

The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 121 - Read The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 121

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“Frank?” Janet was a little surprised, having met Frank and witnessed his immaculate depth with medicine.

Still, why would he suddenly be interested in a blind date? He had her number, and he could speak to her directly if he was interested.

“Did he say it himself?” Janet asked.

Dan shook his head. “Greg Marsh told me. I’m guessing Frank asked him to be a middleman- it’s quite formal of him to get a go-between.”

Janet could not help remembering Frank’s face at that.

He was outstanding in medicine and had both the looks and the figure.

He was completely Janet’s type, and it would be good if she could date him.

She had never considered the issue before, but since Frank had asked someone to help, he

must have been interested in her for a while.

When could it be?

Still, Janet could not help smiling at the idea.

It seemed that she just had to work hard, and a successful man would eventually see her good points.

“Janet, we should at least show Greg some respect for getting involved,” Dan said just then.” Just check things out even if you don’t like it. Who knows, you might like him when you two actually meet.”

Janet lowered her gaze shyly. "Since you've put it that way... I guess I can go."

"Great!" Dan exclaimed. "Put on something nice too. That's respect too."
novelbin

Janet lowered her gaze, frowning at her checkered shirt which smelled of medicine.

As she dashed out of the room, Dan asked, "Where are you going?"

"Taking a bath! Just wait a moment, Grandpa!"

"Oh, okay," Dan muttered, scratching his head.

He suddenly felt as if his granddaughter was more anxious than himself!

Meanwhile, Greg drove to Lane Manor and planted himself on the drawing room couch like he owned the place.

Gina sat to his left, Peter to his right, and Helen opposite him.

Once he arrived, Peter promptly poured him a cup of tea and asked, "Mr. Marsh, how did the proposal go?"

Greg took a sip and said nonchalantly, "How else could it have gone? I called Dan Zimmer, and he said yes—we'll be meeting tonight at Verdant Hotel."

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Peter was beside himself with joy. "Hahaha! That's wonderful!"

Greg smiled and nodded. "That's not all—you'd be working at Grande Corp tomorrow as Vicky Turnbull's personal consultant, and you'll be paid 500 grand per year!"

"R—Really? I'm not dreaming, am I?" Peter was astounded, even wondering if he heard Greg

wrong.

"Of course. Would I lie to you?" Greg chuckled.

“You must have been my parent in another life!” Peter exclaimed, kowtowing to Greg and just stopping short of calling him daddy.

Gina was certainly pleased to. “You’ve really saved me, Greg! I’ve been worried about whether Peter can get married, and now it’s all settled!”

Thank goodness she met him again—keeping the family together alone as a woman was just too difficult.

At the same time, Greg was patting himself on the back for being so smart, resolving such a difficult issue with relative ease.

“Oh, what are you saying, Gina?” he said. “We were former classmates—we ought to help each other.”

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Gina nodded repeatedly. “For sure.”

Greg’s expression turned serious just then. “By the way, I recently started a cosmetics company. The technical consultant is a friend who studied abroad in Minerva, and all the equipment was imported from there. Once the products hit the market, it would definitely take Riverton by storm, but my friend holds too much stake, and I’m worried I can’t control the company in the future. I’m hoping you can help me.”

Gina did not expect Greg to actually ask her for help, and she said without hesitation, “Oh, what are you saying? You just have to tell me if you need help, and I’ll do all I can.”

Greg sighed in turn. “I’d like to borrow some money to help me leverage against my friend’s shares— you can be a shareholder too. We will both be able to call the shots in the company with that.”

Gina was shocked, surprised that Greg would give her shares—it was as if they were already married.

Moreover, he first helped cure Helen's face and now helped arrange an engagement between Peter and Janet. Was there any reason she should not help?

"How much do you need, Greg?" Gina asked seriously.

"At least twenty million," Greg replied gravely. "You don't have to give that much—I can come up with an idea for the rest."

"Wait here," Gina promptly ran upstairs, returning downstairs soon enough with a debit card, and directly handed it to Greg. "There's ten million here. You can use it for now—my birthday is the PIN."

