

The Girlboss 331

Chapter 331

Frank presumed things would have ended without a fuss when Fred caught on to Marian's duplicity, since Fred was always a wuss.

He certainly did not expect him to be beaten to a pulp and regretted not following him into the hotel.

And Marian's nonchalant reaction to Fred's pain only left Frank further disgusted!

"Could you stoop any lower, Marian Henley?" Frank growled. "You cheated on Fred, and he caught you, but you turned on him and had him beat up?!"

Brock was too busy thinking what he should do to Fred to worry about Frank. "Fuck off, boy. This isn't your fight."

"It's none of your business." Marian snorted haughtily beside Brock. "If anything, you should be worried about yourself."

Frank promptly leapt up and slapped Marian across the face!

He would rather not lay his hands on a woman, but he really could not stand scum like Marian!

"Argh!" Marian screamed, and turned miserably towards Brock. "Mr. Summer! She hit me!"

Brock was already furious. Seeing that Frank was bent on causing further trouble, he barked, Get him!"

The security guards promptly charged at Frank, but he did not hold back as he floored each of them with a single punch, breaking limbs and leaving them howling in pain!

“No!” Marian screamed, surprised that Frank was that strong.

Even as she quickly hid behind Brock in fear, Frank turned toward them with an icy glare.

That look in his eyes terrified Brock, and he gulped even as he stammered, “W–What do you think you’re... doing? If... If you lay a finger on me... I... I will make you suffer!”

Marian was stuttering too. “I–I’m not married to Fred! I... I can date anyone I want! He... He deserved it! He started to hit Mr. Summer as soon as he came in!”

Frank shook his head exasperatedly—he was giving Marian too much credit when he thought she could feel shame.

Glancing between both of them, he warned coolly, “You will both stay away from Fred from now on. Bother him again, and I will kill both of you.”

And with that, he carried Fred out of the room.

It was not until both men were gone that Marian breathed a long sigh of relief and beamed. “ Mr. Summer, I guess it’s over between me and Fred now... No one will bother us ever again.”

Brock, however, was rubbing his throat and still feeling grief.

“Fuck... What a shame I can’t get my hands on that sister of his,” he muttered.

“Oh, that’s what you’re worried about?” Marian smiled, immediately having an idea. Actually, Winter Lawrence heads home every weekend. Just nab her and pay her a little, and

who knows? That penniless brat might spread her legs for you.”

She knew all too well that she would never monopolize a bigwig like Brock constantly.

In her case, it was better to help Brock with his plans instead of warding off competition. Once she had fished enough dough from Brock, she could get herself some down-to-earth man as replacement.

Brock nodded in satisfaction at that.

He was at first still concerned about dignity, but now that he had crossed that bridge, he did not have to pretend again.

If anything, this was a good chance to properly get even against Fred!

Meanwhile, Frank helped Fred into his car and fed him a pill.

Fred woke up soon enough, but he quickly turned away when he saw Frank beside him.

His eyes were moist—Frank had tried to warn him early on that something was wrong with Marian.

He had to ignore it and think the worst of Frank for it.

It was laughable to remember it now, just as he was too ashamed to look Frank in the eye!

Frank sighed lengthily, not sure what to say to console Fred.

“Does it still hurt?” he eventually asked.

“No, I feel much better,” Fred replied.

Chapter 332

Frank then passed Fred a cigarette-

-as a man himself, he could empathize with how Fred felt.

As Fred took a deep puff, Frank scratched his head and said, "She's just one woman, and one who doesn't deserve your life. I can recommend a couple too, when there's a chance."

Fred slowly turned toward him and asked, "You messaged me, didn't you?"

Frank made an awkward look, but nodded. "I'm sorry... I didn't think you'd attack them."

"Because I was a wuss?"

"That's not what I'm saying..."

"You don't have to say it. It's all my fault that things turned out like this between me and Marian."

Fred then chuckled bitterly and asked, "Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure. I'll tell you anything I know," Frank replied.

"Why are you so eager to help my family? Whether it's me, or my sister... Do you really like her?"

Frank thought about it. "No... And I could tell you the truth, if you can take it."

"Why not?" Fred chuckled self-deprecatingly. "What won't I believe now? Hell, it turns out that the girl I loved for years has always cheated on me, and I accepted that."

