

## **The Girlboss 571**

### Chapter 571

Every student was gaping in astonishment as Hal, coerced by his own brother, apologized to Frank.

Turning toward the impassive Frank, they were all suddenly left wondering who on earth their lecturer really was.

The ladies especially had a twinkle in their eyes.

Meanwhile, Jean was relieved to see that Bravo held so much respect for Frank, just as she became further curious about Winter's brother.

Winter was herself proud for some reason, even puffing up her modest chest.

"Winter, weren't you saying he's your brother? Come on, introduce him to us."

"That's right... and upon a closer look, isn't he drop dead gorgeous?"

"Go on, Winter. Ask him for us, okay?"

The other girls' curiosity and interest left Winter flustered, and she snapped, "Stop it. My brother isn't the type who messes around."

"Hoho... Judging from that reaction, don't tell me that there's no blood relation?"

"Heh. She's just guarding her prey."

The teasing left Winter flushed. "S-Stop it! That's not true!"

"Not the way we see it."

“Exactly. You love him, don’t you? Just look at the blush on your cheeks...”

As the girls were busy discussing Frank, he remained scowling as he turned to Bravo. “Your brother’s been busy collecting protection money from everyone.”

“Motherfucker! Don’t I give you enough money already?! Why the hell would you do that?!”

Bravo slapped Hal again and snapped at him as he turned toward the students. “Apologize to your classmates right now!”

“I-I’m sorry, everyone...” Hal apologized miserably.

Bravo then told the students, “Don’t worry, everyone—I promise to return every cent he took from you. Also, contact me directly if this brat ever bullies anyone again, and I’ll straighten him out!”

“No, I won’t ever do it again...” Hal could die right then.

It had certainly been a most unfortunate day for him. Not only did he end up messing with the wrong man, but he also ended up getting punished by his own brother as everyone watched!

Bullying? It would be lucky if he was not mocked for this!

Bravo then turned to Frank with a fawning smile. “What do you think, Mr. Lawrence? Is this good enough?”

Frank nodded before glancing pointedly at Hal’s thugs who were still standing around them, congesting the hallway.

Bravo promptly barked at them, “What are y’all still doing here?! Mess about with Hal again, and I’ll do the same to you! Begone, and don’t ever set foot in this campus ever again!”

The thugs were absolutely terrified of Bravo's threat and turned to flee.

As the hallway quickly cleared up, Bravo rubbed his hands and flashed a fawning smile. "By the way, Mr. Lawrence, my boss Kurt Stinson just happens to need a favor. Would you happen to have the time...?"

Frank nodded—so the man had a request.

Still, he said, "I have to give a lecture right now. Whatever it is must wait until later."

Chapter 572

Bravo nodded. "Oh, of course. I'll wait for you,"

He was in no hurry, crouching as he waited in the hallway, even lighting himself a cigarette.

Frank did not chase him off and returned to the podium in the lecture hall.

He had certainly earned the respect of every student, and not just the girls—even the boys were at once grateful and worshipful.

Still, the silent lecture hall was soon interrupted by a shrill, sarcastic voice. "Hmph. Just look at him, getting all smug because he has some powerful friends. Who knows if he really knows medicine?"

Frank turned to find that it was the girl with dyed blonde hair from earlier who had rushed to Hal's side after Frank floored him.

It seemed that she was upset with Frank because of Hal.

"So, you are skeptical about my medical knowledge?" Frank remained unaffected, standing on the podium with his hands clasped behind his back as he smiled. "I can already see the swelling bags under your eyes and the yellow specks at the corner of your eyes despite your thick makeup. Also, the dull complexion of your cheeks, your dried lips, reddened eyes, and clear look of fatigue tell me right away that you're pregnant."

Everyone turned toward the girl right then, who appeared stunned for a moment before springing to her feet, pointing at Frank as she snapped, “Y-You’re lying! I’m not pregnant at all!”

In reality, she was—pregnancy tests never lie, which was why she could not hide a hint of guilt in her voice.

“What a pity...” Frank shook his head, not offended by his denial. “You’re also constantly sleepy, sweating persistently, and suffering loss of appetite despite digestive problems. After all, you’re not just pregnant. You’re also...”

