

Girlboss 751

Chapter 751

It was all Luna's fault, but she would pin the blame on Frank anyway—it was his mess that had led the Soranos to her doorstep, and in turn leading to her getting beaten up!

She would never believe that she earned that beating, having gotten buoyed from inheriting the billion-dollar investment company, and hence spoke with impertinence even to some strangers.

Glaring at Helen, she bellowed, "He will eventually lead all of us to our deaths as long as he stays in the family! Renounce him if you want to retain your candidacy as next head of the Lane family!"

Gina started yelling at Frank too. "Have some sense and kneel, Frank! Go to Laneville right now and explain yourself to the Soranos—tell them that you have nothing to do with us!"

On the other hand, Fleur was not interested in idle talk and turned toward the burly bodyguards with her. "Go, Deedle. Tie up that little shit—we'll bring him to the Soranos!"

Helen strode up right then, shielding Frank protectively behind herself. "Come at me if you have a problem. Even if Frank did kill Hubert Sorano, my fate will be the same as his. But don't try to blame him if he's innocent!"

"Madam Lang..."

Deedle was left scratching his head and glancing at Fleur.

"Do it! I'll take the blame if anything happens!" Fleur snapped furiously, ready to repay all previous grievances she had toward Helen and Frank.

As long as they came quietly, their farm resort project would go up in smoke with no hope of turning the tables.

“Oh. Hehe...” Deedle chuckled as he extended his large hand toward Helen, ready to grab her by the neck.

Frank was naturally not about to abide with that—suddenly, he was in front of Helen and caught Deedle’s palm.

“What?!”

The Southstream Lanes were all left dumbstruck, and even Gina was stunned.

There was something different about Frank now... The man did not even appear murderous, but the gnawing fear of death she felt whenever she was in his presence was now much worse!

Luna took a step back too, aware that Frank was not one to be messed with.

“What are you doing, Deedle?! Do it!”

On the other hand, Fleur had no idea how terrible Frank could be—all she knew was that Deedle and Deedum were the best among her family’s bodyguards.

They were both vigor wielders, and with their towering physique, scrawny ol’ Frank would be no match for them.

Hell, not even if he grew a head taller!

“Ugh...” Deedle, however, was scowling.

He was never the type who held back, and yet, Frank was holding his palm in place with a vice-like grip.

Chapter 752

Fleur was left gaping in disbelief as both Deedle and Deedum dropped to their knees in front of Frank.

“What?!” she exclaimed.

Deedle and Deedum were the best of the Lane family bodyguards—Fleur would never reveal them to anyone unless it was really necessary.

And yet, her trump cards turned out to be so insignificant against Frank!

It was only then that Fleur remembered what Jade Zahn had told her before she came—if she wanted to take down Frank, she had to work on Helen.

They have to pull rank, using their family’s influence to coerce Frank instead of resorting to violence—they would never win with the latter.

Though regret showed on Fleur’s face as she finally remembered Jade’s warning, she was not about to let things slide.

Wheeling on Helen, she snapped, “Just look at your ex-husband! He’s a real savage, as if the rules don’t apply to him! Get this—Mark is being confined by the Soranos, so put a leash on Frank right now! Candidate for the next head of the Lane family? We will all die because of you before that!”

Helen was going to argue that Fleur started it since she had sicked Deedle on Helen herself but became panicked when she heard that the Soranos had Mark.

If this was really Frank’s mess, her candidacy as the next head of the Lane family would really be forfeited.

Frank obviously realized that too.

He, Vicky, and Helen had worked very hard just so that Helen had a shot as the next head of the Lane family. They would stand to lose a lot if the Soranos really got Helen forfeited.

Hence, Frank briskly shoved Deedle and Deedum's burly figures away and snorted. "I am man enough to admit what I did, and I'd never avoid taking responsibility."

Wheeling on the mob of bodyguards brought here to punish him, he snapped, "You're all real pieces of work. Every last one of you refused to stay and defend the Lane family when they needed you, choosing to run away, even seizing the opportunity to repay personal grudges. Maggots!"

"Who do you think you are talking to, you little shit?!" Fleur snapped furiously.

"Frank Lawrence!" Luna yelled. "Don't think you get to strut just because you can throw a punch! Once the Soranos come for you, even your nine lives won't last you long!"

"Exactly! Why are you cowering here?! Go face the Soranos if you can! Don't drag us into your mess!" Gina joined in.