Frank considered his options again and decided on giving the truth.

The way Fred suspected him so much before had really been complicating matters, after all.

As such, he said, “Winter isn’t your biological sister. She’s my mentor’s only daughter, and my mentor has died—his last wish before his passing was that I’d take care of her.”

Fred was stunned. Winter was not his sister?

Still, he only paused briefly as he soon mused, “Oh, so that’s why...”

That was why Frank was doting on Winter so much, even with the ravishing of beauties who hovered around him.

And he was also relieved that Frank made it clear that he bore no ill will toward Winter.

“In that case, I guess I can actually leave the rest to you.” Fred smiled.

Even before Frank could understand what he meant, Fred alighted.

“Where are you going?” Frank asked.

“Where else can I go? Home.”

Frank pondered for a moment. “If you want revenge, I can help—I promise you, they will die. horribly.”

“There’s no need.” Fred waved him off. “Why break the law for the likes of them? I can live on fine without them.”

Frank did a double take, surprised that Fred was so clear-headed about this.

Still, he was pleased and relieved that Fred could think of it that way.

Fred returned home in the afternoon.

Carol had just been washing some vegetables to prepare dinner and was puzzled to see her son return so early. "What happened? You're home really early..."

Fred smiled in silence and stared fixedly at her.

It only left Carol further confused. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Fred replied, shaking his head. "I was given the day off. I'm going back to my room now."

"Okay..." Carol murmured, finding her son behaving strangely though she could not quite describe why.

Fred took a bath, cleaning himself thoroughly before heading to the basement room where he slept.

He sat on his bed for a while before exhaling lengthily as if resolving himself.

He then pushed his bed away and broke the floorboards beneath with a steel rod to take out the wooden chest underneath.

He slowly opened it to reveal the two homemade guns kept within.

Chapter 333

Fred had made those handmade guns himself but never used them for years.

He concealed them under his clothes and stepped out of his room.

Carol was already cooking, and seeing her son, she quickly said, "Dinner's ready soon. Go set up the table."

"I won't be needing dinner," Fred said, walking up to her side. "I'm leaving soon."

"Leaving?" Carol was taken aback. "It's going to be dark soon."

"Something came up at the office," Fred explained. "Also, if anything happens, you should call Frank Lawrence."

Carol's female intuition was screaming to her right then that something bad was going to happen.

Grabbing Fred by the arm, she asked, "What are you hiding from me, Fred? You know tell me, whatever it is."

"I'm fine," Fred smiled. "You're being paranoid now, Mom. I'm going now."

you can

And with those words in parting, he left, leaving Carol ruminating the seemingly loaded meaning in his words.

After some thought, she called Frank. "Hello? Is this Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank just arrived home when he was surprised with Carol's call. "Yes, it's me, Madam Zims. What's wrong?"

"Oh, you see... Fred was acting weird today after he came home," Carol quickly said. "I was really worried something bad would happen to him. Since you're more or less the same age, could you check on him and help him out?"

“Fred left?” Frank asked, perplexed.

The brat headed home, and then left again?

He was not bent on getting revenge, was he?!

“Yeah!” Carol exclaimed anxiously just then.

“Don’t worry, ma’am,” Frank quickly assured her. “It’s no big deal—I’ll go get him right now, and I promise to bring him back in one piece.”

Once he hung up, Frank promptly called Trevor to send him everything he had on Brock, since. Fred definitely wanted revenge against Brock!

As soon as he had everything, Frank got in his call and sped off, calling Fred repeatedly along the way.

Fred never answered, leaving Frank frowning.

He almost had enough of the man!

He had promised to help with Fred’s revenge, only for Fred to refuse—did Fred somehow believe he could take on Brock alone?!

When Fred entered the lobby of Brock Estates in the evening, many of his colleagues greeted him as usual.

After all, they had no idea what transpired between Fred and their boss and merely thought Fred came in on a late shift.

They did not notice the unusual look on Fred's face either, as he ran straight to Brock's office on the top floor,

That place just happened to be a mess, with Marian laying on Brock's desk, her long legs wrapped around Brock's waist.

Her clothes were a mess, and her pantyhose was riddled with holes.

Moreover, her cheeks were flushed as she moaned audibly.

Brock was himself wheezing like an ox.

