

The Girlboss 591

Chapter 591

Beside them, Olive finally had enough and snapped at Vicky, “Why are you meddling? Mr. Sorano is just taking his employee. Why would you want to catch this heat? Are you going to drag us into a fight against the Soranos?!”

Ivana and the rest could only stay in their seats awkwardly.

Olive was right that they would never dare challenge the Soranos, which was why they never said anything from the start.

Hubert chuckled in turn as he turned to Olive. “Oh, at least this pretty face knows her place. What’s your name?”

“I’m Olive Perkins,” she replied excitedly.

“Haha! Good, you’ve got style.” Hubert chuckled, rubbing his chin. “Would you sign up with Sorano Media? Rest assured, you’ll be our next big thing!”

Olive was delighted. “Thank you, Mr. Sorano!”

“Here’s my card. I’m staying in Room 1008—come over later so I can give you an audition.” Hubert handed her his card.

While Olive took it excitedly and thanked Hubert profusely, the adults around the table only knew all too well what was about to happen.

Even Ivana was rolling her eyes, despite not daring to say a word.

“Know your place and buzz off, Vicky!” Olive snapped even as she wheeled on Vicky, her tone suddenly growing in confidence.

After all, a bright future was suddenly handed to her gift-wrapped. Her sense of inferiority toward Vicky was now gone, and she was actually now telling Vicky what to do!

“What a slut.” Vicky shook her head, not bothered with Olive’s attitude.

Then, looking straight at Hubert icily, she told him, “I’ve spoken. You are not taking Kiki away unless you tell your dogs to hurt me too.”

“Vicky...” Kiki was at once emotional.

“What, you think I wouldn’t dare?” Hubert snorted, glancing at his men and snapping his fingers. “Go. I’ll take responsibility for anything that happens.”

“Apologies, Ms. Turnbull.” The burly bodyguards started toward Vicky again.

However, before anyone could touch Vicky, a figure shot towards them from the sight, sending one of the bodyguards flying with a kick and crashing into a table.

Hubert was stunned before snapping furiously and glaring at the man before Vicky murderously, “What?! Who are you?!”

It was none other than Corey. “Please calm down, Mr. Sorano. Violence solves nothing.”

“Corey...?” Even Vicky was surprised that Corey would put himself in harm’s way, which was unusual considering his personality.

In fact, Corey was angry—not at Hubert, but at Frank.

Frank, who was supposed to be Vicky’s bodyguard, showed no intention to intervene even though he could see Hubert’s bodyguards advancing on her.

Instead, he remained in his seat and kept eating!

Chapter 592

In the entire banquet hall, Frank was the only one who did not seem to care.

And considering what Frank had told him in the men's room earlier, Corey could not stop himself from intervening.

"Oh, he actually showed some spine." Frank was laughing in his head.

Despite being busy eating, he was actually paying attention to Vicky's situation.

In fact, he had already projected his pure vigor around Vicky with Five-Peat Archaeus. If Hubert's bodyguards had touched her earlier, things would have gone very badly for them.

If anything, Frank would be embarrassing himself if he did nothing after Vicky announced to everyone that he was her personal bodyguard.

Naturally, Corey was far from reaching Birthright rank and would never know what Frank did. Instead, he simply presumed that Frank was absolutely terrified of Hubert and kept eating to hide his panic.

While Corey was himself afraid of Hubert's family connections too, he should show more strength and a sense of responsibility around Vicky now that things had come to this.

Bracing himself as he wheels on Hubert, he growled, "Mr. Sorano, I'm Corey Wallace. If you refuse Ms. Turnbull and insist on taking Kiki away, I suggest you send your people to discuss the matter with the Turnbells instead of getting violent or you'd be disturbing the peace between your families."

"Oh... you really can talk out of your ass, huh?!" Hubert was gnashing his teeth even as he pointed at Corey and snapped, "Who the hell do you think you are, telling me what to do?! What I say goes, and that is all there is to it! Get out of here or I'll kill you!"

