

The Girlboss 631

Chapter 631

Frank's Maybach drove into Lane Manor soon enough.

Frank felt emotional even as he stared at the building—the last time he had gone inside was during Henry Lane's funeral.

He made up his mind to have Helen move into Skywater Bay with him as well.

Cindy and Gina could have the manor if they knew their place and stopped messing with him.

Still, his phone rang just as he was about to press the doorbell.

It was an unfamiliar number, but Frank answered without hesitation.

"I'm surprised you're alive, Frank," an ancient but authoritative voice spoke from the other end.

Frank's fingers clenched around his phone—the voice invoked all sorts of memories from the past.

Taking a moment to calm down as much as possible, he soon replied flatly, "You do indeed seem surprised."

"Hoho... Holding a grudge now are we, boy?"

The voice seemed to pierce Frank in the brain, striking a nerve.

Still, Frank changed the subject instead of answering. "Hans, huh?"

"Nope. You've really moved heaven and earth over at Riverton that even I heard about it all the way from Cloundington. I mean, crashing a wedding? Your temper's really never changed..."

Frank was briefly silent and clenched his fist as he asked, "Why are you calling me now?"

"What, isn't it perfectly normal for a dad to call his own son?" Godwin Lawrence chuckled before saying quietly, "If you're done behaving like a petulant child out there, then it's time to come home. That wager we had? It's always been a joke."

"And your joke was an insult to me." Frank's chest heaved even as he snapped, "I'll ask you a question, old man, and you damned well be honest! Were you the one who ordered the massacre of Mystic Sky Sect?!"

A suffocating silence, and then...

"Yes, I did," the ancient voice answered.

"Why?! Why did you do it?!" Frank screamed in rage, his heart bleeding. "You knew I poured out my heart and soul for them! Hundreds were killed, and all because you're forcing me to go home?!"

"That's not all," Godwin remained haughty and authoritative, pausing a moment before adding, "The things that embroil Mystic Sky Sect are exceedingly complicated, and it's more than what you can see. I can't give you the full picture, but you'll eventually understand—the fate of all nations is strung up into a single fatal knot. Whoever snaps first would fall, with no hope of recovery."

Then, Godwin appeared weary as he said, "Riverton is too far from me, and I can't protect you even if I wanted to. Come back to Cloudington already."

"No, I won't," Frank retorted coolly, his gaze determined. "Our wager still stands, old man. I'll reach beyond Ascendant rank, perhaps even reaching Immortal rank! When that happens, I shall return your insult by a hundredfold!"

—

Over at Cloudington, a city in Draconia's southern borders, a quiet sigh could be heard.

Reclining against his wooden armchair, Godwin put down his phone and stared outside, spacing out as the bamboo forest rustled against the wind.

"Fret not, my lord. Master Frank will come around eventually." His white-haired valet smiled in assurance.

Godwin sighed softly even as he picked up his cup from the table. "How long have you been working for me again, Fenton?"

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The valet named Fenton replied respectfully, "Sixty-three years, sir."

"And your daughter... I heard she's doing well in Morhen?" Godwin asked.

"More or less." Fenton nodded, chuckling. "Word has it that she's the leader of the Martial Alliance or some thingamajig. We'd never understand what the young ones are up to these days."

Godwin turned toward his valet and old friend with a smile. "Well, Frank's alive. Does their betrothal still count?"

"Of course, my lord. I'll send word to my daughter right away and have her depart to Riverton and protect Master Frank immediately."

"Good." Godwin nodded in satisfaction but soon shook his head and sighed. "Danger lurks in every corner of Draconia. We can only wait until that silly boy comes around!"

"He's wise beyond his age. He will eventually understand your plight, sir."

Both men were still speaking when a uniformed soldier suddenly entered.

"Sir!" He saluted Godwin.

“Report.” Godwin was suddenly the figure of authority from earlier. His age and exasperation seemingly lost in an instant, replaced by a quiet might and detachment.

“Sir, General Rambada of Talman is asking to see you.”

“Rambada?” Godwin chuckled coolly, glancing at Fenton as he growled, “It seems like those brats have come to cause trouble again.”

“Hahaha... Spare the rod, spoil the child.”

“Then let’s give them a spanking as per usual!” Godwin slowly rose to his feet, his grim presence as a military man overflowing.

Even the soldier who had just arrived was shaking in his boots and sweating down his spine!

—

Back at Riverton, Frank took a moment to collect himself outside Lane Manor.

