

The Girlboss 561

Chapter 561

And now, Frank returned to White Hall to tie up loose ends with the White family.

“Aria Lond is...”

Eron was just about to say that Aria was seriously injured when the ambulance he called for arrived.

He came to his senses right then—why should he be afraid of Frank?

And now that he thought about it, Frank must have won over Bocek by paying the man a fortune, so that Bocek would turn against him.

That was why Bocek even sent Sage Lake Sect’s guild hitmen to wipe out Eron’s family! Why else would Frank return unscathed?

Moreover, Bocek told Eron that he knew too much, which only further proved him right—Frank was the reason his family was almost massacred!

But while Eron would be scared or cowering toward Frank before, he now had Shane Tomen’s support. Why should he be afraid of Frank when he was just Vicky’s gigolo, and when Sage Lake Sect backed down because the Tomens intervened?

His expression changing right then, he shoved Frank away and snapped angrily, “Why should I tell you anything? Don’t think you’re smart by buying Sage Lake Sect’s favor. As long as Shane Tomen is here, you don’t get to strut!”

Frank was actually surprised Eron would snap at him, though he understood enough given what Eron said.

“Frank Lawrence from Riverton, was it?”

Just then, Shane adjusted his glasses beside Eron and regarded Frank haughtily. "So you're the one who ordered the White family to be massacred. You'd really have gotten away with it too, if it wasn't for me."

"Who the hell are you?" Frank snorted, looking at him in disdain.

"Insolence!" Eron bellowed. "This is Shane Tomen, and your dirty tricks proved futile in the face of his family's power! Don't think being Vicky Turnbull's gigolo and befriending Sage Lake Sect keeps you out of harm's way. Leave right now before Shane here decides that you should be punished!"

"How low can you sink, Eron White?" Frank chuckled in disdain despite himself, seeing Shane's smug look. "Forget getting into bed with Sage Lake Sect—I only spared your family for your daughter's sake. And yet, you're still too blind to see any of it and behaving so rudely toward me?"

Wheeling on Shane and pointing at him, he snapped, "Why don't you ask this one who was the one who actually saved your family?"

Shane was at once embarrassed and furious. "What, are you saying it's you? Who do you think you are? You're just Vicky Turnbull's gigolo, and now you'd try to seduce Kim with the same cheap moves. How embarrassing!"

"Care to repeat that?" Frank suddenly strode forward, his eyes flashing with murderous intent.

Shane promptly flinched and leapt backward, snapping, "What do you think you're doing?!"

Eron bellowed in turn, "How dare you be rude to my guest! Guards, beat up this moron and throw him out of my house!"

Frank watched as the guards crowded around them. Still, just as he was ready to straighten out every last one of those blind fools, Kim snapped from the distance, "All of you stop!"

Everyone turned to find Kim dressed in a black mourning dress, with a pale-faced Liv Dawson in tow.

As Kim walked up to Frank, she nodded at him before wheeling on Eron, her eyes impassive as she spoke coolly, "Grandfather's last words was for me to take over as head of the family. As such, you don't get to tell my guest to leave... Eron."

"Eron...?" Eron stared at her, aghast.

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Eron stared at Kim, stunned that she called him by name before he flew into a rage. "I am your father, Kim! Watch your manners!"

"Silence!" Kim snapped back as she stared daggers at him. "My father is dead, and we're holding a funeral to mourn him and my grandfather. Disrespect me again and I'll punish you with my right as the head of this household!"

"What..."

Eron could choke from sheer frustration but gritted his teeth as he remembered what he just did to his daughter, unable to argue.

Shane stepped in just then. "Kim, your father did it for the sake of your family. Can't you just—"

Kim directly ignored him, turning and striding proudly toward the parlor, snapping, "You don't get to speak here! Liv, escort him out!"

"Escort..." Liv was clearly out of it and asked blankly, "Escort who?"

"Do I need to spell it out for you?" Kim suddenly stopped and wheeled on her with a sharp glare.

Liv's heart skipped a beat, but she hurried to Shane and gestured. "Please, Mr. Tomen."

