone through great lengths for Sage Lake Sect, but they never even considered him a person. All his one-sided sycophancy only earned him this ending—to be wiped out because he knew too much.

“Tut, tut, Eron. Don’t be sad... Don’t worry, I’m not that heartless.” Jorg was chuckling even as he rubbed his chin.

His gaze had been lingering on Kim and Liv’s fair napes for a while, his eyes twinkling.

The other black-clad men knew what he was up to and chuckled as well.

It was utterly sinister—and it was not their first rodeo.

They were all going to be killed anyway. Why not pick a pretty face and satisfy their beastly lust before getting to work?

If anything, it was just another day in the office for them.

“Come on! Cheer up, Eron. Well I guess I’ll have to spell it out for you,” Jorg said, crouching to lift Eron’s chin. “That pretty face here is your daughter, huh? Why don’t you ask her to give me and my boys a little service, and I’ll let you live. How about that?”

“Kim...”

Eron’s eyes lit up with hope again, and he turned to Kim.

All he found was his daughter looking at him like he was scum, sneering. “What, are you going to tell me to spread my legs for those animals? You’ve really shown me something new here.”

Eron, however, was pleading. “Daddy’s begging you, please? See—as long as I live, the family will carry on. You don’t want to see your grandfather sad, right? He’ll die with great regret if the family lineage ends here...”

Kim glanced at her grandfather even as her father pointed at him.

Forrest was dying, so Kim had planned to exchange a favor with Frank. By telling him about the Goldeater Cane, she could ask for his help to save her grandfather.

However, her father’s actions denied that hope, and the White family was now on the verge of doom.

“Kim...” Forrest was suddenly wide awake, his vigor seemingly restored as he reached out with a withered palm, hacking as he pointed at Kim. “K-Kim, don’t listen to your father... He’s a bastard...”

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“Grandfather...” Kim cried as she dropped to her knees beside him, her eyes clouded with tears. “It’s all my fault. I was too late to stop my father’s schemes.”

“No... No... You can’t blame yourself for this, Kim. Come here,” Forrest waved it off, rasping as he beckoned for Kim to get closer. “Run if you can, Kim. Don’t bother with us—the family is in your hands as long as you live...”

“But a woman has never carried the torches.” Kim sniffled and snorted. “Funny. That’s all we care about, even now.”

“Hehe. You’re right... And that makes you much stronger than your father. He’s useless and nothing without all the family business he inherited.”

“Dad!” Eron suddenly lunged towards them, grasping his father’s arm as he pleaded, “Talk to Kim... I-if she just bears it, the family will not fall to ruin!”

Then, turning to Kim, he kowtowed at her repeatedly. “Please, Kim! Daddy’s begging you!”

“Just give up!” Kim glared at him in contempt as everyone else looked on, shouting, “You brought this on everyone because you never listen! How shameless can you get, telling your own daughter to spread her legs for some brute just to save your own skin!”

Kim then spat right in Eron’s face, which left him silent for a moment before he flew into a maniacal rage.

He leapt up, knocking Kim to the floor, and turned toward Jorg who had been watching in amusement for a while.

“Come, Mr. Zayas!” he cried. “I’m holding her down for you! Just spare me, and I’ll keep her like this! She can’t fight back!”

“Bastard! You bastard!”

Forrest was shaking with rage even as he listened to the black clad men’s laughter, and he suddenly stiffened as he croaked.

“Grandpa!” Kim could go mad with spite, and she bit down heavily on Eron even as he straddled her.

Eron, however, was too far gone and refused to let up even as Kim drew blood, even smiling fawningly at the black-clad men.

“Gentleman, hurry! Come on, do it—I have my daughter restrained!”

“You’re a real treat, Eron!” Jorg was roaring with laughter, almost shedding tears—this was the first time he had ever seen anything like this.

Eron then started laughing with the black-clad men too, even as Kim kept struggling and yelling in defiance...