The girl was stunned again since Frank was right on every count. “Also what?”

“You’re suffering from a condition common in promiscuity. It’s called human immunodeficiency virus—HIV, for short.”

The girl was stunned again. But when she recovered this time, she was shrieking madly even as she ran out of the classroom, “Hal Lambert, you bastard!”

Once she left, several boys sitting at the last row in the lecture hall turned pale and fled too.

“Whoa...”

The students remaining in the lecture hall were all left astounded, and they all stood up to applaud Frank, worshiping him even more just then.

“That’s simply amazing!”

“He could tell just from a look... That’s a real healer for you!”

“He’s the embodiment of wisdom through the ages!”

“Whatever have we been learning until now?”

Frank waved them off—it was just a little distraction for him. “That’s enough, everyone. Let’s proceed to the importance of bedside manner in medicine...”

As he spoke, every student was paying him full attention—even those who usually slacked off.

Soon, the two-hour lecture was over, and Jean promptly leapt up to grab Frank by the arm, pleading, “How about giving a lecture every week, Mr. Lawrence? I’m begging, please!”

“Yes, professor! We’re begging!”

“We’d even pool our money to pay you! Please just stay!”

The students were all mesmerized—those two hours were enough to offer a brand new perspective into medicine, and they would hate to see Frank leave!

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On the other hand, Winter was unusually protective despite her usual delicate mannerisms, shielding Frank as she snapped, “F-Frank is a very busy man.”

Her classmates were certainly dissatisfied.

“That’s sly, Winter!”

“Yeah, aren’t you just keeping him to yourself?”

“It’s alright, Winter.”

Frank patted her head and smiled—he never received formal education himself and was therefore not averse to the students' eagerness to learn. "If you're all interested, I'll try to make time for a lecture every month."

"Once a month...?"

The students were all disappointed, though something was better than nothing.

Winter blushed even as she braced herself against the other girls' pointed looks. "That's plenty! Frank is very busy!"

Frank made a solemn face just then. "Alright, class dismissed."

As the students all thanked him earnestly for his lesson, he was once again reminded of his junior apprentices who always fooled around.

The thought left him clenching his fist.

As he strode out the lecture hall, Bravo Lambert hurried to him.

He had been waiting for over two hours and littered the floor with cigarette butts.

Seeing Frank frowned at the mess, he paused before wheeling on one of his boys and smacking him on the head. "We're at a school! Why were you smoking? Clean that up right now!"

The man appeared wounded. "But that's your mess..."

"Oh, the cheek! Get a broom right now!"

"Okay..."

The man had to give in and left to get a broom.

Frank finally spoke at that. "So? What did you need me for?"

However, Bravo frowned at the students around them. "Why don't we talk someplace else? This really isn't the place to talk about it."

"Sure." Frank nodded and left Winter with Jean. "I have something to attend to, so I have to go. Mona should be taking a stroll somewhere on campus, so remember to bring her home."

"Okay." Winter nodded despite being reluctant to see him go.

With that done, Frank got into Bravo's car, and they headed to a secluded private room in a dimly lit bar.

Bravo then said, "Mr. Lawrence, when you saved my boss Kurt Stinson... You said he was poisoned with Stellar Wormwood, didn't you?"

Frank nodded, remembering what went down at Flora Hall. "Yeah... So? Did you find the poisoner?"

"We couldn't single out anyone," Bravo admitted. "But we've been looking into the herb trade lately and finally traced it to the Salazars of Sunny City."

"The Salazars?" Frank paused, suddenly reminded of the martial elite who served Donald Salazar.

The man, Jaud White, was from a hidden sect in the South Sea.

Jaud had poisoned Vicky with Snowshade later on as well, but the Salazars had since suffered a vital blow.

With even Sage Lake Sect denying them support, they were on their best behavior recently especially after their Beauty Pill failed to take off, beaten thoroughly by the Turnbolls' Rejuvenation Pill.

#### Chapter 574

However, why would the Salazars of Sunny City have a problem with Kurt, whose operations were based in Riverton?

Seeing the confused look on Frank's face, Bravo sighed. "You might not know this, but the Salazars had an agreement with us. We would secure a piece of land and pull strings across Riverton, while the Salazars would build a pharmaceutical factory, which they claimed would help them win a monopoly over Riverton's pharmacy business."