Seeing that Hubert was not backing down at all, Corey was all too aware that his own family connections were nothing compared to the Soranos’.

However, he was not about to embarrass himself in front of the love of his life and certainly not lose to Frank—he would show Frank what a true man was!

Stepping forward, Corey said coolly, “Ms. Turnbull is Titus Lionheart’s fiancée, so you’d better calm down, Mr. Sorano. There’s always a better way.”

At this point, he had to name-drop the Lionhearts to remain immune despite challenging a Sorano since he was helping Titus.

“Titus Lionheart...” Wariness obviously showed in Hubert’s eyes, but he was soon sneering. “Did you really think I’d be scared of the Lionhearts? Go and kill anyone who gets in my way!”

Hearing Hubert, Ivana and the others promptly fled the table, huddling in a corner in fear that they would get dragged into it.

Only Frank stayed at the table, leisurely continuing to eat.

“Hey... Frank Lawrence, was it? Get over here already, or you’d get hurt!” Ivana warned out of kindness.

Frank simply pretended not to hear her and kept eating without a care.

“Since you have to be so unreasonable, I guess I must stand my ground for Mr. Lionheart’s sake!”

Watching as Hubert’s bodyguards charged at him, Corey moved—first dodging a bodyguard punch and kicking him toward Frank’s table.

Even as the bodyguard felt the pain in his stomach and stumbled, thinking he was going to crash into the table, his vision suddenly blurred.

When he came to his senses, he was sitting on one of the chairs around the table.

“Huh?” The bodyguard then turned to find the man eating at his leisure.

Then, the man said quietly, “The food here is all expensive. It’d be a shame if you crash into the table and knock everything over... Oh, and could you please pass the salt?”

Frank pointed at the shaker near the bodyguard just then.

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“Oh... Okay, here.”

The bodyguard was still completely confused, unsure what had just happened as he blankly passed the salt shaker to Frank.

As he stared blankly at Frank while he sprinkled salt over his food, Frank suddenly paused and turned to him in curiosity. “What are you looking at me for? Didn’t your employer tell you to do something earlier?”

The bodyguard came to his senses at Frank’s words, and lunged toward Corey with an angry cry alongside the other bodyguards.

However, the outcome was no surprise—the bodyguards might be good, but they were no match for someone who could wield vigor.

In fact, Corey had some moves too. His hair was a mess and his clothes were torn, but after a tough fight, he managed to floor all of Hubert’s bodyguards.

“A vigor wielder? Just you wait!” Hubert snapped, but he quickly fled the banquet hall as he realized that the odds were against him.

Ivana ran up to Corey right then, her eyes twinkling as she exclaimed, “That was so cool, Corey! You knocked down all those men even though they had you outnumbered!”

“Heh. It’s really nothing.” Corey chuckled and stared pointedly at Frank.

The others followed his gaze, and Ivana snorted in dissatisfaction, being as blunt as she always was. “Aren’t you supposed to be Vicky’s bodyguard? Why didn’t you do anything when she was in danger?”

“Yeah! Don’t tell me you were scared?”

Frank remained unaffected despite their criticism and said quietly, “I have no reason to play with second-rate mooks, and it’d be a shame to waste all this food.”

“Excuses, excuses.”

“Exactly. Vicky and Kiki would’ve been in danger if not for Corey.”

“You’re really shameless, calling yourself Vicky’s bodyguard.”

“It’s alright.” Corey smiled as he stepped forward. “Don’t blame him—most people would be petrified when they see Hubert Sorano too. However...”

Even as his tone sharply changed, his eyes remained fixed on Vicky as he shook his head and sighed. “You should really change bodyguards, Vicky. A man like that is not worth your time.”

Ivana quickly chimed in, “Exactly. Corey looks plenty good to me—just dump that one already and have Corey be your bodyguard.”

Even Kiki appeared visibly disappointed in Frank and was convinced that he was no martial elite but just Vicky’s lover.

Naturally, none of them expected Vicky to smile and shake her head, refusing to hear a word of it. “That’s unnecessary. If Frank says those men are beneath him, I believe him.”