"N—No! I can't take this money," Greg promptly threw up his hands in refusal.

That only convinced Gina further that he was trustworthy.

"You have to take it—we are family," she insisted before turning toward Helen. "You have ten million too, don't you?"

"What?" Helen was taken aback. "Yeah, but those are funds for subsequent parts of the West City Project..."

"Oh, but Mr. Marsh needs it now," Gina snapped. "How could you be so ungrateful after he treated your face?"

Greg quickly said, "No, Helen shouldn't use that money since she needs it..."

Nonetheless, Gina relentlessly pestered Helen. "Greg isn't saying he won't pay you back either. Once the company goes public and the share price take off, you can use it when the time comes..."

Helen was left in an awkward situation.

However, Greg did treat her face and help Peter propose—their family owed him, and he had at least proven his character.

After some thinking, she decided to lend Greg the money.

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Once he had the money, Greg immediately assured her, "Don't worry, Helen. I'll definitely return the money once the company goes public." novelbin

Helen simply smiled and nodded.

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After Frank sent Vicky home in the evening, he returned to Verdant Hotel in her car.

“Mr. Lawrence?” Someone called out as soon as he aligned.

He turned to see that it was Dan Zimmer in a black suit, looking spirited.

Janet was following him, dressed in a light blue gown and wearing light makeup along with lipstick, looking less a healer than the attractive girl next door.

Frank could not help staring at them and exclaimed in awe, “Looking sharp, Mr. Zimmer! And you look beautiful in that dress, Janet!”

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Janet lowered her head shyly as soon as she saw Frank, while Dan laughed heartily. “You’re early, Mr. Lawrence. But since you’re here, let’s go in together!”

“Oh... Actually, I just finished work.”

Dan nodded. “Well, you’d be busy after getting promoted to being Ms. Turnbull’s personal consultant recently. Your future is bright!”

Frank waved him off. “Oh, you’re exaggerating, Mr. Zimmer.”

Moreover, he was just her personal bodyguard and not a consultant... to think that word traveled fast, and even Dan found out.

“Well, you’re here anyway. Let’s go in!” Dan said.

“Go... where?”

“The restaurant!” Dan chuckled.

Frank was bemused and presumed that Dan was buying him dinner.

In that case, why did he not call ahead of time?

Still, since he had not eaten, Frank said, “Alright! I’ll go upstairs to get changed—I’ll be right down.”

“Sure,” Dan said. “We’ll be waiting for you in the private room.”

It was only then that he noticed Frank was dressed casually—he was certainly respectful, getting changed before they met.

After parting ways with Frank, Dan led Janet to the private room Greg booked.

Greg and Helen’s family, who were already there, promptly rose to greet them when they arrived.

“Ah, Mr. Zimmer.” Greg was smiling as he fawned over the man. “You should’ve told me that you arrived I would’ve gone downstairs to receive you.”

—

“Oh, there’s no need to go through so much trouble,” Dan said.

“Please take a seat, Mr. Zimmer,” Helen then said.

“Oh, okay...” Dan replied, his expression uneasy as he turned toward the Lanes.

He was certainly puzzled—why would Frank bring his ex-wife if he was going to propose? Was this not deliberate harassment toward Janet?

Still, it was a good day, so he did not let it show.

“Oh, you look even more beautiful than before!” Gina beamed, showering Janet with endlessly praise.

“Thank you, ma’am,” Janet said awkwardly, feeling the creeps as Peter’s eyes were fixed on her constantly. novelbin

Greg spread his arms just then and beckoned at a waiter. “You can start serving now.”

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“But isn’t that too soon, Mr. Marsh?” Dan promptly said. “Not everyone is here...” “No, everyone’s here.” Greg chuckled. “Or have you invited someone else?”

Dan was totally dumbstruck. “But the groom-to-be isn’t here yet. How could we start without him?”

Greg was totally bemused and glanced between Janet and Peter. “They’re here, aren’t they? Ms. Zimmer and Mr. Lane are sitting right here.”