Frank frowned. "If I recall, Kurt was poisoned even before the Salazars' Beauty Pill hit the market."

Bravo nodded solemnly. "Yes. They did not like our asking price, and things went sour. Mr. Stinson must have been poisoned right then... But they returned after a while, very agreeable this time. They even had no problems with Mr. Stinson raising the price by twenty percent, though you saw the outcome for yourself—their Beauty Pill lost to the Turnbolls' Rejuvenation Pill, and that was when they refused to pay us the outstanding cost."

Watching Frank solemnly, he continued, "I heard you had a disagreement with the Salazars yourself, Mr. Lawrence. Well, we're not going to waste our breath with them—we're taking back our land. We're just worried that Mr. Stinson would be poisoned again, which is why we're asking for your help. You don't have to do anything—just help us prepare against the Salazars and save any of our men who've been poisoned. I'm sure your knowledge in medicine wouldn't lose out to the Salazars'..."

Seeing Frank must to himself, he quickly added, "Don't worry, sir—leave the fighting to us, and you'll also be rewarded handsomely."

"I don't need a reward," Frank said. "Tell me, have you heard of the Five Elemental Wonders?"

Frank had an idea just then—since Kurt was East City's Kingpin, he must have plenty of connections, especially to the black market in major cities.

In that case, they would definitely be aware of any tip on the Five Elemental Wonders.



“The Five Elemental Wonders?” Bravo blinked but quickly assured Frank, “Don’t worry, sir—I don’t know what it is, but if it’s ever in Riverton, we’d be the first to find out.”

“In that case, I shall do you a favor,” Frank said, satisfied.

With Kurt’s assistance, the final Elemental Wonder he was missing might be found before long.

Bravo then pressed, “As for your reward...”

“Save it.” Frank shook his head, noting Bravo’s surprise. “Just notify me right away if you ever received word about the Elemental Wonders.”

“Alright... Then I must thank you before all else, Mr. Lawrence.”

Bravo was thrilled—with Frank’s help, the impossible labor his boss left him with would be resolved soon enough!

“So? When are we heading over?” Frank asked.

“Right now!” Bravo rose to his feet, feeling utterly motivated.

“Sure.” Frank nodded.

Bravo then made some calls, and over a dozen MPVs soon arrived outside the bar, each loaded with Bravo’s goons.

“Are we getting the Salazars to pay up now, Mr. Lambert?” a miniboss asked, appearing concerned. “It’s not like we’re scared of them, but the boys are still concerned.”

“Don’t worry!” Bravo waved, drawing everyone’s attention to Frank. “This is Mr. Lawrence. He’s with us, and will save you even if those bastards’ poison leave you on your last breath!”

The goons all turned toward Frank, all of them appearing respectful.

However, Frank shook his head even as they looked on and said quietly, “Bravo’s not quite right there.”

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Then, as Bravo and everyone else looked on in shock, Frank’s tone changed sharply as he declared, “Not your last breath—I’ll save you even if you’ve stopped breathing.”

“Shit!”

“Amazing!”

“That’s pompous!”

Everyone including Bravo was shocked that Frank would humble himself, only for him to declare his overwhelming confidence.

It in turn encouraged the goons, and suddenly none of them were afraid of the Salazars’ poison.

They were even shouting battlecries, ready to teach the Salazars a lesson!

“No more dirty tricks! We have nothing to fear!”

“Let’s go! Down with the Salazars!”

“Come on!”

They all got into their MPVs rowdily, then drove along the road, forming a grand convoy and drawing plenty of attention.

—

In reality, Bravo's concerns proved to be true.

Although the Salazars' factory was long since defunct, Jaud White was there, smugly calling Donald Salazar in Sunny City.

"I'm sure Kurt Stinson found out who poisoned him a while ago," he said confidently. "Just leave this place to me, and his boys are never getting inside... If they do, they'd be floored within minutes, and I could even ransom them for good money."

"Good." Donald nodded but soon added solemnly, "Even if the factory is defunct, it holds great value to us. We can mass produce the Rejuvenation Pill once we get the recipe from the Turnbolls, and we'd recover our previous glory soon enough. That's why you must not let anyone get in there."