Ivana was left speechless by her stubbornness. “Dear Ms. Turnbull, how old are you again? Why are you still lovesick?”

“You’re the ones who don’t know Frank.” Vicky smiled.

Corey was frustrated to see Vicky still defending the coward and sighed. “We tend to idealize our lovers, but you saw the truth—don’t get yourself hurt because of him.”

“Exactly. Corey’s totally right!” Ivana chimed in.

That was when Olive, who had been silent throughout, suddenly got up, picking up her purse as she strode out. “Eat all you want. Let’s see what happens now that you’ve messed with the Soranos.”

Ivana rolled her eyes. “She really thinks she just hit the jackpot, huh?”

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Ivana snorted in disdain. “I really shouldn’t have invited her here if I knew she’d behave like this.”

“It’s alright.” Vicky smiled. “Let’s eat!”

Even as everyone returned to the banquet table, Olive could suddenly be heard screaming outside the door.

“What happened?!” Everyone turned apprehensively toward the door to find that Hubert had returned.

This time, he was accompanied by two middle-aged men. One could feel their presence from afar, and they were clearly brimming with energy, making it obvious they were all vigor wielders.

Moreover, their fists were dripping with blood that were not theirs.

Even so, Corey demanded, “Aren’t you giving up yet, Mr. Sorano?”

“Give up?” Hubert laughed, his previous amicable expression gone and replaced by savagery. “Don’t think you could flex on me just because you have some moves! These two are my family’s executives here in Riverton, and they’re here to kill you!”

The two men traded glances in turn. Then one of them sneered as he danced forward, his vigor charged as he shot toward Corey in an instant.

“Flying fish kick!”

Corey could certainly see that the man was no pushover and used his killing stroke right then, aiming his kick straight at the man’s temples.

“Using such third-rate moves to flex on Mr. Sorano?! You’re really asking for it!”

The man bellowed, moving as fast as lightning as he grabbed Corey by the ankle, holding it firmly in place.

“No!”

Even as Corey realized the danger when he could not pull away, Hubert was laughing in the distance. “Let’s see how you’re going to keep yapping after this! Break his leg, Zorn!”

“Yes, sir.” Zorn looked up with a dangerous smile and twisted Corey’s ankle before the latter could move.

Crack!

A sick crunching of bones resounded in the banquet hall, followed by Corey’s screams.

He then collapsed to the floor with an audible thud, as sweat gushed down his forehead.

“See? That’s for standing up against me.” Hubert chuckled coolly and turned toward Zorn, gesturing across his neck with his finger. “Kill him.”

“No!” Kiki broke down as she saw that Zorn was ready to do it and ran forward, crying, “I’ll come with you, Hubert! Don’t kill Corey—he has nothing to do with this!”

“Oh, but he does now.” Hubert sneered smugly at her. “I warned you, but you didn’t listen. Now you’ll see the consequences of upsetting me!”

“Urgh...”

On the other hand, Corey closed his eyes in despair as he watched Zorn raise his fist, his heart welling with endless regret.

He really should not have intervened—someone like him could not afford to challenge the Sorano family. All the martial elites at their disposal could easily destroy him, and no one would avenge him even if he was killed.

All he could hope for was one thing—that the Soranos did not take out their rage on his family.

Chapter 595

Just as Corey closed his eyes and resigned himself to die, a cool voice suddenly spoke up. “Are you done? It’s time you leave.”

“What?”

Corey was familiar with the voice.

Was that not Frank Lawrence, Vicky’s gigolo?

He suddenly dared to speak up, but it had to be now of all times? Was he suicidal?

Even as Corey opened his eyes, he was left stunned.

Zorn had his fist poised to strike at Corey's head, but Frank remained impassive even as he held onto his wrist.

Zorn could not seem to move at all and was sweating all over his brow!

"Who the hell are you?!" Hubert finally saw that Frank had seized Zorn's wrist but thought that Zorn was merely caught off guard. "Kill them! Kill every single one in this room! Leave no one alive!"

