

The Girlboss 611

Chapter 611

Eventually, the priest spoke up. "Helen Lane, do you take this man as your beloved husband?"

Chaz was grinning ear-to-ear as he and Helen turned toward each other.

Then, making sure everyone else was out of earshot, he whispered under his breath, "Don't worry, Helen. I've discussed the favor you asked for with Titus Lionheart, and he said yes."

"Really?" Helen did a double take but soon appeared troubled.

Her reaction left Chaz's gaze flashing coolly as he smiled. "But he had one condition."

"What is it?" Helen's heart skipped a beat, feeling a foreboding sensation.

Chaz's grin broadened. "His brother Wilbur will be the one having your first night."

"What?!" Helen gaped in shock and disbelief. "Chaz Graves, you're a—"

"What, is that a no?" Chaz shook his head, chuckling. "Don't worry. I'll only record a video and use it appropriately—rest assured, my lips are sealed."

"You're a sick pervert!" Helen growled through gritted teeth under her breath.

"You flatter me." Chaz grinned brazenly. "It hurts to let young Wilbur have my wife, but there's no helping it. I'm making sacrifices for the sake of my family's future."

Naturally, he would never tell Helen that he would be showing the video he recorded to Frank once he had Frank captured.

He would make Frank watch Helen suffer that humiliation just to break Frank in every way he could.

On the other hand, the audience suspected nothing, believing that Helen and Chaz were flirting since their exchange was brief.

Helen only despaired further as he unwittingly turned to find a fat boy sitting in the middle of a tight but fawning escort group.

He was not even twenty, but he was as round as a ball, with hives growing around his exceedingly grotesque facial features.

He even stuck his tongue out at Helen, his eyes narrowing vilely.

Helen almost puked from a single glance, and she was supposed to spend her first night with him?!

“Go on, say ‘I do’.” Chaz grinned, closing his eyes as he prepared for Helen to say the words.

However, he soon noticed something amiss.

He opened his eyes again to find Helen standing still with a conflicted look on her face, showing no intention of speaking up.

“Ms. Helen Lane...?” the priest prompted.

Helen clenched her knuckles as a look of humiliation showed on her face.

Chaz breathed into her ear just then. “Do it. You’re not going to save Frank if you get cold feet now—surely you don’t want Titus to carve him into pieces, do you?”

“I...”

Helen could only hear the ringing in her mind and looked around as if to look for help.

All she saw was the crowd waiting for her to say yes, Wilbur who was lusting after her body, Gina who kept gesturing at her to go on... and Chaz's evil smile.

She did not want this at all.

"But..."

That was when Helen remembered Frank and his sonorous laughter and raging declarations that night.

"Hey, what's going on? Why's the bride freezing up and staying silent?"

"Yeah, is she getting cold feet?"

"Shit, if she is, it wouldn't just be her—it's over for the Northstream Lanes!"

As the restless whispers soon reached Gina's ears, she had enough of her daughter's hesitation.

Chapter 612

"Helen!" Gina yelled. "Go on! Say yes! It's over for our family if you get cold feet!"

"Yeah, Helen!" Cindy shouted as well. "Do it!"

"Do it!" The audience urged Helen as well, and she looked around, but that familiar face was not there.

And if she said yes now, there would be no turning back.

Even Chaz was glowering at that point. “Are you deliberately embarrassing me, Helen? You’d better take the deal I’m offering, or Frank is a dead man! No, it won’t just be him—your mother, your cousin, and everyone serving the Northstream Lanes would all rest in pieces! Make up your mind... No, there’s no changing this even if you refuse!”

Chaz’s threat left Helen trembling all over, and she eventually closed her eyes and relaxed her knuckles as she gave in.

“Okay...” she said, her eyes filled with misery.

But before she could, the front doors of Graves Mansion were suddenly kicked open resoundingly!

“Argh!!!”

“What?!”

The guests turned in time to find one of the Graves’ bodyguards landing among them.

