

# **The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 101 - Read The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 101**

Chapter 101

Chapter 101

Frank leered at Greg in disdain. “Who do you think you are, telling me to leave?”

Gina snorted pompously. “Don’t think you get to strut just because you are Vicky Turnbull’s manwhore! Greg is Timmy Yates’ business partner—even Vicky Turnbull would have to show him respect!”

“It’s really nothing.” Greg waved her off humbly before turning back to Frank. “Gina doesn’t want to see you, so know your place and leave, or I’ll make you.”

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Frank smiled as he glanced between the pair. “So after all that, the geezer is just your boyfriend? Don’t push yourself when you’re that old now, geezer. You should stay home and rest your age weary back.”

“You asked for this, brat!” Greg did not expect Frank to be that pompous and swung his fist at

Frank’s face.

He had been a school athlete back in high school, and he was tough as nails despite his age. He was convinced he would be fine against some brat!

Thud.

Suddenly, Frank moved, catching Greg’s fist and holding him still right in front of his table.

Greg was stunned—he tried to move his fist, but it was not budging!

At the same time, Frank’s fingers clenched, leaving him with agony!

To add insult to injury, Frank remained perfectly nonchalant, as if he was not even pushing himself.

Greg's face was already pale, but had to stop himself from screaming just to salvage his dignity

Beside him, Gina was still cheering him on. "Go on, Greg! Don't hold back on my account—kill him! I'll take responsibility for anything that happens!"

Gina had absolute faith in Greg, but he was already sweating bullets from the forehead. In fact, his jaw was clenched so hard it could break!

Drawn by the commotion, the owner hurried to the scene just then. Worried that they would really come to blows, he quickly reasoned, "Gentlemen, can't we talk about this? We're but a humble business..."

Frank said coolly just then, "Apologize properly, and I'll let you go."

Before Greg could speak, Gina snapped, "Apologize to you?! Who do you think you are?!"

Greg felt like he could die right then—Gina had just cut off his way out!

had no choice but to brace himself and snap, "Don't push me, brat. Upset me, and be ready suffer the consequences!"

"Hah!" Frank snorted in disdain. "You really won't give up, huh?"

was ready to clench and break Greg's knuckle when a call, arrived,

Surprised for a moment, he whipped it out to find that it was Yara calling "Hello. Ms Quill? What is it?

"Mr. Lawrence? Please come to Skystream Lodge at once. Ms. Tumbull was poisoned""

"What?! I'll be right there!" Frank exclaimed in surprise

Vicky was poisoned?!

With those words, he flung Greg's hand away and strode out of the restaurant.

Greg was still gritting his teeth in pain, but he quickly hid his right hand behind himself.

On the other hand, Gina was not about to give up on a chance to insult Frank

From where she was standing, Frank was running away in fear. novelbin

Using a phone call as an excuse? Laughable!

“Where are you running off to?!” she shouted relentlessly after Frank. “Grow a pair and get back here!”

Greg promptly stopped her. “It’s fine, Gina. We can afford to let him go—he’s obviously scared, and we have no reason to push him too far.”

Gina actually agreed with that and nodded.

Chapter 102

Chapter 102

Gina said, “You’re so forgiving, Greg.”

“There’s no need to get petty with a lowlife,” Greg said, putting an arm around Gina’s shoulder.

In reality, he was feeling a chill down his spine—he was lucky Frank left over something urgent, or there was no telling how things would end!

Oblivious, Gina blissfully leaned into Greg’s arms...

Meanwhile, Frank took a cab straight to Skystream Lodge and found Yara at the top-floor lounge.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw him. “You’re finally here, Mr. Lawrence!”

“What happened?” Frank quickly asked.

“We were on our way to negotiate a business deal when a car rammed into ours,” Yara said as she led the way. “Over a dozen hitmen leaped out of the other car, but they were no match for us, until one of them threw some sort of

powder at Ms. Turnbull. She was fine at first, and then she suddenly collapsed...”

Frank asked, “Have you asked for other healers?”

‘Dan Zimmer’s granddaughter has already checked,” Yara replied. “She said it was a cold poison.”