Pushing the troubles with his old man and Mystic Sky Sect out of his mind, he entered Lane Manor.

Helen leapt into his arms as soon as he saw her, and he held her in turn, comforting her endlessly. “It’s alright now. I’ve dealt with the Lionhearts.”

He did not forget to nod at Burt and thank him.

He actually did not plan for Burt to help today, and he was actually surprised to see Burt recover so quickly while his abilities improved to the next level. The man might even be more gifted than he thought!

“You don’t have to thank me, brother. It’s what I should do,” Burt scratched his head awkwardly, only speaking up when Frank and Helen were done hugging.

He was just about to excuse himself when Helen stopped him. “Officer Yorkman, I know this might be too much to ask, but could you find out where my mother is?”

After hearing her request, Burt turned toward Frank.

Frank might have no love for Gina and Cindy, but he knew blood relations were not so easily severed.

If anything, Helen did not ask the favor out of worry but instead, out of obligation as Gina’s daughter.

In reality, Helen had given up on Gina and Cindy and only had time for either of them now that she ensured that Frank was safe.

It was obvious who was more important in Helen’s heart now.

“Yeah. I’m counting on you, brother.” Frank nodded, knowing that Burt was absolutely reliable when it came to finding people—it would be right to trust him.

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Burt returned to Lane Manor in half an hour and told Frank the information he had.

“I’ve found them. Both Gina and Cindy Zonda were taken by the Southstream Lanes.”

“The Southstream Lanes?” Helen was confused—were they not all family? Why would they abduct Gina and Cindy?

Seeing that she did not realize what was happening, Frank stayed impassive as he pointed out, “They want to prove that they had nothing to do with us.”

While Helen scowled in realization, Frank continued, “Let’s go. Even if Gina is a failure of a mother, blood runs thicker than water—in that sense, I can’t stay out of this either.”

“Thank you, Frank.” Helen could naturally tell that he would go with her to bring back Gina from the Southstream Lanes and was endlessly grateful.

She felt endlessly guilty—why had she never realized that Frank was so perfect?

—

After parting ways with Burt, Frank took Helen straight to the Southstream Lanes.

Once they alighted outside their mansion and announced themselves, they were immediately encircled by the Southstream Lanes’ bodyguards instead of being received.

A haughty boy stepped out of the mansion, laughing at Frank. “So, you’re Frank Lawrence? Haha! You’ve to come looking for your own death!”

“And who are you?” Frank remained calm despite being encircled, even asking the boy for his name.

“Me?” The boy chuckled in disdain. “I’m Jon Lane, second son of Gavin Lane!”

Soon, more people poured out of the Southstream Lanes’ mansion.

The ever rotund Jade Zahn was naturally among them, laughing as soon as she saw Frank. “I’m surprised you managed to escape the Graves and the Lionhearts! But this suits us just fine—we’ll bring you back to them right now!”

“Yes, we’ll make sure to keep our hands clean from the mess you Northstream Lanes made!”

“Silence!”

A middle-aged man barked as he strode out from among the crowd.

He was Gavin Lane, Helen's eldest uncle and the heir apparent of the family.

Glancing between Frank and Helen, he then asked, "Helen, tell me what's going on here?"

"Where's my dad? I'd like to see him first." Helen strode up, looking around for any trace of her father.

The Southstream Lanes were suddenly silent, and it was Luna who strode forward, pursing her lips as she said, "Your father? Your mother got him killed ages ago. Did she never tell you?"

"What?!" Helen froze in shock, but she was soon overcome with rage.

Gina had kept telling her that her father Mason Lane was a bastard, dumping her while he lived like a king with the Southstream Lanes.

That was why Helen was uncomfortable when Gina started an affair with Greg Marsh. But she never would have thought that her father was already dead, or that it was Gina who killed him!

"There's a reason we chased Gina away." Gavin sighed, shaking his head. "Your father left an estate after his death, but Gina doesn't deserve a cent. That's why we've been holding it in escrow before passing it on to you."

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Gavin then finished, "But you never reached out to us, and Gina kept us from reaching out to you directly. That's why things ended up the way they are now."

It was only then that Helen understood why Gina constantly forbade her from visiting Mason here in the Southstream Lanes' mansion.

He was already dead, and Gina wanted everything he had for her own!

Even her constant schemes for the Northstream Lanes to be taken back into the main family was for that purpose alone!

She suddenly felt light-headed and would have collapsed on the ground if Frank did not catch her.

Seeing that Helen was crumbling under pressure, he asked, "Where's Gina now?"