"It's just the Soranos. What's the big deal?" Frank snorted, not caring about the Soranos at all.

The Southstream Lanes cleared a path by instinct.

"Frank..." Noel murmured, having been watching from the start, her expression troubled.

After all, she realized that Frank had made enemies of the Soranos because of her.

"Don't worry. It has nothing to do with you—the Soranos and I had beef even before you came." Frank stopped her since he could anticipate what Noel would think.

"I'm coming with you," Helen said solemnly, standing up just then. "I'll face it with you, whatever this is about."

Chapter 753

In a way, Frank was really impressed with how Mona could just keep eating without caring about what was happening just outside.

While he was exasperated with taking in such a single-minded glutton, he gave Mona a look. “I’m counting on you here. Call me right away if the Soranos came here... and if anyone messes around in this mansion, beat them within an inch of their lives.”

“Got it!” Mona nodded enthusiastically.

When all was said and done, she was still Birthright rank and had the protection of the mysterious Haply Hall—her ability was more or less assured.

With the arrangements made, Frank led Helen out of the hilltop mansion with the Southstream Lanes in tow.

That was when Fleur subtly turned and gave Deedle and Deedum a look. Catching their cue, they slowed down and stayed toward the rear of the group.

Then, when they thought Frank was not looking, they turned and headed back to the hilltop mansion.

Before they came, Fleur had given them instructions to take everyone in Frank’s mansion—the Soranos could deal with them as they liked after.

That, or the Southstream Lanes would really get caught in Frank’s mess.

Both Deedle and Deedum understood that and therefore barged into Frank’s hilltop mansion again, grinning savagely as they glared at the helpless women.

On the other hand, Mona nodded in understanding when she saw Deedle and Deedum return.

So this was what Frank had hinted at before he left!

Striding out from the group of terrified women, she stood akimbo and snapped, “Hey, boneheads—fuck off if you know what’s good for you, or I’m not going to play nice!”

Deedle and Deedum simply presumed she was just struggling futilely and took no notice.

“Haha! A little lass like you? You really can talk!” Deelle laughed gruffly.

Deedum growled solemnly in turn, “Cut the crap. We’d be in deep shit if Frank Lawrence suddenly turns back.”

Deedle nodded, remembering how easily Frank had overwhelmed them just now.

“Mona, run!” Carol Zims could cry right then—a little girl like her stood no chance against those two towering goons!

And yet, Mona started forward as she saw that Deedle and Deedum were not leaving, which left the women pale.

“Haha! A brat like you—” Deedle laughed, but that was when Mona disappeared and suddenly appeared in front of him.

“What?!” Deedle gasped as his eyes widened and immediately felt his cheek get up close and personal with Mona’s foot.

“Argh!” Deedle’s burly form was sent flying out of the door right then, and he dropped on the floor like a ragged doll.

His bleeding teeth were all sent flying, while his eyes rolled up into his head as he fainted.

Chapter 754

Pow!

“Argh!”

Deedum screamed as his bones cracked audibly and his arms dangled limply at his sides.

“Now stay away!” Mona bellowed.

Taking a few steps back as the other women looked on in shock, she then leapt forward, launching a kick up Deedum’s chin and sending him flying too.

Deedum howled in pain as he joined Deedle, slamming heavily into the ground outside, his fate unknown.

“Huh...”

Unlike Winter, who had seen Mona fight before, Noel and Carol were both left stunned, and they were suddenly looking at Mona differently.

—

Frank and the others drove for over an hour to finally arrive at Laneville in Southstream.

Even before he entered, he saw the familiar men in white—the Soranos’ bodyguard.

And to no surprise, Willy Sorano, who had fled for his life from Noel’s mansion the other night, was sitting smugly in the Laneville drawing room.

Gavin Lane was not present, though his eldest son Roth appeared most undignified as he served their beck and call, looking as undignified as a slave.

Jon Lane was reclining limply on the couch, his face thoroughly beaten up.

He had yielded, but there was a glint of defiance in his eyes.

Seeing Frank and the others enter, Willy stood up and beckoned at a man with a long beard and a dark glare. “That’s him, Mr. Zeller.”

Gus Zeller slowly stood up as he looked at the approaching Frank, asking icily, “What did the Lane family promise us? You said you’d tie up that murderer before you deliver him to us! You can’t even do that much?!”