They soon arrived at the bedroom to find Janet placing a heat pack on Vicky’s head to keep her warm.

Janet breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Frank. “Mr. Lawrence, she’s very cold but she insisted that she’s feeling very hot... It almost looks like a common cold, and I can’t tell what the cause is.”

She had been trying to treat Vicky for a while, when she remembered Frank and his extraordinary abilities with medicine. That was why she urged Yara to contact Frank immediately.

“Let me see,” Frank said, hurrying to Vicky’s bed and picking up her wrist to feel her pulse

Vicky, however, kept twitching endlessly, all light lost from her eyes.

ly, she reached out and grabbed Frank’s hand with a vice-like grip, “1-0”

so hot... Save me, Frank...”

“Don’t worry. You’ll be fine as long as I’m around,” Frank said confidently, quickly holding her place to stop her from moving.

When he was done, he told Janet and Yara, “Hold her down.”

Both women had complete faith in Frank’s abilities and did not hesitate at his call -jumping on bed right then, Yara held Vicky’s hands while Janet held her legs. At the same time, Frank took out the last Ichor Pill, squeezed open her mouth, and fed her.

Vicky started struggling violently right then, almost knocking Janet away!  
novelbin

Still, as time passed, Vicky slowly began to recover, and she calmed down as well. Janet breathed a sigh of relief at that and turned towards Frank. "How was that possible? What was Ms. Turnbull poisoned with, Mr. Lawrence?"

"It was indeed a cold poison," Frank replied. "It's Snowshade, which is a specialty of a certain secluded South Sea clan. The victim's body would turn ice cold as they lose their vigor and warmth until they die."

"And what did you give her?" Janet asked in curiosity.

"An Ichor Pill."

"You still have more?!"

Janet's eyes widened—she heard Dan mention the miraculous properties of the pill.

How many of those did Frank have in store...?

"Not anymore." Frank shrugged.

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Chapter 103

Chapter 103

Janet was speechless and turned to check the time. “Well, since you’re here, Mr. Lawrence, I think it’s alright for me to leave. I still have something to attend to.”

Frank nodded but soon stopped her as he remembered something else. “Hold on, Ms. Zimmer.”

“Yes?”

Frank took out the box of ointment. “If you can make time, I’d like you to deliver this.”

“Deliver? Where to?” Janet asked as she took the box. “I’ll do it first thing tomorrow morning.”

“Lane Manor,” Frank replied. “It’s an ointment to remove scars—it’s for Helen’s face.”

“Why won’t you deliver it yourself?” Janet asked, looking at him hesitantly.

Helen was his ex-wife, so would it not be more appropriate if he did it?

Frank scratched his head. “Things are hostile between me and the Lanes, and Helen’s mother thinks that I’m incompetent. But I was thinking they would believe you if you were the one who brought it to her.”

“I see,” Janet said in realization. “So I don’t have to tell them that it’s yours?”

Frank nodded. “Just tell them it’s made in Flora Hall.”

“Alright,” Janet nodded, thinking to herself right then that the Lanes were so blind they could not even see how amazing Frank was.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Lawrence. I’ll deliver it tomorrow morning,” she assured Frank.

“Thank you,” Frank told her. novelbin

After Janet left, Yara walked up to Frank, asking hesitantly, “Mr. Lawrence, are you going to be busy tonight?”

“No, why?”

“I have something urgent at home,” Yara quickly said. “Would you mind staying with Ms. Turnbull for the night?”

Frank glanced hesitantly at Vicky, who was still unconscious, and eventually said,

“Thank you so much...” Yara even bowed at him before hurrying out of Skystream Lodge.

When Frank returned to the bedroom to find that Vicky was mostly fine, he lay down on the couch to rest.

The skies were turning down as time passed, and Frank soon heard a groan.

Vicky woke up just as expected, shrugging off her blanket and scratching her head.

She was clearly groggy from sleep, and she headed straight to the washroom before Frank could ask how she was.

She sat on the toilet even before she closed the door, leaving Frank feeling awkward right then—should he speak up or not?!

As he turned away, Vicky called out groggily, “Yara, bring me some toilet paper...”