His body was used to bludgeon the doors, and he was now laying limply on the floor, spurting blood and his fate unknown.

The crowd then turned to find a towering figure slowly striding in.

“Stop this wedding! Keep your mouth shut, Helen Lane!” the figure bellowed.

Everyone turned again toward Helen and saw that she had clasped her hands over her mouth, tears welling up in her eyes.

“Frank...” she murmured.

It was certainly none other than Frank, his gait upright as he strode inside. His clothes were a mess and splattered with blood, which told everyone what he just did.

His expression was murderously solemn as he strode into the hall, having rushed there from Southstream. Then, he smiled and nodded as he saw Helen's tearful gaze.

"Sorry," he said. "The Graves had some bodyguards, so it cost me some time."

"Some bodyguards..." Chaz was left standing there gaping in disbelief.

What Frank meant by 'some bodyguards' was a security force of three hundred strong who guarded every inch of his family's compound. Most of them were well-trained, with over dozens being vigor wielders and several Birthright rank elites!

Chaz was convinced they were enough against Frank, but the man showed up here anyway!

Did he really beat every last one of them to reach this hall?!

"Frank Lawrence!" Gina screamed right then. "What do you think you're doing here?!"

She was already panicking and furious to see her daughter getting cold feet and could now skin Frank where he stood!

"Hmph. Do you need to ask?" Frank laughed brazenly as the audience looked on. "I came to steal a bride!"

His thunderous voice left the entire room silenced, as everyone traded glances before glancing between Frank and Chaz.

Even as they discussed among themselves restlessly, none of them expected anyone to crash Chaz's wedding.

It was even more shocking that the wedding crasher was this arrogant and insolent, declaring his intentions so directly!

Chapter 613

“Frank Lawrence? Never heard of him.”

“Who’s he? How dare he mess with the Graves family, one of the top four families of Southstream?”

“Is he crazy? Suicidal, even?”

“Oh, this is getting really interesting! I have my headline ready for tomorrow now!”

“We’re in for a show!”

The peaceful wedding was first interrupted with the crowd’s whispers, and eventually, pandemonium ensued.

All at once, the crowd was discussing Frank’s background, the arranged marriage between the Lanes and the Graves, and what on earth could have led to this wedding interruption.

“Oh, this plot came to me in a dream...” an heiress suddenly murmured with twinkling eyes. “The princess is marrying a prince, but her one true love comes to their wedding to take her away...”

“Wake up. This is reality, not a fairy tale—and the bastard is getting himself killed.”

“Yeah. Let’s see how Chaz Graves deals with this.”

“How else would he deal with this? The brat is dead either way.”

Helen, however, was completely oblivious to everyone’s words—she only had eyes for Frank.

Frank's clothes were a little disheveled, and there were blood stains on her cheek.

Even so, he was the prince she yearned for.

However, before she could reach out with her hand, she withdrew as if jolted as her rationality returned.

"Frank..." Helen despaired, knowing full well that nothing had changed even though Frank came for her.

After all, she understood that even if Frank came to save her and she really wanted to leave with him, his intrusion was fatal.

After all, he had insulted three families in one go—the Graves, the Lanes and even the Lionhearts.

In the end, she would still marry Chaz as he demanded, while Frank would suffer the inconsolable wrath of the Graves and the Lionhearts!

A future? There was no telling if he could leave Graves Mansion alive!

"Is he crazy to have come alone, or is he just suicidal?" Cindy saw Frank too and knew for a while that he was strong.

Still, she was surprised he came... or perhaps the Graves family did not arrange for security?

"Hah! It's fine you came." Gina's expression suddenly contorted viciously beside Cindy, glancing at her as she sneered. "Mr. Graves definitely arranged for a legion of martial elites. They will wipe Frank off the face of the earth, to everyone's relief."

"I see." Cindy leered at Frank haughty as if he really was going to die. "So Chaz planned all this."

“Planned this? Fuck off!” Chaz swore under his breath, panicking and almost losing his balance when he overheard Cindy and Gina.

