

Girlboss 701

Chapter 701 Helen almost shed tears from sheer frustration. "How could you do this to me, Vicky?!" Vicky walked up and hugged Helen while purring, "Oh, dear Helen... Why are you tearing up? It really hurts to look— but reality is just that cruel. All is fair in love and war! You need more resolve than this!" Wagging her finger at Helen, she continued, "I mean, just think about it —why would I help you become the next head of the Lane family? Just so that you can lord over me? I'd be shooting myself in the foot, and I'm not as dumb as you are." Seeing that Vicky's words were striking Helen where it hurts most, Frank

sighed exasperatedly. "That's enough now, Vicky. Stop scaring her—don't you have any ideas?" : "Huh?" Vicky turned toward him in shock. "Did you think I'm just scaring her, darling? This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to defeat Helen once and for all... Fine, I'll be frank. I'm not some deity who can make money out of such a huge farm in two months.

Helen is in for it now." Helen really snapped at that and pushed Vicky away as she huffed, "T- To think I thought you were helping me out of the kindness of your heart...

You're despicable, Vicky!" "You flatter me." Vicky smiled, leaving Helen feeling like she was punching futilely into cotton.

In the end, she had to rely on Frank.

He actually had an idea after racking his brains last night. If it was successful, they would make a billion in under a month! "Vicky, could you make a call to that star celebrity... Noel York, was it?" he asked, his eyes flashing sharply.

"Frank..." Helen tugged on him gratefully right then.

Frank smiled in turn—while he had always supported Helen from the shadows to help her grow in the three years they had been married, there was no time for that this time.

He shall get involved personally this time.

"Have Ms. York film some commercials for us and distribute it

across all channels," Frank said quietly. "Spare no expense~the more publicity, the better. Announce that we, the Lane family, will be starting a member-exclusive farm trip, and only twenty people are allowed in each day." "A farm trip?" Vicky rolled her eyes, seeing that Frank was already taking Helen's side. "I've thought about it, but it's basically impossible—we're short on time, and the competition is too fierce for us unless we have an edge." "Exactly." Frank smiled confidently.

"We do." "Contact Dan Zimmer of Flora Hall and have him endorse as well. Just say..." Frank paused, musing to himself

before saying, "Just say that our farm trip is different from the rest. It's a one-day journey, but most of the tourist's hidden maladies would be cured, and their lifespans would be extended by a year!"

"What?!" Even Helen appeared embarrassed by such outlandish claims. "Isn't that false advertising?" Vicky was speechless too. "Extending their lifespans by a year... You really know how to spin it, darling!" "What, are you doubting me?" Frank glanced between them, huffing. "Then come up with a viable idea on your own." "Heh," Vicky giggled.

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Vicky stuck her tongue out at Frank, while Helen frowned.

"Alright, just leave this whole affair to me," he said. "Both of you just follow my orders—you'll be handing the advertising and getting all the public figures of Riverton to build hype. The more hype, the better.

"As for me" Frank glanced at the farmland around him, sighing. "I'll be staying here for a while."
"Frank..." Helen was awash with emotion.

She was convinced she could rise as the next head of the Lane family, only to end up relying on Frank again.

It was as emotional as it was awkward—in fact, Frank's claim before that he was the reason Lane Holdings flourished during their three-year marriage was no lie.

Frank patted her on the head just then. "Come on. You don't need me if you can do everything yourself. Go on—get to work." "Yeah," Helen nodded.

"Playing favorites huh, Frank?" Vicky's huffed, puffing her cheeks in jealousy. "You're always on Helen's side, never caring about me! I'm upset now!" Frank chuckled. "Complaining when you already have the goodies? When did I ever refuse when you really need me?" Vicky thought about it and nodded as she smiled again. "True. Well, we're leaving now. Look, darling— it's fine if you fail. I'm not going to blame you—just let Helen suffer the consequences alone." Vexed, Helen tried to punch Vicky even as she giggled and waved nonchalantly. "You and Frank planned this just to scare me!" "No. Actually, I just wanted you to suffer." "V-i-c-k-y T-u-r-n-bu-l-I!" Frank watched as they chased each other on their way out, though his smile soon turned somber.

