

The Girlboss Begs for Remarriage by Chu

Chapter 16

Chapter 16

It was only then that Helen noticed the camera above her, with a red bulb flickering repeatedly.

Meanwhile, Vicky continued, "To be honest, I really don't want to give you the Western Project. It's therefore a shame that someone doesn't want Lane Holdings to fall apart, and I can't do anything about that—so come by Turnbull Tower in a couple of days to sign it."

Helen, however, could not bring herself to celebrate despite being told she had the contract.

Instead, she was snappy as she demanded, "Spying is a bad habit, Ms. Turnbull."

In the security room, Vicky merely giggled. "I can find out how many times you used the ladies' room in a day if I want. I'll let it go this one time, so watch out if you badmouth me again."

Beep, beep, beep-

As Helen quietly hung up, Gina asked in confusion, "Who was that?"

"Vicky Turnbull."

Gina's eyes promptly lit up. "Really? What did she say?"

"She told me to sign the contract at Turnbull Tower in two days," Helen replied exasperatedly. "She

said that someone doesn't want Lane Holdings to fall apart."

Though the contract was now secured, she felt like she was dancing to Vicky's tune!

“Wonderful!” Gina almost leapt out in excitement and turned toward Sean. “Thanks for calling your dad, Mr. Wesley! We wouldn’t have gotten the contract so easily otherwise!”

Helen forced a smile too. “Thank you for this, Mr. Wesley.”

After all, the person Vicky mentioned had to be Sean—he had supported her all this way, and who else had what it took to change Vicky’s mind?

“Huh...”

Sean, however, looked utterly perplexed—he knew full well that it was not his father James, since he did not have that much power to do so. novelbin

Still, who cares who actually did it? This was now his accomplishment!

“Haha!” He laughed smugly right then. “It’s really nothing.”

Seeing that he was brazen enough to accept the Lanes’ gratitude, Frank scoffed ruthlessly, “Does Vicky giving the project to Helen really have anything to do with you?”

Sean flushed right then, and promptly snapped angrily, “Shut up! What, are you saying that it’s you?”

Gina certainly agreed with Sean. “Mr. Wesley just called his father to speak with the Turnbulls on his behalf. He’s not like you, all talk and no bite! From where I’m standing, you’re just jealous!”

“Actually, it was me,” Frank replied.

“What?” Sean chuckled. “Are you saying that you made Vicky Turnbull change her mind?”

Frank nodded.

Helen stared at him in disbelief, while Sean guffawed. “Haha! You’re a real riot! It’s ironic considering that we haven’t heard a peep from you for a while!”

Frank said flatly, “Exactly. Vicky changed her mind because I kept quiet.”

“Oh, just give up already,” Sean snorted in disdain. “You can’t even come up with a good story, so stop tooting your own horn.”

“That’s enough, Frank—you should stop.” Helen was frowning too, clearly upset that Frank would lie

like that.

If anything, she was further skeptical that Frank could lord over Vicky after seeing Vicky in person- it was simply unrealistic.

Chapter 17

Chapter 17

Sean said just then, “Don’t bother with that bonehead, Helen—it’s been a long day, and you must be tired. I’ve booked us a VIP room at the hotel, so why don’t you and your mom get some rest?”

“Yeah, of course—I’m so tired.” Gina promptly agreed to it and started to pull Helen along. “Let’s go,

dear.”

Helen stood still, however. “Mom, no.”

She knew very well what Sean wanted, but she was not ready to start a new relationship now.

Gina shot Frank a look. “What do you mean, no? There’s no husband waiting for you at home. Why

bother?”

Seeing his chance, Sean promptly pressed his advantage. “That’s right, Helen. We could also chat about the agreement tonight.”

Though Frank appeared neutral as he stood nearby, his words were filled with anger. “Word of advice, Helen—go home.”

She had just divorced him a couple days ago, and he had to watch her get a room with another man already?!