He had certainly arranged for security, covering every inch of this mansion with traps and martial elites just to capture Frank when he came.

And yet, he broke through everything and arrived here anyway!

“How did he get in here?” Chaz murmured, doubtful that Frank defeated his three hundred alone and remained so nonchalant as if it was just a walk in the park.

At the same time, Gina sprang to her feet and started snapping at Frank, “Frank! You’d better fuck off—Mr. Graves has this place surrounded, and if you keep messing around, you’ll die here!”

She was not about to let anyone mess up her destiny, let alone Frank, the one bastard she hated most—not when she was inches away from the life of fame and fortune she imagined!

“Hmph. Surrounded?” Frank ignored the chaos around him, instead going onstage and pushing away the priest and emcee on his way to Helen.

“I came like I said, Helen,” he said, looking straight into her eyes with a bright gaze that left her frustrated.

Chapter 614

Seeing the security guards sitting among the guests get to their feet, Helen looked so nervous that she could cry. “Why did you come, Frank? You have to leave before the Graves family’s guards come for you!”

“Leave?” Frank smiled. “Then I will bring you along with me.”

“You’re still joking around now?!” Helen could cry as she stamped her feet in frustration.

"I'm not joking," Frank said, holding her gaze as his expression turned solemn. "I know that Chaz forced you into marrying him, by threatening my life at that."

The room was left in an uproar at Frank's words, as Chaz's fabricated persona of a devoted lover crumbled.

So Helen was coerced by Chaz into this wedding when she did not want to marry him?!

There was not one soul who didn't like gossip, especially the drama and intrigue involving rich and powerful families.

Even as the guests were sent abuzz with excitement and listened attentively for more juicy details, Helen shook her head and smiled miserably.

"So what if he did, Frank?" she sobbed. "I know you're strong and you have Vicky Turnbull's support, but can you defeat ten, or even a hundred? Can Vicky protect you if the Lionhearts come after you? And you've now insulted the Graves family. If they work with the other top families of Southstream... Don't you know that you're already helpless?!"

"Shush." Frank put a finger on her lips to stop her from talking and held her gaze. "Forget our three-year marriage—have I ever lied to you, even after our divorce?"

Helen wanted to lie but ultimately admitted, "No."

"Then trust me this one time!" Frank said, holding out a hand. "I can't offer flowery words or promise you anything, but I'm now standing right here and asking if you'll come with me, Helen."

Helen was silent at that.

She looked around her.

Chaz was barely repressing his rage, while Gina was charging toward them.

The crowd was in an uproar.

The Graves family's security guards were running at them, their weapons poised.

The Lionhearts' bodyguards did the same, under orders from Wilbur Lionheart.

Helen became hesitant—she could leave with Frank now, but what would happen after?

She was always smart and rational.

That was why she knew how terrible the consequences would be if she trusted Frank—the Graves, the Lionhearts and even her own family would attack them.

Forget actually escaping—what would happen after that? Would they run to the ends of the earth?

What about Gina, Cindy, and the family whom her grandfather left in her care?

“Grandfather...” Helen suddenly remembered the will that Henry Lane wrote for her.

Chapter 615

‘Helen, there are times when you shouldn't be rational. You're a woman and you should trust your instincts more and be stubborn! Know how to follow your heart when you face a dilemma, or you'd be left with a lifetime of regret like me.’

Helen's confused gaze turned sharp as she remembered her grandfather's will.

It was thanks to her wit and rationality that Lane Holdings became so successful.

However, it was also her wit and rationality that kept her only believing what she saw, doubting everything Frank said.

She used to think about it and regret it but ultimately stayed rational and dispel those regrets.

And the same thing was happening, as her rationality kept telling her not to go with Frank, or the consequences would be severe.

Her heart kept resisting that, however, because she really wanted to take Frank's hand... to the point she could lose her mind.

"Haha... Hahaha!!!"

