

The Girlboss 671

Chapter 671

Silverbell's bellow actually gave Maron pause, but he wheeled on Frank again. "It was during the last blow—Frank released some sort of powder out of his sleeve. I thought I was seeing things, but it's real!"

"I saw it too!" Elder Huxley bellowed and pulled Frank's sleeve, knocking off a pile of Passion Dust from Frank's sleeve.

"What..." Frank was dumbfounded, as he clearly saw Elder Huxley sprinkle the powder on his sleeve right then.

Elder Huxley simply leaned close, growling a threat under his breath, "Don't you dare argue. You know what happens if you do."

"F-Frank? Why...?!" Silverbell was wheezing, sweating buckets as her gaze turned unfocused.

Frank remained silent—if he maintained his innocence, Maron would retaliate by hurting Helen and the others.

"See? He's silent because he's caught red-handed!" Maron laughed darkly at Frank and carried Silverbell to the infirmary. "Don't worry—our best healers will cure you soon enough!"

"So that's what he's up to." Frank's eyes flashed violently as he watched them leave, finally realizing Maron's game.

On the other hand, Elder Huxley grinned, baring his yellowed teeth. "Well done, Frank. Since you've done this much, we'll refrain from hurting your women for now."

"We had an agreement. You'll release one hostage after I win," Frank said, impassive.

"Oh, I wouldn't know about that." Elder Huxley shrugged, his expression smug. "We'll see what Master Maron says after he's done."

As the other Sage Lake Sect apprentices left, Frank stood alone at the center of the square, his fists clenched in silence.

He was in a dilemma.

Should he charge into the infirmary and butcher Maron just because he did not want Silverbell to be defiled by that bastard? But he was also afraid of Sage Lake Sect's cutthroat guild hurting Helen and the others in retaliation...

"Chirp... chirp..."

Just then, a rather big cuckoo perched on a tree branch above Frank, skipping around and chirping repeatedly at Frank, its tone somehow anxious.

"Hmm...?" Frank looked up to find the cuckoo flapping its wings at him repeatedly, chirping shrilly and seemingly directing Frank toward the shrine.

"Isn't that Lady Quinn's pet?" one of the Sage Lake Sect apprentices suddenly exclaimed.

Frank's eyes lit up at those words, and he started dashing toward the shrine.

The Sage Lake Sect apprentices promptly gave chase while one ran to Elder Huxley. "Sir, Frank is bolting!"

Elder Huxley remained perfectly calm. "Just keep following him. Let him go wherever he wishes to as long as he's not meddling in Master Maron's business. If he so much as approaches the infirmary, threaten him with our hostages! "

"Yes, Elder Huxley!"

Nonetheless, Frank soon charged into the shrine and found a middle-aged man with ashen hair laying limply on the floor, barely breathing and clearly near death.

“Frank!” Quinn leapt out from behind an altar when she saw him, crying anxiously, “He’s Dahok Ocean, our sect’s chief. You have to help him—that wretch Maron had him poisoned!”

Frank said nothing and went to work right away, crouching beside Dahok and checking his eyes.

“Master Ocean?! What happened?!”

The Sage Lake Sect apprentices who had been chasing after Frank panicked when they saw Dahok on the floor!

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Seeing that one of the Sage Lake Sect apprentices was ready to run and tell the others, Quinn snapped, “Stop! Master Ocean has spoken—anyone who sees this must never breathe a word! Maron Ocean intends to kill him to claim the title of chief, a crime most unforgivable! Stay here and keep watch. Make sure no one comes in!”

Quinn’s orders worked—at her words, the Sage Lake Sect apprentices stood in silence.

All Maron told them was that the chief had been injured and incapacitated, not such outrage within their enclave!

“Heavens... Maron tried to kill the chief?! That’s his own father! How could he do this?!”

“I-I don’t know... What the hell...”

“Wait, wasn’t Maron saying that Quinn Ocean died too? She’s alive and kicking!”

While the sudden turn of events left the Sage Lake Sect apprentices dumbstruck, Quinn herself was anxious too, forgetting honorifics as she asked, “Frank... What do you think? Can you save him?”

“Yes.” Frank nodded, while subtly impressed at how low Maron would sink.

