

The Girlboss 641

Chapter 641

Around an hour later, Frank turned down the Southstream Lanes' invitation to stay for dinner and headed home with Helen, Cindy, and Gina.

It had certainly been a rewarding trip. Even after Frank rejected further attempts to give him money, the Southstream Lanes managed to find a way to win his favor through Helen.

Gavin swore on his honor that he would invest fully into Lane Holdings and assist the growth of Helen's business while passing the late Mason's estate to her in full.

As for Jon, he was ultimately forced to honor his wager by his own brother Roth, albeit with a lighter punishment, as he only had to kiss his dogs' bottoms.

He was crying but had no choice but to do it, and he sped off to rinse his mouth and brush his teeth once he was done.

Days later, a group sent by the Southstream Lanes came over and brought Henry's casket home, fulfilling his last wish.

Helen was at once emotional to see Frank going that far for her grandfather, just as she understood profoundly that he was worth giving the rest of her life for.

And this time, neither Gina nor Cindy dared to say a word on their way home.

They were delighted but also embarrassed to see Jade return all the stuff they were packing—that was the case especially for Cindy, since her suitcase was full of Helen's belongings.

Still, before they reached Lane Manor, Frank spotted a military helicopter on a hastily prepared landing pad, drawing many bystanders who stopped to look.

Frank felt a foreboding sensation when he saw the markings, and as he drove inside Lane Manor, he saw him—an elderly white-haired man in a black suit and a long white shawl around his neck.

Frank instantly recognized him and scowled at his presence.

It was Fenton, his father's valet.

On the other hand, Helen aligned, glancing nervously at the stern bodyguards flanking Fenton as she asked, "And you are?"

"Haha... You're Helen Lane, I believe?" The kindly old man smiled and nodded, his presence genial unlike his escort.

"Yes, I am," Helen replied, humble as she did her best not to appear impolite.

"Oh, he's definitely someone important... Maybe he's on the level of the Lionhearts?" Gina spoke subtly to Cindy as she alighted.

"Yeah," Cindy murmured. "I wonder who he's waiting for..."

"Me." Frank's expression was cool as he strode past Gina.

"What?" Both Gina and Cindy were stunned by Frank's hostile tone.

As Frank approached Fenton and Helen, Fenton smiled and nodded as he saw Frank. "It's good to see you again, Master Frank. How long has it been? Five years?"

"Cut the crap. What are you doing here?" Frank snapped impatiently—he would ignore Fenton if he could.

Helen frowned in turn. "Frank, he's—"

Frank turned away, snorting. "Ignore him. Just go inside."

Gina and Cindy would certainly not say a word.

It was already a surprise they were still alive, and seeing that Frank was not being friendly to the old man, they promptly pulled their suitcases along as they hurried into Lane Manor.

Helen, however, remained where she was, hesitant.

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Given what Frank said, it was clear that the old man knew Frank and Helen herself.

And Helen knew Frank enough that there was a fight between them.

Helen then subtly glanced at the helicopter in the distance. It was clear the helicopter had been parked there for a while, or it would not have drawn so many people.

"Sir," she said. "Please don't be upset with Frank. I understand you've waited for a while, so why don't you come sit inside?"

"Oh, you have good manners. That's great." Fenton smiled.

Before he could get in, however, Frank stood between him and the doors. "No, you don't have to go in. Say what you need to say here and leave."

Helen frowned at Frank's rudeness.

However, she also remembered that Frank was not the type who disrespected elders.

And if Frank was being rude, she should not overstep and correct him.

Nodding apologetically at Fenton, Helen hurried inside.

“Go on. Say what you need to say.” Frank glowered, his tone cool. “If you’re going to ask me to return to Cloudington on my father’s behalf, then my answer is no. Just give up already.”

Fenton was not surprised by his reaction and kept smiling calmly. “I’m not here to persuade you to return to Cloudington, sir. I’m just here to deliver Mr. Lawrence’s presence for Ms. Helen Lane—it’s been placed in the drawing room.”

