

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage by Chu

#Chapter 1 – 10

Read The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 1

Chapter 1

“Sign this to finalize your divorce if you have no further questions,” the woman in a flowery dress said as she pushed a sheet of paper toward Frank Lawrence.

They were seated at Lane Manor, and Frank’s sharp brows furrowed as he stared at the divorce agreement before turning to the woman who was his mother in law, Gina Zonda. “What’s this?”

Gina folded her arms across her chest and said flatly, “Lane Holdings has just gone public—that means the gap between you and Helen are growing ever further apart. Since you’re no help to her in her career, all you would do is tie her down, and it’s therefore ideal for you to divorce her sooner.”

Frank smiled bitterly. “Is this what Helen thinks, or is that what you think?”

Gina glowered. “This is what every member of my family thinks. Henry may have arranged this marriage between you and Helen, but we’ve been kind to you as you freeloaded from us over the last three years. Sign this if you know what’s good for you.”

Frank inhaled deeply.

For three years, he utilized every connection and resources he had, helping Lane Holdings develop from a small business to a public company.

And yet, the Lanes only considered him a freeloading husband... how ironic!

Nonetheless, he said, “I can agree to the divorce, but let me see Helen first.”

“My daughter doesn’t have time for you,” Gina snapped coolly.

“Really?” Frank chuckled. “She asked for a divorce but has no time for me?”

“Hmph.” Gina snorted. “So you’re still in denial about the gap between you and my daughter. You’d never understand her burden when you don’t even have a proper job.”

“No, I don’t.” Frank nodded in agreement. “But I won’t sign this if I don’t see her today.”

Bang!

Gina slammed her hand on the table and glared at him savagely. “Know your place, Mr. Lawrence! I’m here talking to you to spare your dignity, so sign it already!”

“Haha! Spare my dignity?” Frank reared his head in laughter before suddenly narrowing his eyes at Gina. “Lane Holdings hadn’t grown all that much in three years, but you’ve already learned how to strut.”

“What—” Gina was left stumped.

“That’s enough,” a voice spoke from upstairs, stopping Gina before she went on another rant.

Frank turned to find Helen dressed in a black business suit as she strode down stairs toward them. With her devilish figure, fair skin, and ravishing beauty, she was a rare marvel of a woman.

“You wanted to see me?” she said as she walked up to Frank. “Now, say what you want to say.”

The coldness in Frank’s eyes faded as he looked at his wife. “Tell me why you want a divorce.”

When they walked down the aisle three years ago, the Lanes had nothing, but he and Helen had each other’s backs and were sweet on each other. Frank in turn swore he would make her family the greatest dynasty in Riverton.

However, as Lane Holdings grew their business with each passing day, Helen spent more time at the office, leading to their marriage cooling off. Even so, Frank felt both pleased and sympathetic that the

young, naive maiden grew to become a strong, independent woman.

Back at the present, Helen simply avoided the question and slid a debit card toward Frank. “I understand that you have your grievance, Frank, and I’ve done you wrong in this matter. There’s ten million in here, and you can have the downtown villa—consider it your alimony.”

Frank sighed. “Even now, you’re still convinced money solves everything?”

“Of course.” Helen nodded. “If it’s not solved, that just means you haven’t thrown enough money at it.”

Frank shook his head in disappointment. “Lane Holdings is worth 200 million, and that’s not enough for you?”

Helen spread her arms and looked pointedly around them. “You’ve gotten too comfortable for too long, Frank—you’re shallow and content with pocket change, which is why this manor will be where it ends. But for me, this is just the start.”

“Indeed... I am shallow, but who is insightful, then?”

Frank asked, shrugging. “Is it you, or perhaps it’s Sean Wesley?”

Helen was taken aback, surprised that Frank knew about Sean despite being a shut-in.

While she had grown close with Sean as of late, she only wanted to build a connection with him to further develop Lane Holdings.

