

# **The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu #Chatper 141 - Read The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu Chatper 141**

Chatper 141

Chapter 141

The receptionist recognized Helen right away and approached her respectfully. "Good day, Ms. Lane. Please wait a moment—the manager is with a client."

"Oh. Then we will wait," Helen said. It was only reasonable since anyone to whom Kurt would offer personal service was not your average Joe.

Still, she was also curious since it might be some bigwig,

After the receptionist led them to the lounge, Frank soon stepped outside after his account was set up.

Helen did a double take when she saw him. "What are you doing here, Frank?"

Frank stared at the trio and said calmly, "I was just making a deposit. What about you?"

"Mr. Marsh needs ten million for his business," Helen explained. "I'm here to make the transfer for a loan."

Frank's eyes narrowed as he turned toward Greg. "You're lending him money?"

The man was a total liar and completely unreliable—Helen really might not get her money back.

On the other hand, Gina sprang to her feet, scowling as soon as she saw Frank. "Who do you think you are, beating up my son? You're such an ingrate, freeloading off my house for three years, and you're badmouthing him when he finally got a good job?!"

"Calm down, Mom." Helen promptly caught her.

“How can I stay calm?!” Gina snapped viciously.

Frank rolled his eyes in turn. “Stop trying to blame me for everything. A piece of shit like Peter, becoming Ms. Turnbull’s personal consultant? Dream on.”

Greg growled coolly right then, “I had an agreement with Ms. Turnbull. Why else would she fire Peter for no reason? You must have slandered him!”

Helen pursed her lips and turned toward Frank. “Did you?”

Frank could see from her eyes that she was clearly skeptical and asked in return, “Do you think I’m that sort of person?”

Helen lowered her head hesitantly—in her mind, he certainly was not.

“Then what happened?” she muttered.

Frank wheeled on Greg. “Ask him!”

Greg made an innocent face./“What does that have to do with me?”

Frank snorted. “You’ve really planned it all out, haven’t you? Telling Ms. Turnbull that Peter is Dan Zimmer’s grandson—in-law, and then telling Mr. Zimmer that Peter is Ms. Turnbull’s personal consultant? Such a shame that Ms. Turnbull found out he’s neither, and she’s really upset with your lies.”

“What?!” Greg’s face paled right then.

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However, despite being worried that Vicky would come for him, he still lied defiantly. ‘ Everything I said was the truth! It would’ve been a success if you didn’t mess it up!’ Gina furiously grabbed Frank’s arm right then. “Apologize to my son right now.”

Frank frowned. “Let go.”

Apologize to Peter? Dream on!

“What, do you think you will get off scot-free?! Is my family dead to you?!” Gina snapped fearlessly, since she always thought Frank worthless.

Not bothered to argue, Frank flung her away, sending her slamming into Greg's arms. "Oof-"

"Are you alright, Gina?"

"Mom..."

Nonetheless, Gina wheeled on Frank again as she screamed furiously, "Greg, beat him up! Do

it for Peter! And don't worry, I'll take responsibility for anything that happens!"

Greg turned toward Frank and promptly saw the icy glare in his eyes.

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Kurt snorted. "If Mr. Lawrence hit

you,

then you

deserved it."

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"Oof..." Greg was clutching his hip as he groaned, before turning toward Kurt in bewilderment. "Don't we go way back, Mr. Costner? Why are you siding with that brat?"

The security guards were all left dumbstruck as they looked on—was the brat somehow related to Kurt?

Kurt was glaring at Greg in turn. "Mr. Lawrence is our client with a twenty million dollar account balance in our bank. As for you... What do you even amount to?"

A client who had just made a twenty million dollar deposit, and a debtor who kept begging him for loans every other day—Kurt certainly knew who to side with!

“What? Are you joking, Mr. Costner?” Gina exclaimed as she turned toward Frank in disbelief. “W– Where would he get twenty million?”

Helen was certainly astounded by that fact too, while Kurt growled coolly, “What, are you saying Mr. Lawrence didn’t already make the deposit a moment ago? Vicky Turnbull herself wrote the check.”