—

Meanwhile, at Silver Spring Dojo, Frank had eliminated every black-clad man.

All of them had cost Sage Lake Sect an ocean’s worth of resources to groom, and they were now lying on the floor, their blood pooling so high that it almost reached the ankles.

Clang.

Frank was wheezing as he threw away a broken sword. He was glaring at Bocek and Quinn, the latter of whom was pursing her lips as another scene of Frank’s terrifying side became etched in her mind.

“Sage Lake Sect’s reputation is well deserved!”

Frank grinned, wiping the blood off his face as he flashed a grin.

He had definitely killed too many right now...

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A death aura was already surrounding Frank, even as Bocek suddenly applauded.

He looked down upon the black-clad corpses all over the place and snorted. "I thought these incompetent fools would at least hurt you... I didn't think you'd have helped."

Just then, Bocek glanced at Aion Fairfax's granddaughter, whose face was flushed as she panted. Aion was himself struck on the shoulder, and his cheeks were pale.

"I wonder, how much vigor do you still have?" Bocek then chuckled, clasping his hands behind his back. "How would you fare against me now?"

"Cut the crap!" Aion's granddaughter snapped right then—it seemed that she was completely on Frank's side now, although she was wobbling and exhausted.

"Thank you both for the assistance. I'm awash with gratitude," Frank said with a brief glance at the two as he walked over the black-clad men's corpses up to Bocek, who still stood with his hands clasped behind his back.

"This is my business now. Please leave as soon as you can."

"Give up already, Frank!" Quinn snapped. "You can't even stand straight now!"

However, she was the one who could not help taking a step back as she was already traumatized with Frank, and he looked especially savage now as he was covered in blood.

Not just anyone could slay over a hundred Sage Lake Sect martial elites, and Quinn looked at Frank as if he were a monster.

"Don't try to bluff, Frank." Bocek sneered. "I know you have no vigor left. What do you have to bluff with when you're at death's door? Just drop to your knees, and I shall spare your life."

"No vigor? At death's door?" Frank suddenly chuckled.

Bocek frowned, a foreboding sensation gripping him right then.

But did he really have anything left after slaying over a hundred Sage Lake Sect apprentices?

If he did, then was he even human?

Narrowing his eyes, Bocek barked, "Still bluffing, huh?!"

"You'll understand soon enough." Frank put his hands together, his eyes blood red as a wave of pure vigor of the same color suddenly bursting away from him.

"What?! This is..."

Frank's abrupt move left Bocek flinching, and Aion was stunned as well.

"What is he doing, Grandpa?" Aion's granddaughter asked in confusion.

"He's focusing his own death aura while recharging himself by absorbing the death aura of the corpses around him... Gosh, I understand now! That's how Donn Lawrence could break his way past the encirclement when his sect fell!"

Aion suddenly grabbed his granddaughter's hand and started to run toward the back door of Silver Spring Dojo. "We need to run, or we'll both die if it's too late!"

"Hey! Burt is over there near the pile of corpses!"

"Don't bother! We need to get out of here!"

Even so, Aion's granddaughter ignored her grandfather's cries as she stubbornly found Burt from the pile of corpses, grabbing his arm and dragging him toward the back door.

It was fortunate the floor was slick with blood, or she would not have been able to move Burt at all!

Bang!

Aion and his granddaughter sighed in relief as they slammed the back doors shut and almost fell as a horrible eruption unfurled within.

It could well be an earthquake as the entire building shook!

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"What the hell was that?" Aion's granddaughter turned toward her panicking grandfather in curiosity.

"I-It's..." Aion gulped as he explained despite his fear, "It's the Death Eater, Mystic Sky Sect's secret technique that the elders of the Haply Hall spoke of. The person gathers death aura in his body, while his meridian nexus converts it and distributes it across his body, greatly enhancing his physique and speed. And for a brief period, a Birthright rank elite would gain the power of a Divine rank elite!