She was just about to explain that to Frank, but she stopped herself and sighed instead. “Yes, he is the heir to an elite family here in Riverton, and he has great foresight. With their wealth and influence, there is no harm in an alliance with them—only profit.”

Frank nodded in agreement, knowing that nothing he could say would change her mind.

His wife has changed, and there was no going back for them.

“In that case, I wish you the best of luck,” Frank said.

Helen had already signed the divorce agreement, and Frank put his signature to it as well.

Then, his gaze cooled as he pushed the debit card back toward the mother and daughter duo. “You can keep this. From now on, all ties between us are cut.”

“You’re just putting on airs.” Gina snorted and rolled her eyes, but she quickly retrieved the debit card. novelbin

On the other hand, Helen felt her eyes welling up with tears as she watched Frank leave. There was no sense of relief—only one of hollowness, as if she had lost something important.

“Mom...” Helen murmured. “I think I’m regretting this a little.”

“What’s there to regret? Just remember to hang out with Mr. King more,” Gina rebuked her sternly. “Just you wait—our family will squeeze our way into the ranks of Riverton’s elite soon enough!”

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

As Frank strode out of Lane Manor, he turned to look at the place he lived at for three years.

He had come here all alone and now left empty-handed.

Just then, a Rolls-Royce sped toward him from a distance, stopping just beside him.

The door opened, and a middle-aged man dressed sharply in a suit alighted, grinning broadly as he jogged up to Frank. “Mr. Lawrence...”

“What are you doing here?” Frank asked as he stared at the man—he was Trevor Zurich, the CEO of Trevor International.

“I’ve recently partnered with your wife for a development project in West City, and I’ve come to discuss the details with her,” Trevor admitted.

Frank nodded but said, “There’s no need for a discussion—Helen now has the Wesley family’s backing and doesn’t need ours, and she’s no longer my wife.”

“What?!” Trevor exclaimed, flabbergasted. “What’s going on?”

“Helen and I got divorced,” Frank admitted. “From now on, there’s no connection between myself and the Lanes.”

Then, turning toward Trevor and gently clapping him on the shoulder, Frank said, “Thanks for your help over the last three years, brother.”

While Trevor’s business was mostly based abroad, he was asked to return to support the Lanes and basically earned zero profit over that period of time.

Even so, Trevor promptly bowed his head and said, “No, Mr. Lawrence—it’s my honor to work in your service... that said, why would Ms. Lane suddenly divorce you? Is the Wesley boy responsible for this?”

Frowning, Trevor clapped himself on the chest and declared, “In that case, I’ll personally visit Ms. Lane and talk things out with her.”

Over the last three years, the only reason he partnered with Lane Holdings was because Frank asked. The Lanes were so far beneath him that they did not even deserve to lick his boots, let alone his partnership!

How shortsighted Helen was, divorcing Lawrence just because her company went public!

Nonetheless, Frank shook his head. “Forget it. Helen and I are divorced—we have nothing to do with each other now. You can go if there’s nothing else.”

Trevor smacked himself on the forehead as he remembered. “Actually, there’s something I need to tell you. Remember the wonderroot you asked me to find? Well, I’ve found it, but...”

Frank wheeled on him right then, asking, “But what?”

“But it’s a family heirloom of the Turnbells. There’s no way they’re selling it,” Trevor replied, though his tone soon changed sharply. “However, I’ve also caught wind that Walter Turnbull’s only daughter was afflicted with a terrible illness five years ago, and she doesn’t have long to live. The good news is that she’s here in Riverton, and if you help her, Mr. Lawrence, the wonderroot would definitely be yours.”

Frank narrowed his eyes—he really needed the wonderroot, especially after that fight at South Sea three years ago.

With his strength greatly diminished, the only way to restore himself to peak condition was through Mother Nature's greatest treasures.

As such, there was no way he could miss out on the wonderroot!

His gaze flashing sharply, Frank asked, "I take it that you've discussed the matter with the Turnbells?"

Trevor gulped, sweat appearing over his forehead as he said, "Of course—I'd never try to deceive you. Walter Turnbull himself promised the wonderroot should his daughter be treated, along with any other condition you care to state."

