

## **The Girlboss 651**

### Chapter 651

The stairs inside the building had already collapsed, and no one could go up from there.

Frank simply scaled the handrail that remained with the agility of a monkey and leapt up to the fifth floor in just half a minute.

“Mona! Winter!” he shouted as he released a burst of pure vigor to disperse the thick smoke.

“Frank! Over here!” A meek shout from Mona could be heard from the lecture hall down the hallway.

Frank rushed toward it, running along the wall to leap over a wall of flames, bounding through the fire and promptly pulling both Mona and Winter into his arms.

While Winter had passed out, Mona looked up anxiously at him. “We couldn’t get out. The stairs were on fire!”

“Just hold on tight!” Frank exclaimed.

His vigor charging in his meridian nexus, he released a violent burst of pure vigor from his palm, parting the sea of flames before him and the blackened walls behind it.

Bang!

Outside the campus gates, Jean looked up, stunned by the violent explosion.

She then saw the huge hole blown off the wall of the fifth floor, just before a person carrying two others in each arm leapt out of it!

“Isn’t that... No!!!” Jean screamed even as he clasped a hand over her mouth in horror.

At the same time, Frank barked, "Five-Peat Archaeus: Phantom Stride!"

All his pure vigor converged on his feet in an instant, unleashing a burst of wind.

At the same time, Frank moved at extreme speed while carrying both girls, leaping from debris to debris as he jumped down.

Eventually, he rolled as he landed, successfully bringing both girls down from the fifth floor unscathed!

"Wow, that was so cool!" Mona's face was covered in soot, but she whistled in excitement.

Winter stirred and saw Frank in front of her as soon as she opened her eyes. "Huh? Frank?"

Frank nodded at her. "Yeah. Don't worry, I'm here now."

Winter smiled, assured since Frank was the coolest knight in shining armor ever.

"Tut, tut." The young man in a white suit approached Frank from the back.

The black-clad men from before arrived as well, slowly encircling Frank and the two girls.

"Frank Lawrence, I presume?" The young man smiled, clapping as he glanced at the crumbling building. "You're good, I'd give you that—and here I was doubting if you actually did kill Bocek Ocean before."

"Who are you?" Frank growled, slowly rising to his feet, the coldness in his eyes palpable.

"Me?" The young man pointed at himself with a faint smile. "I'm the son of Dahok Ocean, chief of Sage Lake Sect. You can call me Maron."

Then, rubbing his brow, he sighed. “Oh, Frank... I don’t know how you killed Bocek and Quinn, but you’ve really done it now. Did you think that the Sage Lake Sect wouldn’t come after that?”

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Maron’s accusation only left Frank puzzled. “Bocek and Quinn were killed?”

“What, you didn’t know?” Maron paused before laughing. “Don’t you think it’s too late to feign ignorance?”

Frank frowned. “I didn’t kill them.”

“Oh, so you’re saying that they accidentally slipped while walking, and guh—died.” Maron gagged as he made a gesture across his neck, smiling in amusement.

“I don’t know what your sect is plotting. Either way, I’m innocent and there’s a witness right here,” Frank said, turning toward Mona.

Mona nodded—she was there when Frank fought Bocek. “He didn’t kill Bocek Ocean or his daughter Quinn. He let them go, and I saw that with my own eyes.”

“I see. So I’ve misunderstood.” Maron nodded solemnly before grinning at Frank. “Or did you actually think I’d believe your crap for a second there?”

Waving them off, he snorted. “It doesn’t matter now—you’re an enemy of Sage Lake Sect, and their deaths make no difference. So? Have you thought of how you want to die?”

“No,” Frank growled.

Even if he was surprised that Bocek and Quinn were dead, he was not about to yield to Maron.

He could immediately tell that Maron would never submit easily—burning a campus building in broad daylight was proof of that.

And since Maron did that without knowing if Bocek and his daughter had actually died by Frank's hands, it was clear that conflict was inevitable today.