“Don’t you mess with me, you brat!” Sean growled through his teeth as he glared at Frank.

Gina was shooting him a look of contempt too. "Helen can go wherever she wants! You don't get to tell her what to do!"

That was when Helen's phone started ringing, and she snapped at them, "Stop it."

She answered it to the wails of her brother Peter.

"Argh!!! Helen, my hand..."

"Peter? What's wrong?" Helen asked in panic.

"Someone beat me up... broke my hand... I'm at the hospital now!"

"Okay, we'll be right there."

Gina had heard her son's voice and promptly asked, "What happened to Peter?"

"Someone attacked Peter and broke his hand," Helen said anxiously. "He's at the hospital. We have to go."

"W-What are you waiting for?! Let's go!" Gina cried.

Since nothing was more important than her son, she now only cared about getting to the hospital and did not even bother to tell Helen to stay with Sean.

"F*ck!" Sean swore under his breath, fuming since he was so close!

Still, he forced himself to appear concerned. "I'm coming too, Helen."

Helen nodded, and they all left the banquet hall, leaving Frank behind.

He was actually surprised that scum like Peter proved useful when needed. And since he was no longer being harassed, he sat down and started eating again. novelbin

After a while, Vicky returned to him. "Where's Helen and the others?"

"The hospital."

"What?"

“Peter Lane’s hand was broken. He’s waiting for her to pay his bills.”

“Haha...” Vicky almost laughed out loud at the Lanes’ misfortune. “That’s hilarious... Wait, did you plan this?”

Frank shrugged. “Nope. I have no idea when Barney would do his job.”

“Alright—it’s better now that they’re gone. Come on—let me introduce you to some bigwigs,” she

said and beckoned to him.

Frank wiped his mouth and followed her up to a hall on the second floor, which was decorated even more grandly with classical designs.

Chapter 18

Chapter 18

There was a single table in the hall, with many men already seated around it.

Vicky smiled. “Let me introduce you, Frank. This is Gerald Simmons, Riverton’s Chief of General

Affairs.”

The middle-aged man with a square jaw nodded at Frank, and he nodded in turn. “Mr. Simmons.”

At the same time, Vicky worked her way around the table, introducing the guests one after another, each of whom were rich and important Riverton individuals.

“Chief of Riverton’s commerce guild.”

“Head of Riverton’s Skyblade Dojo.”

“Owner of Flora Hall.”

After Frank greeted each of them, Vicky finally introduced him. “This is Frank Lawrence, whom I mentioned earlier.”

The Head of Riverton's Skyblade Dojo said, "I see that you're a seasoned martial artist."

"You flatter me," Frank replied humbly. "I just know a thing or two."

Vicky had naturally left Frank's improved version of the Boltsmacker unmentioned while telling Yara to keep it a secret.

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After all, it would be a slap in the face to Yara's father if he found out!

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Gerald scoffed just then. "That's the healer you spoke of, Vicky?"

"Yes." Vicky nodded. "You shouldn't underestimate him because of his youth, Mr. Simmons. He's a rare breed when it comes to medicine."

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"Even compared to Mr. Zimmer?" The Chief of Riverton's commerce guild glanced pointedly at Dan Zimmer, the head of Flora Hall, just then. novelbin

Vicky took a deep breath and said, “No offense, but I dare say that Frank is Mr. Zimmer’s equal, if not superior.”

There were gasps heard around the room—the men present more or less know Vicky’s temperament and that she would never trade barbs with anyone.

And yet, she would suck up to that brat even if it insulted Dan!

Was Frank really that gifted, or was Vicky pushing her luck?!

Dan simply chuckled. “I’m sure that he’s a dozen times better than I am. After all, I personally attempted to help you but failed, Ms. Turnbull, whereas that boy succeeded.”

“Indeed.” Vicky smiled. “And since everyone’s here, why not test Mr. Lawrence’s abilities to see for

yourself? He’s here personally, there’s no reason to doubt him before you test him.”