Frank clasped his hands behind his back and did not press the issue. "In that case, let's pay the Turnbells a visit."

Delighted, Trevor opened the door for Frank and was just about to get in himself when a BMW sped toward them and parked in front of Lane Manor.

Peter Lane—Helen's younger brother—promptly alighted and hurried toward Trevor.

"Have you finished your discussion with my sister, Mr. Zurich?" Peter asked. "Why don't you stay a while longer?"

"Hmph." Trevor shot him a look and snorted in disdain.

He quickly got in his Rolls-Royce and left—there was no need to play nice with the Lanes now that Frank and Helen were divorced.

Naturally, his reaction left Peter, who was left wondering how he had upset Trevor, dumbfounded. He had not done a thing!

Then, he was left gaping as Trevor's Rolls-Royce sped past him, unable to believe what he had just seen.

What was Frank doing in Trevor's car?! What the hell was going on?!

—

Meanwhile, Helen was sitting in her study, glancing at her watch from time to time.

Trevor said he would be visiting just this morning, but it was already past noon!

Gina was worried too and urged her, “Maybe you should call Mr. Zurich and ask.”

“No,” Helen replied. “He never specified a time, so we should wait.”

“But the West City project is so important,” Gina complained. “You need to be more proactive here— just call him!”

While Helen frowned in thought, Gina was losing her mind. “I’ll call him if you won’t.”

“Fine, I’ll do it.” Helen sighed, worried that her mother would make a mess of things.

Though she was hesitant, she made the call, and Trevor soon answered.

Even though she was talking on the phone, her expression was mild and her tone polite. “Hello, Mr. Zurich. I was just wondering what time you are coming by? I would like to be on hand to receive you.”

“Actually, Ms. Lane, I’m afraid that I’m withdrawing from our partnership,” Trevor replied coolly.

“Huh? What... Why?” The sudden bombshell left Helen in a daze.

“You see, I believed you to be loyal, but it seems that I’ve misjudged you.” Trevor scoffed. “I really wouldn’t dare keep characters like you around myself, so consider our partnership annulled.”

And with that, he hung up, leaving Helen dumbfounded and utterly confused.

What was going on?! She had always shown Trevor due respect and never offended him. What on earth was wrong with her character?

“So? What did Mr. Zurich say?” Gina quickly asked just then.

“He’s calling off our partnership,” Helen murmured.

“What?!” Gina exclaimed. “Why?”

“I don’t know!” Helen retorted, rubbing between her brows.

Peter rushed into the room just then, and seeing both his mother and sister, he asked, “Helen, did you finish your discussion with Mr. Zurich?”

“Discussion?! He never came at all!” Gina snapped angrily. “And he just annulled our partnership!”

Peter was left gaping. “What?! But I just saw him outside!”

“What did you say?!” Helen exclaimed in disbelief—if Trevor actually came, did that not mean that he left without coming inside the manor?! Why?!

Peter suddenly gasped as he smacked himself on the thigh. “It was Frank. That b*st*rd must have been talking to Mr. Zurich... I mean, I just saw him get into Mr. Zurich’s car myself!”

“Urgh, that must be it,” Gina groaned as she realized with a start. “That good-for-nothing usually looks down-to-earth, but he turns out to be so vile, messing with us before he left!”

Helen frowned but waved them off. “No. He’s not the type who runs his mouth.” novelbin

She more or less knew Frank after being married to him for three years, and she never once found him badmouthing anyone.

“Come on, Helen. You can never tell what lurks beneath a friendly face!” Peter exclaimed indignantly. “He’s been staying under our roof for three years and knows everything about us. He would have no trouble slandering us!”

“Peter’s right,” Gina agreed adamantly. “Why would Mr. Zurich suddenly leave when he’s already at our doorstep?”

“Yeah. He must have talked.”

Helen, who had been pacing around, found that her mother’s words made sense—there was no explaining Trevor’s strange behavior otherwise!