She suddenly laughed as everyone looked on, innocently and without a care. "So that's what it was. I've always wondered why I could never measure up to Vicky Turnbull, and why she could always manage what I can't..."

Smiling earnestly, she snapped, "Mom? I'm so sorry, but I don't fucking care about the Lane family anymore!"

Her expletive left everyone gaping in shock, even as she pushed Gina away and pulled the veil off her face.

Then, instead of taking Frank's hand, she strode up to Chaz and slapped him resoundingly across the face, leaving everyone dumbfounded.

"You despicable little man! You'd have me sleep with that disgusting pig on that first night?! I'd rather marry an animal than marry you!"

Chaz was left clutching his cheek, his shock soon turning into crazed fury. "Helen Lane...!!! Frank Lawrence!!! You're both asking for it!"

"No, it's you who's asking for it!" Helen snapped, taking off her stilettos and throwing it at Chaz. "You are tiny, despicable, and trash! And I'll spit on your grave!"

Chaz tried to dodge, but one stiletto struck him in the face.

Helen then strode up and took Frank's hand with a blissful smile.

"I'm so sorry, Frank. Chaz coerced me!" she cried. "I'm finally following my heart now, and I'd have no regrets even if I die at your side today! I'm yours even in death—I love you!"

The plot twist in the wedding left the entire wedding hall a mess.

Helen's outburst was praised subtly, even by the family and business owners with close ties to Graves family.

The heiress earlier was even clutching her cheeks in admiration. "Fearless against authority, revenge, and death... My goodness, this is so romantic!"

"Shut up!" Wilbur was fuming from embarrassment nearby, as Helen's ravings left him a target of the crowd's spite. "Go! Kill them both!"

Even as he huffed and bellowed, his bodyguards charged toward Frank and Helen.

"Helen..." Frank was actually a little bewildered to see Helen throw herself into his arms.

Chapter 616

Helen never broke character as a strong and independent for as long as Frank knew her and would stay stoic even with him.

Her raving outburst actually left his heart skipping a beat, and he held her firmly in his arms, his eyes flashing. "Don't worry. I won't let you die here... absolutely not!"

"Yes!" Helen nodded in his arms—she had decided to trust him, and she would do so to the bitter end!

“Do you know what you’re doing, Helen?!” Chaz shrieked, his face contorted in fury as he revealed in true nature.

His own bride-to-be was spurning him on the altar.

No, forget that—what she just did just made him lose face. She could well have cut it off!

Exposing him in public and slapping him, then running to another man?!

His reputation was being trodden on—how would Southstream rich and important see him now? Or his own family, for that matter?!

This was not even an insult. It was a declaration of war, one that would be fought to the bitter end!

Chaz would rather die than let those two leave—dying would be a relief compared to being mocked for the rest of his life!

Gina, who had just been pushed by her own daughter, could faint just then. “Helen! Get down on your knees and apologize to Mr. Graves and Mr. Lionheart, then finish this wedding! You’ll become the pariah of the family if you keep being stubborn!”

It was unbelievable—her daughter was never this unreasonable! And it was all Frank’s fault!

However, what scared Gina the most was the collective wrath of the Graves and the Lionhearts.

If Helen really left with Frank now, it would be all over for the Northstream Lanes!

That was why she was instantly aligning herself with the Graves and the Lionhearts.

Even Cindy was shaking in panic and shrieking at Helen, “Calm down, Helen! If you really leave with that lowlife, it’s over for the family... and me!”

“Shut up!” Helen flipped off Cindy right then. “I’ve had enough of you already. Don’t you think that I’m unaware about you stealing my jewelry—I just can’t be bothered! And how low can you sink, using my company’s stamp to approve your cravings for branded goods?!”

“What? I...” Cindy was left stumped.

The heiress from earlier who was fawning over Helen and Frank’s escapade happened to be sitting beside Cindy.

As she turned, she immediately saw the necklace poking out of Cindy’s handbag and promptly grabbed it, shouting loudly, “Isn’t this the Graves family’s Orchid necklace? Speak! How did it get inside your handbag?!”