Farm trips were wildly popular over the last few years, and most city-dwelling bigwigs were losing interest.

But what if it was a trip that extended one's lifespan and nourished their body? Rich folks tended to hope to live longer, and none of them would rather die in pain of death.

And Frank was aiming for them as his target demographic.

Livestock, plantations, and fisheries were outdated—Frank could pork) Ke deativandrteler earn a blilidh dollars in two months with those.

On the other hand, if this membership-exclusive tour scheme filled its twenty pYsQRULAr) day@nd\With tickets priced at two million dollars, one month was enough for them to recoup their spending. Naturally, Frank would still need help from both Flora Hall and Trevor Zurich—he could not complete such a grand project on his own.

Still, while he was busy planning everything, Frank's phone suddenly rang.

"Hello?" he answered, and it was Trevor by sheer coincidence.

"Mr. Lawrence? You asked me to look into the Leaf family of Norsedam before, yes? Well, I found something."

Frank nodded in satisfaction. "Heh. It actually took you 2 yee? It seems that hades are good at keeping things under wraps."

Chapter 703

Trevor was watching a haggard Frank with a pained look. "Why don't you let me drive, Mr. Lawrence? You've been working hard for days." It had been five days since Trevor called Frank to report his findings on the Leaf family of Norsedam.

And over the last five days, Frank had been busy as he measured every corner of the farm, including the hot springs, stables, and orchards.

He made arrangements to set up a layout resembling a planned town. Then, he had Trevor spend a fortune hiring the best architects in Draconia to provide it a grand design.

At the same time, Frank needed everyone to quickly finish all construction for the resort in a month. For that, Trevor hired over a thousand contractors who worked overnight.

After that, Frank provided Trevor with an inventory of medicinal herbs and asked him to buy everything.

"Who's it for?" Trevor asked in curiosity at the time, but Frank simply smiled and said nothing.

Nonetheless, Trevor did as told and was soon left watching as he watched Frank refine every herb into pills, and then fed said pills to the livestock living across the farm.

Trevor was certainly flabbergasted—he had gone through great lengths to procure all those herbs, but it turned out they were not even meant for people?! It had been five days since Frank worked on the farm without stopping.

When it was time to leave, he got in his car, bringing Trevor along as they drove straight to Norsedam.

According to Trevor, it took him a long time to investigate the Leaf family because they excelled at secrecy... because Bail Leaf, the head of the family, died under mysterious circumstances recently.

The cause for his death had been controversial—some claimed it was vengeful murder, while others said it was sudden death.

None of it mattered to Frank, just as he and Trevor did not go to Norsedam to mourn the man—there was no reason to do so when they had never even met the man.

They were there to attend the small auction hosted by the Leaf family following Bail's death.

In life, Bail had been the most enthusiastic collector of antiques and rarities among the east coast's upper class.

Now that he was gone, those treasures would only gather dust, and so, Bail's heirs decided to auction some of it.

And one of the auctioned items was a hundred-year Hyperion Root, the last of the Five Elemental Wonders that Frank desperately needed.

With it, he could fully recover from his internal injuries and regain his peak form again: Birthrightconsummation! When he did, he would be able to hold his own even against Ascendant rank martial elites.

Norsedam was just one river away from Riverton, and it was just a three-hour drive.

As he drove, Frank told Trevor everything about his plan for the farm.

In one month, all the livestock would be cultivated enough, as pills grade from rag sro wonders irhpfive them beyond their mortal flesh. Their very flesh was now ichor and could give even Mystic Sky Sect's livestock a run for their money.

And for the average Joe, the taste and value of such meat wouldben fk ea was nb bbssi le, it would still prolong a person's life.

Moreover, that was only for the livestock—Frank had also recruited acupuncturists fr MUCE (SET) m teachindthem Cohaies that could work in tandem with the pills he refined. It would naturally greatly improve the visitors" health. As for the hot springs, Frank would be applying his own brew of herbs.

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As for horse-riding, fishing, and other forms of entertainment, Frank would set them up as contests, with winners being awarded even better service. Frank even had a mind to open such contests to the public.

Trevor was certainly excited after Frank told him about his masterplan and volunteered to be the first guest.