"You have one chance, Frank. Break your own arms and come quietly to Sage Lake Sect with me, and I just might spare your family. Or else..."

Maron licked his lips as he stared venomously at Mona and Winter with a vile smile. "All my brothers here will get a taste of your sister."

Frank was briefly silent, before he chuckled as his solemn expression turned to a sneer.

Those who knew him would be able to tell that someone had just touched a nerve.

And right now, the air around them cooled as Frank's dark aura unfurled from him like smoke.

"Mona, take Winter and go," he growled. "I need to have a proper talk with Maron here."

"Yeah," Mona was not worried since she knew the depth of Frank's strength.

She could also tell from his tone that he was furious.

Beside Maron, one of the black-clad men murmured, "Sir..."

"Let them go. I'll have them anyway, and it'd be a loss if we disfigured the ladies' faces before we get started."

Maron nodded at his men for them to make way, watching as Winter and Mona left.

Turning back to Frank, his eyes narrowed. "Alright, it seems like you're not going to come here quietly... I guess I just have to be rough. Go!"

At his order, the black-clad men whipped out an assortment of weapons as they charged at Frank.

“Heh. A bunch of pushovers trying to strut?” Frank snorted, and crouched slightly as he fired up his meridian nexus with his Five-Peat Archaeus technique. Streaks of pure vigor shot out from his very pores and a golden dragon materialized.

As the dragon enfolded Frank in its embrace, everything around it seemed pitch-black in comparison.

Chapter 653

Maron’s eyes widened. “What?! The bastard’s pure vigor is so firm!”

Even before he could react, Frank danced like a dragon, moving so quickly that he was leaving afterimages behind him.

He leapt into the ranks of the black-clad men and soon screams and smacking could be heard, while weapons and limbs were sent flying into the air.

And the more Frank fought, the better he became.

All the black-clad men were floored in five minutes, and Frank stood upon them.

Punching the last one’s face inside, Frank sent him flying and rolling to Maron’s feet.

With that, only Maron and Frank were left standing, with Frank glaring at Maron in disdain. “That’s all you brought? A bunch of vigor wielding weaklings?”

“Oh, I was not hoping for them to do anything to you...” Maron smiled. “They’ve bought enough time for me. See, I’m teaching you a lesson here, Frank Lawrence—might not make right. So what if you can hold yourself in a fight? You still need influence and connections.”

Laughing coolly, he said, "That's all for today. If you don't come to my sect's enclave in Southdam tomorrow, you'll just have to watch your own family rest in pieces. I mean, I'm fine even if you didn't come. Hahaha!"

Maron laughed even as he started to leave, leaving Frank freezing up.

"Stop!" Frank bellowed, but before he could give chase, Maron had already gotten into the convertible waiting within the campus.

"Bye~" He chuckled, riding shotgun and flashing both his middle-fingers at Frank. "Hahaha!"

The Maserati's engine rumbled as it shot away, leaving Frank behind.

He stood in silence before turning and punching down the tree beside him, snapping the thick trunk in two and sending it crashing loudly to the ground.

At the same time, the campus building behind Frank collapsed with a resounding rumble as well.

"Sage Lake Sect!" Frank snarled as he looked up, his eyes flashing frighteningly.

That was when his phone rang, and he answered it impassively. "What is it, Trevor?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lawrence, but I've lost contact with all my bodyguards. My guess is Winter and Mona have been taken away, and the tracker we put on them was blocked as well. I couldn't find them!"

"Understood," Frank growled and hung up.

His phone then rang again, and it was Carol Zims calling this time. "Frank? There's this bunch of people who just charged into the mansion and took Ms. Moss away... Do you know anything about that?"

"Yeah," Frank said, feigning calmness since he did not want Carol to worry.

## Chapter 654

Carol exclaimed, "Oh, then that's a relief... Anyway, do you know if Winter and Mona are coming back for dinner?"