Roth inhaled deeply just then. Bracing himself against Gus’ hostile glare, he bowed even as he said, “When all is said and done, Mr. Lawrence is still a member of our family. It’s uncivil to tie him up. Moreover, we don’t know who actually murdered Zam Sorano yet—we only brought Frank to clear the misunderstanding, not to press blame!”

“Silence!”

Seeing that Roth was still being defiant, Gus suddenly waved and unleashed a burst of pure vigor at him. It sent Roth slamming into the wall, and he coughed blood.

“Roth!” Jade cried out in anguish and promptly yelled at the servants, “Go! You heard Mr. Zeller—tie Frank Lawrence up!”

Seeing that the Lane family bodyguards were moving up, Roth bellowed, “Don’t do it!”

Even as he coughed blood, he straightened himself as he stood. “We may be a modest family in little Southstream, but the Soranos are out of line! Kill me if you want, Gus Zeller—we will not tie up a member of our family without rhyme or reason!”

Chapter 755

Naturally, it did not matter how tightly the Lane family bodyguards tied Frank up—freeing himself was a matter of intention, and he played along just to spare Roth from Gus’ wrath.

“Hahaha!!!” Willy was even less wary now that Frank was tied up, striding down the stairs and pointing haughtily at Frank. “How about that, asshole?! Not so full of yourself now, are you?! Here, I’ll count to five... Haha...”

He was quoting Frank, even mimicking him and holding up five fingers just to rub it in.

Frank remained unmoved, however.

“You wanted to know how Hubert Sorano died? I’ll tell you right now,” he said quietly, striding once toward Willy and holding his gaze as he growled, “I killed him. And he was full of himself... just like how you’re behaving right now.”

The Soranos were actually unfazed by his threat, but that could not be said for Fleur.

“Insolence!” she shrieked, eager to renounce Frank. “You little shit! I should’ve known you were a murderer! To think you’d speak so insolently after you killed a member of the Sorano family, even threatening Mr. Sorano himself?! I’ll have your head now!”

Wheeling on the Lane family bodyguards, she bellowed, “Go! Cut his head off to appease Hubert Sorano’s soul!”

“Exactly!” Gina promptly joined in after Fleur’s outburst. “He’s a real jinx! My family has already cut all ties with him a long time ago! My daughter and I knew he was scum, so she divorced him—”

“Silence!” Fleur suddenly cut Gina short, bellowing, “You Northstream Lanes brought this all upon us! That’s why we’re disowning every single one of you. Go kill them all—Frank, Helen, and Gina!”

“What?!” Gina was left gaping in disbelief—how did she get caught in Frank’s mess?!

Still, she quickly started pleading, “Please, Madam Lang... I’m innocent! Helen too! It’s all Frank’s fault—”

“Silence!” Fleur bellowed again, glaring at Gina furiously while flexing her authority as the most senior member of the family. “You’re all despicable fools, and we Southstream Lanes would have nothing to do with you! The only purpose you have is to die for your crimes and to prove our innocence!”

“Hah! Madam Lang is right—the Northstream Lanes are all trash and maggots!” Luna added, feeling cathartic even as she watched Helen’s face turn pale.

Her disfigurement would hurt her chances of becoming the next head of the Lane family, and she was not about to let Helen stay on as a rival, especially with that beauty of hers.

If anything, the best outcome here was to eliminate the Northstream Lanes all at once!

With that in mind, Luna could not help being genuinely impressed by Fleur’s ability at scapegoating. The cunning of the rich and important was certainly extraordinary.

Gina even gave up on all dignity right then, dropping to her knees and begging Fleur for mercy. “Please, Madam Lang... I’m begging you! Just let us go... I helped you, didn’t I?”

Chapter 756

However, Fleur remained apathetic even as Gina begged, showing no intention of compromising.

Even Helen was afraid. “Frank, could there be a misunderstanding here...?”

She believed that Frank could not stand up against that many martial elites at the same time.

That was especially true with Gus, the man who stood above them whose very appearance made it obvious he was no pushover.

Was this really the end for them?

Helen could not help regretting her actions just then—if only she had known her place and refused Gavin’s nomination of her as the next head of the Lane family.

Obviously, Fleur did not want to see that happen and had come for her head.

However, it was while her thoughts strayed that Frank spoke beside her ear.

“Don’t worry. No one will hurt you as long as I’m around.”

“Yeah,” Helen replied, slowly calming down as Frank’s words instilled her with an indescribable sense of confidence.