Her knuckles clenched right then.

How could Frank do this?! She never mistreated him!

Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Frank was napping in Trevor's car when his phone rang, waking him up.

Seeing that it was Helen, he answered and promptly heard her asking coldly, "Frank, are you with Mr. Zurich right now?"

Frank glanced at Trevor, who was sitting beside him. "Yeah."

Helen took a deep breath to calm her rising blood pressure—it seemed that Peter was not lying!

"You disappoint me, Frank," she growled. "If you're upset, you can tell it to my face—why backstab my family?"

Frank rubbed his temple as he replied, "Would you believe it if I told you that I didn't?" novelbin

"Then why would Mr. Zurich leave right after arriving at my doorstep?!" Helen demanded. "He also annulled our partnership!"

"Trevor's decision is his own and has nothing to do with me."

Convinced that Frank was a coward and would not admit to it, Helen was left seething and growling at every word. "You really disappoint me."

Frank's voice suddenly turned cool as well. "It seems all you care about is what you want to believe and not the actual truth. I have no idea what Peter told you nor am I willing to explain myself—just don't bother me with stuff like this ever again."

And with those words, he hung up, the veins on the back of his hand throbbing as his eyes flashed coolly.

To think that Helen never trusted him even after three years of marriage, pinning the blame on him just over mere speculation.

Perhaps she really believed that he was a freeloading shut-in too!

Beside him, Trevor could certainly tell the call was from the Lanes. He asked tentatively, "Shall I straighten them out, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank sighed and waved him off. “Forget it. Let’s just distance ourselves from them from now on.”

He could not bring himself to destroy them just yet, so they could rot for all he cared.

—

Soon, Trevor’s Rolls-Royce slowly entered the Turnbells’ hilltop villa.

Seemingly having been informed of their arrival, a servant was on hand to receive them, leading them to the drawing room.

After bringing them tea, he said, “Please rest your legs for a moment, gentlemen. I shall inform Mr. Turnbull of your arrival.”

After the servant turned and headed upstairs, Frank looked around and muttered quietly, “There really aren’t many servants around here, are there?”

“You shouldn’t underestimate them, Mr. Lawrence,” Trevor told him. “Walter is merely the Turnbells’ figurehead in Riverton, while the majority of their influence remains in Morhen.”

“Their heiress Vicky is herself extraordinary, establishing a transnational trading conglomerate single-handedly five years ago and accumulating billions in wealth. She’s also an apprentice to Riverton’s

governor and a prodigy of martial arts—she would be an elite among Riverton’s youth if not for her illness.”

Frank took a sip of his tea and chuckled. “You really think highly of her! How does she compare to Helen?”

“Haha!” Trevor laughed, not holding back since Frank and Helen were divorced anyway. “That’s like comparing a wolf to a mere sheep.”

Inspiration struck just then, and Trevor grinned. “By the way, Mr. Lawrence, you’re a gentleman with dignity, wisdom, and compassion, while Ms. Turnbull is a ravishing beauty with wit to boot. Should you two tie the knot, it shall certainly be a profound marriage—and I, Trevor Zurich, am all too willing to be your guarantor.”

“Bleurgh!” Frank almost choked on his tea and shot Trevor a glare. “Worry about yourself, not me.”

Trevor scratched his head awkwardly, surprised that Frank was completely uninterested.

Just then, he heard rushed footsteps and promptly got up to greet the man approaching them. “Mr. Turnbull.”

Walter held his hand in turn and asked excitedly, “Trevor, old friend... Where’s this miracle healer you’ve spoken of?”

Trevor promptly made the introduction. “This is him—Frank Lawrence. He has been training in seclusion at the south pole, and his abilities as a healer are extraordinary.”

Walter’s smile stiffened when he saw how young Frank looked. “Are you joking, Trevor? He’s so young!”

“I’d never lie to you, Mr. Turnbull,” Trevor told him solemnly. “If Frank fails to heal your daughter too, then no one can.”