“What?” Dan was left gaping—was Frank not the groom-to-be? How did it turn into Peter Lane?!

“What?!” Janet exclaimed at the same time and sprang to her feet as a chill ran down her spine.

Peter was such a freak, and she had no intention of marrying him!

She promptly turned to Dan, asking in grief, “What is going on here, Grandpa?”

“I...” Dan was speechless—he did not think this would happen!

Wheeling on Greg, he demanded, “Mr. Marsh, didn’t you tell me that the groom-to-be is Vicky’s personal consultant?!”

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Greg explained, “That’s right. Peter here is Ms. Turnbull’s personal consultant—he’ll start work tomorrow.”

Dan smacked himself on the forehead in turn, almost passing out right then!

What a blunder. He should have asked for a name!

Just then, Peter was grinning as he raised a glass at Dan. “Mr. Zimmer, we will be family soon. Don’t worry, I promise to be good to Janet. I will love her forever-”

“Shut up.”

Before he could finish, Janet had already picked up her glass and splashed her wine at his face.

Peter was left dumbstruck, his white shirt dyed red right then!

“What...”

He was about to flip out but restrained himself as Dan was sitting right beside Janet.

On the other hand, Gina sprang to her feet, seeing that her son was being mistreated!

“H—How could you do this, Janet?” she snapped before wheeling on Dan. “We may not be some important family, but you can’t let your granddaughter do this!”

“Mom...” Helen promptly tried to stop her mother.

She had already noticed that something was amiss—it was after the Zimmers heard that Peter was the groom-to-be that they clearly got upset!

Dan said quietly then, “It’s not up to you to tell me how I educate my granddaughter.”

“What are you saying? Even a family like mine has rules.”

“Hmph!” Dan snorted, smacking the table as he rose to his feet, scoffing mercilessly. “My granddaughter will never marry a piece of shit like him!”

“What... I...” Gina was furious but held her tongue as she was too afraid of Dan’s influence to

snap.

Dan turned toward Janet right then. “Let’s go, Janet.”

They started to leave, and Greg promptly stopped them. “Please, Mr. Zimmer. Didn’t we have an understanding?”

“Shut up!” Dan glared at Greg furiously. “I was a fool to believe you!”

“But I wasn’t lying,” Greg quickly said. “Peter really is Vicky’s personal consultant—it’s his first day tomorrow.”

“Hah!” Dan snorted in disdain. “Him? What can he do to deserve that?”

With that, he stormed off with Janet, leaving Greg speechless.

What the hell was that?! novelbin

Peter’s face was left ashen in rage, and he slammed his fist on the table as he bellowed, “Those two are too much!”

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“Calm down, Peter,” Gina assured him. “You’ll start work at Grande Corp tomorrow—you can destroy them once you’re rich and successful.”

Meanwhile, Frank had gotten changed and returned downstairs, running into Dan and Janet again.

However, Dan was clearly angry.

“What’s wrong, Mr. Zimmer?” he asked.

“Oh, Mr. Lawrence... It’s nothing,” Dan said, realizing just then that Frank knew nothing about the proposal.

Beside her, Janet was feeling exceedingly awkward as well and afraid to look Frank in the eye.

Still, Dan quickly said, “Perfect timing, Mr. Lawrence. Let’s have dinner together.”

He just had an idea—they were here anyway, so why not give it a try?

Who knew if Frank just might be interested...

“Sure...” Frank replied.

Dan quickly booked another private room, and they ordered some dishes.

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Frank was taken aback that he would ask about that.

After musing to himself for a moment, Frank said, "Her family aims to be an elite dynasty in Riverton. Since I'm not of help, it's only natural she divorced me."

There was nothing worth hiding about that, just as anyone interested would find out how Gina belittled him to no end.

"What? That family is really blind..." Dan sighed emotionally.

And here he thought it was some complicated issue between him and Helen... to think that the Lanes thought so little of Frank!

Beside them, Janet nodded repeatedly. novelbin

Then, Dan stroked his beard and said, "Well, now that you're divorced, Mr. Lawrence, don't you think it's time to think about your future? I know several successful ladies myself, and I wouldn't mind giving an introduction if you're willing."