“And by the way...” Fenton paused for a moment before adding, “Silverbell has learned of your survival. She’ll soon arrive from Morhen.”

“Bell?” Frank paused, remembering the young girl who had always tagged along wherever he went, always calling out his name in her adorable little voice.

How was she, after all these years?

Frank’s expression relaxed as those memories returned to him, though he said, “Anything else? Leave if there isn’t, and don’t come back. Just tell my father I’ll return to Cloudington eventually, but not now.”

“Yes, Mr. Lawrence. I’ll pass your message word for word.” Fenton bowed slightly before leaving with his escort.

As the helicopter’s blades whirled resoundingly as it took to the skies, all Frank felt was annoyance once more.

He strode into Lane Manor and immediately found Gina holding a palm-sized box in the drawing room.

She opened it to a narrow slit and quickly shut it when she saw what was inside. “Woah!!!”

Cindy did not see it and walked up to ask, “What is it, Aunt Gina?”

“A ruby the size of an eyeball!” Gina exclaimed, holding firmly onto the box even as she tensed up.

“Let me see!”

“Be gentle or you’ll drop it!”

While Cindy and Gina were busy trying to claim the ruby, Helen got off the couch to receive Frank.

“Frank, who’s that elderly gentleman—”

“My father’s valet,” Frank replied in annoyance, rubbing between his brow.

Helen was shocked. “B-But you told me you didn’t have a family.”

Frank chuckled coolly. “Well, he’s dead to me.”

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Gina hurried toward them just then, her expression thrilled. “Look, Helen! This ruby... Its hue is better than every gem I’ve seen at the expo! Gosh, how much would it sell for—”

“Mom!” Helen snapped angrily. “Could you not mess around with something so precious? We’re sending that back!”

“What?! No!” Gina flinched, hugging the box in reflex as she stared at Helen in disbelief. “Your name is on the box, so it’s clearly meant for you! Why would you send it back?!”

Helen shook her head. “It’s too valuable. I can’t accept it.”

Gina rolled her eyes at her insufferable daughter. “It’s someone’s sincerity! How could you reject it?!”

She would not be sending it back either way!

Cindy agreed. "Just take it, Helen. It's a gift from Mr. Lawrence's family, wishing you the best for your marriage with him."

Helen turned to Frank instead. "You should send it back. I'd rather not owe such a huge favor..."

Judging from every word Frank had said earlier, Frank was clearly on bad terms with his family. Receiving their gift would most definitely upset him.

"I have no problem with that." Frank shook his head. "Talnam has too many precious stones, and it's worth nothing to the old man. Also, we'd have to talk to them if we want to send it back, which I'd rather not."

"But..." Helen glanced at the ruby her mother was holding.

It was so large and fine in quality that it must be worth dozens of millions.

Moreover, he could hardly make up for the misunderstandings she had toward Frank in the past, and accepting the ruby would just make her feel even more guilty.

Frank could see that she was feeling awkward about the issue and turned toward Gina. "I'm having Helen move in with me in Skywater Bay from now on. You and Cindy can stay here, and you can have that ruby. Don't bother us if there's nothing important."

"What? For real?!" Gina exclaimed in delight at Frank's words.

"For real." Frank nodded and led Helen out of Lane Manor, though she still appeared troubled.

"Frank, my mom... Urgh." Helen sighed after a moment of silence in the car, having no words for her own mother's behavior.

Frank thought nothing of it, driving as he spoke calmly, "I don't care about your mom, but it's more than worth it trading a ruby for you."

Seeing that she was serious, Helen's heart welled up with emotion and happiness, and she leaned on Frank's shoulder as they headed to Skywater Bay as night fell.

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Unsurprisingly, Vicky was told that Helen had moved her things into Frank's mansion in Skywater Bay.

