

The Girlboss 421

Chapter 421

“Don’t push your luck.” Frank snorted nonchalantly. “Do you know who I am?”

“Who cares? This is my turf.” Gordon snorted smugly. “Get him! Don’t hurt the ladies, though.”

At his orders, the security guards all charged toward Frank.

Frank glanced at Winter and Aria as he said, “Stay back.”

Aria tactfully pulled Winter to a corner, while the leader of the security guards bellowed, “You should be worrying about yourself, kid!”

However, Frank had already floored him with a single punch before leaping into the crowd of bodyguards, flooring every single one of them with each punch.

They were all down in no time at all, each of them howling and groaning in pain.

“Well done, Mr. Lawrence!” Aria cheered, having known this would happen.

Sunny and Gordon were left staring in shock, not expecting Frank to be that good.

“sh*it...” Sunny gulped. “Brother, you need to call for backup!”

If twenty security guards were not enough, they could just call for more. They had over a hundred of them here in Grande Square, and Sunny doubted Frank could handle all of them!

Gordon, however, was already turning to run. “Yeah, just keep him here. I’ll get my boys right now-”

Call for backup?! The bastard was clearly trained... It was time to bolt!

However, Frank quickly leapt toward Gordon without a word, grabbed his necktie, and pulled.

“Oof!!!” Gordon grunted resoundingly as he was shoved to the floor.

“Fuck you! That’s my brother!” Sunny charged at Frank right then.

“Fuck off!” Frank snorted and sent him flying with another slap.

Realizing that he had messed with the wrong person, Gordon was immediately clutching his head as he begged, “Please, man. Let’s talk about this...”

Frank chuckled coolly. “Talk about this? That’s not what you said when you attacked me. Grande Corp has really gone to hell, with maggots like you infesting it.”

Gordon nodded brazenly. “Yes, yes, you’re right. Grande Corp is so unlucky to have maggots like me... So how about this? I can pay you however much you want, it’s your call... We’re bros, right? Just say the word you’re here to hang out-I have some influence here.”

Frank’s eyes narrowed.

The man was still trying to weasel his way out with money at this point-and it went without saying that the money must have been earned through further corruption.

“Save it,” he growled. “I’ll be asking Grande Corp how the likes of you managed to make it in. Just wait for their word.”

Gordon was actually delighted to hear that he could not ask for anything better!

He had been working in Grande Corp for years, and his connections were now deeply entrenched among them.

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Gordon was convinced that he just needed to grease some hands and all of this would go away.

Still, he exclaimed in feigned shock, "Please, no! This is really no big deal... You don't have to go that far, right?"

"Shut up." Frank slapped him across the face, leaving him with bleeding lips.

Even as Gordon cursed him inwardly, Frank called Vicky's office number.

However, her secretary answered since she was not

around, but her secretary knew the connection between Vicky and Frank.

As soon as she heard Frank's voice, she greeted him respectfully. "Yes, Mr. Lawrence? How can I help?"

"Who's the general manager of Grande Square?"

Debbie the secretary quickly checked. "It's Mr. Gordon Jameson."

"He's quite the pompous prick," Frank growled. "He actually sicked over twenty security guards at me—thank goodness I'm professionally trained. If it were a

customer, they'd be killed without question."

"What?!" Debbie exclaimed in surprise. "I'm so sorry for our oversight, Mr. Lawrence. I'm sending someone over to handle this immediately."

As soon as she hung up, she sent an executive who happened to be nearby, cursing Gordon for being such a troublemaker.

He was dead meat now!

As Frank put away his phone, Linus Huxley, the human resource executive of Grande Corp, arrived soon enough.

He was the one who recruited most of Grande Pharma's backbone staff and was personally acquainted with Frank, making him the best person to deal with this.

Still, as soon as Gordon saw Linus, he scrambled toward him and hugged his leg, howling, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Huxley. Please give me a chance..."

They went way back and often hung out together-right now, Gordon just had to pretend to apologize, and Linus would take him away. After that, he would be released without issue, and the board would be none the wiser.

