

The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu #Chatper 151 - Read The Girlboss Beks for Remarriage by Chu Chatper 151

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Neil was staring at Robert in disbelief, his molars gritting so hard he almost crushed them.

Frank had actually saved the daughter of Riverton's governor?!

At the same time, Walter hurried to greet Robert. "You honor us with your presence, Mr. Quill!

"You're exaggerating." Robert spread his hands cheerfully. "I just came to see the man to whom I owe my daughter's life to."

Yara promptly pointed at Frank. "That's Mr. Lawrence, Dad—the one I spoke of."

Robert turned toward Frank, and Frank nodded as their eyes met. "Mr. Quill."

Robert's eyes narrowed, though he soon nodded in satisfaction. "Your reputation precedes you, young man. My daughter is definitely right about you."

Vicky hurried to Yara's side just then, asking under her breath, "How'd you persuade him to step up?"

Vicky certainly knew her mentor's attitude—the man rarely got involved in any conflict within Riverton. To come here and defend Frank like this today was certainly a rarity.

Yara whispered back, "I told him Frank saved my life and improved the family's Boltsmacker technique. He got interested and decided he had to meet Frank."

Vicky nodded. "I see."

Robert turned toward Vicky just then, demanding, "My apprentice, I heard your family demands Mr. Lawrence's death? Is that true?"

"No, sir," Vicky quickly said. "My cousin is merely investigating the death of a family member. He has no intention to kill Frank."

"Your cousin?"

"That's me," Neil spoke loudly just then.

Robert turned, doing a double take before studying him. "I thought you were a girl—you certainly dress like one."

Neil clenched his knuckles from frustration—to think he was insulted just for putting up a little makeup!

"So, how is the investigation going?" Robert asked nonchalantly just then.

"Frank is found to be guilty as charged," Neil said.

Robert waved him off dismissively. "Oh, well, as traitors go, he's dead and that's the end of it."

"The end?" Neil growled indignantly. "This is a family matter, Mr. Quill. You don't have to meddle, do you?"

Robert smiled, placing his hands on his hips as he said, "Why don't you consider it doing me a favor? Don't press the issue. And that's decided."

Neil was certainly upset that Robert was making his decision for him.

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However, the old man with him put a hand on his shoulder before he could lash out.

Following where the old man was looking, Neil then noticed that every man Robert brought was staring fixedly at him.

And they were all armed to the teeth! novelbin

He finally realized that unlike in the capital, his word was not final in Riverton.

As such, he restrained himself as he said, “Since you’ve asked, Mr. Quill, of course I’d have to.

While Robert appeared satisfied, Neil suddenly turned toward Vicky. “However, Mr. Longman is dead. Have you at least recovered the recipe for the Beauty Pill?”

Vicky shook her head. “I don’t have it. The Salazars took it.”

Neil snorted. “And how are you going to compete against them in the market like this?”

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Neil did not hide his contempt at all. “Fortunately, my father anticipated problems and sent Mr. Keaton here. He’s a famous apothecary from the capital—he and I will take over Grande Corp’s operations.”

Vicky frowned—she invested money and personnel to build the company, and he was taking over just like that? What was she left with?

“That’s unnecessary,” she said. “We can secure the Riverton market even without the Beauty Pill recipe. Why don’t you start your own company with Mr. Keaton if you want a cut?”

Neil laughed. “How are you going to compete with the Salazars when you’ve allowed them to steal your recipe?”

“Mr. Lawrence has developed something better,” Vicky said confidently. “Don’t worry.”

“What is it? Show me,” Neil demanded.

“You’re kidding,” Vicky replied with a chuckle. “It’s top secret—it won’t do if it’s leaked. If you’d like, I could give you a few for free once it gets into production.”

“No recipe? Then why should I trust you?” Neil snorted before shooting Frank a look of disdain. “And who does that brat think he is, making something better than the Beauty Pill?”

Beside him, Paul Keaton smiled as he stroked his beard. “Could you be lying, Ms. Turnbull? The development of every pill is a reflection of the apothecary’s wisdom and experience. Even if Mr. Lawrence there is clever, he wouldn’t know the first thing about developing a pill without experience, and making a recipe is naught but a joke. I myself have only developed two despite my long career, both of which are hugely popular myself... who does Mr. Lawrence think he is, making something better than the Beauty Pill?”