"Divine rank?!" Aion's granddaughter exclaimed in shock. "That would make him as strong as the chiefs of the South Sea Four!"

"Exactly." Aion nodded somberly and sighed. "That's why I'm saying that Mystic Sky Sect were all a bunch of monsters, even if there were never many of them!"

"Then, how did they get wiped out?"

"Well..." Aion mused to himself irresolutely and shook his head. "I don't know. It seems only Mr. Lawrence himself knows what went down at South Sea three years ago."

—

Bocek was left staring agape as Frank suddenly grew over half his size, his skin and eyes glistening in the color of blood.

Visible mists of blood were unfurling out of his body too, and the bulging vessels over his chest actually formed the sigil of balance and harmony.

“Have you ever wondered how I made it out of South Sea?” Frank grinned, baring his teeth at Bocek and Quinn with a much richer voice. “As long as I kept killing, I could keep replenishing myself with death aura without end.”

“No... That’s impossible!” Bocek was dumbstruck with fear.

He may be the fortieth Skyrank elite, but to see Frank in this form still left him speechless, his lips trembling in fear.

All the death aura around them somehow fueled another one of Frank’s techniques, and one which was obviously stronger than the Five-Peat Archaeus... or in appearance, at least.

Thud!

Quinn dropped to her knees right then, trembling as she pleaded, “P-Please! I’ll stay away from you! Just let me live, and I won’t bother you ever again... I-I’ll even leave Sage Lake Sect and never show around you, please! Just let me live...”

Seeing his own daughter’s spineless reaction, Bocek bit his tongue, using the pain to recoup his sanity.

He then slapped Quinn across the face, snapping, “Spineless whelp! He could just be bluffing, and I’m the fortieth Skyrank elite and have yet to lose in a fight!”

“Oh, really? Why don’t you try me?” Frank raised a brow, his expression showing a hint of contempt.

“You will die! Feather Claw!” Bocek cried as he stomped a foot into the ground and leapt into the air like a vulture.

His right fingers tore through the air toward Frank’s neck so quickly that his movements were a blur!

“Ah! That’s my father! He certainly deserves his place in Skyrank!”

Quinn’s tears turned to laughter when she saw the speed at which her father moved and watched eagerly, waiting to hear his father crush Frank’s windpipe!

“Too slow.”

Nonetheless, Frank snorted as he launched Bocek into the air, even replicating Bocek’s technique as he bellowed, “Let me show you the real Feather Claw!”

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Frank’s hand shot forward like a missile.

Bocek, who was spinning in the air after Frank sent him flying, felt Frank’s fingers around his shoulder.

The audible crack of his bones soon ensued, and Bocek’s shoulder was crushed.

“Argh!!!”

His elderly composure all gone, Bocek screamed hysterically as the single strike maimed him.

Still, he was Skyrank’s fortieth, and he quickly reimagined his senses, gritting his teeth as he retaliated with rapid kicks.

“Moonbreaker Drive!”

Bocek's legs must have struck ten places at once. The air was bursting audibly as pure vigor shot away from his body, aiming straight at Frank's face.

"Too slow! Is that all the Skyrank's fortieth can do?!"

Frank scoffed as he took one step back, once again replicating Bocek's technique. "Moonbreaker Drive!"

Pow! Pow! Pow!

While Bocek kicked ten times in an instant, Frank kicked fifty times within the same duration.

Moreover, with death aura augmenting each kick, Bocek felt as if icicles were stabbing him all over his body.

He screamed as he was sent flying again and dropped to the floor, rolling limply like a pile of mush.

"Dad!" Quinn was utterly terrified to see that her father did not even last a round against Frank and leapt to her father's side, holding him in her arms as she bawled.

"Hmm...?"

Frank was ready to end both of them but suddenly felt a turbidness churning and ejecting out of his meridian nexus.

Frank's face fell, but he managed to stop the blood within that was threatening to eject out of his mouth.