Linus was frowning at Gordon in turn-this was a routine they had done many times, but this was one occasion where he could not do a thing.

"That's enough. Just shut up already," he snapped.

"Oh, okay..." Gordon was actually surprised-Linus' acting had definitely improved.

At the same time, Linus hurried to Frank's side. "I'm so sorry you had to encounter something so unpleasant, Mr. Lawrence. Grande Corp shall deal with this appropriately." Frank nodded. "How so?"

"Per company rules, Gordon Jameson will be fined and fired," Linus quickly said. "His actions shall be denounced and he will be made an example for the rest."

Frank was actually satisfied. “And when will said actions be taken?”

“Right now.”

“Then what are you waiting for? Go on.”

Linus whipped out the severance agreement prepared before he came and told Gordon solemnly, “Gordon Jameson. Grande Corp has decided to dismiss you for your actions today. And shares of the company you had have been seized, and you will be fined per the amount stated in this agreement. Please review it.”

“What...?” Gordon thought that Linus was still acting and was left dumbfounded after reading the agreement.

“What’s this? Are you really firing me?”

Linus glared at him and snapped, “What, did you think I was lying?”

Gordon panicked when he realized the other man was dead serious. “No... No! You can’t fire me! I’m the general manager of Grande Square!”

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Linus’ tone was cold and permitted no refusal. “That was before. You’re not the general manager now.”

“How can you do this?!” Gordon was incensed.

What an ingrate, betraying him in the blink of an eye when Gordon used to take good care of him!

Smack!

Linus briskly slapped Gordon across the face right then and kicked him in the chest too!

“Oof!” Gordon was left rolling on the floor once before catching himself.

At the same time, Linus growled, “It’s fine if you don’t sign it. Grande Corp will be suing, and you’ll be in jail!”

“What bullshit agreement is this?!” Gordon snapped indignantly even as he scrambled to his feet.
“When did I disrespect a shareholder and affect the company negatively?”

Linus pointed at his nose as he snapped, “You’re really stupid, aren’t you? Mr. Lawrence here is a shareholder of Grande Pharma and Ms. Turnbull’s partner! He’s your boss ‘boss!’”

“What... That’s impossible !” Gordon was left staring at Frank in disbelief before turning back to Linus.
“Did you make a mistake?”

“Do you think I would make a mistake here?” Linus growled through his teeth-how much of an idiot could he be?!

Gordon flinched in turn and promptly ran up to Frank.

“Please, Mr. Lawrence. I-I’m so sorry for not recognizing you... I can’t lose this job, I have mouths to feed! Please give me a chance...”

Frank kept his hands in his pocket as he shrugged. “Give you chance? I would’ve been beaten to a pulp by your

twentyish security guards if I wasn’t trained.”

“No way!” Gordon quickly cried. “I-I was just going to straighten you out... I’d never kill you!”

“Fuck off.” Frank sent him flying with a kick-the cheek he had to spout that crap!

Then, turning to Linus, he added, “I don’t want to see anyone like him in Grande Corp ever again, or you can leave too.”

His icy glare left Linus flinching, and the latter promptly bowed. “Don’t worry, Mr. Lawrence! This won’t ever happen again.”

Frank snorted coldly and left the theater with Winter and the others.

Aria was watching him worshipfully. “I didn’t know you were a Grande Pharma shareholder ... Would you happen to need a secretary? Can Winter and I work for you once we graduate?”

Frank smiled. “Of course, if you have the qualifications .”

Aria giggled. “Can’t we get some leverage, since we’re such close friends at all?”

Frank chuckled. “I don’t own the place, and Ms. Turnbull despises opportunistic people like you.”

Aria actually froze at that.

Beside them, Winter was surprised Frank was a Grande Pharma shareholder as well, and he was not that much older than her.

The gap between them was so huge that there was no telling when she would ever catch up...

Meanwhile, Vicky Turnbull and Yara Quill were seated in an antiquated room at Rainfield Teahouse, savoring some Darjeeling tea.

