

# **The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 111 - Read The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 111**

Chapter 111

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Sean naturally did not believe Gina and waved her off impatiently. "That's enough. Stop bothering me already."

With those words, he left with Lisa in his arms.

Gina was going to speak further when Frank chuckled. "He's not even bothered to talk to you, but you're still sticking your head up his ass."

"Shut up! This is none of your business!" Gina shot him a vicious glare.

Just then, Vicky strode up onstage, taking the microphone with a professional smile. "We're officially starting the groundbreaking ceremony of the West City Project. Let's give a warm round of applause to welcome Ms. Helen Lane, my partner and the board chair of Lane Holdings..."

Applause thundered at her words, and Helen walked up on stage in her blue gown.

Sean was clapping half-heartedly until he saw Helen's flawless face.

His jaw dropped as he looked on in disbelief. "How the fuck...?!"

He had seen with his own eyes how gruesome the scar on Helen's face was, but it was now gone without a trace!

And now, looking at Helen and then at Lisa, Sean certainly could see the great difference between them and swore under his breath, "Shit... Gina was telling the

truth."

"Wow... That's Helen Lane? Why haven't I heard of her before?"

"She's quite something! It's no wonder the Turnbolls would partner with her..."

“That beauty... some bigwig must have her back!” novelbin

As everyone below stage became restless, Vicky studied Helen as the other woman made her way onstage.

She was actually surprised that Helen was even more beautiful after recovering from her facial scar, and she could well be more beautiful now.

Vicky could not help feeling a little jealous, though she kept smiling even as the staff helped with the groundbreaking ceremony.

It seems that Frank helped treat your face,” she said.

Helen reared her chin proudly. “It has nothing to do with Frank.

han who did? Vicky asked, surprised inwardly who other than Frank was that incredible with medicine?

“Who else could it be?” Helen smiled. “Mr. Zimmer, of course.”

Vicky was only left further perplexed.

That was certainly news to her—Dan Zimmer? When did he learn to cure scars?

And judging from Helen’s serious look, she was not lying.

“How fortunate that people are rushing to help you as soon as you get hurt,” said nonetheless.

Helen could tell the diss in Vicky’s words and said coolly, “I guess. When it comes to pushovers such as myself, we’d be dead without luck.”

After that, they both put on safety helmets, posing for photos for the groundbreaking ceremony by shoveling dirt and then with other partners.

With the formalities over, everyone picked up a champagne flute and started mingling among each other.

Sean walked up to Helen just then, grinning. "I'm surprised you were discharged already, Helen. I've been busy with work for a couple days so I didn't have time to visit. You're not upset with me, are you?"

Helen leveled him with a cool look. "Why should I be? There's nothing going on

between us.

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Helen was thoroughly disgusted with Sean after learning his true nature at Dynasty.

She had certainly misjudged him—even if Frank was a freeloader, he was not a liar like Sean.

Sean chuckled, knowing that she was still upset. "I know I was at fault, and I shouldn't have claimed credit for everything—I promise I won't do it again. Just give me a chance..."

"What chance?" Helen laughed coolly. "We've always been platonic friends, haven't we?"

Sean was stumped, but it was clear Helen did not plan to make peace.

He was left watching as she disappeared into the time, fuming as he gritted his teeth and cursed under his breath, "Fuck you, Helen! I helped you get this partnership with the Turnbolls, and you'd kick me to the curb? I will make you pay!"

Frank had been sitting on a bench below stage and sunbathing.

Helen appeared behind him just then and sat down beside him.

Frank slowly opened his eyes, and seeing Helen there, he said, "Oh, if it isn't Ms. Lane. What are you doing here, instead of mingling with bigwigs?"

Helen sighed. "You know I don't like socializing like this."

"Isn't that necessary for the quest to riches?" Frank teased.

“Yes... And I’m trying to change that,” Helen said, gritting her teeth. “Thank you, Frank.”

Frank was taken aback. “What for?”

“For saving me at the hospital,” Helen replied.

He did beat up Robin Grayson, which in turn angered his father Leo.

But it was all over now, and she now thanked him earnestly.

Frank straightened in his seat then, intending to properly talk to her just then. “I’m sorry I misunderstood. I didn’t know you’d gone to see Leo for my sake.”

Helen stared at him for a while hesitantly and eventually asked, “How did you find out about that?”

It was a question that had always bugged her.