“Fine! I will never forget this insult!” Shane’s face contorted in rage, but he laughed despite himself.

Snorting, he turned and strode off, while Eron snapped at Kim right then, “Are you crazy?! You should be chasing away Frank Lawrence! Shane was the one who saved us—how could you be so ungrateful?!”

“Ungrateful?” Kim snorted, glaring icily at him in turn. “Look who’s talking!”

“Kim...” Eron was left at a loss for words by his daughter’s dramatic change in temperament and hurried after Shane while trying to cajole him.

“Mr. Lawrence, please come in,” Kim called out from the parlor just then.

Frank started toward her without a pause, gesturing at Liv to have her settle in Burt, Aion, and Mona before going inside.

In the parlor, the decorations for a funeral were quite slapdash, and several maids were tending to Forrest White’s lifeless body.

Kim stood by, her back facing Frank as she watched.

“Mr. Lawrence, would you believe me if I told you I didn’t conspire with my father against you?” she suddenly asked.

“I believe you.” Frank nodded.

The confidence in his words left Kim flinching, her voice turning quiet as she continued, “I believe you too. I don’t know what you did, but you’re definitely the one who saved us, not the cowardly Shane Tomen.”

“Yes. I had Sage Lake Sect’s elder call off his boys.” Frank nodded again.

“Then, did you...”

“Sage Lake Sect was no match for me,” Frank explained. “And I found out about their plan beforehand, so I’d never blame you. I’m here because of Aria Lond—I won’t hold back after she poisoned me.”

“Aria Lond...”

Kim flinched again when she heard the name. “She’s a vile woman, even seducing my father...”

She trailed off, refusing to say another word.

After a brief pause, she told Frank about everything that had happened to Aria.

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Aria survived despite Jorg striking her with his projected pure vigor, but her entire shoulder was shattered and she was bleeding too much.

She was almost dead when the ambulance arrived and carted her away, and she was not out of the woods yet.

Frank sighed as Kim told him everything. “Well, it’s up to her what becomes of her now. I really can’t be bothered to deal with her at all.”

“Hey...”

Kim suddenly turned, leaving Frank stunned with the tears in her eyes. “Does your promise last night still count?”

Frank felt a spot of tenderness in himself at the sight of her misery and handed her his business card with a nod. “Come visit my place if you ever find time to visit Riverton, though it’s a lot less elegant as White Hall.”

Kim smiled despite her tears.

—

After parting ways with Kim, Frank was ready to drive back to Riverton.

However, when he and Burt arrived outside, he found Mona holding a letter, looking speechless.

Frank took the letter and was left in a dilemma as he scanned through it.

In a nutshell, Aion Fairfax had bailed.

But that was not all—he was leaving his granddaughter in Frank’s care.

“That geezer is so irresponsible!” Mona snapped, though there was no hint of dissatisfaction on her face, and she was ever so subtly pleased. “Oh, where can I go? Is there someone with a kind heart who’d feed me...”

Even as she stood with her hands clasped behind her back, Mona started whistling to herself nonchalantly, her thoughts clearly betrayed as she kept sliding peeks at Frank.

“In that case...”

Frank nodded and pointed at the front doors of White Hall. “I can ask Kim White to do me a favor and set you up with a job as a security guard.”

“A security guard?! No way!” Mona snapped, standing akimbo. “Also, I’m a Birthright rank elite. What martial elite of my level would work as a security guard?”

Burt laughed at her words, but it aggravated his internal injury and left him gritting his teeth.

Frank turned toward him. "What about you, Burt? Can you set her up with a job?"

"No way." Burt shook his head. "We're all big sweaty men down at the precinct, working on interrogation and the like. Ladies keep a wide berth."

Rubbing his chin, he then asked tentatively, "How about letting her join Mystic Sky Sect too?"

"She's gifted, but..."

Frank trailed off as he remembered the complicated relationships he shared with Helen and Vicky.

Things would surely get explosive if another woman were put in the mix.

"Right!"

Frank suddenly remembered Janet Zimmer telling him that Flora Hall was seriously short-handed, and having Mona help would be good. Moreover, she would know a thing or two since martial arts and medicine were closely associated.