When he was done, he dropped on his chair and lit himself a cigarette, chuckling in

satisfaction as he met Marian's coquettish gaze. "How'd you like that? Who's better—me or your boy?"

"Of course it's you, Mr. Summer," Marian purred as she blushed. "A piece of shit like Fred? Come on..."

"Haha!" Brock laughed heartily.

Chapter 334

Brock laughed heartily. "Get yourself cleaned up and dress pretty. We're meeting a bigwig tonight."

"Are you talking about Seth Yaffe?" Marian asked, immediately interested.

The man was the junior chieftain of Flying Sword Sect's Riverton Branch and far more influential than Brock.

If she could seize this opportunity and get in Jan's good graces, she would not have to worry about a thing for the rest of her life!

In fact, she had no intention of sticking with Brock—she only wanted to use him as a springboard to keep leaping higher!

Naturally, her scheme was not lost on Brock.

Still, it suited him just fine—Marian was as ambitious as she was pretty and skilled in bed.

If she could sink her claws into Jan Yaffe, his friendship with the man would definitely blossom further!

Nodding, he said, “Yes—his uncle is Kuno Yaffe, the chief of Flying Sword Sect himself. Try your best to give him a good time.”

Marian beamed. “Oh, come on. You know how good I am with such things.

Brock smiled as well and pulled her toward him. “Sure, but I’ll have to test you again just to check.”

Bang!

They were ready to go for another round when Brock’s office door was kicked open violently. “Ahhh!” Marian jumped in surprised and promptly straightened her clothes but breathed at sigh of relief as soon as she saw that it was Fred.

“We’ve already broken up!” she snapped impatiently. “Why are you still coming after me? We’re never getting back together.”

“You’re mistaken. I’m not here for you I’m here for him,” Fred said coldly, glaring at Brock as he pointed at the gash on his head. “You really did a number on me here, and I haven’t repaid the favor.”

Brock had been frowning, surprised that Fred actually came.

However, he simply laughed at Fred's words, thinking him stupid right then.

"So, what are you going to do? Hit me?" He even gloated and pointed at his own head. Come on, do it! Do you even have the balls?"

Marian was snickering at Fred too, convinced he would not do a thing... until Frank whipped out his handmade gun and pressed the barrel on Brock's head.

Both of them were petrified right then, with Brock immediately sweating bullets. "D—Do you know what you're doing?!"

"Put that down right now!" Marian shrieked.

"What, are you scared now?" Fred growled through his teeth. "Weren't you both so happy about bullying me before? Weren't you so sure I was a wuss?"

Brock pursed his lips, but soon snorted. "Hah! Don't think you can flex on me with some toy gun—shoot me if you have the balls!!

Fred had certainly presumed that Brock would be scared as soon as he whipped out his gun, and was surprised Brock was so stubborn.

Brock could see that he was hesitant and became even more sure that he would never shoot.

"Hmph!" He snorted again, smacking his palm on the table. "Put that peashooter right now, wuss!"

Fred's breathing turned rushed and heavy right then, and he remembered how Brock and Marian insulted him as if he was totally insignificant.

Bang!

Fred had suddenly turned his gun toward Brock's arm and fired!

Brock's arm was promptly blown to shreds. Only a small bundle of skin and tendons kept what

was left of it attached to his shoulders, while blood ejected like a geyser!

Brock instantly lost all sensation in his arm as the gunshot left him deafened!

Chapter 335

"Argh!!!" Brock's scream resounded in his office.

In a corner, Marian's face turned as pale as a sheet—she was certainly scared to death, never expecting the wuss Fred to actually shoot!

As she stumbled and dropped on her bottom, Brock was clutching what was left of his left arm and rolling around on the floor!

"Fuck you... You shot me?!" He stammered through the agony, "Y—You're dead... I—I'll kill you

However, Fred's eyes only reddened at the sight of Brock's blood spilling all over the floor. Brock's threat only drove him into a frenzy, but he was not about to let Brock die so quickly! He brought his gun to bear and shot Brock in the thigh!.

"Argh!!!"

There was a burst of blood mist in the air as Brock let out a blood curdling scream!

Two shots, and he was a cripple!

Brock saw the madness in Fred's eyes just then, and finally realized he should be begging. "Please... Stop... Just let me go..."