However, there were so many things that had happened afterward, and she and Frank never got the chance to sit down and talk about it.

It was the same now, as Gina arrived with Peter and Greg.

“What are you doing here, Helen?” Gina asked right away. “There are still some bigwigs over there who would like to see you.”

Helen was speechless. “I’d like to talk to Frank alone, Mom. You can talk to them instead.”

Gina rolled her eyes. “What is there to talk with a lowlife like him?”

Frank ignored Gina, however, as he was staring at Greg.

Gina was dining alone with that man before and was now linking arms in public already.

Were things not going a little too fast there?

As such, Frank offered a friendly reminder. “Mrs. Lane, now that Helen’s career is rising to new heights, I’d advise you to be more subtle and not do anything that would hurt Lane Holdings’ reputation.”

Gina glanced at Greg and immediately understood. "I'm single now," she replied with a snort. "I can do whatever I want."

"Does Gramps know?" Frank asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Shut up, you piece of shit!" Gina pointed at Frank's nose as she snapped right then. "Who do you think you are, lecturing me on what to do?"

Greg stopped her just then. "That's enough, Gina. Stop arguing with him—I'll speak with Mr. Lane in a few days about remarrying."

In reality, he knew all too well that Frank was not what he seemed, though he did. not want to waste his breath either.

On the other hand, Peter did not care at all about his mother remarrying.

Looking around, he said, "Mr. Marsh, I saw Mr. Zimmer just now. When are you going to talk to him about my proposal?"

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Frank frowned at Peter's words.

Peter wanted to propose to someone, and that involved Dan Zimmer?

The man only had one granddaughter of marriageable age... but surely it could not be Janet?

Greg smiled right then. "Don't worry, Peter. I've been keeping that in mind—not only would I help you propose, but I've even recommended you for a new job."

He actually did not want to agree to Peter's request, but he somehow came up with the perfect plan last night.

If he succeeded, he would have both helped Peter propose while getting him a good job.

Peter was taken aback and asked in curiosity, "A job? What is it?"

He actually did not work at all, since it was much better to freeload off his sister!

Greg smiled. "You'd be working directly under Ms. Turnbull."

"Woah... Under Vicky Turnbull?!" Gina was stunned—it was not an opportunity that would come to just anyone!

Nudging Peter right then, she snapped, "Where are your manners? Thank Greg already!"

"Thank you, Mr. Marsh," Peter said without hesitation.

He was not actually interested in working, but working with Vicky was a different matter entirely.

With this, he would be gaining in influence!

Turning toward Frank, Peter grinned smugly. "Just you wait. Once I get my job..."

He would bewitch Vicky with his handsome face, while Frank could go to hell! He would certainly like to see Frank strut after that!

Frank chuckled coolly. "Vicky would be blind to hire you."

"Fuck you. Mr. Marsh has already promised me—just you wait!" Peter certainly did not doubt Greg at all.

"Sure, I will," Frank replied in disdain, actually curious as to what Greg would do to convince Vicky to hire a lowlife like Peter.

Yata appeared just then and approached Frank, "Mr. Lawrence, Ms. Turnbull asking for you."

Frank nodded and left with Yara.

Peter watched as Frank left with his hands on his hips.

smug face..."

"Just look at that rat's

Gina snorted. "You'll definitely prove yourself much better when you start work, Peter. When you do, remember to help Helen, and get the Turnbolls to pour more resources into helping her." novelbin

"Of course." Peter nodded repeatedly.

On the other hand, Helen was really curious as to what Greg had said to persuade Vicky.

She had only met Vicky a few times, but she was already sure that Vicky never suffered anyone, just as her brother was of no value to Vicky.

"Mr. Marsh, what did you tell Vicky? Did she really agree to give Peter a job?" she asked.

Greg simply smiled. "Not yet, but I'm very sure she would say yes right away. Just sit tight and wait for my good news."

There was no rhyme or reason to his words, which left Helen even more confused.

Vicky had been waiting for a while when Frank and Yara arrived at the clubhouse.

"What is it?" Frank asked.

Vicky said bluntly, "I'll be having a meeting later."

"A meeting?"

Vicky nodded. "Yes. The Salazars are here."

The Salazars?

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Frank searched his mind, but the only Salazars he remembered were Jackie Westfield's three bodyguards.

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Frank asked, "Did they come for revenge?"

"I'm not sure. But we'll know once we meet them," Vicky replied, shaking her head.

