

The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu

#Chapter 12 – 15

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Chapter 12

Sean was immediately annoyed by Vicky's words. "Come on now, beautiful. Give me a little credit."

He was the heir to the Wesley family, and she told him that he did not compare to a piece of trash like Frank?

However, Vicky merely snorted in disdain. "Why should I?"

Sean pursed his lips, his veins bulging as he clenched his knuckle. "Let me give it to you straight—that brat doesn't even have a job! Why else would Helen divorce him? What can he offer you?! He's not even that good looking."

Vicky simply glanced at Frank and shrugged. "Mr. Lawrence only needs time. He just needs a month, and surpassing your family would not be out of the question."

"Haha! You're really funny!" Sean laughed.

Starting from nothing and beating his family in a month?! Dream on!

Vicky smiled in return. "I'm not being funny. Why don't we make a bet? If Mr. Lawrence surpasses your family in a month, you'll go down on your knees and apologize."

Sean narrowed his eyes, his interest piqued. "What if he doesn't?"

"Then I'll get down on my knees and apologize," Vicky replied nonchalantly.

"Deal," Sean promptly said, as if worried that Vicky would renege.

Frank narrowed his eyes at Vicky just then and turned to head inside the banquet hall.

She was making a mountain out of a molehill, and he was not about to get involved in their squabble.

“Wait, Mr. Lawrence...” Vicky quickly chased after him and caught his arm. “I just put my bet on you. Shouldn’t you fight a little for my sake?”

“I’m not interested in your gambit,” Frank replied flatly.

“So you’d rather let me kneel in front of that pig?” Vicky moaned with a wounded look.

To anyone else, they looked like they were flirting.

“Frank, can I talk to you?” Helen suddenly asked.

“You can say it here.”

“In private. Just the two of us.”

Frank chuckled coolly. “Forget it. I’d rather not get gossiped about.”

With that, he turned to leave without looking back.

Helen was actually surprised that he was so cold—he would do his utmost to fulfill any request before no matter how small it was!

Vicky smiled pointedly in turn. “It seems that Mr. Lawrence isn’t interested in talking to you! Perhaps you should give up and focus on securing that project with the Turnbull family.”

Helen gritted her teeth. “You don’t have to worry about that.”

Vicky shrugged and flashed a confident smile. “Actually, I’m really worried that you won’t get it and humiliate yourself instead.”

With those words, she turned and went after Frank as Helen looked on.

She was actually despairing inside and clenching her knuckles but unable to vent her indignation.

Frank never even looked at her, let alone explain anything about the woman with him.

Had he already forgotten about their three years worth of marriage?

Nonetheless, Sean walked up to her confidently just then. “Don’t worry, Helen. I’ll have that woman apologizing on her knees in a month.”

Surpassing his family in a month?! How delusional!

Helen stayed silent, however, as she had the nagging feeling that something was out of place.

Her confident smile and cool poise was stuck in Helen’s mind.

She was unable to carry herself with such aplomb given this occasion—was she really just some whore?!

“I have a bad feeling about this...” Helen murmured.

—

Many business elites were already gathered in the first banquet hall of Verdant Hotel.

And being the protagonist of the night, Vicky certainly could not stay with Frank.

“Please have a seat, Mr. Lawrence. I will be back after I’ve greeted some guests.”

Frank shook his head. “Just do what you have to. Don’t mind me.”

He started eating without a care—he had never met the other business elites, so he had no reason to talk to them.

That was when Helen, Gina, and Sean entered.

Many business elites promptly approached them, offering toasts.

“Congratulations, Ms. Lane. This is your moment—Lane Holdings will be rising to the peak now that Ms. Turnbull has made a full recovery.”

“You’re definitely getting that West City project.”

“Yeah, just don’t forget us, alright?”

Helen held a hand over her lips, hiding the grin beneath. “Oh, you’re exaggerating. I didn’t really help much.”

She was certainly buoyed inside—the instant she received word that Ms. Turnbull made a full recovery, she sent her secretary to spread the news.

Now, everyone was fawning over her. And with the halo of saving Ms. Turnbull, who would ever steal the spotlight from her?

However, as the crowd followed her to the front roll, Helen was left staring at a figure sitting there that stood out like a sore thumb.

Sean promptly snapped, “Who let you sit there?! Get out!”

It was the main table where the Turnbells would sit at, and only Helen got to sit there!

Frank put down the buttered rib he was holding and wiped the grease of his lips. “Ms. Turnbull told me to sit here. Do you have an issue with that?”

“Hah! Is that so?!” Sean snorted in disdain. “You really know how to make stuff up, don’t you?”

The business elites behind them were studying Frank curiously in turn.

“Who is he?”

“Does he even have the right to meet Ms. Turnbull?”

Sean promptly answered, “That’s Ms. Lane’s ex-husband, freeloading off her for three years and now here to cause trouble after she divorced him!”

The crowd was immediately in an uproar, eagerly siding with the Lanes now that they were in the spotlight.

“What?! Someone that despicable actually exists?”