However, Zorn was not moving at all, and Hubert thought he did not hear him as he snapped angrily, "Didn't you hear me, Zorn?! What are you spacing out for?!"

In reality, Zorn just could not say it—Frank was holding on to his wrist like a hydraulic clamp, and he was unable to move at all.

"Birthright rank!"

Lampon, the other executive, quickly realized that Frank was superior. After a brief pause, he quickly moved to shield Hubert behind himself while glaring at Frank warily.

Even Hubert was stunned when he heard Lampon. "What?! You're Birthright rank?!"

"The name's Frank Lawrence," Frank said quietly as he held on to Zorn's wrist. "Leave if you don't want to die."

Then, turning toward Hubert, he said, "I won't say it twice."

Something snapped in Hubert right then. “Fuck you! Who do you think you are to tell me to leave?! Don’t you know who I am?!”

However, Lampon promptly grabbed his arm and reasoned earnestly. “Please calm down, Mr. Sorano! He’s Birthright rank, and none of us can afford to mess with him! If he really gets upset, none of us are leaving alive!”

His words actually reached Hubert, bringing him to his senses.

Still, Hubert glared at Frank as he bellowed, “Frank Lawrence, was it?! I’ll remember your name! Just you wait—we have no shortage of Birthright rank elites among our ranks!”

With that, he snorted and stormed off.

Lampon remained, staring at Frank respectfully as he spoke. “Excuse me, sir... But could you...?”

Seeing that Lampon was staring at his palm, Frank snorted and freed Zorn, though his fingers left a black mark where he held Zorn.

Zorn was sweating all over his brow too but said nothing as he pursed his lips.

“By the way...”

Seeing that both executives were about to leave, Frank suddenly spoke, pointing at the flabbergasted Kiki, “Tell your master that he’s not to mess with Kiki. Do so again, and I’ll be paying him a visit.”

“Y-Yes, of course.”

Both executives nodded repeatedly for the sake of their survival and fled miserably.

As the doors closed behind them, a long silence ensued.

All the voices mocking Frank before could not be heard, as everyone now stared at him in either embarrassment or disbelief.

They obviously did not know what Birthright rank meant, but none of them were stupid.

Chapter 596

The two executives whom Hubert brought were clearly no pushovers, and one was enough to overwhelm Corey.

And yet, both of them were so afraid of Frank they bolted from his threat alone. They were clearly fearing for their lives, and he never did a thing to them!

In fact, proof was now unnecessary for Frank's strength.

Corey was the first to speak, breaking the silence. "Thank you for saving my life, Mr. Lawrence. I will always remember this debt."

Even as he pushed himself off the floor, his face was pale.

One of his legs was now completely crippled, but it was thanks to Frank that he was alive.

Naturally, Corey also had no intention to demean Frank after finding out that he was a Birthright rank elite, since there was almost none of his caliber in Riverton.

Moreover, Corey really doubted that Frank did not have any backing when he improved this far at such a young age!

"I was being arrogant even though I was lacking, and I'm too ashamed to stay in your presence. Please take good care of Ms. Turnbull from now on. Farewell," Corey said, bowing to Frank before limping away.

Kiki felt guilty and uneasy for being skeptical of Vicky's judgment earlier and hesitated for a while before saying, "Thank you so much, Mr. Lawrence."

Frank shook his head. "Don't thank me. Thank Vicky."

Kiki turned to Vicky right then, her gaze earnest. "Thank you so much, Vicky."

"Hey, no thanks necessary—we're besties." Vicky grinned.

Still, she soon skipped toward Frank when she saw that he was leaving, grabbing his sleeve and snapping, "Hey, where do you think you're going?"

"Home."

"Home?!" Vicky gaped. "What the hell is wrong with you? Did you really think Hubert would give up on Kiki just because you told him so?!"

Frank shrugged. "Why not?"

Vicky rolled her eyes. "Kiki, go with Frank and stay at his mansion. You can stay in Room 104—my room is next to it."