Even if they did not know what the other side was planning, Vicky was not about to be cowed.

She strode forward toward the appointed meeting place, with Frank and Yara quietly following her.

They soon arrived at the edge of a hallway and entered the glamorous private room to see a middle-aged man dressed in a suit sitting in the middle and twirling with a wine glass leisurely. His name was Donald Salazar, and he was the second heir of the Salazars who was in charge of all family affairs.

All three men had sharp gazes and their very presence was menacing, making it obvious that they were the middle-aged man's bodyguards. And of the three, one was an elderly white-haired man dressed in traditional robes, while the other two were young and robust.

Seeing that Vicky had arrived, the middle-aged man put down his glass and flashed an affable smile. "You've kept me waiting, Ms. Turnbull."

Vicky sat down opposite him and smiled in turn. "Sorry for being late, Mr. Salazar. I was just hosting a groundbreaking ceremony for a new project."

Donald waved her off nonchalantly. "It's no issue I've just arrived myself."

Having no intention to run in circles, Vicky asked bluntly right then, "Mr. Salazar, have you come to demand an apology?"

"Are

you talking about those three fringe relatives slash idiots?" Donald chuckled.

"They only have themselves to blame for losing. I have no interest in avenging them—I've only come to discuss business with you, Ms. Turnbull."

Vicky nodded thoughtfully, "I welcome you with open arms in that case. What business, if I may ask?"



Donald glanced at Frank and Yara behind Vicky, and he said, “The numbers of this partnership are astronomical. And you know what they say the walls have ears. Why don’t we speak in private?”

With those words, he waved, and his three bodyguards left.

Vicky frowned, but she had no reason to be wary if Donald sent his bodyguards

away.

Turning toward Frank and Yara, she said, “Wait for me outside.”

Frank and Yara exchanged looks but quietly left and closed the door behind themselves, standing quietly outside with Donald’s bodyguards.

The elderly white-haired man studied Frank and Yara and suddenly smiled, before nodding politely. “Jaud White, at your service. That said, I’m surprised Ms. Turnbull’s bodyguards are so young, but I’m sure you’re students or heirs of famous clans yourself... May I have the honor of your names?”

Yara nodded in turn. “Yara Quill of Riverton.”

“Frank Lawrence.”

“Ms. Quill... Could you be the governor’s daughter?” Jaud asked in curiosity.

Yara’s expression cooled, but she nodded.

“I see.” Jaud nodded before turning to Frank. “Apologies, I’m not familiar with any Lawrences in Riverton... Are you perhaps not local?”

“I’m just a nobody,” Frank replied. “An unaffiliated drifter.”

At the same time, he was wondering why the geezer would ask about their backgrounds out of the blue.

Still, not one to be outdone, he asked, “Where did you train, sir?”

Jaud laughed. “I’m unaffiliated like yourself—I’ve simply learned some medicine up in the mountains with my mentor, after which Mr. Salazar took me under his wing.”

Frank nodded, but obviously neither of them would expose themselves before they decided if the other was friend or foe barring Yara—being the governor’s daughter, she had nothing to worry about.

Just then, Jaud suggested, “I’m sure Mr. Salazar and Ms. Turnbull will be here for a while. Why don’t we kill time with a little sparring session?”

Frank was inwardly amused—so the geezer was actually waiting for him and novelbin

Yara.

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Yara promptly turned toward Frank, appearing hesitant.

If she said no, she would appear to be cowering and would embarrass Vicky in

turn.

But if she said yes, there was no telling what Jaud and the other two would do.

On the other hand, Frank remained completely nonchalant—so what if he played along?

“And how would you suggest a spar, Mr. White?” he asked.

Jaud smiled. “Actually, I’m too old to keep up with you young ‘uns... why not spar with my two apprentices instead?”

Frank’s eyes narrowed right then.

The geezer had kept his presence withdrawn, but the composure of his vigor made it obvious he was untold times stronger than his appearance.

He was also maintaining a humble demeanor, making it obvious he has no intention of getting involved himself.

So, this was probably just a test.

“Sure.” Frank nodded. “Let’s see what you’ve got.”

Jaud turned toward his two apprentices. “Who’s up first, Marco? Polo?”

At the same time, Yara strode forward. “Mr. Lawrence, I’m fine on my own. I’ll take them both at once.”

Frank did a double take, and he stared at Yara, puzzled—when did she get so cocky?

Marco and Polo were frowning, clearly thinking that Yara was underestimating them.