Janet nodded repeatedly again, smiling as she asked, "Do you have a type, Mr. Lawrence?"

Frank did a double take.

His type?

To be honest, he had no idea he was merely following his mentor's instructions to marry Helen before his passing.

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Janet then asked mysteriously, "A strong, independent woman like Ms. Turnbull, perhaps?"

Frank smiled and shook his head. "We are just partners, nothing more."

He had saved her life, and she helped him gather medicinal ingredients in return.

As for her repeated attempts to flirt with him... she was just using him to break off her engagements.

"If I had to choose, all I'd like is to return home," Frank said. "I'll be a store owner, living life without worries."

"Make it an apothecary," Janet suggested—that way, she could be his assistant.

As Frank turned toward her, she explained, "I—I mean, you have talent in that field."

"Maybe. I've yet to make up my mind, actually." Frank smiled

Dan chuckled. "You're still young, Mr. Lawrence. You have plenty of time, so there's no need to get ahead of yourself. Come, let's have a toast."

The trio continued chatting for a while, but Dan had to give up since Frank had no intention of marrying.

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Frank was still groggy early the next morning as he got out of bed and went to work.

It seemed that he had a proper job now...

Still, as he arrived outside Grande Corp, he was staring as Peter alighted from an Audi.

With that suit and neatly combed hair, one would believe he was a CEO if they did not know better.

"Peter?" Frank frowned. "What are you doing here?"

Peter promptly shot Frank a look of contempt in turn. "I'm starting work here."

"Starting work."

"I'm now Ms. Turnbull's personal consultant," Peter said, straightening his tie. "Your days are numbered, manwhore. And I still remember our grudge from before!"

Frank realized with a start. "So you're the one Greg Marsh was talking about?"

"Oh, you're actually well informed." Peter snorted smugly.

Frank chuckled. "I think you should run."

He understood now—so that was why Dan and Janet were dressed so formally yesterday. They must be discussing an engagement!

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Greg probably did not mention to Dan who the groom-to-be would be, which explained why Dan was livid yesterday.

Even Frank must admit that he was impressed with the way Greg pulled the wool over everyone's eyes. Still, while most would be tricked, it was a pity for Greg that Dan was acquainted with Henry Lane and actually knew what Peter was like.

"If Vicky knew that Greg was introducing you, she'd probably kill you," Frank said.

"Shut the fuck up!" Peter snapped, pointing him in the nose. "Vicky agreed to give me a job! You're just jealous!"

"That's because you're supposed to be Dan Zimmer's grandson-in-law," Frank replied,

shaking his head exasperatedly. "Are you?"

"Piece of... So what if I wasn't? I have what it takes!" Peter bellowed angrily.

Frank was certainly not bothered to keep dissuading Peter since the latter was being so stubborn.

He then turned, heading inside the building.

Not one to be outdone, Peter hurried after him, even slipping into the private elevator before him and keeping him outside.

Frank frowned. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to the CEO's office. What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going too."

Peter laughed. "A manwhore like you going to her office?! Quit embarrassing Ms. Turnbull!"

Frank said coolly in turn, "I'd really suggest letting me in, or you'll suffer for it."

Peter snorted in his face. "Who do you think you are, taking the same elevator as me? Fuck off! novelbin

With that, he shut the door in Frank's face, leaving him no choice but to take the employee elevator.

Peter happily headed up to the top floor, where Vicky's secretary received him. "Mr...?"

"Peter Lane," Peter said politely, "I'm here to see Ms. Turnbull before I start work as her personal consultant."

The secretary had already been informed and certainly did not drag her feet. "Please wait here, Mr. Lane. I'll inform Ms. Turnbull right away."

As she turned and headed into Vicky's office, Frank arrived on the top floor as well and strode right into Vicky's office.

Peter promptly barked, "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to see Vicky."

"And you're going straight in? Get in line!" Peter snapped.

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This was Grande Corp, not a love hotel—even if he was Vicky’s boytoy, he had to take a number too! Even Sean Wesley did back in the day whenever he visited Helen!