"Let you go?" Fred laughed maniacally. "Hahaha! Weren't you telling me to shoot just a moment ago?!"

"I'm sorry... I'm so sorry... Please, just give me a chance... I was a good boss, wasn't I...?"

Brock was barely breathing even as blood spilled out of his mouth. He would most likely die if he did not reach a hospital soon!

He felt overwhelming regret too—as it turned out, the down-to-earth could really get mad! "No chance."

Fred started to stride up to Brock again, while Marian seized the opening to flee.

"Help! There's a killer on the loose!" she screamed even as she ran.

Fred could hear her, but he was in no hurry—he was going to die anyway, so he had no intention of running.

Seeing Marian running away, Brock quickly cried, "Fred, please—it was all Marian's fault! She seduced me! She caused all this... Kill her already!"

"Shut up," Fred growled viciously. "You deserved it too—you knew she had me, but you'd play to her tune anyway."

With that, he leveled his gun at Brock's head.

"No!!!"

Bang!

With the resounding gunshot, Brock's brain was blown to bits even as he screamed.

Marian was stumbling even as she fled downstairs, screaming to every employee around her. for help.

Just then, a man in a suit caught her—it was none other than Seth Yaffe, the junior chieftain of Flying Sword Sect's Riverton branch.

Brock was one of his father's lackeys and a friend of Seth himself.

They were close, since Brock was constantly able to bring in fresh batches of hotties.

That was why Seth was there he was not about to miss out since Brock told him that he had hooked up with a babe who could really show a man a good time.

In fact, as soon as Seth arrived here at Brock Estates, he immediately ran into a pretty face, whose clothes were noticeably disheveled....

Marian kept crying frantically, "Please help... There's a killer..."

"Calm down, beautiful," Seth said, helping Marian to her feet. "I'm from the Flying Sword Sect's Riverton Branch—just tell me what's wrong, and I'll help."

Marian did a double take. "You're Seth Yaffe?"

"Oh, you know me?" Seth asked in surprise.

Marian grabbed Seth's arm with a vice-like grip right then, as if grasping on salvation. Please, Mr. Yaffe! I'm Mr. Summer's girlfriend!"

Marian had a hunch that Brock was already dead but lied. "Please, Mr. Summer was hurt. You have to save him!"

Seath realized that she was Brock's new girlfriend and quickly decided that he had to flex properly.

However, before he could call in his bodyguards, a man drenched in blood strode downstairs, gun in hand.

"Argh!!!"

The workers in the lobby all screamed on top of their lungs and scrambled to flee—it was a gun they were talking about, not a cleaver!

Seth was stunned too, just as Marian yelled, "That's him! He hurt Mr. Summer just now!" Seth's heart skipped a beat.

Brock was most definitely dead... but he had not gotten his money!

Nonetheless, he stood in front of Marian and demanded, "Who are you?"

Fred glanced at him but did not recognize him.

He brought his gun to bear, leveling it at Seth.

"I'm going to kill the woman behind you," he barked imposingly. "My fight is not with you. Now, move!"

Seth's bodyguards promptly shielded Seth, while Marian clenched on the hem of his suit. Please, Mr. Yaffe! You have to help me!"

Do

“It’s alright. I’m here,” Seth assured her with a smile, before wheeling on Fred and snapping, “ you know who I am?! Have you heard of Riverton’s Flying Sword Sect branch? I’m the son of its chieftain. How dare you point that gun at me?! Put that away, and I might consider sparing your life!”

“Fuck you, and fuck Flying Sword Sect.” Fred snorted. “Even the gods will fall if they stand in my way on this day!”

And with those words, Fred pulled the trigger!

As soon as the muzzle flashed, the bodyguard standing in front of Seth dropped to the floor, leaving Seth dumbfounded.

Was the man crazy?! He already stated his name and title, but the bastard still shot at him?!

“Oh, fuck...” The other bodyguard turned and fled in fear right then!

He was no more than Seth’s bodyguard and could usually bully anyone thanks to Seth’s privileged birth, and yet, this man was ready and willing to attack Seth.

Hell, he would have stood his ground if it was a knife or a machete, but this was a gun! He would be dead if he still stood there!

He would love to get rich, but before that, he had to be alive to spend it!

“Motherfucker...” Seth was left cursing—without his bodyguards, he had no one to take the bullet for him!