Jaud chuckled in turn. “The reputation of the governor’s residence is certainly deserved—even a lady like Ms. Quill proves to be so indomitable. Still, aren’t you underestimating my apprentices here?”

I am the governor’s daughter, but Mr. Lawrence instructed me in martial arts, Yara said bluntly. “If they can’t beat me, there’s no need to spar with Mr. Lawrence

had encountered all sorts of characters as she grew up in the governor’s and New very well what Jaud intended he was testing her and Frank to prepare a move against Vicky.

Naturally, she was not about to let Frank show his hand.

As long as she fought, she could help Frank hide his depth. Winning here would be glorious, just as losing would not mean much—she was fighting two men, and it was nothing to be ashamed about even if word got out.

On the other hand, Jaud became even more wary of Frank after what Yara said.

A kid his age was already instructing others?

Still, he said, “Since you’re that confident, Ms. Quill... Go on, Marco, Polo.”

With those words, Frank and Jaud backed away, giving the three of them the floor. Marco growled, “Don’t go crying when you lose, girl.”

“Save your breath.” Yara snorted in contempt.

Marco and Polo shared a glance and charged toward Yara right then.

Directing her muscles, Yara moved, unleashing her Boltsmacker as she traded blows with Marco and Polo!

Pow!

Pow!

Pow!

Vigor collided thunderously as they traded over ten strikes in no time at all.

And the more they did, the more surprised Marco and Polo became.

What the heck was with the girl’s technique? Not only was her vigor abundant, but her punches were the embodiment of silk and steel—tender yet unyieldingly strong, keeping both men at bay!

Even Jaud was narrowing his eyes, already able to tell that something was unusual.

Yara was clearly using the signature Quill technique, but it was somehow also different, leaving him unsure what technique she was actually using!

Suddenly, Marco seized an opening as he got close, catching Yara by the wrist. Noticing that, Polo bounded forward, aiming a punch squarely at Yara’s face! Yara tried to pull away but was held in place by Marco, novelbin

Staveling she suddenly bellowed, “Hah!”

hinging a burst of vigor that charged her palm, she wung it directly at

Marco’s head, leaving him stunned.

If he did not release her, Polo would have killed Yara, but he was definitely dead

meat too.

Was she really going to take him down with her here?!

Nonetheless, in the split second that Marco felt the burst of air blowing at his face from Yara's palm, he soon felt himself backing away as if he was being pulled!

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Marco disappeared in a flash, leaving Yara frozen in place while Polo kept charging at her!

Yara was trying to threaten Marco so that she could be free, but now that Marco withdrew, she somehow could not move.

She felt as if there was an unseen power keeping her in place, her limbs seemingly held in place by four threads.

Soon, she was watching as Polo's fist approached her face!

"Shit," Yara swore under her breath and closed her eyes in reflex.

But at that very moment, Frank whipped out a silver needle and flicked it at Yara's elbow.

Yara's body lurched as she suddenly launched a punch!

Pow!

Right after that, Yara stumbled backward and landed in Frank's arms.

"Don't move," he whispered into her ears, putting a hand on her shoulder.

There were indeed four threads attached to Yara, connecting her to Jaud's palm.

No one could see the threads under the sun, and it was Jaud who kept her frozen in place just now, directing his vigor to immobilize her limbs!

Yara frowned—even now, she could not move her limbs at all, let alone free herself from the threads!

Frank narrowed his eyes just then. "We're just sparring, Mr. White. There's no need for the next round or to go so far as to get Yara killed, right?"

Jaud chuckled. "Don't worry, Mr. Lawrence. I would've pulled Ms. Quill out of harm's way even if you didn't make your move just now. As you've put it, we're just sparring—there's no need for anyone to get hurt."

"In that case, release the threads."

Jaud simply smiled at Frank. "Come now, Mr. Lawrence. As a fellow mentor of martial arts, don't tell me you can't undo these threads?"

Frank's eyes turned cool. "I warned you."

unleashed his vigor right then, leaving Yara horrified when she felt the  
og burst of pure energy behind her!

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Jaud pushed as well, his vigor colliding endlessly against Frank's on the  
threads!

It was only then that Yara saw the crimson flash on the pure-white threads as  
vigor struck vigor on the threads as thin as hair.

It was a competition of strength and control—the men's manipulation of their  
vigor was certainly a competition between the very best!

Snap!