Hence, early next morning, she was standing outside the doorway in her business suit, her chest puffed and her lips pursed.

She pressed the doorbell so hard that she could crush it, and when a groggy Frank finally answered the door, she snapped, "Frank Lawrence! Were you sleeping with Helen Lane last night?! When did you even rekindle that lost spark?!"

Her words almost left Frank collapsing.

"Excuse me... Passing through..." Winter murmured as she hurried past them with her sling bag, poking her tongue out at the arguing couple before hurrying away gleefully.

"Did you rat me out, brat?!" Frank glared at her as she left, catching on right then.

"Oh, what a nice day out! It's such a good thing to go to school... I wonder what I'll be having for lunch?" Winter kept playing dumb as she quickened her pace until she was gone from sight.

At the same time, Vicky snapped, "Don't change the subject, Frank! Give it to me straight!"

Chapter 644

Seeing that Frank was ready to hurry past her to chase down Winter, Vicky strode to the side and stopped him.

Then, puffing her fair chest, she continued to interrogate him.

Just then, a yawning Helen emerged in her pajamas. “Who was it, Frank?”

Still, she was at once alert when she saw Vicky at the door, their eyes meeting with a dangerous, cracking spark.

“No way!” Vicky growled through her teeth.

“Yes way.” Helen puffed her chest, smiling proudly.

“I don’t believe you!” Vicky snapped, though she appeared dejected.

“Believe what you want!” Helen stood akimbo beside Frank, asserting dominance.

Vicky was wheezing and glaring hostilely. “I’m surprised you can go that far, Helen—I’ll give you that!”

“You flatter me.” Helen smiled victoriously as she leaned against Frank.

“Stop it!” Frank had enough even as both women sandwiched him and stopped the confrontation.

Sighing exasperatedly, he turned to Vicky. “You haven’t had breakfast, have you? Come in and eat. Madam Zims made breakfast for four.”

While Helen frowned, Vicky narrowed her eyes and smiled dangerously. “It’s fine. I’ll watch you eat.”

—

The air remained tense between both women at the dining table, as both Vicky and Helen were glaring fixedly at each other.

Vicky then dished out the first blow. "I've checked. It didn't happen."

"Bathroom."

"No way. Frank doesn't like it there." Vicky grinned confidently.

"No, he just hasn't found the right person," Helen shot back.

"Enough! Both of you, be quiet and eat!" Frank snapped, having had enough as he slammed a palm on the table.

Helen and Vicky actually stopped for a moment, but they were soon eyeing a piece of bacon on the table, and their forks clashed!

Frank buried his face in his palms and sighed—it was so difficult having these two share a room.

"Heh, all mine." A groggy Mona suddenly appeared, scooping up the piece of bacon that Helen and Vicky were fighting over and eating it right then.

"And who are you?" Helen and Vicky turned their crosshairs on Mona right then, suddenly allies.

"The name's Mona Fairfax, and I'm Frank's—hold on, where's Winter?" Mona asked, suddenly realizing Winter was nowhere to be seen.

"She's left for school already," Frank groaned, hanging his head.

"Whoops, I overslept! Why didn't Winter wake me up?! Anyway, I'm going now!" Mona exclaimed and took the entire plate of bacon with her as she ran outside.

Chapter 645

Mona called out, "Wait for me, Winter..."

As her voice faded into the distance, Helen and Vicky's were staring coolly at Frank.

"She's a martial elite I met in Southdam. I took her in as Winter's bodyguard," Frank replied.

"Who's a bodyguard...? Wait, is everyone gone already?" Kiki asked as she left her room.

There were dark circles under her eyes, and her hair was a mess—she clearly did not sleep much last night.

Helen was left gaping as Kiki showed up before turning toward Frank in disbelief.

He braced himself as he explained, "She's Kiki Moss. She's staying here to hide from the Soranos."

"Hello, I'm Kiki!" Kiki flashed a professional smile at Helen.