"What?" Kiki's jaw hung open in disbelief. "I-I really don't think that's a good idea. It'd be an inconvenience for Mr. Lawrence—"

"What are you worried about?" Vicky laughed. "You're not staying there forever, and he's not doing anything to you when his baby sister is there. But if he tries anything funny, tell me and I'll straighten him out."

As she raised her brow at Frank as if to give him an order, he shook his head. "Room 104 is taken."

Vicky's expression was at once hostile. "What?! Who's staying there? Why don't I know about that?"

"It's my business," Frank retorted. "And I never agreed to be Ms. Moss' bodyguard."

Seeing that he was refusing, Vicky was suddenly a pouting little girl, tugging on Frank's arm as she cajoled, "Oh, just say yes for my sake, pretty please...?"

Around them, Vicky's friends were left stunned by her sudden change of attitude.

What the devil?

Vicky Turnbull, the most famous heiress of Riverton, had never shown this side of hers to anyone!

If other men could see this, they would be loathing Frank to the bone!

Frank sighed—even he had to admit that no man could resist Vicky's devastating beauty and her adorable kittenish pleas.

Chapter 597

Later.

"Here's Room 106. You can stay here."

After getting Kiki settled in his mansion, Frank mused to himself before striding outside.

A limousine slowly emerged out of the dark road, stopping in front of him.

Frank stood there and sighed. "It seems that Hubert Sorano is really bent on dying."

“Brat, did you think you could come out unscathed after challenging the Soranos?!” an elderly black-clad man with a gray beard bellowed as he alighted, glaring at Frank haughtily. “You’ll pay for your impudence!”

“And you’ll pay for your ignorance,” Frank calmly retorted.

The old man glowered but soon laughed. “Some weaning brat like you threatening me? Who do you think you are?”

“Funny. I could say the same, geezer.”

Frank’s eyes flashed, and he suddenly shot forward like a lightning bolt without a word, reappearing right in front of the old man.

“What?!”

The old man’s glare of disdain froze, caught in disbelief by Frank’s speed.

He promptly raised his arms to block Frank’s oncoming punch.

However, in just a split second, Frank switched his attack and spread his fingers, smacking the old man squarely in the belly!

“Kneel!”

His vigor purified as it shot out, the single strike left the old man coughing blood and dropping to his knees.

The old man was horrified—Frank had to be the strongest man he had ever encountered!

Even as he thought that, Frank had grabbed him by the neck and lifted him off the ground, his expression impassive as he demanded, “Where is Hubert Sorano?”

“I-I’ll never tell you!”

The old man had barely finished when Frank tapped his ribcage acupoint, shutting his respiratory vessels and leaving him purple in seconds.

Then, he tapped his median furrow acupoint, and the old man felt as if his chest was on fire, burning him alive.

Frank’s medical knowledge saved lives, but he could use it for interrogations necessary. In fact, his methods would even beat Burt Yorkman’s interrogation techniques in terms of effectiveness and horror.

“Are you going to talk now?” Frank asked coolly as he withdrew his fingers. “I still have hundreds of other techniques waiting to wear you down for the night. It’d feel like years, but you’d wish you were dead at every moment.”

“Urgh...” The old man was sweating all over as he flinched in terror—the techniques and abilities Frank displayed were not some Birthright novice like him could fathom.

He thought Frank would be an inexperienced Birthright rank elite since he was young, but he proved to be a different class entirely.

Just two acupoints, and he felt half his life was drained!

“M-Mr. Sorano is in Room 1008 of Ninedell Hotel.”

Frank actually paused—Hubert never left?! He certainly had balls!

As the old man collapsed to the floor on his knees. “I-I’ve told you what I know. Can you let me go now?”

Frank did not keep torturing him. Instead, he launched a burst of pure vigor from his fingers, piercing the old man's scalp and pulverizing his brain.

The Birthright rank elite that Hubert sent did not even last one blow before Frank killed him!

Chapter 598

The old man bled from orifice as he died horribly, while Frank got in the limousine he came in.

"Drive me to Ninedell Hotel."

The chauffeur was already petrified, but he quickly turned the car and headed to Ninedell Hotel as told since he valued his life.