Forget poisoning his own father—he resorted to one of the worst poisons ever known: the Gehennical Frost Scarab. Virtually untraceable, the victim would be caught in hellish extreme coldness that they could not hope to escape.

The poison extended inside out, and neither vigor nor pure vigor could nullify it.

The symptoms were exactly the symptoms Dahok exhibited: unresponsive to any stimulus as he was left completely paralyzed. They would lay in a vegetative state while going through hell, and their mind would eventually break under torment, killing themselves to be free.

And that was what made the Gehennical Frost Scarab the worst—it faded very quickly from the victim’s body, and it would appear as if the victim had killed themselves for no reason.

Maron had certainly been meticulous.

Still, Frank quickly went to work, whipping out his needles and thrusting one each into two of Dahok’s acupoints.

At the same time, he infused his pure vigor into Dahok’s body, helping him gather the poison at the center of his median furrow.

“Move!” he bellowed at Quinn as his eyes suddenly narrowed, and he shoved a blood drawing pill down Dahok’s throat.

He then smacked Dahok on the chest, and his ribs actually cracked as they shattered.

“What do you think you’re doing?!”

“Stop right there, Frank Lawrence!”

The Sage Lake Sect apprentices snapped in outrage, expecting him to save Dahok, only for him to break the man's ribs!

What was it if not opportune revenge?!

"Stay away!" Frank bellowed when the Sage Lake Sect apprentices started toward him, sending them flinching and backing away.

Even Quinn was confused, however. "Frank, what are you—"

"It's fine," Frank growled, wiping the sweat off his brow and thrusting the last needle into an acupoint to the right of Dahok's median furrow.

Splash!

The instant he pulled it out, a jet of pungent black blood shot out from the acupoint like a tiny geyser.

One of the Sage Lake Sect apprentices just happened to be too close, and the black blood splashed all over his hand.

"Argh!!! Argh!!!" he screamed, even clutching his hand and rolling all over the floor!

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There was a sickening crunch as the Sage Lake Sect apprentice's hand started to ice up, his skin soon freezing into a dried blackness.

It was a sight of sheer horror, and the other Sage Lake Sect apprentices promptly backed away in fear.

"Urgh..." Dahok groaned as he stirred, pushing himself up to his seat in the shrine.

“Ingrate!!!” he finally snapped after mumbling the word repeatedly before coughing another mouthful of black blood.

This time, everyone stayed well away, having learned their lesson.

Dahok wheezed even as the black blood iced up on the floor, finally able to speak again.

“Go!” he bellowed. “Take down that bastard Maron and bring him to me!”

Quinn and Frank traded glances, and both strode up.

“No, absolutely not!” Frank barked, holding up a hand.

“What... Why?” Dahok wheezed through shallow breaths but forced a smile nonetheless. “I haven’t met you, sir, but I’m grateful that you saved my life. However, I shall have that treacherous boy... Today...”

“Are you sure the elders of your sect still serve you?” Frank asked quietly.

Dahok froze in silence, though he turned to Quinn after a while. “Quinn, your phone please. Call Jorg Zayas and have him return... And your father too. We need him back right now.”

Quinn shook her head. “Sir... My father is dead.”

“Bocek’s dead?!” Dahok’s eyes widened in shock. “Was it that bastard Maron...?”

“No...” Quinn sighed miserably. “It was the Salazars.”

Dahok hacked violently for a while, his eyes flashing viciously when he looked up again. “We shall make the Salazars pay when we’re done here. Go—call Jorg Zayas right now.”

Not quite familiar with Jorg, Frank glanced at Quinn quizzically while she borrowed a phone from one of the Sage Lake Sect apprentices.

“Jorg Zayas is the leader of our sect’s cutthroat guild,” she explained. “Don’t worry—the sect shall serve the chief’s will until the end.”

“The cutthroat guild?” Frank’s heart skipped a beat and suddenly grabbed Quinn’s wrist.

“W-What?” Quinn looked up in confusion.

Frank did not answer. Instead, he turned toward Dahok and said solemnly, “Master Ocean, your son had the cutthroat guild hold my friends hostage and had been forcing me to do his bidding. Could you speak with them personally and ask them to ensure my friends’ safety?”

Seeing that Dahok was hesitant, Frank nodded to assure him. “As long as the cutthroat guild ensures their safety, I’ll stop the coup plaguing your sect. I can assure you that you won’t be disappointed!”