While Walter was absolutely skeptical about Frank, he had no choice but to try, especially when Trevor was vouching for him.

“In that case, please come with me, Mr. Lawrence.”

“Lead the way, sir,” Frank said flatly, and he and Trevor followed Walter to a room on the second floor.

Inside, Frank found a young woman lying in bed.

She was exactly the ravishing beauty Trevor had described, with flawless fair skin, a clear dewy gaze, and a captivating face.

Even if she appeared sickly skinny, there was no hiding her haughty presence—it actually added to her beauty.

A woman in a black suit stood beside her bed, appearing to be her bodyguard.

Walter hurried to his daughter just then, assuring her, “Vicky, Trevor just got you a healer. He’ll definitely help you this time.”

“Thank you so much, Mr. Zurich.” Vicky forced a smile, but she knew her condition best.

After all, she had countless consultations with other healers over the last five years... and none of them helped.

Naturally, she did not pin her hopes on Frank either. If anything, her gratitude was merely a formality.

“You’re exaggerating, Ms. Turnbull.” Trevor smiled and turned toward Frank. “She’s in your hands now, Mr. Lawrence.”

Frank nodded, perfectly comfortable as he walked up to hold Vicky’s wrist.

Vicky did a double take, surprised that he was so young, and watched as Frank’s brow wrinkled and eased intermittently.

After a while, he asked, “Do you frequently engage in martial arts, Ms. Turnbull?”

“I’ve trained a little with my mentor, mostly for my health,” Vicky replied softly.

“To what extent?”

Vicky frowned slightly. “Initiate—why are you asking about that instead of my condition?”

Frank smiled conditionally in turn. “Because your martial arts training caused your condition.”

“What?!” Everyone exclaimed in shock—martial arts could lead to such an illness?!

“Bullshit!” Yara Quill—the black-clad bodyguard standing beside Vicky’s bed—snapped right then. “Vicky was learning the Boltsmacker, a technique passed down in my clan for generations! If that caused her illness, why would my father be fine?”

“Not everyone is attuned to martial arts,” Frank said flatly. “The technique you speak of is conditioned for men and incompatible for women. Vicky’s Ki would stagnate, causing vein and nerve blockage— moreover, she has already reached Initiate. While it is an accomplishment, she is lucky to only be

bedridden. In serious cases, her physique would crumble as she loses all her Ki, while her veins would rupture and potentially kill her.”

Turning around to look at Yara just then, he added, “You should stop too. You’d be paralyzed in three years, give or take, if you continue.”

“Shut up!” Yara swung a palm at Frank’s face right then!

Vicky was like a sister to her—they trained under her father together, and she was constantly by Vicky’s side ever since Vicky got sick.

Yara was certainly convinced that Frank was driving a wedge between them and obviously telling her that her clan’s technique was a sham.

She must straighten him out to quell the spite she felt!

“Stop!” Trevor exclaimed as he paled in shock—he had never expected Vicky’s bodyguard to actually attack Frank!

However, it was not as if he was worried about Frank. Instead, he was just concerned for the ignorant brat!

Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Pow! Pow! Pow!

The air in the room cracked.

Yara struck with power and determination, exchanging over a dozen blows with Frank in no time at all.

The latter had no intention to hurt, however, merely doing enough to defend himself.

Even if he was not in peak condition, Yara was never going to best him.

“Stop it, Yara,” Vicky snapped from the bed just then.

Yara did as she was told, though she was also giving Vicky a wounded look. “That brat...”

“That’s enough,” Vicky said flatly. “Show some manners—Mr. Lawrence is here to help me.”

In reality, Vicky was upset with Frank as well, since Yara’s father was her mentor.

However, as the heiress to her family legacy and herself a martial arts prodigy, she should stay calm at all times.

Moreover, she could immediately tell that Frank’s abilities were outstanding when he exchanged blows with Yara, and that he was clearly holding back.

That was why she told Yara to stop—Yara would definitely lose if he went all out.

Naturally, Yara would not disobey Vicky, and she quietly backed away.