"Do you know medicine? Acupuncture, for instance?" he asked Mona.

"Nope. Not at all," Mona said, even sounding proud as she added, "My grandpa is a savant, though."

Frank pursed his lips in turn—that old man really left him with a serious problem here.

She had helped him fight at Silver Spring Dojo, so Frank could not just abandon her.

He was not that ungrateful, and he appreciated talent enough to want to keep her.

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Mona smiled nonchalantly just then. “Could you be hesitant to take me in because of Haply Hall? Don’t worry—I’ll cut ties with them right now.”

Mona whipped out his phone right then and dialed a number, speaking as soon as she picked up, “Hello, elder? Just calling to tell you that I’m leaving the sect. Yeah, so don’t call me ever again, or Frank might misunderstand.”

“Oh, nothing much—I just fell out of love. See you, and don’t call me ever again.”

“Yeah, all the best. No love lost.”

Frank and Burt were left trading glances as Mona hung up, and she shrugged innocently. “What? Is that so weird?”

“Can I just ask... How many boyfriends have you had before?” Burt teased. “Your scumbag lines for break-ups are impeccable.”

Mona rolled her eyes. “Boyfriends? What are you talking about? I’m just a kid.”

Frank was left burying his face in his palms.

—

It had been a long day, and Frank eventually drove back to Riverton when it was almost evening.

He stopped by Flora Hall, leaving Burt there and telling him, “Take your time to rest and recuperate here. I’ll have someone deliver an Ichor Pill in a couple of days—it’ll restore your meridian nexus and improve you to Birthright rank.”

“Thank you, Mr. Lawrence,” Burt said gratefully.

Frank shook his head. “No, I’m your brother-in-sect from now on.”

After the battle against Sage Lake Sect, Frank was utterly convinced of Burt’s loyalty.

He first set things in motion by sacrificing himself, having some ribs broken as bait so that Bocek Ocean believed him. And then when the fighting started, he was determined to help Frank.

“T-Thank you, brother!” Burt exclaimed just then, his tone earnest despite his seniority.

He was even more pleased than when he learned that his meridian nexus could recover!

As Frank brought Mona home to Skywater Bay, she was talking endlessly.

“Welcome back, Frank!” Winter was waiting for him.

However, when she saw Mona poking her head out behind Frank in curiosity, her voice turned shrill unwittingly. “Who is she, Frank?”

“Hello, I’m Mona. You’re Frank’s sister—Winter, was it?” Mona introduced herself. “Oh, Frank found me homeless on the streets, so he took me in, saying I will be your bodyguard.”

“Bodyguard?” Winter stared at Frank in curiosity even as Mona shook her hand with a vice-like grip.

Frank actually came up with that idea on the way home. It was ideal as well, since the girls were around the same age and would definitely hit it off.

Trevor Zurich had sent more bodyguards to watch over Winter and Carol Zims after the mess with the Lanes before. However, having Mona was doubled insurance since she was of Birthright rank and much stronger than those bodyguards.

Winter was also relieved to see soon enough that Mona was no rival despite her eccentricity and happily brought her inside, introducing Mona to her mother.

Even before Frank took his seat at the dining table, Mona started wolfing down everything while exclaiming, “Wow, this is all so delicious! Amazing... My grandpa and I never really get full stomachs since we’re always on the road. All hail Madam Zims!”

Winter and Carol were actually sympathetic upon hearing that Mona never usually ate her fill and quickly encouraged her to eat more.

For her part, Mona was not shy, eventually eating directly from the pasta pot as she crouched on the chair, her lips greasy from all the food.

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Burp.

Mona was so bloated after finishing two whole pots of pasta that her eyes rolled up into their sockets. It certainly left Carol and Winter spooked, thinking that something terrible had happened to her.

As for Frank, he came up with an excuse to leave Skywater Bay before driving to Grande Pharma.

In the research lab, he used the cauldron Vicky provided to refine the Goldeater Cane. After half a night, he cooked it into two pills with a shining golden sheen, which he swallowed without hesitation.