"Frank Lawrence, was it?" Gavin was clearly unsentimental, shaking his head at Frank as he ignored his question. "I don't know how you managed to get away from the Graves and the Lionhearts, but I can't let you leave now that you're here."

Still, with just a look, he had his family's bodyguards clear a subtle gap among their ranks.

Frank could see it, and he understood Gavin's intention.

Despite Gavin's claims that he would detain Frank, he was actually letting him go.

His impression of the man improved greatly, but he said, "Don't worry. Titus Lionheart has already conceded to me and promised to stay away from Helen and I. We only came to take Gina away."

Frank's words, however, left the crowd silent.

"Hahahaha!!!" Jon Lane was the one who first burst out laughing. "I've just met you, but you really know how to tell tall tales!"

"Haha! Titus Lionheart conceding to him?! Who does he think he's kidding?!" Jade was laughing too. "He really can't do anything other than lie. He'd even claimed that he was the one who treated Luna's illness!"

After all, Titus was the heir to one of Morhen's Four Families, and his family had Volsung Sect's backing.

He could just sneeze, and all of Riverton would shake!

Even if they could admit that Frank was good enough or lucky enough to escape a man like Titus, this insignificant brat was saying that Titus conceded to him?!

It was hilarious and almost no different from claiming that Mike Tyson had lost to a baby in the ring!

"It seems you're doubting me?" Frank sighed.

Jade shrieked at him right then, "If Titus Lionheart really conceded to you, I'd actually kowtow to you!"

"No, that's not enough." Jon chuckled, clapping Frank on the shoulder. "If it's true, I'll eat my dogs' poo on the spot! That said, you'd be the one doing the eating if that never happened. Do you have the balls to take this wager?"

Frank looked past Jon's confident grin and smiled in turn when he saw the bulky black hunting hounds that a servant was walking.

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Frank chuckled. "You certainly have an acquired taste, Jon."

Jon did a double take but soon chuckled coolly.

"So, you're taking the wager? Great!" Jon exclaimed, clapping his hands. "My family will be my witness—if Frank here did not force Titus Lionheart to concede, he shall be eating my hounds' poo!"

"Hahaha! Quit trying to act tough, Frank!" Luna scoffed. "Jon is famous for being a man of sheer will... Though I'd like to see you eat poop too!"

"Frank, you really should be more grounded." Gavin was left speechless by Frank's boast as well.

Frank and Helen could hardly protect themselves now, but they still came to save Gina?

No, forget that—Frank would actually spout such absurd lies? Did he take them for fools, that they would buy his tall tales?

Gavin actually started to hold Frank in contempt at that—he felt like Frank was insulting his intelligence, and the boy really did not know his place!

Sneering at Frank, Jon then spoke up again. “Did you think you could say anything you want because we won’t have proof? Don’t worry—my brother Roth has already brought his men to pay the Graves and the Lionhearts a visit. They should be arriving by now...”

Then, turning to Gavin, Jon suggested, “Just bring Gina out here, Dad. They’d all be leaving soon anyway—why stop them?”

His words left Gavin exasperated.

Gavin had the family’s bodyguards create a gap, and Frank would definitely be able to escape with Helen.

But he refused to do it, even after all of Jon’s gloating and posturing.

Even Gavin had to be angry at that point, while cursing Frank for being a fool.

It was almost as if Jade and Luna could not be blamed for being prejudiced against the boy!

If anything, Frank’s conceit, impudence, and stupidity was as Jade and Luna claimed.

Nonetheless, the Southstream Lanes’ soon brought Gina and Cindy, both of whom were tied up.

“Helen!” Gina promptly ran toward Helen, begging, “Please, Helen—tell your uncle to let us go! I apologize for everything I did, Helen!”

Helen was still overwhelmed by the pain of her father’s death and was immediately incensed by her mother’s antics.

“Why did you and Cindy buy plane tickets?!” she demanded.

Gina felt a pang of guilt but quickly played dumb. “What? Plane tickets? I don’t know anything about that...”

“Yeah, Helen. What plane tickets?” Cindy quickly joined in.

Even the Southstream Lanes were glaring in contempt at their shameless behavior.

“You’re still pretending even now, Mom?!” Helen snapped.

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Helen kept striding menacingly toward Gina, snapping, “What about Dad? You kept telling me he dumped you and is living like a king here!”

“Well...” Gina sighed exasperatedly, knowing that the cat was out of the bag. “It was an accident. I-I didn’t mean to do harm.”