He certainly did not want this heat. Whatever this was about, he was leaving!

Even so, Marian was holding on to him with a vice-like grip. "Please, Mr. Yaffe! You can't go! You have to save me!"

"Fuck off," Seth snorted and pushed her away, swearing under his breath for getting involved at all.

Right now, he just had to wait and bide his time for the right moment, then take Fred down.

Slowly raising his palms, he told Fred, "Like you said, we have no fight. I was just here on an errand, and I'm leaving because you told me to."

Fred actually was not interested in collateral himself. "Then go."

Seth turned, using his movement to slide a dagger out of his sleeve.

He continued toward the doorway and suddenly turned again to throw it at Fred!

Shunk!

The dagger shot toward Fred, stabbing him in the shoulder.

"Oof-"

Fred grunted in pain and fell limply to the floor, his gun slipping out of his fingers.

Seth promptly leapt up and kicked it away, gloating. "Haha! Is that all you got? Weren't you. being so ballsy before, threatening me and all?"

Chapter 337

Seeing that Fred was disarmed, Marian breathed a sigh of relief.

“Don’t waste your breath with him, Mr. Yaffe,” she quickly said, eager for Seth to kill Fred right then to spare her from further trouble. “He shot Mr. Summer—you have to make him pay!”

At the same time, Fred pulled Seth’s dagger out of his shoulder with an impassive look.

No pain could match the pain in his heart at this point!

And seeing that he was still resisting, Seth jammed a foot on his shoulder and started to rain punches on Fred’s face!

“Fuck you!” he bellowed. “Still trying to play the tough guy, huh?!”

Fred’s previous head injury ruptured right then, and blood flowed freely again.

He tried to fight back, but he was no match for Seth—even if he was just some rich kid, he had been instructed in martial arts at Flying Sword Sect since a child.

Seth then kicked him, sending him flying and crashing against the stairs for embarrassing

him before!

As he lay limply, seemingly not even having the strength to get up, Marian was laughing as she strode, staring at her ex with zero sympathy. “A fucking piece of shit like you, trying to play murder? Did you even look at yourself in the mirror before you came?”

Fred looked up at her despite his bleeding face, disappointment showing in his eyes.

Meanwhile, Seth ran upstairs and soon returned, furious.

Brock was as dead as a doornail, and he was not getting anything out of that safe in Brock’s office!

Jamming his foot on Fred's face, he snapped, "You really have some balls, pointing a gun at me and killing one of ours! Flying Sword Sect will make you pay your whole family is going down with you!"

His threat actually reminded Marian, and she went up to Seth, offering details on Fred's family to get further into Seth's good graces.

"Mr. Summer, I know for a fact that he's worthless," she said. "He only has a mother and a sister for family... That said, his sister is really beautiful—even Mr. Summer couldn't get her off his mind!"

Seth was immediately interested. "Oh, really?"

"I'd never lie to you, Mr. Yaffe." Marian smiled, even giving him Fred's address.

Seth was all too eager for retaliation and promptly called his men to have Fred's family captured.

Hearing that his family was in danger, Fred spoke despite the difficulty, "You'd wish you were dead if you hurt my family."

"Shit, still talk tough when you're like this? Hell, I wouldn't mind seeing what you can do!"

Seth snorted in disdain.

That was when Fred whipped out his second gun without hesitation and pressed it between Seth's legs!

Bang!

"Argh!!!"

There was a thundering crack, and Seth was screaming shrilly even as the blow sent him flying!

He was bleeding all over the floor even as he slammed violently on the floor, and he was clutching his groin as he rolled around in agony!

Marian was stunned—she never could have known that Fred had another gun!

Fred then aimed it at her, and she promptly dropped to the floor, kowtowing repeatedly as she realized things had

ally gone south!

“Please, darling! Don’t kill me... I had no choice! I’ve always loved you... You were always in my heart...”

Fred was completely unaffected despite her pleas, having seen her true nature through and through.

“I didn’t want to kill you either, but you actually wanted to hurt my family,” he growled. slowly and clearly through his teeth. “You’ve ruined my life, but that’s fine. I’ll kill you, then find you in hell and kill you again...”

Chapter 338

Fred’s eyes were ablaze with spite as he pulled the trigger, killing Marian.