With his Five-Peat Archaeus technique energizing it, Frank’s eyes shone with a golden radiance as well. The injury from using the Death Eater was slowly recovered, and his near-dried meridian nexus was sparking with golden vigor.

The Goldeater Cane continued to restore his physique toward his peak form three years ago.

After a long while, Frank breathed a quiet bellow, causing the entire building to shake.

The security guards outside jumped in shock, thinking that it was an earthquake when it was just a shockwave as Frank regenerated.

All his frailness before gone, even Frank's gaze was sharp, and his limbs were brimming with endless energy.

There was a faint whisper as he left the building. "Five Elemental Wonders... Now, one left."

When he got his hands on that, he would return to his peak form... Or better yet, improve past it to reach the Ascendant rank!

If that happened, his revenge against the South Sea Four, and his journey to rebuild Mystic Sky Sect was at hand!

Once it was all done, he could proudly stand before that geezer and tell him that his choice was right, and that he did not need anyone to plan or dictate his own life!

—

The next day, Frank took Winter to her campus, as part of a promise to go out with her.

Naturally, Mona was with them, and they also met up with Jean Zims at the school gates.

"Do you have a few screws loose, princess?!" Jean was pinching Winter on the thigh and nibbling her ear as soon as she got in. "It's called a date, but you're bringing me along with another fourth wheeler?"

Mona was riding shotgun and appeared to find everything a novelty.

Jean glanced at her and sighed in disappointment as she shot Winter a deflated glare.

“No, forget the fourth wheeler—you’re letting her ride shotgun too?!” she snapped even as she pointed at the gates of Riverton University. “You’re taking your date to school?! How does your mind function, princess? I’m so done with you!”

As Jean collapsed to her seat and rolled her eyes, Winter made an innocent face, grumbling, “But you told me that the medical professor took time off, so you said Frank could try giving a lecture. I asked, and he said yes.”

It only left Jean’s jaw dropping at a further loss of words.

Eventually, she sighed, “With that pea-sized brain of yours, the world would end before you actually get a boyfriend.”

—

Soon, all four of them headed to the medical department and arrived at the head of the department’s office.

Mr. Zims was a slightly balding, pudgy man wearing glasses, and he regarded Frank with a skeptical look. “Ms. Zims, are you sure this gentleman is well-versed in medicine?”

After all, Frank was a very young healer, and it was a first for the head of department. He also went against anyone’s mental image of a healer, who would have been working in the field for decades.

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Winter quickly said, “Don’t worry, sir. Frank is amazing.”

Jean nodded as well. “I swear it’s true, on my honor as the head of the student council. He won’t disappoint.”

“Fine.” Mr. Zims nodded and turned toward Frank. “What’s your specialty? Pill refinement? Acupuncture? Or...”

“Everything.” Frank nodded confidently, not about to leave Winter disappointed when she was right there.

“Everything? Hmph.” Mr. Zims was surprised, only further convinced that the young man was spouting nonsense.

Medicine in Draconia was a multi-faceted discipline that involved an ocean of theories, perspectives, and knowledge. Even bedside manners were vital, but this youth in his twenties claimed that he knew everything?

Naturally, Frank could tell that Mr. Zims was doubting him, given his hesitation.

He studied Mr. Zims’ face in turn before saying quietly, “Have you been experiencing insomnia, profuse sweating in your sleep, bloated calves, problems with urinating... and inability to last long in bed?”

Mr. Zims was left stunned but quickly shook his head even as he wiped the sweat off his head.

“N-Nonsense!” he snapped, sliding a glance at the three girls with them.

“Ahem.” Frank caught his meaning and cleared his throat as he turned to Winter. “Wait outside. I’ll be just a moment.”

“Okay.”

Mona might have no idea what Frank was hinting, but Winter and Jean certainly did.

Winter blushed right then, while Jean was staring at Mr. Zims as she stifled a giggle.

Once they left, Mr. Zims asked Frank in surprise, “Kid... I mean, Mr. Lawrence, I’ve been experiencing symptoms just as you said! How were you able to tell?!”

Naturally, he felt embarrassed even as he admitted it.