As Gina realized with a start, she wheeled on Frank, her eyes flaring with jealousy!

To think that woman would give him so much... he certainly knew how to suck up to people!

On the other hand, Helen’s eyes flashed in disappointment.

What did Frank do to get twenty million?

Still, she soon decided that it was not surprising that Frank appeared to be in such bad shape- Vicky must have squeezed him dry.

However, Frank was only in bad shape because he was just involved in a big fight and was poisoned with Snowshade.

Not only did he have to repress the poison with his essence, he was also shot in the hand- how could he look good after that?

Kurt whipped out a golden card reverently just then. “This is a VIP account card for our bank, Mr. Lawrence. Please hold on to it—you are eligible for many privileges we offer, and I will send the details to your phone later.”

“Thank you.”

“It’s just our job.” Kurt beamed. “You’re most welcomed here.”

Frank turned toward Bréndan/just then. “Your service is fine, but your head of security really should change his snobbish attitude.”

Kurt shot Brendan a vicious/glare right then. “Apologize right now!”

The man’s knees seemed to cave as he promptly dropped to his knees. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Lawrence! Please don’t hold it against me... I have a family to feed!”

Frank waved him away nonchalantly. "I won't press the issue this time. But this must never happen again."

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He had certainly seen too many sycophants like Brendan—they were no villains, but they were certainly no angels either.

They were just peasants going with the flow, having no perspective of their own whatsoever.

Frank certainly was not bothered to get petty with people like them.

"Thank you, Mr. Lawrence!" Brendan exclaimed.

Frank turned right then. "I'll be going now. I have other things to do."

"I'll see you out, Mr. Lawrence," Kurt said eagerly and escorted Frank out of the building.

Gina was left watching, her knuckles balling and eventually gave chase.

"Mom, what are you doing?!" Helen was totally bewildered but had no choice other than to follow. novelbin

Frank was going to get a cab after leaving the bank when someone snapped behind him, "Stop right there, Frank Lawrence!"

Frank turned to find Gina running toward him. He asked coolly, "What is it?"

"Give it to me," Gina demanded, holding out a hand.

"Give what?" Frank frowned.

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Frank asked coolly, "What, do you want a fight?"

Greg gulped.

He was perfectly self-aware. After that encounter at the restaurant, he knew that he was no match for Frank. novelbin

Still, he snorted.

“I won’t stoop to your level,” he said before turning and yelling, “Security! Security!!!”

The security guards rushed into the room at his call, and they immediately recognized Frank. ” What is it, Mr. Marsh?”

Greg pointed at Frank right then. “He was starting a fight. Aren’t you going to do something?”

“What? Starting a fight?” Brendan Fenton, the head of security, studied Frank right then.

He was very young and obviously not rich, and the head of security promptly barked, ‘ Apologize to Mr. Marsh right now!’

Frank shot him a cool glare in turn. “Who do you think you are, ordering me around?”

“Shut up!” Brendan bellowed, surprised that the kid was that pompous!

He raised his baton and swung it at Frank’s head-

Smack!

“Argh!”

Frank had raised his palm, slapping Brendan and sending him flying!

“I

Greg was smiling in turn—it was what he wanted. Frank had now caused a scene at the bank, and he would be behind bars soon enough!

“Piece of shit! Just you wait—I’ll kill you!” Brendan growled as he scrambled to his feet and barked into his walkie-talkie, “Send everyone! This piece of shit just started a fight!”

Soon, a group of security guards poured into the room, with Gina holding her hands at her hips and grinning smugly. “Kill him!”

Brendan shot Frank a haughty glare in turn. “Weren’t you being all pompous just a moment ago, brat?!”

Helen promptly stepped in front of Frank and explained, “It’s just a misunderstanding. Please be reasonable!”

Gina was fuming that Helen would still defend Frank and pulled her away, snapping, “Are you stupid? Why would you keep siding with him?”

Brendan completely ignored Helen as well and told the other security guards, “Fuck him up!”

That was when Kurt rushed to the scene, snapping, “Stop!”