Silence was her answer, and after a while, Vicky called out again, impatient this time, “Yara? Where are you?”

Frank picked up a roll of toilet paper and slid it inside.

“Thank you,” Vicky replied politely when she took it.

“You’re welcome.”

Vicky suddenly snapped awake at her voice, all grogginess gone from her head as she looked up.

As her eyes met Frank's for a while, she shrieked in surprise!

Frank frowned and promptly cupped his ears—her voice had almost shattered his eardrums!

Vicky sprang to her feet at the same time and pulled up her pants. “What are you doing here?!”

Chapter 104

Chapter 104

Frank said flatly, “You were poisoned. Yara called me over to help.”

Vicky's heart raced in fear as she remembered what happened, and quickly asked, “Where's Yara?”

“She left, saying there's something urgent back home. She asked me to stay and take care of you.

Vicky clenched her jaw. “That girl, I swear...”

They were fortunate it was Frank who stayed. What would happen if Yara left her with another man, while she was still unconscious?!

Turning back toward Frank with a charming smile, she said, “You didn't do anything to me, did you?”

“No,” Frank replied, shaking his head. “You worry too much.”

“Hey now—I'm glad you stayed to take care of me,” Vicky grinned, playfully sliding her pajamas off her shoulder. “I wouldn't mind if you really want it... Frank rubbed his nose. “The more you do that, the less interested I'd be.”

“Honestly... Get out of here,” Vicky snorted, pursing her lips—she had just made the vibe in the room a little playful, and he ruined it right then there.

Romance was really dead!

Frank shrugged and closed the washroom door behind himself.

After a while, Vicky stopped out in just a bath towel and sat down on her bed.



“Do you know who poisoned you?” Frank asked just then.

“I don’t know I have a long list of enemies, and I can’t pin them down.”

“The Snowshade you were poisoned with is a specific poison, used by the Hidden Sky Sect of the Southern Sea,” Frank said bluntly.

Vicky rubbed her chin in thought for a while but eventually shook her head. “I’ve never been to the Southern Sea, let alone provoked some sect—maybe it’s just some hitman.”

Frank nodded—that was probable.

Vicky then said, “You should come to work tomorrow. My safety would at least be guaranteed with you around,”

“Don’t worry,” Frank assured her. “I’m a man of my word—It’s just that there were some unexpected complications.”

“As in your ex–wife being in danger?” Vicky teased.

Frank avoided the question. “I owe Henry Lane, and I have to help when the Lanes are in trouble.”

Vicky pursed her lips, completely skeptical.

She was fiddling with her hair when she suddenly gasped, “Ah…”

“What’s wrong?” Frank asked.

“I—I think my chest hurts,” Vicky gasped, her expression contorting in pain. “Is there still some poison in my veins?”

Frank was at once caught in bemusement and disbelief. “That’s impossible—you just took an Ichor Pill. It would completely break the poison.”

“Oh, just come and see! It hurts!” Vicky snapped in annoyance since he was still standing there, deducing.

Still puzzled, Frank walked up, ready to take her pulse when she suddenly caught his wrist, and pressed his hand directly on her chest.

“What...” Frank gulped, left flustered just then.

“Why would you take my pulse when my chest hurts?” Vicky smiled. “Feel my heartbeat instead—see where the problem is.”

Frank realized then she was fine and just teasing him. novelbin

He started to turn, but she firmly pulled, knocking him off balance and landing on top of her.

There were just inches between them, and this time, Frank really felt her heartbeat...

At the same time, Vicky wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Frank’s eyes widened, her sweet scent rushing into his nostrils and overwhelming his rationality.

Suddenly, he did not even have the strength to stand!

Chapter 105

Chapter 105

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wide-eye confusion.

“Are you done?” Frank asked, frowning.

Vicky gingerly got up. “Really. There’s no getting one over you, is there?”

Frank was speechless. “Do you really have to?”

“It’s your fault for being such an extraordinary man.” Vicky smiled, shrugging.

Frank stared at her. “Your fiancée’s far better than me.”

Vicky scowled at those words. “Don’t mention him—I’d rather die than marry into the Lionheart family.”