Frank smiled in turn. "Observation with all the senses is key to medicine. You're losing hair down the middle and your gaze is dull. Coupled with your slightly rounded figure and constant sweating, it's all serious symptoms of frail kidneys. I recommend supplements and acupuncture to reinvigorate your kidneys, and you'll be clearly better in a week..."

—

When Frank left Mr. Zims' office before long, Winter hurried to him worriedly. "How did it go?"

Frank remained nonchalant. "I'll be a guest lecturer for a time slot in the afternoon."

"You did it!" Winter exclaimed excitedly, happier that Frank's abilities were acknowledged than her own.

"Well? Did Mr. Zims thank you?" Jean giggled beside them.

She was actually Mr. Zims' niece. Without that connection, not even being the head of the student council would have been enough to convince the man to invite Frank as a guest lecturer when he lacked a degree and other certification.

Frank naturally had his own reason to give a lecture as well. Even in Grande Pharma, there were strong opinions that he got his shares in the company thanks to his relationship with Vicky Pharma.

With this lecture at Riverton University, he shall squash those rumors by proving his skill and honor definitively.

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At the same time, as Grande Pharma's majority shareholder cum head of pill-making, Frank would like to contribute by recruiting young talent, repaying Vicky's faith.

He would not have bothered giving a lecture otherwise.

Still, when he arrived at the lecture hall punctually in the afternoon, he was intercepted by a male student.

He had blond hair and ear-piercing which gave him the air of a delinquent, and he was pressing a hand on the wall, blocking Frank's path as he sneered, "Hey, what's your name?"

Frank was not bothered to answer the delinquent and walked past him.

"Hey, I'm talking to you!"

That sent the delinquent into a rage, and he picked up his baseball club, swinging it at Frank from behind!

Several female students who came for Frank's lecture screamed when they saw that!

Thud!

However, Frank caught the baseball bat firmly in hand, and the delinquent could not pull out from his grasp.

"I'm very busy," Frank growled, his eyes flashing coldly, "so I don't have time for trash like you. Get out of my sight if you know what's good for you."

Crack.

He crushed the baseball bat with his palm right then, sprinkling the dust that remained on the floor as the delinquent watched.

"It's over for that lecturer." One of two male students sighed just then. "That's Hal Lambert—his brother is East City's Bravo Lambert."

"Everyone new in the faculty has to pay him protection money, be it lecturers or students!" the other student added.

"How dare you!" Hal snapped right then.

Still, Frank did not care and started to leave again when he abruptly felt a gust behind him.

He sidestepped Hal's kick and wheeled on him coolly. "So, you really want to die."

Hal's face fell at Frank's words, since he could really see the killing intent in Frank's eyes.

However, Hal had killed before and was not about to cower.

In fact, he reared his chin and sneered. "Don't you know that this entire faculty is under my protection? Everyone pays me, no exceptions, but I can see that you're a hard man yourself, so I won't charge you much—just a hundred grand."

"Just a hundred grand?" Frank snorted in disdain. "Hell, forget the amount—to think trash like you is so conceited you'd bring your protection racket to school. You're not leaving now."

"Hah! You really can boast," Hal chuckled coolly. "Don't you know who my brother is?"

"Isn't that Hal Lambert? How did he end up arguing with Frank?"

Winter and Jean just happened to arrive after getting changed at the dorm and immediately found Frank facing off against Hal.

Jean promptly leapt up and snapped, “What do you think you are doing, Hal Lambert?! He’s our new lecturer!”

“Ohoho? If it isn’t Jean!” Hal’s expression changed right then. “But my rules are rules—you know it, there’s no helping it. Everyone pays.”

He was clearly interested in Jean, grinning vilely even as he studied her endlessly.

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Then, glancing at Winter who stood behind Jean, Hal chuckled. “Yo, what do we have here? I’ve never met you around this faculty before, beautiful! Don’t worry, I’m very reasonable—if you can’t afford my fee, spending the night with me at a motel works too.”

On the other hand, something snapped in Frank when he saw Hal’s lustful leer at Winter.

He strode up and grabbed Hal by the shoulder, growling, “I was going to make a good impression with the students, but trash like you had to dwell here.”