Vicky then turned toward Frank and asked, “Since you’ve stated the cause of my condition, Mr. Lawrence, what treatment are you suggesting?”

Walter and Trevor turned as well, only to find Frank lowering his head, stroking his chin in thought and frowning.

“Mr. Lawrence, could there be some difficulty?” Trevor asked gingerly.

“No, it’s a minor condition that can be treated quickly,” Franks replied as he slowly looked up and turned to Vicky. “I didn’t expect the technique you learned to be so rubbish. You can walk again, but all your progress would be lost... That said, I’ve already perfected that technique, so just train in the way I instruct you to and you’ll be in peak form within the year.”

Yara’s knuckles clenched as she glared at Frank. “Even if it’s rubbish, you were powerless against my clan’s technique.”

Even Trevor was left feeling awkward—Frank was being too frank! He could at least spare the heiress of Boltsmacker some dignity because she was standing right there!

Nonetheless, Frank turned toward Yara and said bluntly, “I’m only showing this once. Watch closely.”

As he directed his Ki with both hands, his clothes began to flap loudly.

Boom.

Frank took a step forward and suddenly shot toward Yara like a bullet!

Yara smiled—he was the one attacking. She never forced him!

She charged her palm with Bolstmacker, meeting Frank's attack instantly!

“Don't hurt him, Yara!” Walter cried.

“Please hold back, Mr. Lawrence!” Trevor exclaimed at the same time.

At the same time, Vicky was staring fixedly at Frank, her mouth hanging wide open. “I-Is that Bolstmacker?!”

There was no mistaking it when she practiced it for over a decade. Frank actually used a secret technique of the Quills—but when did he learn it?!

And as she observed him, she could see that he was clearly wielding it over a thousand times more effectively than Yara!

Pow.

On the other hand, Yara's face fell as she felt the agony in her arm when she caught Frank's palm.

It was like a tidal wave with the crushing force of a mountain, and it seemed endless—Yara was sent flying and crashing into the wall behind!

Bang! novelbin

Her cheeks left flushed as her Ki flared, while she almost vomited her guts out.

Walter was left turning slowly toward Trevor with a look that seemed to ask what on earth Frank was.

Trevor certainly noted Walter's confusion, but he had no idea what to say in reply either.

Still, he wiped the sweat from his brow and heaved a long sigh of relief, thankful that Frank held back. If he actually hurt Yara, there was definitely going to be a serious grudge after!

As Yara leaned against the wall with a look of shock and confusion, she snapped, “W-When did you steal my clan’s technique?”

“When you used it just now,” Frank replied nonchalantly.

Vicky was left gasping—all it took was one look?

And he improved it in no time at all!

That acumen for martial arts was exponentially above hers!

On the other hand, Yara could almost black out.

It took Vicky a year, and herself five years to learn the Boltsmacker, only for this brat to learn it in an instant?!

Talk about frustrating!

“Hahaha!” Walter suddenly laughed.

He was no martial artist, but even he could see how easily Frank bested Yara.

And seeing that Frank was no average Joe, he was no longer holding contempt like he did when Frank first arrived.

“You’re as amazing a healer as you are a martial artist, Mr. Lawrence! See, Yara? You never know a man until you’ve exchanged blows, but that can wait for now... Is Vicky’s condition treatable right now, Mr. Lawrence?”

“I would need acupuncture needles to clear Ms. Turnbull’s veins,” Frank replied.

“Not a problem—we have every medical equipment possibly needed.” Walter smiled and promptly told a servant to fetch it.

After Frank got the box, he said, “Now please undress, Ms. Turnbull.”

“What?” Vicky’s expression stiffened in shock.

“H-Hold on,” Walter quickly butted in as well. “Why? Is this necessary?”

“I need to reanimate Ms. Turnbull’s Ki with at least forty-nine needles,” Frank explained. “That can’t be done with her clothes on.”

Walter frowned. "Is there no other way?"