Frank was actually confused. “Why? Don’t women like you prefer rich heirs like him?”

That was why Helen divorced him too—because he was not a rich kid like Sean Wesley.

Vicky wheeled on him right then, her eyes flashing in determination. “Am I that type of woman to you? Then let me give it to you straight—I have no intention of becoming some trophy wife in the Lionheart family. I, Vicky Turnbull, can do what you men do as well!”

Understanding that she was no doormat down to her very bones, Frank nodded. “The pursuit of freedom is fair, but the price of it is cruel.”

Vicky walked up to him and lifted his chin with her index finger. “That’s why I’m drawing talented people to my cause! Frank Lawrence, you’re the cream of the crop when it comes to the younger generation, just as I like your attitude. Between Titus Lionheart and you, I’d rather choose you. As long as you’re willing to support me, I can give you anything you want.”

Frank shrugged. “Is that a profession of love or an empty check?”

“Both,” Vicky replied. “Also, my checks are solid.”

Frank chuckled. “I’d rather we stay friends—to be honest, I have zero interest in everything you mentioned.”

With that, he took his jacket and put it on. “I’m going now. Get some rest.”

She left standing there, stunned.

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dear why an excellent woman such as herself one who could

Frank everything he wanted—could not even interest him.

How was he able to leave, so carefree and nonchalant?

“Frank, I have a question.”

“What is it?”

Vicky bit her lip for a moment and asked, “Are you rejecting me because you are in love with Helen Lane, or because I simply don’t interest you?”

Frank stopped and took a deep breath before replying, “Neither. My enemies are not some measly rich family—they are beings you can’t even imagine. I won’t marry Helen again even if she asks, let alone get involved with another woman. And that’s my way to protect all of you.”

And with that, he left the room, leaving Vicky pursing her lips..

She was an heiress of the Turnbolls, one of the top families in Morhen.

Entities she had no idea about? Even if they did exist, was Frank really able to take them all on alone?

Vicky was certainly convinced that it was just some excuse Frank made up!

Even so, there was something she could be pleased about—she stood a chance as long as Frank would not remarry Helen!

Early next morning, Janet drove to Lane Manor as soon as she was done with her tasks on hand.

Chapter 106

Chapter 106

Janet would never dare to forget the task Frank asked of her yesterday.

Arriving at the gates, she told a servant that she was from Flora Hall and was led to the drawing room without delay.

“Please wait here for a moment, Ms. Zimmer,” the servant said politely. “I’ll inform Mr. Lane right away.”

“Yes, thank you.” Janet nodded repeatedly.

Soon, Henry came downstairs with his walking stick and Gina and Peter in tow.

“Slow down,” Gina said, her attitude and tone more tolerant toward Henry.

She was spirited and in a good mood after the date with Greg, though she would have rather stayed in bed. However, she did not dare to drag her feet when she heard that Dan Zimmer’s granddaughter had come, even waking Peter before going downstairs with Henry.

Janet promptly rose to her feet when she saw them. “Hello, Mr. Lane. I’m Janet Zimmer from Flora Hall.”

“Oh, Janet. Please sit—make yourself at home,” Henry smiled.

Janet nodded, and turned toward the other two while Henry introduced, “This is Gina, my daughter—in-law, and Peter, my grandson.”

Janet smiled in greeting, thinking that Gina was probably Frank’s former mother -in-law. “Hello, Mrs. Lane, Peter.”

On the other hand, Peter’s eyes were fixed on Janet, his eyes skipping a beat when he saw her.

Her hair was tied in a ponytail, and she wore a white shirt, a pair of blue jeans, and a white pair of sneakers.

Her face had no makeup on, but her cheek was fair and flawless.

Even if she was no astonishing beauty, there was a purity to her that the ladies in red-light districts could never hope to compare.

He promptly waved at her. “Hello... Janet.”

Gina smiled and took Janet’s hands just then. “Ms. Zimmer, what brings you here?”

Janet smiled. “My grandfather heard that Helen was hurt in the face, so he made

an ointment in the past couple days that could help.

With that, she took out the ointment Frank refined, having packaged it with a Flora Hall label to convince them that it was made in Flora Hall.

