

The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu #Chatper 131 - Read The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu Chatper 131

Chatper 131

Chapter 131

The masked man stood out, staring at Frank just then. "You're 'strong, Mr. Lawrence, but there's over a hundred of us. Do you really think you can survive? Why don't you join us instead, and enjoy the spoils with us?"

"Who do you think you are to draw me to your cause?" Frank snorted in disdain.

The masked man pursed his lips, surprised that he would be so full of himself. "In that case, die."

He waved, and all the hitmen charged toward Frank right then!

Frank remained fearless.

With a raging bellow, he charged into their midst, directing their vigor as he moved at extreme speed.

Each punch kicked up a violent gust, instantly knocking a person into the air!

The masked man's heart skipped a beat as he looked on in shock.

As Frank danced through his hitmen, none of them were left standing in his wake!

"Don't let him reach her!" the masked man yelled in shock, finally realizing that Frank was aiming to save Yara!

However, the man holding Yara could barely react when Frank kicked him in the face.

Pow! novelbin

The man's face crumbled into itself, and he was sent flying, hitting the floor in a splatter of blood and guts.

The hitmen were all left gasping at the sight of their comrade's tragic death—how much power was in that kick?!

Frank in turn picked up the machete he dropped and freed Yara.

The masked man suddenly realized that things were going bad and told his hitmen, "Deal with the woman! Leave that bastard to me!"

With that, he singled out Frank, no longer taking him lightly. "I'll admit that you're strong, but it's a shame that you're going to die today."

Frank simply brandished his machete as he glared at the man. "To tell the truth, I'm best with blades, not my fists."

And with that, he lunged forward, swinging his blade and launching a slash through the air, cutting down everything in his way!

The masked man dodged out the way, too terrified to get close—his cheeks were actually hurting from a slight graze!

"Shit..." Finally realizing that Frank was not kidding, he leaped forward the split second Frank swung the machete, launching his palm at Frank's face!

"Die!"

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"Finally. I've been waiting for you to make a move, but you were too much of a coward."

As Frank's voice rang beside his ears, the masked man realized he had been tricked.

But it was too late!

Frank's blade suddenly turned, slicing through his arm and sending it flying in an instant!

"Argh!!!" the masked man screamed as he clutched his shoulder, backing away as blood gushed out!

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However, Frank did not allow the masked man a single moment's rest and lunged forward again!

"Die!" the masked man yelled as he pulled his collar, freeing his jacket and launching a rain of silver needles!

Frank parried some with his machete, while using his other hand to shield his face. novelbin

He knocked down most, but several struck his body.

The masked man laughed pompously in turn. "That's three needles! You're dead now! No one can cure my poison—cut off your own arm and beg if you want to live!"

Frank could feel a chill even as he directed his vigor, and it was a familiar sensation...

It was Snowshade, which Vicky was poisoned with before.

That also means the masked man had poisoned Vicky before! He must not let him free!

Earnestly furious, Frank launched another slash through the air!

The masked man paled in terror, never expecting Frank to keep directing his vigor even after all that!

He dodged and did not pause as he shouted at Les, "Run! We're no match for him!"

With those words, both of them leaped out of the window.

Frank naturally gave chase, machete in hand.

Behind him, the masked man's hitmen were all left dumbfounded.

Did their boss just bolt? Should they run as well, or keep fighting?

In the case of the latter, the woman before them who was just freed was clearly a fighter, even knocking down over twenty of their ranks!

With that, some started to flee, and more soon followed!

Still, Yara did not have time to go after them. Instead, she turned and ran after Frank.

Frank was still in hot pursuit of the masked man as he ran through the wastelands when he suddenly threw his machete.

It gleamed coldly in the air as it cut an elegant arc, reaching the masked man in an instant! He stopped, reaching out to pluck it out of the air, but Frank seized the moment to reach him and sent him flying with a palm to the back of his head!

Even though Frank was poisoned and a lot less strong, his blow still left the masked man rolling on the ground.

Frank pulled out the machete that landed on the ground, asking icily, "Who are you? Why did you try to kill Vicky?"

"You're not getting anything from me," the masked man wheezed.

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"Did you think I wouldn't know if you stayed quiet?" Frank snorted in disdain. "You were using Snowshade, a poison that the Spirit Hill Sect used."

"H—How did you know?!" the man exclaimed in shock.

They were a small sect in the South Sea and not that famous... if Frank knew, he must be from a sect in the South Sea as well!

Frank, however, did not answer and started to reach for his mask, when the masked man yelled, "Stop staring and do something, Les!"

Les stepped out from between the trees right then, and Frank turned to find that Les had trained a gun on him.

Glaring murderously, Frank growled, "Aren't you Vicky's cousin?"

He remembered Les, having come across him in the security room, but they never had any argument.

“So what?” Les growled through his teeth.

“Why would you want to kill me? My fight is not with you.” Frank said in curiosity.

“We simply walk different paths,” Les replied. “Since you chose to side with Vicky, prepare to die!”

The masked man yelled, “Don’t waste your breath! Kill him, and rendezvous with me later!”

With that, he sprang to his feet and fled, while Frank watched as he left.

He reasoned again, “You’re Vicky’s cousin, but you betrayed her. You won’t live when she finds out.”

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Les was completely unfettered. “So what? You’re going to die now.”