Suddenly, all four threads were severed audibly.

Frank stumbled backward seven times but stamped his foot, shattering the  
tiles beneath as he caught his balance.

At the same time, his eyes flashed with icy contempt!

On the other hand, Jaud only stumbled one step backward, but astonishment  
showed all over his face.

Between them, Yara was unscathed thanks to Frank's protection, and it  
appeared to her that Frank lost this round.

Hurrying to his side, she asked, "Are you alright, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank shook his head as he dusted his shirt.

Then, leveling his gaze at Jaud, he said coolly, "It's kind of you to hold back."

Jaud, meanwhile, was gritting his teeth as he slowly said, "Your prowess is  
astounding, Mr. Lawrence. The young invariably surpass their elders, as they  
like to say."

Both Marco and Polo were perplexed—Frank was the one sent stumbling  
backward, while their mentor virtually never moved.



So why were they talking as if Frank had won?

“Are you alright, Mr. White?” Both of them asked.

“I’m fine,” Jaud said, shaking his head.

Just then, the door to the private room slowly opened, while Vicky and Donald stepped out.

“What’s going on here?” Vicky promptly asked.

“Nothing, Mr. White there just requested a little sparring session,” Frank said nonchalantly.

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Donald laughed, “Haha! How typical, young ‘uns getting acquainted with the way of the fist.” novelbin

Vicky certainly did not believe that it was just a friendly spar, though she had no reason to get hostile when Frank and Yara were just fine.

“Anyway, we shall be leaving,” she said. “Thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Salazar.”

Donald nodded. “Do think about my proposal, Ms. Turnbull. I’ll be waiting.”

“I certainly will,” Vicky said and left with Yara and Frank, her expression already cool.

Donald watched as they left before his eyes narrowed.

“Mr. White, how did those two fare?” he asked.

“Bleurgh!”

Jaud suddenly coughed out a mouthful of blood just as he was about to speak, leaving Donald, Marco, and Polo utterly shocked!

“Mr. White!”

“What happened there?” Donald quickly asked.

“The kid’s not your typical martial artist,” Jaud growled through his teeth. “We were wrestling with our vigors, but that kid left me coughing blood.”

Donald was left gaping. “What?! Are you saying he’s stronger than you?”

“No—we were just testing each other’s vigors,” Jaud said. “I might not have lost. if I’d gone all out... not to mention that I’m a specialist when it comes to poisons.”

The man was certainly confident despite his wariness toward Frank.

Donald nodded in turn—Jaud was old as well, so it was fine if he lost in vigor since his specialty was poison anyway.

Jaud then asked, “By the way, did Ms. Turnbull agree to the deal?”

Donald shook his head. “Nope, but I’m sure she will soon enough.”

Jaud nodded in agreement. “She’s now a victim of my Snowshade. Her fate is in

our hands now

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suddenly asked suspiciously, “Actually, I thought she looked just fine, haden’t affecting her. Perhaps she’s already cured?”

“Haha!” Jaud laughed confidently as he stroked his beard. “That’s impossible—the Snowshade is an esoteric concoction of mine, and no one can nullify it barring myself. Also, its victims won’t always be sickly. It will drain their energy from time to time, affording them moments to recover before draining them again. I’m sure someone infused Vicky Turnbull with their vigor and suppressed it momentarily.”

Donald was certainly assured by Jaud’s words.

Meanwhile, Frank, Yara, and Vicky left the clubhouse.

When they got into their car, Yara asked in curiosity, “What did Donald Salazar want, Ms. Turnbull?”

Vicky frowned. “He proposed a joint venture involving Riverton’s pharmaceutical field. We’ll be producing the materials, while they provide the recipes.”

“A partnership?” Yara exclaimed in surprise.

“Yes,” Vicky said coolly. “And he demands eight percent of the shares.”

“The man certainly has an appetite. Did you say yes?” Yara quickly asked..

Vicky snorted in disdain. “Of course not. We’ve always planned to do that ourselves, and a medicinist will be coming in a couple days. Dan Zimmer shall always provide us the ingredients—why partner with the Salazars when we lack nothing?”

Yara nodded repeatedly though Frank was stroking his chin in thought. “You’d best be careful. I can see that Donald is very confident about this—he probably has an ace up his sleeve.”

Vicky nodded in agreement. “By the way, what do you think of Jaud?”