"No," Frank replied, doing his best to stay calm despite his fears. "Actually, none of us will be going back tonight, but we'll be back tomorrow night."

"Oh, okay. Just stay safe with the girls, Frank."

"Yeah, don't worry."

Frank hung up after assuring Carol, only for another call to arrive, this time from Bravo.

"Mr. Lawrence... The Salazars just came and took Ms. Lane and Ms. Turnbull away! My boys and I did my best to put up a fight, but they got away! I'm so sorry, I—"

"No, it's alright. It wasn't your fault," Frank assured Bravo despite his heart sinking right then.

When he hung up, there was no hiding the murderous glare in his eyes.

"Donald Salazar!" he growled through his teeth. "I gave you a chance! You've really done it now!"

Suddenly, Frank's phone rang again.

This time, it was Gina, who started snapping as soon as Frank answered, "Frank Lawrence! To think I've believed for a moment you've turned over a new leaf... but you've tricked me! That ruby is just some piece of glass, not even worth fifty bucks! Forget lying to me—you'd lie to Helen too?! Your family thinks Helen is worth so little, do they?! You'd better make up for this, or you're never marrying Helen! I'd rather die than let you marry her! Kill me if you can, you liar and bastard!"

Gina's fishwife ramblings left Frank snapping right then.

“Shut up!” he bellowed and hung up immediately.

Gina actually flinched on the other end—even if she had threatened Frank with her own life, she was certainly afraid.

As she came to her senses after Frank’s outburst and hung up, she was clenching on her phone and exclaiming in disbelief, “How dare he... Telling me to shut up?! The insolence! Is that how he behaves if he wants to marry my daughter?! I’d rather die than let Helen marry that liar!”

Even as Gina was busy getting hysterical over Frank, Cindy had already bought tickets to go abroad.

Gina called her just as she passed the border control area. “Cindy? Where are you? It’s late now—why aren’t you coming home yet?”

Though Cindy felt guilty from Gina’s question, Gina was already starting to rant about Frank insulting her, and urging Cindy to go back to Lane Manor. After that, they would go to Skywater Bay and find Helen, and expose Frank’s lies.

“Forcing Titus Lionheart to concede? From where I’m standing, it’s all lies!” Gina spat. “Frank is a liar, and the rest of his family too!”

“Huh... Anyway, I’m hanging up, Aunt Gina.”

“Hello? Cindy? Hello?”

After Cindy hung up, she blocked Gina’s number and strode toward her flight gate without a care.

She would start her new life now, with the 500 million dollars in her savings account.

She could not hide her hopeful smile even as she envisioned the good life she would lead abroad.



Naturally, she did not notice that a scrawny Talnam man had been watching her from her seat at the waiting lobby.

Seeing Cindy striding through the flight gate, the man spoke into his earphone quietly. "Target has just boarded her flight."

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The voice in his headset issued an order in Talnameese too. "Follow her, and find out where she got that ruby."

"Yes, sir," the man replied as he got up, impassive as he followed Cindy, who was still reveling in delight.

—

Later that night, Janet said her goodbyes with her colleagues at Flora Hall, turned off the lights, and was ready to head home.

Just as she picked up her bag, she noticed a slender figure collapsed by the shadows of the wall.

"What?" Janet moved closer to find a woman covered in injuries.

Scabs had built up over her wounds—new and old, while her clothes were in pieces.

"Hello? Hey!" Janet walked up, gently patting her on the cheek.

"Frank... Frank Lawrence..." the woman suddenly murmured.

"Frank Lawrence?" Janet exclaimed in shock and leaned in to listen to the woman's feeble whispers.

But there was no mistaking it—she had said Frank Lawrence.

“Could she be Frank’s girlfriend?!” Janet promptly went to work, calling in her colleagues who had not let her carry the woman into Flora Hall.