“Huh, and here I wondered who he could be.”

“Obviously a bumpkin. Can’t even use a knife and fork? He certainly doesn’t deserve Ms. Lane!”

Seeing that the mob was outraged with Frank, Helen quickly went up and whispered, “Just leave, Frank.”

Frank slowly looked up. “What, are you chasing me off too?”

Helen frowned. “Hadn’t you embarrassed yourself enough?”

“Embarrass myself?” Frank snorted in contempt. “I think you’re just afraid of me embarrassing your family. I’ve embarrassed myself plenty in your company for the last three years!”

Gina promptly grabbed Helen and pulled her away. “Stop wasting your breath! Ms. Turnbull will deal with him when she arrives.”

At the same time, Sean walked up to Frank smugly. “You’re really thick-skinned, kid. Everyone wants you gone, but you’re still sitting there calmly. I’d be digging a hole to hide in if I were you.”

Frank shot him a look. “I won’t touch you out of respect for the Turnbells. Now, leave.”

“Haha! You, touching me?! I don’t think you have the balls!” Sean laughed coldly, and leaned in to speak just loud enough so only Frank and him could hear, “I won’t lie to you—I’ve booked a room at the Spring Spring Hotel to properly celebrate with Helen tonight. I mean, you never consummated your marriage even after three years? You’re not impotent, are you? It’s alright. I could shoot a video when we do it tonight—”

Smack!

Frank’s eyes had suddenly narrowed, his murderous intent flaring as he abruptly slapped Sean across the face!

“Wargh!!!”

Sean was screaming even as the world spun around him—the slap had sent him flying!

The crowd was left silent and gaping right then. They never expected Frank to actually get physical at the Turnbells’ banquet!

“F*ck!” Sean’s face contorted with rage as he scrambled to his feet, feeling his mouth a little askew.

“Are you alright, Mr. Wesley?!” Gina exclaimed as she paled in shock, before wheeling on Frank and snapping, “Are you crazy?! How dare you lay a finger on Mr. Wesley!”

Frank merely flexed his wrist. “You should be glad I didn’t kill him.”

Helen was stunned by his outburst too, and snapped angrily, “How could you do this, Frank?! Apologize to Mr. Wesley right now!”

Frank paused and wheeled on her in disbelief. “You’re asking me to apologize? Did you tell him to do it when he incited your sycophants to mock me?”

Helen averted her eyes, but snapped nonetheless, “He made a mistake, but you shouldn’t do that either!”

“I”m sorry, but I’ve always solved problems with violence,” Frank replied coolly. “If you don’t like it, do something about it.”

“You... You’re hopeless,” Helen glared at her in disappointment. novelbin

“Ms. Turnbull has arrived!” Someone in the crowd suddenly shouted.

As everyone promptly cleared a path, Sean was smiling and scoffing at Frank. “It’s over for you. No one’s going to protect you after what you did...”

However, he was left dumbstruck when he turned and saw who stood at the center of the crowd.

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Helen gasped as Vicky strode toward them under the crowd’s escort, realizing that she was Ms. Turnbull given how the crowd behaved around her.

She certainly harbored contempt for Vicky earlier and was left feeling uncomfortable about that. novelbin

Not only was Vicky far more beautiful than she was, but even the former’s family and connections crushed anything she had!

At that moment, she understood what Vicky meant about humiliating herself.

There was no way she would get that project as long as Vicky was around!

At the same time, Sean was stammering, “Y-You’re Ms. Turnbull?”

“What, does that disappoint you?” Vicky looked at him gleefully in turn. “Also, you were insulting Mr. Lawrence, weren’t you?”

“Hmph! So what?” Sean snorted.

From where he stood, Frank had nothing going for him at all. Even if he managed to seduce Vicky, he was nothing more than her plaything!

In fact, if Vicky fought him over her gigolo, she would be bringing shame to the Turnbulls!

As such, he was dead sure th

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Chapter 14

Chapter 14

With Trevor’s case being a precedent and what Vicky told Helen before they came inside the banquet hall, Helen was convinced that she had no chance of getting the West City project.

That was when Sean said with a scowl, “Don’t worry. That good–for–nothing is just Vicky’s gigolo,

but

my father actually is her grandfather’s associate. I’m sure the man would understand with just a phone call.”

Gina finally remembered that he was there too. “Oh, Mr. Wesley! You really come through for us when

it matters!”

Helen leveled a miserable look at Frank in turn. "Sorry, but we really have to trouble you this time."

She certainly did not dare pin her hopes of Frank—the West City project was the key to Lane Holdings ' future!

Sean whipped out his phone, and went to a quiet corner to call his father, James Wesley, who was the head of his household.

"What is it? Why are you calling this late?" James growled.

Sean promptly pleaded, "Dad, could you ask George Turnbull to give my friend a project?"

"What?!" James promptly snapped. "Have you lost your mind?! What even gave you the idea that I can speak up in that man's presence?! Even if I was allowed an audience, do you think I'm even capable of changing his mind?! Just suck up to Ms. Turnbull already. Everything else is pointless!"