“Y—Your grandfather personally made this?” Henry exclaimed in surprise.

He used to be a comrade of Dan's, but they had an argument a few years ago and had lost contact since.

As such, he was surprised that Dan would care about his granddaughter... or perhaps it was actually Frank?

"Uh... yes." Janet nodded repeatedly.

"Oh, we owe Mr. Zimmer so much!" Gina exclaimed as she took the box—her daughter's beauty would be restored with this!

In fact, she was also surprised Greg had such authority, and Dan would make the ointment for Helen so quickly.

Naturally, it was all Greg's good work in her mind.

"Ms. Zimmer, please thank your grandfather in my stead when you return," Henry said just then. novelbin

"Of course, Mr. Lane. I'll definitely do that," Janet nodded. "By the way, there's this person named Frank Lawrence. He was asking which hospital Ms. Lane was staying at "

Janet just wanted to find out what the Lanes thought of Frank, but Gina was snapping even before she finished, "That lowlife has no right to see Helen! Don't tell him under any circumstances!"

Chapter 107

Chapter 107

Janet flinched, surprised by Gina's sudden outburst and wondering what Frank had ever done to the woman.

Gina's face was contorted with rage, but she quickly smiled after her outburst when she realized Janet was still there.

"Sorry, Ms. Zimmer," she apologized. "I didn't mean to shout. You probably wouldn't know, but Frank Lawrence was my daughter's ex-husband, and he's been freeloading off our family for three years. He's a lowlife, bringing nothing to the family while Helen paid for everything."



Janet raised a brow but nodded. “Don’t worry, Mrs. Lane. I promise not to tell him.”

At the same time, she thought to herself that Frank definitely showed foresight, telling her not to tell the Lanes that he was the one who made the ointment. Otherwise, Gina would have thrown it away.

Henry cleared his throat just then and shot Gina a glare. “Frank is not as bad as you make him out to be.”

“That’s enough—you really should stop defending him now.” Gina rolled her eyes. “Was what I said not the truth?”

Suddenly, Peter stepped forward, staring at Janet lecherously as he asked, “Ms. Zimmer, do you have a boyfriend?”

“Uh... no,” Janet replied in reflex, regretting it right then.

Delighted, Peter promptly whipped out his phone. “Let’s add each other on Facebook. We can go shopping when you’re free!”

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Gina quickly nodded. “Yes, You young ‘uns definitely flock together.”

“S—Sure...” Janet replied with an awkward look.

She really did not want to add Peter on Facebook but could not say no in front of the Lanes.

As she took out her phone to add Peter, Henry was frowning.

It was good if his grandson could marry Dan’s granddaughter, but Henry knew all too well what his grandson was like, not to mention that it was a completely different matter whether Janet was interested!

“Why don’t you stay for lunch, Janet?” Gina offered enthusiastically just then, “cook some of my best dishes for you.”

Janet promptly waved her off. “Thank you, but I still have things to do—I’m just here to deliver the ointment. I’ll be going now.”

Gina kicked her son, who caught his cue

As Janet quickly left the drawing room, and gave chase, "I'll walk with you, Ms. Zimmer."

Janet certainly did not want that and quickly said, "No, I'm actually driving."

"Then let's keep in touch on Facebook," Peter said relentlessly. novelbin

"Oh, sure..." Janet nodded half-heartedly and did not hesitate to floor the gas pedal as soon as she got into her car.

It was not until Lane Manor was out of sight that she finally breathed a long sigh of relief.

eady in his twenties! Aren't you worried?" Gina snapped, rolling her eyes.

Chapter 108

Chapter 108

Henry shrugged. "Of course I'm worried, but he needs to show some worth. I'd feel dignified if Peter is even half the man Frank is."

Peter snapped in annoyance, "Is that what you think, Grandpa? That I'm lacking so much compared to Frank Lawrence?!"

"You've really gone senile." Gina snorted grumpily. "It's that man's fault Helen's face got disfigured."

Henry frowned. "How could you blame Frank? Moreover, it was him who asked Flora Hall to make an ointment for Helen."

"Haha!" Gina laughed out loud. "Whatever goes on in that head of yours, really? Does Frank Lawrence have any say in Flora Hall?"