She was stunned when she turned on the light and saw the true extent of the woman’s injuries—there was not one inch of her skin that was unscathed.

Blood had thickened, gluing the hole in her clothes to her injuries, while pus was growing almost everywhere.

Her ribs and various other bones were broken, and her left thigh was bent in a horrific angle.

It was a miracle at all that the woman was alive.

“Go! Prepare the necessary herbs and tend to her injuries!” Janet ordered.

She was a healer of virtue worthy of inheriting her grandfather’s legacy—even though it was obvious that the woman did not have any money on her, Janet refused to deny her help since she was on the verge of death.

Moreover, the woman said a name Janet was very familiar with.

While her colleagues cleaned the woman’s wounds and stabilized her, Janet headed outside Flora Hall to call Frank.

“Yes?” Frank asked, his tone clearly sharp, proving his bad mood.

Janet searched her words, glancing at her busy colleagues as she said, “Hello, Frank. We just brought in this woman who’s thoroughly hurt and had collapsed outside Flora Hall, on the verge of death. I don’t know her, but she was calling your name when we picked her up...Do you want to come over and see who she is?”

Frank was actually annoyed with Janet's call, but being told about a maimed woman calling his name left his hair standing.

Could it be Kiki, or was some other woman Maron Ocean abducted?!

"Just wait there. I'll be right over!" he cried.

"Sure—huh."

Janet was just about to speak, but Frank had already hung up.

Disappointment showed in her eyes as she listened to the static beeping, but soon composed herself.

"Now's not the time for fantasies, Janet," she muttered to herself as she adjusted her glasses and threw away those messy thoughts, joining her colleagues again to help the woman.

Frank arrived then arrived after ten minutes, rushing into the operating room before Janet greeted him.

Still, he breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the woman's bloodied face.

Chapter 656

The woman was Quinn Ocean.

Still, Frank was confused even as he felt relieved—he clearly remembered letting Quinn and her father Bocek go.

Even without her vigor and meridian nexus, she still had her martial arts.

So what could have left her half-dead? Sage Lake Sect?

Frank kept making theories, but blind guessing proved pointless.

Instead, he turned toward the busy healers around Quinn, frowning as he urged, "Make way. Leave her to me."

Janet walked up and asked, "Do you know her, Frank?"

"Yeah," Frank directed his vigor into his fingers, tapping Quinn's various acupoints rapidly without stopping.

Soon, she coughed out a mouthful of clotted blood.

"Needle!" Frank snapped, holding out a hand to Janet.

"Oh... Okay!" Janet promptly ran to get a box of disinfected needles.

Whoosh.

Frank grabbed a handful and spread them like petals over Quinn's acupoints before taking out an Ichor Pill and feeding it to her.

As the Ichor Pill took effect, color returned to Quinn's cheeks, her eyelashes twitching just before she opened her eyes.

It took her several seconds to come to her senses. "Frank..."

"Don't move. I've only treated your internal injuries, not your external ones," Frank said, frowning.

"Mmmph." Quinn groaned as she lay on the surgical table, her gaze troubled and miserable.

"Tell me, what on earth happened?" Frank asked, while waving at Janet for her to leave.

Janet was hesitant but did as she was told.

Quinn waited until Janet was gone before biting her lip as her tears rolled, hatred flashing in her eyes along with misery now.

"It was the Salazars," she rasped after a brief silence. "Donald Salazar completely lost his mind. He killed my father and tried to kill me, saying he'd blame it on you so that Sage Lake Sect would come after you in full force."

Frank, however, frowned in suspicion. "How did you make it out alive?"

"Me?" Quinn chuckled bitterly. "The Salazars chased me up a cliff, and I had no choice but to jump into the river. I only survived by chance, and I've been running from the Salazars since. I've come to you, knowing that the Salazars would be waiting for me along the path to Sage Lake Sect. I want you to tell the chief the truth, so that he would wipe out the Salazars and avenge my father!"