Yara turned toward Frank in curiosity as well, but he shrugged. “Well, we weren’t getting serious, but his vigor is far beneath mine. Killing him when I go all out won’t be an issue.”

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Frank’s words were utterly impressive, and Vicky breathed a sigh of relief in turn. “Well, there’s nothing to worry about since you’ve said that. Anyway, you two are coming with me back to the office—I’d at least have protection.”

It seemed that they should stay safe for the time being.

Frank did not argue, since he had nothing to do at the hotel anyway,

They headed to Grande Corpe’s offices, where Yara followed Vicky to her office.

Not only was she Vicky's bodyguard, but she was also Vicky's personal assistant who could assist with office tasks.

On the other hand, Frank knew nothing about that, so he went to the VIP lounge alone since it would be pointless going to Vicky's office with them.

It was a quiet place, and Frank found a comfortable spot to close his eyes and rest, focusing his internal energies...

After a while, the door opened.

Frank opened his eyes to find that it was Greg Marsh, though he was alone this time.

Since Frank was alone in the spacious lounge, Greg immediately saw him too and sneered with contempt. "You're here to see Vicky Turnbull too? I'm surprised they'd let a manwhore like you into their VIP lounge."

Frank shot him a look and asked in curiosity, "What are you doing here?"

Greg snorted. "It's none of your business."

"Indeed, so stay away from me."

"Holy crap, do you really think yourself that important?" Greg chuckled scornfully, though he was also jealous he could not get a rich woman like Vicky to be his sugar mommy.

He was a little old, but he was still fine—did the ladies not prefer older men these days?

Frank narrowed his eyes, the air around him turning cold right then. novelbin

Greg's pompous expression was immediately gone, and he growled even as he threatened Frank, "I'm here to talk business with Vicky Turnbull, kid. She won't

you if you lay a finger on me.!!

bothered and snapped coolly, "Get out. Stop being an eyesor

"Y—You won't get to strut in just a couple days! Just you wait!"

Frank sprang to his feet right then, and Greg promptly fled the VIP lounge!

A secretary arrived just then. “Mr. Marsh? What are you doing out here?”

“Oh... Cabin fever. Just came out for a breather,” Greg said awkwardly.

The secretary nodded. “Ms. Turnbull has just finished her meeting. You can see her now.”

“Great. Lead the way,” Greg said, straightening his tie and following the secretary into Vicky’s office.

Vicky was sitting behind her desk and got up when she saw Greg. “I’m surprised. you asked to meet me, Mr. Marsh. It’s an honor.”

Her greeting certainly inflated Greg’s ego.

After all, he would personally have trouble making an appointment himself—if anything, Vicky only agreed to meet him out of respect for Timmy Yates.

It sounded urgent as well, so it must be important.

“You’re too kind, Ms. Turnbull,” Greg said humbly then. “Someone like me certainly doesn’t deserve your attention.”

“You don’t have to be so polite, Mr. Marsh,” Vicky said as she sat down and asked in curiosity, “Still, what’s this urgent matter you’d like to talk about?”

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Greg said smugly, “I have a special person I’d like to recommend to you.”

“A special person?” Vicky asked.

“Yes,” Greg assured her, patting her chest. “He graduated from a famous university and could more than hold his own.”

Vicky simply smiled. “The executives of Grande Corp are all graduates from famous universities too. Surely that doesn’t hold sway...”

“Yes, but he’s also Dan Zimmer’s granddaughter’s fiancé,” Greg said. “Surely you have heard of the man?”

“Oh...” Vicky inhaled sharply.

She was certainly acquainted with Dan and Janet... but she never heard that Janet had a boyfriend. novelbin

However, if Dan was accepting, the man must be good with medicine.

Since Vicky was just founding a pharmaceutical company, she urgently needed. such talents.

“If what you say is true, he can report to work at any time,” she said.

“May I ask what his position would be?” Greg asked in return.

Vicky thought about it. “My personal consultant, with a monthly fifty grand salary.”

She would pay through her nose to keep such elite talents. And with his connection to Dan Zimmer, she would have built further relations with Flora Hall!

Greg was certainly excited to hear that.

As expected of the leader of Grande Corp—her offers were so generous!

“Good,” he said. “I’ll tell him to come in tomorrow.”

Vicky sighed in relief, though she soon asked, “By the way, what is the gentleman’s name?”

Greg flashed an enigmatic smile. “Patience, Ms. Turnbull. You’ll know the first thing tomorrow—it will be a surprise, I promise.”