“We’re not doubting him,” Gerald replied flatly. “But he’s no older than Mr. Zurich’s granddaughter, is he? Also, I heard the Wesleys presented you with a 100-year-old panacea cap as a gift. Isn’t that the reason you’ve recovered instead?”

Vicky sneered. “It’s a 50-year-old panacea cap, to be precise. And I gave it to Mr. Lawrence.”

“And when did you become an authority in herbology?” Gerald asked. “Don’t tell me that the boy told

you.”

“Yes.”

Gerald sighed in disappointment. “I guess people do make mistakes, Vicky. You used to believe in evidence, not words alone!”

Vicky did a double take, but Gerald was right—she had grown to have complete faith in Frank’s words before she knew it.

Even so, it goes without question that Frank had cured her.

On the other hand, Frank understood what Gerald was saying.

Despite everything said, the men around the table were skeptical about him, convinced that he was a swindler who bewitched Vicky and tricked her for the panacea cap.

“Now reflect upon my words, Vicky,” Gerald added and rose to his feet, ready to leave.

The rest were shaking their heads and planning to leave as well.

That was when Frank suddenly clapped a hand on Gerald’s shoulder. “One moment please, Mr.

Simmons.”

Gerald scowled right then. “What is it, boy? Do you want a fight?”

Frank scowled, but said solemnly nonetheless, “No, Mr. Simmons. I would just like to ask—have you been experiencing symptoms such as losing sleep and concentration, as well as night sweats?”

Gerald narrowed his eyes. “I have.”

Beside them, Vicky was smiling.

She had noticed the serious look on Frank’s face and knew that he was getting serious!

Chapter 19

Chapter 19

1/2

There was unwavering confidence all over Frank’s face. “That’s not all, Mr. Simmons. You would wake up every morning with sore muscles and enfeebled limbs.”

Gerald inhaled deeply and looked solemnly at Frank. “How’d you know?”

The brat had yet to examine him in any way—did Vicky tell him about his symptoms earlier?

“It’s all written on your face, Mr. Simmons,” Frank said flatly.

Geral snorted. “My face? Then tell me, what is my affliction?”

“A coronary artery disease,” Frank said bluntly. “If it’s a serious case, I estimate that your condition will worsen in three days, so you should seek treatment as soon as possible.”

The hall was left quiet for a moment by those words before everyone started laughing out loud.

Vicky narrowed her eyes in turn—did Frank make a mistake? That should not be!

Just then, the head of Riverton’s Skyblade Dojo beckoned at Frank and chuckled. “Vicky told you about Mr. Simmons’ condition earlier, didn’t she? You have the symptoms right, but you never mentioned the cause.”

Beside him, Gerald shook his head in disdain. “My kidney’s the problem, brat, and you’re saying that it’s my heart? You’re wrong by a country mile, so you really should go back to school!”

Frank worked his mind furiously then—it was clearly a coronary artery disease caused by built-up fatigue. The kidney condition was merely a complication, and if his hunch was right, Gerald had been

injured in the lungs before.

The one who had examined him merely checked the surface conditions, not the root cause.

“May I ask who diagnosed you?” Frank asked.

“I did.” Dan slowly stood up.

“In that case, you should re-examine Mr. Simmons here,” Frank said, showing him some degree of respect since they were fellow men of medicine.

“That’s enough!” Gerald barked, clearly upset now. “It’s not just Mr. Zimmer—Riverton General came up with the same conclusion. Or are you saying that you’re better?!”

“Of course not—if you’re refusing to listen, I will just stop,” Frank replied, shaking his head exasperatedly.

Having said his part was already the most nicety he could afford.

Gerald wheeled on Vicky in turn. “Never call me again for something like this, Vicky.”

He was exceedingly disappointed in Frank and was even more surprised that someone as smart as Vicky would be swindled by the likes of him.

As he turned to leave, the rest all got to their feet.