Seeing the blazing hate burning in Quinn's eyes, Frank knew for sure that she was not lying.

Still, he shook his head after some thought. "Even if what you told me was true, there's something you have to know—the Salazars succeeded. Sage Lake Sect came for me this afternoon, kidnapping me and forcing me to go to Southdam tomorrow."

Quinn's eyes widened at his words, her expression becoming agitated.

"No, absolutely not..." She wheezed, coughing blood as she leveled him a pleading gaze. "M-Mr. Lawrence... I'll come with you to Sage Lake Sect tomorrow... and expose Donald Salazar's true nature to our chief, Dahok Ocean!"

Chapter 657

Frank mused to himself even as he held Quinn's searing gaze, but he eventually shook his head.

"It's probably too late. I don't think anyone can reason with Maron Ocean, and Sage Lake Sect wouldn't change their mind even if you returned."

Pausing, he then continued, “Moreover, you’re worth nothing to the Sage Lake Sect after your father’s death. Instead of retaliating against the Salazar’s like you said, Maron would just have me killed to get more out of this.”

Frank’s dissection left Quinn’s face paling in despair.

After all, she knew that everything Frank said was right.

As soon as Bocek’s meridian nexus was destroyed, he and Quinn knew that there was no longer any place for them in Sage Lake Sake.

They wanted to return just to gather their allies and use their reputation to reclaim whatever fortune they had before they left.

Now that Bocek was dead, any influence he had had gone up in smoke.

It was pointless even if Quinn returned now—no one would listen to her, and she might even be eliminated at worst.

After all, what purpose would a woman who had no cultivation and influence serve for Sage Lake Sect in comparison to an influential family like the Salazars?

“T-Then what should I do?” Quinn sobbed, her voice shaking.

Frank breathed a long sigh as he looked at her. “Just stay here and focus on getting better. You’re now not involved with Sage Lake Sect. I’ll go to see them tomorrow, and things would be fine if they listen to me... If they don’t, I’d just have to kill them all.”

He then turned to leave but paused without looking back as he told her, “By the way, I’ve healed your meridian nexus. Just rest, and you’ll be in fighting form again soon.”

And with that, he left without a glance behind.

“T-Th...”

Quinn wanted to thank him, but her words stayed stuck in her throat, and it was difficult to breathe them out.

If not for Drakon Salazar and his family, she would never have been Frank’s enemy.

Likewise, it was her greed that led to her father’s death.

Endless hatred welled up in Quinn’s heart, but she soon forced herself to look up as she made up her mind.

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Early next morning, Frank left White Court Hotel where he had been lodging, since it was close to Flora Hall.

As he took his Maybach out of the parking lot, he suddenly found a woman standing at the exit, wrapped in a blanket.

Naturally, it was Quinn.

“What do you want?” Frank frowned at her as he wound down the window.

“I’m coming with you to Sage Lake Sect,” she said, her visage determined.

With that, she simply stood in front of Frank’s car, her actions proving her resolve.

Still, Frank shook his head. “Did you forget what I said? There’s no point in you following me. You’d just get killed for no reason.”

“That’s fine by me.” Quinn remained impassive.

“You’re thoroughly hurt. You’d just burden me,” Frank added.

Chapter 658

Quinn shrugged. “Don’t worry about me. They can kill me for all I care.”

Frank was actually surprised to see her acting tough.

“Fine. Get in,” he said and was left watching as she limped toward his car, struggling to get inside.

It was clear that even with his miraculous Ichor Pill, one night was too brief for Quinn to fully recover—it only stopped her injuries from deteriorating at best.

In fact, moving would have ruptured it, and Quinn was bleeding from her lap even as she rode shotgun.

She was silent throughout their journey, her eyes staring ahead.

Frank’s phone rang with a call from Janet Zimmer just then. “Frank... Have you seen the woman last night? She’s gone when I woke up this morning! Her injuries are still very severe, and her bones haven’t been realigned. I’m afraid...”