He was busy setting up Frank’s account, only for the receptionist to run into his office saying that Frank had started a fight!

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He almost choked right then—he just got a fat deposit from the man! He would destroy the person who messed with Frank, whoever it was!

“Mr. Costner...?”

The security guards promptly stopped in fear, while everyone else was left stunned.

Greg promptly went up to Kurt. “Hey, Mr. Costner...”

“Greg Marsh? What are you doing here? What happened here?” Kurt snorted grumpily as soon as he saw the man—the geezer owned a near-bankrupt company and was constantly pestering him for loans!

“He started a fight for no reason.” Greg promptly pointed at Frank.

He certainly felt smug—dealing with Frank would be easy now, thanks to his connection to Kurt!

However, Kurt frowned. "So, Mr. Lawrence hit you?"

"Yeah... What?" Greg did a double take. "How'd you know him?"

Without another word, Kurt kicked Greg, almost dislocating his waist!

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Gina snapped boldly, "The bank card, of course!" novelbin

"The bank card? Why should I give it to you?" Frank chuckled despite himself, amused by her haughty bearing.

Gina wagged her finger as she said, "You freeloader off my family and hurt my son. Shouldn't you pay me for that? That's ten million for freeloading and another ten million for my son's medical fees. Now give me the card!"

"That's enough, Mom. Let's just go," Helen felt speechless and embarrassed that her mother was so unreasonable. Did Frank even spend that much when he was in their family?!

"Get off!" Gina snapped as she pushed her own daughter away—she would get that money today no matter what!

Frank in turn stood with his hands clasped behind his back, growling coolly, "I did freeload off your family for three years, but I've repaid you already. As for Peter, Ms. Turnbull beat him up because he tricked her, and you'll learn how terrible her vengeance can be once her schedule frees up. Also, word of advice: stay away from Greg Marsh, or you'll eventually get embroiled with his mess."

Gina snorted in disdain. "Don't think you can threaten us with Vicky Turnbull. You freeloaded off us for three years, and you never paid us a cent!"

Frank growled coolly, "No, I didn't—but all the successes you enjoy were because of me. How else did your waning business manage to gather so many contracts?"

"Shut up!" Gina bellowed. "That's my daughter's success! It has nothing to do with you. Now give me the money!"



Frank shook his head exasperatedly.

Fools like her would only believe what they wanted, even if they were told the truth.

"I'll say it one last time. Let go," Frank growled icily.

"No, I won't!" Gina snapped stubbornly. "What are you gonna do about that?"

Frank's eyes narrowed, his killing intent spilling out and leaving Gina with chills despite the bright weather.

She shuddered—Frank's glare was like blades that stabbed her in the heart!

She could not help releasing him, and Frank snorted as he got in the cab.

Before he left, he turned toward Helen and warned, "You'd best not lend Greg a single cent. He's nothing good."

Helen was taken aback but stayed silent.

There were times when she found Greg unreliable.

However, she had to consider that he helped her regain her beauty despite her doubts. She also had even less reason given her mother's endless confidence in the man.

Still, Gina came to her senses after Frank was already gone, gritting her teeth as she growled,

"

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That bastard glared at me."

"That's enough, Mom. Give it a rest already."

"Give it a rest?! You should be getting that twenty million back!" Gina snapped.

"Do you want me to transfer the money to Mr. Marsh or not?" Helen asked, scowling.

She diverted Gina's attention since she was not brazen enough to demand Frank's twenty million, not to mention she had work to do and did not want to waste time here. "Of course!" Gina exclaimed. "Let's go right now. Don't keep Greg waiting!"

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Inside Riverton Bank, Kurt gave Greg a kick in the rump. "Still alive? When are you going to pay up!"

"Two days! In two days, Mr. Marsh!" Greg flashed an apologetic smile as he rubbed his hip. "I need you to do me a favor today, though..."

"You want me to help you?!" Kurt snapped. "Just pay up already, or your company will be shut down!"

"No, you see—just help me this one time, and I can pay my five million dollar loan right away!"

Kurt did a double take. "What?"