Just then, Yara asked quietly, “Why did the Salazars suddenly invite you out for tea, Vicky?”

Vicky smiled. “Is there any other reason? They must have seen us making bank and wanted a cut too.”

“Huh...” Yara blurted.

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Yara scratched her head. “I don’t think that’s possible – too much bad blood between us.”

“So what?” Vicky shrugged nonchalantly. “We will just deal with whatever they throw our way, and there’s nothing to fear when we have the advantage.”

Yara nodded in agreement, convinced that Vicky spoke reason.

She was really not capable of leadership anyway and would overthink at times.

Soon, the door to their private room opened.

Donald Salazar strode in, followed by his eldest son Drakon.

“Oh, you’re early, Ms. Turnbull.” Donald laughed. ”

Apologies for being late when I’m the one who invited you here.”

Vicky flashed a professional smile in turn. “You’re a busy man unlike me, Mr. Salazar. To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“Well, I’m not the one asking for you,” Donald chuckled coolly. “It’s my son.”

As he spoke, Drakon sat opposite Yara and Vicky and studied them.

Vicky studied him in turn, while Yara became wary as she sensed that Drakon was dangerous.

“So, you’re the younger Mr. Salazar.” Vicky smiled. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

Drakon growled coolly, “I’ve been training abroad and been out of touch, but I found out recently that my sister had been bullied and humiliated thoroughly by this man named Frank Lawrence, and I heard you and him are close.”

Vicky shrugged. “We’re just friends. I’m not sure what he did, but you can go to him if you want your revenge.”

“Haha!” Drakon laughed. “You really are amusing, Ms. Turnbull, though I have another favor to ask.”

“And what would that be?” Vicky asked, her smile fading. “I’ve heard how well your Rejuvenation Pills were selling, and that you’ve made a fortune, so I’d like to take out a loan.”

“Not a problem. Just say a number, and I’ll transfer it when I get home,” Vicky replied calmly.

“Oh, how direct. But I want the Rejuvenation Pill recipe too.”

Vicky nodded again. “No problem. I’ll send it over when I get home.”

“Wonderful.”

Vicky then pointed out, “The condition for that is that I get home.”

As a martial artist, she could naturally sense his killing intent spilling away from him and tell how strong he was.

She did not expect someone this strong among the

Salazars either... Donald certainly played his cards close to his chest!

Drakon snorted in disdain. "Actually, I could just spare myself all that trouble. Frank Lawrence will bring the two billion dollars I want and the Rejuvenation Pill recipe.

After that, I'll kill him, and then you are free to go."

Vicky shook his head. "That won't do you see, I don't know him that well."

Drakon simply stared at her in glee. "We won't know until we try. I've actually heard that you two are close, just as you'd get a better understanding of him if he decides to turn away."

Vicky narrowed her eyes, her slender fingers suddenly tapping the table.

Yara moved right then-having been working together for so long, their understanding was tacit.

Words were not needed for Yara to read Vicky's intention.

Whipping out a dagger, she stabbed it toward Drakon's neck!

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Yara would not hold back since Drakon was hostile, just as she could sense that he was no average Joe.

She might not stand a chance if she did not go all out!

However, before her dagger could reach Drakon's neck, his hands shifted with lightning speed.

Thud!

Shank!

Yara never actually saw Drakon move, only the agony from her palm!

He had grabbed her by the wrist, snatching away her dagger and stabbing it viciously through her arm and into the tea table! "Argh!!!" Yara screamed as blood streamed freely from her palm, her hand basically nailed to the table.

Her face was contorted in pain as her hand trembled she was plenty wary, but she did not expect such a huge gap in abilities between her and Drakon!

Drakon was regarding her with disdain in turn. "Were you really trying to kill me, girlie?"

Donald was laughing in turn, delighted to see his son dispatching Yara so quickly.

She was Robert Quill's daughter and could hold her own in a fight. And yet, she did not even last one move against his son-his strength certainly went without saying!

"Resorting to your cheap tricks when you're up against my son? You're a funny one... Hahaha!"

Yara bit her lip but stayed silent despite her frustration.