Despite Frank’s solemn request, Dahok was left in a dilemma because he needed the cutthroat guild to return and restore peace to his guild.

If he asked the cutthroat guild to defend Frank’s friends instead, his only allies would be beyond reach.

And worst of all, he was now a defenseless cripple—he would lose to Maron when challenged!

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Naturally, it went without saying what would happen if Dahok lost to Maron.

Quinn strode up just then, exclaiming, “Master Ocean! Please, if you trust me, then you can trust Frank Lawrence too!”

Glancing at Frank, she assured Dahok confidently, “Frank is capable of stopping the coup, and he can do it alone!”

Dahok frown despite her assurance. He was slightly swayed, but he still could not trust Frank completely as he had never seen the man fight.

“I can vouch for him too, Master Ocean.” One of the Sage Lake Sect apprentices nodded, suddenly speaking up. “That bast—I mean, Mr. Lawrence—was evenly matched against Lady Silverbell, chief of the Martian Alliance... No, scratch that... He defeated Lady Silverbell!”

Turning toward the other apprentices, he asked loudly, “You all saw that, right?”

The other Sage Lake Sect apprentices nodded repeatedly, speaking out in confirmation with their fellow apprentice.

They were never loyal to Maron anyway. And now that they had learned of his treachery, they quickly show their loyalty to Dahok, distancing themselves from Maron.

“What?!” Dahok exclaimed in turn.

There was no reason for the Sage Lake Sect apprentices to lie... but the young man before him really defeated Silverbell?!

Silverbell was a one in a billion when it comes to swordcraft, even achieving Birthright rank in her twenties—it would be no exaggeration to label her a monster.

And yet, Frank Lawrence bested her?!

With that in mind, Dahok no longer hesitated.

Taking Quinn’s phone, he called Jorg.

—

“Hello? Master Ocean? I thought you were incapacitated and resting...”

Jorg answered the call from the basement of Salazar House, where he kept Helen, Vicky, Kiki, Winter, and Mona after abducting them from Riverton.

“Maron poisoned me! He was trying to kill me!” Dahok yelled over the phone right then..

“What?!” Jorg’s nonchalant expression stiffened, and he soon frowned and growled, “Who the fuck put him up to it?!”

“That doesn’t matter!” Dahok quickly said. “Just remember—don’t lay a finger on your hostages or allow any harm to come to them, you hear?!”

“Yes, Master Ocean!” Jorg replied, but he soon frowned in hesitation. “Wait, shouldn’t we return to the enclave right away to help?”

“No,” Dahok replied after a brief pause. “I can stop this coup on my own. Just make sure those hostages are safe!”

“Yes, sir!”

Still, as Jorg hung up and glanced at Helen, Vicky, Kiki, Winter, and Mona who were all staring fixedly at him, he sighed dejectedly. “Fucking blue-balled...”

Be that as it may, Dahok’s place as the sect chief was now above question.

He never revealed if he was hurt, but made it clear that he alone can stop the coup.

That was enough to give the cutthroat guild pause—even if they were determined to side with Maron in the coup, they still needed to consider Dahok’s health.

After all, Dahok was Birthright-pinnacle—the strongest individual within Sage Lake Sect.

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As Maron left the shrine, he inhaled deeply as he looked up at the skies, murmuring, “Do you hear me, Maron Ocean? It’s time you pay.”

Meanwhile, Maron brought Silverbell to the infirmary’s bed, ready to undress her, when she caught his hand.

“What are you... doing...” Silverbell was heaving, her eyes unfocused and her whole body twitching, though she still retained her consciousness.

Even as she kept fighting the Passion Dust’s effect, she was shivering as she cringed toward the other end of the bed.

“Please don’t resist, Lady Silverbell. I’ve found the way to clear the poison from your veins.”

Maron was grinning darkly as he unbuttoned his shirt and moved closer. “Don’t worry—the Passion Dust is the real deal. I spent a fortune buying it from the South Sea, so that you’d have an unforgettable experience of carnal pleasure. You can’t resist it even if you’ve completed Birthright—you have to be Ascendant rank, or you wouldn’t even know what hit you.”

“I-It was you...” Silverbell drew her sword, pointing it at Maron’s face and intent on killing him right then.