"That pretty face just now?" Greg chuckled. "She's the head of Lane Holdings and just agreed to transfer ten million into my account. That's my loan paid without breaking a sweat."

Kurt studied him skeptically. "I'm surprised you're able to con the girl."

Greg patted his hip as he smiled. "All thanks to my nice pair of hips—I have her mom all sewn up. What's some paltry cash after all that?"

Kurt became thoughtful. "If I recall, her name is Helen Lane, right? She's partners with the Turnbulls. You really should be careful about swindling here."

"Don't worry, Mr. Costner. I know what I'm doing." Greg patted his chest confidently. "I told them I'm using the money to buy shares. Just don't let it slip when the time comes."

If anything, Kurt already knew Greg's tricks by heart—he must have told Gina that he was partnered with Timmy Yates, when in reality he would not even get a word in.

Gina was certainly not his first victim.

Soon, Helen and Gina returned, and Kurt handily transferred ten million dollars from Helen's

account.

However, he took five million for himself before sending the remainder to Greg, who was left speechless staring at his account balance.

Honestly, was Kurt that sure he would not pay up?

Once everything was done, Helen said, "I still have work to do, so I'll be going now."

"Of course, Helen. You go do that," Greg told her cheerfully. "I'll pay you back in a month."

As he stepped outside with Gina, she asked, "Have you gotten the money, Greg?"

"Yes, don't worry," Greg replied.

"Then get things sorted out at work soon. Let's get married as early as we can."

Greg nodded repeatedly, "Don't worry—I've already been checking things out. Anyway, I need to go to my office later, so I'm going now."

Gina was certainly reluctant to see him go.

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2/2

On the other hand, Greg breathed a huge sigh of relief and drove straight to Sweet Creek Club, intent on enjoying himself!

Once Frank returned to Verdant Hotel, he told the security officers on the top floor, "No one is to enter my room for the next 48 hours."

"What if Ms. Turnbull visits?" one of them asked.

They might have every reason to follow Frank's orders, but Vicky was still their boss.

Frank thought about it. "If she comes, tell her that I'm cultivating in confinement and mustn't be disturbed. She'd get it."

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence. We will make sure no one disturbs you."

Frank nodded and headed inside the room, assuming a meditative posture as he burned away the Snowshade from the inside.

His vigor was far stronger than the potency of the poison, and he could slowly refine and consume it without an Ichor Pill.

The molecules of the poison were soon vaporized and condensed into droplets outside him, leaving his body damp.

He sat without moving an inch until the next evening, when Yara hurried to the penthouse urgently, a hotel card in hand as she started to open the door...

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Yara was immediately stopped by the security officers, who recognized her and knew that she was also the daughter of the governor.

However, Frank had made it clear he was not to be disturbed.

"As. Quill, you can't go in."

Yara flashed the key card at them right then. "I'm under Ms. Turnbull's orders to see Frank."

"Uh..."

The security officers were left bemused as they did not expect this scenario.

However,

Yara said.

since Frank was refusing to see even Vicky, he definitely would not want to see Yara

le of them quickly said, “Mr. Lawrence had given us clear instructions that no one is to

ter, even if it’s Ms. Turnbull.”

xactly. He said he would confinement... for cultivating, I think.”

at was more or less what the man said anyway.

ra frowned. “Cultivating, at this time?! I have business with him, so don’t worry about sponsibility. Now, move!”

le security officers tamely made way for her at that, and Yara opened the door.

cky had told her to flee Riverton with Frank, since Glen Turnbull’s side of the family had arned about Les’ death and sent Neil Turnbull to investigate.

eil was the second son of Glen’s first wife and therefore outranked Vicky.

ary with the ranks under Neil’s command, Vicky was concerned that Neil would get into nflict against Frank and told Yara to flee Riverton with Frank.

›wever, Yara opened the door to find the air inside unusually chilly, while Frank was sitting oss–legged on the balcony.

ra quickly said, “We’re in trouble, Mr. Lawrence. Neil Turnbull has arrived in Riverton—we ve to leave town for a while.”

ank did not move and remained still as if he shut off his senses.

ra moved up close to find his eyes closed and his breathing weak!

nicking, she called out louder, “Mr. Lawrence?”

ank still did not respond, so she reached out...