“Fine, even if you didn’t, what were you trying to do with his estate?!” Helen snarled, gritting her teeth so hard that they could break. “Why were you stopping me from reaching out to Uncle Gavin and the rest of the family but so keen on having us Northstream Lanes being taken back?!”

“I... Uh...”

Gina’s eyes were darting away—she had excuses for anything else but not this question because the persons involved were right there with them!

Having no choice, she started throwing a fit just to change the subject. “Oh, Helen! Don’t you know that you’ve just killed us all? It’s not just us Northstream Lanes, but even the Southstream Lanes too!”

Wheeling on Frank with a venomous glare, she said, “You jinx! You bastard! You had to seduce my daughter, and now you’ve killed us all! I’ll kill you! Oh my god... can’t you just see that no one loves me? And even when I had a daughter, she kept making life hard for me and ran into a jinx that brought on our collective demise... Oh, Helen... I’m so sorry... Just give me a chance, okay?!”

Helen was shaking with rage even as she watched Gina throw her tantrum all over the floor—what on earth had she done to deserve a mother like that?!

Cindy came up to Helen as well, despite her hands still being bound. “Helen, there’s only one thing to do now. If you want to protect the family and yourself, you just give into Chaz Graves and beg when he arrives, then promise to properly marry him. You can blame everything on Frank—everyone will be fine after that, see?”

The Southstream Lanes’ eyes lit up at Cindy words—why did they not think of that?

Gavin himself hurried to Helen and reasoned, “Look, Helen—your mother’s crimes are unforgivable, but she’s still your mother and we’d rather not hand her over to the Graves family. Why don’t you talk to Chaz when he arrives and follow through with the wedding? No one’s losing anything, and we’ll even give you your father’s estate. How about it?”

“Yeah, Helen! Your uncle’s suggestion makes sense!”

“Just talk to Chaz, and nothing of value will be lost! We’d even earn the favor of the Graves and the Lionhearts—that’s just a fairytale ending!”

Even Jade was speaking up. “Surely you know how to weigh matters according to their importance, Helen. You’re an adult—and a strong, independent woman! I mean, the CEO of Lane Holdings? You have to see what’s obviously right and wrong, let alone hesitate!”

“Exactly. Us Southstream Lanes would be ready to help. You won’t suffer for this.”

And seeing that everyone was trying to change Helen's mind now, Gina promptly switched gears and stopped throwing her tantrum.

Making a miserable face as she joined in the lobbying crowd, she cried, "Please, Helen. I'm your mother. Could you really bear to watch me get killed?"

Helen could not help turning toward Frank even as she withstood the endless persuasive words thrown at her.

He remained impassive, however, simply standing there and saying nothing.

Naturally, he was letting her decide and seeing if she would believe him or be swayed by her own family and doubt him again.

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Helen did not hesitate. "I'm sorry."

She had now chosen to trust Frank unconditionally and refused to falter no matter how reasonable the Southstream Lanes, Gina, or Cindy were.

At that very moment, only Frank was worth depending upon.

Walking up to Frank's side, Helen met the confused gaze of the Southstream Lanes with her girlboss poise. "You're all saying that Roth has left to meet with the Graves and the Lionhearts, and that he'll be back soon. In that case, we can just wait for him to return, and we'll see if my husband here has been lying at all."

"If he was exaggerating at all, I'll be on my knees in apology without complaint!"

Helen glanced at Frank at that.

Seeing that she was trusting him that much now, he squeezed her hand in assurance. "Don't worry. I'd never lie to you."

Helen smiled confidently at him in turn.

“Are you crazy, Helen?!” Gavin exclaimed.

He could not believe someone as smart as Helen would believe Frank’s tall tales.

He might believe it if Frank had strong connections and made Chaz concede, but Frank insisted it was Titus, the heir to the one and only Lionheart Dynasty of Draconia!

At this point, he had to suspect Helen was not right in the mind.

Jade rolled her eyes, convinced that Helen was looking a gift horse in the mouth. “Forget it, Gavin. They’re beyond saving—they only have themselves to blame now.”

On the other hand, Gina was bawling, “Oh, Helen!!! You’re killing me!!! I’m your mother, but you’d still refuse to save me!”

Cindy was despairing too. “That’s right! Helen, you could beg Chaz to spare Frank if you want him to live! Chaz loves you so much—just tell Frank to apologize, and everything will be fine!”

While they were all still getting hysterical over Helen choosing to side with Frank, several cars came bounding down the road.