“I... I...” Cindy stammered but could not manage a coherent sentence.

The crowd around her was soon in an uproar.

“Holy shit, Ms. Lane is right!”

“And I thought it was all bullshit...”

“Stealing the Graves family’s dowry? She really is a piece of shit.”

Chapter 617

“That’s enough!”

Gina sprang to her feet and yelled at Helen, “Can’t you just stop already?! Cindy is your cousin! Are you really so bent on pushing her over the brink?!”

“Me, pushing her?!” Helen laughed miserably. “I’m your daughter, Mom! Forget running to me after you split up with Dad—you even had to burden me with a dead weight like Cindy! And you know all too well how many terrible things she’s done—do you think I’m that stupid?”

Then, glaring at Gina, she continued, “Also, I welcomed you with open arms since you and Dad went your separate ways, but I never had a day of peace ever since you came! You complain because you can’t live like a trophy wife in Northstream, and blame Grandfather for being strict with you—you even tricked me into divorcing Frank! You made me an enemy of Frank and drove Grandfather to his death!”

“You and Cindy are certainly satisfied, but what about me?! Have you ever treated me like a daughter?! You’re just treating me like leverage against Dad!”

Gina was left stumped at Helen’s tearful rant, but she also knew she had no excuses.

“I-It’s all because...” she stammered. “I-I’m doing this for your own good! You’ll eventually get it...”

“Hah!” Helen snorted, utterly disappointed in her mother.

Nonetheless, as Helen revealed all the dirty deeds of the Lanes, the Graves, and the Lionhearts, none of them were smiling at that point—especially Wyll Graves.

His lips were shaking with rage, as his family never suffered such ignominy!

“Sort out this mess, Chaz,” he barked. “Or you’re disowned!”

Chaz’s rage flared even more at Wyll’s outburst, and he bellowed maniacally, “What are you fuckers spacing out for?! Go and kill them already!”

The last bodyguards the Graves family charged at Frank, barefisted since they could not carry weapons to the wedding ceremony.

The Lionhearts’ bodyguards soon followed suit, and there were over a dozen men encircling Frank and Helen in an instant.

Crash!

Suddenly, the glass dome overhead shattered as a figure leapt down deftly, crashing resoundingly between Frank and the bodyguards.

It was Burt Yorkman, who had long since made a full recovery.

“Mr. Lawrence—I mean, brother! I came here as soon as I heard you were crashing a wedding!”

Laughing coolly, he whipped out a sword, glaring at the bodyguards around him as he bellowed, “Come at me if it’s death you seek!”

Burt’s stunning entrance and the shattering glass dome sent all the guests fleeing outside, clutching their heads.

“Stop! Get back here!” Chaz shrieked madly, his temple veins bulging.

No one listened, however.

Some of the calmer ones recognized the person with Frank—it was the top officer of Riverton, after all!

“Is that Burt Yorkman, Riverton’s best law enforcement officer?!”

“It really is!”

“And it looks like he’s on Frank’s side... he’s actually that well connected?!”

“What are you spacing out for?! Kill them!” Wilbur was still bellowing at his bodyguards even as he hid beneath a pillar.

“Charge!” The bodyguards charged at Frank despite knowing that they would never beat Burt, but they had orders!

Burt raised a brow. “What should we do, brother?”

Chapter 618

Even someone like Burt had to stop and think because these bodyguards served the Lionhearts.

However, Frank simply clasped his palm over Helen’s eyes and snapped a single, icy word. “Death!”

Burt’s face contorted with savagery at Frank’s orders, since it meant there was nothing to worry about now.

He swung his sword stylishly, releasing a dance of phantoms.

Even before the Lionhearts’ bodyguards could react, they fell to the floor, bleeding rivers as their limbs were all sent flying and scattering all over.

“What?! Burt is Birthright rank... Has he improved that far?!”