"That's enough," Vicky growled just then.

Drakon wheeled on her in turn. "I believe you have some explaining to do here, Ms. Turnbull."

Vicky inhaled deeply, but she was on the backfoot considering Drakon's strength... One might even say she had no grounds for negotiation.

"We are at fault," she said with considerable restraint. "What would you ask of US?"

Drakon smiled and nodded in approval at least Vicky knew her place. "In that case, you're coming with us. We'll be waiting for Frank Lawrence to bail you out with the two billion dollars and the Rejuvenation Pill recipe."

Vicky smiled. "That's no problem at all. I'll call him right away--"

"No, that's unnecessary." Drakon raised a palm to stop her. "What if you send him away instead, since you're that loyal to your gigolo?"

He turned toward Yara and abruptly pulled out her dagger, dragging more blood from her palm.

Yara kept her jaw clenched to keep quiet, though her eyes were glaring viciously at Drakon. Drakon simply shrugged. "You will inform the Turnbells and Frank Lawrence instead."

Vicky quietly put away her phone. "Fine, if that's what you want."

Donald was certainly gleeful to see his son handle the situation so easily.

"Didn't think this would happen, did you?" He gloated at Vicky. "We could've avoided all this if you'd given US the Rejuvenation Pill recipe from the start."

"There's no telling what's going to happen," Vicky growled, her spite flaring inwardly.

But even if she was at a disadvantage, she could still turn the tables!

“Time to go, Ms. Turnbull,” Drakon said coolly just then.

Vicky rose to her feet, ready to go with him, but Yara quickly grabbed her arm. “You can’t go, Ms. Turnbull...”

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Drakon snorted in disdain. “You don’t get to speak here, girlie.”

Vicky turned toward Yara as well, whispering under her breath, “Don’t worry. The Salazars won’t kill me before they get the Rejuvenation Pill recipe. Just go home and tell my father to prepare twenty million, and tell Frank to bring the recipe and the money to ransom me.”

At this point, she could only trust Frank to save her.

Yara nodded feebly in turn and watched as the Salazars took Vicky to their car.

With that, Yara did not hesitate to whip out her phone and call Frank.

Frank was shocked when he received Yara’s call.

To think that the Salazars would kidnap Vicky in broad daylight, even hurting Yara!

Yara was no martial prodigy, but her abilities had improved by leaps and bounds after being taught the improved version of the Boltsmacker.

To dispatch her in a split second... It seemed the Salazars had someone very powerful in their ranks.

He did not hesitate to travel to Turnbull Villa immediately, and he strode through the front door to find Walter Turnbull pacing around.

He was certainly anxious after being told his daughter had been kidnapped, and both he and Susan Redford were scowling. Even Robert was there, and he and Walter hurried to Frank when they saw him.

"Oh, Frank... you're finally here." Walter grasped Frank's hand in agitation. "Word is that Drakon, Donald Salazar's eldest son, has returned... It seems that they want revenge against us."

Frank remained calm and composed. "It's alright, Mr. Turnbull. I've come to save your daughter-do you have any details on their forces?"

Walter shook his head, while Robert mused thoughtfully. "I don't know the specifics about Drakon's rank, but he is said to have trained extensively abroad."

He then turned to his daughter. "Did you notice anything when you fought him?"

Yara's bandaged palm stiffened as she shook her head. "I just don't know. I tried to blindside him, but that didn't work at all."

Susan snapped impatiently right then, "So what? Yes, Drakon Salazar is strong, but we're not going there to fight him. The Salazars have already promised to release Vicky if Frank goes to them with two billion dollars and the Rejuvenation Pill recipe. And saving Vicky right now is the priority!"

"I understand the urgency, Ms. Turnbull," Frank said quietly, "but you shouldn't panic. I have the recipe, but two billion dollars is no small sum..." "It's fine, Mr. Lawrence. I already have prepared it," Walter quickly said, pulling out a check with two billion dollars written on it.

He grasped Frank's hands again, pleading, "Please, you have to save Vicky..."