Jaud glanced at the entrance and smiled savagely. "Don't worry—every inch of this building is covered. They're never getting in here."

—

Meanwhile, Bravo and his men arrived outside the factory.

The building itself was huge, but no lights were lit inside and there were no signs of life.

Soon, the goons who were sent to check the surroundings returned. "There's no one here at all, boss."

A miniboss frowned. "Aren't we being overly cautious here? Isn't it likely that the Salazars abandoned the building and their machines?"

“They would’ve given us a head’s up if that were the case,” Bravo said with a snort. “But they’re not communicating with us at all—they’re obviously not abandoning this place just yet.”

Turning toward the other goons, Bravo barked, “On me. We’re going in!”

Before they could charge inside, Frank was suddenly in front of everyone, his hands outstretched as he stopped them. “Hold it!”

Bravo’s heart skipped a beat right then, and he quickly told his boys to stop before asking nervously, “Have you found something, Mr. Lawrence?”

“Hmph.”

Frank snorted coolly as he grabbed a pinch of dirt from the ground and flung it forward.

Suddenly, a thick nest of tangled threads not unlike a spider’s web was revealed, even though the place was supposedly clear before!

Each thread was transparent, and was only revealed after Frank threw the dirt over it.

Bravo gasped when he saw the threads and was soon incensed.

Chapter 576

“The Salazars have set a trap!” Bravo bellowed furiously. “We would’ve fallen for it if we didn’t have Mr. Lawrence with us!”

Then, turning toward Frank, he asked, “Are those threads...?”

Frank was chuckling coolly upon a closer look. “They make up the outermost layer, and it’s been laced with the sap of the Araneus Floret. Once you touch it, you’ll lose consciousness before you know it, but it won’t kill you.”

“It’s child’s play,” he added. “Just keep your blades in front of you and flail around. Make sure not to get the sap on your skin. You’ll be safe that way.”

“You heard him, boys!” Bravo turned toward his men and barked, “Don’t let the threads reach your skin!”

With that, he led the way, swinging his machete endlessly before him to cut off the threads.

—

“Hmmm...?”

In the factory, Jaud White had just gotten off the phone with Donald Salazar, and he frowned.

He could sense the perimeter threads being touched and sneered—Kurt Stinson’s men had really come to reclaim this patch of land.

However, he was here, and he would not allow them a step inside this building.

Rising to his feet, he took a pill the size of a fingernail and ignited an eerie blue candle.

He watched as the candle’s smoke wafted away from the factory, chuckling. “This candle is made from the poison dart toad’s mucus. Matched with the Araneus Floret, none of you are making it inside this factory! The smoke will cause you to hallucinate so badly that you’ll start cutting down your friends!”

With that, Jaud reclined against his lounge chair, looking like he had won.

—

The blue candle’s smoke soon wafted beyond the factory, and it was Bravo who got struck first since he was leading the charge.

He paused for a moment, his gaze quickly losing focus.

Then, without a word, he brandished his machete and turned toward Frank, lunging at him!

All his men were left stunned when they saw him behaving weirdly. “What’s wrong, Mr. Lambert?!”

On the other hand, Frank could tell immediately from Bravo’s unfocused gaze and wobbling pace that he had been poisoned.

He knocked Bravo to the floor at breakneck speed while tapping the acupoints on his temples and his ears rapidly.

Bravo instantly came to his senses and was panting as if he was almost killed. “What the fuck... Who let a bear in here?!”

A miniboss quickly asked, “A bear? What are you talking about, boss?”

Bravo did a double take and turned toward the factory entrance. “What do you mean? It was right there!”

“It’s a fear-inducing hallucinogen, possibly the Stiffheart Fruit or the three-tailed scorpion’s poison... Wait!”

Frank paused as he smelled the poisonous smoke wafting through the air and promptly turned to the goons behind him. “Back off! Cup your face and don’t breathe! It’s a hallucinogenic compound cooked from the poison dart toad’s mucus!”

Every goon behind Bravo promptly pinched their nose at Frank’s orders. Even Bravo, who was still on the floor, quickly raised his head and used both hands to hide his face.