Then, even as the Lane family bodyguards strode up at them, weapons in hand, she breathed a sigh before striding forward and bellowed, “I’m a candidate for the next head of the Lane family! Who dares to challenge me?!”

Her spirited shout left the Lane family bodyguards pausing—they were all trading looks, none of them advancing.

Seeing them stop, Fleur bellowed furiously right then, “You mooks! They’re not a part of our family! Go! Kill them now!”

“Silence, Madam Lang!” Helen glared at Fleur viciously before turning toward the rest of the family. “Who died and made you king? Mark Lane? Or perhaps you’re now ahead of the Lane family? Or maybe the next?!”

Helen’s outburst left the Lane family bodyguards silenced again.

That was true!

Forget Fleur’s constant need to assert her authority over the rest of the family—she was now asking them to kill the next head of the Lane family!

Who would take responsibility if they actually went through with it?

And Helen could see the bodyguards’ hesitation.

“I’ll have no complaints if Mark Lane demands our departure... But!” She bellowed, pointing at Fleur Lang, “What right does she have to send me away and even demand my death, when I might become the next head of the Lane family?!”

Fleur could blow up from Helen’s conceited declaration and thumped her cane violently on the floor as she cried, “You bitch... I’m an elder of the Southstream Lanes!”

Gina was scared out of her mind and hurried to stop Helen, crying, “Stop it, Helen! Just kneel and beg Madam Lang to spare us!”

Helen shook her off, snapping coolly, “If I become the next head of the Lane family, I won’t behave as spineless as the rest of you! Confining your own when the enemies are at the gates?! Instead of saving your leader and clearing the misunderstanding, you’re now conspiring with your enemies against your own!”

When Helen was finished, another spirited shout could be heard from upstairs.

“Helen is right! You’re all a bunch of spineless cowards!”

Chapter 757

“Mark?”

“Grandfather?”

The spirited shout from upstairs left the Southstream Lanes stunned.

Fleur was stunned like the rest and snapped right then, “Silence, old-timer! I’m doing this to save your life!”

“I will not be denied!” Mark continued shouting from upstairs. “I’d rather die right now than live under such grief! I was waiting to see if any of you kids were going to stand up to these thugs... but Clark and Gable bailed as soon as they heard the Soranos were here! Only Gavin and Helen stood up against them! That’s why I’m announcing it right now: only Gavin and Helen will be the candidates for the next head of the Lane family—Oof!”

Mark was suddenly grunting just as he was about to finish, seemingly struck.

“Sir!” Helen exclaimed in shock.

Frank strode forward, leveling an icy look at Willy right then. “Come at me if you have a problem. Bullying an old man says more about you than me.”

“Old man? Who are you talking about?!” Mark was laughing upstairs. “I’m not old yet, whippersnapper! Punch me again if you can—Oof!”

As Mark grunted in pain again, Frank’s brow creased in fury.

He felt profoundly guilty toward Mark—the Soranos had beef with him, but, unable to find him, they came to the Lane family instead.

It seemed that Willy had somehow connected the dots and realized that Hubert had visited Riverton before to attend the arranged marriage between the Lane and the Graves family.

That in turn led him to Helen, and then Frank.

And Frank was not about to let Mark die—not when his brother Henry had saved his life.

Leaping past Helen, Frank glared furiously at Willy as he snapped, “Debts will be paid, but only by the debtor. Come at me with everything you have!”

“Come at you?!” Willy snorted and kicked Frank right then, sending him stumbling a few steps backward.

Willy then raised a palm as he sneered viciously. “You’d better kill yourself in five seconds, or my men upstairs will kill Gavin Lane. Another five seconds, and it’s Mark Lane... and any second of hesitation after that, it’s another member of the Lane family. Let’s see how tough your so-called spine is!”

Then, chuckling darkly, he said, "Oh, and your girl's quite hot... But don't worry, I'll give her some proper loving when you're dead."

Frank, however, calmed down despite Willy's provocation.

He even closed his eyes and sighed. "I'm curious, Willy—whatever led you to believe you have power over me?"

"What, you ask?" Willy laughed and pointed at Gus, who sat nearby. "Do you know who that is? This is Gus Zeller—our family spared no expense grooming him to Ascendant rank. No one in Riverton is a match for him, let alone you! So don't ever believe yourself to be invincible, because we can crush you effortlessly whenever we want to!"

Helen glanced at Frank worriedly at Willy's boast.