Frank happily agreed to it, just as he could take a break as the chief planner for the resort project now that everything was on the right track.

The rest was up to Trevor, and as for advertising... Would the two beautiful women not catch more attention than him anyway? Frank and Trevor were still chatting as they arrived at Norsedam.

The Leaf family had chosen to hold their auction on the black market—it appeared that most of Bail's collections were procured through unsavory means and could not be shown to the public. Moreover, while the black market had no shortage of rarities, the prices were inevitably higher than usual.

"Welcome, Mr. Lawrence." Trevor smiled.

He had his men look into the layout of the building, and he was familiar with every nook and cranny by now.

As he led Frank into the auction hall, the auction began just as they took their seats.

The crowd's voices were deafening, with various rare treasures taken up to the display table onstage, as ridiculous starting bids were announced for each item.

Frank and Trevor had front row seats, which Trevor had naturally arranged for.

"Ah, good. They have yet to auction the Hyperion Root." Trevor sighed in relief as he checked the list of auctioned items on stage.

"Destiny, one would say." Frank smiled.

That was when the woman beside Frank turned to him. "Hmm. You two came for the Hyperion Root too?" She had waist-length hair and wore leather pants that hugged her long, shapely legs.

While her appearance certainly left an impression, there was a haughtiness in her eyes that kept people at arm's reach.

Frank was not going to answer, but seeing that these were familiar ground for the woman, he thought about it and smiled. "Of course. It's a rare treasure, and I'd like to see it up close and personal."

The woman snorted in disdain, her manners crude. "I might as well give up even if you're willing to fight for it."

"Every auctioned item has no owner until a bid is successful,' Treygmm snappegn gintesstno ht then.

"Ho isit already yours? Don't you think you're being overconfident?"

Chapter 705 "Fine. | guess we'll see." The woman sneered, clearly hostile toward Frank and Trevor.

Trevor was going to argue, but Frank stopped him. "Don't cause a mess. We're here for the auction." Trevor snorted coolly. "Well, we're letting her off easy." His business operated mainly abroad, but he still had strong influence in Draconia. How else could he have investigated the Leaf family so quickly? Meanwhile, auction items were quickly leaving the table, and the more important ones were now being presented.

Soon, Frank found himself staring a fist-sized yellowed tree root, laying still in a chest cushioned in red velvet cloth.

"Look, Mr. Lawrence! Isn't that the Hyperion Root?!" Trevor exclaimed excitedly, not noticing the frown on Frank's face.

Jenny Leaf—Bail's daughter and emcee of the auction—personally introduced the item. "Honored guests, the next item is one of my father's most precious pieces, and it's often presented for appraisal: a Hyperion Root, which represents the wood element of the Five Elemental Wonders. It is an object of utter rarity, and it wasn't easy for my late father to acquire it." Jenny then lifted the sandalwood chest over her head, while the cameras zoomed in on the Hyperion Root.

As she gently brushed her fingers over the herb, a yellow radiance emanated from it, coupled with a strange sweetness that everyone in the auction hall could smell.

Under the illumination of the stage lights, the unordinary root revealed its true essence—a herb gleaming bright in green and yellow hues.

"It really is the Hyperion Root! | will have it!" The woman beside Frank sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing in yearning and delight as she shook in thrill.

It turned out that she was not the only one interested either—once the Hyperion Root was presented and proved genuine, everyone in the auction hall grew restless, their eyes twinkling as they stared at it.

At the same time, Jenny continued, "It has been a precious part of my father's collection, and I'm sure everyone here knows its worth. Without further ado, I hereby announce that the bid starts at a hundred million, and each subsequent bid must be a million or more.

"And the bid starts... now!" At Jenny's call, the air in the room became charged.

"101 million!" "Hah! Your bid is terrible... 110 million!" "Stop fighting! It's mine! 180 million!"

Shouts making bids boomed from every corner of the hall as more people joined the minute, while others simply enjoyed the drama. Some men had clearly come after hearing rumors of a Hyperion Root being auctioned and prepared a huge sum in hopes their bid was successful.

Everyone knew how rare the Five Elemental Wonders were, as centuries could pass without any being found.