“It’s Roth! He’s back!” Jon was immediately at attention, even sneering as he walked up to Frank. “Don’t forget our wager now.”

“Don’t worry—I have not.” Frank smiled calmly in return.

Jon actually felt doubt just then.

How was he still so calm at this point? Could Titus really have conceded him?!

Jon cursed his own stupidity just for thinking that—the sun would rise from the west before that happened!

The rest of his family were convinced of the same as the cars drove through the gates.

Soon, Roth Lane—a good-looking man with well-groomed hair and sported glasses—alighted.

As he quietly walked up to his family, Gavin hurried to his eldest son as he exclaimed, “Welcome back, Roth!”

At the same time, he glanced at Frank with the corner of his eye and sighed to himself—Frank was still refusing to leave, his expression even remaining fearless...

Well, he had already given Frank a chance! He could not be blamed for Frank not taking it!

Turning back toward Roth, Gavin looked behind Roth but did not see any cars belonging to the Graves or the Lionhearts.

“Didn’t Titus Lionheart and Chaz Graves come with you?” he quickly asked. “Are we supposed to bring them to Graves Mansion?”

While Gavin was still busy worrying about what the Graves and the Lionhearts thought, Roth’s expression was grim as he sighed lengthily. “Don’t bother... The Graves are all gone now.”

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“What?!”

The Southstream Lanes were all left astonished by Roth’s words, and even as they wondered what he really meant, Gavin asked, “What do you mean, Roth...?”

He was actually skeptical and urged his son for more details.

Seeing that his family had trouble understanding, Roth adjusted his glasses as he spoke bluntly this time, “The Four Families of Southstream are now three. All thirty-two members of the Graves family have been butchered—none were left alive.”

The Southstream Lanes were all gasping at Roth’s words.

“Butchered? All of them?!” Gavin exclaimed, before turning stiffly toward Frank and seeing that he remained calm despite the bombshell...

As if he already knew.

Seizing Roth by the collar right then, Gavin cried urgently, “But what about the Lionhearts or Titus?!”

“Calm down, Dad.” Roth adjusted his glasses as he patted his father’s shoulders. “Titus left, announcing to everyone that he no longer has ties to the Graves family and would therefore not meddle with the wedding between Chaz Graves and Helen Lane.”

“What?!” Gavin was left thunderstruck.

Even his family’s expression turned somber at that point.

Roth, however, took Gavin’s shock as confusion, shaking his head as he sighed. “I’ve had to reach out to multiple sources to uncover the facts, but Frank Lawrence—the man who crashed Helen’s wedding—had forced Titus to back off. Hell, the man conceded to Frank, and every Riverton bigwig witnessed it. He agreed to never challenge Frank again in Riverton... And... A-And he even lost his fiancée.”

It took Roth several attempts to say that last part.

He expected his family to look surprised before celebrating that they had somehow dodged a bullet. However, he only found them turning to stare at a certain young man in fear and disbelief.

Puzzled, Roth quickly asked Frank, “And you are...?”

“Frank Lawrence, at your service.” Frank nodded, smiling faintly as the Lanes watched.

“Pfft.” Helen giggled audibly.

Frank did not disappoint her—he had said that he forced Titus to concede, and he did! And the looks on the faces of the Southstream Lanes were certainly hilarious just then!

“You’re Frank Lawrence?!”

Roth stumbled backward a few times before dropping to his knees before Frank in terror!

“I-I’m Roth Lane of Northstream... You honor me with your presence, sir!” he exclaimed.

“What? Why...” Gavin felt thoroughly embarrassed that his own son would kneel so quickly.

He strode up, ready to scold him for being spineless—even if Frank could send Titus packing, Roth had no business kneeling to Frank!

“Dad! You don’t get it!” Roth snapped in retort.

He was there at Graves Mansion himself and knew better than anyone the horrors Frank was capable of!

The man alone slayed 300 Graves family bodyguards, with barely anything left of them!

Even now, the rivers of blood were flowing freely at Graves Mansion—a sight of utter horror!

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Roth knew that if his family somehow upset a reaper like Frank, the same fate awaited them!

He gulped even as his own family stared at him, puzzled. Leaning in to whisper into his father's ear, he said, "Dad, that man is way more horrible than you'd think!"

Gavin almost blacked out when Roth told him everything Frank did at Graves Mansion.

It was all true?!

Still, they were certainly too short-sighted to see what powers may be supporting Frank, even gloating that they would be understanding enough to spare Frank. After all that they had done, it would be amazing at all if Frank allowed them to live!

