

# The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu

## Chapter 11

Frank slid his hands in his pockets as he calmly got into the car.

Vicky, however, would keep sliding peeks at him from the driver seat.

“Mr. Lawrence, may I ask who Peter Lane is?” she eventually asked.

“My ex brother-in-law.” Frank admitted.

“Oh, I see,” Vicky exclaimed in understanding. “Helen Lane.”

Frank nodded while she smiled. “I guess things have gotten unpleasant between you two! Would you like me to help a little?”

Frank glanced at her.

If Vicky really did help, she could certainly make the Lanes disappear from Riverton without a trace.

However, he had no intention of going that far despite despising that family, and he more or less had to show some respect to Henry as long as he was alive.

“Thanks for your offer, but I can handle it myself,” he replied.

Vicky smiled. “Understood. Just remember that you can come to me anytime you’re having trouble.”

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Helen arrived at the front doors of Verdant Hotel, her blue gown drawing many stares immediately.

Beside her, Gina was looking smug in her floral dress—her daughter would always have everyone’s attention wherever she went!

Still, she suddenly remembered. “Helen, hasn’t Peter made it here yet?”

Helen frowned. “God knows what he’s up to—I’ll call him.”

However, Peter never picked up, leaving her perplexed. “He’s not answering.”

Gina huffed in disappointment. “That brat always drops the ball when it matters.”

“Whatever, it’s fine,” Helen said solemnly. “The only thing that matters is to reach a partnership with the Turnbolls.”

“Oh you’re early, Helen!” Sean exclaimed as he hurried toward her.

“We just got here too,” Helen replied politely.

On the other hand, Gina promptly fawned over him. “Gosh! Your suit must be worth millions, Mr. Wesley.”

“Oh, not really... Just a few dozen grand straight from the tailor.”

Gina then quickly pulled Helen over so that she stood beside Sean. “Tut, tut... You two are really a match when you stand together!”

Helen rolled her eyes at her mother. “Stop it, Mom.”

“Just saying it as it is.” Gina shrugged.

Sean smiled in understanding. “Let’s go in, Helen.”

Helen nodded when she suddenly saw a familiar figure from the corner of her eye.

“Frank?” she murmured.

Gina turned and followed Helen’s gaze in response, and she saw that it was indeed Frank. “What?! What is that good-for-nothing doing here?”

Frank happened to be waiting for Vicky at the entrance and frowned when he saw the trio.

Helen frowned too. “What are you doing here?”

“Ms. Turnbull invited me.”

“Haha!” Gina guffawed. “Do you ever look in the mirror, Frank? Why would the heiress of the Turnbulls invite a good-for-nothing like you?”

Sean snorted as well. “Helen, your ex-husband is a real joker.”

Helen was left scowling and wondering when Frank got the habit of boasting.

Still, he was her ex-husband, and she did not want to cause a mess especially when her mother would not stop belittling him.

“You shouldn’t be here, Frank. You should go,” she told him.

Frank simply shrugged. “What, I can’t come just because you’re here?”

“Of course. Can’t you see the occasion?” Gina scoffed, smacking Frank’s suit just then. “Don’t think you deserve to be here just because you dressed up nicely. Trash like you will always be trash.”

“Oh, Mr. Lawrence.” A cool voice suddenly rang out. “I didn’t know you were bringing friends. Why don’t you introduce us?”

Everyone else turned and froze when they saw the tall, slender woman in a white gown striding toward him gracefully.

Her beauty was incomparable, be it her rosy cheeks, her almond eyes, or the poise in her step!

She walked straight up to Frank, wrapping her arms around his and making it clear that they were close.

Helen’s eyes widened—even if Peter had told her that Frank had another woman, she did not expect her to be so beautiful!

Now, she understood what he meant when he said she was one in a billion.

And if her beauty was the result of technology, it would be technology from the divine!

Even Gina did not dare deny the woman’s beauty, which promptly eclipsed her own daughter’s...

‘What a whore!’ she thought to herself, miffed.

On the other hand, Sean was gaping and almost drooling, wondering why there was a woman more beautiful than Helen in a small place like Riverton, and why he had never heard of her!

He promptly strode up to her with a polite smile. “May I have the pleasure of your name, beautiful?”

Vicky shot a cool look at him. “And you are?”

Sean promptly straightened himself and tugged his sleeves. “Sean Wesley, at your service.”

“Never heard of you.” Vicky pursed her lips. “Also, you really don’t deserve to know my name.”

Sean was left gaping, his outstretched hand left hanging awkwardly in the air.

This was the first time a woman had ever humiliated him!

Gina promptly snapped at Frank, “You ingrate! Has our family ever wronged you? To think that you’d cheat on Helen with this whore!”

Helen stopped her, but she strode up to Frank and shook her head. “I didn’t believe Peter when he told us. How do you explain this now?”

Frank smiled coolly. “Explain? Why should I?”

“What...” Helen did not expect her to admit to it so boldly—she actually wanted Frank to deny it!

“You’re Frank’s ex-wife?” Vicky studied Helen with a piercing glare right then. Helen could not help straightening herself and rearing her chin, attempting to puff herself to look confident. “That’s right.”

Vicky, however, was beaming—Helen’s effort only made her appear exceedingly distressed. “Hehe. In that case, thank you.”

Helen did a double take. “For what?”

“For divorcing Frank. How else would I find such an extraordinary man?”

“Hah!” Helen snorted in wry amusement, as if Vicky had a few screws loose. “Extraordinary? That totally doesn’t apply to Frank, does it?”

“Actually, I believe myself to be a great judge of character. Mr. Lawrence may not be perfect...” Vicky merely flashed a smile of confidence before turning pointedly toward Sean. “But at least he’s much better than the one with you now.”