“Don’t worry,” Frank said quietly, hearing the concern in Janet’s voice even as he glanced at Quinn’s shaking fingers and bleeding legs. “She’s with me. I’ll treat her myself.”

“Oh, I see...” Janet sounded clearly disappointed.

Then, as she mustered her courage to ask if Frank had time for dinner, she was left listening blankly to a static beeping as Frank had already hung up.



She sighed softly.

—

On the other hand, Frank was driving as he quietly said, “Let’s stop by a hotel.”

“A hotel?” Quinn did a double take, her gaze troubled.

Frank did not notice it and picked a hotel at random, booking a room.

Right after she helped Quinn into their room, Frank pointed at the room and ordered, “Take off the blanket and lie down.”

“Yeah.”

Quinn sat on bed, pulling off her blanket and taking off her bleeding clothing.

When Frank returned from the bathroom with a box of needles, he found her naked and avoided his gaze.

Frank did a double take before averting his eyes as well. “Why did you take everything off?! Put your underwear on!”

Quinn’s lips parted in confusion toward his outburst but ultimately stayed silent as she put on her underwear.

Just doing that ruptured more of her wounds.

She bit her lip as she watched Frank walking toward her, his arms outstretched and ready.

“B-Be gentle,” she moaned nasally.

Her voice left Frank’s juices flowing.

There was no doubt that Drakon Salazar had good taste—Quinn was beautiful. Though she would still be dull in comparison to Vicky or Helen, she had the edge in maidenlike vulnerability.

And at the moment, she was gently biting her lip, her cheeks flushed.

Coupled with her long legs, fair skin, elegant figure, and the many bloody gashes covering her body, a man’s darkest and vilest desires would be set aflame... and become bent on violating this delicate flower in the crudest manner possible!

Frank breathed a long sigh to compose himself, his eyes flashing with a golden spark.

He had no interest in Quinn’s body—he had gotten a room just to get some privacy and test a special acupuncture technique that he had learned from Mystic Sky Sect.

Chapter 659

The technique in question was the Needles of Nine Animus.

Frank projected his pure vigor, coiling it around the acupoint needles as translucent threads after disinfecting them.

Then, taking aim at Quinn’s acupoint, he focused all his attention to the epidermis as he slowly pressed one needle into her belly.

“Ahhh...” Quinn moaned in a way that would send imaginations running wild.

“Hold on,” Frank told her, breaking a rare drop of sweat over his brow.

He had never used this acupuncture technique before, since he had only read about it in a book from Mystic Sky Sect's forbidden section.

This acupuncture technique accelerated regeneration, regardless of how severe the injury could be. While that was as unbelievable as it was illogical, it was not a technique that healed all injuries and maladies. Instead, it was a radical technique to be used in extreme circumstances because it burned through the person's potential and vigor limit in exchange for quickened regeneration.

It was undoubtedly a double-edged sword for all intents and purposes.

"Ooof..." Quinn gasped in pain again as Frank inserted the second needle.

At the same time, the pure vigor Frank coiled around the needle would rotate it rapidly, charging the limits of Quinn's physical potential.

As such, a patient needed great endurance to survive the bone-piercing agon of the Needles of Nine Animus while it was being applied. Even men who had been conditioned by years of physical training were known to start struggling before long.

In fact, Frank was ready to subdue Quinn, but she turned out far tougher than he gave her credit for—she braced against both needles, her body twitching but not struggling.

Frank certainly had to change his opinion of her just then.

"Just hold on!"

Frank inserted the third needle, and Quinn finally cried out. Her fingers began to spasm, while all her bones cracked audibly.

Then came the fourth... the fifth... and the ninth needle!

As Frank inserted the last needle, Quinn seemed to be overwhelmed by the agony, falling unconscious even as her fingers sank into the sheets.