Vicky rolled her eyes. “Believe what you want.

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Either way, she refused to show them the recipe – Neil was trying to usurp her, just like Les did!

Neil folded his arms before his chest. “So, how am I going to believe you can secure the Riverton market? The family’s future is in the balance—no half-baked effort will do.”

“What does it take for you to trust Frank?” Vicky shot back impatiently.

Neil quickly said, “Let Frank test his abilities against Mr. Keaton. If he wins, it proves that he can help you secure the Riverton market, and you’ll stay in charge of Grande Corp. But if Mr. Keaton wins, it proves that Frank doesn’t have what it takes.” novelbin

Vicky waved him off. “No way—Mr. Keaton has years of experience, and Frank is at a disadvantage from the start.”

“Then show us the recipe.”

“No.” Vicky refused immediately.

“Actually, I don’t mind playing along if that’s what you want,” Frank suddenly said.

Stunned, Vicky hurried to his side and whispered under his breath, “Don’t fall for it, Frank. Mr. Keaton is a famous apothecary in the capital –you’re in a handicap against him!”

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“I’m fine with it,” Frank shrugged nonchalantly. “And I might not lose here—I have a few years of experience myself.”

Robert chuckled beside them. “That’s a good idea—let skill speak for itself. No hard feelings, and certainly no physical conflict.”

His own daughter thought the world of Frank, claiming he improved their martial arts technique and was also a genius in medicine.

He was certainly eager to see if his daughter spoke the truth.

Susan smiled just then. “Vicky, Frank himself agreed to it, so he’s probably confident about it. There’s no reason to dissuade him.”

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Paul laughed just then. “How should we do this, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank stood, his hands clasped behind his back with confidence. “Anything’s fine. You can pick what you’re best at.”

Paul pursed his lips—the brat could really put on airs!

After a long while, he said, “I’m most adept at poison. Why don’t we test our skill with that? You and I shall both pick a poison and then attempt to nullify it.”

“No problem.” Frank nodded.

Neil sneered beside them. “Since you’re that confident, why don’t we raise the stakes? Ingest the poison directly, and we will get to see the full extent of either of your abilities.”

He had absolute faith in Paul, and they could use this as an excuse to kill Frank too.

“Ingest the poison directly? What?” Vicky frowned.

“Exactly what it means. Both Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Keaton will ingest the poison directly and nullify it,” Neil explained.

Everyone gasped—that was going too far!

“I refuse!” Vicky protested right away. “You’re crazy, Neil!”

Frank was one in a million—she did not want anything bad happening to him!

“You’re being too prudent, cousin.” Neil chuckled, turning toward Frank with a look of

disdain. “Mr. Lawrence there is perfectly calm and even fearless, right?”

Frank smiled, perfectly aware what Neil was up to. “I absolutely agree, Mr. Turnbull—but only if you ingest the poison yourself.”

“What...”

Caught off guard, Neil was stumped.

Was he waiting for this?!

Frank sneered right then. “What, are you afraid, Mr. Turnbull? Or are you not confident in Mr. Keaton’s abilities?”

Neil scowled and turned toward Paul.

As Paul nodded confidently, Neil composed himself and said, “Why not? Then it’s decided.”

“Of course. Whenever you’re ready, Mr. Keaton,” Frank said. novelbin

Vicky and Yara hurried to him right then.

“Frank, Neil’s trying to provoke you. Don’t fall for it!” Vicky snapped under her breath.

“Yeah. His skill with poison is exceptional, even among the apothecaries in the capital.”

Seeing both women were trying to talk Frank out of it, Neil promptly said, “Why do you ladies have so little faith in Mr. Lawrence? He’s agreed to it, so stop trying to talk him out of it.”

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Frank simply smiled at the ladies. “Don’t worry—I know a thing or two about poison myself. There’s no telling who would win this.”

Vicky rubbed her forehead exasperatedly his choice!

-no one could change Frank’s mind once he made

Just then, Paul took a small bottle from his pouch, stroking his beard and saying nonchalantly, “This is called the Heartblazer. Just five grams can kill a person—I’ve perfected it over twenty years by gathering every toxic herb in the world. It’s tasteless and odorless, so it’s hard to detect. Only I have it, having concocted just the fifty grams you can see here.”