While Peter was convinced that Vicky would be much more reserved with so many employees around, Frank simply rolled his eyes at him before striding inside Vicky’s office.

“What...” Peter was speechless!

That manwhore was really too much! How could Vicky tolerate him so much?!

In her office, Vicky saw Frank and quickly said, “Perfect timing, Frank. Let’s go meet the man Greg Marsh introduced.”

Frank shrugged. “I’d advise you not to hold out too much hope.”

Vicky’s heart skipped a beat at his words. “What does that mean?”

Frank actually did not know where to begin. “You should take a look yourself.”

Vicky was utterly confused but hurried outside.

Once Peter saw her, he promptly hurried to her, suddenly humble. “Ah, Ms. Turnbull...”

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Vicky and Peter had naturally met—it was back at Verdant Hotel, when Peter thought Vicky was a whore Frank paid for,

He was certainly surprised to find out that it was actually the complete opposite... but that was all history anyway.

Right now, Peter was going to start working for Vicky, though he would not mind being her manwhore either! novelbin

Vicky, however, was feeling her blood boiling when she saw Peter.

“Y—You’re the person Greg Marsh recommended?” she asked, holding out a fraction of hope.

Peter nodded repeatedly, crushing her hopes right then.

“Is Janet Zimmer your girlfriend?” she pressed.

Peter shook his head. “Not at the moment...”

Vicky frowned. “What do you mean, ‘not at the moment’?”

“Our families met to discuss an engagement, but things weren’t finalized,” Peter said. “But trust me, I am the right man for the job. I will assist you with body and soul and bring the Grande Corp to new heights-”

He did not notice that Vicky had clenched her knuckles. Even before he was finished, she already had enough and punched him squarely on the nose!

“Are you fucking serious?! Trying to pass off shit as gold?!” she snapped, finally realizing that Dan would never be interested in that loser!

Janet Zimmer’s groom-to-be?! That was all bullshit—Greg must have told Dan that Peter was her personal consultant, which was how he tricked Dan!

“Oof!!!” Peter grunted, dropping to the floor as blood gushed out of nostrils. “P—Please, Ms.

Turnbull... Give me a chance

“Get out!” Vicky snapped.

Peter wheeled on Frank right then. “Did he say something to you, Miss Turnbull?! Don’t listen to him! He’s a loser with nothing going for him!”

“I told you to get out, didn’t you hear?!” Vicky snapped, launching a kick with her heels on his face! “Frank, get him out of here.”

At those words, Frank grabbed Peter by the collar and dragged him to the elevator, but Peter kept calling out, “Please, Ms. Turnbull! Give me a chance!”

However, once the elevators closed and Vicky was out of earshot, Peter wheeled on Frank. ” You! What the fuck did you tell Vicky Turnbull?!”

“Nothing,” Frank said calmly.

“Fuck off! Then why would Vicky agree to give me the job yesterday and throw me out today?!”

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“Because she didn’t know it was you.”

“Y–You’re lying! You must have told her something!” Peter yelled, clearly not giving up and never once thought that he was incompetent.

Furious, he lunged at Frank, ready to give him a beating... only for Frank to grab him by the neck even before he reached Frank’s shirt!

As the elevator doors opened, Frank called out to two security guards. “Get him out of here.”

Both security guards promptly grabbed Peter and started to drag him outside, even as he screamed, “Let me go! Let me go! Don’t you know who I am?! I’m Helen Lane’s brother! She owns Lane Holdings!”

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Even as Peter screamed and struggled, the two security guards rolled their eyes. “Lane Holdings? Never heard of this. Now get out of here—we won’t play nice if you keep causing us trouble.”

As the security guards took out their batons and pointed threateningly at Peter, he could only huff. “J– Just you wait!”

With that, he stormed off even as he wiped the blood off his nose.

Just yesterday, he was imagining himself rising to the pinnacle of his life, marrying rich and getting a serious job, and both went south in under a day.

He certainly could not take this lying down!