Then, even as Hal looked on in confusion, Frank slapped him viciously across the face and sent him rolling over the floor.

“Get out of this faculty this instant!” Frank snapped.

The students around them were subtly cheering, having had enough of Hal themselves.

“Did you just hit me?!” Hal pointed at Frank and snapped even as he pushed himself off the floor. “Don’t you dare fucking run away! I’ll be back”

The students around them appeared really concerned even as Hal threatened Frank.

As Jean watched Hal clutch his face as he left, she went up to Frank. “Hal Lambert actually has strong connections in East City. You should postpone the lecture!”

“Yeah. We shouldn’t upset them,” Winter said in agreement, knowing that Frank was strong but would still rather he not get in trouble—or most importantly, hurt.

“That’s unnecessary. He’s just trash,” Frank snorted.

Then, sweeping his gaze over the students watching him in the hallway, he added solemnly, “Also, don’t you think it’d be embarrassing if I fled when everyone’s here for my lecture? Let him come as many times as he wants. I’ll send him running all the same.”

“Yeah!!!”

Someone cheered, and everyone started clapping—Frank certainly made an impression even before he gave his lecture!

Only Jean was left frowning.

Nonetheless, the lecture started as scheduled, and Frank stood with his hands clasped behind his back at the podium.

He did not prepare his materials and watched as countless pairs of eyes stared at him in curiosity.

He felt a sense of melancholy, as the sight reminded him of how Mystic Sky Sect was three years ago.

“Good afternoon, everyone. My name is Frank Lawrence, and I’m the head of pharmaceutical development in Grande Pharma. Today, I’m giving a general lecture on medicine—”

“Get out here, Frank Lawrence!”

Frank just finished his opening speech when the door was kicked open, and his expression turned cool as he stared at the thugs standing there, holding pipes, baseball bats, and the like.

The students turned pale in stunned silence.

“Apologies—I will deal with this and continue the lecture later.” Frank nodded at them before striding down the podium, impassive as he strode out to the hallway.

The thugs were crowding the hallway and surrounding him, and Hal was with them, this time carrying a metal baseball bat.

Pointing at Frank, he sneered vacuously. “Weren’t you being full of yourself earlier? Don’t you know my brother is Bravo Lambert?! He just needs to give the word, and you’d die without knowing what hit you. Believe me!”

“I really doubt that.” Frank shook his head even as the thugs looked on, leaving them confused.

After all the people they roughed up before, it was this brat who stood up to them and so conceitedly at that?!

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Even as Frank faced off against Hal and his thugs, the students craned their necks, peeking out curiously from the lecture hall.

Some of the more cowardly female students were already pale in fear.

It was not as if there had not been such confrontations at the medical faculty—things simply ended badly for those who confronted Hal.

“That’s enough from you, Hal!” Jean bellowed as she ran out of the lecture hall.

It was her idea to invite Frank as a guest lecturer, and even she would never forgive herself if anything happened to Frank, let alone Winter.

She was certainly cursing herself for forgetting that Hal was such a bastard!

Hal simply licked his lips and shoved her aside. "It's not my fault, Jean—he's so full of himself I need to straighten him out, or I'd lose face now!"

"Frank..." Winter cried as she ran out of the lecture hall as well, flustered because she could not do anything.

Still, she knew enough that getting involved would only end up burdening Frank.

"Don't worry—I'll handle this." Frank nodded at her and Jean before turning toward Hal and asked quietly, "So, you're Hal Lambert, and your brother is Bravo Lambert of East City?"

"Yes. I'm surprised you know." Hal laughed before snapping viciously, "Now get down on your knees and beg... and is the pretty face over there your sister? Send her over to the motel outside our school, and I just might spare you. How about that?"

"Hoho." Frank chuckled coolly as Hal sent him flying again and slapped him viciously across the face right then.

In fact, he struck Hal so hard his face was left sent askew as he tumbled to the floor.

The students were in uproar to see Frank slapping Hal so boldly and in front of his thugs!

"Hal!" A girl with dyed blonde hair and thick makeup shrieked as she ran out of the lecture hall to Hal's side, glaring at Frank and snapping, "What the fuck is wrong with you?!"