Everyone scowled at his introduction—just five grams could kill? That was terrible!

Paul simply looked at everyone in turn with a smug smile and asked Frank, “Do you dare have a taste, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank chuckled. “Why not?”

He took the bottle, holding it in front of his nose, sniffing it a little.

Then, before anyone knew what was happening, he reared his head and chugged it. “Frank!” Vicky cried.

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Vicky gaped, her face paling since she did not expect Frank to chug all five grams of the Heartblazer!

Beside her, Yara was left speechless!

Susan was folding her arms before her chest, shaking her head as she snorted—the man was really mentally challenged!

Even Paul was shocked that Frank was so reckless. “Y—You just killed yourself! I could treat you if it was just five grams, but you drank the entire bottle! You’re beyond saving.”

Neil laughed. “Haha! You’ve really done it—no one can save you now!”
novelbin

Vicky promptly turned toward her servants. “Call Mr. Zimmer. Hurry!”

Frank raised a palm, stopping her. “Save it—it’s merely a neurotoxin. I can heal myself soon enough.”

“Stop joking around, Frank!” Vicky cried, frowning.

“Do I look like I’m joking?” Frank replied sternly. “Just keep your distance.”

With that, he assumed a meditative pose, directing his vigor to push out the Snowshade already in his body.

He would fight poison with poison!

“What is he doing?” Neil quickly asked.

Paul was completely confused, having not the faintest idea.

Just then, a sheet of vapor swirled around Frank, while his face seemed to turn purple as the Snowshade and Heartblazer collided in his body.

He simply waited until both poisons were done canceling each other out and directed his vigor to excrete everything that was left!

It was over before long, and Frank stopped pushing his vigor since he had made a full recovery.

As he slowly rose to his feet, Vicky studied him from head to toe, asking tentatively, “Frank... Are you alright?”

“I told you the poison wouldn’t work with me,” Frank said calmly.

“W—What the hell happened?!” Neil’s face contorted so terribly, as if he could die seeing Frank unscathed!

He wheeled on Paul, who was gaping too. “I—I don’t know...”

He certainly did not—he had spent twenty years perfecting the Heartblazer, improving it gradually over time.

How on earth did it turn out to be completely ineffective?!

Frank leveled a sharp look at Neil right then. “I believe it’s my turn, Mr. Turnbull.”

Neil was actually afraid to look him in the eye and stammered, “Fine! Let’s see what you’ve

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got!”

Frank shook his head—he would be begging soon enough.

Taking out a bottle, “This is my poison. Please drink it.”

Neil took the bottle with trembling fingers—the liquid inside was yellow and had a rather strange scent...

Frank grabbed his wrist right then. “Stop looking and drink.”

“What...” Neil gritted his teeth, but drank the bottle. “It’s up to you now, Mr. Keaton.”

Paul nodded and placed his hand on Neil’s wrist to feel his pulse, wary for whatever was going

to come.

Neil soon felt an aching from his belly, with a chill unfurling from inside out.

“Argh!!!” He cried endlessly as he collapsed to the floor. “Mr. Keaton... Help me! Quick!”

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As Neil rolled around and screamed, his sweat was turning into ice while faint vapor swirled around him.

It was a scary sight—even Vicky was stunned as she looked on, since she had experienced the same symptoms when she was poisoned with Snowshade.

Still, Paul was smiling after reading the signs. “Calm down, Mr. Turnbull. The poison you took is cold—I can help you.”

Neil breathed a sigh of relief—the poison was no issue for Paul!

Whipping out a box of silver needles right then, he inserted one in the center of Neil’s solar plexus.

Neil was delighted right then—all his pain was gone!

Then Paul inserted twelve more needles at various other pressure points, while Neil soon recovered as if he was never poisoned.

Vicky was surprised that Paul was actually as good as he boasted, while Neil laughed smugly. “Haha! Your poison is nothing, Frank Lawrence!”

“If I’m not mistaken, you were using cold poison,” Paul stroked his beard as he gloated as well, “Shame. I have studied that discipline myself years ago.”

Frank chuckled coolly, however. “It is cold poison, geezer, but not your run-of-the-mill cold poison. Your needles have merely stopped its effects for now—you didn’t break the poison at

all.”