It was his only option now-Walter certainly knew that the Salazars mentioned Frank by name because they wanted him dead, but he could not just let his daughter get hurt either!

"It's alright, Mr. Turnbull," Frank assured him. "Ms. Turnbull and I are friends, and I'll definitely help now that she's in trouble."

Robert then said, "I'll come with you, Mr. Lawrence. Vicky is my apprentice-I'll definitely help as you've put it."

Frank hesitated but nodded.

That was when Susan spoke up. "Just the two of you won't be enough. Frida Blue will come with you."

Frank turned where she was looking to find a group of black-clad bodyguards standing outside the villa.

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Frida Blue, the woman in the lead, was slender and wore a black face mask.

With her hawkish gaze and her body-hugging spandex, she certainly looked formidable..

Frank also counted twentyish men behind him, though he and Robert said at once, "No."

"What? Why?" Susan demanded.

"Because it's unnecessary," Frank explained. "We want to save Vicky. In this case, numbers will become a burden."

Robert nodded in agreement. "Yeah. The Salazars will be wary if we go in such a large group."

"A burden?" Frida snorted in disdain. "You're the only burden here. We're plenty enough to save Ms.

Turnbull, so stay out of this.”

“What...?” Robert was left speechless by the girl’s contempt.

“Please, Mr. Quill,” Susan spoke up just then. “Ms. Blue is twentieth in Earthrank and one of our family’s personal bodyguards. She can hold her own.”

Robert was actually stunned.

Twentieth in Earthrank, but she was just a bodyguard?

The main branch of the Turnbull family was certainly not to be underestimated!

Frida simply ignored Robert in turn. “We can just split up, Mrs. Turnbull. I will personally save your daughter.”

Frank frowned. “The Salazars are demanding the Rejuvenation Pill recipe. What would you do if they kill Vicky if you barge in?” “They won’t even see us coming. We will get Ms. Turnbull out without making a sound,” Frida declared confidently.

Frank, however, believed she was conceited. “Yara couldn’t even last one move against Drakon. You’re not going to succeed.” “What, care to try me?” Frida glowered, having had enough of him right then.

“That’s enough.” Walter quickly butted in. “You’re both here to help, so stop arguing. Why fight among ourselves even before you get started?”

“Just split up as Frida suggested,” Susan pointed out just then. “Anything goes as long as Vicky is safe.”

“Hmph.”

Frida snorted and led her men out of Turnbull Villa right away.

Frank was speechless-was Riverton really that weak in their eyes?

Still, there was no time to hesitate.

He started to leave with Robert, ready to meet the Salazars-he was confident he could save Vicky as long as he was allowed to see her.

"Mr. Lawrence, please hold up for a moment. There's someone who would like to join us," Robert said as they left Turnbull Villa." "Who?" Frank asked, perplexed.

An SUV came bounding down the street and screeched to a halt right in front of them.

A man alighted, and it was none other than Bron Howard, the chief of South Alp Sect.

Robert then explained, "Mr. Howard here is eager to avenge his son, after I've investigated the truth around his death-it turns out Troy Howard was murdered by Jaud White, Donald Salazar's henchman."

Frank nodded he and Bron had even exchanged blows over that misunderstanding.

And three was just the right number.

Still, he said, "You may come along, but you can only make a move when I give the order."

Bron nodded. "Of course."

His goal was to kill Jaud-the rest was inconsequential.

With that, Frank and Robert got in the car and sped straight toward Donald Tower.

As the sun set, Frida and her men arrived at Donald Tower, working in perfect tandem to knock out the rear entrance guards with tranquilizer guns before unlocking the door.

Though they managed to slip in the building quietly, they had barely reached the parking lot when the lights suddenly flickered and died.

“Who dares intrude upon these sacred grounds?”

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Frida froze.

She was already moving as quietly as possible, but they noticed anyway?!

Still, she simply gave up on stealth as she shouted back, “You’re the ones who kidnapped Ms. Turnbull first. Let her go, and we might let you leave.”