Thud!

Gavin dropped to his knees as well. "Mr. Lawrence! I was too blind to see, even doubting your words and power! I deserve every punishment! We, the Southstream Lanes, are all blind fools!"

Gavin was the second leading authority in the family. Naturally, him kneeling to a young man like Frank left every member of the family and their bodyguards as confused as they were shocked.

Nonetheless, Gavin's face turned pale when he saw that everyone else was not moving, and he promptly snapped at them, "All of you, kneel! That includes you, Jon!"

Gina was left gaping.

How did that bastard—no, how did Frank make Titus concede?

She was suddenly short of breath and almost passed out as she remembered how many times she had harassed Frank.

Hell, she was trying to gaslight Helen into abandoning Frank and saving her! If Helen had really done it, she would be dead too!

Unlike Gina's panicked reaction, however, Cindy reacted quickly as she hurried to Frank's side.

"I knew you were amazing, Frank! I always believed in you!" she cried and smartly used her connection to Helen as leverage. "Please forgive me and Aunt Gina for Helen's sake?"

Frank ignored her, instead leveling a vague smile at Jon and slowly saying, "So, I wonder if our wager still stands?"

"What?!" Jon's face had already turned pale, and he was sweating buckets when his brother Roth told him about Frank's might.

He was brought to his senses with a nudge from Roth and turned to look at his bulky black hounds huffing in the distance.

"What..." Jon's face contorted in misery right then.

He had gone through great lengths to groom those black hounds, building up their ferocity and feeding them over five pounds of meat everyday.

If he had to eat all their poo, he would die!

Jade and Luna were a lot less haughty than before too.

Despite Jade's fatness, her sharp hearing picked up on Roth's exchange with Gavin, and she tamely knelt like the rest.

While she did, she stayed silent without looking up.

After all, she was not stupid—things had never been pleasant between Frank and herself.

And if Frank decided to reopen old wounds, she and Luna would die a million times over!

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And now, as Jade heard Frank mention his wager with Jon, she knew there was no escape.

She turned toward Gavin for the sake of her son, crying out, “Please! You have to do something!”

If Jon got killed eating dog poo, their family would become the laughing stock of all of Southstream!

Gavin did not want his youngest son to die so miserably too and turned to level an earnest, pleading look at Frank. “Please, Mr. Lawrence. My son has always been too mischievous—he’s just joking to liven things up. Please be understanding...”

Then, he slapped Jon in front of everyone for his stupidity, snapping, “Apologize to Mr. Lawrence already!”

The slap actually brought Jon to his senses, and he quickly kowtowed to Frank. “I was just joking, Mr. Lawrence! I didn’t mean to insult you...”

“Really?” Frank turned toward Luna, who was on her knees and trembling. “Someone told me you were a man of sheer will but would like to see me go through with your wager?”

Luna turned pale from Frank’s stare and hung her head in silence.

Jade gritted her teeth audibly and hit her head audibly on the floor as she kowtowed twice. “I know things were unpleasant between us before, Mr. Lawrence. I even spat on your goodwill and doubted that you saved Luna... Please just spare my children. I’ll suffer your wrath in their stead!”

“Mom!” Both Luna and Jade cried, tears welling up in their eyes.

Helen frowned at that and nudged Frank.

“Alright,” he said. “I’m not that petty—consider all debts paid... However!”

The Southstream Lanes were all breathing a sigh of relief when Frank said all debts were paid, and their heart skipped a beat when his tone changed sharply.

“Henry Lane has always wanted to return here, where he belonged,” Frank said. “I hope you’ll send your people to bring his casket back here to be reburied.”

Then, turning to Jade, Frank said, “Meanwhile, you and your daughter shall return to Northstream and apologize to the woman you knocked down in your car and pay her threefold the damages.”

The Southstream Lanes kept kneeling, listening quietly as Frank listed his demands.

Then, as Frank stayed silent for a long while, Gavin looked up in surprise. “Is that all? Isn’t there anything else?”

Frank shook his head. “Nope.”

“Don’t you want some... compensation?” Roth suggested, fearful that Frank would change his mind given his misgivings toward Roth’s family. “Our family is one of the Four Families of Northstream, so we do have some money even if we’re not particularly influential...”

Frank was left speechless—why did everyone insist on giving him money?

Still, after some thought, Frank decided to take up his offer. “Fine. But I’m not interested in money—just pour in your resources in helping me find the Five Elemental Wonders. If you succeed, I’ll buy them from you at a high price.”