Frank returned to Vicky’s office, where she sat behind her desk, rubbing her temples repeatedly.

Seeing that, Frank asked, “You really don’t have to be that upset, do you?”

Vicky’s knuckles clenched. “How could I not?! That bastard Greg Marsh played me!”

“Then consider it a lesson,” Frank said, consoling her.

Just then, Vicky’s phone rang.

Seeing that it was Yara, she promptly answered, “How did it go, Yara? Have you received Mr. Longman?”

“We have a problem, Ms. Turnbull,” Yara reported urgently. “We ran into hitmen, and Mr. Longman was seriously hurt.”

“What?!” Vicky sprang to her feet, her eyes widened. “Where are you? I’ll be right there!”

Obadiah Longman was a healer from abroad, and Vicky had spent a fortune hiring him for her apothecary, just as she wanted to buy a certain pill recipe off his hands.

She did not think that the man would be hurt upon arrival at Riverton, and she certainly valued him since he was the key to her company’s future!

After getting Yara’s location, Vicky turned to Frank. “Go help Yara. She’s cornered in Northstream Leatherworks.”

Frank nodded, taking her keys without question and leaving the office.

Meanwhile, Yara and two of her bodyguards were hiding in an abandoned factory at the Northstream Leatherworks.

Beside her, Obadiah was barely breathing, while there were a ton of people outside.

“What should we do now, Ms. Quill?” one of the bodyguards asked worriedly—they would be fedead if this went on!

However, there was nothing Yara could do either.

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Just this morning, she did as Vicky had instructed, receiving Obadiah and heading to Grande Corp, when they were ambushed. There were just too many of them!

“Let’s just hide and buy time. I’ve already called Ms. Turnbull for help...” she said, but she had no idea if they would last until help arrived.

Suddenly, they heard a scuffle and screams outside.

Yara gingerly looked outside to find several men with machetes charging into the factory.

The man in the lead wore a white suit, dyed red in blood and wobbling.

Yara promptly rushed up to help him. “Mr. Turnbull, what are you doing here?”

She recognized the man, Les Turnbull, who usually worked in security for the family.

However, he was not a member of the escort team for Obadiah...

“Ms. Turnbull sent us,” Les explained. “There’s a lot of people outside the factory—me and my men had to charge in here.”

Yara helped him to the second floor, putting him beside Obadiah and asked, “How many people did you bring?”

“I came in a hurry, so I only brought around ten, and it’s just the two of them left.”

“Oh... What are they doing outside? Why aren’t they rushing in?”

“I don’t know,” Les replied. “They’re just surrounding the place... I suspect they’re using us as bait to lure in our backup.”

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Yara, however, was frowning in thought. “But their target is Obadiah. Why would they do something so pointless?”

Les turned toward the man, who was barely breathing. “Urgh... I think we should try to break out as soon as we can.”

Yara certainly wanted to do that, but they just stopped Obadiah’s bleeding after he was stabbed multiple times. Moreover, they were hopelessly outnumbered – it was impossible to escape with one person so seriously injured.

“That’s no good,” Yara said. “We don’t stand a chance with Mr. Longman being that hurt. We should keep waiting for backup.”

Les did not agree. “Why don’t you give me his pill recipe? Me and my man will then make a break for it–the recipe is vital. We can’t let it fall into anyone’s hands.”

Yara thought about it and decided that Les was right.

She gingerly took out a thick book from her bag and handed it to Les, telling him somberly, This is the key to Grande Corp’s future. You have to bring it to Ms. Turnbull.”

Since Les was Vicky’s cousin, it should be fine handing it to him.

As he took it, he nodded repeatedly as he checked the book, while Yara continued, “I’ll draw their attention. You can leave through the back door.”

Les smiled, the excitement in his eyes barely concealed as he put the book away. “That’s unnecessary. None of you are leaving anyway.”

Yara frowned. “What-”

Before she could finish, Les whipped out a stun baton and struck her, flooring her with an enormous jolt!

Yara was left twitching in shock as she gaped at Les in shock. “W–What are you doing?!”