Vicky was left biting her lip. She suddenly said, “Mr. Simmons, I’d still suggest you stay in Riverton over the next three days, so that Frank can reach you in time if your condition deteriorates.”

Frank was taken aback that Vicky would still defend him, whereas Gerald chuckled in disdain. “Oh, sure. I’ll be groveling for his help if I do get sick.”

“You said it, not me.” Vicky shrugged. “Don’t say I never warned you.”

“Hmph.” Gerald snorted and stormed off. novelbin

The rest filed out as well, leaving just Vicky and Frank in the hall.

It was only then that Vicky asked worriedly, “Frank, was what you said true?”

“Of course,” he replied.

Vicky breathed a sigh of relief. “That’s good.”

She offered to introduce Frank to other local bigwigs from Riverton, but Frank was uninterested and excused himself to return to his room.

Meanwhile, the banquet lasted until early morning.

Chapter 20

Chapter 20

At the same time, Peter was groaning and moaning on a bed at Riverton General.

He was unable to move with his entire arm plastered, while Gina was sobbing, her heart broken. ” What happened, Peter? Who hurt you?”

Sean added indignantly, “Tell me who it is. I will settle the score for you.”

“Who else?!” Peter cried. “It’s that b*st*rd Frank Lawrence!”

Helen was taken aback. “But Frank’s been at Verdant Hotel the whole time...”

“He sent his goons after me!” Peter growled through his teeth.

In reality, Barney gave him a thorough beating just as he was ready to join them at Verdant Hotel. While Barney himself did tell Peter that Frank sent him, Peter did not mention the fact that he sent

Barney to hurt Frank in the first place.

Even so, only Helen found his story suspicious. “Why would Frank send people after you?”

She knows that Frank was not that petty and would not have Peter beaten up just because he did not

like him.

Peter started to stammer right then, “H—He’s jealous of me... What other reason is there?”

However, Helen could see that he was averting his eyes as well. “Is there something you’re not telling us?”

Peter’s face fell, and he shrieked, “What are you saying Helen?! You’d rather trust a stranger than me?!”

Gina too snapped impatiently, “Helen, are you implying Peter is going to lie to you? Why do you keep siding with outsiders, really?”

Exasperated, Helen gave a noncommittal response. “Fine, I believe you, alright?”

However, she made a mental note to ask Frank later.

On the other hand, Sean was thumping his chest and assuring Peter, “Don’t worry, Peter. I’ll avenge you when there’s a chance.”

“Thank you, Mr. Wesley!” Peter was beside himself with emotion. “You’re more a brother-in-law than Frank Lawrence ever was!”

Afterwards, Sean tried to get Helen to the hotel again, but she insisted on staying with Peter.

Sean was left fuming, but it was clear that he would not get Helen alone to himself. novelbin

Early the next morning, Frank woke up and finished his usual training regime, dressed, and took a

Chapter 20

cab to Riverton Hotel.

2/2

According to his calculations, Gerald’s condition would deteriorate in three days, and he needed a pill to fully recover.

Arriving at the pharmacy, he paid and waited for them to get him his ingredients when a familiar voice called out from behind, “Frank? What are you doing here?”

Frank turned to see that it was Helen and replied flatly, “Getting some medicine.”

Helen checked to ensure there was no one else around, before asking, “Did you send someone to break Peter’s arm?”

“I did,” Frank replied, nodding.

“W—Why would you do that?” Helen demanded, feeling pained.

Frank shrugged. “He sent that thug after me first, but I gave the thug a beatdown instead. It’s only natural that I made sure I return your brother’s favor, though.”

Helen was left gritting her teeth in frustration and stamping her feet. “I knew Peter wasn’t telling the truth—I’m sorry if I got a little emotional.”

Still, she suddenly looked into Frank’s eyes and asked. “So... Where were you staying yesterday?”

“The penthouse suite of Verdant Hotel,” Frank replied.

Helen clenched her knuckles without knowing it. “With Vicky Turnbull?”