Her eyes were wide open in disbelief even as she died, falling backward ever so slowly.

She must have never expected to die in the hands of her lapdog.

Crash!

A group of men in black charged inside just then—they were all Seth’s bodyguards, charging in to protect him after hearing he got hurt!

As soon as he saw them, Seth could not care less about their pain as he pointed at Fred and yelled, "Go get him, but keep him alive!"

Recognizing danger, Fred promptly fled upstairs, while Seth's bodyguards lunged at him at his orders.

Fred fought back even as he ran, his marksmanship perfect despite his extensive injury. With each crack of his gun, one of the bodyguards would drop dead on the floor.

However, the bodyguards were no slouches.

They spread out as soon as they saw he had a gun, ready to outflank him.

Fred could read their movement and did not have enough bullets for them either.

He took his only option—running straight back into Brock's office and shutting the door!

He still had four bullets and had already finished what he came to do.

If

anyone else was eager to court death, he would not mind taking them out as a bonus!

Still, Seth's bodyguards proved their efficiency once again and kicked the door open soon enough!

"Come on!" Fred screamed manically from behind Brock's desk. "Let's see if you pricks are tougher than my bullets!"

He fired one shot, killing the first bodyguard who charged in through the door.

Two more rushed in, but they did a barrel roll as soon as they got in and leapt at Fred from both sides.

However, Fred was quicker.

Bang!

Bang!

Both bodyguards dropped dead instantly.

However, that meant Fred only had one bullet left.

He could not do anything against the bodyguards charging at him in numbers, just as he knew what would happen to him if the Yaffes got their hands on him after today.

It was a shame he did not kill Saffe when he did...

He raised his gun and aimed it at his temple, but the bodyguards were too fast—one had already reached him, and Fred dropped his gun even as he was knocked down and subdued.

The bodyguards' leader glared at Fred and growled coldly, "You've killed a lot of our men and maimed Seth himself. Too late for regrets, don't you think?"

Fred looked up in defiance. "It's just a shame I couldn't kill you."

"Haha!" The man laughed. "You can say anything you want, but you've lost. Break his limbs, boys Mr. Yaffe will decide what to do with him."

Fred closed his eyes even as the bodyguards strode up to him. He knew this would happen when he killed Brock anyway.

“Hold it!” someone snapped sternly from the doorway right then.

Everyone turned to find Frank standing there, holding Seth by the collar.

He was choking Seth, too—the man’s face was purple, and his eyes could pop out!

Fred looked up when he heard the familiar voice too and saw Frank as well.

The bodyguards’ leader could feel his face fall when he saw that Seth was captured. “Who the hell are you?”

He did not dare make a move—he would be blamed if Seth was killed!

“Frank Lawrence.”

The bodyguards’ leader frowned, but he had completely no idea who Frank was

Chapter 339

Seeing that Seth would suffocate soon, his bodyguards’ leader quickly snapped, “This isn’t your fight, son. Just let Mr. Yaffe go...”

Frank laughed icily. “You do it. I just caught this one myself—not about to let him go.” The bodyguards’ leader glanced at Fred behind himself. So they were together?

He studied Frank right then and was soon relieved to see that Frank was unarmed. “Think carefully about this, son,” he said. “You’re making enemies of the Yaffe family. Perhaps you don’t know who they are?”

“Save your introductions. I know them just fine.” Frank waved him off impatiently. “Flying Sword Sect’s Riverton Branch, was it? What’s that impressive? Even your chief has to watch his manners in my presence.”

The bodyguards’ leader was left pursing his lips. “Son...”

Their chief had to watch his manners in his presence? Who the fuck did he think he was?

Nonetheless, Frank dangled Seth in front of him just then. “Word of advice? Let my boy go, or this one will be dead soon enough.”

Seth was even pointing at his bodyguards’ leader even as he choked, “L-Let him... go...”

He was certainly unlucky, getting shot in the balls and now being used as a hostage!

He could actually feel his consciousness fading too...

The bodyguards’ leader could see that Seth was in danger too and released Fred right then. Frank then added bluntly, “Now get out of this building.”

The bodyguards’ leader frowned. “Don’t push your luck, son.”

“You have nothing to negotiate with,” Frank retorted icily.