Helen remained silent before asking quietly, "How many other women are staying here, Frank?"

"She's the last one," Frank quickly assured her.

However, that was when Frida Blue also left her room, nodding at Vicky in greeting. "Hi Ms. Turnbull. I've made a full recovery, so I can return to work now."

She then did a double take when she saw Helen, recognizing her as Frank's ex-wife.

Naturally, she caught on quickly to the brewing conflict as Vicky sat opposite Helen.

"Gah..." Frank could curse out loud right then—Frida could have left her room at any other moment, but did she have to do it now?!

He had just assured Helen that Kiki was the last, only for Frida to show up. What was that if not a slap in the face?!

“What a shame.” Vicky grinned gleefully when she saw the sullen look on Helen’s face. “Frank had no shortage of beautiful company when you left him.”

Vicky predicted an outburst from Helen—or for her to be riled up, at least. However, Helen simply snorted and held her gaze as she said, “And he doesn’t need them anymore. I’m enough for him now.”

“That’s not set in stone. You’re not remarried, aren’t you?” Vicky laughed, shaking her head. “Tut, tut. Just imagine, a woman dumping a man, only to realize he was more important than she gave him credit for and start chasing after him instead... Leaves you with a bad taste in the mouth, doesn’t it, Kiki?”

As Vicky turned toward Kiki, Kiki simply smiled before picking up her bowl of soup to flee, having no intention of taking part in Helen and Vicky’s war.

Still, Helen said solemnly, “Bad taste notwithstanding, I know now that I’ve made a mistake, and if Frank gives me a chance, I’ll cherish our relationship more than ever before.”

“Hmm...” Vicky was surprised Helen would say something like that—the old Helen would certainly not. It seemed that the mess with the Graves family left her matured, though this would make their competition fairer.

“Alright, keep a lid on it for a moment—let’s talk shop,” Frank said and took them to a random cafe by the street after finishing breakfast.

Sitting between them, Frank watched Vicky. “Titus Lionheart has approached you, hasn’t he?”

Vicky laughed coquettishly, her feet dangling as she said. “I knew it was you. Who else in Riverton could have made the Lionhearts of Morhen submit?”

Pausing, she then smiled. “Naturally, I rejected him. I’ve decided to stay in Riverton—don’t disappoint me now, Frank.”

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Vicky raised a brow, her meaning all too clear.

Frank said quietly in turn, “Anyway, I helped Bravo Lambert reclaim a plot of land that his gang rented to the Salazars. The Salazars built a factory over it, and their precision machinery for producing pharmaceutical products is still in there.”

“Really?” Vicky’s eyes lit up.

“Exactly. After we took back the land, I rented the factory from Bravo, so I’m going to—”

“Aha! I expect nothing less from my head of pharmaceutical research.” Vicky cut him short.

“So? How much is Bravo asking for? I’m taking everything,” she said, adding with a wink. “You’d get a twenty percent revenue cut too.”

“No,” Frank shook his head. “I intend to sell the factory to Helen and Lane Holdings.”

“What?!” Vicky sprang to her feet before sighing in disappointment. “I see—I get it now. I still have work to do, so I’ll be going.”

Frank caught her wrist before she could leave, frowning, “I’m not finished.”

“What’s there to say now?” Vicky chuckled, repressing her misery as she turned toward Helen. “Congratulations, you’ve won.”

Helen actually felt surprised and troubled that Vicky would suddenly throw in the towel, and she got up as well, suggesting, “We can split the factory.”

“Don’t pity me, Helen Lane.” Vicky smiled bitterly, knowing from what Frank said that in his heart, she still did not measure up to Helen.

And to think this was how it ended after she had sacrificed so much for him—Vicky could laugh at herself.

“Just listen to me.” Frank had read her mind from one glance, sighing exasperatedly. “Lane Holdings will be pouring in investment and human resources, while you’ll provide expertise and technology. That way, both of you can be proper partners—splitting the factory’s ownership would only cause further conflict instead, no?”