He had yet to fully recover after all—the three Elemental Wonders he had cultivated only propelled him to Birthright rank, which was far from his peak form.

And then there was Aria's poison, which he had yet to dispel completely.

Either disadvantage was severe, especially since he had forced himself to cast Death Eater, which severely wore down his body.

That was when Quinn leapt toward Frank, grasping the hem of his trousers as she pleaded, "Please, I'm begging you, Mr. Lawrence... I won't try to hurt you anymore! I'll leave with my father and not get involved in Sage Lake Sect's business anymore, and I'm your humble servant! I'll do anything you ask me to—just let us live!"

Her eyes welled up with tears as she kowtowed repeatedly, not even noticing her forehead skin breaking and bleeding.

Frank would eliminate this threat once and for all, but he was at his limit.

If he kept fighting, he would suffer irreversible internal injuries, and he would be reduced to a normal person like he had been three years ago...

Frank sighed at that—such was fate!

"If you cripple your meridian nexus and give up the Goldeater Cane, I'll let you live! Of course, this won't happen if you cross me again!"

Quinn felt salvation from his very words, and without another word, she struck herself viciously as Frank looked on.

Her face turned pale as she bled from every orifice, and she withstood her pain to level a miserable look at Frank. "The Goldeater Cane is outside the rear gates, Mr. Lawrence. You just have to retrieve it yourself."

Once could be a fluke, and twice could be a coincidence.

But this was the third time, and Frank had thoroughly crushed Quinn's pride.

Now, in her mind, he was the devil incarnate—the one person she would never beat.

For the sake of her survival, she no longer bore any enmity toward him—all she wanted was to run as far away as she could from him and ideally never see him again.

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“Wait.”

Just as Quinn did her best to help her crippled father into the car, Frank spoke up, putting his hand on the door as he reverted to his usual state.

Quinn's heart skipped a beat, presuming right then that Frank was changing his mind.

However, Frank was no savage.

He glanced at Bocek even as he wheezed and spoke quietly, “There's something else.”

“Do tell, Mr. Lawrence,” Quinn said, immeasurably tame.

“I heard your father sending someone to massacre the White family,” Frank said. “Tell them to stop right now, and that the White family are never to be touched.”

Quinn was certainly relieved that Frank was not changing his mind, though she soon frowned. “But it's the White family who lured you into this trap. Are you just going to leave them be?”

“That's my business.” Frank's cool gaze left Quinn flinching.

“Yes, of course,” Quinn muttered and quickly fumbled through her father’s pockets for his phone, then called Jorg to have him withdraw everyone.

Jorg was certainly mystified, but he had to say yes just so that Quinn hung up.

She leveled a miserable look at Frank, who nodded. “You can go.”

Both Quinn and Bocek sighed in relief.

“Thank you for your understanding, Mr. Lawrence. I swear to never be your enemy ever again,” Quinn said, clutching her stomach even as she started her car.

“Hmph.”

Frank’s dissatisfaction was actually appeased once he saw that Quinn was that submissive, even throwing a bottle of pills through their window.

“Take one pill each every day, and you two will make a full recovery before long. But with your meridian nexus crippled, you’ll stay as ordinary people for the rest of your lives.”

“T-Thank you, Mr. Lawrence.” Quinn actually looked grateful as he drove away.

Frank waited until Quinn was gone from sight before dropping to his knees and coughing up a mouthful of blood.

He had regressed after that battle three years ago, and had yet to fully recover.

He needed the Five Elemental Wonders combined with the Five-Peat Archaeus to treat his condition. Using the Death Eater technique would aggravate his injury, but things turned out well.

Not only did he claim the Goldeater Cane for himself, but he had also dealt with the annoyance that was Sage Lake Sect.

“And most importantly, I didn’t need to ask for Hans’ help.”

Frank knew that asking Hans Stark would always solve any issue in just half the time required.