Frank shook his head exasperatedly. “I’d rather you didn’t shoot. Not even Glen Turnbull can save you if you do, and you won’t hurt me anyway.”

“Haha!” Les laughed out loud. “What, are you bulletproof?!”

Frank’s eyes were filled with confidence. “Why don’t you test it?”

Les glared at Frank, sensing that Frank was not afraid at all.

Silence ensued, with only the wind rustling amid the trees.

As both men became on edge...

Bang!

Les fired, sparks bursting out of his gun’s barrel.

In that instant, Frank reached out and grabbed before spinning and pausing.

He slowly extended his right knuckle.

“What...”

Les paled, his eyes bulging as he studied Frank.

He was unscathed! Did he really just catch a bullet with his bare hands?! Impossible!

“I told you. You can’t kill me.” Frank’s gaze remained confident as he slowly opened his palm, which was red with his blood.

“You tricked me?!” Les exclaimed in shock, realizing he had been fooled.

However, Frank seized the moment of his distraction and kicked the hilt of his machete, launching it at Les!

Shunk! novelbin

“Argh!” Les screamed as he dropped the gun—the machete caught him on the shoulder, nailing him to a tree!

With that, Frank slowly made his way toward Les.

Les finally sensed Frank’s killing intent right then, and panic showed in his eyes.

“Y–You can’t kill me,” he stammered. “I’m a Turnbull...”

“Do you

think Vicky would let traitors like you live?” Frank asked flatly.

“Of course! I’m Glen Turnbull’s son, and Walter Turnbull is my uncle!” Les quickly said, knowing that he could not run and tried to entice Frank in any way he could. “He’s nothing compared to my father, and not even Vicky would dare threaten me! Let me go, and you can have anything you want –I’ll even let you stay with me when I become the next head of the family!”

Frank completely ignored that, and instead asked, “Who was that masked man?”

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Les shook his head. "I don't know..."

Seeing that he was being stubborn, Frank kicked his leg, breaking it!

"Argh!"

Les' blood curdling scream echoed across the forest, and he sweated bullets while looking at Frank in fear. "Y-You hit me!"

"One last time. Who was that masked man?" Frank asked icily, his tone unyielding.

Les shook his head again as he cried, "I don't know! All I know is that he's called Goldman,

and he's working for the Salazars! Donald Salazar wants Vicky dead so that he could help me take over Riverton..."

Frank's gaze flared with contempt. "A piece of shit like you?"

With that, he seized Les by the neck!

"Oof! W-What are you doing?! I told you everything I know! Don't kill me!" Les' face turned white even as he kept pleading for his life.

"I gave you a chance." Frank snorted in disdain. "You didn't take it."

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Frank would have let Les live if he did not shoot him—but he did, and that meant death.

Frank squeezed right then. novelbin

Crack.

Les' neck snapped, his eyes wide opened as he died. He never would have thought that Frank cared so little about him!

With that done, Frank looked around, but the masked man was nowhere to be seen.

He sat on top of a clean boulder to rest, just as Yara caught up and immediately saw his palm bleeding.

Hurrying to him, she asked, “Are you okay, Mr. Lawrence?”

“I’m fine,” Frank said, nodding as he looked at his palm and pulled the bullet out.

Yara was left gulping, her heart racing as she watched his blood flow freely out of the wound.

Still, after spacing out for a while, she came to her senses and took off her jacket. She then tore her shirt into strips and helped Frank bandage it.

Her torn shirt revealed her slender but muscular waist. Even if she was no beauty, there was no arguing her stunning figure as a martial artist—she might even beat Vicky in that field.

“Was that a gunshot wound, Mr. Lawrence?” she asked hesitantly.

Frank nodded.

“Who shot you?” Yara asked angrily.

From where she was standing, Frank had saved her and taught her martial arts, and so, she swore to avenge him.

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However, Frank pointed at a tree in the distance, and Yara turned to see Les nailed to a tree, his head lopsided and clearly dead.

“Wait... You killed him, Mr. Lawrence?” Yara quickly asked.

Frank nodded again.

“Well, this is going to be troublesome...” Yara muttered under her breath.

“How so?”

"You might not know this, but Les is Glen Turnbull's bastard," Yara explained. "Even if he didn't command respect, he's still a member of their family. If they asked, you should tell them that the masked man killed him, Don't take the blame."

Frank simply laughed. "He betrayed the Turnbolls. What's the point of letting him live? He's dead anyway, and if the Turnbolls really pressed the issue, that just proves their insignificance."

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"What..."

Yara was stumped.

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Frank was as brave as he was staunch, and he clearly had no intention to lie.

Even so, would the Turnbolls really spare him?

After a long while, Vicky and her people arrived at East City, with over ten SUVs stopping outside the woods.

Her parents were with her, and she rushed to Frank right away when she saw that he was hurt, asking worriedly, "What happened to your hand, Frank?"

"It's nothing. Your cousin shot me," Frank replied calmly.

"What?! Let's get you to the hospital!" Vicky cried frantically.

Frank chuckled. "I'm better than what they can offer. I'm fine now, don't worry."

"Mr. Lawrence, where's Mr. Longman?" Walter asked just then.

"He was killed," Yara explained. "They took the pill recipe too. Les Turnbull betrayed the family, and I would've been killed if Mr. Lawrence didn't

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