›wever, as soon as her fingers touched Frank, a burst of air shot out of his body.

inned, Yara quickly tried to, withdraw her hand, but suddenly realized she was immobile... as Frank's body was like a magnet!

Frank had been balancing his vigor against the poison inside his body, but Yara's meddling effected it!

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Frank would have been able to control himself at his peak form, but his cultivation was now unstable.

Yara's touch caused a rebuff in his vigor, upsetting the balance and jolted him awake!

Yara watched as he opened his eyes, his usually clear eyes bloodshot!

She felt danger right then—the man was like a demon of hell, filled with the primitive instincts of murder and libido!

Pow!

In no time at all, Frank had seized Yara by the neck and slammed her on the floor!

“Oof-”

Yara was left in a daze, her breath knocked out of her lungs as her vision dimmed!

Frank glared at her beneath himself, lustfully and murderously as he ripped off her clothes!novelbin

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Yara's shirt was thoroughly shredded, leaving nothing on!

'en as she lay bare before Frank, he was clearly not intending to be chivalrous even as Yara's ars welled up in her eyes from terror.

e did not know how to fight back at all!

'lease, Mr. Lawrence! Come to your senses!"

ank ignored her please, and leaned in as he pressed his lips against hers.

ra pushed against him, but Frank weighed like a mountain, suffocating her!

en, realizing Frank was tearing at her pants, she bit his tongue viciously in panic!

ank yelped in pain and leaped away from her, the pain restoring his senses.

he realized what he was doing, he struck himself in the sternum, the base of his neck and s midriff, before coughing out a mouthful of blood!

e redness in his eyes faded as he looked up, seeing Yara just then.

had no idea what to say, as she covered her breasts as she cowered in a corner, her eyes lled up with tears.

ll, she came to her senses when she saw him coughing blood and quickly asked, "A-Are you ight, Mr. Lawrence?"

'm fine." Frank waved her off—he had almost lost himself when Yara touched him and had

choice but to discharge the bad blood in him.

aring at her, he muttered awkwardly, "Sorry... I don't mean to do that."

ra quickly said, "I don't mean to blame you, but you were a little scary just now...as if you !re possessed."

ank nodded. "I was burning away poison inside me, and my vigor became imbalanced when u touched me. Fortunately, you also bit me and allowed me to come to my senses briefly."

-Sorry. I really didn't know," Yara apologized, realizing she had messed up terribly.

t's fine," Frank said and asked, "What are you doing here?"

ra promptly got up and told him, "Ms. Turnbull sent me. She's worried about your safety cause Neil Turnbull came to Riverton and told me to leave town with you for a couple days. u should pack your things and come.'

ank stared at Yara a while before bringing her a jacket. "Get dressed first."

before

ra finally remembered that her clothes were shredded, and she was standing topless be

ank.

er cheeks burned as Frank reminded her of the fact, and she really wanted to hide right then!

she promptly took the jacket, she murmured, "C—Could you look away, Mr. Lawrence?"

hem." Frank cleared his throat as he turned away. "Anyway... some mere child isn't going to

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kill me." novelbin

"He's looking for you right now," Yara explained anxiously. "He's even vowing to avenge Les -things would definitely get serious if he reaches you!"

Frank simply smiled as he slowly rose to his feet. "In that case, let's not keep him waiting. We shall see what he can do to me."

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ara was dumbstruck. "Please, Mr. Lawrence—this isn't a joke. Don't be impulsive. We should de for now."

What, and keep hiding for the rest of my life? It's far better to face this directly," Frank said atly.



Yara was left speechless, Frank did not afford her time to think and strode right out of the tel.

eing that, Yara gave chase, though she stood quietly at a corner as he got into the car.