However, if he asked one too many favors, a certain horrible geezer would catch on and come running from the southern borders, and Frank absolutely did not want said geezer to know where he was.

Not only did they have a bet, but Frank’s own dignity was at stake too!

—

Meanwhile, at White Hall, Jorg was absolutely frustrated even as he put away his phone.

Kim’s fair skin and stunning figure was right there, ripe for the taking. Her clothes were in pieces and her cleavage was all but bare.

Being denied that sweetness was just like forcefully clamped down just before ejaculation!

“Fine! I guess your family still has friends in high places,” he growled and waved his hand at his men to stop.

Snearing at the dumbfounded Eron, he then snapped at his men, “We’re leaving!”

In the guild, Jorg’s orders were absolute.

The black-clad men were certainly reluctant since they were on the verge of satisfying their violent tendencies, but they left as told since they had their orders.

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Every person in the White family sobbed audibly once Jorg's guild left, rejoicing from barely escaping the jaws of death.

But who could have saved them?

On the other hand, Eron completely ignored Kim, even as she threw herself on his father's lifeless body and wailed.

He was staring blankly at Shane, who was talking into his phone stealthy as he hid behind a tree.

He was wondering who had saved his family and just happened to remember Shane's outburst just before he was chased out of White Hall.

"Mr. White, my family rose to prominence in Southstream because we have backing. Sage Lake Sect may be powerful, but they aren't invincible like you would think! You'll regret your actions on this day!"

Shane had merely said all that out of pure petty spite, but Eron took it for the truth.

And now, he dropped on all fours, grasping Shane's trousers as he kowtowed repeatedly, crying, "Thank you so much, Mr. Tomen! You've saved my family... you must have called your father to stop Jorg, right? We will forever remember this life debt—I didn't deserve this for mocking you before! My life is forfeited!"

"Huh..." Shane was holding his phone, staring blankly at Eron.

He was almost wetting his pants when he got caught in the whole ordeal. While the black-clad men were not watching, he called his father, begging for his father to save him.

Naturally, his father did not have the connections or power to bail him out from a blood knight like Jorg, and he was flustered himself at the moment.

On the other hand, when Shane saw that circumstances had changed, he promptly hung up.

He glanced at Kim, whose clothes were still in pieces, his eyes flashing with yearning lust.

“Oh, you don’t have to worry about it. Just arrange for marriage between me and Kim if you really want to thank me,” he said, puffing his chest proudly.

Eron nodded repeatedly. “Our family is indebted to you. It’s Kim’s good fortune that you’re interested in her.”

—

Meanwhile, Frank was driving straight to White Hall, though he had three passengers this time.

Naturally, Burt was riding shotgun after Frank tended to him, stopping his injuries from deteriorating.

Aion and his granddaughter, both of whom were exhausted, were in the back seat.

Along the way, Aion’s granddaughter introduced herself to Frank as Mona Fairfax, adding flirtatiously, “You can call me anything you like.”

She was Frank’s diehard fan now, giving him the Goldeater Cane that they had found behind Silver Spring Dojo without any qualms.

Naturally, Aion was left scowling at Mona for giving away such treasure freely, but she did not care.

On the other hand, Frank was in a much better mood now with the Goldeater Cane. After all, he was just one Elemental Wonder away from recovering his peak form.

Still, when he returned to White Hall, he found the servants carrying a mattress out of the house—a sign that someone important in the family had died.

His heart skipped a beat, but he carried Burt through the front door.

There, he immediately saw the servants working busily everywhere and Eron with a clear fawning look.

“Eron White!” Frank bellowed, glowering as soon as he saw him.

“F-Frank Lawrence?!” Eron was left dumbfounded to see him return. “Y-You’re not dead?!”

His reaction left Frank chuckling coolly as the latter strode up and seized him by the collar. “Sage Lake Sect was never enough to kill me. Now, tell me what happened here and where Aria is!”