

## **The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu #Chapter 137 - Read The Girlboss Begg for Remarriage by Chu Chapter 137**

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> Vicky gingerly received the pill recipe from Frank, she asked curiously, “What’s the name

this pill, Mr. Lawrence?”

It’s called the Rejuvenation Pill,” Frank replied nonchalantly. “I developed it out of boredom

a pill to restore vigor. Add that to other ingredients and it’d have a cosmetic effect.”

>th Vicky and Yara were left gaping in disbelief—he made a miraculous pill by chance?

However, neither of them doubted if the pill would work, since they were witness to the depth

Frank’s knowledge of medicine.

Moreover, he had no trouble improving a martial arts technique, so creating a pill recipe could be no issue.

Vicky could throw herself in Frank’s arms right then and kiss him—she had certainly hit the jackpot!

He promptly whipped out a check, writing a number with multiple zeros and stuffing it into

Frank’s hand.

Just take it,” she said.

Frank read the check to see that it was a whopping twenty million dollars!

was certainly no small sum!

You should keep the money..." he said—money was pointless for him, and he could go to novelbin

ever if he ever needed any.

cky, however, insisted. "Don't turn this down now. I have nothing else to repay you with, from money or myself. So if you don't want the money, you can have me instead."

Le even tucked a lock of her hair behind her ear coquettishly.

uh..." Frank was taken aback and thought about it. "I'll take the money, then!"

Grr..." Vicky hit him with a knuckle and returned to her seat, huffing.

ill, as she read the recipe, she saw that most ingredients were common, but not the meat cap!

s there anything we can replace the panacea polypore with?"

ank shook his head right away. "Every ingredient must be included. Why? Is there an issue with the materials?"

Most of the materials are common enough, but not the panacea polypore."

Ask Mr. Zimmer to look if you have to," Frank suggested.

They probably don't have it in the Flora Hall, or everyone would know," Vicky said before using to herself for a moment. "Actually, I'll ask him anyway, along with our family's allies."

le certainly did not want to get stuck when they had such an amazing recipe! Time was of the essence, or it would take considerable effort to reclaim the Riverton market once Donald Lazar's Beauty Pill hit the shelves and seized a monopoly.

ter getting home, Frank had a meal, after which he was left staring at the check in his hand.

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Eventually, he decided to save it into his account, or it would not do if he lost such a tiny sheet of paper.

Meanwhile, at Lane Manor, Gina and Greg were a tangled mess of bodies, though Greg was soon spent as he sat up and quietly lit himself a cigarette.

Gina snuggled against him, her face flushed as she said, "Why don't you move in, Greg? I'll tell Helen and Peter when you do."

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

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Greg frowned,

He only got close to Gina for her money he would puke if he had to get intimate with a fortyish woman every day!

Seeing her beloved frown, Gina asked, "What's wrong, Greg? You don't want to?"

"Uh... No way!" Greg, promptly changed his reaction and chuckled, "I've been thinking about it already, but now's not the time."

"Why not?"

"We're still not married, even if we are single now. I think we should do it properly, so that all of Riverton knows."

Gina was beaming at that, purring shyly, "Oh, we're both adults. Why bother with child's play?"

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"Don't say that," Greg said righteously. "Marriage is a big deal, or people would talk if I keep coming here."

Gina actually thought that made sense and was emotional that Greg would care so much about her.

She was certainly right about him! novelbin

Greg sighed lengthily just then. "Also, I've been busy with work. Let's get married once I've gotten that out of the way."

"Yeah, work is important," Gina agreed. "I'll tell Helen to transfer you the money as soon as possible."

Greg was none too pleased.

That was when the butler knocked on the door.

"What is it?!" Gina shouted as both she and Greg panicked, scrambling to get dressed.

"Mrs. Lane, your son has just returned."

"Peter? Why?" Gina did a double take—was Peter not supposed to be at work? Why did he come back so soon?

"I think someone beat him up," the butler said. "Why don't you take a look?"

"What?!" Gina was furious as soon as she heard that and rushed downstairs once she got dressed.

Greg hurried after her to find Peter lying on the drawing room couch, whimpering.

"Mom..." He sobbed.

Gina ran toward him, her heart aching when she saw his face battered and bruised. "Oh, Peter ... What happened? Weren't you starting work at Grande Corp?"

"Vicky fired me, Mom!" Peter cried indignantly.

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"What?" Dumbfounded, Gina turned towards Greg. "Didn't Ms. Turnbull agree to give Peter a job?"

“Y–Yeah,” Greg replied. “We had an agreement. Why would she fire you?”

“It’s all because of Frank!” Peter sobbed. “I ran into him in the lobby, and he told me to leave! He must have badmouthed me in front of Vicky... I mean, we did have a disagreement before, but I already apologized! But she told Frank to beat me up!”

Incensed, Gina smacked the table as she growled, “That woman’s really too much!”

On the other hand, Greg narrowed his eyes. “What did Frank say? How did he make Ms. Turnbull get so upset with you?”

“I don’t know! Frank entered her office, so I don’t know what he said—but once she came out, she started snapping at me.” Peter sobbed and pointed at his nose. “Frank even broke my nose.

“It’s alright, Peter. Don’t cry—I’ll get the doctor for you.” Gina promptly hugged him, comforting him.

Peter, however, was huffing indignantly. “You have to help me, Mom.”

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Gina nodded repeatedly. “Don’t worry, Peter. I’ll call your sister right now.”

She whipped out her phone right then and called Helen, surprising her since she was busy with work. “What is it, Mom?”

Gina had her hand on her hip as she growled, “Your brother was beaten up, Helen.”

“What? Who did?”