At the same time, a miracle was happening: all her bloodied wounds were visibly closing, and even her snapped ribs and broken leg were fixing themselves accordingly.

As her whole body convulsed, her tendons, meridians, and meridian nexus were all instantly restored to peak form.

“Phew... And, up!”

Frank flicked his fingers, and the nine needles shot out, pulled by his pure vigor and dropping loudly on the floor.

Quinn opened her eyes right then.

“What? I...” She stretched out her arms and saw that her palms were fair and flushed, a far cry from her shriveled appearance before!

Frank had long since turned away and said quietly, “Nothing to be surprised about. That acupuncture technique accelerates your healing, but it also burns your potential. You wanted to avenge your father? I’m giving you a chance.”

Quinn froze in her bed for a long while before dropping to her knees loudly at Frank’s feet.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Lawrence... Thank you...” Her voice was choking with gratitude and regret.

“I just don’t want you slowing me down,” Frank replied. “Now let’s get you some clothes. We have an appointment at Sage Lake Sect.”

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Frank never turned back as he strode out of the hotel room only to find a large group of people crowding the doorway outside.

There were both men and women, and all of them were nodding in understanding when they saw Frank.

Two men strode up right then, exclaiming, "That was amazing, brother!"

"Damn straight. What supplements have you been taking? Can you give me a recommendation?"

Frank did a double take, and it was only after a while that he realized what both men meant.

The hotel was not particularly large, and the walls were thin—Quinn's voice must have resounded across the entire building

"Leave a number, handsome?" Two ladies whose bodies were only covered with bath towels even intercepted Frank on his way out, winking flirtatiously.

"Sorry, not interested."

Frank strode past them right then, though the two men gave chase right then. "Come on, brother! What's your secret? Tell us..."

Still in the room, Quinn was left staring blankly at the bloodstains on the sheets, and she also overheard the misunderstandings of the gossiping crowd.

However, instead of getting angry, she actually felt embarrassed...

Eventually, she left the hotel with Frank.

Frank took her to a boutique, since her clothes were stained with blood and riddled with holes and almost unwearable.

The retail assistant kept praising Quinn's beauty, her tone making it clear that she presumed that Frank was Quinn's boyfriend.

Though Quinn quickly denied it, she kept sliding peeks at Frank with a hopeful look in her eyes.

Frank could naturally read Quinn's intention, but he really did not have time to waste on her.

Things were still dire, with Helen and the others still in the hands of Sage Lake Sect.

He whipped out the card Vicky gave him, had the retail assistant pick something for Quinn, and dragged her along as they hurried to his car.

As such, the retail assistant was left pouting as she was just about to recommend something fashionable worth over tens of thousands.

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Sage Lake Sect's headquarters was in Southdam.

Frank had wanted to call up Trevor Zurich and had him send a group with them but changed his mind. With Quinn, who was a member of Sage Lake Sect, they did not need numbers. In fact, they might even get in the way.

"Dahok Ocean is our sect chief, but he's usually training alone within his residence and basically never tends to sect affairs."

Along the way, Quinn gave Frank a lot of information about the internal workings of Sage Lake Sect.

"Although Maron is Dahok's only son, it's usually the elders who confer and decide on all affairs within the sects. My father has the final say as a high elder, and naturally he made many enemies because of that."

That was when Quinn sighed. “Now that he’s dead, authority in the sect would fall to the elders. I alone won’t be able to oppose them, and our only chance is to sneak in and go straight to our sect chief. We’ll talk things through with him and ask him to take control over the situation—that’s the only way to save the people that Maron abducted unscathed.”

Believing that it was a good idea, Frank hence alighted on his own at the fringes of Southdam.

While he strode boldly and alone through the front gates of Sage Lake Sect, Quinn sneaked in through the rear. Thanks to her familiarity with the internal structure of the sect, she headed straight toward Dahok’s residence.

The Needles of Nine Animus did not just heal her injuries—it restored her meridian nexus and vigor as well.