“Nonsense,” Paul snapped. “I’ve checked Mr. Turnbull. The poison is gone.”

“Really? Why don’t you check his central nerve nodes?” Frank told him. “He’s afflicted with Snowshade, a technique of the Spirit Hill Sect. It lurks within those nodes to destroy nerves and veins from within, and the needles won’t stop it for that long.”

Paul did a double take.

However, he had read about the poison in old books, and he snapped, “You’re lying!

Snowshade does attack the central nerve nodes, but it needs a medium. And the poison in the bottle wasn’t cold—it’s definitely not Snowshade!”

“Have I ever said there’s poison in the bottle?”

“Then what is it?!” Paul demanded.

Frank pinched his nose. “It’s just a little catalyst called pee.”

“Pfft-” Vicky snickered without a care.

Neil’s face fell right then. “You made me drink pee?!”

Frank shrugged. “It’s good for your health.”

“Then when did you poison Mr. Turnbull...”

Paul trailed off as he remembered Frank grabbing Neil’s wrist. novelbin

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That must be it!

At the same time, Neil felt himself growing weaker, and he was soon convulsing in agony. You have to save me, Mr. Keaton...”

Paul was left at a loss. “I—I would, but I can’t!”

He had already felt how horrific Snowshade could be when he inserted his needles in Neil.

At the same time, he did not get it—why did Frank have it in his body?

Vicky laughed haughtily just then, “Does that mean you’re conceding, Mr. Keaton?”

“Yes,” Paul replied.

He was indignant, but there was nothing he could do, just as he would never play around with Neil’s life!

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“What...”

Neil was gritting his teeth in disappointment, but he soon glared viciously at Frank. “You win this time. Now give me the antidote.”

“What?” Frank shrugged. “Neither of us agreed to provide antidotes.”

“W—What are you talking about?” Neil stared at Frank in blank disbelief—was Frank going to let him die?!

Frank shook his head. “I’m sorry, Mr. Turnbull. But I’m under no obligation to help you.”

“Frank Lawrence!” Paul strode up to him, barking, “Know when not to push it—think of your future, won’t you?”

“Haha!” Frank laughed without a care. “Are you really talking about the future? It’s already a question as to whether he survives tonight.”

“Guh...” Paul was immediately left stumped.

At the same time, Neil was tearing up in agony and crawled toward Walter to hug his leg as he cried, “Please, Uncle Walter... save me! Make him give me the antidote! I’m going to die!”

Walter was left at a loss, but he had no choice but to turn toward Frank with a pleading look. “Please be magnanimous this once, Mr. Lawrence—don’t get petty with Neil. Why not just give him the antidote?”

Neil was his brother’s son—he could not bear to see the boy die in front of him.

“Neil understands that he’s made a mistake, doesn’t he?” Walter added.

Neil nodded repeatedly, but Frank remained unmoved.

Susan snapped right then, “Why are you just standing there, Frank?! Give Neil the antidote, or you’re not leaving this house if this bad!”

goes

“That’s enough from you, Mom,” Vicky said, stepping forward. “Neil was the one who proposed that they compete with poison. He has no right to blame Frank now that he proves lacking.”

“Really?! You’d rather watch as your cousin dies?!” Susan was growling through her teeth.

Les was already killed here in Riverton!

If Neil died too—and in their house at that—there was no telling what Glen would do!

Vicky turned toward Neil, grinning just then. “You’ve lost this one, Neil. You have no right to meddle with Grande Corp’s operations.”

Vicky’s smug expression certainly left Neil gritting his teeth in rage. “Fine, I won’t interfere. Now can you give me the antidote?!”

Vicky walked up to Frank and asked humbly just then, “I know Neil was full of himself, Frank, but spare

him this one time for my sake.”

Frank shot her a look. “He wanted me dead from the start, didn’t he?”

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He had no sympathy for people like him who wanted him dead. In contrast, he would not go that far if it were just a thug who wanted to show off a little.

Still, Vicky knew Frank and took his hand, tugging as she purred, “Oh, do it for me... pretty please? I’ll properly make it worth your while tonight...”

“Ahem...” Walter quickly cleared his throat, trying to have his daughter stay in line.

There were so many people around them!