That was why the price for the Hyperion Root would never drop. Those who bought it could sell it for several times the price they bought it for!

Naturally, there were elderly individuals who loved anything that preyed on longevity and that incited the longevity farming trip that Frank had proposed. They would not even bat an eyelid if they had to spend their entire fortune, as long as they could live another few more years.

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And today, Frank was seeing it in action with his own eyes.

"300 million." A youth dressed casually raised his paddle just then.

For some reason, the entire auction hall soon turned silent at his call.

Scratching his head nonchalantly, Tavis Holt grinned. "That Hyperion Root belongs to Hundred Bane Sect. Anyone who bids against me shall be labeled an enemy of my sect... and I'm sure everyone knows what happens after?" As Tavis looked around at those around him, everyone who met his gaze were grimacing but backed out of the bid nonetheless.

No one would ever mess with the ruthless savages of Hundred Bane Sect.

There was no line they would not cross. Anyone who made an enemy of them—even unknowingly—would be poisoned with a variety of oddities in each instance, and they did it without ever being caught.

Naturally, there was also variety to the condition of the corpse left behind, each more creepy than the last: Some would melt instantly into a puddle of pus, while others screamed in agony for days before dying.

That was why Hundred Bane Sect was that one sect no one would try to cross—what was more important, one's life or some trinket? And yet, the woman sitting beside Frank turned toward Tavis and snorted. "Hah! Hundred Bane Sect has the balls to mess with me? 500 million!" She appeared so haughty just then that it almost appeared as if she did not worry about them! "Huh?!" Tavis straightened, scowling as he glared at the woman from afar. "Hey, gir—you're asking for it by messing with Hundred Bane Sect!" The woman simply sneered as she glanced at him. "You should know your place—you're the one asking for it. I am Sif Lionheart of Morhen!" "What?! Sif Lionheart?!"

The auction hall erupted in an uproar right then—the pegsleCranca m certajniheand 5F Sil

She was the youngest heiress of the Lionheart family ihdos com ores este I who managed their Norsedam branch. She held so much authority even the mayor of Norsedam answered to her.

With her power, was she just anyone to be messed with?

Even if the Hundred Bane Sect had killed countless people In poh still IEE) careful Shed the UeriRearts, as they were under the Volsung Sect's protection. Hence, while the crowd was shocked to hear Sif's name, Tavis was left scowling and silenced.

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Sif was grinning smugly.

Never once was she ever afraid when it comes to competing connections! Tavis was hanging his head in turn, afraid to say a word since he knew how difficult Sif could be.

Anyone who messed with her would have messed with her younger brother—the freak of Volsung Sect.

"Oh, he's spineless. Boring..." Sif sighed in disappointment as she returned to her seat.

Then, she glanced at Frank seemingly nonchalantly.

However, while she presumed that Frank would be petrified after hearing her name—falling to his knees in apology, even—Frank remained impassive.

He was definitely not spooked and did not even glance her way as he sat calmly, ignoring Sif's earlier dramatics.

Still, Sif soon convinced himself that Frank was just feigning calmness to save face, her disdain for Frank flaring.

"500 million from Ms. Lionheart. Any further bids?" Jenny asked loudly just then.

However, she was scowling a little because 500 million was way lower than her expected successful bid.

And it was all because Sif made a bid, intimidating everyone else as she claimed her prize cheaply.

No one would ever dare bid against her unless they had a death wish, making enemies of Morhen's Lionhearts.

"Calling 500 million once! "Calling 500 million twice!" Jenny was left in disappointment even as she asked loudly and futilely.

But even as her hatred flared, the Hyperion Root was really Sif's once she announced the name of her family.

No one would ever dare argue against the Lionhearts—it was suicidal.

"A billion." Amid the silence, a voice suddenly spoke.

Everyone turned to find a slightly portly middle-aged man sitting near Sif, holding up his paddle.

Naturally, it was Trevor.

"What?" Sif turned in disbelief toward Frank, certainly aware that Treyven was just Franc selntiboy and FFark was the one who decided on the bid.

In fact, she had already filled in the blanks in her head—she was m presuming that Frank (asso STUEBOMKE refused to fall to his knees just to save face. And now, he was competing against her on a bid? Sif felt like she was slapped in the face, especially with so many eyes watching.