She more or less heard about the rank between marital artists, and Ascendant rank was basically a god to the layman.

And Frank had mentioned that he was Birthright rank before... and there was a vast gap between Ascendant rank and Birthright rank.

It was therefore likely Frank would not win against Gus.

And that was when Gus slowly rose to his feet, striding to the edge of the stairs and looking down at Frank as he said, "I have no interest in dealing with you, kid."

Chapter 758

"However, you insolently slayed Zam Sorano, the head steward of the Sorano family, and incurred their wrath. Your fate is hence sealed."

Frank paused at Gus' words. "Zam Sorano? The geezer who barged into Noel York's house that night with Willy here?"

Gus stood, his hands clasped behind his back as he nodded. "Indeed."

"No, there's been a mistake." Frank shook his head. "I'll admit to slaying Hubert Sorano, because he disregarded my warnings and insulted me. But I didn't slay Zam Sorano."

"Hmm...?"

Gus appeared hesitant, raising a brow. "Well, Hubert is just some mistress' child. If it's just him, I have no reason to get involved..."

He could tell that Frank's rank was quite high and had no reason to lie given the circumstances.

"Shut up, Frank Lawrence!" Willy promptly yelled, afraid that the truth would be unraveled. "How naive are you, thinking that your lies could deceive Gus?"

"Believe what you want to," Frank replied, calmly shaking his head. "I only sent Zam Sorano flying but did not kill him—if his injuries had been tended to in time, he'd have survived."

"Quit your sophistry!" Willy bellowed. "And your five seconds are up—Ghent Loeb, kill Gavin Lane right now!"

"Stop!" Jade leapt forward, pleading, "Please, Mr. Sorano. It's all Frank's fault! Don't take it out on us—we're innocent!"

"So what if you are?!" Willy bellowed. "He's your in-law, and he resorted to deception while refusing to accept the punishment for his crimes! Do it, Ghent!"

"Stop!" a cold voice bellowed behind Willy just then.

It was Gus, whose cool gaze was fixed on Frank. "Zam was my mentor, and I have come to avenge him. And if you claim you didn't kill him... Then who did it?"

"I wouldn't know. You should be asking the Soranos instead," Frank replied calmly.

He had been ready to strike but quickly composed himself seeing that Gus placed more importance on Zam's murderer.

"Hmph. Let's see if you really didn't!" Gus barked and suddenly leapt into the air, streaking toward Frank like a raptor.

"Hmph." Frank snorted in turn.

With a burst of pure vigor that blew away the rope blinding him, he directed the Five-Peat Archaeus through his veins, and a projection of a roaring together shot away from him.

"What?!"

Gus became dead serious when he sensed Frank's abundant pure vigor and unleashed his best move on the first strike. "Sundering Talons!"

Golden streaks akin to a raptor's talones clawed toward Frank, who appeared solemn as he took a step back.

He may have completed Birthright rank now, but he could not afford to be careless against an Ascendant rank.

Every ounce of his pure vigor bursting away from him, he charged his fist and unleashed a thunderous punch.

Bang!

The two golden bursts of pure vigor erupted violently as they collided, and all of Laneville rumbled endlessly as if an earthquake had struck.

Chapter 759

Gus went all out from his very first strike, and Frank met his blows unflinchingly.

Their fight was beyond the realm of an average Joe's understanding—each blow was as swift as a shadow and as lethal as a viper's fang... And they exchanged over thirty blows in no time at all!

"What?!"

On the other hand, Willy was left staring on in shock as both Frank and Gus proved evenly matched, even having a foreboding sensation right then.

Then, after over fifty blows, Gus leapt backward away from Frank, taking a moment to calm his erratic breathing and staring at the other man fixedly.

"I'm surprised..." He nodded. "You're not Ascendant rank, but you already boast such immense strength. I can already see that if you wanted my mentor dead, you wouldn't have to resort to underhanded measures such as slashing him through the neck with a dagger."

Pausing, Gus then turned toward Willy and growled icily, "You have explaining to do, Willy Sorano."

"W-What do you mean, explaining?" Willy snapped in defiance. "He killed your mentor! There's no denying it!"

Seeing Willy's denial, Gus' eyes suddenly narrowed as he unleashed a burst of pure vigor, pulling the bodyguard standing beside Willy toward him.

Glaring icily into the man's eyes, he asked, "Tell me, how did my mentor die?"