Frank was left sweating as well—Vicky really knew no limit, did she?

And seeing that everyone was giving him weird looks, Frank quickly said, "Tell him to get on his knees and apologize if he wants to live."

Vicky turned toward Neil. "Heard that? Get on your knees and apologize to Frank."

Neil's face was purple as he clenched his knuckles and growled, "What did you say?"

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Neil was Glen's second son, and he certainly never apologized to anyone!

"Me, apologize to him?!" he growled. "I'm the second heir of the family!" Vicky shrugged nonchalantly. "If you don't want to do it, guess you'll just have to die." Susan snapped at Frank right then, "What are you waiting for? Give him the antidote!"

Frank folded his arms before his chest nonchalantly. "Sorry, but I have no choice since he doesn't want to apologize."

"What..." Susan's face flushed—this was the first time she had met anyone this full of himself!

On the other hand, Vicky stood beside Frank. "Neil was the one who suggested this match. He lost but couldn't bring himself to apologize after all that. He has no choice but to die—I've done all I can either way."

Walter looked at Frank's cool gaze, and then at his nephew who was writhing in agony.

Seeing that there was no reasoning with Frank, he leaned in to tell Neil, "Why don't you just apologize properly, Neil?"

Neil's face contorted in rage, his veins bulging over his neck—he could rip Frank in half right then!

However, his life was in Frank's hands, and he had to suck it up despite the shame.

Biting his lip so hard he was bleeding, Neil dropped to his knees in front of Frank with a thud. "I am sorry, Frank Lawrence," he said. "Please help me."

Everyone stared at Neil in silence.

Frank must have been the only one who could make the man go down on his knees!

"I would've done that much sooner if you'd just done that earlier." Frank chuckled in

amusement.

"Cure him right now, Frank Lawrence!" Susan snapped coolly even as she glared at him. Frank strode up, tapping several of Neil's pressure points with his fingers.

"Blargh!!!" Neil threw up a mouthful of blood while feeling a swelling sensation in his stomach, though the chill he had been feeling subsided considerably.

Paul hurried to him and felt his wrist before sighing after a long while. "The poison is gone now, Mr. Turnbull." novelbin

Neil rose to his feet in turn, glaring at Frank as he growled, "I'll remember this, you brat." "Still not satisfied?" Vicky snapped. "I won't hold back if you move against Frank!"

Robert strode up as well. "That's right. This match was fair, and anyone who dares seek reprisals shall first answer to me."

Neil narrowed his eyes, but he dared not challenge Frank again as he faced pressure from both Robert and Vicky.

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Robert then started glamping while leveling a look of satisfaction at Frank. "As expected of the one who saved my daughter. You are as well-versed in martial arts and medicine... Do you happen to be free? How about visiting my humble abode?"

Frank looked around and decided he should not stay since everyone else aside from Vicky and Walter looked like they could kill him.

He nodded. "I shall take you up on that offer."

"Haha! Very well. Shall we depart?"

Vicky told Frank under his breath just then, "You can stay there for a while too."

Frank turned to stare at her. "Are you fine on your own?"

"Don't worry.

This is my home—Neil wouldn't dare mess around."

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"Okay." Frank nodded and turned toward Walter. "I'll see you again, Mr. Turnbull."

With that, he followed Robert into his car and headed to his residence with him.

It was a manor to the east of the city—a location filled with nature's blessings. That was especially the case for a certain mansion, surrounded by the hills and bodies of water.

Frank found himself staring at the mansion—cultivating there would definitely be twice as effective than usual!

The Quills were a clan of martial artists as reputed, with acolytes sparring or training along the compound.

Once the car drove inside the manor grounds, Yara hurried over to open the door for him. "Welcome, Mr. Lawrence.

"Thank you," Frank said and followed Robert into the drawing room.

A burly man was sitting there, having waited for a while.

He bore some resemblance to Robert and got up when he saw Robert.
“Father.”

Robert nodded. “Allow me to introduce you to my son Stan, Mr. Lawrence. Stan, this is Mr. Frank Lawrence, the man who saved your daughter.”

“Your reputation precedes you, Mr. Lawrence.” Stan nodded in greeting while studying Frank from head to toe.

“Mr. Quill,” Frank replied.