“That ex–husband of yours!” Gina exclaimed furiously. “Who else could it be?!”

“Frank? But, why?” Helen asked, puzzled.

“Why?” Gina snorted. “Peter went to Grande Corp to start work, but that lowlife Frank badmouthed him in front of Vicky. Peter got fired, and Frank

seized the moment to beat him up. Call him right this instant and tell him to apologize!” novelbin

Helen sighed exasperatedly. “How could Frank possibly sway Vicky, Mom?”

“He’s her gigolo. He just has to whisper a few words after a fumble.”

Helen rolled her eyes—her mother really thought Vicky to be some simpleton.

If Vicky could be swayed so easily, there was no way she could surpass her father and take over Grande Corp!

However, there was no way she could beat her mother in an argument, so she said half- heartedly, “Okay, okay—I’ll call Frank later, alright?”

Gina nodded in satisfaction at that but soon said, “By the way, let’s meet up at Riverton Bank later.”

“What? Why?” Helen was utterly bemused.

“Didn’t you agree to lend Greg ten million dollars?” Gina reminded her. “You have to make the transfer soon!”

Helen bit her lip, hesitating for a long while before saying, “Mom, I agreed to lend the money and I will. But is it that urgent?”

“Of course it is!” Gina urged. “Greg’s still waiting. You need to go soon! We’ll be waiting there.

If anything, Gina was more anxious than Greg as she kept envisioning them getting married.

Naturally, the sooner that happened, the better!

“Alright, alright.” Helen sighed exasperatedly.

Gina hung up and turned toward Peter. “Don’t worry, dear. I’ve told your sister to scold Frank now.”

“That’s not good enough, Mom,” Peter said. “I want him beaten up.”

“Don’t worry, Peter,” Greg quickly said. “Once I have the chance, I’ll have my boys do just that.

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He certainly had no time to waste with Peter—he wanted Helen’s money soon!

“Yeah, see? Greg will help you get even,” Gina nodded repeatedly. “Hell, Frank bolted when he ran into Greg last time.”

That lowlife even pretended to take a call as he ran. What a coward!

“Really?” Peter was surprised that Greg was that powerful.

“Yeah. I learned martial arts—most people are no match for me.” Greg smiled and nodded, though he was cursing inwardly.

He lucked out when Frank left because he was busy, or he would be thoroughly humiliated! Turning back to Gina, he said, “Let’s go to the bank now. We shouldn’t keep Helen waiting.”

Gina nodded repeatedly and told the butler to take care of Peter before leaving with Greg. Meanwhile, Frank arrived at Riverton Bank as well.

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As soon as Frank stepped inside, a receptionist in a business suit promptly approached him.” How can I help you, sir?”

Frank whipped out his check immediately. “Please open an account for me and deposit this check.”

When the receptionist took the check and saw that it was worth twenty million, she promptly said, “Please come with me, sir! You’re eligible for our VVIP service with this deposit, and I’ll contact my manager right away to assist you.”

Frank nodded. “Thank you.”

In the end, anyone moving funds worth twenty million dollars made them a big shot in any bank, and the employees would never drag their feet in return.

Soon, the receptionist had led Frank into a grandly decorated lounge. She even made him coffee, not forgetting to squeeze her breasts as she leaned over, baring her luscious cleavage.

Riverton Bank had no shortage of VIPs, but young and rich men like Frank were still a rarity.

The receptionist certainly was not about to let the chance slip but was left disappointed as Frank did not even look at her.

Soon, a man in a suit entered, bowing to Frank as soon as he did. "Greetings, Mr. Lawrence. I'm Kurt Costner, the manager of this bank. We're honored to have your trust."

Frank nodded, told him why he came, and handed him the check.

Kurt took it politely with both hands and quickly said, "Please wait here, Mr. Lawrence. I'll set up your account right away."

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As he pulled out a laptop, he went to work while chatting up Frank. "You're not local, are you, Mr. Lawrence?"

From his point of view, Frank must be some rich kid. After all, he was young and could whip out twenty million dollars out of nowhere, and there was no dynasty or bigwig who went by the name of Lawrence.

Moreover, the check drawer was Vicky Turnbull. That meant Frank was connected to the Turnbells, and he might be from a rich family in the capital.

As Frank nodded calmly, Kurt asked, "Would you like to save this money or invest it?"

Seeing that Frank was frowning, he quickly said, "Please don't misunderstand, Mr. Lawrence. Our bank has a professional investment service, and I may offer a recommendation if you're interested. And the yearly interest rate is above 6%!"

"That's unnecessary," Frank said, shaking his head. "Just open an account for me. I might be making more deposits in the future."



He was starting a company with Vicky after all, and that meant more money eventually.

Kurt was certainly impressed -just look at that charisma! One would expect nothing less of the son of a rich family from the capital.

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“Apologies, but may I ask how much you would be saving?” he asked.  
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Frank stroked his chin. “A few hundred million, I’d say...”

If the Rejuvenation Pill took off, he would make that much without breaking a sweat—even in conservative estimation.

Kurt gulped at Frank’s words. If he could get those savings, he would be settled for the long run!

Vicky’s check, such a confident gait, and twenty million... He already had absolute faith that Frank was telling the truth right then, and that he must absolutely suck up to him!

He promptly took out a card and passed it respectfully to Frank. “Here’s my business card, Mr. Lawrence. Just contact me should you have any questions about finance.”

“Thank you. I’ll call any time I have questions.”

“You’re most welcome, Mr. Lawrence. It will be my honor.”

Meanwhile, Helen, Gina, and Greg had arrived at the bank, with Helen walking right up to the receptionist. “I’d like to see the manager, please.