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In Room 1008 of Ninedell Hotel, Hubert was wearing only a bathrobe as he lay sprawled on bed, enjoying Olive Perkin's massage while holding up a phone.

"You don't sound too pleased, Mr. Sorano," Chaz Graves said from the other end of the line.

"Of course I am! We just lost a golden goose, for fuck's sakes!" Hubert cursed out loud and told Chaz everything that had happened.

"What?!"

Chaz was clearly shocked and repeatedly confirmed that it was the Frank Lawrence he had in mind.

Then, musing to himself for a while, he advised calmly "Mr. Sorano, I'd advise you to run right now—Frank is as strong as he is conceited. If I'm not mistaken, he's on his way to you right now!"

“Impossible.” Hubert dismissed him confidently. “I’ve called in one of my family’s Birthright rank elders, and his plane had already touched down a while ago. There’s no way he’d lose.”

Chaz sighed. “I must insist that you be careful. Frank isn’t so easily defeated.”

“Oh, don’t worry! What is he going to do, kill me?” Hubert snorted in disdain.

“Very well. Just don’t forget to attend my wedding in a couple of days.”

“For sure. I don’t care about you, but that’s not the case for Titus Lionheart!”

Hubert laughed as he hung up, snorting, “Be careful? Just because some Birthright rank elite showed up in little Riverton? Chaz Graves is an embarrassment to the rest of us, being so scared of that bastard.”

“Of course,” Olive smiled even as she flashed her cleavage. “That bastard is just the Turnbells’ gigolo at best. He’d never compare to the third heir of the Soranos!”

“Hehe. You and your silver tongue.” Hubert wrapped his arms around her waist, ready for round two, when he heard a loud crash outside.

By the time he turned, the door was kicked wide open, and his heart skipped a beat when he saw who it was.

“Frank Lawrence...?” Hubert trailed off, suddenly remembering Chaz’s warning.

Was the bastard as horrific as Chaz claimed, defeating even an elder from his family?!

Before his questions were answered, Frank was glaring icily at him. “I remember telling your dogs to warn you to stay away, but you’re really asking for it.”

Hubert's heart sank at Frank's cool voice. He kept his towel wrapped around his crotch as he stood up and bellowed, "Where's Elder Keyes? What did you do to him?!"

"Elder Keyes?" Frank chuckled. "He's waiting for you down under."

"What?! Y-You wouldn't dare!" Hubert stumbled backward in the face of Frank's murderous glare, terrified and regretting not heeding Chaz's advice to run.

Frank was really no pushover!

On the other hand, Olive never realized how scary Frank can be.

After all, she had left the banquet hall earlier than the others before and was still convinced that Frank was a loser.

"Do you know who you are talking to, Frank?!" she snapped. "This is Hubert Sorano of Morhen, and you're threatening him?! You're so done!"

Chapter 599

Frank turned toward Olive, his glare murderous. "This is no place for you to speak."

However, Olive was not afraid of him at all, even puffing her chest as she stood before Frank. "You're only banking on Vicky Turnbull's support! Her family might have some influence, but Mr. Sorano here doesn't fear them, let alone a gigolo like you! Know your place!"

"Just shut up already!" Hubert snapped at her, as he could sense danger—Frank's expression had turned cool from Olive's string of insults, and the dark aura around him was growing stronger!

However, Olive showed no sign of stopping, even continuing to provoke Frank. "Mr. Sorano has already looked into you. You have an ex-wife who's going to marry Chaz Graves in a couple days, don't you? If I were you, I'd be hiding somewhere quiet and crying my eyes out. Whoever gave you the balls to come here and harass Mr. Sorano?!"

Then, she yelled haughty outside, “Zorn! Lampon! What are you doing?! Why did you let this bastard in?! Get him out of here already!”

“You can stop shouting now,” Frank said quietly. “They won’t hear you.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?!” Olive exclaimed in disbelief, stiffening.

“They’re dead, and both of you are joining him soon.”

“What?!”