And with that, he hung up, leaving Sean scratching his head exasperatedly.

He started to head back, wondering how he would explain this to Helen.

He had been playing the long game but had yet to sleep with her—there was no way he could give up now!

Gina saw him hang up and promptly asked, "How did it go, Mr. Wesley? What did your father say?"

Sean avoided her gaze but forced a smile and braced herself as he said, "Don't worry. My father has already agreed to it—he's probably calling Mr. Turnbull as we speak."

Gina breathed a huge sigh of relief. "Phew... That's great!"

Helen was relieved too and told Sean solemnly, "Thank you so much, Mr. Wesley."

Sean chuckled cheerfully. "Come on, don't say that."

Meanwhile, Vicky and Frank had headed upstairs to a private room, where she poured him a glass of wine.

“Mr. Lawrence, you don’t mind me acting on my own volition, do you?” she asked.

Frank was seated cross-legged as he replied flatly, “I actually thought you were holding back.” novelbin

“Then I’ll remember not to hold back next time,” Vicky said with a giggle. “I presume you’ve heard about the West City project?”

Frank nodded. “I have.”

After all, Trevor would report Helen’s every move to him, and they had secured that project while they were still business partners. 1

Vicky brought up a long, narrow wooden box just then.

“Your ex-wife actually met my father and gave us this—a 100-year panacea cap. She really wanted that project, but my father didn’t know she was your ex-wife. Just say the word, and I’ll have them all kicked out of this banquet hall.”

Frank frowned in thought, and asked, “Who would’ve been given the project before this?”

“Trevor, of course,” Vicky admitted. “But he’s turning down Riverton projects now. As for Lane Holdings, they are actually a suitable candidate despite being a new enterprise, since they worked with Trevor before and gained experience as well as ability.”

Now, the fate of Lane Holdings all depended on what Frank would say!

Chapter 15

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After some thought, Frank took a deep breath and said, “Denying a person income is no different

from murder—if you’ve already considered giving them the project, Ms. Turnbull, I have no cause to tell you to do otherwise.”

Vicky smiled at Frank as she studied him. “It seems to me that you’re just not keen on pushing them too far. Linger attachment to Ms. Lane, perhaps?”

"If that's what you think of me..." Frank shot her a look. "Can't say anything to that."

"Have you not considered taking in a new lover now that you're single, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank shook his head. "Not interested."

Vicky pursed her lips—his response was somewhat a killjoy.

Still, she did not press the issue.

She certainly could not hurry things since Frank had just divorced Helen a couple of days ago.

"Well, I'm sure you're more interested in herbal treasures," she said, nonchalantly opening the box. "You can have this panacea cap..."

A faint sweet aroma swirled into the air immediately, and Frank was promptly focused as he studied the panacea cap meticulously.

Vicky rolled her eyes. "Honestly... you didn't have such concentration when you were looking at me!"

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Frank completely ignored her, however, and suddenly shook his head in disappointment. "It's a fake."

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"What?!" Vicky did a double take. "That b*sta*d brought a fake to my house as a gift?!"

Frank shrugged. "It's 50 years old at best. No chance it's a centennial."

For panacea caps, its medical efficacy would differ greatly even if there was just a years' age gap, leading to the difference in value for each individual cap. novelbin

And Vicky was all too aware of that!

"Still, it is more or less useful. Why don't you sell it to me?" Frank suggested.

Vicky smiled generously. "No, you can just take it if you need it, Mr. Lawrence."

"Alright, I owe you one now," Frank nodded he did not have any moment right now. "Also, I'm going if there's nothing else..."

"Actually, if you could outside for a moment, Mr. Lawrence," Vicky quickly said. "I'd like to introduce you to an illustrious gentleman. I'll have someone deliver the panacea cap to your penthouse later."

"Thank you," Frank said and returned to the banquet hall.

Gina promptly approached him, once again behaving like a fishwife now that Vicky was gone. did you tell Ms. Turnbull?"

"Nothing," Frank replied flatly.

"What

"You're not fooling anyone," Gina snapped stubbornly right then. "Do you think I'd believe you?"

Frank shrugged. "Believe what you want. What does that have to do with me?"

Helen stopped Gina just then. "I believe you, Frank. And I know that you're upset with me, but I'd rather you didn't cheapen yourself. Vicky Turnbull isn't all that she seems, and you wouldn't even know if she betrayed you someday."

In fact, the first time she saw Vicky, she knew she was no pushover.

And how was a quiet, down-to-earth man like Frank ever getting the better of her?

Frank smiled in turn—not only was Helen dead set that he had been badmouthing her, but she also thought that he was Vicky's gigolo.

"You should be worrying about yourself," he told her before looking pointedly at Frank. "I mean, you're already waist-deep in muck yourself."

Helen certainly had something to say against that, but her phone suddenly started ringing.

Though she saw that it was an unfamiliar number, she answered it after some hesitation.

“It’s not very nice of you to badmouth me, Ms. Lane.”

Helen paled in shock and promptly looked around, as if she was just stabbed in the back!

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