Both women stared at Frank in confusion.

Helen was going to speak but could not, whereas Vicky remained as blunt and as carefree as she was.

Folding her arms before her chest, she exclaimed in surprise, “Oh my... Two-timing, Frank? You’ve really got balls.”

“That’s not what I want!” Frank retorted, swiping the sweat off his brow.

Vicky kept smiling at him. “You don’t want to upset me but can’t bear to part from your ex-wife. Do you really think you can have your cake and eat it?”

“Yeah.” Helen sighed. “You disappoint me, Frank.”

“I just want you both to work together and make money!” Frank cried, feeling a head-splitting migraine just then. “That’s all!”

“Fine, that will do. Guess I’ll just have to compromise here.” Vicky sighed, glancing at Helen and snorting.

Chapter 647

Helen nodded. “I agreed. I’d rather not put Frank on the spot.”

With that, the two girlbosses of Riverton shared the factory Frank repurposed from the Salazars.

Further details were up to those two—it would not be Frank’s business either way.

—

At noon, Randall Young was sitting in his jewelry store at Riverton’s Square Street, holding up a magnifying glass as he studied a bright ruby.

After a long while, he breathed a long sigh and put away the magnifying glass.

Then, looking up at the girl standing opposite him, he cleared his throat. “Well, the luster and form rank it among the best of the best—it’s a ruby fit for Talnam royalty. So, would you mind telling me where you got it from?”

Naturally, Cindy was the one standing opposite Randall.

She brought him the ruby that Fenton delivered, though she shook her head in hesitation. “It’s a gift. I can’t say.”

“You can’t say...” Randall breathed a long sigh and shook his head. “Ma’am, I’m actually afraid to buy this from you because it’s too valuable.”

Pausing for a moment in thought, he then said, “No, that’s not all... You must understand that this belonged to Talnam royalty! There would be a diplomatic crisis between Draconia and Talnam if they were to find out that some commoner got their hands on this!”

Cindy was actually terrified by what Randall said. She certainly did not think that the ruby from Frank’s father belonged to royalty and could cause a diplomatic crisis!

However, she did not give up and pressed, “But are you really passing up on this, Mr. Young?”

“Well...” Randall hesitated for a moment, and sighed as he raised five fingers. “I can take it for 500 million dollars. That’s twenty percent of its full value, but it’s all I can pay you because I can’t sell it anywhere other than on the black market. You have to understand.”

“500 million?!” Cindy’s eyes could pop out, and she almost choked even as she stared at the ruby she was holding.

And 500 million was just twenty percent of its full value... She had really hit the jackpot!

That was when Cindy’s phone started ringing, and she quickly put the ruby in her bag before scrambling to answer it.

“Hello, Cindy? How did the appraisal go? Is the ruby real?” Gina asked from the other end.

“O-Of course...”

Cindy stopped himself as greed overcame her.

After all, there was 500 million dollars at stake!

Cindy promptly switched gears. “Of course it’s fake, Aunt Gina! We were all tricked—it’s just some crude imitation made out of artificial glass worth 500 bucks at best!”

“What?!” Gina almost collapsed unconscious on the other end. “Are you sure, Cindy? There’s no mistaking it?!”

“Of course there’s no mistake!” Cindy assured her. “Randall Young of Square Street personally appraised it. He’s never wrong!”

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Cindy finished, “You can trust Randall Young even if you don’t believe me, right, Aunt Gina?”

“Frank Lawrence!” Gina shrieked right then. “You lied to me! I thought you’d finally come around, but you’re just tricking me with some glass orb! No, I can’t let him take Helen away like this. I’ll take this up with him. He could kill me in front of Helen if he wants!”

After her rant, Gina hung up, while Cindy smiled greedily and passed Randall the ruby. “500 million it is!”