“Hah!” Frank bellowed as he charged his Five-Peat Archaeus, his vigor purifying as he dispelled every hallucinogenic particle in his body.

Turning toward Bravo and his men who were staring helplessly at him, he gritted his teeth and snapped, “Withdraw! The smoke is going to last for a while. Shall I deal with that bastard for you?”

“Wait, Mr. Lawrence—”

Bravo was just going to speak, almost forgetting that he had to cup his nose and mouth.

As he quickly cupped them again, Frank barked, “Listen to me. Get out of here—you can come in when I call for you!”

And with that, he leapt into the dark factory alone.

Chapter 577

“Fall back!” Bravo bellowed, knowing that now was not the time to act tough after Frank had spoken.

Their land lot was right there and not running anyway, and so he fled, with his men helping him as they ran outside the factory.

It was only then that they saw the thin blue smoke in the air, almost invisible to the naked eye.

“Mr. Lawrence saw that before we all did.” One of the goons sighed, feeling lucky to have survived that. “He’s simply amazing!”

“Ya think? The man had some moves too—he took down Mr. Lambert with just a couple of moves, and it was so clean!”

“Alright, shut it!” Bravo snapped.

He was blushing while also a little spooked that Frank had subdued him.

As Kurt's best fighter, he had been carving a reputation for his exploits over the years. Naturally, it was a little unacceptable for him to be subdued so easily.

Still, he felt fortunate that he never made an enemy of Frank, or he would now be suffering for it.

"Nobody breathes a word about this, ever," he quickly barked at his boys.

"Yes, sir." The goons quickly kept their mouths shut, seeing that Bravo was being dead serious.

—

As Bravo and the others waited outside, Frank entered the factory alone.

He was actually impressed to see the precision machines kept within the pitch-black factory. It seemed that the Salazars had really paid a fortune for all these, and they would definitely have to announce their bankruptcy if Kurt retook this land lot.

It was weird, since the Salazars' Beauty Pill was thoroughly defeated by the Turnbolls' Rejuvenation Pill. At this point, they should be selling their machines to recoup their losses, just so that they could salvage something out of the whole debacle.

That begged the question—why would they rather keep the factory and these machines, even if it meant making an enemy of Kurt?

"They haven't given up yet?"

Just as Frank appeared puzzled, a one-armed silhouette slowly stepped out, rasping, "I'm surprised that someone made it in here. Oh, what a blunder... Kurt Stinson hired you out of the black market, did he?"

Suddenly, the lights of the factory were turned on, and the interior became bright as day.



Naturally, the one-armed silhouette was Jaud—he had been surprised when he sensed someone making it into the factory, resisting the effects of his blue candle.

He was ready anyway, since Kurt was the kingpin of East City. It would make sense if Kurt hired a couple of Earthrank elites with his connections to the blackmarket.

Still, he did not foresee this—he knew the effects of his blue candle better than anyone, and even Earthrank elites should not have made it in here unscathed.

The intruder's pace was unhurried, showing no signs of urgency to search and destroy the source of the poison.

When Jaud turned on the lights, ready to unleash his trump card, the face he saw left him dumbfounded.

He would have been fine with anyone else... but it had to be Frank!

It was a bolt from the blue when Jaud saw him, just a sense of helplessness welled up within him, filling every fiber of his being.

The bastard was everywhere!

And the Salazars had been staying so discreet, refraining from upsetting Frank at all, but Frank had to suddenly get involved with the Salazars' disagreement with Kurt too!

Frank was chuckling in turn. "So it really is you, old-timer. The Salazars never know when to give up, huh?"

Chapter 578

Frank strode forward, his eyes narrowing threateningly.

"N-No..."

Jaud started sweating all over his brow, having long since given up on the idea of fighting Frank directly.

And now that he saw Frank, his first thought was to run—the further away, the better!

“Damn it! Didn’t Chaz Graves promise to bring in the Lionhearts and kill that son of a bitch?! That’s so long ago, but here he is, still alive and kicking!”

Even as Jaud cursed inwardly, he was flashing a smile that could well be a scowl. “Oh, hello, Mr. Lawrence! Long time no see...”