Finally realizing the trouble she was in, Olive ran outside to find both Zorn and Lampon long dead, lying in pools of their own blood.

“No!!!” Olive screamed as she ran down the hallway naked.

Frank did not chase after her—the instant she started snapping at him, he had used Jaud White’s Snowshade on her.

She would get away, but she would also die in despair—it was her deserved fate for provoking Frank, especially with Helen.

Meanwhile, Hubert was still clutching on his towel as he kept backing away from Frank. “W-What do you want?!”

“You should be asking yourself that question, Mr. Sorano,” Frank said quietly as he closed in. “I told your dogs to relay my warning to you, but you chose to ignore me anyway. You’re clearly asking for it, and in that case, there’s no reason to waste my breath.”

“No! Y-You can’t kill me! I-I’m the third Sorano son, and my family will come after you if you kill me! O-Oh, and your family! They will massacre your family too!”

Hubert was trembling in fear, his words barely logical.

“You wouldn’t have to worry about that,” Frank shrugged. “Don’t think your family is above the rest and can do whatever they want just because they’re from the capital. From where I’m standing, you’re all livestock who can talk.”

With that, Frank seized Hubert’s throat, slowly clenching.

Even as Hubert’s face turned purple, he kept rasping endlessly to plead, “S-Sor... Please... No...”

Frank remained unmoved, his eyes cool as he watched Hubert die.

“Stop!”

A group of men in black charged inside the room just then.

Chapter 600

An elderly bearded man strode up behind Frank and barked, “I told you to stop, you hear?”

“Hmm...?”

Frank slowly turned and immediately noticed the lion head embroidered into the old man’s lapel.

“The Lionhearts sent you, I presume?” he asked impassively.

“Indeed. The name’s Trenton, and I demand you let go of Mr. Sorano right now,” the elderly man snapped. “He’s under our protection, so if you kill him, you’ll be our enemy!”

“Haha...” Frank chuckled as he shook his head, immune to Trenton’s threat. “He provoked me endlessly, even threatening to kill my family. Do you think he’d repent just because I let him go?”

Trenton frowned, but promised, “You have the Lionhearts’ assurance that he’ll stay in line—but only if you release him.”

“Hmph.”

Frank snorted and eased his fingers, sparing Hubert. “In that case, you have one chance.”

He was not that eager to make enemies of everyone, after all.

On the other hand, Hubert was on his knees, wheezing as he glared venomously at Frank.

Trenton helped him to his feet and started heading for the door, saying, “Mr. Sorano, Mr. Graves sent us to protect you. Rest assured that you’ll be safe if you come with us now.”

However, as soon as Hubert saw the lion head embroidered on Trentons’ lapel, his fear turned into conceit.

“Hahaha! How caring of Chaz, and he certainly read that bastard’s moves!” he exclaimed, standing amongst the bodyguards as he turned smugly towards Frank. “Did you think this is over?! Just you wait—I’ll have you and the rest of your family killed—especially your sister! You’ll be crying and begging for my forgiveness after what you did!”

“Mr. Sorano!”

Even Trenton was frowning at Hubert’s unruly behavior as soon as he had protection.

Before he could stop Hubert, he saw Frank’s murderous sneer as he slowly advanced.

“Hmm... amusing. I already gave you a chance, but it’s not my fault that someone’s really asking for it!”

Seeing that Frank was advancing, Hubert hid behind the bodyguards while snapping, "Don't you know who these people are?! They are Titus Lionheart's men! If you lay a finger on me, he'll leave you in pieces!"

"Titus Lionheart?"

Frank, however, never stopped.

He even glanced at Trenton and said icily, "I gave you Lionhearts a chance, but now it seems that you refuse to appreciate it. Back away, and I'll let you live."

Even Trenton felt his breath leave his lungs at Frank's conceited threat.

After some thought, he quickly said, "Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Graves had mentioned you, and Master Titus had been informed about your close relationship with Ms. Turnbull. He won't press the issue, but we insist on offering Hubert Sorano refuge. However, I'm sure we can come to a compromise..."