However, her limbs were limp, and she felt as if her meridian nexus was on fire, and she certainly did not have the strength to wield her sword.

Now, she was no more than a weak and vulnerable girl, withdrawing as she heaved and resisted the fire in her loins, shrieking at Maron to stop him.

Even so, he kept closing in. “Come on, Lady Silverbell. I heard that you’re a virgin... That’s just amazing. I can’t wait to see you write beneath me! Hahaha... Don’t worry, we’re getting married soon, and I’ll spoil you to bits. You’ll be a part of Sage Lake Sect, after all!”

He knocked the sword out of Silverbell's grasp, but just as he reached for her clothes, Silverbell suddenly struck his face with her scabbard.

"Go... away!" she panted, leaning against the wall as she shuddered.

"You bitch..." Maron could feel the swelling on his cheek.

Even as he gritted his teeth, the pain sent his animal instincts into overdrive.

Seizing the scabbard from Silverbell, he slapped her twice!

"Fucking bitch!" he screamed. "I'm playing nice, so stay down or I'd have to get rough!"

Maron lunged at Silverbell right then, tearing her clothes into pieces even as she lost the will to fight back, with the fear and rage in her eyes replaced by confusion.

"Hahaha! That's it! That's it! Keep writhing for me!" Maron laughed in excitement.

The woman was really naive, allowing him to have her unimpeded!

"Hey, Maron."

Suddenly, Maron felt someone clapping a hand on his bare shoulder.

"What?! Who the fuck are you?!" Maron snapped without even looking behind. "I've warned the lot of you not to bother me! Are you people deaf... Frank Lawrence?!"

Maron finally turned when he was finished with his outburst and froze when he realized who it was.

Naturally, it was Frank, who had entered quietly after dealing with the guards outside.

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Maron's libido dropped as he lost all patience with Frank.

"What are you doing here?! Fuck off!" he bellowed, pointing at the door, only to find Frank still smiling at him. "What, you want your ladies to die?!"

Incensed, he whipped out his phone and called Jorg, even putting the call on speaker just so that Frank could hear him too

"Hello? Master Maron?" Jorg breathed lazily from the other end..

"Cut off one of those ladies' arms!" Maron snarled viciously and wheeled on Frank with a smug grin. "Hahaha! I warned you, Frank Lawrence! You asked for this!"

However, that was when Jorg yawned audibly from the other end. "Actually, I'm sorry, Master Maron... See, Master Ocean gave me strict orders to protect them instead. The way I see it, you should be going down on your knees and begging daddy, and he just might leave a pretty corpse when he's done. That's all I have to say. Bye..."

Beep.

Maron's whole body stiffened in shock as Jorg hung up on him, and his phone slid off his fingers, dropping loudly on the floor with a thud.

The silence lasted for seconds before Maron squeezed a smile at Frank, "Actually, Mr. Lawrence... You see, I..."

Frank smiled and nodded. "Uh-huh. I'm listening."

“I was coerced into this! It was Donald Salazar who had planned all this... Yes, it was the Salazars all along! I didn’t plan anything! He killed Bocek Ocean and his daughter, then tried to shift the blame on you... My hands are clean...”

Frank listened in amusement as Maron pleaded his innocence endlessly.

Then, he said, “Time to get down on your knees, Maron.”

Maron seemed to finally remember that thanks to Frank’s words. He promptly threw himself to the floor, grabbing Frank’s trousers while kowtowing endlessly. “Please, Mr. Lawrence... brother! It’s all my fault! Please just let me live! I will do anything for you if you do—”

Frank watched as Maron bawled, his snot and tears all gushing at the same time—hardly the dignified bearing a Birthright rank elite should have.

Shaking his head and sighing in disappointment, Frank said, “You really are the worst, and I actually preferred the conceited way you behaved before.”

As Maron looked up at him in tearful surprise, Frank gave him a friendly clap on the shoulder. “Get ready. It’s time to pay.”

Thud!

Frank suddenly kicked Maron squarely on the chest, sending him slamming on the wall as if he were a ragged doll.

Maron was Birthright rank.

Though it came at the cost of mountainous piles of resources, there was no mistaking it.

Still, Maron regretted that he was Birthright rank soon enough and no average Joe.

If he were the latter, Frank's kick would have given him the sweet release of death.