"Fuck off!" Hal pushed her away, glaring savagely at Frank even as he snapped, "Motherfucker! How dare you hit me?! You know my brother is Bravo Lambert!"

"Hit you?" Frank sneered in contempt as he glared at him in turn. "I'll hit your brother too even if he comes!"

“What?!”

The students in the lecture hall were left stunned by Frank’s declaration.

He would hit Bravo too? The same Bravo Lambert who was Kurt Stinson’s right-hand man?

Even if one would be forgiven for not knowing Bravo, that was not the case for Kurt.

The man was the kingpin of East City who owned every night entertainment joint in the area, and he was untouchable.

Still, even Hal’s thugs who were ready to swarm Frank were left hesitant after what Frank said.

They all looked toward Hal for orders, even as Hal winced from the pain on his cheek, his heart pounding.

He was starting to wonder if Frank actually had powerful friends too, and he had certainly heard that the head of Grande Pharma pharmaceutical research had close ties with the Turnbulls.

Still, he came to his senses when he saw his thugs trading glances around him and snapped angrily, “Quit gawking and help me up!”

Once they did, Hal whipped out his phone and called Bravo.

“Just you wait!” he snapped at Frank despite his lopsided mouth. “Fool me, and I’ll make you regret it!”

—

Bravo happened to be in the middle of a motel romp. It was certainly a killjoy for his phone to suddenly ring with a call, and from his own brother at that!

Still, he never stopped his hips even as he answered the phone. "What's up, Hal?"

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Even as Bravo panted heavily, Hal told him over the phone, "Someone beat me up at school."

"Beat you up?" Bravo actually stopped moving his hips, frowning. "Didn't I tell you to behave and not to cause trouble?"

"No! This brat is so full of himself that he shows no respect to anyone, not even you. He even said..."

Hal paused, lowering his voice in fear of provoking his bad-tempered brother. "He even said that he'd beat you up even if you came."

"What?!"

Bravo was furious—someone dared to disrespect even him?

Still, his anger notwithstanding, he had been ruling the streets of East City with Kurt long enough to be better than just some brute. Pausing for a moment, he withheld his rage and asked, "Did he give a name?"

"F-Frank Lawrence..."

"Frank Lawrence?!" Bravo did a double take at the name. "Did he mention anything else?"

"He's supposed to be the head of Grande Pharma pharmaceutical research or something..."

There were plenty of Frank Lawrences in Riverton. However, only one face came to Bravo's mind when it was one who had ties to the Turnbolls and was full of himself.

His rage fading instantly, Bravo frowned as he asked Hal, "What did you do to him?"

Hal was naturally shocked by his brother's sudden change of tone. "What's the problem? Is he that big of a deal that we can't win? You used to say you wouldn't fear the Turnbolls yourself..."

"I happen to be close to your campus. Just wait—I'll be right there," Bravo snapped, ignoring Hal.

Even as he hung up, he was left swearing under his breath, "Dumbass..."

His libido all gone, he shoved the woman on the bed aside and quickly got dressed.

In ten minutes, he drove to the medical faculty of Riverton University.

"Bravo!" Hal was delighted to see his brother arrive personally.

What he did not expect was for Bravo to turn as soon as he saw Frank and slap Hal across the face!

Every student in the lecture hall gasped in shock.

Forget Bravo himself being there—they all presumed Frank to be in deep trouble, only for Bravo himself to hit his own brother.

"What are you doing, Bravo..." Hal was left clutching his cheek, his face now swelling like a pig's.

"What am I doing?!"

Bravo seized his brother by the collar as every student watched, snapping, "I paid a fortune for your schooling, and what did you do? Hadn't I warned you not to cause trouble?!"

"Yes..." Hal nodded miserably at his brother's pressure.

"But you had to mess around, and now you've upset Mr. Lawrence!"

Even so, Bravo slapped him viciously again, leaving him yelping, "No! I won't do it again!"

"Apologize to Mr. Lawrence right now!" Bravo barked right then.

Hal hung his head, but did as told. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lawrence... I was lumping you with the likes of me... P- Please forgive me..."