“Fine! Just you wait—you’ll understand terror now that you’ve hurt one of us!” the

bodyguards’ leader threatened viciously, but he had no choice other than to leave the building. The others followed and immediately asked when they were outside, “What should we do now? Things don’t look good for Mr. Yaffe... We’d be punished if he gets killed!”

“Don’t worry,” the bodyguards’ leader said coolly. “They’d never do anything to him.”

As long as Frank was not crazy, they would definitely keep Seth alive since he was their only shot at staying alive.

"Inform the chief. Tell him everything," he then added.

"Yes, sir..."

Chapter 330.

You

Fred chuckled as he shook his head. wouldn't get it... I feel so relieved now. Hell, I'm also feeling a thrill I never felt before."

Frank looked at the corpses around them, each of which were killed with a single shot.

He whistled, impressed. "I've really underestimated you... You killed this many with a single shot each, and even maimed Mr. Yaffe there. What, don't you care about your family's safety anymore?"

Fred flashed a bitter grin. "You told me to come to you if I'm ever in trouble. Or what, is that moot now?"

Frank shook his head. "My word is golden."

"Great." Fred sighed, his eyes welling up with tears of guilt. "In any case, I'm dead—just tell Mom that I died in a car crash, so please take care of her in my stead. And Winter's your sister in a way, so I'm relieved to have you watch over her."

"You're a real piece of work..." Frank sighed.

Chapter 340

Frank glanced at Seth even as he lay on the floor..

If Fred did not hurt Seth, he could pull some strings and ensure Fred's safety.

However, Flying Sword Sect would not rest when Seth was now basically castrated.

"What, you can't do it?" Fred asked, staring at Frank.

"I can, and you have my word," Frank replied flatly.

His phone then rang with a phone call from Trevor. "Hello, Mr. Lawrence? Where are you right now?"

"Brock Estates' offices. What's wrong?" Frank replied.

"Galen Yaffe, the chief of Flying Sword Sect's Riverton branch, just sent all his boys to your location," Trevor said urgently. "Do you know what happened there?"

Frank scratched his head. "Fred Lawrence blew Seth Yaffe's balls off. Also, we still have Seth in our hands."

Trevor gasped right then and stammered, "T-Then what are you going to do? Start a war with Flying Sword Sect?"

"Sure, if they want one," Frank replied nonchalantly.

They had already insulted the branch chief, and he was never going to let this slide.

If anything, he would like to make it fast and was certainly not worried about making more

enemies.

“Understood,” Tervore replied and hung up.

Frank turned back to Fred. “Now, tell me—how did you upset Seth over there?”

Fred told him everything in detail, and Frank nodded as he walked up to Seth. “Hey, kid—my boy was going to spare you, but you blindsided him instead? You deserve this, to be honest.” Seth’s face was pale, and he had long since lost all sensation beneath the belt.

He was now a cripple, and he certainly could curse endlessly at the other two men, but it was pure agony just to move. “Motherfuckers... My dad will kill you both for what you did to me!” “We’ve already come this far.” Frank snorted, waving him off. “You can stop talking tough

now.”

As he slowly rose to his feet, a middle-aged man strode into the lobby and barked, “Are you here, Mr. Frank Lawrence?”

Frank stepped outside in response and looked downstairs. “Right here. Can I help you?”

“The name is Quentin Zodac.” The man smiled in greeting, his expression perfectly neutral.” As Flying Sword Sect’s Riverton branch’s chief servant, I’m here to negotiate this issue. I was told

you

have Master Seth in your custody?” “Indaad

“Sir, I have to inform you that this is our turf, and your friend was causing trouble,” Quentin said lengthily, having been informed about everything by Seth’s bodyguards. “Your friend. hurt Master Seth, and his retaliation was justified self-defense. Don’t you think that your action is disagreeable?”

Frank smiled. "Oh, you—my friend came to murder Brock Summer and Marian Henley, while your boy struck him with a dirty move, and he's not supposed to fight back? Also, if you're here to negotiate, then state your terms already."

Quentin clasped his hands behind his back in response. "Master Yaffe is right outside, and he has spoken—those who weren't involved will be deemed innocent. That is, as long as Master Seth is safe, and Fred Lawrence dies."

"Haha!" Frank laughed coldly. "A real optimist, huh? But no—he only gets to choose one."