Yara’s two bodyguards promptly lunged at Les, but his own bodyguards were prepared.

Whipping out their own blades, it was over in an instant.

Les was chuckling as he stared at Yara on the floor. “What am I doing? Wiping you all out, of course.”

“You’re... betraying us?” Yara was left in disbelief—she had never expected one of the Turnbolls to betray them!

“What are you saying? I simply have the wisdom to recognize circumstances.” Les snorted and whipped out his phone. “I have the recipe. You can come in now.”

The hitmen outside the factory stormed inside instantly, with a black-clad masked man in the

lead.

Yara recognized him, just as she realized why they were not storming the factory—they just wanted Obadiah’s pill recipe. novelbin

She certainly regretted trusting a vermin like Les!

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“We have the recipe, sir,” Les said, respectfully approaching the masked man and passing him the book.

The masked man read it for a while and nodded in satisfaction before waving his hand.

Catching his cue, Les strode up to Obadiah and killed him with a single stab.

Yara was left watching as Obadiah died, blaming herself further right then.

Les then strode toward him, dagger in hand, but Yara shouted just before he reached her, Wait! Since I’m dead anyway, I should at least know who’s the one who killed me.”

Turning toward the masked man, she asked, “Who are you?”

The masked man simply laughed. “Such cheap tricks are unnecessary, “You know me?” Yara did a double take—he knew her!

Ms. Quill.”

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However, Yara could not think of anyone in Riverton who had the influence to summon hundreds of hitmen.

“Of course I know you.” The masked man snorted in contempt. “Is there anyone who doesn’t know the governor’s daughter? It’s a shame you’re willing to serve Vicky as her lapdog.”

Then, his tone changed as he continued enticingly, “Why bend over backward? Join us—once we eliminate Vicky, you’ll be in charge of Grande Corp. Your influence will skyrocket, and you’ll gain importance in your family.”

Les reasoned too, “Ms. Quill, Mr. Goldman values your abilities. Join us to prosper or die.”

“Bleh!” Yara spat, glaring at Les in disdain. “You think everyone else is a traitor like you? You’re just Glen Turnbull’s bastard. Ms. Turnbull was willing to take you in and even let you work at Grande Corp, but you repaid her kindness with spite! The way I see it, you’re the one who’s going to die!”

Les was furious and snapped, “A nobody like you has no right to talk to me like that! Once we kill Vicky, Mr. Goldman and I will rule over Riverton. No one will care that I’m a bastard when the time comes!”

The masked man laughed in turn. “You seem to value honor, Ms. Quill! But I wonder, what honor would you have left after my men have their way with you and dump what’s left out at the gates of the governor’s residence?”

“Haha!” Les laughed. “They would all be too ashamed to show their face!”

“Grr...” Yara was gritting her teeth in furious, wanting nothing less than to tear those vermin apart!

Seeing her rage, the masked man laughed smugly. “You can have her, boys.”

“Haha!”

“Thanks, chief!”

The hitmen were all laughing—though Yara was no beauty, her status was still beyond their reach. They probably would go an entire lifetime without encountering a governor's daughter! As they surrounded Yara, fear seized her.

She did not fear death, but she feared an dishonorable death and suffering everyone else's mockery even after she died!

"Let me go!" She struggled, but there was no escape as her limbs were held in place. novelbin

Her tears welled up in her eyes as she cried for help at the top of her lungs...

Bang!

A Ferrari crashed through the huge doors of the factory, its front end left in a mess right then!

Frank kicked open the door as he got out of the car, and everyone turned toward him right then.

The masked man's eyes narrowed. "Fast, aren't you?"

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2/2

Les said, "He's just Vicky's gigolo, Mr. Goldman. There's no reason to fear him."

Frank looked around and promptly found Yara who was pinned on the ground.

Killing intent burst out of him right then!

"Mr. Lawrence! Save me!" Yara cried at the top of her lungs when she saw Frank—he was her last hope!

Frank said coolly, "Let her go, and I'll let you all live."

Les promptly snapped at him, "Who do you think you are, manwhore?! You're dying right here now that you've come!"