—

In the evening, Frank finally had Helen and Vicky agree about the factory.

Before he could breathe a sigh of relief, however, his phone started ringing.

“Hello?” Frank asked, and heard wheezing from the other end.

“Hello?!” he pressed, his voice louder this time.

Mona finally answered just then. “Frank! Winter and I are being chased on campus! No—!”

The call was cut off with Mona’s scream.

“Mona?! Mona?!” Frank shouted, but his only answer was static beeping.

“What’s wrong, Frank?”

Vicky, who had just made an inventory of all the factory’s machinery, was in a good mood as she approached him.

Still, she frowned when she found him shouting worriedly.

“Winter’s in danger. I need to get to Riverton University!” Frank exclaimed as he picked up his jacket and rushed out of the factory.

As he bumped into Helen, wearing a safety helmet and maintaining her usual cool beauty demeanor.

“Where are you going, Frank?” she quickly asked, since she was planning to go home together with him.

“Riverton University. Winter’s in danger!” Frank replied and leapt into his car without another word, speeding off and kicking up soot in his wake.

“What’s going on? Why is Winter in danger?” Vicky asked as she stepped out, folding her arms before her chest.

Helen appeared worried too. “Wouldn’t he be in trouble by going unprepared?”

“Don’t worry. No one in Riverton is a threat to him.” Vicky beamed, completely confident in Frank.

“And you should wear your safety helmet.” Helen turned, her brow creasing when she saw Vicky wearing nothing on her head.

She swiftly took a safety helmet a staff was holding and put it over Vicky’s head.

“Urgh. Who wears these? It looks hideous.” Vicky snorted in disgust and tried to take it off.

Helen pressed it firmly on her head while snapping sternly, “You should follow safety regulations while on site, Ms. Turnbull. Set a proper example.”

“Hah!” Vicky retaliated by wrapping her arms around Helen’s waist, bringing her red lips close and blowing a puff into Helen’s ear as she giggled, “Are you worried about me?”

“Hey!” Helen blushed, flustered. “I just want you to be serious!”

Vicky was always playful even at work, and a partnership with her was really taxing!

Nearby, Bravo stared fixedly as Helen and Vicky cuddled, almost bleeding through the nose.

He sighed—Frank was certainly a lucky man, but why could he not be lucky too?

Chapter 649

Frank drove at top speed to Riverton University, arriving in under fifteen minutes when it would normally take half an hour.

He narrowed his eyes as he immediately spotted the ambulances at the gates, feeling a foreboding sensation right then.

He rushed toward it and found paramedics tending to several students, each bleeding all over their faces.

Thankfully, he did not recognize any of them.

Then, as he started toward the campus building, a girl suddenly appeared and got in his way. “Hey, stop! The cops have already set up a police line—no one’s allowed in!”

They were both surprised when they saw each other’s faces, since the girl was none other than Winter’s best friend, Jean Zims.

“Frank?!” She appeared stunned.

“What happened here, Jean?!” Frank asked, repressing his panic as much as he could.

“I don’t know—a bunch of black-clad men suddenly charged into the campus,” Jean cried urgently, tugging on Frank’s sleeves. “They hurt the security and kept shouting for Winter, but Mona was with her. Mona was strong and managed to beat some of them, but there were too many, so they had to keep running.”

Jean then pointed at the circle of black-clad men at the campus doorway.

“I saw Mona and Winter being chased into that building. A young man was leading them, and he threatened to burn it down. Many male students who tried to stop them were beaten up. Just wait here, I’ve already called the cops. Someone will come to stop them.”

Jean’s quick rundown gave Frank the general idea of what happened. However, considering that Winter had always behaved and stayed away from bad company, those black-clad men were most definitely coming after him.

“Make way!”

Over fifty men-in-black charged through the front gates just then.

Frank glanced at them, immediately recognizing them as Trevor Zurich’s bodyguards—he must have sent them over first thing.