Frank continued forward, his dark aura bursting. “Long time no see, huh? I guess that’s true, since I still haven’t settled things with the Salazars.”

“Oh, no, no, no...” Jaud quickly threw up his hands, quickly hatching a plan. “Come on, Mr. Lawrence! Ever since his son’s death, Donald Salazar has been repentant. He’s even attending church and told me not to get you upset and all that...”

“Really?”

Frank chuckled coolly. “The last time I ran into him was at Henry Lane’s funeral, but he was shooting me dirty looks and told me to appreciate what little time I have left.”

“Fuck!” Jaud hated Donald to the bone right then—did he have too much free time? Why did he have to provoke Frank?!

Still, Jaud chuckled awkwardly. “Oh, Mr. Lawrence... This isn’t your fight anyway, right? We’re just having an issue with Kurt Stinson’s gang, and we could pay you twice more to look the other way. How about that?”

“How about no?” Frank shook his head. “I’m not about to let you leave now that I’ve seen you.”

“Fuck!” Jaud finally had enough and snapped angrily, “Don’t push me, Frank Lawrence! Even saints have their limits—everyone will suffer if you push me too far!”

“Really? Then show me what you’ve got.”

“Die!” Jaud suddenly yelled.

Be it his pleas or his outburst—it was all to hide his ambush.

It would have been fine if Frank knew his place and left, but he kept closing in.

Jaud had no choice but to use his trump card ahead of schedule.

Suddenly, a dagger laced with purple poison shot toward Frank from the back.

“Oh, so that’s your move?” Frank snorted as he pivoted and kicked the dagger.

“Hah!”

As Frank turned, Jaud grabbed a fistful of black powder and threw it at him from up close, laughing, “That poison is a compound combining the essence of over a dozen children and South Sea’s toxic seaweed! Even a Skyrank elite would die in agony with just a pinch!”

“Hmph.” Frank simply snorted again, his eyes flashing coldly.

The essence of a dozen children? The old timer really had no end of evil gimmicks.

To think that Jaud was so utterly depraved... He must die today!

With that in mind, he moved to counter, his fists cracking in the air as his vigor purified and shot through the air. It pierced the burst of powder and struck Jaud, while his feet danced and leapt around the puff of poison powder.

“What?!”

Even as Jaud was sent flying and coughing blood, he paled when he saw Frank’s footwork.

Chapter 579

Jaud recognized Frank’s moves. “The Five-Peat Archaeus... of Mystic Sky Sect?!”

“I’m surprised you know about us.” Frank strode up, ready to end Jaud’s life.

Jaud promptly threw up his hands in panic. “No, please! Don’t kill me, Mr. Lawrence... Right, I can trade a secret of the Salazars for my life!”

Frank had a hand poised to strike but paused. “A secret of the Salazars?”

“Yes.” Jaud coughed even as he lay on the floor. “The Salazars still want you dead. Just let me live, and I’ll tell you their secret.”

“Speak,” Frank growled, his expression cold.

“Then... Do I have your assurance that I’ll live?”

“I’ll kill you right now if you don’t tell me!”

Frank’s vigor charged again, and Jaud’s eyes widened against the tremendous pressure.

Even as he begged for mercy, he steeled himself while cursing Donald endlessly. “Fuck! I had to run into this monster today of all days... But don’t think you can get away while I can’t, Donald!”

If only Donald did not cut corners and paid Kurt, they certainly would not have to go through so many problems!

If he did not task Jaud with defending the factory and the machinery, Jaud would certainly not have stayed, let alone run into Frank!

In that sense, his problems right now were all Donald's fault.

Naturally, Jaud was himself oblivious of Donald's pain, since Donald had already lost a fortune after his plan to seize the Riverton market with the Beauty Pill foiled.

It was not as if he did not want to pay Kurt, but he no longer had the money to spare.

That being said, it was all the Salazars' own fault for being overconfident in the Beauty Pill.

Pausing and seeing that Frank was not affording him a choice, Jaud gritted his teeth and admitted, "Donald Salazar is conspiring with Neil Turnbull and Chaz Graves. They will be inviting Titus Lionheart to Chaz's wedding and exposing your affair with Vicky Turnbull to everyone."