"I can extract her stagnated Ki, but it won't disperse with her clothes on," Frank replied, shaking his head. "It might ultimately flow back into her body, making the entire treatment pointless."

"Walter, Mr. Lawrence is helping Ms. Turnbull here," Trevor reasoned. "As a healer, he won't do anything out of line."

"Yes." Walter agreed but remained hesitant nonetheless. "But Vicky's engaged..."

"That's enough," Vicky snapped, frowning. "Treatment has nothing to do with engagements."

She especially hated it when her father mentioned the engagement, and she had been working hard to free herself from that. If anything, her family and her father's attempts to indoctrinate her about the boons of a strategic marriage only made her even more resistant.

And right now, she wanted to recover as soon as possible instead of staying bedridden or allowing someone else to dictate her life.

"I'm counting on you, Mr. Lawrence," she said and turned to Yara. "Help me get changed."

Walter did not press the issue, knowing that she was upset. Sighing, he quietly led Trevor out of the room.

Yara walked up to Vicky in turn, slowly lifting her blanket—Vicky's thin white silk pajamas barely hid her perfect figure.

After Yara undressed her and Vicky lay naked before Frank, his pupils dilated.

He could not help being impressed by her perfect body, and even if he had seen plenty himself, he could not help ogling...

Chapter 5

Chapter 5

"Are you done staring?" Yara could not help snapping at Frank, certainly able to see that he was staring fixedly at Vicky.

Even if Frank proved his martial arts prowess, she suspected that he was taking advantage of Vicky, claiming that undressing her was for treatment.

Frank smiled, showing no sign of embarrassment as he said earnestly, "I couldn't help staring just then. Ms. Turnbull is just that mesmerizing."

"Haha." Vicky laughed. "Honest, aren't you?"

She was actually surprised that Frank would admit to it so boldly, unlike self-proclaimed gentlemen who would never admit to their actions.

Suddenly flashing a vague smile at Frank, she added, "You can look as much as you want if you heal me."

"You don't have to. Beautiful things are unforgettable from the very first gaze," Frank said, shaking his head.

Taking out a needle, his fingers brushed over the smooth skin on her chest, feeling a cool sensation just then.

Vicky gasped and shuddered as he inserted the needle just above her nape.

Then, he took out another needle, brushing past her belly and inserting it beneath her navel.

This continued over the next thirty or so needles, each leaving Vicky reeling with agony.

Her fingers clenched on the sheets as she sweated bullets over her forehead, her chest heaving as her breathing turned ragged.

Frank certainly noticed that through the corner of his eye.

Even though he was married to Helen for three years and lived together, they never consummated.

Moreover, he was in his prime, so he could not help being restless seeing such a ravishing beauty lying naked before him.

Biting his tongue, he dispelled those thoughts with the pain and kept working.

Beside them, Yara kept wiping Vicky's sweat with a towel.

After a long while, Vicky finally asked through gritted teeth, “How much longer?”

“This is the last one.”

Vicky breathed a sigh of relief—the pain was finally going to be over. “In that case, please hurry.”

Frank nodded and used his fingers to measure the distance to a spot beneath her navel...

Noticing that something was out of place, Vicky quickly asked, “Where will the last needle be inserted?”

“Five inches beneath the navel.”

Vicky froze, her fair cheeks flushing just then. Five inches beneath the navel, was that not...?!

Though she had been educated with the teachings of multiple cultures, she was conservative in nature—if anything, she was at her limit when Frank asked her to undress to be treated.

She was certainly embarrassed that a needle would be inserted on her crotch!

On the other hand, Frank did not care—he had seen everything, so there was nothing out of line now.

In fact, he inserted the needle before Vicky realized it, and she felt a burst of agony extending across her body. She clenched her teeth and closed her eyes, stiffening like a bowstring as all her internal energies faded right then.

She withstood the pain using her embarrassment and stopped herself from making a sound.

Frank was actually surprised to find her showing such incredible endurance—it would hurt when one’s Ki was broken up. She was definitely a martial arts prodigy, able to stop herself from making a sound.