Her response only prompted a mocking laughter. “Oh, what do we have here? An actual woman?! So Frank Lawrence couldn’t make it?”

“Why bother bringing him? I’m plenty enough for the likes of you.” Frida snorted in disdain.

“Haha! I guess Mr. Salazar’s words fell on deaf ears... Now, die.”

Frida frowned-it was not Drakon Salazar?!

However, she felt a burst of air shooting towards her even as the thought crossed her mind, and she leapt away.

She could feel the blade slicing a lock of her hair, even as she paled in shock-that was too fast!

Moreover, while she managed to dodge out of harm's way by instinct, her men were not so fortunate.

They were not as strong as her, and they were blind after the parking lot lights were turned off... and were massacred in no time at all.

"Argh!"

"Gurk-"

Screams of death ensued endlessly, and Frida whipped out her sword, flailing around by instinct.

However, the screams soon faded entirely, leaving the parking lot eerily silent.

"Bastion?! Grover?!" Frida kept calling out her men's names, but there was no response.

Click.

Suddenly, the lights of the car park returned, and Frida quickly threw up her hand as she adjusted her eyes and looked around.

A scrawny man stood nearby, smiling darkly as he studied her.

She then looked down to find all her men dead, lying in pools of their own blood.

"I'm surprised the Turnbolls have such pretty face work as a bodyguard," the scrawny man chuckled coolly. "What a waste it would be to kill you."

“Fuck!” Frida snapped as she leapt up, bringing her sword to bear and ready to avenge her men!

Even as she swung it, the sword swished deafeningly, tearing a gale through the air.

The scrawny man remained fearless, however. With a light step as if he weighed no more than a feather, he dodged Frida’s strike while the sword left a gash against the wall.

Frida was left stunned by the scrawny man’s footwork while he chuckled. “You’re too slow, girlie.”

His fingers clawed toward her arm, and it was too late by the time she raised his sword.

He left a deep gash, drawing blood... and seized her by the neck before she could react.

Frida started choking right then, and he flung her violently against the wall.

Bang!

Frida collapsed on the floor, blood seeping from her mouth as she murmured in disbelief, “W-Who are you?”

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Frida was caught in disbelief.

She was twentieth in Earthrank but had never even heard of this man who had just dispatched her instantly.

That would mean he must be in the top ten, but she knew the top ten personally, and none of them had such amazing footwork or martial prowess!

The scrawny man laughed in turn. "Earthrank? It seems you really don't understand that there's always someone better, lady. Not all martial elites are eager to compete over such vanity, you know."

Frida was taken aback—he was not Earthrank, but his martial arts was sublime... he must be from a sect!

She had certainly underestimated the martial elites of Riverton!

"What, are you regretting now?" The scrawny man gloated upon seeing the look of regret on her face.

Frida growled through her teeth, "Spare me your nonsense. Just kill me already."

She would prefer a quick death, having her pride as a martial artist too.

In fact, there was nothing surprising about losing.

However, the scrawny man licked his lips as he studied her lecherously. "That would be a waste for that pretty face."

Frida froze. "What are you doing?"

The man chuckled. "Just going to have some fun..."

Frida was furious and snapped straight at his lecherous face, "You bastard! I'll kill you!"

She refused to fall victim to such depravity before her death!

However, even as she flailed her fists maniacally, the scrawny man thought nothing of it and sunk his clawlike fingers into her shoulder again!

“Argh!” Frida cried, her blood-curdling scream resounding in the car park.

However, her arm was left dangling limply with those gaping holes left on her shoulders.

The scrawny man snorted in disdain. “Quit resisting when that’s all you’re capable of, or I’ll make you really suffer.”

His bladelike nails slit through Frida’s jacket right then, baring her fair skin, leaving just her black bra as the last bastion of her modesty.

“Bleurgh.” Frida suddenly spat in the scrawny man’s face.

“I gave you a chance,” the man snapped and punched her right in the face.

As Frida bled from her forehead, nose, and lips, she started to drift in and out of her consciousness. “Hehe.” The scrawny man chuckled coolly, seeing that she was no longer resisting.