"Then how did Dan Zimmer know that Helen was hurt?" Henry shot back, already convinced that it was Frank. "Did you tell him?"

Gina folded her arms before her chest and sneered. "Greg Marsh called Dan himself. That's why Dan agreed to help." novelbin

Henry replied, "Who the hell is Greg Marsh?"

“My former classmate,” Gina said smugly. “He owns a company, and he’s at partner of Riverton’s commerce guild.”

Henry was perplexed—was Frank really not involved in this?

On the other hand, Peter came up with an idea. “Mom, why don’t you ask Mr. Marsh to propose for me?”

Gina actually thought that would work. “I’ll tell him some other day.”

“Great!” Peter exclaimed excitedly.

Henry pursed his lips. “You should be properly working on yourself, or it’d just be fruitless.”

Either way, Henry did not hold out hope for the proposal, since Dan was never going to be interested in his grandson.

Later, Gina brought her son along and hurried to Helen’s ward, not forgetting to call Greg along the way.

“Hello? Gina? What is it?” Greg asked from his office.

“Great news!” Gina could not hold back her excitement. “Mr. Zimmer delivered the medicine. He said that Helen would make a full recovery once she applies it! Thank you so much, Greg!”

“Oh...” Greg was certainly astounded that Dan would work so quickly, but he promptly laughed. “Haha! That’s really great news! Are you going to the hospital too? I’ll be there too.”

He was nervous since he did nothing and had planned to see what Dan’s ointment would do.

“I’m on my way to the hospital right now. See you around,” Gina said, and happily hung up.

They arrived at Helen’s ward at noon, and as everyone watched, Helen applied the ointment that was supposedly from Dan.

“How do you feel?” Gina quickly asked once she was done.

Helen frowned. “It feels a little hot...”

“You’ll be fine soon,” Gina assured her.

By evening, the ointment caked into a layer akin to a face mask on Helen’s cheek, and she peeled it off with Gina’s help.

“Oooh...” Gina could not help gasping when she saw Helen’s face.

Beside her, Greg was staring fixedly at Helen, gulping as he marveled at Helen’s natural beauty... And that she certainly eclipsed her own mother!

At the same time, Helen promptly picked up a mirror to check her face.

Her cheeks were fair and flawless again. If anything, her perfect visage was even more beautiful now!

Chapter 109

Chapter 109

A smile appeared on Helen’s face as she immediately recovered her previous confidence.

“You’re even more beautiful than before.” Peter could not help praising her.

“That’s my daughter for you,” Gina bragged proudly. “She’s a natural beauty, unlike that whore Vicky.”

Gregy nodded repeatedly beside her. “Of course. You were the most beautiful girl back in our school, so Helen would definitely not fall short.”

He was certainly impressed by Dan’s miraculous medicine, just as he was stunned by Helen’s beauty.

Such a shame that he was not younger... but there was no rule dictating that old men could not date young!

While Helen was still busy admiring herself, Gina nudged her. “Thank Mr. Marsh already, Helen. There’s no telling how long it would take for you to recover if he didn’t speak to Dan Zimmer on your behalf.”

Helen bowed in gratitude right then. “Thank you, Mr. Marsh...”

“Oh, it’s no big deal,” Greg quickly helped her up. “Why don’t we have dinner together tonight? I’ll book a private room for us at a hotel...” novelbin

“Actually, it would have to wait,” Helen said awkwardly. “The groundbreaking ceremony for the West City Project shall be held tomorrow, and I have to prepare. Allow me to buy you dinner instead.”

Greg did not push the issue since he was aware of Lane Holding’s joint project with the Turnbolls. “Yes, you should go do that we can have dinner another day.

“I’m free tonight, Greg,” Gina said just then. “Why don’t we....

Greg was suddenly scratching his head. “Maybe another day. I’m busy tonight as well.”

Gina looked utterly disappointed. “Okay...”

Peter nudged her just then. “Tell him, Mom.”

Gina remembered right then and turned back to Greg. “You’re close with Mr. Zimmer, aren’t you?”

cleared his throat and nodded. “Of course.”