The bodyguard was stunned and turned to Willy in reflex before staying silent.

And as an Ascendant rank, Gus was able to catch the bodyguard's movement and interpret it accordingly.

It seemed that there was something fishy about Zam's death, and Willy was most definitely involved.

Flinging the bodyguard away, Gus then turned toward Frank. "Well, you're innocent regarding my mentor's death, but aren't you still culpable for maiming him and for the death of Hubert Sorano?"

"Indeed I am," Frank admitted without flinching.

"At least you show mettle. In that case..." Gus snorted, musing to himself for a moment before turning toward Willy. "Since you've insulted the Sorano family and we can't just let it slide, why not apologize to Willy here, and we'll let bygones be bygones?"

"What?!" Willy was left glaring at Gus in furious disbelief. "What is the meaning of this?!"

"It's exactly what it means." Gus waved him off, not bothered to explain himself. "This is the end of it. Hubert Sorano was asking for it, while I'll be personally investigating my mentor's death. At worst, Frank's crime was accidentally slaying a member of the family, but since Hubert is a mistress's child, it really is no issue. Also..."

Gus looked around at the Lanes as he added icily, "Don't breathe a word about this, or each of you would have breathed your last."

"Of course!" Helen agreed before the others could.

Fleur was ready to argue but had to hold back when she saw the warning look Gus shot her.

After all, the Soranos had spoken—another word from her, and she would be killed in an instant.

Naturally, she was left seething that everything ended on such a sloppy note, with their blame game being foiled!

Beside Fleur, Luna was even madder. However, she did not throw a tantrum either since anyone who argued at this point would be an enemy of the Soranos and the Ascendant rank Gus.

As such, she could only glare at Helen with flaring spite.

“What do you say, Frank?” Gus asked just then.

Chapter 760

Frank nodded as Gus turned toward him with a pointed look. “Of course—I would certainly accept the olive branch you offer.”

Then, turning toward Willy, he said, “I’m sorry for what happened before, Mr. Sorano.”

However, there was no hint of sincerity in Frank’s apology. If anything, it sounded like an insult.

Willy’s face darkened, but he was afraid to throw a fit.

Instead, he resorted to name-dropping. “My father will hear about this, Gus Zeller!”

“Sure.” Gus nodded impassively. “Though that would have to wait after the murderer of my mentor is unmasked.”

Willy stiffened at Gus’ words, but he snorted as he turned and strode off.

“Mr. Lawrence.” Gus actually saluted Frank, a stark contrast to Willy’s frustrated reaction.

As Gus beckoned for the Soranos’ men to leave with him, Helen was still caught off guard by Gus and the Soranos’ quick change in attitude.

“What’s going on Frank?” she asked—was Gus really backing down because of Frank’s strength?

Frank was staring at Gus pensively. "This isn't going to be that simple."

"Ahem..."

Mark and Gavin, who had been upstairs, came down with the assistance of their bodyguards.

Gavin was clearly beaten up, his face battered and bruised, unable to speak fluently. Even so, he nodded gratefully at Frank and Helen.

Mark had bruises on his face too, but he was in a much better condition than Gavin.

"Grandpa..."

"Dad!"

Even as their family encircled them, Mark ignored them and turned toward Helen, who stood beyond. "Thank you, Helen. You really saved our family there!"

"I don't agree." Fleur snorted, sarcastic again now that there was no threat. "If not for her, the Soranos would never have attacked us. It's all Helen and her ex-husband's fault!"

Pausing, she then added, "The way I see it, we should cut all ties with the Northstream Lanes and avoid getting involved with them ever again."

"Grandma's right," Luna quickly agreed. "Our family was totally innocent, and it's Helen and her ex-husband's fault! They should be handling it themselves in the first place!"

Jade Zahn was also glaring furiously at Frank, feeling pained for her son Roth Lane. "Such a shame they never had to pay the price for their troubles, while we became their scapegoat."

"Enough!" Mark barked, stopping them as he glanced between Helen and Frank.

He knew that Jade and the others were right, and that Frank had caused this problem in the first place.

Nonetheless, he already had a mind to appoint Helen as the next head of the Lane family, and with Frank's help, they would have even more opportunities.

Though that meant more risks in return, Mark had always been adventurous and was therefore more keen for Helen to become next head of the Lane family.

However, to boldly say it now would likely lead to fervent protests. Instead, Mark cleared his throat twice and said, "Be quiet. Now, listen to me."