Was he deaf? Did he not hear Sif announce her bid for the Hyperion Root earlier? Or maybe he was crazy, even suicidal? Either way, the false bravado was real.

"Hot damn. Who's that man stepping on Sif Lionheart's toes?"

"Whoa, I just recognized him. That's the CEO of Trevor gtegatoria, and he's forced iSekan with. Though he's hardly a rival to the Lionhearts!"

Chapter 708

Trevor was certainly not afraid since Frank was backing him up.

While he would give Sif and her widespread connections a wide berth on any other day, things were different now—seated beside him was the only son of Godwin Lawrence, Lord of the Southern Woods.

Who were the Lionhearts in comparison? "Fine. If that's your game, I'll play along!" Sif sneered, repressing her rage as she raised her paddle. "Bid, 2 billion!" The hall was left in an uproar at the number Sif shouted.

As expected of the Lionhearts and their deep pockets—they could shout such an astronomical number without batting an eye! "Ms. Lionheart has called 2 billion!" Jenny exclaimed cheerfully on stage.

Then, she glanced at Frank, urging him to raise Sif in her mind.

"Go on! Keep bidding—don't lose to Sif!" "Hmph." Trevor snorted as he raised his paddle. "2.1 billion." Sif sneered and raised hers too. "2.5 billion! Go on, challenge my coffers. I have nothing but money!" Everyone could tell that her ire was stoked, given the raised pitch in her voice.

"2.6 billion." Trevor kept bidding, knowing how important the Hyperion Root was for Frank.

He certainly was not just being childish—he was simply bent on getting that herb! "3 billion!" Sif announced, her visage proud.

There was no reason to fear as she had all the money in the world, and she was certainly eager to see how far those two would go! "3.1 b—" Trevor was about to raise his paddle when Frank put a hand on his arm, stopping him.

Then, as Trevor looked on in confusion, he shook his head. "Forget it. Let her have it."

"But..." Trevor was taken aback and quickly said, "The Hyperion Roots so important to ype! Vale (orgiving up, \$ir? itd money you're worried about, you don't have to—just leave this to me."

"No, it's not a question of money." Frank glanced very briefly at Sifis eyes sogn ring bic lo Hyperion Rbot! "It's not a hundred years old, so it wouldn't be that helpful to me." "What?!" Trevor gaped. "Are you saying it's a fake?! How dare the Leaf family sell a fake to the public!" He quickly checked the Hyperion Root that lay on the table again. It was luminous from tip to tip, its roots thin and long... it almost did not look fake at all!

Frank shook his head. "No, | won't call it fake—it's just too young, ang its medicinal effecty Mcking Sve QY : : SELENA made queries earlier, but it had been harvested at ninety years old. Areal shame, either way." Even if there was just a ten-year gap between ninety years and a hundred years, the result in growth between them was vastly different.

While it would heal Frank to a certain extent, he would not make a full recovery.

"In that case, it really is a shame." Trevor sighed in disappointment, losing interest in the Hyperion Root himself after Frank's explanation.

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Meanwhile, Jenny was looking around. "Lady Lionheart's bid stands at 3 billion. Do | hear another bid?" Trevor was frowning but stayed silent instead of continuing to compete against Sif.

Sif mistook it as Trevor showing weakness and was unable to compete further.

Smiling with smug disdain, she asked, "Why the silence? Go on, keep bidding—let's see how much dough you have, challenging us Lionhearts." "Actually, you can have it since you like it," Frank suddenly said quietly.

If anything, buying an underdeveloped Hyperion Root at three billion dollars only proved Sif's immaturity and experience.

"I can have it?" Sif snorted, folding her arms before her chest. "Pretty words, but just admit you can't afford it. Do I really need your handouts? How shameless can you be?" "Heh." Frank simply chuckled and refrained from arguing, since it was pointless.

still, his attitude only left Sif annoyed, and his smile left her feeling powerlessly frustrated.

She was intent on seeing Frank submit to the monumental pressure and frightening deep pockets of her family, but he remained nonchalant as always.

And that really upsetted her.