You're not coming?" Frank asked.

ra shook his head. "I—I have something to do at home."

ank nodded and drove alone to Turnbull Villa, while Yara promptly whipped out her phone call Vicky. "I'm sorry, Ms. Turnbull. Frank is coming to you right now—he refused to leave th me. I can't reason with him at all!"

really shouldn't have told him." Vicky sighed in disappointment. "Anyway, thanks. Just ave the rest to me."

ter hanging up, she called Frank who was still on his way. "Hello? Where are you now?" novelbin

In your way to your place," Frank said calmly.

)0 you really have to come?" Vicky asked.

was the one who killed Les," Frank said. "Am I supposed to let you deal with Neil alone? So, I won't have to be there if you could have handled it yourself."

e had no idea what Neil was capable of, but Vicky was clearly out of her depth when she was ready telling him to run.

cky actually felt warmth from his words. "Alright, you can come. I'll support you however I n, though you must stay calm—Uncle Glen would probably go to war if you killed Neil too."

ank nodded. "I'll hold back as long as your cousin doesn't push my buttons. But if push mes to shove, I won't let anyone find out it's me. How about that?"

'ou really fear nothing." Vicky laughed. "I'll be waiting. Be safe."

inging up, she returned inside the drawing room.

er parents were sitting at the couch, while the young but handsome Neil sat at the main seat, th an old man standing behind him.

eing Vicky return, Neil growled, "Word of advice, Vicky—hand over that man. My patience is its limit."

isan frowned at Vicky in turn. "At least call Frank Lawrence here. Neil isn't a bully- he will

just once he understands what happened. Right, Neil?"

eil nodded. "Yes."

owever, he was laughing inwardly.

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Even if he hated Les, who was his half-brother, the man was still a Turnbull. No matter how they scorned him or had his life in his hands, it was not to some nobody to kill him.

Neil's brother Rob Turnbull had made it very clear—Les' murderer must die to enforce the family's authority.

Vicky took a deep breath and said, "Frank will be here. You'll see him soon enough."

Walter looked up at her in surprise.

Did she not arrange for Frank to flee the city? What was he coming?!

There was no way for Vicky to explain just then, while Neil growled through his teeth, "And he's making me wait? How conceited of him."

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cky warned Neil just then, "Word of advice: You'd better shove that pompousness of yours id be nice to him."

You want me to be nice? Who does he think he is?" Neil snorted haughtily. "It's his honor at he even gets to talk to me."

cky simply shook her exasperatedly.

ank soon arrived at Turnbull Villa.

Mr. Lawrence.”

rank.”

alter and Vicky immediately greeted him, with Walter telling him, “Neil is going to ask you questions about Les’ death. Just be honest and don’t hide anything.”

know, don’t worry.” Frank smiled and strode into the drawing room.

; his eyes met Neil’s, Neil growled, “You’re Frank Lawrence?”

les.”

Did you kill Les Turnbull?”

Yes,” Frank replied nonchalantly. “He was in league against his own family, sending hitmen against Yara and murdering Obadiah Longman. He was going to murder Yara Quill as well, but saved her and chased him down. He tried to kill me, but I killed him in turn.”

ang!

eil suddenly slammed his hand loudly on the table, stunning everyone as he sprang to his feet, glaring at Frank and demanding, “Who do you think you are, murdering a Turnbull?”

ank shrugged. “Isn’t the punishment for betrayal death?”

Even if he was a traitor as you said, couldn’t you subdue him?” Neil shot back. “Weren’t able to incapacitate dozens of men on your own? Is subduing Les that difficult?”

you

cky stood up right then. “How is Frank supposed to do that? Les had a gun, and Frank could. have been killed.” novelbin

Hah!” Neil scoffed. “And yet, he’s dead! Isn’t subduing him easier? Moreover, Les isn’t here to testify— everything we know is what this man said. Who knows if he didn’t kill Les out of

pettiness?”

What...” Vicky was left seething right then—Neil was talking out of his ass!

Nonetheless, Frank raised a hand to stop Vicky.

There was no point wasting his breath since Neil was not interested in the

catching Neil as he stood there haughty, he asked, “Then what do you wish

It’s a crime to kill a Turnbull,” Neil barked. “But since you did it for us, we will only demand

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that you cut off an arm.”