Robert then waved. “Yara, go fetch my Silver Tips Imperial. Let Mr. Lawrence have a taste.”

“Yes, Father,” Yara replied and left to get the tea.

Robert smiled and asked just then, “I heard you helped Yara improve our Boltsmacker, and her martial arts and cultivation has improved exponentially in turn?”

“It’s just advice,” Frank said humbly. “Not an improvement.”

Stan asked just then, “Since you can do that much, are you the apprentice of a famous sect?”

Frank shook his head. “You flatter me, but I merely learned a thing or two from my mentor while I was young. I wouldn’t say that I’ve mastered martial arts.”

He might have learned medicine, astrology, martial arts, geography, pill refinement, and crafting, but he really was master of none.

“If you didn’t master martial arts, why would you modify our clan’s technique?” Stan asked coolly just then. “We’ve kept that technique within the clan for generations. It’s not to be changed by anybody.”

Frank was taken aback, surprised that Stan could be so harsh.

He glanced at Robert with the corner of his eye, but the latter was simply smiling.

The geezer obviously was not going to interfere as he was keen to test his abilities as well.

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way

However, that begged the question—if Robert did not trust him, why rush all the to Turnbull Villa to defend him?

Was it just to satisfy an urge to assert his authority?

Still, Yara returned with the tea just then.

Seeing that her brother was obviously getting up in Frank's face, she strode up and demanded, "What are you doing, Stan?"

"Nothing." Stan shrugged. "Just trying to share some martial arts experience with Mr.

Lawrence here."

"You can do that with me instead," Yara said, frowning.

Stan pursed his lips. "That'd be dull since you keep losing to me."

"Grr..." Yara bit her lip, a little angry just then.

"Cut it out," Robert said just then. "Mr. Lawrence is right here."

He then poured Frank a cup of tea. "Do enjoy, Mr. Lawrence." novelbin

Frank nodded and took a small sip when Robert asked, "So, when did you start going out with my daughter?"

"Pfft!!!" Frank spat out his tea right then before turning toward Yara with a questioning look.

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Yara blushed as she lowered her gaze, avoiding Frank's eyes.

She had no choice—she needed to give her father a suitable excuse, since Neil might harass Frank. However, she did not have one and had to tell her father that Frank was her boyfriend to finally get her father to help.

“Oh... Well...” Frank blurted, not sure what to say.

“We’ve just been together for a month, Dad,” Yara complained right then. “Don’t pry now.”

Robert smiled. “Alright, if you say so.”

Beside him, Stan flexed his muscles. “It’s not that easy Mr. Lawrence. You’ll have to get past me first.”

if

you want to be my

brother-in-law,

Frank was left with a headache right then—he never had that intention at all!

Robert chuckled just then. “Well, my son said it. You’d need to at least best him to protect Yara, don’t you?”

Frank smiled awkwardly. “Ms. Quill is plenty amazing herself. Not many would be able to beat her.”

Did she even need protection, given her strength?”

Still, Robert waved him off dismissively. “You may not know this, Mr. Lawrence, but Yara has never won against Stan. Why don’t you teach him the lesson... that there’s always a bigger fish?

Stan’s eyes were fixed on Frank too. “What, are you afraid, Mr. Lawrence?”

Frank sighed exasperatedly—they would even put up a good cop, bad cop routine just to push him.

It seemed he would have to show his chops today...

Slowly rising to his feet, he said, “In that case, I shall give a few pointers.”

Stan pursed his lips.

They really should not have been polite with him—the man was already getting full of himself!

Robert then exclaimed in delight, “Great! Let’s move to the dojo, shall we?”

Frank nodded and followed them.

Yara moved beside him, apologizing quietly, “I’m really sorry, Mr. Lawrence...”

“It’s fine.” Frank shrugged nonchalantly. “I can see that your brother is a nut when it comes to martial arts. With that being the case, I could spar with him a little.”

“That’s not what I mean,” Yara said in embarrassment. “I meant lying to my father that you’re my boyfriend. You can’t blame me—I was really worried about you, and that was the only idea I can come up with to get my father to bail you out.”

Frank did a double take, but he certainly would not blame her since she did it out of kindness. Surely you jest, Ms. Quill. I’d never blame you... but wouldn’t that hurt your reputation?”