Nearby, Yara was beside herself with worry, seeing her face contorting. “Are you alright, Vicky?”

“Urgh... I’m fine,” Vicky breathed vapors as the pain faded.

Even if the physique she honed over a decade had been lost, she felt like all her veins were cleared and finally felt her limbs again.

And with Frank's improved version of the Boltsmacker, she would have no trouble regaining her peak form in a year!

Yara looked on as Vicky raised her hands, exclaiming excitedly, "Do you feel better, Ms. Turnbull?"

"Yeah," Vicky replied, her eyes warm with excitement.

It felt amazing to take back control over her own body!

She slowly turned toward Frank. "Your abilities as a healer are extraordinary, Mr. Lawrence."

"I too marvel at your endurance," Frank replied.

Vicky smiled but asked hesitantly, "Actually... Do you mind leaving the room?"

Frank finally remembered that Vicky was still naked, and he had no reason to stay now that she was better.

He turned and left, heading to the drawing room.

Walter and Trevor, who were waiting for a while, were delighted to see him.

"How's Ms. Turnbull?" Trevor quickly asked.

"She's fine now," Frank replied.

"Really?" Walter asked in disbelief.

That was when Vicky arrived downstairs after changing into fresh clothes.

Seeing that she was no longer bedridden, Walter's eyes went red, and he promptly gathered her in his arms.

"You've really recovered, Vicky... Thank goodness!" he cried. "This is wonderful!"

"Dad, I'm fine—don't worry." Vicky smiled. "All thanks to Mr. Lawrence."

“Haha!” Walter laughed heartily as he turned toward Frank. “Don’t worry, Mr. Lawrence—Trevor told me about the wonderroot. I’ve already asked for it to be delivered from the capital, and you’ll have it in three days.”

Frank frowned, but before he could say anything, Trevor walked up to him and whispered under his breath, “Don’t worry, Mr. Lawrence. I promise with my life that the Turnbells would not renege on their promise.”

Noting his confidence, Frank’s frown ease. “Since Trevor here vouches for you, I shall take your word for it. Since your daughter has made a full recovery, we shan’t impose.”

With that, he turned to leave, leaving Vicky surprised.

An accomplished martial artist and an outstanding healer?! They should definitely be keeping him!

“Please wait, Mr. Lawrence. Allow me to walk with you and thank you properly,” she said and promptly gave chase with Yara in tow.

Beside them, Trevor was grinning—she certainly had a keen eye as one would expect of the heiress apparent of the Turnbells.

“So, Walter. What do you think of Mr. Lawrence?” he asked.

Walter nodded and exclaimed in awe, “He’s gifted in both martial arts and medicine... Those two talents alone would set him apart even from the many bigwigs in the capital.”

Trevor chuckled. “I won’t lie to you—that’s not all of his talents. There won’t be a handful who would compare to him even across the country, just as there are hardly any ladies who deserve him. Still, I’m sure your daughter would be one of them.”

Walter smiled as he realized what Trevor was saying. “You flatter me, but my daughter is engaged.”

“Haha!” Trevor simply laughed. “But she still isn’t wed yet. You still have time to reconsider, and do keep Mr. Lawrence in mind when you do.”

Walter suddenly frowned and turned toward Trevor. "I'm actually curious... you used to work abroad. Why have you been lingering in Riverton for years now? And you seemed to defer to Mr. Lawrence a whole lot..."

In the end, any strategic marriage ought to be set between two important families.

Even if Frank was an extraordinary individual, he has no clans backing him and therefore would not mean much to the Turnbills.

Trevor should know as he was the heir of the Zurichs, and it was actually weird that he would vouch for Frank so enthusiastically.

"Haha. I'm afraid I can't comment on that, Walter." Trevor shrugged. "But you should really think about what I said. Also, I shall get going now that our business here is done. Please hurry and bring Mr. Lawrence the wonderroot."

Walter was left mulling Trevor's words after he left, and he promptly called in his secretary to do a background check on Frank.novelbin