“It’s too late, Jean. Just stay here—I’ll help Winter,” Frank said, ignoring Jean’s attempts to stop him, and he started charging inside the building.

“Calm down, Frank!” Jean cried, but she was left stamping her feet since she could not stop him.

The onlooking crowd saw Frank running forward alone and started shouting at him too.

“Hey, don’t go over there! They’ll beat up anyone who gets too close—you’d get yourself killed!”

“Hey, isn’t that Professor Lawrence?”

“Professor Lawrence? Who?!”

“Who else... He’s the one who gave a lecture at the medical faculty!”

“Stop him! He’d get himself hurt!”

Seeing that the students were running to intercept him, Frank turned toward Trevor’s bodyguards. “You hold them there. Leave the rest to me!”

“What...?” Their leader paused for a moment but soon recognized Frank and promptly directed his men to turn around and hold back the rowdy students.

Meanwhile, smoke was billowing from the lower floors of the building, with sparks filling the air as heat unfurled.

Frank’s pupils dilated—the building was on fire!

His pace quickened as he shot forward, turning into a blur as he streaked toward the lecture hall.

Chapter 650

A young man wearing a white suit and clearly appeared rich was laughing in front of the building. “Hahaha! Come out, beautiful, or you’ll be burned alive!”

He was still holding the torch that ignited the gasoline poured around the building. His eyes flashed with wild excitement as he watched the cinders danced, even as his crotch started swelling!

—

Meanwhile, Mona was pulling Winter as they ran along up on the fifth floor, hiding in an empty classroom and coughing violently because of the smoke surrounding them.

“Just leave me, Mona! Run!” Winter pushed Mona off, trying to get her to flee alone.

There was no doubt that Mona would have gotten past those black-clad men's encirclement if she were alone. Winter certainly knew that Mona was kept inside this building because of her.

On the other hand, Mona was cursing under her breath. "Shit. I was just wondering why they weren't coming after us... They're setting fire to the whole building! That brat's really crazy!"

Then, pursing her lips and glancing behind at her, she said, "It's too late for that, Winter. And if I ran, I'd feel guilty eating all the food your mom made for me every day. Do I look like an ingrate to you? Also, don't worry—I've already called Frank. He'll be here soon."

Since there was no changing Mona's mind, Winter did her best to keep up and avoid the smoke.

—

As Frank arrived at the lower floors of the campus building, he was anxious even as he looked around the burning floors.

"Who was that?!" Three black-clad men encircling it noticed him just then.

"That's my question! Who are you people, setting fire to a public place?! You monsters!"

Without another word, Frank danced through them, breaking their noses and flooring them even as they screamed.

The third black-clad man was just about to move when Frank seized him by the neck, lifting him into the air before slamming him on the floor. "Speak! Who are you?! Why are you after Winter?!"

"Just kill me! You're not getting anything out of me!" the black-clad man bellowed, his teeth gritted in determination even though he was bleeding out of the back of his head.

"Not going to talk?!" Frank snapped, impatient given the urgency of the situation.

He rapidly tapped the black-clad man's acupoints, and soon, the black-clad man started screaming even as he clawed his own face, leaving a bloody mess.

"Speak! Who sent you?!" Frank bellowed.

"Kill me! Just kill me!" The black-clad man kept screaming.

"Tough guy, huh?" Though surprised that he was resistant to acupoint interrogation, Frank did not stop there and sealed the man's metatarsal acupoint, leaving him with bone-piercing agony that fired directly into his skull.

"Argh!!!" the black-clad man screamed wildly, drawing the attention of the other black-clad men.

Nonetheless, he soon confessed as it was agony no human could have survived. "Sage Lake Sect... We're from Sage Lake Sect!"

"Sage Lake Sect?! I see! Well, you've asked for it!"

Incensed, Frank smacked the man's scalp, shattering it.

Then, he ran straight into the burning building, leaping onto crumbling pillars to head upstairs.