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Yara waved him off nonchalantly. “It’s no issue. As long as you’re safe, Mr. Lawrence.”

Frank averted his eyes, finding it hard to look into her earnest gaze just then.

Soon, they arrived at the dojo, where many others were training.

Still, some were curious to see Stan getting into the ring with an unfamiliar face.

“Who is it? Is he really going to spar with Stan?”

“Looks like it. I mean, Mr. Turnbull himself is here...”

Everyone was soon staring fixedly at the ring, losing interest in training just then.

Stan rolled up his sleeves, nodding in salutation as he said, "Shall we get started, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Sure," Frank said evenly. "You can go first."

The crowd immediately got rowdy—in their eyes, Robert was invincible, and Stan was certainly powerful as he mostly inherited his father's techniques!

"Whoa, that's one pompous brat!

"Teach him a lesson, Mr. Quill!"

Stan was chuckling in contempt as well. "You're letting me go first? You won't even have the chance to strike back!"

Yara shouted a friendly reminder just then, "Don't underestimate him, Stan! Watch yourself up there!"

Robert actually frowned beside her. "Do you think so lowly of your own brother?"

"Nope." Yara sighed. "But he won't win unless Frank deliberately concedes."

Robert raised his brow, becoming even more curious about Frank's abilities just then...

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However, Stan was only further infuriated by his sister's reminder.

No longer holding back, he poised himself to go all out and attacked—his Boltsmacker was ferocious, and one could feel a gust in the air with each strike he unleashed!

Frank, however, remained nonchalant as he lightly parried Stan's blow.

"Shit..." Stan's face fell.

He quickly unleashed all seven styles and sixty-three strikes of his technique. And yet, did not even react as he kept meeting every blow until the very last.

Frank

Having read all of Stan's moves at that point, he slowly said, "You're focusing too much on your attack, which reveals your openings unknowingly."

His tone was quiet and calm, but it struck Stan like a bolt from the blue!

Soon, he was left watching as Frank charged a Boltsmacker.

He had also improved the technique once more, and in a style that suited men!

Stan's eyes widened as he froze in place, his pupils dilating—Frank seemed to be shining just then!

That was when Frank unleashed his palm strike, striking Stan in the chest with the force of a hurricane!

Stan was sent flying out of the ring right then before slamming heavily on the ground.

He was left clutching his chest, somehow feeling the force of Frank's blow still on his chest, and even his heart hurt!

He could tell right then his heart would have been crushed if Frank had gone all out, let alone able to withstand the brute force!

"Woah... Did he just beat Stan?"

"Wasn't he using the Boltsmacker technique too?"

"How is that possible?"

As everyone stared at Frank in disbelief, Robert was clapping, unable to hold back his praise. Your martial arts knowledge is truly exceptional, Mr. Lawrence... But I must ask, when did you learn our Boltsmacker technique?" novelbin

"From the time I sparred with your daughter," Frank admitted.

“Wow...” Robert gasped. “However, I must say that the technique you used was different from ours.”

Frank nodded. “There’s a slight flaw in the technique your clan passed down. It relies too much on brute force—your nerves and veins would be overwhelmed in time, so I changed it a little. If I may ask, have you ever felt a blockage to your central nerve nodes after so long?”

Robert stiffened.

Even if it was a technique passed down in his clan through generations, he did feel a flaw just

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as Frank put it—he just did not know where the problem lay.

Not only did Frank notice it, but he improved it too!

Gulping, he quickly said, “Let’s speak further in my manor...”

As everyone returned to the drawing room, Robert was obviously no longer dismissive toward Frank.

His expression solemn, he asked, “I have to ask, Mr. Lawrence... Could you help us by showing how you improved the Boltsmacker?”

“Of course.” Frank nodded. “May I have a pen and piece of paper?”

Robert promptly had a servant fetch some, after which Frank unreservedly wrote down a manual on the improved Boltsmacker. It was different from the one he taught Yara before, since this one was tailored for men while Yara’s was more suited for women.

He soon finished, and Robert held the manual in hand carefully as if it were a treasure, reading it repeatedly while feeling completely overjoyed.

“This is amazing! Simply amazing!” he exclaimed repeatedly and looked towards Frank with such enthusiasm that he would have Frank marry Yara on