Chapterton

In reality, he had never even met the man.

However, having already lied once, he had no choice but to keep going at this point.

“In that case, could you propose for his granddaughter’s hand?” Gina smiled.” Peter here has recently taken a liking to Mr. Zimmer’s granddaughter, and since you’re close with him, you can help us out.”

Greg was left dumbstruck and turned to look at Peter, standing there with a stupid mile on his face.

He actually felt his eyes twitching. Who did that boy think he was? How delusional could these people get? Dan would show him the door before he event breathed a word!

Still, he replied half-heartedly, "Uh... I guess I'll talk to him when I can."

Peter thought he was agreeing to it and nodded repeatedly in gratitude right then. "Thank you, Mr. Marsh! I'm counting on you!"

As Greg nodded awkwardly, Helen was frowning nearby.

She knew what her younger brother was.

Even if it would be wonderful Peter could marry the heiress to Flora Hall, would Dan really be interested in such an arrangement?!

The next day, Frank was training when he got a call from Vicky.

"Stop pretending to sleep. I'm downstairs," she told him.

"I'm training, not sleeping."

"Then stop training. Don't you know what day it is?"

"What day is it?" Frank asked in curiosity.

"The day of the West City Project groundbreaking ceremony." Vicky smiled. "Don't you want to see Helen?"

"Ahem..."

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Frank cleared his throat. "I'm coming downstairs. I have no ties with Helen now, but I have an obligation to protect you as your bodyguard."

"Stubborn, aren't you?" Vicky growled through her teeth.

Frank soon arrived downstairs, where Vicky and Yara had been waiting for a while.

After they got into the car, Vicky smiled and asked, "Do you think Helen would come?"

Frank did the math.

Helen would have received his ointment yesterday, so her face would have recovered by now.

“Yeah,” he said.

Soon, they arrived at a construction site in West City, which was decorated grandly with a red carpet spread over the ground.

Many bigwigs were there to partake in the festivities, breathing life to the otherwise barren grounds.

Once Vicky parked her car, she glanced at Frank through the rearview mirror. “I’ll be socializing with some bigwigs. Are you coming with me?”

“I’ll pass—I hate small talk. Bring Yara with you, but call me if anything comes up.”

Vicky nodded. “Alright. Feel free to take a stroll.”

As Frank nodded, Vicky alighted and was soon mobbed by many bigwigs. novelbin

Frank left to find a quiet place, when he suddenly spotted a familiar figure.

It was Sean Wesley with an arm around a curvaceous young model dressed in a gown with a plunging neckline.

As soon as Sean saw Frank, he strode over smugly. “Oh, if it isn’t Vicky’s manwhore.

shot him an icy look. “Need another beating, don’t you?”

“I’m done with Helen now,” Sean chuckled, putting

his arm around her. “This is my new girlfriend, Lisa. You can

In fact, he had visited Helen a couple of times, and he simply could not get over the grotesque scar on her face! After that, he promptly cut all ties with the Lanes!

Frank glanced at the woman beside Sean just then, who had thick makeup on, a risqué getup, and a skankiness he could smell from miles away.

Comparing that to Helen?

Shrugging, Frank said, “Helen’s still better than her, come what may.”

Lisa was clearly upset by that, even puffing her chest. “What are you talking about? How am I less than that ugly witch?”

Sean chuckled as he stopped Lisa. “Don’t get petty with the likes of him, dear—he’s never even had a taste himself! See you around, kiddo. And I’m pretty sure Helen won’t come, given her vanity.”

“Oh, Mr. Wesley!”

Just then, Gina approached Sean with a smile. She was still keen to have Helen marry Sean and naturally still fawned over him. “Helen was just discharged yesterday, and I was going to call you, but I couldn’t reach you at all.”

Sean shot her a look of disdain, “And? What is it to me? I have a girlfriend now— stop bothering me.”

Gina was left dumbstruck. She studied Lisa for a moment before saying, “Helen is serious about you, Mr. Wesley...”

“What’s the point? I’m not marrying ugly—dream on.” Sean snorted.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Wesley,” Gina quickly said. “Helen isn’t ugly at all now!”