“Hahaha!” Frank could not help laughing at that.

“What’s so funny?!” Neil snapped, frowning.

“An arm?” Frank looked at him in turn. “Who do

you

think you

are?”

2/2

“Insolence!” Neil exploded with rage, not expecting Frank to show him no respect at all. “Get him!”

His bodyguards charged at Frank right then.

“Hold it!”

“Wait!”

Vicky and Walter shouted at the same time, with Walter snapping at Neil, "Frank is at fault, but that's asking too much! Why don't we ask him to atone instead?"

Neil narrowed his eyes. "You don't get to question me, Uncle Walter."

Vicky stood before Frank in turn, and snapped at Neil, "Enough! I could see that you just want to punish Frank. Don't you think you're out of line?"

"So what if I am?" Neil shrugged. "I am the second heir to the family. Barring father and Rob, everything I say goes."

Susan hurried to Vicky just then, muttering under her breath, "Stop it, Vicky. He's only asking Frank to cut off his arm, not kill himself."

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Susan told Vicky under her breath, "Don't upset Neil over some trifle like this."

No, Mom," Vicky growled through her teeth defiantly. "I'm saving Neil's life here. He'll die if his men lay a finger on Frank."

He knew Frank all too well—no one got to strut in front of Frank, not even the gods!

And Neil was just a rich kid in comparison!

What..." Susan was speechless.

Neil was glowering in turn.

How did Frank think he was, threatening his life?!

Snarling at him right then, he bellowed, "What are you waiting for?! Get him!"

Vicky shook her head exasperatedly—Neil really had a death wish.

That was when a bellow thundered from outside the villa "Hold it!"

Everyone turned to find Trevor Zurich walking toward them.

Mr. Zurich!" Vicky exclaimed in delight. "What brings you here?"

evor smiled. "Can't do nothing when someone's harassing Mr. Lawrence."

eil actually recognized Trevor, who was the CEO of Trevor International.novelbin

e unexpectedly moved his multinational business to Riverton three years ago... and it turned out that the geezer was Frank's friend?

:evor nodded at Neil in turn. "Neil Turnbull, I presume? I've heard about what happened, but es Turnbull is just an inconsequential traitor. He's dead anyway, so why go to war over trash like him? It's been a long journey from Morhen too, so allow me to offer some hospitality at the Grand Hotel and put the past behind us."

fact, Trevor even thought about having Frank and Vicky hook up, since he would rather rather not go on a warpath against Neil's side of the family.

however, Neil was left clenching his fist.

e thought to himself that Trevor International was gone from the international scene for three years, and Trevor's authority had long since waned..., in that case, his family had no reason to fear him even if they burnt bridges here!

Moreover, he was not about to take back his sentence on Frank—what was that if not a slap in his face?!

With that, he snorted in disdain. "Who do you think you are? Why should I listen to you? Frank will lose an arm today, and that's that!"

So, he would have Frank crippled no matter what!

Valter and everyone else gasped, with even Susan giving Neil a scornful look.

Revoz frowned in turn and growled, "You should know better than to corner a vicious

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kid!"

"Hmph." Neil snorted. "You have no business here, Mr. Zurich, so don't pry,"

“Lay a finger on Mr. Lawrence, and I’ll take you down.”

“Don’t push yourself now, old man. We won’t be cowed just because you own Zurich International.“.

“Well said,” Trevor growled sarcastically through his teeth—people were really forgetting him just because he did not stay in the spotlight for a few years!

2/2

Neil ignored him, smugly staring at Frank, Vicky, and everyone else while enjoying his lofty authority of lording over everyone.

However, before he could give the order, the doors to Turnbull Villa were abruptly kicked open!

“Who was it?! Who demands the blood of the man who saved my daughter‘?!”

A swarm of elite martial artists charged inside, congesting Turnbull Villa in an instant!

“Master?” Vicky was at once surprised and delighted when she saw who was leading them.

It was none other than the governor of Riverton, Robert Quill, with Yara in tow.

After learning that Frank was insistent on heading to Turnbull Villa, Yara had no choice but to ask her father to help!