There was no shortage of martial elites among the guests who remained, and some even recognized Burt.

However, they were all stunned to see Burt release streaks of his pure vigor!

“Birthright rank?!”

Even the Graves family’s martial elites were faltering when they heard that.

Burt’s fame for his ferocity was certainly deserved, dismembering five men in a split second and leaving them screaming!

It was a scene of horror!

Chaz's eyes went red as he could see that his men were ready to bail, and he promptly yelled, "Don't you dare run away! Go!"

Having no choice, the Graves' bodyguards gritted their teeth and charged.

Burt remained impassive as he cut them down, dyeing the hall that was once joyous and lively into a horrific red.

"Hmph!" Burt snorted coolly as he leapt lightly off the stage, reaching Chaz instantly and holding the tip of his sword against his throat.

One false move, and Chaz would drop dead.

Chaz turned pale, but he did not move in fear that Burt would slit his throat.

"You're crazy!" Gina shrieked as she turned pale too. "Helen, tell him to let Mr. Graves go!"

Helen simply snorted as she kept clinging to Frank, and Gina had no choice but to wheel on Frank. "Frank! Let go of Mr. Graves, or my family and you'll all die if the Lionhearts come after us!"

"Exactly." Chaz's eyes flashed in fury and embarrassment even as he glared at Frank and grinned. "You're a dead man if you hurt me! Titus Lionheart will never forgive you!"

"You put it as if Titus would spare me if I stayed my hand," Frank retorted.

Chaz stiffened right then and suddenly shrieked, "No! Don't kill me!"

Then, turning toward a discreet corner below stage, he bellowed, “Neil Turnbull! Get out here already! Are you just going to watch as he kills me?!”

“Neil Turnbull...?”

Frank was actually taken aback, though he soon remembered Jaud White’s story and understood.

Neil must have been here, waiting until Titus Lionheart arrived.

Since he was a key figure in the Turnbull family, he just had to show up and accuse Frank of having an affair with Vicky.

After that, Titus would kill Frank and then bring Vicky back to Morhen, while Neil would take over Grande Pharma effortlessly. At that point, he just had to work with the Salazars to establish a chokehold in Riverton with the Beauty Pill and the Revitalization Pill.

They certainly had this all panned out!

As Neil eventually braced himself and emerged from hiding, he snapped, “I’m surprised you actually came, Frank Lawrence!”

Chapter 619

However, Frank merely regarded Neil with disdain. “Ungrateful, traitorous scum. Who do you think you are, telling me what to do?”

He had no intention of going after Neil out of respect for Vicky, but he could not be blamed for what happened when Neil came asking for it.

“You should think about what you’re saying, Frank.” Neil glowered. “Titus will soon be here, so know your place and get down on your knees. Who knows, Titus might prove understanding and spare your life! Keep being stubborn, and not even I can help at that point.”

“Hahaha!” Frank could not help laughing at Neil’s gloating at that point, shaking his head. “Oh, Neil... you’re both Turnbulls, but why is Vicky so smart, while your head is all empty?”

“Did you just mock me?!” Neil glared at Frank.

“Brother, take Ms. Lane and go. I can deal with this,” Burt said just then.

Thanks to Ichor Pill Frank sent him, he healed rapidly and even ascended up to Birthright rank, far eclipsing the man he once was.

Chaz turned pale even as the tip of Burt’s sword left a bloody scrape over his neck, but he gritted his teeth and smiled, “Go? Where to? None of you are going anywhere. Even if you’re safe if you got out of Riverton, finding you is a piece of cake with the Lionhearts’ influence! So get down on your knees and submit, Frank, or your family will suffer too!”

Frank narrowed his eyes at Chaz’s defiance. “Did you really think I’d fear the Lionhearts?”

“Hahaha!” Chaz laughed. “I’ll admit you have skill, bypassing my guards to reach this place, but this is the end for you! The Lionhearts have plenty of vigor wielders and even Ascendant rank fighters under their command. You’re being naive to think that you can stand against all of them!”