However, there was no excuse for her to keep harassing him—if she did, it would show everyone how petty she was, and she would lose more than what she stood to gain.

Snorting, she returned to her seat.

Frank narrowed his eyes, the frustration in Sif's expression not escaping his notice. - Eventually, Sif bought the ninety-year-old Hyperion Root for the astronomical price of three billion.

"Next up, another treasure from my family's roves," Jenny announced and pulled off a red cloth to reveal a white stalactite as thick as a person's arm. "It's a milk-white stalactite—never processed or sculpted, one of the rarest items in my father's collection. Feel free to check it out." "Huh...?" Frank's face fell when he saw the white stalactite.

It was disappointing that he lost the bid for the Hyperion Root, but he suddenly straightened now, his eyes clearly focused.

"Amusing." Frank murmured in excitement as he held Trevor's hand. "We need this, Trevor, no matter how much it costs!" He had kept his voice down, but Sif heard him nonetheless.

And seeing how excited he was, Sif scoffed in disdain, finally getting an opening to throw shade at Frank.

"What's so impressive? It's just a stalactite. Even if it's older than most, it'd never measure up to any other Mother Nature's wonders, and any respectable family would have a couple lying around. Only hicks like you who have never seen the world would consider it a treasure." Frank did not react to her, however, and kept urging Trevor to make a bid under his breath.

The stalactite was flawlessly white, shaped like a bamboo shoot after a thousand years' growth. Even if it was old, Trevor himself could not see what was special about it from its appearance alone, and it was not particularly breathtaking despite its rarity. At best, it would be cut off into smaller pieces to make fortune totems for warding off bad luck with.

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On the other hand, Trevor believed that the huge rock might have something special in it if Frank thought so highly of it.

"Mr. Lawrence, the stalactite..." he asked tentatively just in case.

He knew for a fact that Frank had several such stalactites in his own mansion in Skywater Bay. Even if those stalactites were not as old as this one, there was no reason this particular one delighted Frank so much.

"We must have it!" Frank's reply was simple and determined.

Naturally, Sif could see that nearby.

"Yes, sir!" Trevor had no reason to refuse, seeing how determined Frank was.

In fact, he would bankrupt himself buying that rock just because Frank said so! Meanwhile, Jenny was smiling as she introduced, "My father's friend happened to find this milk-white stalactite while exploring

a cave. It's a rare thousand-year-old stone, though we've never looked inside. The starting bid is ten million, and subsequent bids must be over a million." Though Jenny's introduction was simple, the bidders knew that the milk-white stalactite was more than what it seemed, and the air in the auction hall became charged right then.

"20 million!" "25 million!" "30 million!" Though the wealthy bidders began to compete, they weren't actually interested in the stone itself, but what it contained within.

After withstanding the wear and tear of a thousand years, what lay within would definitely be special.

It was obvious everyone was ready to take a gamble, and even the auctioneer was brave enough to set the starting bid at a hundred million.

And as a businessman, Trevor could certainly read the signs.

Seeing that there were less bidders and that the timing was right, he stood up, snapping bluntly as he raised his paddle, "200 million!" "200 million?!" The hall was left silent at Trevor's bid, and they watched him, some shaking heads and some sighing, while others laughed in contempt.

It was a gamble, but there was no telling what the milk-white stalactite contained—it could well be just an insignificant rock! If that happened, one would have paid through the nose for nothing, and this was especially the case with that 200 million dollar price tag! Some bigwigs were shaking their heads, considering Trevor mad for that uncalculated gamble.

Naturally, no one raised his bid.

Those who know Trevor were aware of his determinationagdhawhe!! [Never Ist White set his sight on.

If they could have him owe him a favor instead of fighting for it, why not? Hence, silence ensued in the hall.

"Mr. Zurich bids 200 mil! Any further bids?" Jenny then asked loGaly m opstagaNdaKing arou nd. As every other bidder kept quiet, Jenny pressed, "Calling 200 mil once! "Calling 200 mil twice!" Just as Jenny was about to say it thrice, Sif slowly raised her paddle beside Frank.

"300 million," she said and smiled provokingly at a frowning Rank! 85 if sfre hadvbiféady won.