However, just as he was about to reach for her bra, he felt the burst of air behind him and paled as he jumped aside! Shunk!

A silver needle stabbed viciously into a nearby wall, shaking repeatedly from sheer momentum.

The scrawny man’s eyes widened in panic-he was lucky he dodged in time, or the needle would have pierced his head!

He could scarcely imagine the horrible death that awaited when that happened!

“Who was that?!” he bellowed and turned to find three silhouettes slowly striding toward him.

Frank was shaking his head even as he glanced at the corpses strewn all over the floor-Frida was really a fool.

“Who are you people?” the scrawny man demanded again.

“Frank Lawrence.”

“Bron Howard.”

“Robert Quill.”

The scrawny man was immediately delighted. “So you’re Frank Lawrence? Perfect timing. I’m taking you to Mr. Drakon.”

Frank was just about to move when Bron said, “Leave him to me. My son’s soul would be honored with another dead follower of the Salazars.”

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Frank nodded in silence, while the scrawny man snapped, “You really think you can kill me, geezer?!”

He leapt toward Bron, his footwork deft and immaculate.

Bron raised his blade in turn, and there was a cold flash as they clashed.

However, the scrawny man’s face fell, his pupils dilating when he felt a coldness over his chest.

He looked down to find a deep gash over his pectorals, his heart cut in two beneath it!

“Im... possible...”

Splash!

Blood gushed audibly out of this chest, and he fell to the floor with a thud, disbelief still written all over his face.

He had fought martial elites countless times, only to fall to some middle-aged man?

On the other hand, Bron sheathed his blade with one smooth move, having dispatched the scrawny man with ease.

Frida, who was sitting limply on the floor, was astounded.

Who was that man? Could he be Skyrank?

Frank walked slowly up to her just then, putting a palm on her shoulder and grasping lightly.

“Argh!” Frida screamed.

“Your arm is broken,” Frank explained quietly. “You need to get out of here.”

“No, my mission is to save Ms. Turnbull. I can’t leave even before we find her,” Frida growled, grasping her arm as she wobbled to her feet.

“You’re not saving anyone,” Frank said, frowning. “Not when you can’t even protect yourself.”

Frida hung her head in embarrassment.

Her comrades were all dead, and she was almost killed herself.

On the other hand, Frank, Robert, and Bron were just three men, but they killed the Salazars' martial elite without breaking a sweat.

It went without saying how much she dulled in comparison.

Still, she insisted, "At least let me come with you and see that Ms. Turnbull is unharmed."

"You can come along in that case," Frank said coolly. "But don't run off-I don't have the time to worry about you."

With that, they started to head upstairs when the elevator doors suddenly opened on their own.

Frank headed straight toward it, but Robert stopped him. "Be careful, Mr. Lawrence. I think we should take the stairs."

There was not much space in the elevator, and they would not be able to move if there was a trap. Frank simply glanced at the camera in the elevator. "That's unnecessary."

With that, he entered the elevator, and Bron quickly followed suit.

Seeing that Frank was that confident, Robert had no choice but to follow.

Drakon was watching the camera footage from the top floor office and laughing when he saw Frank's confidence. "Hahaha! I like people who think so highly of themselves... It's always so amusing when that confidence of theirs gets crushed!"

Vicky was sitting on the couch nearby, a coffee placed on the table in front of her. She did not appear to be in any discomfort either, aside from the two burly men standing behind her.

She frowned as Drakon kept laughing nonetheless.

Ding.

The elevator jingled as the doors opened, and Frank, Bron, and Robert stepped out.

There were not many people around.

Drakon and Quinn were sitting behind the desk, while Viola stood nearby, her expression smug and not fearing Frank at all this time.

Seeing Vicky, Frida quickly asked in concern, "Are you alright, Ms. Turnbull?"

Vicky nodded. "I'm fine."

She would not be making any false moves soon, however.

Drakon slowly rose to his feet just then, his eyes fixed on Frank. "So you must be the famous Frank Lawrence?"

"Indeed." Frank remained impassive as he nodded.