On the other hand, Burt was experienced enough to tell that Chaz was just provoking Frank’s pride. “You have to go, brother! He’s just buying time!”

Frank simply snorted as he kept glaring at Chaz. “I know that... But I wonder who’s going to save you? Do you really think you have a single bodyguard left outside?”

“What?!” Chaz was stunned by Frank’s scoffing. “All my family’s three hundred bodyguards...”

“Exactly. They’re not coming to save you because they’re all dead!”

“Impossible!” Chaz cried stubbornly. “There’s three hundred of them! How did you...”

“Still don’t believe me?” Frank shook his head at Chaz’s look of shock. “As for Titus? I have even less reason to fear him... In other words, your death has come, Chaz!”

Chaz’s cheeks drained of all color as he gradually believed Frank.

Three hundred bodyguards! How did Frank even do it?!

Nonetheless, the doors suddenly opened again.

Wilbur Lionheart—who had been content cringing in a corner for a while—was suddenly on his feet and yelling, “Titus! You’re finally here! You have to help me!”

Chapter 620

A man in a long coat strode in, the sharpness in his eyes so piercing it could well be actual blades.

He had long black hair with a streak of white on his bangs that parted in the middle. Standing tall at 1.9 meters, he was burly and fleshed out where he should, making it obvious that he was a formidable martial artist.

“You have to help Mr. Graves! Frank Lawrence is going to kill him!” Wilbur was still crying out anxiously.

“Cam down.” Titus shot Wilbur a look of assurance, while he strode pompously to stand just beneath the stage, smiling faintly at Frank on top. “So, you’re Frank Lawrence? I’ve heard you saying outside that you don’t fear me?”

His tone was calm, but the dark aura spilling out of his eyes struck Burt so hard he stumbled a few steps backward.

Burt paled in shock as he came to a realization. “He completed Birthright! S-So that’s the might of Titus Lionheart?!”

Even Helen’s fingers were clenching on Frank’s clothes even as she cowered in his arms.

And yet, Frank was not backing down, even striding forward to meet Titus' glare. "Why should I be afraid?"

Both men held each other's glare for a full ten seconds before Titus chuckled. "Heh... I expected nothing less of you, Mr. Lawrence. Your strength certainly commands respect."

Despite his tall frame, Titus spoke calmly and did not seem to have the haughty temper of rich kids like Chaz or Neil.

And yet, boundless danger lurked beneath his calmness—if caught off guard like Burt, he would knock one off balance with his menacing presence!

Be that as it may, Frank remained calm as he replied, "You don't say, Mr. Lionheart... You live in Morhen, but you had to poke your nose all the way into Riverton, taking in a bunch of despicable mooks under your wing. But I guess you're no different, since that's what they say about birds of the same feather."

"What..." Chaz was dumbstruck.

Titus could well be a god to him, with boundless power and endlessly influential connections.

And yet, Frank remained so impudent, even insulting Titus to his face!

However, while Chaz was left shocked for a moment by such bravado, he was soon smiling sinisterly.

Frank's conceit suits him just fine—a man like Titus would not leave Frank's insults unanswered!

And once the fighting started, Frank would be resting in pieces!

However, even as Chaz grinned savagely at Frank, ready for Titus to kill him in one swift stroke, Titus actually bowed his head and apologized, "You're right, Mr. Lawrence. I'm a poor judge of character."

What?! Titus was bowing instead of flying into a rage?!

In Draconia, no one had the right to make Titus bow or apologize, save for Titus' own father!

Naturally, it was not just Chaz—even Wilbur was left in visible shock and disbelief behind Titus.

Titus had always strutted, and this was the first time Wilbur saw Titus bow his head and apologize despite another's person's insults!

“Titus, what—”

However, before Wilbur could finish, Titus suddenly reared his head again, his eyes flashing coldly as he snapped, “I’ve apologized for my misdemeanor, but what about you, Mr. Lawrence?!”