"When that happens, Titus' men would have you killed, while Vicky would be forced to give up on Grande Pharma as Titus brings her back to Morhen. After that, Neil would take over Grande Pharma, and the Salazars would be given your shares."

After he finished, Jaud added tentatively, "Look, Mr. Lawrence—I've told you everything I know. Just let me live, and I swear to leave Riverton, staying out of your fight against the Salazars."

Frank was enraged after Jaud revealed such a bombshell.

"So that's why Chaz Graves and the Salazars have been so quiet lately," Frank mused. "It seems that they wanted me to lower my guard, and then stab me in the back on Chaz's wedding day and defile everything I have while I watch. That's actually impressive of Chaz!"

Frank laughed despite his rage—it was fortunate he had agreed to help Bravo today, or he would still be oblivious to their schemes.

“Mr. Lawrence... Can I go now?” Jaud asked miserably just then, clutching his chest and clearly maimed.

Frank came to his senses and growled, “I would’ve let you go... in the past. If I do now, who would bring you to justice for the lost souls of those children?”

Jaud’s heart sank, but his expression suddenly changed as he yelled at Frank, “I’ve given you such important information that I won’t be allowed to stay in Riverton, but you’re still going to push me?! You’re a plague to this world, and you’ll stay that way if you’re allowed to live! You’ll now pay for everything you’ve done!”

Chapter 580

Frank glowered as he projected his pure vigor. It manifested into a hammer out of thin air, swinging straight toward Jaud’s chest!

“Hell no!”

Jaud suddenly leapt several meters into the air, dodging Frank’s hammer.

He clearly had no intention to fight Frank as he fled wildly out of the factory.

Given how fast he moved, he was clearly pretending to be maimed before.

“You’re running now? Too late!”

Frank’s pure vigor was still connected to him even after he projected it—it was an ability unique to the Five-Peat Archaeus.

And with a wave of his hand, Frank turned the hammer that shot past Jaud back to him.

“What?!”

Jaud thought he was safe as soon as he dodge the hammer earlier and did not expect it to still be under Frank’s control!

As the hammer turned back to him, it struck him squarely in the chest this time, sending him flying even as screamed.

“Gurk!” Jaud’s chest was sunken, and he was coughing blood as well as pieces of his own lungs into the air.

He landed heavily before Frank, his life quickly draining from his body even as he squeezed out the words, “Hundred Bane Sect of South Sea will come for you... Donn Lawrence...”

With those words, Jaud’s neck suddenly hung limp as he stopped breathing.

“So you’re the Hundred Bane Sect’s filth.” Frank snorted coldly.

The Hundred Bane Sect was the most vile and hated sect in the South Sea, infamous for their depraved arts in poisoning and assassination.

Naturally, they were no one of the South Sea Four, but they had a hand in the fall of Mystic Sky Sect’s nonetheless.

If anything, Jaud’s death could count as added interest in Frank’s quest for vengeance.

Still, while Frank was thinking about how he should deal with Jaud’s corpse, a group of men entered from the back door, stopping when they saw Frank.

“Mr. White?!” Someone sharp-eyed quickly spotted Jaud dead and not breathing on the floor.

The rest became restless right then. “Mr. White is dead?! Who are you?!”

Frank glanced at them and saw that they all wore Salazar uniforms.

They were all hired muscles, and there were dozens of them.

Not bothered to stay, Frank picked up Jaud’s corpse and leapt out of the factory.

“Stop!”

“Hold it!”

The hired muscle all chased after him, while Frank found Bravo and his men waiting by the curb as they were told.

Seeing someone running toward him, Bravo quickly stood up.

His eyes narrowed when he saw that it was Frank, carrying a body over his shoulder.

“Mr. Lawrence, who—”

Frank simply gestured at the Salazars’ goons and said quietly, “I’ve dealt with the poisoner. The rest is up to you.”

“Who!”

“That’s amazing, Mr. Lawrence!”



Bravo's men were all gaping and looking at Frank worshipfully, as he had dealt with the Salazars' poisoner so easily!

"Hahaha!" Bravo laughed. "You can expect nothing less from Mr. Lawrence. Now that the poisoner is dead, I have nothing to fear!"