Seeing that he wanted to keep her in suspense, Vicky did not press the issue – she

the man tomorrow anyway.

much nicer nonetheless, even personally escorting Greg out of the

building.

Through it all, Frank watched them behind the glass walls of the VIP lounge and was left at once perplexed.

When Vicky returned, he approached her and asked, “What did Greg Marsh say?”

Vicky shrugged. “He’s recommending a special man for a job and told me that he’s Dan Zimmer’s grandson—in-law. Since we’ve just started a pharmaceutical company, he’s just the man we need.”

Frank was taken aback.

A special man... and Dan’s grandson—in-law?

That actually reminded him of what happened earlier in the morning... Could Greg be talking about Peter Lane?

He quickly shook his head—surely Greg was not that bold!

“What?” Vicky asked in confusion, seeing his reaction.

“I—It’s nothing.”

Meanwhile, Greg called Dan as soon as he left Grande Corp.

“Hello? Who is it?” Dan asked.

Greg was smiling as he introduced himself. “It’s me, Greg Marsh. I was with Timmy Yates when he consulted you.”

“Oh...” Dan appeared pensive as he remembered. “How can I help you, Mr. Marsh?”

“So I’ve heard that your granddaughter has yet to marry even though she has reached marriageable age, so I was thinking I could arrange an engagement for her.”

Chapter 120

Chapter 120

Dan was taken aback. “Arrange an engagement?”

His granddaughter was certainly not young, but she showed no inclination to marry, so he could not do much even if he was anxious for her.

Still, he could not resist asking, “May I ask who’s the gentleman you’d be recommending?” novelbin

“I’m afraid he’s not from an important family.” Greg started lowballing. “But I’m sure he’ll soon become someone special.”

To be honest, Lane Holdings was insignificant to the upper echelons of Riverton. However, their future was definitely inestimable since they were partnered with Vicky!

“Oh...” Dan was actually not interested—what Greg was saying was that the man he recommended was some average Joe with neither riches nor influence.

Surely his treasured granddaughter should not suffer such... shame!

Still, Greg quickly added, “Hold on, Mr. Zimmer. He’s only in his twenties, and though he may not have influence or riches, he’s already Vicky’s personal consultant. Do you think he would still fall short with such an accomplishment already under his belt?”

Dan was stunned—Vicky’s personal consultant?!

Consultant aside, ‘personal’ was the key here—anyone who could reach Vicky’s inner circle would definitely be a big deal!

But who could it be? Yara Quill? But it was definitely a man from the way Greg put

It...

Wait... could it be Frank Lawrence?

Frank has certainly been showing up often around Vicky, and she was perfectly respectful to him—just like she would to a personal consultant.



Moreover, Dan himself admired Frank's knowledge in medicine and his character. If he really did marry Janet, Flora Hall's influence would definitely rise to the next level!

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th that, Dan was all smiles as he said, "Oh, Mr. Marsh. Consider the surprised would introduce such a perfect fiancée for my granddaughter."

at fereg promptly asked, "You're saying...?"

Dan nodded. "Well, I think we should let the kids meet at least. Marriage is a serious business after all, and we really should consider their opinions."

Greg nodded repeatedly. "That's so considerate of you, Mr. Zimmer! Why don't- you bring your granddaughter over to Verdant Hotel tonight? Let our families meet while the kids get to know each other."

"No problem," Dan agreed without hesitation.

Dan hung up right then, and promptly left work aside to rush into the cauldron room, telling a sweaty Janet, "Dearie, you can put that aside for now. There's a dinner you and I have to attend tonight."

"Do I have to? Can't you go on your own?" Janet asked in confusion.

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Her grandfather usually attended such social dinners alone, since the bigwigs always eager for him to diagnose their various symptoms. In contrast, her presence was inconsequential and she got bored after the first two, so she never attended another ever since.

Dan quickly waved her off. "No, this is different. You're the star for this occasion." "Me?" Janet was puzzled. "What's the occasion?"

"A blind date."

"What?!" Janet exclaimed, springing to her feet and almost kicking the cauldron beside her.

Shooting her grandfather a look of disapproval, she snapped, "I told you I don't need that! I won't go!"

"But you wanted a boyfriend who's better at medicine than I am, didn't you?" Dan quickly reasoned. "The man certainly is better than myself, and you've met him before."

"Have I? Who is it?"

"Frank Lawrence," Dan replied.

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